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Selected Chapters From:

THE BIOGRAPHY OF LEONIDAS LENT HAMLINE
One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church
By Freeborn Garrettson Hibbard

Cincinnati: Hitchcock and Walden
New York: Phillips and Hunt
1880

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Chapter 1
EARLY HISTORY

History and biography stand related as genus and species, having a common origin, and subject to the same laws of development and decay. The latter deals with individual character as its theme; the former with the growth and destiny of masses or nations of men. History, in its broadest sense, is little else than the record of the doings of individuals; that is, it is their biography so far as their acts affected the public welfare: while biography, on the other hand, is the record of a man's life and doings so far as it bears on his individual character and destiny. Thus the moral object of all human history and biography is the same, namely, to instruct, caution, and encourage men in that which is right, by showing how certain principles of ethics, in religion or polity, in individuals or nations, affect character and human happiness. All ethical principles are tested only by experience. When incorporated into either individual or national policy they develop after their kind in good or evil effects. The laws of material nature are not more certain and uniform in their effects than are those of the moral government of God. Indeed, they are not so certain. It is more certain that the principles of ethics, founded in the nature of God, and developed in moral government and redemption, shall abide immutably, than that the material "heaven and earth" shall continue. The interest we have, therefore, in Christian biography and history is unspeakably great, inasmuch as they are crucial tests, an infallible demonstration of the verity, power, purity, and blessedness of divine moral truth. We see how certain causes lead to certain results by the most satisfactory and only certain test of all ethical philosophy, that of experience.

In the subject of the following memoir we see the working of divine truth and grace with uncommon clearness and fullness. His marked qualities and aptitudes of mind, his high positions of official responsibility, his great sufferings, his culture and tastes, the natural, and we may say of his early life, skeptical; cautiousness of his mental processes, then perfect humanity, and reasonableness of his acts, conspire to invest his life and experience with a wonderful force of evidence of the verity and power of that all-conquering grace which bore him so triumphantly to the end.

Mr. Hamline was of French ancestry, of the Huguenot Protestant type. His grandfather; Ebenezer Hamline, was born in Burlington, Hartford County Connecticut, about 1740. He was a

lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, noted for his bravery; was at Fort Edwards, Ticonderoga, and other places, and died a Christian in 1810. He had six children, three sons and three daughters -- Mark, Daniel, and Lent, and Rosa, Hannah, and Lois. His wife was a woman of character, possessing great energy and courage. The children were reputable and pious. Mark Hamline, the eldest, and father of the subject of this memoir, was born in 1764. He, too, served in the Revolution while yet but a boy. His wife was daughter of Captain Othniel Moses. They were pious, and settled in Burlington, Connecticut. He was a school-teacher, managing also a small farm; was of marked ability and a prominent man in the Congregational Church, and among his neighbors. His great decision of character, sound judgment, and unconquerable resolution caused his opinion to be much sought after in matters of special importance. A strict observance of the holy Sabbath marked his Puritanic integrity. If he lent a horse on Saturday he strictly required that it should be returned the same night. While living some three miles from the church he was absent but one half day in ten years. He always took his children to church. Gentle manly and dignified he blended kindness in all his social intercourse. The young loved him no less than the aged, and his appearance among the former in their moods of gayety and mirth would always command silence and respect. As a teacher of youth he was successful, and when in later life his daughter moved to a college in Ohio, men of distinction, in many instances, called on her, learning she was a daughter of Mark Hamline. He was the early instructor and friend of Rev. Heman Humphrey, afterward president of Amherst College. Character and courage ran in the blood. A granddaughter of Mark Hamline, who had a son in the recent war sick at Washington, hastened there to attend him. She was withstood by the surgeon, and denied a permit to take him to a private residence to nurse him. Her remonstrances were in vain. "I have charge of the hospital," he said, "and shall exercise my power." Looking him full in the face, she replied, "Sir, you will find that I have more power in Washington than you have." She obtained that day an interview with President Lincoln, who gave permission for the removal of her son. That day, also, the surgeon was removed.

Leonidas L. Hamline, son of Mark Hamline, was born in Burlington, Connecticut, May 10, 1797. His parents being of the Congregational order, and his father an admirer of the Hopkinsian phase of Calvinism, he was brought up after the genuine manner of the New England Congregationalism of the day. Little is preserved of his early life beyond the simple facts of his great reverence for religious doctrine and worship, his obedience and devotion to parents, his amiable deportment, his precocity, and his strong love of study. Impressed that his natural genius and religious bent suited him better for the pulpit than to secular callings, his father, in conformity to the custom of the times, early proposed to educate him for the sacred office. It was probably this that encouraged the ardent and ingenuous mind of Hamline, before his conversion, to turn the early current of his thoughts and study in this direction. When ten or twelve years old he wrote a sermon on the text, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" The ability and tact which it displayed surprised his parents and friends, and encouraged their hopes. At that age, when plowing in the field, his father "often found him resting his team while he sat on the plow so absorbed in his book as to have forgotten his work." His great reverence for the Sabbath, and his scrupulous observance of its sanctity, were marked features of his life in childhood, and not less in his last years. Before his conversion a Presbyterian ministerial friend used to say, "Some good will yet come to Hamline for his observance of the Sabbath."

Of his supposed early conversion he thus speaks in later life: "My parents designed me for the ministry, and I was partly educated for that purpose. When sixteen years old I was convicted of

sin, and was thought to be converted; but, probably from the want of evangelical instruction, I came short of it. But encouraged by friends, I joined the Congregational Church, and became a warm youthful advocate of religion. I found I was not born again, but judged I was much like others around me, and 'hoped.' In a few years I was satisfied that I had no religious fitness for the ministry, and ambitiously turned to the law."

When about seventeen he engaged in teaching portions of the year to enable him to pursue his education. At this time he introduced religious service in his school. The awakening was so strong that at times the school exercises were suspended. Many were hopefully converted. A Christian lady living in East Barrington, Massachusetts, informed Mrs. Hamline that there were elders in the Church in that village, who were then living, who had been converted through Mr. Hamline's labors, when he was a young man of seventeen or eighteen, teaching classical school, with anticipations of the ministry. The pastor of the Congregational Church where Hamline, with his parents, worshipped was once asked what he thought of Leonidas. He replied, "How do you think I would feel to see my son standing on the spire of the church?" thus intimating the danger of young Hamline from the precocity of his genius. He early became popularly noted for his ability and tact in public speaking and debate. While at the Academy at Andover (not the Theological Seminary), he was so marked for classical taste in language and style that he was appointed censor of compositions. In New York, at one time, while staying a few weeks, he was urged to accept the challenge of a Universalist preacher which the latter was offering in his lectures from evening to evening. He at length consented, and after a few evenings, the interest of the debate rising and the audience increasing, the champion feeling the day was lost began to be rude and abusive. The chairman expressed his regret that the youth who had behaved with such decorum and propriety should receive such treatment. When the meeting broke up a lady said to Hamline, "You have saved my soul, sir. I am a member of the Presbyterian Church, and led on by the sophistry of that Universalist preacher was about to leave my own and join his Church."

At another time, a debating club had proposed as a question, "Is there a God?" Hamline was not on the program, but was alarmed when he saw on the negative a member of the bar of known intellectual strength and power in debate. He knew, also, those on the other side. When the debate closed the chairman announced, "If we take the vote now, we must vote there is no God." Hamline trembled for the effect on his friend, and said to a mutual friend sitting near, a Presbyterian gentleman, "If you will move to continue the debate and place me on the affirmative I will consent." The motion was immediately made and passed, and the debate continued through most of the night. When the vote on the question was finally taken, it was in the affirmative. Mr. Hamline remarked afterward that he did not take up the argument or meet objections on the ground commonly taken, knowing that his friend on the negative had thoroughly gone over that already, and had accordingly fortified himself. But he drew upon resources and modes of thought which were his own, and much of it extempore. He had feared that his noble opponent had been troubled with doubts, and hoped that his arguments had relieved them.

"Once when he was passing up the Ohio River the company in the gentlemen's saloon on the steamboat were engrossed for an hour or two by a noisy infidel, who had gathered a crowd around him, and was entertaining them with jeers at the Christian religion. Mr. Hamline was walking back and forth through the saloon, not seeming to notice what was passing, though he observed that the speaker was eyeing him, and evidently wished to attract his attention. As he

turned from time to time he drew nearer the scene of discourse. At length the boaster said, 'When I die there will be no more of me than of my old white horse. Can you prove otherwise, stranger?' appealing to Mr. Hamline, who turned quickly, and said, 'If, when your old white horse is reposing under the shade in a hot Summer day; I should approach and whisper in his ear arguments to prove that he is immortal, would you not deem me a fool?' The company broke up in a roar of laughter, leaving the chagrined boaster to hide himself as best he could."

When about eighteen years of age, from hard study and continued strain upon the nerves, his health failed, which sympathetically affected his brain. The first symptom of mental aberration which was discovered was in the jovial relaxation of his characteristic and scrupulous observance of the holy Sabbath. It soon became plain enough that his habit of life must be suspended. A voyage South was determined on, hoping that sea air and change of climate would prove effectual. His nervous temperament had not been understood by his parents, and his amazing precocity had been imprudently stimulated by his admiring, but most imprudent, friends. He remained in South Carolina till his father's limited means forced his recall. While abroad, as at home, his mind was habitually calm and chiefly ran upon religious themes. Serious conversation and discourses which were called preaching mainly occupied his time. On his return home he came by land, in the care of a military gentleman, who was coming North for his health. On the way Hamline attracted attention and won good opinions by his conversation, and being ever ready to speak in public or any other place on religious themes, his traveling companion very imprudently and improperly represented him privately as a candidate for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. For doing this he had no other authority than the facts that his parents were Congregationalists, and had designed him for the sacred office. Hamline himself had often spoken in public, and it was popularly considered he would be a preacher. But he was not a licentiate, and there is no evidence that he knew that his companion had thus informed concerning him.

On this ground, while in Pittsburgh, he was invited by the Rev. Dr. Herron, of the First Presbyterian Church, to occupy his desk. Hamline did so. His services were so well accepted that other Presbyterian pulpits were opened for him. Without guile or thought of evil Hamline consented. His success was satisfactory and his popularity at Pittsburgh unquestioned. What he had done was on his part sincere, and in ignorance of any impropriety. He himself, at that time, believed he had experienced a change of heart, and had the ministry in view. It is authentically stated that his senior traveling companion privately brought Hamline thus into notice at this time. The excitement of the effort, however, was unfavorable to his health. Some trifling symptoms in conversation indicated that his brain had been overdrawn. There is something inimitably touching in all this. But as a proof of the good impression left upon the minds of the clergy of Pittsburgh whom he had served, in later years, when Mr. Hamline entered the ministry and opened his itinerant life, Dr. Herron once and again sent him an invitation to visit him. But Hamline found no time to turn aside from his work. When, however, in 1848 his duty as Bishop called him again to Pittsburgh to General Conference, Dr. Herron, as will be noticed in its place, met him with great cordiality, and at once engaged him to preach in his pulpit. Other Presbyterian Churches did the same.

Mr. Hamline's convalescence was slow. He continued his studies as he was able. But in the lapse of time he became dissatisfied with the evidences of his conversion and changed his plan of life. He says of himself, "I gradually became convinced that I was not converted, and finally

gave it all up and went to studying law." On his return from the South, or soon after, he went West, and, in 1824, we find him at Zanesville, Ohio. Here he became acquainted with Miss Eliza Price, an amiable, well-reported, and carefully educated young lady, an only child and an heiress. Her father, now a widower, came to this country from Ireland, when a young man, with high recommendations and experience in the mercantile profession: He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His promptness, probity, and ability soon gained him friends, and at Zanesville he rose to high repute and respectable wealth. To Miss Eliza Mr. Hamline was married. They lived together in much affection and harmony in the elegant paternal mansion, with an easy competence, but now without God. In 1827 he took license as a lawyer, at Lancaster, Ohio, and returned to his profession. Four children were given them, two sons and two daughters, of whom three died in infancy, one only still surviving, Dr. L. P. Hamline, of Evanston, Illinois. With an income of respectable competency, an honorable profession which he entered with ambition and high qualifications, a social standing of the first quality, an aesthetical taste which drew from all sources the purest earthly enjoyment, a faultless human morality, a wife worthy of his affections, and a home like an earthly paradise, Mr. Hamline, to all worldly eyes, seemed the pet of fortune and the successful candidate for happiness.

"But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

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Chapter 2 CONVERSION [1828-29]

Notwithstanding his uncommon resources for content and earthly happiness, Mr. Hamline was not happy. His own language afterward, in a letter to a friend, best describes his state: "I was," he says. "unhappy. My days and nights were restive. I could not complain of my earthly lot. Neither poverty, sickness, nor solitude made me wretched, for I was removed from all these common occasions of sorrow. I knew no one around me whose means were more competent, whose home was more alluring, or whose intellectual tastes had larger means of gratification. My fireside was attractive, my friends were faithful, my library liberally supplied me the choicest entertainments, and my allotment was a life of easy leisure for the unalloyed fruitions of all these means of comfort. But with all these appliances which seemed to promise me a paradise, I was the prey of unaccountable heart dissatisfactions which I was sure grew upon me with the progress of time for though at first they were the mere 'ennui' which almost passed unnoticed in my memory, they slowly grew into serious annoyances, which I found my outward advantages could neither heal nor assuage."

Mr. Hamline's education had been rigidly Calvinistic, yet, through the Edwardean and Hopkinsian channel of reasoning, he supposed he had found a harmony of predestination and free will which reconciled him to the system, while the doctrines of total depravity and effectual calling, as Calvinistically taught in those days, lulled him to sleep with the belief that he could do nothing till God had renewed his heart. He was at this time living a life of religious indifference, and at the same time of religious unrest. His love of metaphysics made him an easy disciple and

admirer of Edwards, while his educational prejudice against, not to say his contempt for, the Methodists left him no doctrinal antidote to his pernicious speculations. But he was a child of Providence, and wonderful were the steps by which he was brought to Christ, in the personal assurance of his complete salvation.

In the fall, or early winter, of 1827, Mr. and Mrs. Hamline came to Perrysburg, Cattaraugus County, New York. It appears that Mr. Hamline was called there on legal business which detained him for a length of time. He had also started to see his parents in New England. His usual way of traveling was in a gig, with baggage wagon, driven by a boy, following. He first took board with a Mr. Edwards, whose wife, an intelligent Methodist lady, with Mrs. Maphet, also a Methodist lady of culture, residing in the same place, became important instruments in leading him to Christ. Subsequently Mr. Hamline took board with the family of Mr. John Kent, in Vilalanova, an adjacent village in Chautauqua County. The Kent family were relatives of Chancellor Kent, of New York, and were also Methodists. Without being aware of it, Mr. Hamline found himself in a neighborhood where he saw Methodism in its original simplicity and power. He soon became known in the social circles, and with the leading men, and his influence was felt. It was felt also that his influence must be for good or evil upon a large scale, according to his choice or rejection of spiritual religion. As he had providentially fallen within Methodist circles, to that Church he became a subject of special solicitude and prayer. The first steps toward his conversion were taken by the pious women above named. We give the account from Mr. Hamline's own pen:

"What can be done," said Mrs. Maphet, "for a gentleman who listens to all you say, admits his obligations, confesses his sins, yet goes on, careless to eternity, plunging his soul into perdition?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Maphet, you mistake. He is far enough from these pliant admissions. True, he will not dispute with ladies, because he is too polite but he is a subtle Calvinist, as I learn from his conversation with my husband."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Edwards, that he talks this way merely for argument?"

"O no; there's no mistake. He's a Calvinist, and one of the rankest sort. He told my husband yesterday that if he were to stab a neighbor at midnight, God would inspire him with the malice, and create the volition of the deed."

"That is Calvinism with a vengeance."

"Yes; but my husband says it is true, honest Calvinism just as Calvin himself taught it, and as the standards of Calvinistic Churches maintain it, though its features are veiled or softened in the pulpit, so as not grossly to offend the public taste."

"I suspect, Mrs. Edwards, that there is little hope of Mr. Hamline's conversion but he is here a stranger, and from his cast of mind will do much good or evil in the world. Let us make an effort to save him. I think he is a man of dreadful principles, and were his heart as bad as his head, I should be afraid he would turn out a murderer. This Calvinism is a dreadful thing."

"I think badly enough of Calvinism, Mrs. Edwards that you may be sure; but let it pass at present. I wish you would take this book to Mr. Hamline, and tell him that a lady requests him to read it and while he reads, will you join with me in secret supplication that God will bless its perusal to his conviction?"

"Fletcher's Appeal!" Mrs. Maphet, he won't read it."

"Try him, and if he declines I have no hope. If he reads it he will not escape without some serious reflection. Its sophical cast will suit his taste, and must arrest his attention. You know, too, that, like Moses's ark, it was woven with many prayers. Carry it to him, and if possible get him to read it."

Mrs. Edwards returns home and finds Mr. Hamline and her husband engaged in earnest conversation on free will, predestination, and human accountability, in which Mr. Hamline took high Calvinistic ground. When the conversation closed, and Mr. Hamline rose to retire Mrs. Edwards entered the room, and handing him the book, repeated Mrs. Maphet's request that he would "do her the favor to give it a reading." He accepted it politely and retired.

A few days after Mrs. Maphet called at Mrs. Edwards' to know the result of reading the book. Mr. Hamline said: "I received a little volume from you, Mrs. Maphet, for which I return you my sincere thanks."

Excuse the liberty I took, Mr. Hamline. I thought the philosophy of the treatise would entertain you; and permit me to add, that I hoped a higher good would grow out of its perusal."

"Mr. Fletcher is a lively writer, madam. There is French in his style. Not quite so profound as the Calvinistic school. Edwards is my favorite. His work on the Will is the glory of the human mind. Do not by this understand that I underrate Mr. Fletcher. He is a fine, flowing writer, and I thank you, madam, for sending me the book."

"Did you read the 'Address,' sir, which follows the argumentative part of the volume?"

"No, madam. I supposed the argument was what you designed for me?"

"I would be pleased, sir, if you could read the 'Address.'"

"I saw that it was designed for 'seekers of religion,' and as I am not a seeker, I did not think it applicable to my moral state,"

"Perhaps, Mr. Hamline, it would induce you to be a seeker. That is my hope, and in it I solicit you to finish the volume."

"Do you think, Mrs. Maphet, that we can become seekers when we wish?"

"Yes, sir, I am of that opinion."

"I thought, madam, this serious state of mind was induced always by a supernatural influence -- by the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, sir; of that I do not doubt but the Holy Spirit is waiting, unless I greatly err, to impart His gracious influences to every willing heart. He already moves you to seek a Savior; and if you yield to his gentle drawings, he will greatly increase the influence until it becomes a soul-converting energy."

"There are so many differing opinions, Mrs. Maphet, that one not skilled and experienced is at a loss what to conjecture. Some, you know, hold that the divine efficiency operates all moral changes, and that conversion is an unsought blessing, which none can gain by pursuing, or evade by resisting."

But surely, Mr. Hamline, as you do not act on this principle in the affairs of life, you would not make a practical application of it in the weightier matters of religion. I can not undertake to argue the disputed points of Christian theology. As to the nature of God's supervision of all things, and its harmony with our freedom, you can discourse much better than I; but do not think it presuming when I say that I sought the different states of mind through which a stupid sinner journeys into the fellowship of God, and I sought not in vain. This makes me solicitous to see others seek, and causes me to believe that they will meet with like success."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Maphet, your seeking and receiving were connected only in point of time, and not in the order of cause and effect."

"That might be the case if I were the only successful seeker. But many of my acquaintances have sought with similar results."

"But have you not known some converted who did not seek?"

"Never one."

"You will recollect better than I; but I was considering the case of Saul of Tarsus."

"True, sir, he was convicted before he sought, and that may sometimes happen. But after his conviction he waited three days before the scales fell from his eyes. In the meantime he was put upon seeking, and going into the city he prayed, and God showed him what he would have him to do."

"But Mrs. Maphet, this overwhelming conviction has never fallen on me."

"Nor is it probable that it will. Saul's was an extraordinary case. You know that some become rich without trade and some honorable without effort; but this is not the common course of things. Wealth generally comes from business and economy, and fame from enterprise and prudence. So a few are convicted of sin without studied diversion of mind from the world, or a diligent application to the means of grace. But, generally, efforts at devotion go before serious and

deep conviction. Let me ask you one question: Did you ever know a man become rich without effort ?"

"Indeed, madam, perhaps -- I scarcely know -- I think -- I believe I am not a competent judge. If you please, madam, I will excuse myself, and attend to a little writing in my room.

Mr. Hamline retired. Mrs. Maphet felt some suspicion that his conscience was disturbed, and was encouraged to hope that prayer in his behalf was not wholly in vain.

This first sally, if it failed to conquer, at least greatly disturbed and disconcerted him, which was some gain. Some months after, when Mr. Hamline was practicing a game of chess with Dr. C., in the midst of the game two gentlemen were introduced as Methodist ministers. After a brief salutation they resumed the game. At this time Mr. Hamline was wholly under the influence of his New England education, and scarcely conceded that Methodist ministers held any legitimate title to the profession. At the close of the game one of the ministers opened the following colloquy:

Minister: That must be an intricate game, judging from the deep attention you bestow on it.

Hamline: (Slightly embarrassed.) It is intricate, and perhaps, gentlemen, we owe you an apology.

Min: Is it a useful game?

H. So it is accounted by many judicious persons.

Min.: To what good account may it be turned?

H: It is an intellectual game. Chance can do nothing for the parties. The skill of the player is tested by its result.

Min. It is, then, like "billiards or "nine pins."

H: O no, sir, not at all mind has nothing to do with these. They tend to weaken rather than strengthen the intellect. Chess is a means of mental discipline its influence is like that derived from the study of mathematics.

Min: I see, sir chess is a game of intellectual, billiards of mere manual, skill.

H: Exactly sir.

Min: Do you not think, sir, that Euclid would be a safe substitute to train the opening mind?

H: O yes; but Euclid is too severe for unremitting study. We must have relaxation; no man can endure to plod at science always.

Min: But, Mr. Hamline, if chess is so much like mathematics, how can it subserve the ends of relaxation? I should think, from your account, that it would only be exchanging one heavy burden for another. As a means of mental discipline, I can not approve the game. You know that study has two objects; one is to train the mind to the vigorous use of all its powers; if chess, as you aver, accomplishes that end, another of great importance it never can subserve, namely, the acquisition of knowledge.

H: It has not all the uses of science, but it has one peculiar advantage by provoking to emulation it rouses mind to its best efforts; and it also blends relaxation with mental discipline.

Min: What relaxation can it give? If you were preparing to address a jury, would you not prefer a walk in the garden to a game of chess just before you commenced the argument?

H: You drive me to close quarters. The relaxation it affords is somewhat general, and I can not just now specify particulars.

Here the conversation took a new turn, whether by design or accident, is immaterial. But another blow upon the pride and prejudice of Mr. Hamline had been given, and a new idea of the tact and type of Methodist preachers.

The next topic was camp-meetings. Mr. Hamline was invited to attend one just about to commence in the neighborhood. He declined. He did not "approve of such meetings." He had heard much of "the unseemly confusion which prevails at these forest gatherings," and could not think it right to encourage them.

"Have you ever attended a camp-meeting?" said the Minister.

H: No, sir; I was not willing to invade others' rights, and was aware that if I went I should be provoked to levity. I therefore resolved not to go near them.

Min. But ought you to condemn them on the testimony of others, when you might have made your own observations?

H: My witnesses were unimpeachable, and, I presume, stated facts.

Min. But I submit it to you, as a lawyer, whether inspection is not better than report.

H: I suppose it is.

Min. Then you have unwarrantably condemned us. I think, Mr. Hamline, you should come to our meeting. We may surely claim that our trial, as the instigators and supporters of camp-meetings, be according to the "rules of evidence" which require the best evidence that the nature of the case admits.

H: That is not unreasonable; and now I will either come to your meeting, or say no more on the subject of disorder.

After dinner the clergyman departed. Mr. Hamline was surprised, not to say mortified to find an "ignorant Methodist preacher" so well informed, and withal so shrewd in conversation, that even on topics concerning which he supposed clerical men knew very little, the argument was rather against himself.

"You caught a Tartar," said the doctor, as the gentlemen withdrew and left Mr. Hamline and his companion to trifle away another hour at chess.

The third day after this, as Mr. Hamline was walking in the yard, the doctor rode up and asked him if he would visit the camp-ground.

H: You are not serious?

Dr: Get into my carriage, and I will show you.

H: Then I answer no; I can not ride in that direction. Anywhere else, if you please.

Dr: But they have got into difficulty with the rowdies, and want your advice.

"Go, husband," said Mrs. Hamline, who, overhearing the conversation, had come to the door, and was listening to the proposal with deep interest.

Mr. Hamline looked first at the doctor and then at his wife, as uncertain what to do, or whether either was in earnest.

H: Doctor, you say they are in trouble?

Dr. Yes, and they ought to be protected in their rights. I wish you would go over and help them.

H: Well, this is the legitimate result of camp-meetings yet, as you say, they have the right -- that is, the legal right to worship God or Satan, if they will, undisturbed. I will go with you in ten minutes.

The camp-meeting was held on what was called Lake Circuit (then Pittsburgh Conference) near Wright's Corners, Chautauqua County, New York. Job Wilson was preacher-in-charge, and William Swayze presiding elder. The doctor, with whom Mr. Hamline rode, was an infidel. In an hour they were on the camp-ground. The voice of singing as they approached, the order and solemnity of the proceedings, made an unexpected impression upon Mr. Hamline's mind. The congregation were assembled for preaching. After the singing, the preacher, who had so lately challenged the utility of chess, arose to address them. The discourse was earnest and evangelical. It was not perfect, yet it was manly and convincing, and so superior to Mr. Hamline's views of Methodist preaching that he was taken by surprise, and was compelled to admit that not one in fifty of the sermons from the trained theologians of the day possessed half the merit.

Prayer-meeting within the railed space, which was as usual constructed before the stand, followed the sermon. The description which Mr. Hamline himself gives of the proceedings of the prayer-meeting indicates that it far exceeded in external demonstrations and spiritual results the average of such meetings. It was, indeed, a season of extraordinary power.

Hamline watched the progress of the scene with emotions which he could scarcely endure, yet could by no effort suppress. He had heard just such scenes described. He supposed that a view of them would provoke in his bosom no other feeling than disgust. But it was otherwise. He felt a solemnity, an awe so great that a faintness came over him and unwittingly he leaned, pale and trembling, against a tree, and every now and then his hand was upon his heart, as though it were uneasy and pained within him. Nor did he observe that his friend, with a 'sang froid' peculiar to himself, eyed him closely, and read in his manner the perturbations of his mind. At length the doctor said:

"Mr. Hamline, suppose we step forward and see what is going on?"

"Doctor, I am sick of it. This is a singular scene, and I am at a loss what to think. I believe we had better return."

Tut! we must stay long enough to speak with these ministers, and hear one or two more of them preach." So saying, he seized Mr. Hamline by the arm, and, casting at him a significant glance, as much as to say, "Are you frightened?" drew him along to a position where more than a hundred sin-sick souls were crying for mercy.

The sight was wholly new to Mr. Hamline. He had never until then seen a sinner convicted to the point of crying aloud in the presence of others for the pardon of sin. He fixed his eyes first on one, then on another, tracing them along to see if any tokens of affectation or hypocrisy could be detected. He grew dizzy as he gazed, while his convictions of the sincerity of the awakened ones at the altar increased. He became sick and faint. His friend, the doctor, saw it, and, though an infidel, was, for a moment moved. They retired a little, where they could hear but not see what took place. Two hours had scarcely passed, and he had experienced a solemn conviction of the error of his former opinions that Methodist camp-meeting scenes were only adapted to excite vulgar mirth or curiosity. He had no longer any fixed opinions in regard to what he now first saw in respect to the reported disorders of Methodism. The confusion of his mind had set afloat all his preconceived views of religion. This confusion arose from the stirrings of his heart. He was smitten, and the blow had reached and wounded the "inward parts." The doctor, too, was disturbed. Mr. Hamline was interested for him, and observed, with lively satisfaction, a shade of slight concern spread along the lines of his changing countenance. Little was said by either. But the doctor never came to Christ.

The scene at the altar had spread religious concern among the witnessing multitude, and checked the purpose of the rioters. Still it was considered best that the statute protecting religious meetings should be read from the stand. A few loud blasts of the horn gave signal for closing the prayer-meeting and for the assembling of the people for preaching. Mr. Hamline and his companion ascended the stand with the preachers. As the gathering throngs dropped into their seats, their eyes were directed to the stand. Mr. Hamline seemed the special object of interest.

Some took him for a minister; others knew him, and knew his dislike of camp-meetings. He grew uneasy at his position, but in the crisis of his embarrassment he was told to "proceed." As he arose and stood before them, hundreds of prayers ascended to God on his behalf. For the incidents of that hour he afterward praised God. It is not to be supposed that he himself premeditated any grave defense of camp-meetings. He proposed to expound the statute and retire from observation. But as he proceeded he grew confident, and went on to say that this was his debut upon a camp-ground; that he had looked for repulsive exhibitions, but that the very things which, in description, had disgusted him, appeared inoffensive to the eye. He then spoke to the disorderly, assuring them that "he who had the cowardice to interrupt these solemnities was too mean to be cursed by any decent man."

The sermon followed, and after it, again, the prayer-meeting. The presiding elder, "Father Swayze," invited Mr. Hamline to go to the vacant place at the altar and kneel with him before God. The following conversation ensued

H: Excuse me, Mr. Swayze; I am a hardened sinner and dare not approach a place so sacred while my heart is unmoved.

S: That, sir, is Satan's device. He would rob you of God's pardoning mercy. If your heart is hard, you should go to the altar to get it softened. The more obdurate it is, the more you need the prayers of God's people, and the more prompt you should be to assume the attitude in which you may enjoy them.

H: Surely Mr. Swayze, you would not have me assume the posture without the spirit of mourning.

S: Surely I would, if you can not otherwise assume it. Do you not wish to mourn?

H: I suppose not, or I should mourn.

S: And do you always, then, feel as you wish to feel?

H: In religion I suppose I do. That is the view I have taken of religion when skepticism has not prevailed over belief. I have heard it said that "every man has just as much religion as he desires." Is it not true?

S: No, sir. The habitual state of a devout heart is that of desire; and one of the most conclusive, indirect evidences of a gracious state is a thirsting after God and his salvation.

H: But if God does not satisfy holy desires is he not tyrannical, and a violator of his promise?

S: What promise?

H: "He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled."

S: Mr. Hamline, excuse me to-day from all doctrinal and metaphysical discussions. I urge upon you a simple effort to seek religion, assuring you, from God, "they that seek shall find." My duty toward you now lies in a narrow compass. Will you go with me and kneel down at the altar?

H: I repeat, sir, that to do it would be hypocrisy. Sinful as I am, I should fear to desecrate that altar by approaching it without tempers befitting such a posture. I have no just conceptions of my depravity, no proper desires for renovation, and to do what would indicate such desires would be adding deceit to insensibility.

S: What do you mean by proper desires for renovation?

H: I mean a desire for renovation for its own sake, not for its resulting benefits.

S. Will you never seek religion until you can do it without regard to its benefits?

H: Indeed, sir, to tell the truth, I know not what I shall do. But I confess that I am all wrong, or these people are not right. I can not, however, go with you to the altar; I am selfish, and my nature seems worse than common natures. If I wish for religion, it is merely as a step to heaven -- mark that -- as a mere step to heaven. I have no love for religion's self. I want not its purity, but its peace; not its sore travail of duties and self-denials, but its escape from the maelstrom of perdition to the beatific rest.

Mr. Hamline's Calvinism was educational and honest. A mind like his could not rest in simple dogma, he must have a metaphysical ground work for his theology, which, indeed, if well laid, is right and immovable, but in this case it had proved seductive, and with an unconscious pride of intellect, had nearly proved his ruin. He did not approach the altar, but remained at the meeting until its close, his mind growing more and more perplexed. He seemed careworn and sad.

When he returned, his wife met him at the door; but her eye no sooner fell upon his features, as she was advancing with great cordiality to welcome him, than she uttered an exclamation of concern and said, "Husband, what ails you? Surely you have been sick." On his assuring her that he was well, she exchanged her look of alarm for an expression of humor, and said, "Then you must have got the power." The reply was embarrassed, and in a manner so serious that they soon fell into a grave and quiet conversation.

Mr. Hamline had now passed repeated warnings, entreaties, and opportunities, while his heart remained proud and resistant. He was awakened, condemned, restless, and unhappy. All his old foundations of half-skeptical, metaphysical reasonings had been shaken, and his strong prejudices rebuked and confounded. One more test remained to be applied. Pharaoh yielded upon the death of the first-born. Two months had passed, when Mr. and Mrs. Hamline, at two o'clock in the morning, September 10, 1828, might have been seen in earliest conversation over the sick cradle of their only child. "Suppose, husband, we send for Dr. D.." said Mrs. Hamline; "He is highly spoken of, and is as near as any physician."

H: I have no objection; but I assure you there is no hope. I believe that the child will die, and I have felt so from the beginning. It is a deeply wrought impression in my bosom that she will be taken from us on my account.

Mrs. H: How on your account, my dear?

H: I can not explain. If I live you shall hereafter know.

While the physicians were in consultation over the case, Mr. Hamline walked rapidly back and forth, with his eye constantly turned to the cradle. Suddenly the child exclaimed: "I fall I fall!" The frantic mother pressed the child's forehead, and said, soothingly, "No, my baby shall not fall." For a moment it quieted, and the spasm returned. Mr. Hamline rushed to the door to call the physicians, and the mother sprang wildly up, and exclaimed, "My baby will die!" The little one caught the words and repeated, "Baby die! baby die!" and, as if comprehending the whole, she handed her little doll to her mother, and falteringly repeated, "Baby die!" till she became insensible. The doctors hurried in and exclaimed, "She is gone!"

The mortal agony of the parents was great, but greater was the agony of the father for having resisted the Holy Ghost. While the little frame was being prepared for the grave, he took the mother by the hand, led her into an adjoining room, knelt with her, and tried to pray. Retiring to a grove for meditation, he said, "And now, what have I left? Should God come down again in his wrath, what could he lay his hand upon? All heaven can strike one heavier blow, and it will come unless I turn. There is no way of escape but by repentance. God has now only plucked the fruit, or, rather, has broken off a twig. If he comes again in judgment he will cut down the tree." Two full hours passed in these reflections, and then he seriously set himself to form the purpose of seeking God.

A conflict with skeptical suggestions as to experimental religion, and with election decrees having been first endured, he turned to what he considered the regular business of seeking religion. For three weeks he attended upon duty in a formal, regular, and business-like way, with no other result than a deeper consciousness of sin and helplessness. One day Mrs. Maphet called, and, seating herself near Mr. and Mrs. Hamline, sat for a time in silence.

What is the matter, Mrs. Maphet?" said Mr. Hamline.

Mrs. M: I am concerned sir at your condition.

H: Why so, Mrs. Maphet? I am trying to seek the kingdom of God.

Mrs. M: Yes, Mr. Hamline, so I understand but, from all I call learn, you seek in such a manner that you will never obtain.

H: Please explain.

Mrs. M: You spend half an hour or so, two or three times a day in your closet. The rest of your time, if I understand, you give up to miscellaneous reading and conversation. Now, sir, can a

man accomplish any great worldly thing by devoting to it an hour or so each day? Suppose you had studied the languages an hour a day in your boyhood, or had read law at that rate when a student, what would have been the result?

H: Why, Mrs. Maphet, you know we are not to be saved by works. Would you have me drudge all day at my devotions for, unwilling as I am to confess, or even to know it, I find that all my efforts to pray are mere drudgery, affording me neither peace nor hope.

Mrs. M.: I fear, Mr. Hamline, that you labor under a great mistake. You say we are not saved by works. Now this is both true and false. It is false in the sense just now suggested by you, and it is false in any sense which lends the least countenance to inaction or supineness in the pursuit of religion.

H: Please, then, Mrs. Maphet, to tell me how it is true.

Mrs. M: It is true only in the sense of denying merit to our works. We are saved by works not at all meritorious in the sight of God. This is the true relation of works to human salvation, if I can understand the Bible.

H: This is a new idea. I suppose, then, I am to work just as though I could purchase

Mrs. M: Yes, and feel just as though your works were of themselves mere sin and death; for this is true.

H: Then you would have me read and pray more.

Mrs. M: Yes; I would say, do nothing else. Throw away every thing: law books, newspapers, history, poetry, conversation, and, if possible, the very memory of your affections -- forget your child and her grave in the all-absorbing efforts of your soul to find Jesus. In a word, no longer seek, but strive to enter in at the strait gate. O, sir, it is rather insulting than honoring God to profess an intention to serve him, and then show so little regard for his favor as to pursue it with less zeal and diligence than you would the veriest trifle on earth.

H: Mrs. Maphet, I am convinced of my error; I have insulted God, and by my conduct shown small regard for his favor. But I will do differently; I will from this moment do nothing but implore his mercy.

Mrs. Maphet wept during this conversation, and Mrs. Hamline avouched a cordial concurrence in all she had said. From that hour Mr. Hamline threw aside every thing else, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of religion. For two days he was much of the time alone upon his knees; but, alas it grew darker and darker. Time passed heavily, while in various forms of humiliation and earnest seeking he seemed only to sink into deeper darkness. Returning from church one rainy Sabbath, wet and cold, after peculiar self-denials and labor, he entered through a back door alone and passed unobserved into the garret, where he yielded to the most agonizing reflections.

"And this," said he to himself, "is seeking religion. And this agony, which no demon could endure, I am to receive as an illustration of God's mercy. He says, 'Seek, and ye shall find.' Indeed I have found -- what? A heart incapable of loving God, fierce in its enmity toward my Maker, uncontrollable by any power of mine, and equally so by any aid vouchsafed me from above." Then it occurred to him, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha." "Well," he exclaimed, "I love not Christ. My heart is as empty of all such love as a deserted falling mansion is of elegant furniture. I can not love him. And I shall be cursed, nay, am cursed -- cursed by the Father, cursed by the Son, cursed by the Holy Ghost! And is there a worse hell?"

As he uttered the closing sentences in an agitated frame he raised his voice, and was overheard by Mrs. Hamline, who hurried up stairs and interrupted his painful soliloquy. Wet and cold as he was, he followed her, with some hesitation, to the chamber, and seated himself by the fire. In a few minutes Mrs. Maphet announced that the preacher was below, and was about to have prayers, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Hamline to join in the devotions. "Excuse me, said Mr. Hamline; "to me prayer is useless, and I must give it up." Mrs. Maphet burst in to a flood of tears and retired. "Husband," said Mrs. Hamline, "let us go down." Partly relenting, and moved by his wife's entreaties, he yielded and joined the praying circle. In the progress of the prayer, under some common devotional expressions, a softening influence suddenly touched his heart. It was not overwhelming, but gentle -- a small rivulet in the desert of his heart -- a distilling dew on the parched waste of its affections. Yet it was refreshing. Hope in an instant recovered its lost dominion, and Mr. Hamline said within himself, Perhaps I am not lost. I will go to meeting once more, and make another effort to find a reconciled God." He accordingly went that very evening to a prayer-meeting. It was a small assembly of twelve praying souls, met to plead in Christ's name. The minister was there, and having given out a hymn, he said, "If our afflicted friends," meaning Mr. and Mrs. Hamline, "will come forward and kneel down we will all pray for them," It was the first proposition that had been made of the kind, and probably Mr. Hamline had never until then been in a state of mind to act upon it; but the words were no sooner uttered than he hastened forward and fell upon his knees.

Earnest pleading in his behalf now arose from as many believing hearts as were in that little assembly. The voluntary outward humiliation of Mr. Hamline as a "mourner" greatly moved them. Their strong desires in his behalf were unrestrainable, and in a few minutes every tongue seemed to be employed in loud invocations for God's mercy upon him. After a time the special struggle of his soul abated and he lapsed into the calmness of indifference. A young man came and knelt by his side and whispered, "Mr. Hamline, I fear you are not anxious enough for salvation." "No, sir," said Mr. Hamline. "I am not anxious at all." "I feel," said the other; "that if you do not embrace religion tonight you never will." "So I think," said Mr. Hamline. The young man paused a little, and then exclaimed, "I can not give you up!" and commenced praying aloud. Suddenly a divine inference was shed on the assembly. Again all fell upon their knees, and in a few minutes every voice was once more pleading in prayer. Hamline felt the descending power. For a minute or two he retained his kneeling posture, but his desires for salvation grew more and more vehement, till at last, forgetful of every thing but the wants of a soul making its last effort for eternal life, with one unrestrained outcry for mercy, he threw himself on the floor. Mrs. Hamline flew to him in great consternation, and others gathered round, ready, if there were need or opportunity, to do what might be done to soften the features of a scene so bold and rugged. But God

was also there, and Mr. Hamline had naught to do with any other. He did not know, until afterward informed, that his wife had hung over him so long in silent agony.

The witnesses say that for one hour and a half Mr. Hamline continued in this prone posture. The time was almost wholly spent in exclaiming in full voice, "Come, Jesus?" or "Help me, Jesus!"

In the midst of his struggles it came suddenly to his mind, as though whispered by the lips of the Savior, "Will you now give up your child?" and instantly his whole heart, with a new, strange outflow of consenting emotions, said "Yes, yes; I do, I do!" After a little time it was again suggested, "Can you now forgive your enemies?" and in the same full, hearty manner he exclaimed, "Yes!" feeling at the moment that he would fain have all his worst enemies in his arms at once that he might press them to his bosom. After a little it was again suggested, "Can you now give up yourself and all you have forever to Christ, to do with you and with it as shall please him?" and again, with an unspeakable fullness and freeness, his heart replied, "Yes, all -- all -- I give up all forever!"

At this point, had his faith taken strong hold of Christ, he might have gained the witness of renewing grace. But the peace and quiet of mind which supervened he took for stupidity. "Tis done!" he says. "This was my last effort, and Christ, who came so near, has left me forever!" How do you feel now?" inquired a venerable saint. "Stupid I stupid!" said Mr. Hamline. "Ah!" said she "you'll feel better tomorrow." She had penetrated his real state better than he had. He returned home. Before retiring he says to his wife, "Let us once more try to pray." A gentle melting came upon him in prayer. "Perhaps," thought he, "all is not lost." In the morning, alone in his room, he opened his Bible to these words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." John xiv, 1. His whole soul seemed in a moment absorbed in meditating the force of this language. "Why am I troubled?" thought he. "Does not Jesus utter these words? Why did I not think and feel that it was his own language addressed to a wretch like me? Yes, I believe in God, the Creator, the Judge, the Avenger, and my heart is 'troubled.' Why have I not believed also in Jesus, the Savior, the bearer of my sin and punishment, and thus eased my troubled conscience?" He fell upon his knees in prayer, crying "Jesus, I can not let thee go." "Jesus, thou can'st not cast me off." As he repeated this, Christ came down to him and within him in fullness and sweetness, and he exclaimed "O Jesus, thou art within me," and that Scripture was borne to his mind, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Doubts were gone. He rose exulting in the fullness of this life. This great event and era of his life was on October 5, 1828. He now first begins to live. Thirty-six years later, on the anniversary of his being "born from above," he says, "I am thirty-six years old today."

At the first meeting he attended after his conversion, at the close of the sermon the minister requested him to exhort. He arose, and related the history of the "Prodigal Son," bringing the whole scene in vision before the audience, until they seemed to behold the poor, tattered, forlorn wretch tremblingly approaching the paternal mansion, and the venerable father first espying him in the distance, and watching with intense interest his approach, till at length, recognizing his returning son, he ran to meet and embrace him. He then said, "That prodigal son is before you in the person of the speaker. I am that prodigal. I have returned to my Father's house. For me the fatted calf has been killed, and on me the best robe has been put," etc. The affecting manner in

which he presented his conversion told on the hearts of the hearers, and a number were converted that night.

At the first love-feast he attended, the presiding elder sat down, after opening the meeting, saying, "Let the man most deeply indebted to grace be first to rise and speak for Christ." Mr. Hamline was instantly on his feet, exclaiming, "I am that man." As he went on speaking, a sister, whose husband had been defeated in a suit in which Mr. Hamline was the lawyer for the prosecution, and who had on that account been very bitterly prejudiced against him, asked Mrs. Maphet, who sat next her,

Who is that?"

"Why, it is the lawyer of whom you have said, 'he can not be converted unless he makes restitution to my husband.'"

"Well, I believe he is converted." And a little time after she exclaimed, " Bless the Lord I he is converted."

Mr. Hamline thus again narrates his experience "On the 10th of September, 1828, my little daughter, Eliza Jane Price, yielded her spirit into the hands of Christ. She had been our idol. When she was gone from us, with an aching heart and solemn mind I walked out, with my senses nearly bewildered by distracting grief and want of rest, and in the midst of both said within myself, I shall see no more earthly good. God has closed upon me the gates of terrestrial happiness. Let me now seek 'the kingdom of God,' and prepare to follow my sainted dear one to the heaven of saints. From that time I received her death as a providence which must work a revolution in my feelings, hopes, joys, prospects, wishes, and destiny. Still I went lazily to work to improve the dispensation. I knelt morning and evening with my body to pray, and cold and heartless utterances broke the silence of the hour of prayer. I continued thus until Friday, the 3d of October. At that time my dear wife, Eliza, became more anxious about her soul, and deep conviction fastened upon my mind. This continued until Sunday evening, the 5th, when at a prayer-meeting at father Whipple's my struggles became extreme. I now believe God then changed my heart, and on Monday, the 6th, gave me evidence of his love. With few interruptions I enjoyed God's presence, until Thursday morning, the 9th, when I became sorrowful, and continued by times despairing and calm until Friday evening, the 24th of October, when fresh light burst into my soul. Saturday, 25th, was a day of peace. Sunday, October 26, 1828, was a day of days. I joined the Methodist society on trial. God blessed me in it. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord forever to behold the beauty of the Lord.'

Monday, October 27th, was a day of sweet enjoyment. My soul was like a well-watered garden. God's grace is sufficient for me.

Monday, November 3d. Have just returned from Perrysburg Quarterly Meeting. I saw the fields and streets and lanes where I had walked to meditate upon myself, upon my own worldly prospects, and lay my schemes of worldly ambition. But O! how changed! Three months had wrought miracles in my behalf, during my absence from this place. I have lost my moral identity, and resumed it in a new, and I trust lasting, character since I left this place.

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.

"Sunday, attended the holy Eucharist, and ate the flesh and drank the blood of Jesus. O my Savior! I feel that I have a part and lot with thy followers. This thy son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found. Holy Redeemer, help the vile dust which thou hast redeemed to praise thee with his latest breath, and shout thy praise on hills of light in worlds beyond the grave!"

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Chapter 3 EARLIEST PREACHING -- OLD OHIO CIRCUIT -- MOUNT VERNON [1829-31]

A mind like that of Mr. Hamline's could not be inactive. Activity was the law of his being. Hitherto he had moved in the direction of his ambitious schemes, but now, with a change so wonderful, an experience so clear, like the converted Saul, "immediately he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He began to speak and address the people upon the all-momentous concerns of religion. As he says: "I began to talk to the people, and they were convicted and converted." "He began speaking in public," says Rev. J. W. Nevins, "immediately after his conversion, and continued to do so till he returned to Ohio. His wonderful conversion might lead us to expect wonderful results. He seemed to spring into the new life fully armed for the great conflict. A few junior months sufficed for preparatory discipline, and he burst upon the world like a new star in the firmament. Immediately all things were counted loss for Christ. Home, wealth, worldly honor, ambition, the pride of social position, all were laid upon the altar. From his palace home he was called to sleep often in cabins, where, in the bleak winter night, he had only to draw aside the hanging blanket in order to thrust his hand between the logs into the storm without. His meager income, after meeting his necessary traveling expenses, he gave to his poorer brethren. His easy pleasure-rides he exchanged for long, tedious, and often perilous traveling, fording streams, crossing prairies, threading forests which sometimes were not even blazed.

Several weeks were spent, after his conversion, among the loving friends to whom, under God, Mr. Hamline owed so much, after which it became necessary to return with the dear remains of their beloved little one to Zanesville, to place them in the family vault. The fame of his conversion and public exercises had preceded him. There was at this time a great revival in progress at Zanesville, and the excitement increased by the coming of two students of the Ohio University, Joseph M. Trimble (afterwards Dr. Trimble) and Wm. Herr. The former was the son of Governor Trimble. They were both students of high standing, and afterwards men of mark and high repute. They were fresh from college, and had just entered the itinerancy. Their coming awakened public interest, and the multitudes came out. "But," says Finley (in his "Sketches of Methodism"), "the wonders did not stop here. It was rumored that the most eloquent divine that ever addressed a Zanesville audience had become a Methodist preacher, and was coming back from the East, whither he had gone on a visit, to identify himself with Methodism, in a place where before he had wondered at the audacity of a Methodist preacher in daring to ride along the main street. He came, and listening, wondering thousands hung upon his lips, if possible with greater interest than they

had done before. Under these circumstances Methodism gained an influence and standing which it has not lost to this day." Wm. Herr, above named, in his semi-Centennial sermon, 1878, speaking of 1828, and the noble army of ministers that arose at that time in the Ohio Conference, says: "A few years later two stars of the first magnitude appeared in the ministerial horizon -- L. L. Hamline and Edward Thomason, the one from the legal and the other from the medical profession, both of refined tastes, classic culture, and rare pulpit eloquence. After years of successful ministerial and literary labor in the editorial and educational departments, they were both elected to the episcopal office, which they adorned with peculiar meekness and dignity."

At this time, the beginning of 1829, Mr. Hamline felt no call to devote his life to the ministry. He was a member on probation, and could not hold an office within six months from the date of joining the Church. Meanwhile, he turned his attention to the practice of law. Hitherto he had been successful -- had never lost a case. We are not informed that he subsequently lost a case, but he felt a growing incongeniality with the profession. The Church, too, believed him truly called to the sacred office. If he felt it difficult to pursue his profession under the present state of mind, still he could not retire without adequate reason. He had not been inactive since his conversion, but had become distinguished for his labors at camp-meetings, protracted meetings, and other occasions, besides the ordinary means of grace. But the time had come to decide the sphere of his life-work. One day, while conducting a suit before a single justice, an overwhelming conviction fell upon him that he must quit the law and preach the Gospel. This he endeavored to overcome or dismiss for the time, but it returned again and again, and so embarrassed him that he was forced to shorten his argument and close his speech. He never attempted another. Here ended his legal pleading, thenceforward to turn to the sublimer calling of "beseeking men to be reconciled to God." He received license to exhort about six months after his conversion, and license to preach at the expiration of his first year of membership, November, 1829. The balance of that year till September, 1830, he spent in varied labor as a licentiate, wherever a Providential door was opened.

At the session of the Pittsburgh Conference, August, 20, 1830, Robert Hopkins (who still lives at this writing) was appointed Presiding Elder of the Monongahela District. The District lay mostly in West Virginia, "including, also, Washington and Greene Counties in Pennsylvania. The narrow strip of land lying between Pennsylvania and the Ohio River, called the 'Pan Handle,' was of course included in the District. Here were situated the West Liberty and Ohio Circuits, the Rev. Jacob Young being appointed to the former, and Robert C. Hatton to the latter." Hatton refused to go to his appointment on principles relating to antislavery preaching, and, after consultation, the two circuits were united, with Jacob Young preacher-in-charge, and an assistant to be supplied. Young recommended Mr. Hamline, and, after the Presiding Elder had taken further advice with David Young, also a Presiding Elder, who lived in Zanesville and knew Hamline well, the call was issued. Though unexpected, it was promptly obeyed. Mr. Hopkins, from whom we derive this information, says: "His first appearance made no unfavorable impression on our mind, though it was clear that he had not been long associated with Methodists. His humble teachableness spoke volumes in his favor. It was the time of our Quarterly-meeting. After preaching and business of Saturday, Brother Hamline was announced to preach in the evening. The congregation assembled. Anxiety was on tiptoe to hear the new preacher. All things conspired to make the occasion one of profound interest. He rose in the pulpit at the proper time, and, with gravity and dignity, went through the opening services. He announced his text in Luke xviii, 29, 30, A few sentences were

sufficient to convince us that we had before us a man of no ordinary ability, possessing a mind highly cultivated and great power of language. To say we were all pleased with the performance, is language too tame for the occasion. We were in ecstasy, carried beyond ourselves, half crazy with delight.

"We met next day for the services of the Sabbath, and, as we wished the people to have the best preaching available, I asked Brother Hamline. But his modesty was equal to his greatness. He shrunk from the very idea of taking the place of the Presiding Elder, and could not entertain it for a moment. So we yielded to his wish, but appointed him to preach again at night, which he did. His text was Gal. iii, 26. He described the relation between parent and child, he dwelt on the patrimony which the former provides for the latter, when suddenly he paused, his arms dropped to his sides, and, looking on the congregation, he asked the unconverted man what kind of patrimony he expected. The solemnity was almost oppressive. He then portrayed the future condition of the sinner. The scene was awful. One man who sat near the aisle in front was so frightened that he fled for the door and disappeared."

After this Mr. Hamline attended at a Quarterly-meeting at Washington, on the District, and preached from Hos. xi, 8, "How shall I give thee up?" Waterman, the Pastor, himself a preacher of note, said, "it was the best sermon he ever heard." At the camp-meeting on the District he preached from Psa. viii, 3. "He carried the attention and feelings of the congregation with him," says Hopkins. "It was a heavenly time. Rev. W. Lambdin followed in exhortation, and invited mourners to the altar." "They did come," says our informant. "We can not describe the scene. The altar would hold no more. They knelt outside, all over the ground. The whole was a prayer-meeting. As the result of the meeting we took in one hundred and thirty-eight probationers. Some three or four turned out ministers of the Gospel. Thank God for even the remembrance of it." "In fine," concludes Brother Hopkins, "we spent much of our time when on that part of the District with Brother Hamline, were with him in the pulpit and on the platform, in private families and secret devotions, in the prayer-meeting and the social circles, and in all found him invariably what we ought all to be -- pious and devoted and humble. And we are tempted to close this sketch with the language of Mr. Wesley, in the close of his sermon on the death of the sainted Fletcher, 'I shall never see his like again.' " Hamline was, indeed, as yet unfamiliar with Methodistic government and usage, but his wonderful experience in coming to Christ, his powerful conviction and conversion, his naturally incisive mind now baptized with the Holy Spirit, made all his former studies and knowledge of men available to the pulpit, while in social life he was every-where at ease.

At one of the appointments on this circuit, while preaching with great power, his audience suddenly burst into tears, rising simultaneously to their feet. A scene of power and mercy ensued. Among the converts of the day was one who became a preacher of the Gospel. His field of labor was now seventy miles from his family, to whom his visits were necessarily rare and short. After a few weeks spent on the circuit, he thus writes to his wife, under her burden of solitude and care:

My Dear Eliza, I trust you will not permit the affairs of home to make you unhappy. For my part I think if we call obtain and keep our Savior we will do well. Oh, that we might serve God and enjoy Him. Your letter came to hand Sunday evening, November 14th, just as I was entering the pulpit. I have been enabled to preach to acceptance, and, I hope, to some little profit. At

Wellsburg the prospect is flattering. I am now on my way round the circuit. Hope to see you a couple of days early in December.

"Keep courage, and may God bless you and the little boy. If we serve God he will make all plain. Oh, may we have Christ in the soul! I leave it all, all -- I commit my cause to God, and trust we shall yet reach heaven. I say again, my dear Eliza do not grieve and mourn about our affairs. Oh, how much worse off we might be! I fear more for you than the property. I fear for your nerves and headache. Rest in the confidence of divine mercy and protection. I am resolved to commit all my griefs and fears into the hands of Jesus. Good-bye dear. May you be happy in your God."

While here the Rev. Z. H. Coston, who had taken a deep and friendly interest in Mr. Hamline, came seventy miles to see him, and to know for himself whether in truth he had been converted. He came in an opportune moment. The preacher-in-charge was sick, it was quarterly-meeting with them, and Hamline knew not how to preside in a quarterly conference. Coston instructed him. His visit was convincing. His friend was truly converted. Coston was a life-long friend of Hamline, and himself and wife accompanied him to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in the latter part of his life, living till the death of the Bishop in the same village square, and helped, at Bishop Hamline's request, to dress him for the grave.

The savor of Mr. Hamline's influence on this first circuit remained. Later, in 1836, Bishop Morris passed over this region, and wrote to Mr. Hamline his observations. The Bishop says: "I intended to write you long since, and have frequently been reminded of this duty by hearing your name kindly spoken of by inquiring friends as I crossed your old paths at different points. Yet, like other sinners, I have been slow to carry my good desires into practice. On my way to Wheeling, Virginia, I stopped at Athens and Zanesville, and from Wheeling to this place (Pittsburgh). I came through your old circuit about Wellsburg and called on father Worthington. In all these places brethren inquired after your welfare. While in Beaver I met with sister Lee [afterward Mrs. Jacob Young], who informed me it was in her house, in the State of New York, you were converted. She showed me her little son, named for you, and was not a little pleased when I informed her that you wore a Methodist coat and a 'broad-brimmed hat.' "

In 1845, when Mr. Hamline (then Bishop) was passing over the same ground, he thus writes to his son:

"We are now on 'Old Ohio Circuit,' in the place where I first traveled. Wellsburg, Virginia, is a beautiful place on the south bank of the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling. Here we have received a truly warm greeting, and have been often overwhelmed by the pressure of friends. I would be delighted to have you travel with us through this part of Virginia. Your dear mother left you fourteen years ago in the hands of Mrs. Kent four weeks when you were about eighteen months old, and went around this circuit with me. It is a sad gratification to think of this as we visit along among friends. Let us be sure that we prepare to rejoin our dear friends who now look down and watch us in the kingdom of God."

To Rev. Jacob Young, his senior colleague on the circuit, he writes at the same time.

"I have enjoyed the privilege of meeting many of our old friends. I preached at Wellsburg three times, at Worthington's once, and once at Liberty. I intended to go to Short Creek, but feared I was laboring too much. The Virginia friends were most hearty and kind in their welcome, and made me feel that it was good to see them."

Mr. Hamline's appointment to Mt. Vernon Circuit the following year (1831), we need only say, was equally auspicious. His senior colleague was Rev. J. McMahon. With his Presiding Elder, Rev. L. Swormstedt, his acquaintance ripened into a life long friendship. Having now become established in his call to preach, and proved himself as such, he was prepared for the advanced step which awaited him.

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Chapter 4 JOINS THE OHIO CONFERENCE -- GRANVILLE --ATHENS [1832-34]

In September 19, 1832, the Ohio Conference met for its annual session at Dayton, Ohio. In a class of twenty-seven candidates, who joined Conference that year, we find the name of L. L. Hamline. He was appointed as a junior preacher to the Granville circuit, at a reasonable distance from home, Granville being about thirty miles from Zanesville, though the average distance of the appointments on the circuit was probably greater. Three preachers manned the circuit, of whom S. H. Holland was the second junior, and H. S. Farnandis the senior. In the technology of the day it was an old-time "six weeks' circuit." Farnandis was a godly man, of great zeal and tact and respectable ability, but of remarkable humility. He was small of stature, and David Young, of Zanesville, used to say, "he was the greatest little man he ever knew." He was preacher-in-charge of Athens circuit in 1827, when the great revival was experienced, and William Herr, Edward R. Ames (our late Bishop), Joseph M. Trimble, and others were converted. He was skillful to save souls and nurse them when converted. Mr. Hamline felt happy in being with one as his senior who was in such perfect sympathy with his own spiritual aspirations. A friendship sprang up between them which was ardent and life-long. On his death-bed Farnandis sent for Mr. Hamline (then Bishop), and when the latter came and entered the house the dying patriarch burst into tears and exclaimed, "My brother, have you come?" and, throwing his arms around him, clasped him to his heart. Bishop Hamline stayed two weeks, comforting the sick man, preaching to and for him in his sick-room, administering the sacrament, and in various ways relieving and cheering his last hours. When they parted it was till the great reunion in heaven.

A glorious success attended the year. In the town of Newark the work was specially prosperous. We could not better give the keynote to Mr. Hamline's zeal and aspirations than he himself has given in the following letter to his friend, Rev. E. D. Roe, M. D.. Roe had left the medical and mercantile professions, as Hamline had the legal, to "preach the kingdom of God." He was a man of true piety, fine culture, and noble aspirations. They had both joined conference this year, and both had entered their new fields of labor. Hamline had just returned from his first visit to his circuit, to which he was to return the same week. His letter has the ring of the heroic days: "ZANESVILLE, O., November to, 832.

"Rev. E. D. Roe, -- Your note reached me at Newark, inviting me in kind and brotherly terms to visit you this Saturday and Sunday. I am not able to do so. As I have just commenced my labors, I can not consistently leave my circuit at this early stage. I am pleased that you enter with comfort upon your labors, and trust that your health, patience, and zeal will wear well. I hardly know what to promise myself. I start tomorrow morning to ride, preach, and, by the grace of God, seek and feel religion. The circuit is my home, and if I can only take my family along, I shall then be able to say, 'All I require I have -- a Savior, a circuit, a family, a living.' Do you feel well? Are you inspired with an increasing zeal for your God and Redeemer? Do you not repent this resignation to the labors of the vineyard? When you sit and listen to the blast by night and watch the scowling cloud, and know that you are to ride in 'sleety shower,' and shelter in the half-composed cabin, among the rude or rustic, does not your soul draw back? Come on, my dear Edward, and see thy Savior on plain and mount, and sea and land, with fishermen and 'publicans and sinners,' rejected by a scornful world in the Garden, before Pilate and Herod, and on the cross -- I'll go through storms and tempests, floods, and flames to serve this blessed Savior. If I have a wife, he had a mother. If I have gold and riches, he had the riches of heaven and earth, and for our sakes he became poor.

"I feel better. I have half written down the enemy. Blessed Lord God, give me a glorious victory! I do trust to see good this year. Our quarterly meeting was more than ordinary for Newark. Few joined. I left you a line at Strowthers. If possible, meet me somewhere on that part of my circuit. I long to speak with you.

My poor Eliza has cares pressing upon her in my absence, from which I would be glad to see her delivered."

From his circuit he writes back to his lonely wife a month later: "GRANVILLE, December 10, 1832.

"My Dear Eliza, I have passed around the north-east part of the circuit since last Sabbath (yesterday week), and through awful roads and high floods, and preached at seven appointments. I could not reach Granville on Saturday because of the streams but on Sunday morning several gentlemen started with me and helped me on, so that I got in to town a few minutes before meeting time. Preached at eleven and half past one. Held a prayer-meeting at candle-light. A good congregation, and I trust a profitable Sabbath.

I trust you are better and more happy in the Lord, your God. O how I long to be a Christian like Fletcher or Bramwell, and see my dear Eliza as devoted as Cooper or Rowe! The Lord help you.

At Newark the work went forward gloriously. Again he writes to his friend Roe, dated Newark, February 12, 1833:

"Our meeting is glorious. We have had seventy mourners at a time; forty-six have joined. I know not when the meeting will close; probably next Monday. This is the sixth day. The town is shaken. God walks among the people, and they tremble. Universalism reels belie,' til the blows of truth.

"We have now no helps from abroad; but God helps. I must say I have been blessed in my own soul. I have been called four times to the pulpit, and my fifth appointment comes this evening. I pray God to send us a little help. I can say to no man, Come thou. But I put this prayer down for your eye: I pray God to send us a little help. Amen."

Mr. Hamline appears evidently rising in strength and "mighty through God." Speaking of his labors on this circuit, a writer who knew him well says:

"One of the best sermons I ever heard, he preached in Granville at one of his ordinary Sabbath appointments. He never lacked the stimulus of a full house, for wherever it was known he was to preach, eager multitudes flocked to hear. On the occasion referred to the text was Gal. vi, 7, 8. The sermon impressed me like some grand edifice of immense magnitude, of faultless proportions, of exquisite workmanship, and so perfectly fortified as to be impregnable at every point. For days it was almost constantly before my mind. I could not help a feeling of wonder that any merely human intellect should originate conceptions so grand, of such marvelous beauty, and then combine them into a whole of such wondrous strength.

"But while I give the preference to this sermon as a whole, it did not produce more manifest present effect than some others preached during that year. I think the most marked impression that I ever witnessed under his preaching was produced by a sermon on the text, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' It was preached at night during a protracted meeting in the town of Newark.

"The church, as usual, was crowded to the utmost, and he held the audience as if spell-bound. As he proceeded the excitement became intensely painful. He seemed as one standing where he could look down into the measureless depths of the gulf of perdition, and contemplate all its indescribable horrors. And he brought us all up to the same stand-point with himself, and then stood there, pointing out to us the unutterable woes of a lost soul. Never, before nor since, was the scene brought before me as such a terrible and present reality. Throughout the congregation not the slightest movement was visible, and the silence was unbroken save by the voice of the preacher, and now and then a deep groan, which seemed to come from the depths of some stricken or sympathizing heart. At length a point was reached where I felt that I could not endure much more. I could not help wishing he would stay his hand.

"Just at the critical moment our minds were turned from the contemplation of this fearful scene of suffering to consider the justice of God, which not only permitted but required such seeming severity in the punishment of sin. This was done in few words, and so skillfully that when in concluding he cried out, 'And let all the people say, Amen,' it seemed to me that every one in that congregation, as if moved by one common impulse, joined him in that 'amen.'

"He had not," says our informant, "at that time the matured religious experience which he afterward attained, nor the clear views of Christian holiness which so strongly characterized his later ministry but I doubt whether he was ever more thoroughly in earnest, or more successful in winning souls to Christ, than during that year. He was most lovingly associated with the heavenly

minded H. S. Farnandis and the zealous S. H. Holland, and glorious revivals of religion crowned their labors."

It can be easily conceived how such zeal and effort would naturally exhaust the enfeebled normal forces of his system and leave him prostrate. His health broke under the severe pressure, almost to the despairing of life. The house where he lay confined was surrounded by a beautiful grove, and he said, "If I get able, I will go out and inscribe the name of Jesus on every tree." Among the numerous and kind friends who came to see him in his affliction was Bishop McIlvaine, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After a most fraternal interview and prayer, the Bishop took the sick man's hand in leaving, and said, " Bless God, Brother Hamline, there is a strength that never shall decay."

The following year (1833) Mr. Hamline was appointed to the Athens circuit, with the Rev. Jacob Young for his senior colleague. This was grateful. Mr. Young had been his counselor and co-laborer on the "old Ohio circuit" in 1830. " He was," says Herr, "wise in counsel, able in debate, and clear in discourse." He was proverbially called "the wise old Jacob," and was one of the strong men of the conference, for there were giants in those days. Hamline told him "he felt like riding two circuits that year." The year opened with hope, and was prosperous.

At Batemantown, a strong hold of Universalism, there was a great work. The whole moral phase of the place was changed. But some resisted. On one occasion a Universalist challenged Mr. Hamline to prove from the Bible that any soul was ever lost. Hamline quoted Ezek. xxxiii, 13, 14, "When I shall say to the righteous that he shall surely live if he trust to his own righteousness and commit iniquity, all his righteousness shall not be remembered; but for this iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it. Again when I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live."

But," says the dialectician, "that does not say that he did die, but that if he turn from his righteousness he shall die." "No," says Mr. Hamline, "it does not. Neither does it say in the next verse that the wicked man did turn from his wickedness and live, but only if he turn he shall live. The suppositions are exactly equal in both cases." Nothing more was said, and Mr. Hamline rode off. It was his practice never to combat Universalism, but to preach the Gospel fully. If men saw the truth and accepted it, the error would be displaced; if not, nothing was gained by controversy.

But the year had its trials of unexpected severity. In the later winter Mr. Hamline set out for his appointment, fifteen miles away, at a time when the traveling, especially in crossing streams, was perilous, His friends earnestly advised against, but to him engagements knew no compromise. A recent freshet had swollen the streams, which, on a sudden freeze, were covered with ice, so that when the water subsided the ice stood above the water. He came to a bridge, the planks of which had been swept away, and there was no crossing but on the sleepers. He had hitherto been compelled to walk much of the time on the ice along the banks of the stream, leading his horse and holding to the fences. There appears to have been no house or help near, and he must cross here or renounce his journey. Shelving ice was cleaving to the sleepers on both sides, the banks were almost perpendicular, and the stream impassable except by crossing this fragment of a bridge. Having confidence in the sagacity of his horse, and hoping that possibly the ice would not fall till he had reached the opposite shore, he solemnly committed himself to the care of God, and started

to lead the horse across one of the sleepers. He was certain that should the ice give way the horse would take fright and spring, in which case only providential interposition could preserve him. When almost at the other shore the ice fell with a loud crash. He threw himself to the shore, and the horse sprang quite over him, his corks hoof striking as near as he could ascertain within one inch of his head. At dusk he reached another stream which he must cross by ferry. After great difficulty in rousing the ferryman on the opposite shore he at length crossed and reached the place of destination, but in a state of complete exhaustion. He preached, however, sitting in a chair. This effort came near costing him his life. A long sickness ensued, in which for a time, little hope was entertained of recovery. The effects of that day's adventure he felt through life. His system was not robust, and could not sustain such treatment. But in the sickness that followed his soul was lifted above his infirmity and triumphed in his Savior.

The following letter, written upon his sick-bed, to his loving and faithful wife, is not only an exposition of his thoughts and feelings while on his sickbed, but of intrinsic doctrinal and practical value:

My Dear Eliza, I shall devote a few of my restless moments this evening to you. You know that we are to die, and whether we shall pay the debt of nature with a full warning of what is about to come upon us we know not. Should I die without your presence, and without the privilege of conversing with you, I pray you, as with my dying breath, to be thoroughly convinced of the following truths, namely

That there is a God consisting of three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. That God is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, holy, just, and merciful; that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are a revelation from God; that Christ has made a vicarious atonement for sin; that man is depraved; that our only hope is through faith in Christ's name; that man is immortal, and accountable for his actions and feelings; that sin unrepented of will destroy the soul that the misery of the wicked will be eternal; that impenitence is the sinner's fault and that the finally impenitent destroy themselves.

These truths, my dear Eliza, embrace all the pillars of the Christian's faith, and contain more common sense and philosophical wisdom than all the aphorisms of all the great men of earth. Let them enter your heart and communicate their spirit to your very soul, and they will exalt you above all the Platos of old, above all the Humes of modern times.

You will reasonably be surprised that I have not been a wiser and better man, since my professions proclaim me in possession of this heavenly knowledge. It is difficult to redeem myself from the charge of inconsistency, but it is not difficult to screen these principles from the charge of inefficiency. Whenever I have felt the ruling power of these truths I have been in some degree both wise and good. Not that I have then felt myself either, but on the contrary have then been most deeply sensible of my failings and delinquencies; but now, while I revert to those periods when I have and have not felt the force of them, I can discern a striking contrast in which time former state is time light shade of the picture. Yes, holiness of heart and life, purity of thought and action, are the legitimate offspring of these principles; and without them all that has time resemblance of moral virtue among men is spurious. It is factitious goodness, insubstantial as the shadow, unreal as the dream of night, and wasting as the dew of morning.

Let these principles, my dear Eliza, rule your life, and you can not act wrong. Forget and reject them, and you can not act right. O that I had always been ruled by them! It would have saved me many a pang, it would have brought me many a joy; it would have brightened the morn of life, and it would cheer the evening of my days; it would have illuminated the vale of death, and glorified my soul in the world of bliss.

"I have nothing to do but say, as you value the peace of your soul, listen to these instructions. May God be your father, may God be the husband of your soul, may He give you the garment of salvation, and cause you to sit in a heavenly place at his right hand! Adieu, my Eliza my own Eliza, adieu."

So late as May 23, 1834, we find him sick at his beloved home in Zanesville, to which he had retired from his circuit. At this date he writes to Rev. Jacob Young:

My Dear Brother, Your letter reached me upon my sick-bed, but it seemed doubly welcome. I attempted to preach for Brother Fox on Sunday last, the first attempt since I left Athens, and on Tuesday my ague returned. I am once more under time doctor's care, And now I must give up all hope of seeing you this summer, and can indulge but a faint expectation of reaching conference. Since my return I have been very much afflicted, but had supposed for three or four weeks past my complaints were leaving me, and that I should soon regain my strength. Now I think it most likely that I shall, if I live, wear out a season or two in a feeble state. This is my well day, and I feel comparatively comfortable."

Mr. Hamline seems to have been laid aside mostly for the balance of the conference year.

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Chapter 5
APPOINTED TO CINCINNATI
[1834-36]

At the session of the Ohio Conference at Circleville August 20, 1834, Mr. Hamline was ordained deacon, and appointed to Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, with Zachariah Connell as a senior colleague. This appointment opened to him a field of labor and a class of associations more suitable to his natural gifts, and brought him before the public in a new and wide relation. Until this time he had never moved his family from Zanesville. The frail life of his loving companion would not admit of the rough usage of the circuit system. She now, however, consents to move. It was no ordinary trial for one in feeble and declining health to leave the beautiful home of her childhood, with its gardens and extensive grounds, its seventy acres of natural grove, trimmed and cleared of undergrowths, rising back in elevated and graceful undulations from the banks of the Muskingum and laid out in drives like a park. The scene was enchanting. The winding Muskingum lay at their feet, the city of Zanesville was spread out in full costume, villages on the west enlivened the landscape, while a rich background of cultivated farms every-where tinted and softened the view. As she walked over the extensive lawns with Jacob Young, catching new views

at every turn, Mrs. Hamline asks, 'Do you wonder that I have been reluctant to leave this home?' "It is very fine," replied the stern itinerant, "but is not quite equal to Paradise." Mrs. Hamline was in declining health, too feeble for a safe removal. Her careful husband removed her in her own carriage, a nurse accompanying them in charge of the two children.

Unfortunately, the house selected for them was inadequate. As to parsonages, there were none. Short were the intervening months between her removal to Cincinnati and her translation to the heavenly home, for which she had resigned her earthly.

The first weeks in Cincinnati were inauspicious. In a letter to Dr. Roe Mr. Hamline says:

"We reached here in safety, and in time to witness a severe spread of cholera. It commenced on Saturday last, sudden as plague, and in twenty-four hours about twenty were laid low. It ceased as suddenly as it came. I have felt the wind of the shot, but am not 'killed or wounded.' The atmospheric influence was as sensible as the shock of an electric battery. Oh, how strange! On Sunday the scene was mournful the hearses dressed in imposing black, the processions of mourning carriages, and the mourning of the bereaved, deprived almost in an hour of dear and adored friends, made all other hearts ache. Several of our brethren died. We feel, notwithstanding, calm and comfortable. We are keeping house with a few borrowed and purchased articles of furniture."

Mr. Hamline entered upon his duties here with his usual inspiration, checked only by the weight of his domestic trials. The public expectation was high; his fame was spread abroad, his responsibilities great; but for himself his fame, in its human sense, was of no account, and his ambition was high only to please God and fulfill worthily his holy calling. The reader must not judge of his popularity by the standard of domestic arrangements for his reception. That was but an accident due to the infelicities of the age and the imperfect facilities of transportation. But, morally and socially, preacher and people were in a high state of satisfaction. His ministrations called out the people and drew upon other congregations. The intelligent found material for instruction and culture, and the pious and humble soul the pure Word of God earnestly and persuasively delivered.

There is a mystery and mournfulness in the dispensation of Providence during most of his stay with this people. For months together the energies which he longed to bestow upon his needful public work were depleted and exhausted by the sorrows and solitudes for the waning life of his loving and faithful wife, and for the desolations of his home. Between the harvest field which called him into public life, and the withering griefs for a suffering companion and a darkened home, he seemed like a pendulum vibrating between lights and shadows, life and death. In a letter to his friend, Rev. Jacob Young, January 8, 1835, he says:

"For some weeks my soul has had work at home. My sympathies at present seem almost incapable of diversion. We are afflicted. Mrs. Hamline has been declining ever since Conference, and appears now to be rapidly sinking under the influence of hectic fever. I am watching her day and night with an anxiety which you can better conceive than I describe. God has in mercy relieved me of one mighty burden. She has never enjoyed a clear evidence of her acceptance with God until last evening. Judge with what joy I witnessed her reception of Jesus by faith, and heard her proclaim, 'All is well.' 'I have no fears now.' 'I have no longer any will but the will of God.' Bless

God! eternally bless his holy name! that He has heard prayer, and given her her heart's desire. Let me now be bound forever to his cross who hath saved us by his blood. My dear brother, I doubt not but you will give us your prayers, and plead with Jesus to bless us in our afflictions. I very much fear that we may not honor God in our sufferings."

The decline of Mrs. Hamline was rapid, and her end was peaceful and triumphant. She had sought the Lord with her husband, but had never attained a clear and assured consciousness of her acceptance with God until, as we have seen, upon her last bed of sickness. But now all was clear. She had participated with her husband in his convictions of duty to preach, and though not able to follow with him she had given him up for this work. They had walked together in true harmony and love, bearing their common cross in mutual sympathy and prayer. Of the children which God had given them two only were still living, one of whom followed his sainted mother that same year; the other, Dr. L. P. Hamline, still survives.

The feelings of Mr. Hamline in watching the ebbing out of a life dearer than his own to him can not better be given than in his own words, in the following letter to his friend, Dr. E. D. Roe, dated March 3, 1835:

"Yesterday I received yours..... As for us our harps are on the willows and our tents pitched by the Euphrates, while we have scarce the grace to weep when we remember Zion. I can not tell you all our difficulties by letter. Should I see you face to face I could talk with you: Suffice it to say, my colleague is discouraged beyond all measure, and thinks he can do no good in Cincinnati. This, besides my afflictions, which I shall not relate to you, paralyzes all my efforts and makes me hopeless.

"My dear wife has gradually declined in health since I wrote to you in autumn, and now lies helpless, emaciated, and much of the time almost speechless by my side. I have watched her night and day with the assiduity and the feelings of a husband. And having said this I need not inform you that my strength and flesh are much wasted, that my ministerial efforts have been confined to the pulpit, and that they have been made without any preparation and under every possible embarrassment. Twice in the mean time I have been severely ill, but I have not been kept from my Sabbath appointments but twice, and from my week-day but two or three times. I have found valuable friends and many of them. All that mortals can do is done for us, and more than this, God has been unutterably good to us. Mrs. Hamline is in a state of mind which hushes all our murmurs, though it can not dry our tears. She welcomes all providences, and 'rejoices in tribulation.'

"And how, my dear brother, I trust that these hasty lines will stir up your mind to pray for us in our most severe afflictions, that those sorrows which the world can not relieve may find some cordial in the religion of Jesus Christ. I dare not tell Mrs. Hamline that I write to you. She sleeps. She has spoken much of Sister Roe, and would send much love.

"Affectionately yours," etc.

At the writing of this letter the hour of parting was near. Mrs. Hamline died twenty-four days later, March 27, 1835. When she asked a friend if she was dying, he replied, "It appears very much as though you were." "Then," said she, "sing." They sang her favorite hymn:

"Jesus protects, my fears begone,
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.
While thou art intimately nigh
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy,
I lean upon my Savior's breast."

As the cadence of the last line died away her spirit took its flight. The answer of Dr. Roe to the above letter of Mr. Hamline, dated April 30th, will best describe the generous flow of sympathy to the bereaved partner from a wide circle of friends. We select this from many expressions of loving condolence, because Dr. Roe was received into conference and ordained in the same class with Mr. Hamline. They had been friends before either entered the ministry, and years of fellowship only served to perfect the union of their hearts. The parties have long since all rejoined in heaven. He writes:

"Your kind, desponding letter was received with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain, and would have been answered before this had I been certain that you were in Cincinnati.

"And now I do not know how to write to you in your most severe affliction. I can say nothing to assuage sorrow arising from the source from whence yours flows. Affection will claim its right and must be allowed its tears. But religion may moderate its sorrow and hallow its grief. He whose servant you are has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' 'As thy day is so shall thy strength be.' My heart cries out in your behalf, 'O Lord, fulfill thy word unto thy servant who is devoted to thy fear.' I would not trifle with your sorrow by saying mourn not, nor by attempting to point you to any source for consolation, but to 'the Rock that is higher than we.' Oh may Divine consolation be poured upon you. She has gone, but Jesus was with her. He showed her 'the path of life' and led her onward in it to his presence, in which there is 'fullness of joy,' and to Him at whose 'right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with them, for living in the 'patient continuance of well doing and seeking glory, honor, and immortality they shall have everlasting life.' She sleeps, but she sleeps in Jesus, and 'them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him,' and 'the dead in Christ shall rise first.' 'Blessed and holy are they who have part in the first resurrection on them the second death hath no power.' Suffer me, my dear afflicted brother, to comfort you with these words. I will write no more now. My heart is with you. My prayers are for you. Will you write to me soon?

"I am, truly and affectionately," etc.

The loss of his bosom friend was an overwhelming sorrow. Mr. Hamline was yet young in the ministry, in his third year as a member of Conference, with an important city charge upon his hands, with three sermons to deliver each Sabbath, as the custom then was, with a sickly body-

and the new and untried care of two lovely children. His popularity in the city was great, and his usefulness and success seemed to demand for him the quiet home and soothing retirement which had now been ruthlessly broken up. It was a moment of trial of his faith and his manhood strength, and he turns from the sad obsequies with a withered heart and exhausted strength to meet the stern demands of public life. And this, with God's blessing, became a chief means of sustaining him, so that some years later he advises an afflicted friend in a like condition to the same course. He says: 'My beloved brother, let me not be thought forward when I urge you to go out at once from your solitary home to the district, and dwell and labor constantly among God's people. Let the zeal of God's house eat up your soul. I think in my distress labor for God was my preservation.' It had always been his habit, as one says of him, to spend most of his time among his people.

The affectionate nature of Mr. Hamline was attuned to the most delicate sympathy, and while it now became the occasion of a livelier suffering to himself, it also became the generous medium through which, more than ever before, he was "able to comfort them which were in any affliction, by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God." His grief was not a barren grief. Through his sufferings he found an open channel of access to other suffering hearts, and it is beautiful to witness how true he is, in all his letters and communications, not only to humanity, in a delicate appreciation of our social nature, but to the claims of his ministerial calling to bring souls to Christ. His letters of friendship and sympathy themselves would make a volume.

It was in Cincinnati during these years that Mr. Hamline's soul was drawn out in special concern for many who had fallen under the soothing opiate of the Unitarian theory. They were attracted by his preaching and attached to his ministry, but how to bring them to Christ through a saving faith was the problem he constantly and prayerfully revolved. Several of the sermons found in the first volume of his published works were written for this specific end, such as his sermons on "Depravity," "The Sufferings of Christ," "Jesus Reviled," "The Wages of Sin," etc. Had he been permitted to remain a longer period in the same place there is little doubt but his efforts in this direction would have been crowned with signal success.

It may be proper to say just here that Mr. Hamline seldom wrote out a sermon in full. The twenty four sermons which appear in his published works (one of them in the second volume) are all the finished sermons which appear in his manuscript remains. The forty-seven sketches and skeletons in volume second are a full specimen of his habit of preparing briefs for the pulpit. As he was called upon to prepare three sermons each week (for it was the custom then to have three sermons each Sabbath to each congregation), he appealed to Bishop Morris for advice. The bishop counseled him that if he could prepare more easily by writing, it would, under his circumstances of affliction and depleted health, be admissible to do so. To a very limited extent he complied with the suggestion, but it was not his habit. Neither was it his practice to write and commit and then deliver the discourse 'memoriter'. This his mental habit made wholly impossible. The heads of thought he made familiar to himself before going into the pulpit. If it was an argument which required special care and involved special responsibility, he wrote paragraphs embodying his definitions and more difficult forms of presentation; not for language but simply to familiarize his own mind with the just dimension of the thought. It was marvelous that he could speak extemporaneously with such classic precision and purity, and this probably led some to suppose that he either read his sermons or spoke from memory. But it was a mistake. He spoke equally

well, in the same faultless style, from the promptings of the moment, after an approved outline of thought had been matured.

A venerable ministerial friend gave him the following wise counsel: "Do not," he says, "depend on great sermons for your success in the ministry in the city, but visit your people and become acquainted with the children in the families where you go." This advice was carefully followed. It was his practice to take a class-leader with him in his rounds of visiting the classes, and go from house to house. His labor with the children was never forgotten. Long afterward they would say, "He always talked with us about religion, and we love him."

* * * * *

Chapter 6
APPOINTED ASSISTANT EDITOR OF WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE
[1834-38]

Mr. Hamline's residence at Cincinnati, as we have seen, was shadowed with affliction. A beloved wife and one of the two remaining children had been taken from him, and the only surviving child had seen a year of sickness. Yet under all he had been sustained, and had not only succeeded to a high degree of satisfaction in pulpit and pastoral labor, but had given much aid to ministerial brethren abroad; The following year Mr. Hamline was married to Mrs. Melinda Truesdell -- a most opportune and favored union. She was a lady every way fitted to give character to his ministry and happiness to his home, as years of self-denying and useful labor have amply confirmed.

At Columbus, in the summer of 1836, the incumbent pastor, Rev. E. W. Schon, had been compelled from bodily indisposition, to retire. Schon was, says Herr, "the Apollo Belvidere of the conference, a perfect Christian gentleman, eminently successful in his ministry, and remarkably popular among all classes of society." The place was important, and it was not easy to find a successor to the retiring pastor. Mr. Hamline, who had now been nearly four years a member of conference, and nearly two years at Cincinnati, was selected. Hitherto he had served only as junior preacher and had meekly followed the direction of his senior, but was now put upon his responsibility. The field was open and he was ready. He received his appointment early in June, 1836, and engaged in his new sphere of labor with characteristic ardor and success but after three months was suddenly called by his Conference to the office of assistant editor of the Western Christian Advocate at Cincinnati. The people of Columbus were now universally aroused at this sudden and disastrous turn of their affairs. All classes and professions felt that they had sustained a loss which they were not able to endure. One said, "This is not the Lord's work; this is man's work." But they were powerless to avert the calamity. Nothing was left to them but the humble right of petition, and in this forlorn hope they all united. In their memorial to Mr. Hamline the Church says: "We have great cause to thank God for his having sent you among us." They express their "disappointment" and "astonishment" at the decision of conference by which he was removed from them, assure him of their belief that "the very best interests of Methodism and religion require his return," and then delicately and appreciatively pray that, if he can do so consistently, he will "resign his place in the Book Concern, and stay with them at least another year." The citizens also take it up, and in another memorial to the same effect, say: "We believe that you are peculiarly

calculated to call the attention of a large portion of the inhabitants of this place to the great truths of the Christian religion, and the public worship of God;" and they then pray that, "if his services in the Church elsewhere can, without too much sacrifice, be dispensed with, he will make such arrangements as will permit him to remain with them another year." But if these events may illustrate the hold which Mr. Hamline had upon the people of Columbus, they also show that the "callings" of the Church are "without repentance."

But the new position, as editor, could not hush the voice nor dim the light of the preacher. He entered upon his new duties about the middle of September, and for a time abated his usual labors in the pulpit till he became initiated in his editorial work. In a letter to a friend, dated January 4, 1836, he says: "I have probably preached ten times since conference, half of which were since I reached Cincinnati. Our station amounts to a location, but it may be time for me to locate. I am satisfied with my new business. It affords a little excitement and keeps us at work. My colleague is a fine companion, and all things go on charmingly. We are now preaching more to those afar off than to those at hand. To these we have rare opportunities of speaking 'a word in season.' " These last utterances are characteristic. He wrote and edited from the stand-point of the pulpit, and of the work of saving souls. His colleague, the Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, was a man of like mind, and the two were bosom friends to the close of life.

His labors, however, soon proved too much for his strength, and he was forced to suspend for a time his extra preaching. In reply to a call, April 23, 1837, from a beloved friend, the Rev. E. D. Roe, to come and help him in a protracted meeting, he says: "I have not attempted to preach since early last January. Even now my appointments are filled by my brethren... Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to visit you as you propose. I am almost in mind to come if it be only to preach to you, under the trees of your door, and scold you for your low spirits, and your hints about locating, i. e., a soldiers' retreat. I would just (as my good Brother Elliott says to me when I am down) 'scourge you powerfully' if you did not rise up and be cheerful, and just as happy as a mortal man could be." He then cites him to the encouraging particulars of his history and condition, and adds: "I believe there is no state below heaven so near to heaven as that of a dutiful traveling minister. Bishop Morris, now here, would be thrown into spasms of delight if he could, by right, go back to what he was ten years ago. He groans beneath a bishop's cross. As to book agents, and editors, etc., I assure you if you groan seven times, we seventy times seven..... Put your trust in the Lord and go forward. Never leave the work till you are sure God calls you to leave it. Then a blessing will follow you in retirement."

In earlier years Mr. Hamline had suggested to him: "I rather suspect you may be taken for a nobler calling by the Redeemer, whose life was toil and pain, whose death was agonizing and full of shame, whose resurrection was triumphant, and who now sits in glory! O may God direct us to follow him in all things, and may he lead us to his heavenly rest."

The publication of the Western Christian Advocate was authorized by act of General Conference in 1832, and the paper was started in 1834, with Rev. T. A. Morris (afterward Bishop) as editor. In 1836 Mr. Morris was elected bishop, and Rev. Dr. Elliott was elected his successor. In September of the same year, as we have seen, Mr. Hamline was appointed assistant editor. The paper, therefore, was about two years and five months old at the time he entered the office. Journalism in the Methodist Episcopal Church was at this time in its infancy. The Christian

Advocate, of New York, the oldest General Conference weekly, was only ten years old. The whole field, both in its financial and literary aspects, was new. The country, too, was new. Contributors were not abundant, and not well educated in writing for the public eye. The editorial chair was not one of ease and rest. It was less difficult, however, to provide and publish matter, and adjust all to a proper standard, than to train in a corps of contributors who would please and edify the body of patrons. But the authorities had well selected their men. Neither learning, taste, tact, nor piety were wanting to secure editorial success, and in this Mr. Hamline entered with the same zeal and holy aspiration that characterized his ministry. We must refer to the columns and fortunes of the paper for the proof of what we say. From those columns much will be found valuable as the gems of Jeremy Taylor.

Not the least of the difficulties which embarrassed the editorship of the infant paper was the antislavery controversy. This, which had already risen to a fervid heat, had been fanned to an unwonted glow by the debates and action of the recent General Conference, which had held its session in Cincinnati, May, 1836. It had been the intention of a majority of the Conference to avoid the discussion, as not seeing how, within their legitimate province as an ecclesiastical assembly, the peace of the Church or the good of the slave could be conserved thereby. But thrice the subject of abolition and slavery was brought before them, and the last time in a manner so extraordinary and outside of all parliamentary usage or courtesy, namely, by a published address to the conference by some of its members, that the agitation could no longer be repressed or avoided. Unhappily the subject was complicated with outside influences, political party movements, and the censure of the indiscretion of certain of the delegates.

When the Conference adjourned the whole country was in the greatest excitement. The frame-work of the Church violently shook, and all thoughtful men trembled for the ark of God. The Rubicon was passed, the war was inevitable, all hope of reconciliation was lost. Six years later came a secession at the North, under the leadership of the Rev. Orange Scott, of the New England Conference, and two years after that the division of the Church, North and South, followed by a division of the Book Room property. Seventeen years later came the secession of the Southern States, with the wail and crash of civil war.

It is not germane to the purpose of this memoir here to dwell upon the general features of this great antislavery, or, as it was commonly called, abolition agitation. On the ethical and civil character of slavery the North were generally agreed. It was a wrong and an outrage upon humanity in every sense and in every aspect of the case. But the Church; as such, could deal with it only ethically, and what was the sphere and limit of her jurisdiction, and what her duty within that jurisdiction were points upon which diverse opinions obtained. The complications and difficulties of the subject might well baffle the feeble efforts of human wisdom and the difficulty of preserving brotherly charity and confidence and Church harmony and fellowship seemed insurmountable. In the "Pastoral Address" of the General Conference above alluded to the subject is specially treated with an earnest dissuasive to uncharitable, unchurchly, and unfraternal discussion. The Address even proceeds to the extreme of conservative care and solicitude, and, as the safer measure, advises "wholly to refrain from this agitating subject, which is now convulsing the country, and consequently the Church, from end to end."

It was in the din and dust of this battle that Mr. Hamline took the chair of assistant editor of a Church paper which was destined and intended for the families of the "Great West," and large portions of the bordering slave states of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. It was but natural that ardent young knights should burn to try their "battle-blades" in the columns of the Western Advocate. One of these, a personal friend, not without merit already gained, and hope to his rising star, makes request, to which Mr. Hamline discreetly replies. We give only an extract:

You see, my dear S____, that I write to you as a friend in expectation that you will appreciate my motives, feelings, views, and position. In regard to your proposal, I sincerely believe that the subject to which you allude [the subject of slavery] ought, as a question of morals and of sacred theology, to be discussed, and must and will be. But I also think that our relation to the General Conference, and its decision on the subject, should for the present induce us to waive the discussion, for a few months at least. Things are approaching a crisis in which a conservative power must be gathered up, and in the West, if anywhere, not, as I can scarcely hope, to suppress revolution of some sort, but to guide and temper and meliorate it in some degree. Should we begin to discuss this theme now, two sides would immediately appear -- pro and con. Must both be heard? This would take the molding of the discussion out of your hands, in which I doubt not it would preserve a meek and Christian temper and attire, and, ere we were aware of it, we should find ourselves in the midst of a tempest, blowing from some quarter very unexpectedly, perhaps descending upon us from heights as inaccessible to our peaceful charms as the fastnesses of the Gants, and overwhelming as the rush of fires from the volcano. All this we would not deprecate did we not believe that it would result in damage to the Church, and in the end would rather defer than hasten the object at which you would philanthropically aim.

"All this is said on the spur of the occasion, and I will gladly hear from you again on the subject, and I will candidly weigh any remarks you may make on this question.

"By looking back to my address in 1830, you will know how much I was an abolitionist then, and I am as much so now, with this difference, that what was then doctrine, and was uttered in the spirit of cold speculation, has become now a fervid sentiment -- a feeling painfully intense -- so as sometimes to rob me of my slumbers. Yes, my dear S____, I feel now what I thought then, that this nation must speedily be purged or God will spurn it, blot out its name, and commission his curse to dig its grave."

The next generation, who will wonder that slavery ever existed at all, may think the attitude here described was overcautious, but candid men who lived in those times and weighed the issues and relations of things will pronounce it the highest wisdom.

As we have stated, Mr. Hamline entered upon his editorial duties with the same spirit and for the same ends which prompted him to enter the ministry. Of this he never lost sight, and to it every other call was held in abeyance. Indeed, he was ready for any form of work, at home or abroad, for saving souls. A mission to France was then much talked of, and at the General Conference of 1836 Dr. Bascom had brought it before that body, and introduced a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on Missions be instructed to inquire into the expediency of sending a deputy to France to ascertain the practicability of establishing regular missions in the principal cities under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Fisk had pointed to

France as a promising field of usefulness, and subsequently Dr. Durbin amply confirmed the opinion of Dr. Fisk. The Wesleyan Methodists, of England, had already entered the field. The sympathy between France and America, growing out of our free institutions and our Revolutionary history, greatly stimulated the American Churches. In a letter to Rev. Jacob Young, April 15, 1837, Mr. Hamline says: "My mind has been for many mouths greatly bent on the subject of missions. Some four mouths since I began to think much about France, the land of my forefathers. I am now anxious to be sent to that fair but desolate clime to preach Jesus and the resurrection. I am studying the language in all my spare hours, with some hope that I may find my way among that people. I think some of making a formal offer of myself to the Bishops while they sit in New York. If there be no other way for me to go to France I think I might go at own charge." The Bishops held their meeting and brought before the Missionary Board the subject of the establishment of a mission in France. Bishop Morris writes to Mr. Hamline that should the Board concur in such a measure "you will not fail to be recommended at an early period for the place." But the hopeful anticipations of the Church in this direction were never realized.

From every quarter came calls for help in revival labors and for extra occasions, to which he gave a joyful response to the utmost limit of his time and strength. Everywhere his labors were owned of God. The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. Joshua Soule, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then residing at Lebanon, Ohio, dated March 18, 1838. The reader must bear in mind that this was six years before the great separation, and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. At this time Bishop Soule stood high in the estimation of the Church at large, and, as Rev. Jacob Young afterward said, "as high in the Ohio Conference as in any other on the continent." The letter was addressed to Rev. E. W. Sehon and Rev. L. L. Hamline. He says:

I am induced, not only by the solicitation of friends. but also by the clearest convictions of my own mind, to invite you to 'come over and help us.' It is, I judge, of special importance that we have your help on next Sabbath day. A strong effort, it is believed, will be made on that day to draw away from our fold those who have received all their religious impressions at our church. Religious influence is manifestly increasing in our village among all classes of society. Many have been happily converted to God since Brother Hamline left us. I believe I have never known so many souls reckon their convictions from the labors of one day, as from the Sabbath on which Brother Hamline preached in our church. His sermons resulted in incalculable good. Brethren, I assure you that the call for your help at this crisis is of no ordinary character. Please, brethren, don't fail to come. I shall wait with no ordinary interest to hear from you. Let me know when we may meet you with a carriage at M____. Can you be there on Thursday morning or noon? The 'south-east' corner of my heart will be in reserve for you.

Yours, with much affection,
J. Soule."

It was computed that nearly one hundred persons dated their awakening from the sermons of Mr. Hamline on the Sabbath alluded to. His labors were everywhere attended with visible results. His sermons were marked for their system, their force of argument, pathetic appeals and vivid description, and above all by the power of the Holy Spirit. His manner was earnest, often impassioned, always dignified and serious, his imagination lively and chaste, combining beauty

and strength, with a voice of richness and melody, and his appeals often seemed irresistible. The moment he opened his lips the people intuitively felt they were in the presence of a great mind and a man of God. Many of his visits abroad were specially owned of God. In the year 1841 he visited Ripley, about fifty miles above Cincinnati on the Ohio river. Under his first exhortation the work broke out and twenty professed conversion that evening, and within the week more than one hundred were received into the Church, and many more were hopefully brought to Christ.

While at Ripley he felt strongly impressed to visit Levanna, two or three miles down the river, a place notorious for its poverty, intemperance, and wretchedness. In the eyes of his friends the measure seemed hardly prudent, but Mr. Hamline was resolute. In a small boat he dropped down to Dover, a place opposite Levanna, and immediately began a prayer-meeting. In a letter to his wife he says: While the prayer-meeting was going on I sent a brother to an old village [Levanna] of ten or twelve decayed houses, opposite Dover, to obtain a room and appoint preaching at half past twelve o'clock. The appointment was made at the home of three cripples, who are most miserable objects. Several went over from Dover, and eight or ten of the villagers, poor looking objects, came in. I preached on the prodigal son. God was with us. " After the sermon the tavern-keeper, who had heard the sermon in concealment, stepped forward with an apology for this meager reception, and asked him to preach in his house, which was agreed to for the next day. At three P. M. he returned to Ripley and preached to the children, and again in the evening. The Sabbath was spent at Levanna; The whole region poured out its families to hear him. With an assistant, whom he had called to his aid, the hours were filled with preaching, prayer, and praise. On Monday the congregation was still increased, and men, women, and children stood in the drenching rain (for no house could contain them) to hear the word of the Lord. A brother, who had come to join the work, says: "I found Brother Hamline standing in the door of a log house (the log tavern) preaching to hundreds in the door yard, like Wesley and Whitefield, to the poor and wretched." Hamline returned to his editorial work on Wednesday, having received fifty persons into the Church, including the tavern-keeper, besides many others at Dover, for the work was carried on in both places.

On another occasion the Rev M. P. Gaddis was with him, and says: "Mr. Hamline preached from the text, 'Why will ye die?' His soul seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the sinner's danger. Instantly he fell upon his knees in the pulpit, and for several minutes engaged in silent prayer. It was one of the most moving scenes I ever witnessed. Nothing, for some time, was heard but the sobs of the penitent. The speaker arose and resumed his discourse. His face seemed radiant, his soul inspired anew. He pleaded with sinners to come to Christ. At the end of that sermon scores were converted and added to the Church." "At another time," says the same writer, who was present, "he was preaching on Sabbath night from 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim,' when, in the midst of his discourse, a man arose in the congregation and began to propound infidel questions. The preacher replied courteously, but with such readiness and pungency that the colloquy soon ended, and the objector sat down in confusion. The speaker then opened his batteries and proved himself 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' Scores were converted and added to the Church." No man ever excelled Mr. Hamline in power and tact to meet a sudden emergency, which he always did with meekness and dignity.

About six miles from Cincinnati, in the vicinity of Cheviot, was a Universalist neighborhood, with only one Methodist family. Mr. Hamline opened meetings there. Considerable

dislike was manifested, and the opposers said, "He would only frighten a few old women and children." But God poured out his Spirit, and men who had despised fell under the power of the word. Some conversions were quite extraordinary. The revival changed the phase of the neighborhood, and a good society was formed.

At Covington, across the river from Cincinnati, the pastor desired to be absent for a few weeks, and applied to Mr. Hamline to supply his pulpit. Mr. Hamline consented on condition that he might hold a protracted meeting, in which the pastor gladly acquiesced. Mr. Hamline entered at once upon the work. A revival broke out, and on the return of the pastor about one hundred had been converted, many of whom were of the best citizens in the place. By this the church was greatly strengthened, and their attachment to Mr. Hamline, thereafter, was strong, so that after the separation of 1844 (to be hereafter noticed), the people, retaining their former love, urgently invited him to come and preach to them again. But the plan of General Conference for the regulation and limitation of evangelical work, in reference to the line of division, was such that Mr. Hamline (then Bishop) felt himself forbidden, and affectionately declined.

It is impossible to give more than a specimen of his common method of labor. The instances of his revival work, and pulpit labors are too numerous to be inserted in our limits. But the following, from the New York Evangelist, we can not withhold. We give only an extract. It was in 1842, after his great baptism. The writer says of Mr. Hamline:

The noblest exhibition of his popular talent, I saw in the Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati one Sabbath evening after stationed preacher (Rev. J. L. Grover) had finished his discourse. Mr. Hamline, who was in the pulpit, immediately arose and began to exhort the impenitent part of the congregation to come to the altar to be prayed for. He had a cloak on, and as he began to "warm up" in his exhortation the cloak would slide first from one shoulder and then from the other to be drawn up with a jerk. At last, with a violent motion of one arm, it was thrown off entirely. Meanwhile his heavy features had kindled into a most animated expression, and his neat and perfectly appropriate words were flowing in a torrent. In this way he spoke several minutes, when he suddenly ran down from the pulpit to the altar, never intermitting his speech, and standing there he delivered one of the most thrilling appeals to sinners I have ever heard. An audience of some two thousand people was present, and the effect was soon visible in the scores who hurried up to the altar to be prayed for. The whole mass was in a state of excitement, as was plain from the vociferations, groanings, and prayers which went up in all parts of the house. It required more skepticism than I ever had to doubt the entire sincerity of the man, as I heard the prayer which he poured out in behalf of the mourners; it was so fervent yet so reverent, it pleaded the promises with such appropriateness, and seemed so full of an anguished spirit in behalf of the perishing, that to me it was the 'effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man.'

Evidently in Methodist tactics -- if I may so name them without disrespect -- the exhortation to mourners to come up to the altar, at least in former days, was one of the strongest agencies employed. In many cases more depended on 'the exhortation' than on the 'sermon;' and considering this, I must place that 'exhortation' of Bishop Hamline as the most thrilling I ever heard. In those days when he rode the circuit, and attended camp-meetings as a preacher, he probably had not many, if any, superiors in this difficult work of exhorting. Many men exhort as they would blow a blacksmith's bellows; but to mingle up argument and incident, statement and

inference, imagination and fact, in such an appeal as bears down all resistance, is a field for high gifts, and here Mr. Hamline was entirely at home. Ten years ago, when I heard him last, he was one of the most noble preachers of the word in Ohio, and he certainly was a prince among exhorters."

At a camp-meeting one evening, during a heavy rain, Mr. Hamline repaired to the church on the edge of the ground where he found a company of eight or ten men who had retreated there to escape the rain, and were sitting on the benches. Mr. Hamline immediately began to exhort them with affectionate earnestness and power. The spirit of God fell on the auditors who yielded and sought the Lord. Before morning they were all happily converted to God.

These are but glimpses of his spirit and method of life. The days of his editorial career were days of a wide and varied and wonderful evangelism. And this was worthy of his profession. True Christian influence is not limited and partial. The stream which flows through a deep-cut channel may be limpid and refreshing to the traveler who seeks its cooling waters, but it can not overflow to irrigate and fertilize the adjacent landscape. "Thoroughly furnished unto all good works" is the divine description of a perfect Christian. The influence of such is expansive like the atmosphere and the light of heaven. The qualities of Mr. Hamline's character, and the varied adaptations of genius and culture, were channels through which the inward power of grace found access to different classes of society and conditions of men. Various indices of his popularity in the Church, and beyond the sphere of the pulpit, appear in the course of his editorial life. He never sought place or fame, but often declined both, and always when they at all impeded his one great and loved work of saving souls. His classical taste, his legal acumen, his dignified mien and his unaffected humility he could not conceal. They were patent to all. They impressed the vulgar and the cultivated mind alike. The student, the statesman, the scholar, the humblest laborer felt that he came within their sphere, was their advocate, and took equal sympathy in their cause. Numerous were his calls to lecture on topics of public interest, to literary societies, and in the province of Christian benevolence. College literary societies every-where solicited the favor of his acceptance of an "honorary membership," evincing that his personal influence had diffused itself widely among the young men. Various were the applications of colleges North and South to fill the professorial chair in belles-lettres or the classics. At the time Mr. Hamline turned his thoughts to the ministry an influential leader in politics declared it had been his intention to bring forward his name as a candidate for Congress, which, had he consented, from the known position of the friends and the party, would probably have secured his election. As late as 1840 his political friends urged him to give his name for the national election. His answer was such as we might suppose time prophet Elijah would have given Ahab or Jehoshaphat, had they tendered him an office of government. (See his reply, Introduction to Vol. I, p. 21, of his Work's).

Variouly and widely his influence was felt, and the judgments of all ranks of men must be the verdict as to the adaptations of his gifts. As an advocate or as a counselor at law none of his age surpassed him. But while the legal, political, and literary fields of enterprise lay open before him, he abode in one mind without hesitation or wavering. The Wesleys were not truer to their one calling. Nor was wealth an obstacle in his way. The path lay open before him. It was the opportune hour in the West. But the glitter of earthly riches had no attractions for him. His business was consigned to an agent, and he never "left the Word of God to serve tables," nor "turned aside having loved this present world."

Of learning he was the friend and patron, and every-where he lent his aid in advocacy and money to encourage every worthy enterprise. In Cincinnati he was chairman of the first meeting called to consider the feasibility of establishing a female college in that city, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was on the committee to draft and report the plan, and also the committee to open the institution. It has long held the rank of a reputable and flourishing college. He was equally active and prominent in the transfer of the property at Delaware, Ohio, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the establishment of an institution now called the Ohio Wesleyan University. Notices of his benefactions to literary institutions will appear in another place.

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Chapter 7
GERMAN APOLOGIST -- LADIES' REPOSITORY
[1838- 44]

The German missions in this country were begun in the Autumn of 1835, by Rev. William Nast. The gracious work spread beyond expectation, and two years later it was proposed to start a German weekly newspaper to meet the wants of the people. Nothing less than this would enable the missionaries to cope with their opponents, and reach the people with information necessary to awaken the religious conscience and fortify them against the subtle and ignorant assaults of German neology and a dead formalism. The proposition was made by the Rev. Thomas Dunn, of the Ohio Conference, to raise three thousand dollars by ten-dollar subscriptions to start the paper. The friends of the enterprise were numerous and earnestly advocated the measure. The Church papers liberally engaged to awaken the public mind to the claims of the subject. Conference action followed in its course. But none were more active than Mr. Hamline. A question arose as to the authority of the agents to publish such a paper without the order of General Conference. The bishops were to hold a session at New York, May, 1838, and Mr. Hamline wrote them a strong memorial and argument in favor of the paper. Rev. J. F. Wright, Western Book Agent, was deputed to lay the case before them. They return, through Bishop Morris, their answer: "We agreed to recommend the publication of the German paper at Cincinnati, provided the funds of the Book Concern should not be employed therein." On the first of January, 1839, the specimen number of the German Apologist was issued, and as the proposed amount -- three thousand dollars -- had not been secured, a committee was appointed -- Rev. L. L. Hamline and W. H. Raper -- to prepare an address to the public to urge immediate attention thereto. The address is full of instructive information, Christian beneficence, and eloquent appeal. In their closing paragraphs they say concerning this enterprise

"The German Apologist is abroad. The New Year gave it birth, and ere this it has probably been cast a foundling at your thresholds. We beseech you, brethren, receive it, nurse it to maturity, that it may be employed, through a long and useful life, as an instrument of mercy to open the eyes of the blind and proclaim liberty to a multitude of captives. Brethren, can we appeal in vain for your aid to consummate an enterprise so noble, so hopeful, so every way desirable? You have done a noble part, and so much the greater pity that all your toil should go for naught, that your works should begin to go to ruin while not yet finished. We deprecate the shame. You have laid out

thousands to construct a strong foundation, which now stands to be gazed on by the world. Desert not the enterprise. Add a few hundreds more. Half a thousand will complete the enterprise." "This paper," they go on to say, may be considered our German missionary Bishop. It is to travel over the whole land, to teach and warn, and, by the blessing of God, to convert and build up."

At the next session of the Ohio Conference Mr. Hamline writes from the seat of Conference: "I preached on Sabbath in the Episcopal Church and had a very pleasant time. Last night I exhorted in the Methodist Church, made an appeal in behalf of the Apologist, and obtained one hundred and seventy subscribers. I never saw more enthusiasm."

For some time the Apologist did not sustain itself; but the zeal of its friends would not let it go down. The Rev. W. H. Gilder says, "One of the editors of the Advocate [Hamline] told me that before such an event should be allowed he would take off his coat and sell it." And the writer adds: "When I was informed of the astonishing influence it was exerting I felt very much like giving my coat in with Brother Hamline's."

The work went forward, the paper was sustained, and the missions have prospered. No mission-field has been, and is, more successful or remunerative, or has given better omen of good influence on the generations to come, both in this country and the "Father-land." The Rev. Dr. Nast, the apostle of American German mission work, after the first two years of labor, says: "I travel in five weeks through an extent of nearly three hundred miles, and have about twenty-two preaching places." This might seem like the day of feeble things. But sound conversions were multiplied, strong and educated men were brought to Christ and entered the field, and Churches were every where established. At present the German Methodists of this country and Europe number about 50,000, with over 500 preachers. Their literature is quite extensive, and the Apologist finds its way to many thousand families.

The field was one into which many great philanthropic hearts entered. From the beginning Hamline grasped the greatness of the movement and threw his full force into the work In a recent letter from Dr. Nast to the writer of this memoir, he says:

"Without the powerful appeals of the sainted Bishop Hamline the Apologist would never have been started, nor the German missions at Cincinnati." In the first German love-feast held in Cincinnati Mr. Hamline was present. To the Germans it was all new, but the Lord was present in gracious power, and Mr. Hamline related his experience, which was rehearsed by an interpreter in the German tongue, much to the joy and comfort of the new society. The experiences of these German converts were exceedingly rich and abiding. Dr. Nast, in his sermon before the Pittsburgh Conference, says:

The honest Dutchman, when he is tempted to go back to the beggarly elements of the world, tells the devil once for all: 'I 's been there once, I goes there no more.' One of the chief ministers of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. L. L. Hamline, to whose ardent and eloquent appeals the German Missions owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, said once: 'There is strength in German character which must eventually give it influence. Their mental aptitudes, their habits of secular diligence and carefulness, should enlist concern as well as admiration. Doubtless hereafter they will bear much sway in constituting the authorities which are to control this land, in molding the nation's mind and

in fashioning its morals, and in making up the sum total of its weal or its woe. Let them become a leaven of malice, and unless saved by Omnipotence, the Church and the nation are undone. Let them become a leaven of holiness, then liberty, and science, and heaven-born religion may concert their holy and everlasting jubilee."

"So you see," adds Dr. Nast, "the Germans are worthy to be saved not only for their sakes, but for your sake." On the political influence of the German population of this country, he further says:

"Our beloved Hamline says upon this point: 'Self-preservation, which is the first law of nature as well as charity, binds us to save our denizens and such as will soon be fellow citizens. If crude and contaminating elements are perpetually mixing with the proper constituents of the Church and state, and borrow no refinement nor purity from the intimate contact, they will gradually impart their natures to the bodies civil and ecclesiastical. And it is perilous on our part to suffer such a process. What will follow in due time? The very fountains which refreshed the distant regions of Africa and Oregon will themselves become dry, and if they flow at all, will send forth to the nations not healing but poisonous waters'."

The zeal, the extensive knowledge of his times, and the sagacity of Mr. Hamline naturally placed him in the front ranks of Christian enterprise and evangelism with the great men of his day who, like the sages of Issachar, "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

But Mr. Hamline not only wrote and spoke for the Germans, he contributed of his means as well. To the first German Church edifice in Cincinnati he gave five hundred dollars, with the pledge of one hundred dollars to every church they would build throughout the bounds of their mission work. At this time of his life Mr. Hamline was possessed of only a frugal competence.

In the editorial department a new sphere awaited him -- one which gave a wider scope to his literary and classical taste, and the out-reaching of his spiritual life. "Previous to the General Conference of 1840 [we quote from the Western Christian Advocate for December, 1854] the subject of publishing such a periodical as the Ladies' Repository (a monthly octavo) was discussed in Cincinnati. Samuel Williams, of that city, was the original projector of the scheme. Rev. J. F. Wright, the Book Agent, entered warmly into the subject. Consultations were had by the Editors, Agents, and others. The Book Committee looked upon it with favor. The result was that a memorial was sent to the General Conference of 1840, urging that body to consider the subject and order its publication. The Conference viewed the matter favorably, and the proper authority was given to the Book Agents to proceed with its publication, 'provided the public would give due encouragement.' " Meanwhile, at the said General Conference, Mr. Hamline was solicited to take the editorship of the Advocate at New York. "The members seem determined," he writes to a friend, "to make me editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, if I will consent. I shall probably decline. I believe I would rather be a Methodist preacher in the West." The Ohio delegates unanimously nominated him as assistant Editor, with Dr. Elliott, at Cincinnati, and editor of the Ladies' Repository, should the same be published. The Western Conferences heartily seconded the nomination. He was so elected by the General Conference, and the public voice approved it. It was a large advance and a new experiment in the developing adaptations of our Church press. There is no comparison between the circumstances of that time and those of the present as to the

difficulties of such an enterprise. It had never been tried. There were then comparatively few writers in our Church to take a liberal interest in the support of Church periodical literature, and fewer still familiar with the labor and appreciative of the demands of such an enterprise as was now proposed. The publishing house was poor, and payment for contributions was scarcely known among us. Some feared the whole was in advance of female culture and education, especially as ladies were generally treated to light literature, less religious than what was now proposed, while others augured that the most refined and literary taste, and a high tone of religion would characterize the forthcoming ladies' book. "The expectations of none [we quote as above] were disappointed, though those of most were exceeded, when the first number was issued, January, 1841, under the editorial supervision of Rev. L. L. Hamline. Few men alive possessed equal gifts, as a writer, with Brother Hamline, whether it regards style, pure Christian sentiment, literary taste, or logical acuteness. His great powers, with small assistance at that day, were brought to bear on the Repository, the happy effects of which remain till this day impressed on its pages. This was the man that gave character to the Repository. He gave it form and fashioned it after a pure model, and the result remains."

The novelty of the movement as a Church enterprise, to be conducted in the spirit of the higher religious culture, and its acknowledged legitimacy and importance as an advance in the right direction, roused the hitherto latent powers of the Church. The preliminary steps were taken with great enthusiasm. Its publication was looked for with intense interest. Great hope, however, was still mingled with many fears. The first number dispelled the furtive doubts of its friends, and the second assured them of a victory already achieved. Prof. G. W. Blair writes of it in the Richmond Advocate:

The pleasure which I realized in reading the first and second numbers of the Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West was so great, that I felt at once an almost boundless desire for its success and extensive circulation throughout the borders of our beloved Zion.

"If the introductory numbers may be taken as a true index of its future character, it will prove an unspeakable blessing to the Church. I expected much from it, knowing the hands to which it had been committed, but it has exceeded my highest expectations. Some of the finest writers in the Church are contributing to its columns, and these have claimed for it a high place among periodicals of literature and taste. And all is sanctified by the deep vein of piety which runs throughout. No one can read the excellent articles of the Editor, especially that on the 'Nativity,' and that on 'Works of Taste,' without feeling that he is holding converse with a rich, cultivated, and spiritual mind. His intellect will be improved, his taste refined, and his heart made better. There is a grace and harmony in the style, a sweetness in every word, and a mellowness in the spirit, which impart their own nature to the soul. A holy sympathy is begotten in the heart for the writer, and if one is so fortunate as to know that these are but the natural and unforced expressions of the qualities of his heart (as is happily known by all who have made his acquaintance), his pleasure is complete. I consider these articles alone well worth the price of subscription."

Hamline not only wielded a facile pen with Addisonian chasteness, but possessed the true enthusiasm which warmed and animated whatever theme he took. In his hands common events assumed a new interest, not by the illusive dress of fiction, but by the discovery of new and higher relations, while the crowning charm of his writings proceeds from the high moral end for which he

wrote, and the inbreathed and living desire to save souls. Preaching or writing he had this one object in view and uppermost. This was no detriment to literary taste or merit, but gave to both a more exalted standard and refinement. Nor was his skill in engaging others to work inferior to his own ability to execute. The class of writers which constellated about him were of a very high order. A large proportion were educated, of both sexes, and with as much variety of talent as perhaps any corps of contributors could boast. Indeed, the public were surprised at the sudden awakening of gifts in a Church which had never competed for fame in literary and religious journalism. No periodical published by the Methodist Episcopal Church ever called out a greater amount and variety of literary and religious talent in the sphere of popular journalism than has the Ladies' Repository, and none has exerted greater influence in molding and elevating character. "It received," says Dr. Elliott, "its first great impulse and character from the graphic pen of Hamline, its Editor, and it was deeply imbued with the spirit of devotion and of religion." Before the sitting of General Conference in 1844 the Repository was fairly established, and that body "recommended that it be continued, it having more than paid its way."

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Chapter 8 THE GREAT CHANGE -- ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION [1842- 43]

We now approach a crisis -- we should rather say an epoch -- in Mr. Hamline's history ever memorable to himself and not less important to the Church. We refer to his entering into the experience of "perfect love," or entire sanctification. Although widely useful and marvelously blest in his pulpit and personal labors, He was often exercised with a painful consciousness of deficiency and a growing conviction of the need of a deeper work of holiness, a more perfect conformity to God. It is a law of the kingdom of heaven to "give" to those who "ask;" to fill those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" to bestow the "pearl of great price" on such as sell all they have" to procure it; to bestow grace on such as are prepared for it, by an exhaustive sense of their need. Conviction and repentance must precede pardon, and conviction of the necessity of entire sanctification, and desire for it, up to the point of total surrender, the giving up all for Christ, must precede the bestowment of the blessing sought. It is thus that the Holy Spirit leads us first to self-knowledge, self-abhorrence, self-renunciation, before Christ to us can be "all in all."

Although Mr. Hamline was in the height of his self-denying labors and his usefulness, fulfilling all known duty, and, we must admit, growing in grace or to use his own words, "had been attentive to the means of grace in the closet and in the sanctuary;" yet he felt that his devotions had sometimes been formal, lacking vitality; that he was lacking in full confidence in drawing nigh to God; that there was in him a proneness to wander, his tempers being not always equally subdued that in his heart were the roots of many evils which "springing up troubled him," though kept down while under the reign of grace, and that in this state there was not assured safety. His sense of unfitness and unworthiness at times unmanned him. Once, while walking to church on Sabbath morning with his wife, he stopped short and exclaimed in his agony, "I could prefer strangling and death to such a state." And this was at a time when his popularity was at its height, and his congregations overflowed.

As his spiritual convictions and perceptions became more and more clear and strong, so he increased in prayer and wrestling with God. He says: "I spent several weeks much of the time before God. I felt that without a clean heart I should soon fall." Indeed, prayer was the habit and occupation of his life. As he drew nearer to God, God drew nearer to him, and his soul increased in power and the fruits of the spirit. He saw holiness more in its loveliness and desirableness. He saw the loveliness of the Divine character, of the word and of worship, in a new light. Still his soul was not satisfied. The introspective habit of his mind, and the acute sensibility of his conscience, allowed no half-way measures, and he found no place to rest short of a finished work. His incisive views of the breadth and spirituality of the law, and of the depravity and deceitfulness of his own nature, became the gauge and measurement of that work for which he groaned and languished. God was preparing him for a great work, and for "showing him how great things he must suffer for his name's sake." He had counted the cost, and joyfully accepted the cross. All was real as eternity. With him it was a work of destiny. His being was to be rendered back to God for a new creation, even to be "sanctified wholly," for which he now gave himself with a profounder view and comprehension of the act than he had ever before attained. His convictions were not general, but specific. Like the woman who had lost the "piece of silver," he sought a definite good. Like the blind man who, in the midst of general destitution, asked only that he "might receive his sight," so with him all seemed comprehended in the one blessing which he sought.

In the month of March, 1842, Mr. Hamline went to New Albany, Indiana, for the purpose of enjoying religious privileges of worship, and the counsel of Rev. W. V. Daniels, the pastor of the Church, who was a godly man and walked in the light of a full salvation. He reached the place on Saturday, heard a sermon in the evening on "perfect love," and after sermon bowed before the altar with others who were seeking the blessing. Through the Sabbath his heart was in a deep struggle. On Monday morning he rose early, and wrapping his cloak about him continued until breakfast to plead for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Hastily partaking of a slight repast, he returned to his chamber and fell upon his knees.

It is worthy of remark that he reached the point of deliverance through a process of thought. Faith is not reasoning, but we come to it by a mental process of which we are more or less conscious. Every act of faith presupposes certain antecedent states of the understanding,

"Through reason's wounds alone your faith can die."

The steps of the reasoning faculty immediately preceding the final act of faith in the present instance were simple, and natural as they were Scriptural. Mr. Hamline himself thus describes:

"While entreating God for a clean heart my mind was led to contemplate 'the image of Christ' as the single object of desire. To be Christ-like, to possess 'all the mind that was in' the blessed Savior and this became the burden of my earnest prayer. 'And why do you not take this image?' was suggested, for he has taken yours. Look at the crucified Lamb. Why does he there hang and bleed, "his visage so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men?" Is it for himself? No, O no! He is innocent, immaculate. It is for me. There on the cross he bears my sin, and shame, and weakness, and misery and death. And why does he bear them? To give me, in their stead, his purity, and honor, and strength, and bliss, and life. Why then not take this image? Give him your sin, and take his purity. Give him your shame and take his honor. Give him your

helplessness and take his strength. Give him your misery and take his bliss. Give him your death and take his life everlasting. Nay, yours he already has. There they are bruising him and putting him to death. Nothing remains but that you take his in exchange. Make haste! Now, just now, he freely offers you all, and urges all upon your instant acceptance.

Suddenly I felt as though a hand omnipotent, not of wrath but of love, were laid upon my brow. That hand, as it pressed upon me, moved downward. It wrought within and without, and wherever it moved it seemed to leave the glorious impress of the Savior's image. For a few minutes the deep of God's love swallowed me up all its billows rolled over me."

Under this influence he fell to the floor, and in the joyful surprise of the moment cried out in a loud voice. The work was done. The struggle and the outcry were heard in the house, and for a time proved the occasion of a temptation, as if propriety had been transgressed by this liberty among strangers. But the temptation was momentary. The work was clear, the experience undoubted, and from that hour to the close of his mortal life he referred to it as the great epoch of his life. He says:

My joys now became abundant, but were peculiar. In my happiest hours my joys mingled with such a sense of vileness as I can not describe. Sometimes in my near approaches to my Savior (for I seemed to commune with him almost face to face), with tears pouring almost like rain from my eyes, I used to say, O my blessed Lord, how canst thou thus visit and inhabit a heart so vile!."

But this glorious opening of a new life, though not forfeited, was shadowed, and experience became variable by a not uncommon error -- the suppression of a clear and distinct confession. God will be honored by the full acknowledgment of all grace received. And this is not rendered simply by the fruit of a cleansed heart as it appears in the daily life, but with the lips also; "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The New Testament word for confession or profession (for the original word is the same) signifies a verbal agreement to a given statement, doctrine, or fact. It is of the nature of "setting our seal" publicly to the truth of God. The idea of language, written or spoken, enters into the essence of the word. Confession or profession objectively -- i.e., of the doctrines and history of Christ -- was, in apostolic times, and ever has been, a fundamental test and duty of all Christians. The same subjectively i.e., of the experiences of the truth through faith in Christ -- is not less fundamentally required. "Go tell what great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had mercy upon thee," is not limited to the healed demoniac, but expresses a universal obligation. Mr. Hamline confesses, "For some eighteen months I was like Samson shorn, because I did not fully confess God's goodness toward me." This withholding was not from a motive or thought to shun the cross, but from excessive humility and self-distrust. His sense of personal unworthiness was far beyond the common measure, and often proved an occasion of great despondency, timidity, and reserve.

On September 27, 1843, the Ohio Conference met at Chillicothe, and Mr. Hamline was appointed to take charge of the Sabbath morning love-feast. He had been clearly admonished by a humble disciple of hallowed celebrity, that if he retained the blessing he had received he must publicly confess it. In his opening address in love-feast he accordingly spoke distinctly of the great work of grace which had been wrought in him eighteen months before, and that he had come near "making shipwreck," as he phrased it, by withholding confession. When he sat down he found he

had not received the special blessing he had expected in the performance of this duty, and feared it was because he had made a mistake and overstated the case. He therefore, true to the honesty and humility of his character, thought he must rise and say that he had been mistaken, and that he was only a seeker. --But the thought came to him, "How can it seem strange that you are not blessed when you yourself doubt your own testimony?" Instantly he saw the snare of the temptation and as instantly repelled it. From that moment his faith took hold of Christ, and his doubts were dispelled. Perfect peace, love, and joy filled his soul. Henceforward his lips uttered freely what his heart prompted and his life corroborated, that he was indeed fully saved. In the afternoon of the same Sabbath, by appointment he was to preach to the conference. A ministerial brother called on him and asked, "What do you propose to preach from?" "I think of preaching from the words, 'Our sufficiency is of God,' was the reply. The friend rejoined, "Brother Hamline, don't take a new text. The people have come from all parts to hear you preach. The occasion is very important. Take one of your familiar and favorite texts." But Mr. Hamline's thoughts were full of the words he had announced, and he could not change. He followed the leadings of the Spirit and adhered to his first proposal, and that afternoon the Spirit bore witness to the word with overwhelming power, while all rejoiced when they "perceived the grace which was given to him."

A new life now dawned upon him. Not one without clouds, temptations, and sore wrestlings, but one in which over all these he was to have victory. He could now say, as never before:

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain."

With a body afflicted little less than that of Paul with his "thorn in the flesh," with a nervous structure which even in health would be subject to great alternations, and with a life of intense labor and the antagonisms of this "evil world," a perpetually "quiet sea" was not to be expected. His exquisite sensitiveness often occasioned him sorrow and temptation where a common mind would experience no embarrassment. On one occasion where the subject of sanctification had obtained prominence, and a revival was in progress, the preacher had not mentioned the great salvation, either in his prayer or sermon. The heart of Hamline was warm and tender, and he was grieved at this omission. When he rose to exhort, his earliest words were upon the theme of entire holiness, urging the Church to seek the full salvation. The effort was timely and proved effectual. But when the meeting was over he suffered much from the apprehension that his zeal had been misguided, and his distress became so great that he found no relief till the next day, when he was advised to resort to special prayer. Scarcely had he bowed in the attitude of prayer when the cloud burst, and he was filled with joy unspeakable.

At the session of the Ohio Conference, at Hamilton, September 28, 1842, he had succeeded in avoiding a press of conference business, and even of preaching, probably in consideration of his editorial care and the great number of visiting strangers. This enabled him to enter into the enjoyment of conference with a keen relish. To his wife he writes:

"I am, well and happy. Conference moves on slowly. I hope to return more blest than when I went. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Be holy. Friends and foes are all one. None are foes. Who can harm us if we be followers of that which is good? . . . Yesterday (Sabbath) was one of the best

days of my life. I had no preaching to do. Except the bishop's sermon all the appointments were filled with foreign brethren. Many are from Kentucky, North Ohio, and Indiana conferences. There is more religion in our conference than I ever saw before. Many are sanctified. Many others are pressing into the kingdom and the fruit of this revival in the conference already appears. Ten thousand were added to our Church in this conference last year -- an unheard of thing in all the history of Methodism! My mind is kept in peace."

The great baptism amazingly quickened his love for souls, and his ardent zeal to save them. In his diary for November 26, 1842, he says: "I feel as though I had come to the verge of heaven. I have had sad dreams, but am happy now, filled with weeping and praise. I feel like one who has been wrecked at sea and has got into the long-boat. Persons are sinking all around, and he clutches them by the hair. So I see souls are sinking. I feel in a hurry to save them. And it matters not what I eat or what I wear, or who are my companions, for when I have rowed a few miles I shall get home and shall find all my friends there." We have already seen specimens of his habit of labor in this department with his brethren in the pastorate. In one of his excursions, whence he had purposed to return after the Sabbath, he writes to Mrs. Hamline, on Monday: "There seems to be so special a call for me to stay here to-day, that I do not know but I shall yield. If I am not home sooner you may expect me Wednesday evening, but likely tomorrow," and a little farther on he says: "If I can stay till Thursday, say so." Thus his earnest soul was often in a strait betwixt his editorial claims at home and the revival work in the Gospel battlefield. In the same letter he says: "Such a day as I had yesterday might be expected to be followed by some conflicts. Satan could not see me as I was yesterday without great wrath. I preach at half-past nine this morning and this evening. I preached three times yesterday without the least inconvenience. . . . Reports are coming in from the people which make me wish to stay. God is wonderfully working. I have a special call here. I am happy! happy! happy! God is doing wonders. It exceeds all."

In a letter to his friend, Rev. C. W. Sears, December 16, 1842, he says:

"Since our conference rose on the 6th or 7th of October, I have by the divine goodness been almost constantly employed in preaching Christ and him crucified, in Ripley, Dover, Levanna, Covington, Shiloh, Cheviot, Aurora, and Warsaw in Kentucky. In these places the word of God has had free course, and more than five hundred have been added to the Lord. For one week I have been resting from these labors and enjoying the peace of home. My breast, which was much affected by preaching more than seventy sermons in two months, with all my editorial duties, is now getting strong again, and today I expect to go ten miles in to the country and recommence my labors. I have been 'watered also myself.' God has made the labors of the ministry sweet unspeakably sweet."

In the Fall of 1842, within less than three months he says: "I have enjoyed the privileges of attending some eight or ten protracted meetings, at each of which there was a glorious display of God's saving power." Does the reader ask how he could, under such circumstances, not only give satisfaction but win reputation as the editor of the Ladies' Repository? He answers the question in part: "My labors are heavy. I take my papers often into the country and write between preachings." He was a ready and rapid writer. When his mind was roused and concentrated, and that was as often as duty demanded and health permitted, after the first dictation little was left for critical review. His writings would read as well at the first as at the fortieth edition. Yet all this and more

could not have sufficed to sustain his editorial care, had not his ever faithful and highly accomplished wife, herself a writer and a critic, Mrs. Melinda Hamline, relieved his office duties, and substituted much of his editorial work. They perfectly sympathized both in the editorial and evangelical work, and they wrought as "true yoke-fellows."

Some of his letters in these times may suffice to indicate his conflicts and triumphs and his habit of labor. In a letter to his wife, dated Lebanon, Ohio, Wednesday, January 18, 1843, he says:

I want to see you very much, more than usual. I trust you are near to Jesus. I hope you are not sorrowing. Yesterday was a blessed day to me, until near night, when very heavy clouds came over me. I could hardly keep from starting right home. Brother Elliott preached powerfully last night. Our congregations have been very large, solemn, and affected, but something holds back. Sister Brodie and three others joined last night. She was happy. I have preached eight times since Saturday night and feel no inconvenience. I start for Franklin in two or three hours. This morning I am somewhat burdened, but hoping. My conflicts are mental, the absence of love and joy, no special temptations, much outward power; and know no reason for my conflicts 'but the cup which my Father giveth me.' O may I meekly drink it. Pray, my beloved, as I know you do."

To the same he writes, having reached Franklin, Friday morning, January 20, 1843:

"The meetings here are blessed, especially to the Church. Yesterday morning was one of the best times I ever saw, and the P. M. one of the best in my closet I ever felt. I feel much stronger in Christ. I am struggling for the blessing both for you and myself. My health is excellent, and my breast very little affected. Preached twice yesterday. We have sacrament this morning and I shall preach tonight. Leave in the stage tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock for Hamilton. My return will depend somewhat on appearances there. Write a letter on Saturday and direct to Hamilton. Let me know if I am wanted. I hope to be greatly blessed today; have been up since 6 o'clock (now half past seven). O may Jesus bless us exceedingly. I told you, I think, that the day after I came up the stage upset near Jamison's tavern, and almost killed the driver and one passenger. I thought we should be destroyed on the way. It was fearful to travel in the stage on that road."

In the midst of labors beyond his strength, and which he afterwards admits laid the foundation of his premature infirmities and his retirement from public life; with a popularity which exposed him to envious criticism; and with the two mightiest social forces in his hands -- the pulpit and the press -- one might well fear for his humility. But to him selfish ambition was unknown. For himself he sought nothing, desired nothing; for Christ, every thing. His deadness to the world and his self-abnegation were almost startling, even to his friends. His views of natural depravity and the malignity of sin in the light of the divine law left him in utter amazement at that divine love which had borne with his life of unbelief so long, and had multiplied such boundless "grace upon grace" in his redemption.

Before Mr. Hamline was converted he was acquainted with a young lawyer of respectable parentage and position who was indulging freely in the social glass till habit was fixing its iron rule, and the young man was on the way to ruin. Mr. Hamline was moved to interpose an effort for his rescue, and wrote him several anonymous letters. Although the lawyer knew not who was the author of the letters, yet the letters wrought such a powerful effect upon him that he turned from his

cups and became a sober man. Afterward, in the height of Mr. Hamline's popularity, the lawyer writes to him, in real respect and friendship, urging upon his attention the duty of preparing an autobiography, suggesting meanwhile that perhaps some "concealed" grief might deter him or be the cause of his unwillingness. To this letter the following characteristic answer was given:

"Cincinnati, December 20, 1843

"To A. S. C., Esq.

"Dear Sir, Whether I have written to you before with my own proper signature, I do not recollect. But for circumstances known to you I should never have been covert in my correspondence. I am glad that your friendly letters open time way for frank and full communications. You speak of autobiography. But for one fact I could never discourse, or scarcely think again of self. Except for that one thing I should be the most ultra of all misanthropes. And yet my man-hating would be concentrated self-aborrence, while I should, without effort, look tolerantly on mankind. And what do you imagine is the isolated fact which renders me often willing to think of self?

If you were doomed to bury your chiefest friend, how would you thereafter read over and over the productions of her admired pen? As fruits and evidences of the riches of her mind they would be very precious.

"Now, there is ONE -- Jesus the son of God -- who is doing a great work amongst sinners upon earth. He is saving them 'by the washing of regeneration.' The enterprise was commenced upon the cross. In every believing heart he has written his law in letters of blood. All the regenerated are examples of the power of his cross, and the efficiency of his Spirit. I am an unworthy receiver of this grace. In my own renewed heart I read those characters which his wounded hand has there graciously inscribed. For this I love to look in upon myself. Every motion of my heart -- every thing in my whole being, which does not bear the stamp of total -- of ineffable depravity, is a fruit of my blessed Savior's sufferings and love, and an illustration of his wonder working grace.

"In this connection I can bear to see myself, and to scan my inward life in its most repulsive aspects. In this connection I can review my outward life, for the efficacy of grace is not only evidenced in whatever sanctified affections I may possess, but also in the long journey by which mercy brought me from the Egypt of my bondage to the Canaan of God's love. The artisan's skill should certainly be judged of not merely from the excellence of his mechanical productions, but also from the material out of which he wrought them. He who from dross could produce a single dime, would merit more than he who should coin millions out of pure massive bullion.

"You see now, my dear friend, how only the sight of self can be endured. It is a helper in crucifying pride. It can contribute to cast me down deep into the dust. It can aid my views of Christ. It often helps me to conceive more clearly the love of Jesus passing knowledge as displayed toward one so vile. I am this dross. Yet on me Jesus lays his hand of pity and of power. He takes 'my feet out of the pit,' and places them 'upon a rock.' He takes away my notes of mourning, and puts into my mouth the song of joy and praise. Casting all my sins behind him -- removing them 'far from me,' he raises me up to 'sit in heavenly places ' with his saints.

"The song of the redeemed, even in the heavenly world, regards their lost estate on earth, as well as their beatitudes in paradise. 'Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood -- and made us unto our God kings and priests!' The Savior's love and glory appear not only in their present eminence and bliss, but also in running back to what they once were, and in the redeeming process which sanctified and crowned them. In the connections here expressed, I have use for all my past remembered life. Let its history be graven on my soul forever. I never must -- never shall forget it. It must and will remain in everlasting junction with the cross of my Redeemer. No -- no -- thou bleeding one, let neither time nor eternity -- nor both with their brief or lengthened cycles -- efface from memory time past! O how will the greatest follies and offenses of my life gather a welcome freshness from the future, as seen in the ever growing light of a Savior's cross and passion!

"While I sit in meditation on a theme so mortifying, and yet so salutary -- so self-annihilating, amid yet so life-giving, connecting all with Christ's most gracious sufferings and doings, my nature is dissolved. To my consciousness existence seems naught but flames, and tears, for gratitude and penitence do swallow up my being. And these very meltings are fresh fuel for the flames because themselves are new instances of God's exceeding great compassion. He kindles up this life of ardors or it never could exist. A threefold death is conquered first, that Life may gain dominion afterwards. You speak of some 'concealed' grief. No, my friend, I have none. There is not a sorrow of my nature but you and all the world may know. Buy would you know it you must come along with me to Calvary. All my deep emotions are now kindled at the Mount. My griefs and joys, of any moment, are blended with its scenes. O my friend! be assured that I am born into a new and higher life, which slights, as insignificant, the interests and the sympathies dissevered from the cross. Can you understand this? To know it well is the acme of all wisdom and felicity in time. 'T 'is climbing up to heaven. It is ascending to where angels would, but can not soar."

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Chapter 9

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1844 -- ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPACY [1843- 44]

In the preceding chapters we have brought down the manner of life of Mr. Hamline to the fall of 1843. This was the time to elect delegates to the General Conference which was to be held the following May. Mr. Hamline had not expected to be a delegate to the General Conference of 1844, he having been sent to that of 1840, and it was understood that others from the Book Room should now take their turn. With him it was all satisfactory. "It will be a trying session," he said, "involving important interests and great responsibility, and I would greatly prefer my every-day duties at home." He had never sought place or preferment. His physicians, also, had earnestly advised against his going. But an occurrence happening in which Mr. Hamline had meekly submitted to a public and unprovoked indignity, from the jealousy and rivalry of a senior, which his ministerial brethren deeply regretted and strongly resented, it was determined popularly that he should be elected. In this, also, there was a providence.

The conference met September 27, 1843, at Chillicothe. Toward the offending brother Mr. Hamline indulged no enmity. Concerning him he says: "I have had no hard feelings toward S_____ at any moment since we left home. Still, I disapprove of his course, and, though I had nearly made up my mind to vote for him, I now hesitate. He is very kind and his ambition is a disease of the heart which I can overlook, yet I think maturer grace is needed in General Conference. These little occurrences, with the undisturbed tempers with which I met them, greatly encourage me. I cried all day by turns, 'O Lord, give others all the honor, and me all the reproach, only so my heart be cleansed and kept pure.' So I feel now."

The hour of election arrived, and Hamline, with a younger brother, walked abroad conversing delightfully upon the "great salvation" which was now all his theme. When they returned he found himself elected. To his wife he again writes:

"We are getting along tolerably well. The election which was, most of all, in our way, is now over. Brothers Elliott, Finley, Trimble, Raper, Sehon, Connell, Ferree, and your unworthy husband are the delegates. My election is one of the most unexpected events of my life. I can now scarcely credit it.

My position alone [as editor] was, I supposed, an entire bar; but I had left all to God, and I have one satisfaction -- a sweet one it is: not more than one minute, put it all together, has been spent in talking of General Conference in my company since I reached Chillicothe. I did not know that one person was going to vote for me, nor did one, as I know of, expect me to vote for him. Thank God that he gave me a higher calling, heavenly and blissful, so that I could not find it in my heart to talk of elections or General Conference. You may wonder how, with so much opposition to the Book Room, two editors should be sent. I wonder, also. I feel satisfied that it is of God. This is the best of all. I feel more and more that God is working in me mightily. He blesses me."

On his spiritual experience at the same Conference he further adds:

"I believe God has sanctified me throughout -- soul, body, and spirit -- and I am willing all the world should know it. He has sprinkled me, and I am clean. 'From all my filthiness and from all my idols he has cleansed me.' This I first confessed in our love-feast last Sabbath morning. At first the enemy thrust sore, and almost devoured me, but the light is increasing. I believe this work was accomplished in New Albany eighteen months ago, and that I have been in bondage ever since by 'hiding his righteousness within my heart.' I shall talk more of this if I live to see you. The Lord strengthens me. 'I live not, but Christ liveth in me.' Adieu my beloved."

The intervening months till General Conference were spent partly in his usual editorial and evangelical labors, and partly in perilous sickness.

On the 5th of January, 1844, four months before General Conference, he returned home from a protracted meeting, after several days of hard work in preaching, exhorting, and revival labor. The next day was Sabbath, and three city appointments awaited him. About midnight he awoke with violent symptoms of illness, notwithstanding which he arose at his usual early hour to prepare for his Sabbath work. But a ministerial friend calling in, who was himself an experienced physician, perceiving his condition, said, "You must not preach today, your pulse is one hundred

and twelve," and kindly engaged to see his pulpit supplied. His family physician was called, but no remedies took effect. After a few days a counseling physician was called, and then a third. The decision was that the heart was seriously diseased. Mr. Hamline now relinquished all hope of being able to attend the General Conference, and prepared for easy traveling as a relief of the faintness and partial paralysis from which he suffered. He spoke only in whisper, and much of the time could not endure the presence of any number of persons in the room. But the Ohio delegation were unwilling to release him, and urged that they might have his presence at the General Conference, or at least in the city, where they could consult together. He replied: "I may not commit suicide, and my physicians say that to go there will be death. But at the call of the Church I am willing to go even unto death."

As late as the month of March, six weeks before General Conference, his symptoms left little hope of recovery. March 16th, Dr. Worcester, who had spent six years in Paris as a student making pectoral diseases a specialty, was called in to examine him with the stethoscope. It was decided his heart was seriously diseased. Afterward Brother Sehon, who was present at the examination, and had been conversing with the physician, came in. He said: "I told Dr. Worcester that you had been in the habit of preaching five sermons in a day, and he looked astonished at this." Mr. Hamline said: "I am not sorry I did so." Brother Sehon said: "But that was living too fast." Mr. Hamline replied: "But it was sweet living, and if I die now I am glad I worked while I could."

On Sabbath, the 17th, he stood looking out at the window, and remarked: "It is pleasant to look out upon these things, upon which, after a little time, I shall look no more with these eyes, or in this manner. The thought of so wonderfully changing one's mode of living is very exciting. To leave so many friends behind, to go to meet so many who have gone before, to leave so many saints who are struggling on their way, and so many who are not struggling, and so many sinners to be saved!" A little after he said: "Could I today be introduced to a thousand of those who are gone before in Wesley Chapel; could I see Jesus in the pulpit, and the apostles sitting in the altar, and Wesley and Fletcher and Fenelon and Guyon and Hester Ann Rogers and their companions in another circle; and could I spend the day with them and hear them speak in the order of love-feast their experiences, the Savior first uttering words of wisdom; and then hear Abraham tell of Isaac and of his feelings when he offered him up, with what wonder should I gaze upon their faces and listen to their words; that is, if they were men in the body and had never died. But I hope soon to see them and spend, not a day, but an eternity, with them!" His wife said: "Your unusual calmness and the manner in which you have regarded death has, ever since you were ill, made me feel that your condition was that of serious disease." He replied that "calmness does not always precede death. Hezekiah was greatly troubled at the thought of it." "True," she said, "but he did not live under the Christian dispensation." He rejoined: "I could not ask for fifteen years to be added to my life nor for five months nor five weeks;" and his joy increasing in the near hope of heaven, he said: "I feel as though it would be easy for me to enter upon the song, 'Worthy is the Lamb.' My lips feel as though used to it."

In the afternoon he said: "It is a precious Sabbath to me. I feel like Columbus and his crew when they got in sight of land. My soul sings a 'Te Deum.' But Dr. L. comes in and says it is all a mistake, it is only mountains of fog I see. But as an eagle stirreth up her nest, and hovereth over her young, so the Lord stirreth me up and teacheth me to fly, and I think he will soon burst the cage and let me soar. I feel as though my soul had wings." His disease had been called "fatty degeneration of

the heart." "It does not matter," he says, "whether my heart be turning to fat or to stone, physically, nor what ails it, so that it will answer to receive Jesus. This is all I want of it."

"Choosing diseases," he adds, "is like going into a flower garden. One can hardly tell which to select, all being so beautiful." At another time he said: "It will be very delightful for me to cast my crown at His feet, and cry, 'worthy is the Lamb.' But I don't know what he will do with me in heaven. I feel as though he would place me away in some corner, so unworthy! But I sometimes think grace has done so much for me that I shall stand out a monument to show what Jesus can do for sinners."

The General Conference of 1844 held its session in the city of New York. It was a time ever memorable in the annals of American Methodism, and sad as it was memorable. It ended in the separation from the Church of fifteen annual conferences, including Indian Mission Conference and Florida Conference, in thirteen slave-holding States, and their subsequent organization under the title of the "Methodist Episcopal Church South." So great an event invests every act or person with historical importance who bore any responsible connection with the doings of the session; and, as no one can claim this honor more than can the subject of this memoir, it becomes due to his name, and to the honor of the grace of God in him, that he should be placed in his true position.

[It was at this Conference of 1844 that L. L. Hamline was elected Bishop of the M. E. Church. -- DVM]

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Chapter 27 LAST YEARS -- CLOSE OF LIFE [1862 to 1865)

We have already said that Bishop Hamline took a lively interest in Church enterprise and public affairs. The political and military movements in Europe and Asia from time to time drew from his pen and lips opinions and expressions which evidenced his insight into prophetic Scripture and current history, and his heart of true humanity. Our country was now in the depth and darkness of civil war, and an ardent patriot could not be still. Christianity illuminates and intensifies the moral principle of truly defensive war, and makes it the sword of God "to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." The following letter will suffice to show how thoroughly he penetrated the perils, necessity, and true policy of the hour:

"January 21, 1862

"To Hon. James Harlan, I seize the first scrap of paper I find to say that it seems to me the best way, if not the only way, to meet the rising tide of treason in the West, is to arm and train one hundred and fifty thousand blacks as soon as possible. They will be in the field as one hundred and fifty thousand loyal Republicans. If the war takes a turn that so many can be spared from the field, the white Republicans can return and vote. If they can not be spared, then it will save a draft, and perhaps great difficulty. I know it is a bold measure, but such measures are often the salvation of a people, a dynasty, a government. You remember the language of Junius: 'If the prophet had not

armed himself with boldness, he would have been hung for the malice of his parable.' Boldness is in the advancing success of traitors; boldness has carried this rebellion forward to the formidable stage it has now reached; resistance, on the other hand, has been temperate, prudent, and if not now made to shape itself into an aspect bold and fiery like their own, I fear we are lost. The boldest measures are now safe I think. We have prudence and humanity enough for history, we need boldness for triumph. Arming three hundred thousand blacks would make traitors, North and South, hate us no more, but would cause loyalists to distrust us far less. To seek, by mild measures, to conciliate the former is hopeless policy. The government must address itself to the fears, not to the hopes or favor of the Benedict Arnolds of the age.

"Pardon me for dogmatizing. I forgot, in the passion of writing, that I addressed a Senator who knows so much better than I do. I write with pain and confusion in my head, too, so that I can scarcely see my pen-marks.

"Mrs. Hamline says 'Please remember me affectionately to Mrs. Harlan, and be assured yourself of our respect and prayers.'"

"P. S. Suppose it comes to the worst, and some hundreds of thousands in Illinois and elsewhere attempt a bold revolt, would not the armed blacks be a formidable force to put down revolt and save time country?"

An extract from Senator Harlan's answer to this may not be improper, dated Washington, 27th.

"Dear Bishop Hamline, Please accept my sincere thanks for your excellent and patriotic letter of the 21st inst. I agree with you fully in relation to the policy that should control the Administration. The President, I think, is initiating measures to carry it out. But everything moves so slowly! The Lord only can know how much the nation must suffer on account of the delays in carrying out a policy admitted by all earnest lovers of the country to be not only right, but absolutely necessary. Colored men are being enlisted for service on land and sea -- but the work drags -- drags."

As a further specimen of Bishop Hamline's deep and patriotic interest in the war, we add the following letter:

"September 28, 1862

"To Mrs. H. H. Bigelow, -- A paper from your place gives me reason to conclude that your son has enlisted. I did not feel like urging his enlistment, but will now say I most heartily approve of it. I think every young man in America of right age and good health should give himself to his country. My son is not very young nor very vigorous, but if he chooses to go I will not say a word. He has offered as a surgeon, and has been examined and approved; but there are so many pressing their claims on the governor that he who does not urge himself forward has no chance; besides, many doctors are poor amid without practice, and are appointed in compassion to their families, while they know that my son is well off from his mother's estate."

The events of Bishop Hamline's life during confinement were few, and our principal remaining task is to follow along the even current of the days and observe the symmetry and uniformity of a character which had hitherto been contemplated in connection with the honors and publicity of office, and the brilliancy of talent. The habit of early rising remained with him till the last. His first employment every day, even when most feeble, was to pray, remaining on his knees as long as his strength permitted. He then read his Bible lessons, consisting of several chapters from the Old and New Testaments. Then, especially during our country's war, he read up the news. With him public events were the footsteps of Providence. He always read secular subjects from the religious standpoint. During one year of his illness he was unable to read at all, and a member of the family read to him as long as he was able to hear. Subsequently his sight improved, but the intense suffering of his brain forbade his hearing any reading, and then he read his large type Testament and Hymn Book, as strength allowed, placing them open in a chair by his side that he might read a few verses at a time. It was in this position they were found when he died. When his health had allowed he commonly spent hours on his knees. In 1848 he attended a dedication at Lexington, Ind. The preacher there, who lodged with him, observed his habit of private devotion, and said to him: "Bishop, do you have to pray so much always?" In relating it to Mrs. Hamline afterward he said: "The dear brother did not know that I was enjoying a heaven upon earth on my knees." Mrs. Hamline says: "For years it was his habit to kneel at his arm-chair, bending low over its seat and remaining so long perfectly still that, having been often assured by physicians that from the condition of his heart he was imminently exposed to sudden death, I used to go up softly to see whether he was not dead on his knees -- whether he breathed."

The hour of female prayer-meeting in his little chapel he always kept sacred in his apartment, and it was during such a meeting, while the ladies were praying, that his spirit took its flight from earth. His favorite lines of one of our incomparable hymns, which he often repeated when retiring, were:

"Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love."

It was while they were singing these lines that his wife Eliza's spirit departed.

To Rev. L. M. Vernon he writes, March, 1863:

"I have longed to write to you for a year or more, but my eyes, head, and nerves almost wholly prevent my writing. A letter from Bishop Morris has remained unanswered for months.

" 'Preach the word, be instant in season and out of season.' Work night and day for our adorable Lord. 'I am now ready to be offered,' quite on the verge of heaven.

"Dr. Elliott just bade me farewell, and I expect to see his face no more until 'death is swallowed up in victory.' O, I feel the victory, even now, through all my inmost soul!"

Rev. Dr. Eddy, editor of Northwestern Christian Advocate, returning from a visit to Bishop Hamline, July 1, 1863, writes:

"We enjoyed a pleasant interview with this venerable and eminent minister. He looks older than when we saw him years ago. His hair is white, his beard is of silvery hue, but the tones of his voice are as in days long since. His health is frail. Providentially on Saturday he was unusually well, and we had several hours' interesting conversation. Old days, past scenes, mutual friends, the country and the Church were spoken of. His spiritual sky is clear. For the Church he has strong faith, for the country unswerving loyalty, with deep loathing of home traitors and spurious patriots. Mrs. Hamline is also in frail health, and, with her husband, is looking for the better home. We will bear with us the memory of our interviews and the meeting at the mercy-seat.

"They have made a liberal arrangement for the benefit of the Park Avenue Mission Church, for which they merit the gratitude of the Church."

To Rev. Z. H. and Mrs. Coston, Bishop Hamline writes, April 10, 1864:

"I have been very happy today, yet weep much. O how precious is Jesus 'the sinner's Friend,' when, brokenhearted and believing, we cast ourselves on him for ever and ever. We are not afraid to trust in him.

"Old age, sickness, sorrow, death near at hand, all can not drive me from thee, blessed Jesus! The more they gather and center on us, the more closely and confidently we trust in thee, O thou Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world! Praised be the name of our God for ever and ever! And let all the people say, Amen!

"Sister Swormstedt, of Cincinnati, is with us for a few weeks. Her dear, precious husband, whom we loved so much, is in heaven, and she in weeds of sorrow, yet full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, waiting to pass over."

Mrs. Coston was at this time sick and near her end. Nine days after she died in holy triumph, and as the previous letter was one of saintly victory, the following is one of brotherly condolence:

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, April 19, 1864

To Rev. Z. H. Coston, -- Yours of the fifteenth instant arrived this morning, and its affecting news was read with such emotion as you would expect from the pleasant chastening society we enjoyed with you and your sainted wife. I drop a note to say you have our deep and prayerful sympathy. We both, you know, have passed through those cypress shades, and know, better than you ever did until now, how dark the vale, cheered indeed by no light but from that Sun of Righteousness, which shed his beams so brightly on the death scene at which you just now gazed with tearful admiration. We catch the blessed song from her dying lips, 'Glory to Jesus!' Be comforted, my mourning brother, with 'very full comfort, while you bear those words in your very heart's memory along to the same joyful translation scene which awaits you, and I trust us also, and for which and its issues we wait in hope.

"Mrs. Hamline joins in all these expressions of sympathy, and in prayers for your hourly peace and comfort in Jesus, our foundation and strength."

It was a trying hour to Bishop Hamline. His close friends of other years were fast departing. Finley and Farnandis and David and Jacob Young and Dr. Berry and Swormstedt, with others, had gone. Elliott was absent, and now Mrs. Coston, a noble spirit of their household circle, had been called away. But while it saddened his earthly life it had no such effect upon his heavenly outlook. A year before, when quite sick, he says to Mrs. Elliott: "Tell Dr. Elliott that I am perfectly happy; I feel as though I was in Paradise -- never was more cheerful." "If Mr. Elliott hears how ill you are he will come home," says Mrs. Elliott. "He must not," replied the Bishop; "I can die without him if I have my Savior with me; could even die without my wife and children, though it would be pleasant to have them by my side, if Christ is with me. But would be glad when I die to have Dr. Elliott before I am buried, if possible."

The General Conference of 1864 met in Philadelphia. On May 26th the bishops sent to Bishop Hamline their fraternal greeting and sympathy:

"Rev. L. L. Hamline, Dear Brother, -- Accept our fraternal salutations in the Lord. Those of us who had the privilege of being associated with you in the cares and duties of the episcopal office and work remember with great satisfaction the fellowship of labor and love of those eight years. All of us remember, with interest and high appreciation, your association with us in the holy and active ministering of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"We are very thankful that, since your retirement from the effective ranks of the ministry, you have been enabled in so many ways to serve your fellow-men and to honor God. "We are grateful to our Heavenly Father that in your years of superannuation you have been so divinely sustained and so greatly cheered and comforted by the Holy Spirit.

"It is with us, also, a matter of praise to God that you have been so exempted from acute sufferings, and that so many years have been added to your life upon earth.

"God his also been very merciful to us. He his given us sufficient health to enable us to meet our official obligations so as to be approved by the General Conference, and we trust also to divine acceptance. He has also given us the great happiness of seeing the work of the Lord prospering in our hands. We have also enjoyed much of the divine presence in our journeyings and labors, and great spiritual peace and comfort in believing.

"You will be pleased to learn that Rev. Brothers D. W. Clark, Edward Thomson, and Calvin Kingsley have been elected and ordained bishops during this session of the General Conference. You will unite with us in hailing these brethren welcome to the office of bishops in the Church.

"You have learned from the official papers how greatly God has prospered his Church. It is certain God is still with his ministers and people. We are, with you, looking and praying for the glory of God to fill the whole earth.

"With Christian salutations to Sister Hamline, and commending you both to the grace of God, we remain yours fraternally in Christ Jesus our Lord,

"T. A. Morris, E. S. Janes, L. Scott, M. Simpson, O. C. Baker, E. R. Ames."

"The undersigned heartily concur the foregoing expressions of esteem, good will, and high appreciation of your services to the Church. We entertain severally a grateful remembrance of the pleasure and profit we have derived from your ministrations, and our earnest prayer shall be that God's richest blessing may abide with you.

"D. W. Clark, E. Thomson, C. Kingsley."

Bishop Janes, in acknowledging the gift of Bishop Hamline's seal of office and letter press, for which the latter had now no further use, says:

I am greatly obliged to you for the very useful gift. It was not, however, its intrinsic value that made it so desirable to me, but the fact of its having been possessed and used by yourself as one of my colleagues in the general superintendency of the Church. As mementos, your seal and letter press have great interest to me. I desired very much to possess some memento of yourself. The circumstance of our being elected and ordained together always gave me a peculiar regard for Bishop Hamline -- a sort of classmate feeling. So far as I am conscious, there never was the least rivalry or jealousy to mar our fellowship of labor or love.

"God has given me health to work, and a heart to work. I delight in his service. I thank God he has kept me, in my administration, from ruinous errors, and given me much favor with the people. He has been my wisdom and prudence and success. I bless his name continually. I pray God to spare you from suffering, and continually to cheer you with, his presence.

"Mrs. Janes joins me in affectionate regards to Sister Hamline. I desire to be remembered to Dr. Hamline's family.

"Yours fraternally in Jesus,
E. S. Janes."

To his dear friend, Moses Brooks, Esq., on receiving the news of the death of his wife, Bishop Hamline writes, October 10, 1864:

"Afflicted Brother, -- I have not for years been so anxious to write a letter as to you, my dear afflicted friend. I greatly desire to dwell a moment on the sanctified, glorified, redeemed one who just ascended from your presence to her God; and then on that infinitely glorious Redeemer who bought her and us with his blood, and has made her, and will soon make us, 'kings and priests unto God.' But my head is so distressed and confused that I must give up the pen to any dear wife. In such affliction I rejoice that you have such a home to fly to as you will find with our dear Brother and Sister Leavitt. Give to them the assurance of our undying Christian love. Please write often. Farewell!...

"Tell Brother Brooks that I do not expect to live to write another letter. This is my farewell."

A few days before, Dr. Elliott having come in, Bishop Hamline said: "I am not able to converse, but he desired Dr. Elliott to write on a slate which he handed him. The doctor wrote, "The will of the Lord be done." The Bishop wrote underneath, "Amen." Dr. Elliott wrote again, "Amen! Amen!" and added, "In heaven we shall not need slate and pencil to converse." The Bishop took the slate, and added, "No; nor tables, nor light, nor a temple, for the Lord God is the temple, and the Lamb the light thereof;" and, taking up the Testament, turned to Rev. xxi, 22, and handed the passage to the doctor, saying: " 'T is beautiful! glorious! glorious!"

Sunday, October 2. -- Feeble as he was he read the sermon of Monod on the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and was greatly blessed. He said: "Were I forty-seven instead of sixty-seven years old, it seems to me I would bend all my energies to the subject of faith, praying, preaching, talking, and writing about it."

October 4. -- At evening he said: "Tomorrow will be the 5th of October. Thirty-six years tomorrow since the Lord revealed himself to me the hope of glory." On the fifth, to his little grandson, he said: "Today I am thirty-six years old." The child was puzzled, and said: "Sixty-three you mean, grandpa." The Bishop explained in a most interesting manner. Afterward he said: "The Lord has sometimes wonderfully blessed me during the last Summer" (mentioning particularly a sermon preached in his classroom by Rev. G. B. Jocelyn), saying: "I received a great blessing under that sermon. I went up stairs weeping aloud, and going through the chambers. I knelt before the Lord first in one place, and then in another, confessing and praising." He then spoke of a season of suffering which followed. He said: "I ought to suffer and die meekly, patiently. How is it that he so blesses me?"

October 16. -- To Mrs. Hamline he said: "The weary wheels of life stand still. I know what that means, the weary wheels of life;" adding, "I feel a wonderful peace pervading my whole being. Christ is so near me as I can not describe. He answers me by Urim and Thummim. Light pours from his breast into mine. I dwell not in a world of glory, but a world of love.

" 'O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies.'

After kneeling some time in silent prayer, he said. "Such blessings are poured upon me when I kneel to pray that it seems as though I can not live. 'T is wonderful thus to live in a furnace."

October 27. -- After suffering great pain, he said: "What I have suffered today I think has taught me a useful lesson -- has been very profitable. I have thought of my Savior's sufferings as I never did before." After dwelling some time on this theme, he asked his wife to show him the hymn (in the old edition of our hymnbook) which contains the stanza beginning with the line,

"See how his back the scourges tear."

The year 1865 dawned upon the setting of one of the brightest luminaries in the militant Church. Memorable is that year, and sacred in the calendar of the Church, above, below. But we

should not call it a setting sun. It is so, as in nature, only in appearance to us who dwell upon the earth's surface. In reality the departing of earth's great lights is only constellating a new hemisphere with stars of rare and enduring glory. Until the soul of our lamented Bishop "passed into the heavens" he continued to shine with increasing luster, as a star in the right-hand of "Him who liveth, and was dead, and behold he is alive for evermore, amen; and hath the keys of death and of hades."

On Sabbath evening, January 4th, Bishop Hamline thus writes:

Dear Wife, -- Deprived of the privilege of the class, I hereby give you, in brief, my testimony. My sins are all pardoned through the blood and righteousness of my Lord Jesus Christ. The great work of inward purification and Christian edification is gloriously progressing. I feel that, living or dying, I am my Lord's. Press onward, my beloved, after Christ and heaven. Should I die soon, follow me to the grave with holy transports as an attendant on joyful scenes, for I go to the 'marriage supper of the Lamb,' to your God and my God. I want your coming there. O may the dear children and grandchildren (how my eyes gush forth in tears as I write of them!) meet us there! Ever, ever yours, and Christ's above yours.

" 'And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!' "

At another date he writes:

"I have not recently recorded my joys and sorrows; but now, knowing my end is near, and that I shall soon go to my blessed home, and having strength to write a few words for your comfort when I see you no more on earth, this morning I am so filled with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' that I can scarcely contain the bliss. Heaven is so near. I am near to God, and near to my eternal home. O, I wish I could explain how Christ now appears! but I can only say, 'Expressive silence muse his praise.' Again, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself,' 'the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits,' etc.

" 'My guilt is washed away
By my Redeemer's blood,
And by the Spirit I can say
That I am born of God.'

"O blessed assurance! My dear wife and son, 'Behold, I ascend unto your Father and my Father, to your God and my God!' Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Amen!"

Sunday, January 22. -- Unable to attend the classmeeting in his little chapel, he went to the classroom door, and gave the following, which proved his last classmeeting testimony. He said:

"I am not as happy today as I was last Sabbath, and not as happy as the sister I heard shouting just now. I am not able to speak today, and at first thought I would not try. But I have had a solemn day; was greatly affected while reading my morning lesson. I read where Jesus prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' I thought he could not pray that prayer for me if I lived short of the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel, and it is a solemn thought. Dear brethren, our blessed Lord can not pray that prayer for you if you live without his full salvation, for you know what you do. O brethren, get this fullness, this perfect love! Dear brethren, get perfect love!" etc.

Dwelling most earnestly and affectingly on the believer's duty and privilege, and retiring, as he often did, under the apprehension that it might be his last opportunity to speak to the class, he said: "I would like to go home tonight; O, I would like to go home tonight! I am ready."

After a suffering night of family alarm, his children, Dr. Hamline and wife, coming in in the morning, Mrs. Hamline said: "Father, I am sorry to see you so ill this morning." He replied: "It is all right; just as the Lord pleases. His will be done, and the will of no other. His infinitely holy Providence does every thing right. He gave his Son to die for me; that is enough to a eternity. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"

In the midst of these celestial joys and mortal conflicts, and the assiduities and affections of visiting friends, he is cheered by the remembrance of his former episcopal colleagues, now sitting in council at Cleveland, Ohio, who lovingly send him their last joint fraternal greetings, February 22, 1865:

"Rev. Bishop Hamline. Dear Brother, -- The undersigned, having learned through Rev. Dr. Elliott of your severe illness, desire to express to you our deep sympathy with you in your sufferings, and also our grateful joy to learn that in your affliction you are abundantly sustained by the grace of God, and cheered by a consciousness of the Divine presence. We desire to renew our assurances of high esteem and fraternal love in Christ. While thus cherishing you in our affections, we also remember you in our prayers, earnestly beseeching our heavenly Father to bestow upon you all the blessings your soul and circumstances may require.

With affectionate salutations to Sister Hamline, we remain your affectionate and sympathizing brethren in Christ.

"T. A. Morris, E. S. Janes, L. Scott, M. Simpson, O. C. Baker, E. R. Ames, D. W. Clark, C. Kingsley."

Bishop Morris, also, in a personal note, writes:

"Dear Brother and Sister Hamline, -- . . . We sincerely sympathize with you both in your painful and protracted family affliction, but 'reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' We are hopeful as to the final success of Methodism in the world, also as to its results in our own case as individuals.

"We shall write to Sister Palmer for the 'Guide' to help us. "I send you a copy of my talk on the 'Spirit of Methodism.'

"Please give our love to Dr. Elliot and family, Dr. Hamline and family, and accept for yourselves the prayers and Christian affections of yours, ever,

T. A. Morris."

Friends were speaking their last words now, and the certain nearness and probable suddenness of death prompted from his pen what might be his final testimony and advice as to his burial:

"March 6th. [1865]

"My Dear Wife, -- In 1844 I did not desire the 'office of a bishop,' never thought of it, never connected my person and that office even in my wildest imagining; but I desired then, as you must remember, a 'good work;' that is, the work of saving souls; and how wonderfully God endowed me with strength for that work in 1842 and 1843, until stricken down by disease. Now, this very day, I feel the burning desire, kindled by the Holy Spirit, to engage in that 'good work;' but there is a difference. Then, I desired to die and go to Christ, whom I loved with such a glowing love, but also desired the good work, not the office; but now, with the same desire to save souls, I have no expectation of it. Of course I am not in 'a strait,' as Paul was, but my desire to depart and be with Christ is unrestrained by conflicting desires. I infer that my time is close at hand, and that I shall soon be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord,' so I give you in writing a few words of affectionate advice: Procure a plain, modest monument for my grave, with no letters on it but the name, date of death, or the like. If convenient, let this be inclosed with an iron railing large enough for a few family graves. I would advise you to stay with the children. Be with them daily, and you can counsel and comfort and help guide their dear little ones to Christ. And now, finally, thanking you with a warm and grateful heart for your labors, patience, and prayers for me these twenty-eight years, gone forever, I commend you to God in Christ Jesus, who is able to build us up, and I am persuaded will bring us to meet before his throne. His holy religion has been our solace and strength on earth amid many toils and trials, and I trust we are to be numbered with those who came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The few remaining days of his conflict were spent in the usual order, rising early and with help, attiring himself for the day, then spending a season in his sitting room in prayer, after which his hymnbook and Bible were placed for his use during the day in a chair by his lounge. Wonderful were his sufferings, and transcendently wonderful were his victories of faith and joy and hope. His living was "quite on the verge of heaven." He said: "I do not want one thought that is not fit for heaven. I have of late thought much of that." Some of his spiritual exercises seem almost more than belong to the honor of human nature in this life. The Monday before his death his son, Dr. Hamline, went to Chicago on business, to return the following Saturday. But on Wednesday, being strongly impressed that he was needed at home, he hastily returned before his time, and just in time to be present at the scene of parting. Wednesday, the 22d of March, Bishop Hamline was able to attend to some business matters. At family worship he offered a short prayer, but after breakfast was

taken with severe spasms, from which, however, he revived and seemed as comfortable as at any time for the past two months. In the afternoon his violent symptoms returned. "That pain is coming back," he said, "and I do not see how I can live through another such spell as I had this morning." The business to which he was giving attention was suspended. Handing the papers to Mrs. Hamline, he said: "I can not attend to that now. If I live till tomorrow I will attend to it."

His agony increased rapidly, the perspiration streaming from his face. A messenger was dispatched with all possible haste for the family physician, and very soon another, who ran to bring the first physician he could find. He often exclaimed:

"O agony unspeakable! I never knew what pain was before!" He could not keep one position a moment; but, extending his hands for aid several times, rose and stepped a few steps, and then sank back again to the lounge. He said, "Pray that I may be relieved." Two short, earnest prayers were offered for his relief. When a third commenced, he said pleasantly, "There, now," it being all the voice he could endure. During all this time he was perfectly calm in mind and collected. Remembering the feebleness of Mrs. Hamline, he said to her, "Sit down, they will do all I need;" and when she extended her hand to help him rise, "No," he said; "let them help me." At length he exclaimed, a glow spreading over his agonized features, "O, children, this is wonderful suffering; but it is nothing to what my Savior endured on the cross for me." This was his last effort to speak. He had said a little before, "I feel the pain approaching my heart;" and now the agony, which exceeded in intensity any thing the beholders ever witnessed, had reached its climax in the spasm of the heart. When the doctor arrived, consciousness was apparently gone, and a few brief moments closed the scene.

Thus passed to its heavenly rest the redeemed spirit Thursday, March 23, 1865. As he lay dressed for the grave, friends who visited the remains, exclaimed, "What a picture of rest!" The agony being over, and the noble features having settled back into natural form and expression, the countenance looked more like devotion than death.

Three days had passed, when, on the 26th of March, the solemn college moved along the way to Asbury Chapel, the doors and pulpit of which were draped heavily in mourning. The crowd around the door gave way for the procession, and the officiating minister, as they passed down the aisle, pronounced the service, "I am the resurrection and the life." In the pulpit were Dr. Elliott, Revs. Z. H. Coston, T. Corkill, A. C. Williams, and H. M. Thomas, the latter four taking part in the service. Dr. Elliott gave an excellent discourse from Psalm xxxvii, 37: "Mark the perfect man." After divine service the remains were interred temporarily, according to the forms of the Church, upon his own grounds, whence, subsequently, they were removed to "Rose Hill Cemetery," between Evanston and Chicago, where they await the voice that shall call them forth to "the resurrection of life." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

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THE END