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**STORY OF MY LIFE -- PART A (CHAPTERS 1-21)**

**By William Taylor**

**Bishop of the M. E. Church for Africa**

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An account of what I have thought and said and done in my ministry of more than fifty-three  
years in Christian lands and among the heathen -- written by myself.

"I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for  
thy possession." -- Psalm 2:8

"The World Is My Parish." -- Wesley

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## FOREWORD OF PUBLISHERS AND EDITOR

This volume has little need of a Preface. The life story of William Taylor may well be its own herald to the public. The Bishop of Africa has never himself wasted space or time with useless preliminaries.

The Publishers and Editor, however, take unusual pleasure in offering this volume to all who are interested in the evangelization of the world. The book is an autobiography and a history. It is a veritable revelation of one of the most robust characters and remarkable careers of the century. The life of William Taylor is interwoven with the religious history of the age to a marvelous extent. His work has been as heroic as it is peculiar. Now, as he nears the close of his days, he has, in his own words, recorded for posterity the extraordinary events in which he has been the leading actor.

Bishop Taylor is about to complete his seventy-fifth year. He is again in America, though expecting soon to return to his episcopate in the Dark Continent. He has not only written the Story of My Life, but has, with the assistance of the Editor, superintended the publication. The book thus produced will be recognized by thoughtful persons as the only work of its kind. Like character, like product. No other author could have told this story or acted it.

In the preparation of this volume the author has begun with his early life and trial period in the ministry. In this part he gives an account of his ancestry and boyhood; of his conversion and entrance into the ministry; of his experiences as a circuit rider in Virginia; of his pastoral work in Georgetown, Baltimore, and Washington; of his appointment by Bishop Waugh, in 1849, to be a missionary in California. Then follows the remarkable episode of his street preaching in San Francisco. We see him among the miners, the roughs, the drunkards and outcasts, who, gathering from all quarters of the globe, rushed to California at the close of the fifth decade. The figure of "Father Taylor," as he then began to be known, standing among this melange [mixture] of peoples, preaching to all kinds of hardened sinners, from the wealthy mining nabobs to the gamblers of the flats, is one of the most striking pictures in all personal history.

In the next part of the work William Taylor becomes an evangelist in the Old States and Canada; then in England; then in Australia. In that island continent his career was almost as marvelous as in California. At Melbourne and Sydney and Adelaide and many other places he encountered the same outcast elements of society as he had found on our western coasts.

In the next division of the work, entitled "Mission to South Africa," William Taylor for the first time began his missionary labors among heathen races. Here he undertook to preach to barbarians. Here he had his first contact with the lowest forms of human life. Here he made the acquaintance of that dark and savage race of men on whom he was destined to bestow the energies of fully eighteen years of his eventful life.

After his mission to South Africa the work of William Taylor became world-wide. He made his way to Ceylon and India. In the latter country he began that marvelous planting which has within the last twenty years grown into so rich a harvest. He journeys from city to city. Now he is at Bombay; now at Allahabad; now at Cawnpore, at Delhi, at Lucknow, at Calcutta, facing strange races of men and incongruous conditions of life. He adapts himself and his methods to the conditions of the East. For four years he wages a campaign among the Parsees, the Brahmans, and the Mohammedans. He develops the system of self-supporting missions, to the upbuilding and defense of which he has given nearly half of the years of his life.

Further on we see this remarkable personage again in England and Wales; afterward in the West Indies; and then in South America. He has become a man of one idea and one work. His thought is a right line, which can be deflected by no consideration and impeded by nothing but the impossible. He traverses the western coasts of South America, founding schools, establishing missions, and supplying them with a working force from the United States.

From this period of endeavor William Taylor returned to his own country to be elected, by the supreme council of his Church, Missionary Bishop of Africa. This change brought with it new conditions and responsibilities. It involved a residence in Africa, the organization of new missionary enterprises, the exploration of new realms of darkness, and all the hazards of inexperience, mingled with delays, and shadowed with the portents of African fever. Bishop Taylor went to his field in 1885. There he began the work of establishing chains of stations from Monrovia to Congo, from Congo to Angola, from Angola to Inhambane. His last sojourn in Africa covered a period of nearly two years. In the summer of 1894 he walked into the interior in Angola, a distance of over four hundred miles, visiting stations, making the acquaintance of native races, and forecasting such measures as seemed to promise success in the conversion of the Blacks.

All of this and much more is recorded in the Story of My Life, which the Publishers and Editor, by this brief Preface, offer to the public. They can neither add to the merit of the work nor detract from it. It is what it is, revealing William Taylor and his life work to the reader by his own methods in the unadorned simplicity of his greatness. For fifty-three years and more he has been beating the wheat from the chaff with the flail of a single high purpose. Almost every stroke, as it has fallen on our human threshingfloor, has revealed the true and sent the false flying before the wind. He has gone forth over the world in the manner of Paul and Barnabas, sowing the seeds of truth from Canada to New Zealand, from Valparaiso to Cawnpore, from Sacramento to Liberia!

Of the numerous illustrations with which the Story of My Life is embellished nearly all are from the skillful pencil of Frank Beard. For the character of these illustrations the Publishers, the Editor, and the artist are exclusively responsible. Bishop Taylor has not himself been a party to the selection of the subjects or to the way in which they have been handled in the illustrations.

This Foreword may be appropriately concluded with an excerpt from a poem on Bishop Taylor, written by Rev. P. H. Bodkin, of Los Angeles:

"Long his years have been and toilsome -- years of weariness and pain;  
Years of unrequited labor, till the Master comes again;  
Years of exile from his kindred, cheerfully forsaking all,

Hearing but the voice of duty and the Saviour's loving call!  
In faith, an Abraham; an Enoch, walking closely with his Lord;  
In integrity, a Daniel, fearless in both deed and word:  
In his loving heart, a David; in his world-wide labors, Paul;  
In his holy consecration he is peer among them all!"

New York, August, 1895

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## PART I -- EARLY LIFE AND TRIAL PERIOD IN THE MINISTRY

### 01 -- MY ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD

Ancestry of William Taylor -- Audley Paul -- The Hickman Family -- The Mother -- Parents Presbyterians -- Preaching of Spriggs -- Conviction and Conversion of Stuart Taylor -- Agency of John V. Rigden -- "William, I am Converted." -- Father Goes out Preaching -- Shaw's Camp Ground -- A Devil like a Groundhog -- Father Stands by his Colors -- Domestic Happiness of Parents -- "Stuart Taylor is Dead." -- Birth of William Taylor -- Anecdotes of Childhood -- A Duck-Egg Story -- Learning to Read and Write -- Conversion in Childhood -- Temptation in the Cornfield -- Satan's Proposition -- Sin and Darkness -- "William is Saved." -- Struggle at Shaw's Camp Meeting -- When I Had to Pray -- An Attack of Slow Fever -- The Coming of the Peace of God -- August 28, 1841 -- A Setter after the Game -- Beginning of Street Preaching -- Paying Toll -- At the Poorhouse -- "Strengthen thy Brethren." -- "William, God has a Special Work for You." -- Preaching of Enos -- License to Exhort -- Teaching School -- The Penzant Family -- Saving a Preacher from Being Thrashed -- Influence of Brown Morgan -- "God has Called You."

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My grandfather, James Taylor, was one of five brothers who emigrated from County Armagh, Ireland, to the colony of Virginia, about one hundred and thirty years ago. Their names in the order of their birth were George, James, William, John, and Caufould. On their arrival they invested their money in land and slaves in Rockbridge County. They were fine specimens of that hardy, energetic race known as Scotch-Irish, of the old Covenanter type. They all fought for American freedom in the Revolution of 1776. John was killed in the war, and Caufould was a prisoner for a year or two. He was liberated by the birth-throes of the new nation. George and James both married daughters of Captain Audley Paul, of the same hardy clan, the Scotch-Irish. Audley Paul was a fellow-lieutenant of George Washington in General Braddock's army, and was present when Colonel Washington ventured to suggest to the British general that to conquer the Indian forces combined against them the colonial soldiers should be allowed the protection of the trees of the wood and to fight the Indians in their own fashion. But the general called him a "young

buckskin," and reproved him for his presumption. That was in the morning of the day noted as the day of "Braddock's defeat." Audley Paul, with many others, in their retreat swam the Allegheny River near the site of Pittsburgh. The sword he carried in that engagement and in his years of marching and fighting as captain in the War of Independence hung in my father's bedroom through all the years of my youth.

The Pauls were religiously opposed to slavery, and so indoctrinated the rising generation of the Taylors into antislavery sentiment that as fast as they came into possession of slaves by inheritance they set them free. My father emancipated the last of the race of them, being one of the younger of the fourteen children of James and Ann (Paul) Taylor.

My mother's maiden name was Hickman. She was of English descent. The Hickmans settled in Delaware about one hundred and forty years ago. Roger Hickman's marriage didn't please the aristocratic pride of his parents, so we learn from family tradition, and, they bearing down on him a little too severely, Roger struck for liberty, and with his wife went to what was then the "far West," and bought land and slaves and settled on Back Creek, in Bath County, Virginia, and there brought up a large, industrious family in the Presbyterian faith. Their son William married a daughter of Captain James Elliott, also a Revolutionary soldier, and they brought up a large, well-to-do family; my mother was their firstborn.

Stuart Taylor and Martha E. Hickman were united in marriage in 1819, and settled in Rockbridge County. They each had a sound, powerful constitution of body and mind. Their English school education was quite equal to the average of their day. Their practical common sense and energy were largely above the average. My mother was mistress of the manufacture of all kinds of cloth known in her early life, plain and ornamental, and every department of the process, from the flax in the stalk and the wool on the sheep's back to the perfect texture from the loom, and knew how to develop men and women to stand the wear and tear of life for the probable average of three quarters of a century. My father was by trade "a tanner and currier," but had been brought up a farmer. He was a mechanical genius of his times, utilizing wood, iron, and leather for all the purposes of his own farms and tanyard and the demands of the market. With his endowment of common sense he combined great sympathy for man, beasts, and birds; these, with sound judgment, made him a popular leader of men within the radius of his activity.

My parents, soon after their marriage, joined the Presbyterian Church, and tried, in their way, for thirteen years, to live up to the standard of doctrine and moral rectitude of that Christian body. They had the form of godliness, and tried to be good and to teach their children to be good, but they lacked soul-converting power. Our preacher, Rev. Andrew Davidson, was an earnest, impressive speaker, often causing his congregation to weep aloud on account of their shortcomings, and all the people of that region held the preacher in affectionate reverence. Our place of worship was a "Union Church," built largely by an old Methodist named Lambert; but up to my twelfth year I never saw a Methodist or heard of their "preaching around;" but about that time Joseph Spriggs, of the Baltimore Conference, announced that he would preach at Lambert's church on Thursday afternoon of every alternate week.

The Methodists were "a sect everywhere spoken against" in that region, so that our family were careful not to be seen in such company. One day my father, on horseback, was passing the

church as Spriggs' congregation were assembling, filling the grove with their horses, the same as for the regular preaching on the Sabbath. His curiosity was excited, and a desire enkindled to venture in to see what should attract so great a crowd on a week day. He dismounted, and, going to the door, found the church so crowded that with difficulty he got a seat against the wall near the door. Spriggs' text that day was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He was a Gospel sharpshooter. The truth commended itself to my father's judgment, and was applied to his heart by the awakening Spirit of God. He was convinced of the truth of what he heard and convicted of sin, and so drawn to the preacher that he thought if he could induce him to go home with him salvation would come to his house that day. So he pressed his way through the crowded aisle and met the preacher as he descended the pulpit stairs, and begged him to become his guest. Spriggs expressed his willingness, but declined to go with him on account of previous engagements.

For two weeks father's mind seemed to be in an utterly bewildered state, and he was in such agony of soul he could scarcely take food sufficient to sustain life. Under the pretense of "going a-hunting" he spent much of his time in the mountains, gun in hand, when he scarcely thought of shooting anything but himself, seriously contemplating suicide. I went with him on his hunt one day, and he spent most of his time at the root of a large chestnut tree, with his face in his hands, groaning and weeping. He only needed some Philip to lead him to Jesus.

Two weeks after my father was "struck," under that first Methodist sermon he ever heard, a Methodist camp meeting was commenced at Cold Sulphur Springs, about ten miles from our home. That was in August, 1832. Father felt strong drawings toward the camp meeting, but his pride and prejudice would not allow him to go avowedly to such a place; but wishing to drive a herd of his cattle into the "mountain range," six or seven miles in the direction of the camp, he said to me and one of his farm hands, "We'll drive the cattle into the mountains, and then we'll slip over and see what's going on at the camp meeting."

The first Methodist preaching I ever heard was at that camp meeting. The preachers impressed me as being a superior race of human beings. I revered them as I would have revered angels, but kept well out of their way, for I feared them. Eight or ten of the "God-men" occupied the stand during the preaching, then they all came down into the altar, to labor with the mourners. The altar was a square inclosure to accommodate from one hundred to two hundred persons, specially for the use of seekers of salvation, and the ministers and laymen and women who went in to instruct and pray for them.

For about three days my father heard the preaching, but as soon as an invitation was given to seekers to come forward to the mourners' bench he hurried off to the Springs and strolled round among the giddy crowds of the outer circles. On the last night of the meeting a sermon preached on the story of the prodigal son, by John V. Rigden, brought him to a decision to mortify his pride and have salvation at any cost. When the call was given for seekers, my father said to John Buchanan, a well-to-do neighbor of ours, who was also a nominal member of a Christian church, "John, let us go into that Methodist altar." "Agreed," replied John. Only two vacant sittings remained in the altar, and just inside the gate. John led and took the seat nearest the entrance, and father had to pass him to get to the next seat. They both soon after dropped on their knees as seekers of pardon.



My father at once with flowing tears cried, "God have mercy on me a poor sinner! O God, for Christ's sake, have mercy on me a poor sinner!" In fifteen minutes, to use his own simple expression, he piled up his short prayers till they reached to heaven, and God responded, "Son, thy sins are all forgiven thee." He was filled with the Holy Spirit and carried away in raptures of joy. He thought he heard the rejoicing of angels, and the shouts of his mother, who some years before had gone to join the hosts of the blood-washed on the other side.

Next day, on our return home, he said to me, "William, I am converted." Then he laughed and cried and shouted hallelujah. "Yes, William, I am converted to God; converted among the Methodists. God bless the Methodists! I hated and dreaded them, but God has wonderfully saved me at a Methodist camp meeting. God bless the Methodists! How I do love them, and shall always love them, I am sure; but I shall not leave my own Church, for I think God can use me as a witness among them and do them good."

As soon as we reached home my dear mother came out to meet us. Father embraced and kissed her and said, "Honey, I'm converted. God has saved me from my sins." He shouted hallelujah, and my mother wept. Then he called all the family and servants together, read a lesson from "the family Bible that lay on the stand," and kneeled down and gave thanks to God for salvation, and prayed earnestly for mother and for the children and servants by name.

Some years before, in his desire to be good, my father bought a book of prayers, with the purpose of trying to have family worship by reading a prayer; but it seemed like mockery to him; so he never attempted to have family worship till the day I have just described.

Next morning, after family worship and breakfast, he mounted a horse and rode at large through the neighborhood, and called on all the elders of the church and other leading members, and told them his wonderful experience, and asked them when they were "born again," and why they had not told him about it long ago. Father was not censorious, never was; but he was sublimely in earnest, and, filled with love and sympathy, he hoped to get them all into the same happy experience which so thrilled his heart and life. None of them attempted to argue with him, because they knew he was too much for any of them on that line before he went to the camp meeting; but now his utterances filled them with silent amazement. They would say nothing in his presence, but they reported that Stuart Taylor had "gone crazy and scandalized himself and his church at the Methodist camp meeting."

Stuart Taylor wasn't crazy. He was a level-headed man in his day, and clearly perceived that he could get no help and do but little good in the Church of his early choice, as it was at that day. So he deliberately made up his mind to join the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A fortnight after the day he came home with the good news he and his family were encamped in their own tent at Shaw's Camp Ground, seven miles distant from where we lived. At that camp meeting my mother was saved, and father, mother, and myself joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and helped to form "the society" at Lambert's. meeting house, which was attached to the Lexington Circuit. William B. Edwards, the preacher in charge, received us into the Church.

My father was naturally a leader of men, and soon became so in the Church of his newborn life. From the first and through his long life in the work his ruling passion was to get people saved. He became an ordained local preacher, but for over forty years his ministerial services, far and near, were more itinerant than local. He was in easy circumstances, and devoted a large portion of his time to special evangelistic services. His only reward -- for he refused pay -- was the joy of soul-saving success. He assisted me in protracted meetings on four different circuits in which I was a minister. He was the most willing and the most welcome helper I could get. He was a great singer, a powerful exhorter, and as for knee-work among seekers of salvation there seemed to be no limit to his zeal and power of endurance, always first in the fight and the last to retire from the field. His confidence in man and his grand possibilities were second only to his confidence in God and in free and full salvation in Jesus.

Designing men sometimes took advantage of his confidence, and would contract debts which they never paid and probably never intended to pay. A stranger called at my father's tannery and exclaimed as he approached, "O, Brother Taylor, how are you? I am delighted to see you looking so well."

"You have the advantage of me," replied father; "I have no remembrance of ever seeing you before."

"Why, Brother Taylor, don't you know me? I was converted under your preaching on Colyer's Creek, and I shall always bless the day in which you led me to Jesus." He then went on with the details of his story, and wound up by saying he had come to buy some leather. He made a choice selection, and had it rolled up and then said, "I haven't the money with me to pay for it today, but I will certainly get it and pay you, Brother Taylor, inside of ten days." He had worked his card so well that my father trusted him.

Father, referring to him months afterward, said: "With all his pious profession I believe he had a devil in him as big as a ground-hog." But his faith in the many was never shaken by the deceptive hypocrisy of the few, and though he would not a second time trust them with leather on time he still sought earnestly to save them.

The civil war swept like a tornado over the State of Virginia. The Valley was in possession alternately of the Union and of the Confederate army. The trimmers knew not which side to shout for.

A detachment of Confederate cavalry galloped up to a farmhouse and demanded of a woman standing in the door, "Which side are you on, North or South?" She replied promptly, "I'm a Baptist. I've been a member of the Baptist Church from my childhood." But everybody who was acquainted with Stuart Taylor knew which side he was on; indeed, he was recklessly bold in declaring his unflinching fidelity to the Union cause. A conspiracy was planned for his arrest and execution in Castle Thunder, but the Lord was so careful of him that he moved General Johnston, commander of that division, to issue an order that Stuart Taylor should not be molested; and he was not.

In the midst of the war troubles the society of Lambert's meeting house, all except my father, left the Methodist Episcopal Church and joined in a body the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. As he stood alone they all tried to persuade him to go with them. "No," said he; "if I should turn my back upon my Church and my nation, especially in this the day of their sorrow, I should say the Lord would serve me right to turn me out of heaven and bar the doors against me." He then applied to the Baltimore Conference for a minister to be sent to his house, and he would support him and his family. This request was granted; a minister was sent, and remained with him till the war was over. A new place of worship, meantime, was built in the neighborhood, and a new society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed.

My father's house was always a welcome home for God's ambassadors, and both father and mother loved them and were never more delighted than to have them in their home and minister to them. They were Methodists in heart, life, and profession, but welcomed to their hospitality ministers of other Churches.

Father and mother enjoyed an unwaning honeymoon, which shone on their happy married life through its whole period of about fifty-four years. He always addressed her as "Honey," and she addressed him as "Darling." I have no remembrance of ever hearing an unkind word pass between them.

Father wrote me when I was laboring in Ceylon, saying: "Our old friends wanted us to have a golden wedding and allow them to honor us with their gifts. I respectfully declined, saying, 'We have got on so well with the old contract for fifty years that I prefer it for another fifty years, or as long as the Lord shall be pleased to spare us.'" In the same letter he added: "When mother and I were surrounded by our growing family we often spoke with sadness of the coming time when they would scatter abroad and leave us in lonely desolation. The dreaded time has come. They are all married, except Rebecca and John, who are in heaven; the nine who survive have comfortable homes of their own, and we are left alone, but not lonely. Indeed, we never were so free from care and so really happy before; God has blessed us in our children. They are all healthy, all religious, all Methodists, all industrious, all peaceable and peacemakers, and three of them Gospel ministers. We are happy thus to know that our great lifework is done. Our sun is setting, and not a cloud in the west. We are waiting cheerfully on the bank of the river for the boatman to come to take us home."

After an unbroken term of thirteen years in foreign evangelizing work I was fondly hoping to see dear father and mother again on this side of the river. In 1874. while I was founding missions in Madras, India, my host, Dr. Condon, said to me one day as I came in, "Is your father's name Stuart?"

"Yes, doctor; his name is Stuart Taylor."

"I have just read in this paper that Stuart Taylor is dead."

I need not try to explain the mixed emotions of my heart in that hour of bereavement. Next year I came home, hoping again to see my mother; but before I arrived I learned that she too was gone. Ten months of widowhood, and then she plumed her wings and flew up the shining way by

which father had gone, to be reunited in their home above. The days of the pilgrimage of my father were seventy-nine years, and of my mother seventy-five. In the Lord's good time I shall see them again. Next to the sight of the King in his beauty I shall want to see my father and mother.

On an elevated spot in Shewey's graveyard, selected by my father when in health, my parents sleep side by side awaiting the sublime hour of hope when "all that are in the grave shall hear his voice and come forth." An old friend who recently visited the grave of my parents writes me as follows: "While standing uncovered at your father's grave I was carried back to 1850, when I first saw him. I well remember his sermons, his singing, and his testimony. Surely he was a chosen vessel, and his memory is still cherished by the remaining few who knew him."

My birthday was the 2nd of May, 1821 -- the beginning of a family of five sons and six daughters. I will copy but a few illustrative items from the early records of my memory.

Early in my third year I spent a few weeks with Uncle Arthur and Aunt Esther Walkup. A large sunflower on a tall stalk grew near the kitchen door. One day I made an attempt to climb the stem up to the flower, but my weight broke it down, and I ran in, saying, "O come, Aunt Walkup, and see what I have done." I thought it was a commendable proof of my strength, but she corrected my mistake. In the latter part of my third year I spent a few months at Grandfather Hickman's, and there learned some useful lessons, one of which I will mention. Seeing a large cluster of bees hanging down from the front of the hive, I said, "Ah, my sweeties, I'll fix you." So I got an empty horn of a cow and filled it with water and dashed it on the bees. They resented it and speared [stung] me most unmercifully. The lesson I learned was to attend to my own business and not meddle with the affairs of other folks.

About a year later I went with Aunt Nancy Thomas, one of father's sisters, riding for twenty miles behind her on the same horse, to spend a few months with Grandmother Taylor. We spent a night on the way at Captain Montgomery's, on Toad Run. In reply to the inquiry of our host as to my age I said, "I'll be five years old next corn-planting time." I remember I picked up a handsaw in a new house they were building and sawed an inch or two into the edge of a board -- my first lesson in the carpenter's business. My grandmother advanced me in the art of spelling from one to two syllables, and taught me the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

One fine day in the early spring grandmother took me with her, on foot, two miles up Buffalo Creek to a wool-picking at Mr. Penzant's. There I became acquainted with Tom Henderson, of about my own age -- five years. Tom and I were of no use at the wool-picking, so we went snaking along the creek, and the pair of us killed eleven water snakes, fleeing from one big snake in the grass, fearing the consequences of an attack. Finishing up the snake business for that occasion, we went to the barn to hunt hens' eggs and found a nest of young kittens; and putting them into our bibs we quietly walked into the large room where about twenty mothers were busily engaged in picking wool. A large heap of it, white and clean, had passed through their nimble fingers. So Tom and I slipped the kittens into the pile of cleaned wool and they at once set up a pitiful crying, in their way. Tom and I ran as for life to escape a well-deserved chastisement. After the completion of the wool-picking came the great supper, in which all hands were interested. The wool was ready to be sent to the carding machine, and the good women were ready to return to their homes. Grandmother, bonnet on, was ready to start when Mother Henderson, by the

persuasion of her son Tom, asked grandmother to let William stay with him overnight. So granny asked me if I could go home alone next morning. "O yes," said I, "easy enough." So she went on without me.

Next morning, after breakfast, on my departure, Mother Henderson presented me with a duck egg, assuring me that if I would carry it "steady" and set it under a hen it would hatch out a duck. I danced in joyful hope of success in the duck business, but I had two miles to walk, and the egg must not be shaken. So I set out holding the egg before me in my two hands, so as not to shake it. I thus got on very well for about half a mile, when my zeal in the duck business all evaporated. "The idea of thus carrying an egg all the way home and then wait for weeks for it to hatch out a duck," said I to myself; "it's no use." So I gave the egg a thorough shaking, saying, "I'll have you for my breakfast tomorrow morning." On my way home I met Cousin Jim Thomas, and he made me a large whistle of chestnut bark; so I went home in high glee, thinking to see granny run out in astonishment at the sound of my whistle. It was so new and interesting to me I thought it would be equally so to her; but to my surprise, when I entered the house, blowing away through my whistle, there she sat knitting quietly as though nothing strange had happened.

During the few months of sojourn with my dear grandmother she advanced me rapidly in the difficult art of English orthography, and, better still, she explained to me my filial relation to God, under the covenant of grace, so that I walked in the daily sunshine of his love, till forfeited by sin. It occurred on this wise: In the early part of my sixth year I saw a little old knife, not worth two cents, lying on the floor of a verandah. I knew it belonged to another little boy, but I coveted it and put it into my pocket.

Then came on me for the first time that awful seasickish sensation of guilt and remorse which indicated the forfeiture of my infantile justified relation to God. The thing was all the more grievous to my conscience because it occurred many miles away, and I could not get back to replace the things; so I threw them away in utter disgust.

I learned to read the New Testament before I had seen seven summers. I read in the book about repentance, and mourned alone in sorrow that I did not know how to repent, and thought I must perish in my ignorance and sin. My parents took great interest in teaching me; but neither of them then knew the Lord; so I had no one to show me the way. I read of the love of Jesus and how kind he was to the little children, but that was long ago, and he had left this world, and I knew of no possibility of speaking to him. I read about his life and death, and that he had gone back to heaven, and thought, "O, if I had lived in those days when Jesus dwelt with men, then certainly I would have gone to him like the little children I read about; but he has gone away, and I have no Saviour."

But it came to pass in those days of my darkness that I heard a colored servant-girl tell what she heard a black collier [coal-miner] say. It was to me a wonderful story of dreams and visions; but the sum of it was that the poor Negro found Jesus and had got all his sins forgiven and washed away. I had "the word of God," but lacked "the testimony for Jesus." That lack, second hand, was now in a small measure supplied. I said to myself, "If this black man has found Jesus and got his sins forgiven, then, somehow, Jesus isn't so far away after all. If this poor sinner has found him why can't I find him?" Still, I did not know how to proceed. But soon after, as I sat one

night by the kitchen fire, the Spirit of the Lord came on me and I found myself suddenly weeping aloud and confessing my sins to God in detail, as I could recall them, and begged him for Jesus' sake to forgive them, with all I could not remember; and I found myself trusting in Jesus that it would all be so, and in a few minutes my heart was filled with peace and love, not the shadow of a doubt remaining.

I was fully conscious at that early, far-away time of having been forgiven, and of having received "a new heart and a right spirit." Then I went and kneeled down by my trundle-bed and said, "Our Father which art in heaven," and realized sweetly that he was my reconciled Father. Every word of that prayer that I had so often repeated from memory without realizing its meaning was as precious manna to my spirit. I can never forget the heavenly rest that filled my soul that night. For many weeks I walked in the light without a bedimming cloud, and often wondered that I had groped in the dark so long when the way was indeed so plain. I daily sang with sweet emotions of joy the hymns my mother had taught me. All the blessed experiences of those days were to me facts as clear and vivid as the play of the lightning and of the beautiful lines of light in the rainbow; but I could no more describe my experience within than I could describe these phenomena of the heavens, and had no one to speak to me nor to whom I could speak of these spiritual things.

I cannot say how many weeks or months I lived in this blessed union with God, but in course of time, when one bright day I was in my father's cornfield, Satan came to me as an invisible person and opened a conversation with my inner consciousness. I did not know Satan then, and was quite ignorant of his devices. It had never struck me that he lived in this world, though I had read of his deeds of darkness in the olden time. So he said to me, "What was that you were reading about this morning?"

"I was reading about the believers in Jerusalem who sold their possessions and brought the price and laid it down at the apostles' feet."

"Yes, you read it, did you?"

"I did read it this very morning."

"Well, have you done that? You see, you never can own anything if you go on in this way. You must sell everything you have and give the money away; and if anything should ever come to you, you can't keep it for yourself, but must give it up as soon as you get it."

"All right, I am the Lord's, and I'll do whatever he wants me to do."

"But have you done it?"

I replied, "No, I haven't yet, but I will."

"You will, hey! Then why don't you do it?"

So, in a hasty stock-taking of what I had, I could not recall an item of anything that had any money value in it except some skins in my father's tanyard, which would not be turned for weeks to come nor tanned in as many months; so I said, "I have nothing but the skins."

"Well, you must get them out of the tan vats today, and sell them, and give the money away, or lose your peace."

"I am willing, I am willing; but I can't get them out of the tan vats now."

"Then God commands you to do something you can't do."

"Well, I want to do it, and would if I could."

"Yes; but you can't, and you know you can't; so God requires you to do what you can't do."

I was cornered, and in great confusion of mind assented to the devil's lie, that God required of me the performance of an impossibility, and immediately the light that was within me became darkness, and O, how great was that darkness! The old deceiver thus drew a weapon from the armory of God, and with it slew me, and set on his victim with a grin of satisfaction and scowl of contempt. When I think of the dreadful fall of Lucifer and the eternal wreck and ruin it brought on him I often pity him; but I never had any respect for him since the day he took such a mean advantage of the ignorance of a poor little boy. Like the eunuch of Ethiopia, I needed a Philip to come along and explain to me that the extraordinary beneficence of Barnabas and others, who sold their possessions and laid down the price at the feet of the apostles, was not a law requiring believers at large thus to dispose of their property, but was a genuine expression of Christian sympathy to meet an emergency. Thousands of pilgrims who had come from all parts of the Roman world to attend the feast of Pentecost had been detained by their acceptance of the Christ and the work he required. Their own limited supplies exhausted, they would have come to grief by starvation and pestilence but for the extraordinary liberality of Barnabas and many others of the same spirit. So in all the ages, to the present day, the spontaneity of Christian love and sympathy to meet emergencies has been the same. The tithe, or tenth, of net income of every producer in the world belongs to God, in a financial sense, and anyone withholding it "robs God." Having discharged his debt to the owner of the world, if he has the means to spare and a liberal heart to bestow charity, God accepts his free-will offerings and gives him due credit on the score of beneficence. The case of persons possessing nothing, or nothing available, as in my case, is covered by what is written: "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." But no Philip came along in my hour of need; and in my ignorance, instead of fleeing at once to Jesus and taking shelter in his bosom, I stood in the open field and tried to reason with the old sophist who through the centuries has been deceiving the nations. I got into the castle of Giant Despair and lost the key.

Instead of bright sunshine in my spirit it was dense darkness; instead of joy and gladness in blessed union with Jesus I had unrest and wretchedness. I wished most earnestly that the blessed life of love and peace would return to me, but I seemed to have lost all knowledge of the way back to God. I then vainly tried to fill the aching void with worldly entertainments, but it was like a hungry child feeding on sawdust and shavings.

It was almost five years after my defeat that my father was saved at the Cold Sulphur Spring camp meeting, and two weeks later, at "Shaw's Camp Meeting," my mother was converted to God. At that camp meeting I went forward as a seeker at every call for two days and nights. I was trying to scream and pray my way in, and knew not how to surrender to God and receive and trust Jesus. I was praying for the blessing instead of receiving the Blesser. One night near the close of the camp meeting, when at the "mourners bench" praying and crying at the top of my voice, "Jimmie Clark" took me in his arms and soothed me down somewhat, and said: "Now, William, I am sure you do repent, and that you do believe. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now you do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; therefore you are saved."

I replied, "Unless I feel that he saves me, I can't say that I am saved."

"But you are looking at the dark side all the time; and can't hear his gentle voice of mercy nor feel the touch of his loving hand. Now look at the bright side; thank God for giving Jesus to die for you; praise him for salvation in Jesus. Just say it and you will soon feel it. 'Glory to God for salvation in Jesus!'" So I did as he told me, hoping to feel the saving power within, as he assured me I should. But I had only uttered the words, "Glory to God for salvation," when he shouted, "Hallelujah! William is saved." My father came running and embraced me, and exulted, and others joined in the general rejoicing over my conversion. I had ventured on an experiment, under the advice of a well-meaning brother, and hoped to feel the assuring witness and renewing work of the Holy Spirit in my heart.

When, after the excitement and confusion of the moment, I could inquire within, I felt utterly blank, dark, and desolate, and my old enemy, getting a grip on my timidity, said: "It has gone all over the camp that you are converted. If you say now that you are not converted you will grieve your father, and the people will say you have been playing the hypocrite. The meeting will close tomorrow, and you can quietly go home and there cry to God and find the joy."

As far as possible I avoided a profession, for I had a horror of hypocrisy, but was so deficient in moral courage as not to be able to contradict the statement that had gone abroad, and was hence utterly wretched. On returning home I cried and prayed by the hour; but the heavens were as brass to me, for I was in a false position. I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the camp meeting with father and mother and regularly attended prayer and class meetings and tried to be good.

About a year after [later] I was deeply awakened by the Holy Spirit one night at a series of revival services at Lambert's meeting house. It seemed to me as plain as daylight that if I would go forward as a seeker among the mourners I should find salvation in a few minutes. The Spirit said, "Go, go now," but Satan said, "Don't go, unless you have your father with you to explain your case." I looked for my father. He was usually at the front and easily seen; but on this occasion I spent over half an hour hunting for him, and when I found him in the gallery instructing a poor sinner my call was slighted and dishonored, and my heart was utterly destitute of the tender emotion and sorrow for sin I had so sensibly felt an hour before. Then Satan told me that I had rejected God's last offer of mercy to me and that the Holy Spirit had left me forever, and the nightmare of despair settled down on my soul. Some weeks later I went forward as a seeker, but



felt no tender emotion or sorrow for sin, and could not for a moment break the dark cloud of despair that enveloped my spirit.

About two years after I joined the Church I was one night at a Presbyterian prayer meeting, and the leader called on me to pray. I put my head under the bench at which I was kneeling and tried to hide myself from view; but after a little delay he called on me again to lead in prayer. So I was caught, and could see no way out but to obey orders. With some sense and a great deal of sound I made what was reported to be a startling success, which was noised abroad. The Methodists had not called on me to pray, because I was telling them in class meeting that I was not at all clear in my experience; but now they began to call on me regularly to lead in prayer, which I never refused to do. My father took me to his revival meetings to help him, and depended very much on my praying up the rousements. So my life, for years, was a series of long struggles to be good; praying in private and in public prayer meetings, with sad lapses into secret sins, maintaining an outward life of reputed consistency as a member of the Church, yet in heart utterly destitute of hope in God. I knew too well, I thought, when the Holy Spirit gave me his last call and departed to return no more.

At about the age of fourteen I had what was called "the slow fever," a sort of typhoid, I think. It was thought I must die at that time. Father used to sit over me and inquire, with flowing tears, if I had peace with God. I felt that I had no hope beyond the grave, but determined not to grieve father and mother, so evaded the point of their inquiry. The Lord in mercy raised me up and spared my very unhappy and unpromising life.

In my twentieth year I rode twenty miles on horseback one day in company with John Middleton, a pious Methodist blacksmith residing in Lexington, Va., to a revival meeting in progress at Rapp's meeting house, on Buffalo Creek. John was a sympathizing, loving Christian, and told me much of his early experience in trying to be good, and it so corresponded with mine that a ray of hope pierced the depths of my darkness; and at that revival I went forward again as a seeker. William H. Enos, our preacher in charge, said, "That is not your place, William," and called on me to lead in prayer. I obeyed the order, and prayed for all the rest of them, and said, "Amen," and remained among the seekers praying for myself. I got a little light and a few rays of hope at that meeting.

A fortnight later I went to a camp meeting at Panther Gap, ten miles from home. James Gamble, the preacher in charge on that circuit, was an earnest and successful Gospel minister in the old Baltimore Conference. Soon after my arrival at the camp I was called on to pray, which was a hindrance to my going forward as a seeker of salvation. I, however, prayed as usual; but when seekers were called I went forward, and when the meeting for that night was closed and the congregation retired I remained on the floor under the benches. William Forbes and his son, two humble colliers, remained with me and sang softly and said a few words occasionally; and as I lay there in silence I realized the presence of an invisible person, seemingly but a few feet distant from me, and it came to my mind, "Jesus has come;" and in a moment I received him, and trusted him to take me in hand and do the best he could for one utterly abandoned and lost; and I sweetly realized in my soul, "O, he loves me; he saves me! I do love God, I do love the brethren, I have indeed passed from death unto life. Glory to God!"

"Satan came in like a flood," injecting into my mind vulgar and profane thoughts, and then insinuated, "Ah, you see you can't be a child of God and feel that way;" but I rested on the bosom of Jesus, and he lifted up a standard against the enemy of my soul and kept me in safety. I was thus restored to my standing in the kingdom and family of God about 10 p.m. of the 28th day of August, 1841. There I have dwelt in "the secret place of the Most High, and under the shadow of the Almighty" from that day to the present.

For six dreary years before I was restored to my standing in the kingdom and family of God I groped in the darkness of despair, believing that the Holy Spirit had abandoned me forever. So, to find out that I was mistaken, and to realize that I was saved, gave me joy that was unspeakable. But I was greatly troubled with "wandering thoughts" and the vile suggestions of Satan, and had an awful dread of falling, which, combined with love and sympathy for unsaved people, led me to work for God with quenchless zeal; yet I was naturally so extremely bashful that nothing short of my fear of offending God could have kept me up to the line of my opportunities.

During the remaining days of that camp meeting I was as keen on the scent for souls as a setter after the game. The order of the day was for one man to preach and another to follow with an exhortation and a call for seekers to come forward for instruction and for the prayers of good people. As soon as this call was made I went out into the congregation to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God. When I found a young man under awakening, but refusing to come forward to the mourners' bench, I would invite him to walk and talk with me in the adjacent forest, and usually after the talk and a season of prayer together "in secret," he would return and accompany me to the altar of prayer.

The day the camp meeting closed, as we were departing for our homes, I stopped in the road in front of a dry goods and provision store, and exhorted the merchant and a group of his customers to make their peace with God at once, reminding them that the camp meeting "harvest was past, and the summer ended."

That was the beginning of my "street preaching," a most unnatural thing for me, and always a heavy cross, but a means of grace to me and of the salvation of many souls. My fear of neglect and condemnation led me to approach all sorts of hard cases, and I was admonished by my good father to discriminate more closely, and not to lock horns with men who were far in advance of me in age and intelligence.

On our way from this camp meeting Satan laid a snare for my soul. We had to pass through a tollgate requiring, for horse and rider, the payment of eighteen cents. My father, doing a great deal of business over that road, paid a stipulated amount for himself and family by the year.

A very respectable lady and a member of the Church, for whose accommodation I would have run a mile any day, came to me, saying she had a request to make of me. I said, "All right, sister; I am at your service."

"I want you to give me your place in the wagon and to ride my horse, so that I won't have to pay toll."

I exclaimed, "O, my good woman, that would involve my conscience, for God could not pass it as a straight transaction!"

Soon after I went, by invitation, to lead a prayer meeting at the house of Brother and Sister Hill, at the forge in the gap of the North Mountain, near where I was born. The Lord gave me one soul at that meeting, a black man, who became a steadfast Christian.

Satan took advantage of my very sensitive and over-scrupulous conscience and gave me a great deal of trouble, but the Lord was very patient with me, and often defeated him. One day, passing on horseback, I saw the county poorhouse, about two hundred yards distant across a field. I said to myself, "There's the home of a great many poor people, poor old men and women who will in the near future go to their graves, and many of them probably are unsaved. I ought to go and tell them of Jesus, and that, as he saves me from my sins, so he will be glad to save them if they will consent. But they are all strangers to me, and will think I am a self-conceited intermeddler, wanting to pass myself off for somebody and acquire notoriety. I am in a hurry, and must accomplish my business errand and hasten home. Yes, but this is my first, and will probably be my last, chance to speak a word for God to those poor old people, and my testimony for Jesus may be the means of saving some of them."

So I dismounted and climbed a high fence, and made a straight cut across the fields to the poorhouse. At the corner of the nearest house to me I saw an old man sitting on a stool. I hastened my approach and kneeled down before him, saying, "My dear old father, I have come to tell you about the love of Jesus, who died for us, and who has taken away all my sins." I testified and exhorted, and the Holy Spirit gave me unction and utterance, which drew the people around me in large numbers, so that, after speaking personally to about half a dozen, I invited them all to assemble in a large room, where we could all worship God together. We then had a very interesting meeting, singing, Scripture reading, exposition, testimony, and exhortation. It was indeed an occasion never to be forgotten, though I made no mention of it to anyone, as my conscience censured me severely for my cowardly hesitation about it.

In my penitential struggle at the camp meeting these words of Jesus rang in my ears like the voice of God: "When thou art converted" -- or returned from thy flight -- "strengthen thy brethren." Acting promptly on that responsibility, I did not lose an hour by delay, but proceeded at once to soul-saving work, as the Lord opened my way. I made no profession of a call to preach the Gospel, and never asked, then nor since, for any office in the gift of the Church; but I was so burdened on account of the peril of unsaved sinners that I became very unhappy and cried to God to pity me, and lead me in the way of his own choosing. So he gave me instruction through a dream. In pouring out "his Spirit upon all flesh," children, heathen, and all others not sufficiently advanced in God's school to have their minds directly opened to understand the Scriptures are taught of the Spirit by means of "dreams and visions." So the Spirit said to me in a dream: "My child, you are needlessly disturbing your mind about the work God has for you to do. You must tarry at Jerusalem till 'endued with power from on high;' then God will call you as he did Jonah, when he said, distinctly, 'Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city.'" The prophetic unction of Jonah, by anticipation, so filled me that I sprang up and the peace of God pervaded my spirit; so that I gave myself no further trouble on the subject of preaching, but left it all with God.

Soon after this I was helped on to an advance line of work by means of another dream. In my dream I was listening to an earnest preacher of the Gospel. At the close, when he dismissed the congregation, he remained standing in the pulpit and sang a solo while the crowd passed out; many meantime quietly remained in their seats. After singing a few verses the preacher, looking steadfastly at me, said: "William, God has a special work for you to do. If you will follow his Spirit, confer not with flesh and blood, turn neither to the right nor to the left, your wisdom will be like the continual dropping into a bucket." In addition to the words, a vision of the whole thing was distinctly presented to my view, including a large empty bucket, with the rapid dropping of the purest water. When I awoke I was assured that I was walking after the Spirit according to the best light I had, but knew not the interpretation nor special design of the vision.

The following Sabbath I heard William H. Enos, the preacher in charge of our circuit -- Lexington Circuit -- preach in Lambert's meeting house, and at the close, when he dismissed the congregation, he remained standing in the pulpit and sang a solo as the crowd passed out. About thirty persons, including myself, quietly remained for the class meeting. When Brother Enos reached the conclusion of his solo he came directly to me and said, "William, I want you to go out." His penetrating gaze and emphatic words frightened me; so I promptly left the house and cut for home by the shortest path across the fields and through the woods, wondering why I should be ordered out of the church in the presence of the whole class.

On the return of my dear parents father said, "William, what became of you today? Brother Enos sent me to call you in, and I could not find you anywhere."

"When Brother Enos ordered me out of the house I thought it was time for me to leave."

"Well, you had nothing to get scared about. As soon as you retired Brother Enos said to the society, 'I have had my eye on William Taylor for some time past, and I believe God has a special work for him to do, and I wish to submit his name to the church as a suitable person to receive an official license to exhort.' So the nomination was put and carried unanimously, and I was sent out to call you, and had to return answer that you were not to be found."

Then I seriously pondered the whole matter, and saw the beginning of a life realization of my dreams. I said to myself, "I have but little knowledge, but within a perpetual dropping of divine wisdom into my bucket God will put me through on the line of obedience."

Soon after [that] Brother Enos presented me with a license to exhort, written in beautiful German letters by Sister Enos, a lady of high culture, and signed by the plain hand of the preacher in charge. I was led on so fast that my license to exhort never "came up for renewal."

During that fall -- 1841 -- I labored in several protracted meetings in different parts of our circuit, and spent the ensuing winter at school in Lexington, and conducted the regular prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and held meetings on Sabbath days in different parts of the adjacent country. During the summer of 1842 I taught school at Rapp's schoolhouse, on the south branch of Buffalo Creek, near where I had lived with my grandmother when I was five years of age. Sixteen years had passed. Grandmother, who first taught me to pray, had died and gone to heaven. Mother Henderson, who gave me the duck egg, had also passed away; so also Cousin Jim

Thomas, who made my first whistle. He was the only son of Uncle Amos and Aunt Nancy Thomas, but their seven daughters, grand women, all lived to mature married life. Ann, who lived to be the mother of four children, was eloquent in exhortation, and had marvelous power in prayer both with God and men. All her sisters lived to old age and became the honored mothers of over sixty-five sons and daughters.

The Penzant family, where I went with "granny" to the wool-picking, emigrated to the far West. Tom Henderson, who helped me kill the snakes, had, like myself, grown to young manhood, and was also an earnest Christian worker. My schoolhouse was the house of worship also for that region of country, with a week day appointment on the circuit plan every alternate week; but more than half the appointments were disappointments, on account of the failure of the "circuit preachers" in coming to [at the appointed] time. Good, faithful ministers they were, but they had a large circuit; rough roads, and occasional illness, and the fact that I was on the ground and would be sure to take the meeting fully accounted for their absence.

One day, when a young preacher came and preached, he had occasion to reprove a young man for disturbing the congregation. The fellow rushed out, threatening he would thrash the preacher as soon as he should come out of the house. The minister was a small man, and was evidently badly scared. But as soon as he was ready to start I said to him, "Take my arm, brother, and I will see you safely on your horse." And so I did. Forty years after that the same minister, aged and honored in the work of the ministry, said to me, "I shall never forget the day, Brother Taylor, when, at Rapp's schoolhouse, you saved me from a thrashing by the hands of a big ruffian."

I began my work as a teacher on the 30th of May, 1842. Near the close of my three months' term I gave a few days' vacation, in which Tom Henderson, myself, and one or two more young fellows walked fifteen miles to attend a camp meeting on "Fincastle Circuit," in Botetourt County, and had a good time. Our Presiding Elder of Rockingham District, N. J. B. Morgan, was in charge of the camp meeting. He was a tall, commanding, fine-looking man, a pulpit Boanerges in his day, a general in administration, and could not be satisfied with less than two thousand converts per year on his district. His father, Jared Morgan, was an honored pioneer minister of the old Baltimore Conference, and his brothers, Littleton and Tillotson, were also able ministers in the same Conference. Littleton especially was a preacher of rare ability. Brown Morgan, our elder, was as a nursing father to me.

At this camp meeting he called me to him in the preachers' tent. He stroked my hair softly and drew me near to his loving heart and said, "Brother William, I want to send you as junior preacher with Francis A. Harding, on Monroe Circuit."

"Why, Brother Morgan, I never preached in my life. I can't preach."

He caressed me kindly and said, "God has called you to preach, and I know you can do it, and God will bless you and give you success."

I was awed and amazed, moved and melted, and hardly knew what to say. After a pause I ventured to ask, "What books should I take with me from which I may learn to preach?"

"Take the Bible and the Methodist Hymn Book."

"But I can't complete my school engagement inside of three weeks."

"All right; finish up as quickly as you can, and I will have everything arranged for you."

So I returned to my school, and, in addition to the work it involved, I had a series of revival services and seven powerful conversions to God.

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## 02 -- MY JUNIOR SERVICE

The First Circuit -- Work of the Bishop -- The General Conference -- Annual and Quarterly Conferences -- Method of English Methodism -- Presiding Elders and Preachers in Charge -- My First Elder -- His Letter to Me -- Appointments on My Circuit -- The Outfit -- Squire Jones and his Family -- A Pelican in the Wilderness -- "Are You Prepared to Die?" -- Tumble of a Preacher and his Horse -- At Crab-bottom -- "I am a Pilgrim." -- No More Medicine -- Laws of Health Sufficient -- My First Colleague -- "He's Got the Stuff." -- Preaching Turn About -- At Grandfather Hickman's -- The Family -- Disarming Grandfather's Prejudice -- The Old Man Weeps -- Recommended for the Traveling Ministry -- The Presiding Elder Represents Me -- Received on Trial -- Character of My Circuit -- My Experience at E. Joseph's -- Beginning at Once -- Jim and Zeek Proclaim the Tidings -- Having a Class Meeting -- My Method with Radcliffe -- The Bland Family -- A Ruffian Cowed -- Charlie Reid -- His Experiences on the Circuit -- The Log-rolling Time -- The Young Preacher Announces Himself -- "He's a Tremendous Fellow to Roll Logs." -- James McCourt, the Centenarian -- The Old Man Runs a Foot-race -- Dies at a Hundred and Seven -- Zane Bland and I at His Father's -- First Experience in Washington City -- Counsel of My Presiding Elder -- College Bred and Corn Bred -- In the Pulpit of Asbury -- Starting My Tunes -- The Choir Question -- Adam Miller -- The Baltimore Conference -- Am Sent to Fincastle Circuit -- Home of the Browns -- Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South -- Trunk and Saddlebags

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It was the 8th of October, 1842, when I was sent to my first circuit under appointment of the presiding elder. In the current chapter I will recount the story of my first years in the regular ministry. The period extends, in time, from 1842 to 1849, when I was sent by Bishop Waugh to California. In experience it covers the epoch of my tentative efforts to be an ambassador for Christ. Philosophically, the time embraces those years of my life in which I walked somewhat by the aid of others, in close association with young ministers like myself, down to the crisis when I must needs walk alone.

It may not be considered out of place here for me to give the uninitiated a peep into the symmetrical adjustment and practical working of the wonderful system called Methodism.

Our bishops are constituted by an election by the General Conference, and the "laying on of hands of the presbytery," according to the New Testament and the formula prescribed in our Discipline. No law guarantees the life tenure of the office, but thus far it has gone for life, except in one case of resignation. [The resignation of Bishop L. L. Hamline because of deteriorated health -- DVM] Any bishop is at liberty to resign; every bishop is liable to arrest, trial, and expulsion if he doesn't behave himself. No bishop in the history of Methodism thus far has dishonored his office, all of them being God-given men. Every bishop has his work assigned to him by the authority of the General Conference. In regard to the home Board of Bishops, its appointing power is delegated to it by the General Conference; and the board, at its semiannual meetings, assigns to each bishop the field of his episcopal jurisdiction, as per "plan of episcopal visitation," made and published every six months; all being itinerant and not diocesan bishops.

There is no difference in the functions or in the official standing of our bishops and missionary bishops, the only difference being in the fact that the General Conference, instead of delegating its appointing power, exercises it in relation to missionary bishops by a direct appointment to a definite foreign field for an indefinite period of time, they being, in common with the home Board of Bishops, responsible to the General Conference for their conduct.

The General Conference, the legislative body and high appellate court of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meets the first day of May every four years, and is constituted of one ministerial delegate for every forty-six ministers, and two lay delegates from each Annual Conference, in home and foreign countries alike. Young Conferences, not measuring up to this numerical standard, are each entitled to elect and send one ministerial and one lay delegate to General Conference.

An Annual Conference is composed only of regular traveling ministers and accepted candidates for the ministry.

A Quarterly Conference is constituted of the traveling and local preachers, exhorters, class leaders, stewards, trustees, and superintendents of the Sunday schools. In large stations there is a "stewards and leaders' meeting," The preacher in charge presiding and receiving reports from all the departments of work represented, or "of any who are sick, or any who walk disorderly," requiring the immediate attention of the pastors -- a wonderful and most effective piece of ecclesiastical machinery.

The presiding elders come next to the bishops, and are sometimes, as in official records, designated by the initial letters P. E.

The office of an American presiding elder corresponds with that of a "chairman of a district" in English Methodism, each having supervision of about a dozen circuits or stations, with their ministers and official members. Every circuit and station must be embodied in one of the districts of an Annual Conference. The office of a chairman of a district differs, however, from that of a presiding elder in the fact that he has at the same time the pastoral charge of a circuit, and has only coordinate authority with the superintendent pastors in his district, except when invited by their courtesy to preside at their Quarterly Conferences, or is called by some exigency specially requiring his attention.

A presiding elder is practically a sub-bishop, and is appointed to his office annually by a bishop, or sent back into the ordinary pastorate by a bishop.

A presiding elder devotes his whole time to the supervision of his district. At the Annual Conference sessions the presiding elders are officially the advisers of the presiding bishop in making the appointments of all the ministers of the Conference for the ensuing year. The presiding elders are expected to hold all the Quarterly Meetings, four on each circuit or station per year, and to inspect carefully the written reports presented from every department of Church work.

All candidates for license to preach or to exhort must be examined and elected by a Quarterly or District Conference, and all candidates for admission in an Annual Conference must be examined and recommended by the same. The written certification in each case must bear the name of the presiding elder.

Class leaders are appointed, changed, or suspended by the preacher in charge of a circuit or station.

In Wesleyan Methodism a preacher in charge is styled "the superintendent" of a circuit.

The class leaders are sub-pastors, each having charge of a dozen or more of the members of the church, each one of whom he is expected to see weekly.

The difference between a circuit and a station is simply in the fact that a circuit embraces in one pastoral charge a number of small villages or country preaching places. In large towns and cities, where a pastorate is limited to one principal church, with its mission outshoots, it is denominated a station; but the organic functions of both are the same. In England they are all called "circuits."

As before stated, my presiding elder, N. J. B. Morgan, appointed me to Monroe Circuit with Francis A. Harding. He was the same Brother Harding who, two years later, was suspended from the ministry by the Baltimore Annual Conference for refusing to manumit his slaves, and whose appeal to the General Conference of 1844 became the entering wedge that split in twain the Methodist Episcopal Church. While preparing to go to my appointment I received a letter from my presiding elder to this effect:

"My Dear Brother William: I want you to go to Franklin Circuit instead of Monroe. The junior preacher of Franklin Circuit spends so much of his time sparking round among the young ladies, and so little of his time in the work he was sent to do, that the stewards of the circuit insist on his removal from the circuit. So I will send him to New Castle Circuit and give him a chance for his life, and send you to take his place on Franklin Circuit. Thomas H. Busey is preacher in charge. He is a good preacher, a powerful exhorter, a man of noble bearing every way. He will be a patient, kind, loving father to you. I am very glad to send you with Busey instead of Harding. But before you go to your appointment I want you to preach one round on Lexington Circuit. The preacher in charge will be absent a few weeks on other duties, and I want you to supply for him till he shall return to his circuit. 'Be of good courage; God is with you.'"



"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house." That is certainly the rule, but there are exceptional cases. Honor or no honor, the first circuit round of my itinerant ministry was in my native county, among the companions of my youth and my kindred, one of the appointments which I filled being at Lambert's meeting house, where I had held my membership in the Church from my boyhood, and another at Lexington, the county seat, among my school-fellows. I had become quite accustomed to exhorting in the altar of our church there, at week-night prayer meetings, but had never entered the pulpit. So when I entered the sacred desk and faced a Sunday morning crowded audience I became as giddy-headed as a fresh sailor boy at the masthead and as blind as a bat on facing the sun. I shut my eyes and opened my mouth, and in my heart cried to God, and he filled me with divine light and love, gave me ready utterance, and we had a good time. The few weeks thus spent on my native circuit was an assuring preparation for the field of labor to which I had been appointed, which was a four-week circuit, seventy-five miles in extent. Franklin, the seat of Pendleton County, and head of the circuit, was its most easterly appointment; and Charlie Hamilton's, on Back Creek, in Bath County, its most westerly point. My maternal grandfather and several of my uncles lived on Back Creek, near to my appointment at Hamilton's.

My father gave me a good outfit -- horse, saddle, bridle, and the indispensable saddlebags of the itinerants of those days, well filled with clothing and books. Thus equipped, about the 1st of October, 1842, I kissed father and mother, brothers and sisters, good-bye, all of us weeping, and started out on an itinerant ministerial career that has already run through a period of about fifty-three years without a break, except a week or two that I was confined to my bed with the measles, over fifty years ago.

The first night I spent on Franklin Circuit was at the house of Esquire Jones, near Cowpasture River.

The squire, who was the father of Rev. Samuel Jones, of the Des Moines Conference, was at the time of my visit a member of time Legislature of the State of Virginia. He was a very intelligent man and a pious official member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He received me with genuine Virginia hospitality, and tried by the introduction of many topics to draw me out into some line of conversation, but I was too bashful and slow of speech to sustain a conversation with him on any subject, and misinterpreted his well-meant endeavor to interest me and thought he was quizzing me, and wished myself a hundred miles away.

Next day the squire and his family accompanied me to the church near-by, where it had been duly announced that the young preacher and successor of Rev. W. H. R. was to preach his first sermon on the circuit. The house was crowded. I hoped to overcome the nightmare of embarrassment that choked me almost to strangulation by the preliminary exercises, but did not succeed. I announced a beautiful text from Isaiah, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." I never in my life in trying to preach made a flat failure, but that day came the nearest to it of any effort I ever made. I called for my horse and got away from Jones' as quickly as possible. Mounted on my horse and off at good speed, my first impulse was to push on to regions unknown and engage in some employment to which I was better adapted; but I soon dismissed that as a temptation of the devil.

I was suffering from dyspepsia [indigestion], and was as lean as a pelican in the wilderness. I had an over-scrupulous conscience, which hedged and hampered the narrow way, rendering it impassable for angels or men, and which upbraided me continually for not keeping in the path when I was in a perpetual struggle to do my very best. Despite my timid slowness of speech I was obliged to witness for Jesus to every man, woman, and child with whom I was brought in contact, even for a few minutes, and to beseech them to be reconciled to God. It was a good way to spend the passing moments and to make the most of my opportunities, and the Lord often helped me; but sometimes I missed it nearly as far as the pious barber who felt it his duty to talk to every man about his soul who came to be shaved. In many cases it worked very well; but one day, when a very highly cultured gentleman came in to be shaved, the barber's courage failed him. He spent a long time in applying the lather to the gentleman's face, and then strapped his razor to sharpen his courage till the lather on the man's face was nearly dry; then turning suddenly toward the gentleman, razor in hand, the barber said, "Are you prepared to die, sir?" The man sprang to his feet and ran away in great alarm, thinking the barber had gone crazy and was going to cut his throat. "He that winneth souls is wise."

Well, to return to our narrative, I may add that the embarrassments to which I have referred, and the burden of the work to which I was called and my conscious unfitness for it, rendered me of all men the most miserable during most of my waking hours; but I knew that I had been saved by the merits and might of Jesus, and that I had been moved by the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel, and that I had not knowingly departed from God nor shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and I had great freedom of utterance in the pulpit, though not out of it; so I held on firmly to Jesus, and he led me by a way that I knew not, and I found out later that God and his people had a much higher appreciation of me than I had of myself.

Franklin Circuit was a very hard one for a city gentleman, as so many rugged mountains lay across his path, especially on the trail from North Fork -- north branch of the Potomac River -- across the mountains to Franklin, located near to the south branch of the same noted stream, and the bridle-path across the Jack Mountains from Jackson's River to Back Creek in Bath County. One of my illustrious predecessors on the circuit was attempting to lead his horse along the latter path after the surface of a deep snow that covered the mountains had been thawed and then frozen into ice. The preacher was probably humming, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," etc., when all of a sudden his horse stumbled and tumbled and coasted till he struck a tree near the base of the mountain. The preacher with much difficulty and peril descended and recovered his saddle, bridle, and saddlebags, but the itinerant horse, probably short of oats and hay the night before his death, remained to await the uncertain resurrection of horses.

Being by birth and education a mountaineer, I was ready any day to approach the big mountains, singing, "Sink down, ye separating hills!" Whether by their sinking or my rising it mattered but little, as I was bound to get over.

From the hospitable home of squire Jones I went to "Doe Hill," and got on better in my attempt to preach, having no big squire in the congregation to frighten me.

My next appointment was Crabbottom, which in numbers, intelligence, and wealth was the heart of the circuit, Franklin being the head. Squire Amiss, an official member at Crabbottom, was a man of superior intelligence, very tall, well built, fine-looking, and a legislator of the State. I learned before my arrival at Crabbottom that squire Amiss was a very attentive hearer and a good judge of preaching ability, and that his judgment had great weight throughout that community, and, indeed, through all the circuit, and that I would find out his opinion of me and of my preaching in fifteen minutes from the announcement of my text. When a new preacher arrived Amiss always took his seat in the altar with his back toward the pulpit, leaning forward, covering his face with his hands. If the preacher did not please him he never raised his face from his hands during the whole discourse. He was a gentleman, and would entertain the preachers with royal hospitality whether he liked their preaching or not. If a new preacher's discourse pleased him he would remove from his seat in the altar and take a sitting in a front pew, head up, and with a pleasant expression face the preacher. My great ambition was to please God rather than man, but I felt the importance also of pleasing men in hope of doing them good, and could not be indifferent as to how I would strike the squire.

So as I entered the pulpit on a bright Sabbath morning there sat squire Amiss, his back against the pulpit, with his face in his hands, in a devotional attitude. The Holy Spirit helped that morning, as he did always when I tried properly to help myself and trusted him. When I had preached about ten minutes squire Amiss took his position in a front side pew, where preacher and people could see his glowing face. So I went on with all sails set before a good breeze, and followed the preaching with a good old-time Sunday morning class meeting, attended by all the members in from the country. Among the many "songs of Zion" sung on the occasion I sang "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry but a night." It was new, and struck like electric fire, and set many of the old sisters to shouting "Glory to God!"

From Crabbottom I went to North Fork, a country appointment, where Father Patterson and Brother Houck, of the United Brethren Church, were holding a protracted meeting. I filled my appointment and helped them a couple of days. Brother Houck had been often to my father's house and felt a great interest in me on account of my father, and asked me many questions that he might be the better able to give me good advice. When he learned I was suffering from dyspepsia [indigestion] and was regularly taking medicine he said, "O, Brother William, don't take any more medicine as long as you live. I suffered in the same way when I entered the ministry, and made an apothecary shop of my stomach, and it broke down my constitution and drove me prematurely into the impotency of old age. O, Brother William, don't take any more." I laid his impressive warning to heart, and was a total abstainer from physic for fourteen years, till, in California, I had a breaking out of nettle rash, and my wife, feeling uneasy, begged me to take a dose of pills.

More than twenty years elapsed after that before I took another dose, and I seldom ever took anything more than simple domestic remedies, till four years ago, on coming to Africa, to relieve the fears of my friends I took quinine, which, as a vegetable tonic, I have found to be of use occasionally. Brother Houck's good advice, I believe, was the means of adding many years to my life. It had nothing to do with the extreme view of faith healing, but led me to checkmate the bad effects of a chronic ailment, which I would not dignify by the name of sickness. By diligent attention to the laws of health, and being very careful about the quality and quantity of my diet, I

have preserved my body from the effects of surfeiting and undue stimulants, and thus added length and strength to my life.

From North Fork I crossed the mountains to Franklin, and was introduced for the first time to my colleague, Thomas H. Busey, and his lovely Presbyterian wife. O, they were so kind to me! They melted my heart and won my ardent affections; there was neither undue familiarity nor reserve. I was always made to feel at home in their household by their sincere appreciation of my ministerial relation with them and of the earnestness of my endeavors to do the best I could.

I preached in Franklin, and made the pleasant acquaintance of many of our people, both in the town and in the surrounding country. Brother Busey had been to Crabbottom after I had left and modestly reported what the good folks there had to say about the new preacher.

Squire Amiss said, "He'll do; he is very young and inexperienced, but he's got the stuff in him and will do us good service."

Brother Seaver gave the following outline sketch: "He is muscular and bony, tall and slender, with an immense pair of shoulders on him. Being a tailor by trade, I may be allowed to say that the man who cut his coat [who cut the material with which to make his coat] ought to be sent to the penitentiary and put to hard labor till he learns his business; and as for the pants, all I have to say is that the widest-toed boots I ever saw were stuck about six inches too far through. The young man is awfully in earnest, and preaches with power, both human and divine, and can sing just as loud as he likes."

Having spent a few days in and about Franklin, Brother Busey and I set out on horse-back to go to quarterly meeting at Rehobeth, [sic = spelling is correct] in the western part of what is now known as Highland County. We put in two days on the way, and commenced, as usual, on Saturday morning. The presiding elder was not with us. We preached turn about, and Busey impressed me as an able preacher and powerful exhorter. We had a great "quarterly love feast" Sabbath morning at nine o'clock.

Among our young converts at that meeting was James McCourt. He was a Scotchman by descent, but had been in America for nearly one hundred years. At the time he was "born again" he lacked three months of being ninety-nine years old. We will meet the old man again on my next circuit.

At that meeting I became acquainted with William Rider, a local preacher in our Church, a particular friend of my father, and who had a son in the ministry bearing the name of my father, Stuart Taylor Rider. Nearly twenty years later I visited Brother Rider and his remaining family, in Queen Anne County, Illinois, whither he had years before emigrated.

Well, from the quarterly meeting at Rehobeth I went down Back Creek to preach at Charlie Hamilton's, and arranged to spend the night preceding at Grandfather Hickman's. Grandmother had died but a few weeks before, and went to heaven, where all good Presbyterians go when they die.\*

[\*With all due respect for William Taylor, I would observe here that if his grandmother went to heaven it was not simply because she was a "good Presbyterian," regardless of her true spiritual condition. He no doubt felt that she had walked in what light she had, and thus died in a justified state. -- DVM]

I was confidentially informed that grandfather had said, "If Will Taylor comes here pretending to preach I will send him home to his mother."

Grandfather was a mechanical genius. He owned a good farm and built on it a water-power mill with his own hands. He made guns and steel traps for catching bears and wolves, he made dulcimers and could play on them beautifully; he made also an abundance of hard cider from his extensive apple orchard, and often drank of it to excess, and talked to himself. Dear old man, he tried to be good. His youngest son, Roger, with his wife, Martha, occupied with him the old homestead. In my childhood I had seen a house full of kinsfolk there; but Uncles Arthur, Elliott, Andrew, and William, and Aunts Jennie and Huldah had gone, and were prospering in homes of their own. Their absence was very conspicuous to my view on entering the old home of my mother.

Uncle Roger and Aunt Martha received me most cordially, but grandfather most coolly. He barely half shook my hand, and inquired, "How is your mother?"

"Very well, I thank you, grandfather, when I parted with her three weeks ago." He took a seat in a remote corner of the reception room as far from me as he could get.

I gave him special attention, and knew well his vulnerable points. So I said, "Grandfather, how is your mill working now?"

"Like a charm; she never did better work than she is doing now."

"Ah, she was put up right; she always did good work. Did you kill many deer last hunting season?"

"Not so many as when I was younger and could get over the mountains easier; but I killed some fine ones."

"How did you get on trapping for bears and wolves?"

Every question drew him several feet nearer to me, and soon he was seated close to me, and in a great glee of talk shook hands as heartily as though I had just arrived from home.

In the evening by invitation I conducted the family worship. Next morning, when I mounted to proceed down the creek to my appointment, grandfather, Uncle Roger, and Aunt Martha mounted their horses without a word of inquiry about the preaching or who was to preach. We had a good crowd and a blessed manifestation of the Holy Spirit at Hamilton's that day. I returned and spent the night at grandfather's. The old man could but talk of the sermon and of the strange things which were coming to pass, and with tears said, "My son William is a minister, my grandson William is now a minister too. All my children are members of the Church, and will, I trust, meet their mother

in heaven. As for me, I want to be good, I try to be good. O, William, I want you to pray for me and preach in my house every time you come round. Preach at Hamilton's at your regular time in the day and preach here at night." I did as he desired. My father visited me later on and preached for me at Hamilton's and also at grandfather's. Aunt Martha was going into consumption, and I believe received a clear experience of salvation before I left the circuit. Grandfather wept much when I bade them farewell, and I trust gave himself to God and received Jesus. Both he and Aunt Martha died soon after.

The Conference year ended with the month of February, so I served but five months on that circuit. We had a good work of salvation all round. At a quarterly meeting held at Crabbottom I was duly examined and recommended to the Baltimore Annual Conference as a suitable person for admission into the traveling ministry. A petition, largely signed, was sent to the bishop presiding, asking that I might be returned to the Franklin Circuit the next year. The presiding elder told them that he would present their request, but that they should make up their minds in advance to be disappointed, as it was the custom to change the work of the young men every year. My presiding elder said to me, "William, you need not go to Conference; I will attend to your recommendation and have you appointed somewhere in my district. Meantime you can visit your parents, and I will write and let you know your appointment before the preachers can get back from Conference." I had a pleasant and profitable visit to my own sweet home.

About the 1st of April, 1843, I received a letter from my presiding elder informing me that I had been received on trial in the Baltimore Annual Conference, and had been appointed as the junior of Rev. Zane Bland, on the Deerfield Circuit. One of my appointments was but ten miles from my father's house. The circuit embraced the mountainous regions of Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath, and Pendleton Counties -- poor farming districts and no towns, but a loving, plain, kind, appreciative class of mountaineers. One of my appointments was in the neighborhood of my old friend, squire Jones, who took a special interest in me, and ever manifested a fatherly care for me from our earliest acquaintance, when I was so scared through fear of him.

I made a full round on my circuit before my colleague arrived. The first place I struck was the house of Mr. E. Joseph. He was a harmless, easy-going Methodist brother who never would set the world on fire, but his wife Mary did in many places. Their two sons, Jim and Zeek, and their daughter Prudence, all Methodists, partook of the quiet nature of the father, and much of the persuasive working power of their mother; a most estimable, loving family whose acquaintance I made at Panther Gap camp meeting, where I was saved a year and a half before. This dear family had settled in a new home about a fortnight before I rode up to their door, and informed them that I was the junior preacher of their circuit. They received me joyfully, and said, "Our house must be one of your regular preaching appointments. We have no members in this neighborhood outside of our own family. We are in the midst of a notoriously wicked people. The sheriff of this county is afraid to travel this road alone, and perhaps the Lord has sent us to settle down here to help you get some of them saved."

"All right," I replied, "I think we had better begin tonight. Let Brother Jim and Brother Zeek mount their horses and go through the neighborhood and tell the people to come tonight to your house and hear the Gospel preached."

The old man sat down in the corner and laughed. The old woman shouted, "Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Glory!" Prudie cried, and Jim and Zeek ran for their horses. I did some earnest crying to God to lead us, by his infinite wisdom and love, in our stupendous undertaking. The two principal rooms in the house would hold about forty persons, and that night we had them pretty well filled. We interested the people greatly with our singing, and I had liberty in proclaiming to them plain Gospel tidings. At the close I announced, "Tomorrow, the Lord willing, I will preach to you here at 11 a.m. and at early candlelight in the evening. Tell all your people to come, and come yourselves." I and the Josephs kept the fire burning meantime, and next day, at 11 a.m., we had a house full of hearers. After preaching I said, "Now we will have a class meeting. But few of you know what sort of a meeting that is, but all of you may stay, and I'll show you what we call a class meeting." So they all, with one accord, stayed to "see the show." We did some lively singing, and got some of them to help us. I told a little of my own experience of the saving grace of God, and then took the roughs one by one and left the Josephs till the last. The first one I tackled was a burly-looking fellow with reddish sandy whiskers, clad in homespun, homewoven, and homemade woolen, dyed brown in ooze of walnut bark. I shook hands with him and said, "How are you?"

"Very well, I thank you. How does it go with yourself?"

"First-rate, thank the Lord! I am well, soul and body, and I am glad to make your acquaintance. Will you kindly give me your name?"

"Yes, sir; my name is Radcliffe."

"You are a farmer, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; I own a little farm about a mile from here."

"Well stocked, I hope, and under good cultivation."

"Yes, sir; I have cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep, and am putting in a pretty large crop of corn. My wheat and rye last year were above the average for this country."

"And your family?"

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and four children."

"All enjoying good health?"

"Yes, sir; no reason to complain."

"Every blessing we receive is a gift from our gracious God and Father. I am glad, Mr. Radcliffe, he thinks so much of you, and of your wife and children, as to bestow all these mercies on you. I hope you take off your hat to him sometimes and say, 'Thank you?'"

"Well, sir; I am sorry to say I forgot that."

"What a pity! When we receive a gift from anybody, we always have the good manners that mother taught us, to say, 'Thank you;' and yet you say for all God's gifts you have never said, 'Thank you.'"

"I am very sorry that I have been so forgetful, but I hope from this day I will think more of these things and learn to say 'Thank you' to God."

I prayed earnestly for the dear man, and he was in tears when I left him and approached the next man in a similar way. So I went round and "class led" every man and woman in the house in a style that they all could understand, and yet in a spirit of loving earnestness that the Holy Spirit alone can inspire. At night the crowd and the interest were at the flood. Next day I preached again at 11 a.m. and at night. I had but four days for work there at that time, having to go on Saturday to a Sabbath appointment; but in the four days we had eight or nine of those desperate people saved, and a class organized. We never had a set series of "special services" at Joseph's, but on every round my colleague and I preached a few times at their house. We organized a church of about fifty of the new converts of that neighborhood. I had my washing at Joseph's, but really lived in the saddle and in our places of worship.

Thomas Clayton lived in a good brick house, which was called the home of the preachers, and yet in a whole year I spent but one night in it.

Zane Bland was an unmarried man, about four years older in the ministry than myself -- one of the blandest men socially I ever knew, full of eccentric wit that would, it was said, make a horse laugh. He was one of a family of twenty-four Blands, brought up on the "North Fork" of the Potomac. I knew the father of the twenty-four large, powerful sons and daughters, born of two mothers in regular successive marriage, each mother having twelve children. They were an uncommonly large, symmetrically formed people of beautiful countenance and generous, noble bearing.

Rev. Adam Bland, for many years a presiding elder in the California Conference, and Henry Bland, of the same Conference, were of that big Bland family. Zane weighed over two hundred pounds, very strong, and was swift in a foot race. We often, after preaching and laboring with seekers of salvation till 10 p.m., got something to eat, and then for healthy exercise tried our strength in a wrestle or our speed in a foot race. He was fleshy, and I was lean as a greyhound. On a short race or wrestle he had the advantage. I took the measure of his wind, and always arranged to give myself time to run or to wrestle him out of breath and surpass him. He was a brave man. Once when holding a revival meeting at Floyd Court House, West Virginia, a big bully of a fellow tried to break up the meeting. Zane politely requested him to desist, but he became furious and made a pass at Bland to knock him down. The preacher parried the stroke, caught him by the collar, and threw him on his back in the aisle; then three or four of the brethren seized him and led him out of doors. It was a cold winter night, and he was minus his hat. Brother Bland went on singing and working away with the penitents as though nothing had happened; but the ruffian outside was storming and swearing and daring Bland to put his nose outside of the house, and was thus from without seriously disturbing the meeting; so Bland gave the work in charge of a brother and slipped out, and as the desperado was calling for Bland he stepped up close to him and responded, "What do you want with me, sir?"



"O, Mr. Bland, is that you, sir?"

"Yes, sir; what do you want with me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Bland, only that you will please to pass my hat out to me."

Later, when traveling circuits near Baltimore, he attended medical lectures and graduated in medicine, but stood faithful to his ministry of the Gospel till, while comparatively young, he died. He was a good preacher and always a soul winner.

My predecessor on Deerfield Circuit was Charles A. Reid. Charlie was a fellow countryman of mine, converted to God under the ministry of my father. He had an appointment under the presiding elder in 1842, a few months earlier than I, but joined the Baltimore Conference in March, 1843, and was therefore in the same class of probationers with myself. Charlie, like myself, was six feet high, but not so broad. He had flaxen hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, was lean and pale, with a consumptive flush on his cheeks, and troubled with a bad cough. He was like an Elijah from the wilderness, proclaiming with a stentorian voice in its highest key, and was awfully in earnest. He had great success in getting people saved, but everybody said at the beginning, and for many years after, "That young man will die with the consumption before green grass again appears in the fields." But the green grass kept coming and going for nearly fifty years before he withered and died. Charlie was an outspoken anti-slavery man, even where it exposed him to peril; and a brave Republican during the civil war, when Union men living on the border had great need of courage. I sent Charlie a copy of my pamphlet, "The Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War in America," printed in London, and circulated widely through the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and he carried it to my father. The old man read it carefully and said, "That is true, every word of it."

Well, as I was going to say, Charlie preceded me on Deerfield Circuit, and told me how he got on. In Red Holes, one of our regular appointments in an isolated mountainous region, when he preached his first sermon he had a full house, and "good liberty in preaching." All seemed pleased and shook hands with the new preacher, but no one asked him to go home with them. He and his horse were too hungry to go away into another neighborhood, so he felt greatly embarrassed, but rode along with the largest crowd, and saw them turning out by side roads right and left, till finally he was left in company with old Brother Harff and his family of grown-up sons and daughters, and as they were turning off from the main road to enter the bars into their farm Brother Harff said to the disconsolate preacher, "Brother Reid, are you going home with us?"

"Yes, if you have no objections."

"Objections! Why, we will be delighted to have you go and stop with us as long as you can."

He simply did not know the ways of the people. Each farmer was wondering whom he would honor with a visit, and no one thought of inviting him.

On my first visit to Red Holes, as Reid's successor, I rode up to the country chapel, hitched my horse, and walked in, and there sat two old ladies. I introduced myself, and they said, "No one expects the new preachers so soon; having to make two hundred miles from Conference on horseback, they can't be here for a fortnight yet."

"Well, sisters, I am one of them, and I am here. Where are all your people?"

"All our men are engaged at a log-rolling a quarter of a mile west of here. Some of the women are helping to prepare the supper for the log-rollers, and the rest are at home."

"Well, sisters, I can't come all the way here to Red Holes for nothing, so I'll tell you what we will do; you go round and tell all the women of this neighborhood that the young preacher of the circuit, sent by the bishop, will preach here tonight at early candle-lighting, and let everybody come and hear his message. Meantime I will go to the log-rolling and tell all the men, and we'll have a crowd here tonight and a good time." The dear old sisters waked up to the subject and spread the news widely.

A log-rolling is a free thing, requiring strength of muscle, but no ceremony of etiquette. In that country timber had no marketable value. When a farmer slew a forest the great trees were cut into logs about fifteen feet long, and when the chopping was all done and all the brush piled in heaps and burned, then the men for many miles came by invitation and rolled the logs into great heaps so that they could be burned. So I rode up to the edge of the clearing, hitched my horse, and climbed the high "staked and ridered fence," and as I advanced to the front I picked up a handspike and went to work and exhibited my strength and superior skill in putting the big logs where they were wanted. I saw the mountaineers eyeing me and talking to each other in undertones, expressing great wonder who the stranger might be. I let them guess and wonder while I worked away till the big job was nearly completed and the men began to draw together within range of my voice. Then I announced: "The young preacher sent to your circuit by the bishop will preach in the chapel tonight. Get through with your supper as quickly as you can and all come and hear the young preacher. He is two weeks in advance of time, but he is one of that sort, always trying to take time by the forelock."

"Are you sure the preacher has come?"

"O, yes, indeed; there is no doubt on that subject."

"Wonder if a great log-roller like you can be the preacher?"

"Come and see."

Then they began a pretty free expression of their opinions, such as, "He's a tremendous fellow to roll logs." "If he is as good in the use of the Bible as he is of the handspike he'll do." "He's the boy for the mountaineers." "He don't belong to your Miss Nancy, soft-handed, kid-gloved gentry." "Come on, boys; we'll hear the new preacher tonight." In that afternoon I got a grip on that people more than equivalent to six months' hard preaching and pastoral work. We had a crowded house then and every time I preached at Red Holes; also a big revival and many saved.

A Miss Carpenter was converted there a few years before, and endured great persecution, but was true as steel to God and Methodism, and God saved her parents and sisters -- eight of her family who had opposed her so fiercely -- and they all became earnest workers. She was one of my great helpers. One day when preaching at Red Holes I saw in my congregation James McCourt, who was saved a year before at our quarterly meeting at Rehobeth [sic = spelling is correct], on Franklin Circuit, at the age of ninety-eight years and nine months. So now he was one hundred years old less three months. At the close he ran up and shook hands with me.

"You are abiding in Jesus, Father McCourt?"

"O, yes, Brother Taylor, and he is becoming more and more precious to me every day."

"How wonderful that he has spared you so many years and in such vigor!"

"Yes, I never had the headache in my life, and no serious illness of any sort. I walked across four mountains today to hear you preach once more before you leave your circuit."

Meantime he tripped along by my side in a glee of talk like a boy.

"If the Lord spares me three months longer I will complete my hundredth year. Dr. Ruckner says he is going to have a celebration on my birthday, completing a century, and have me run, to see how fast a man of my years can get over the ground."

I was wonderfully interested in the dear little man, one of my first young converts, but I saw him no more. About thirty-five years after I met Brother Bevens and wife in Chicago. Sister Bevens was a daughter of "Charlie Hamilton," at whose house I preached on Back Creek, in Bath County, when a boy. They were well acquainted with James McCourt.

"Well, Brother Bevens, tell me about him."

He replied: "I was at the celebration Dr. Ruckner got up on the centennial of James McCourt. The old man was in perfect health, happy in God, and cheerful as a lark. The friends made up a purse of one hundred dollars to give him as a token of their love and respect for him, but they said, 'We want to see you run, and if you run one hundred yards in five minutes we will give you a present of one hundred dollars.' The distance was measured carefully, and the signal for starting sounded, and the old man ran the hundred yards in three minutes instead of five. When the dear old man was one hundred and three years old he came out to Queen Anne County, northwest of Chicago, to visit some of his grandchildren. A good old Christian man, who had the happy art of cheerfulness that made everybody about him cheerful. After a visit of several months, when he wanted to return to Virginia, the railway company were so pleased with his spirit and bearing that they gave him a free pass back to his home. He lived four years after that, and died in the Lord at the age of one hundred and seven years.

Brother Bland and I wrought hard and had a good soul-saving advance at every appointment. The people were very kind to us, but were not able to give us much money. We were

only entitled to one hundred dollars each, according to the Discipline, and we received seventy dollars each. Brother Bland presented his claim at the Conference for his deficiency of thirty dollars and received about ten. I said to him, "That is lawful and right, but not expedient for me. I wouldn't present a claim at Conference if I got nothing from my circuit."

When Zane Bland and I closed our work on Deerfield Circuit I went with him to visit his people on "North Fork." Old Father Bland was very kind and loquacious [talkative]. Of course, as the father of twenty-four children, nearly all living, and all reflecting honor on their parents, he had a right to talk, and I was interested in his stories of the olden time. But I had my "written sermon" for examination at Conference to prepare, and I had to divide my time the best I could. I completed my manuscript, and also heard, or appeared to hear, the talk of my venerable host.

Then Zane and I traveled together on horseback to the city of Winchester and stopped with a good brother, Kurn, who was exceedingly kind to us. We got boarding for our horses at Winchester and took stage for Washington City [now Washington, D.C.]. The Conference held its session that year in the old mother station in that city, known as "The Foundry."

My home was with Brother Dunn and family, near Pennsylvania Avenue, well on toward the "capitol buildings." Brother Dunn was a glassware merchant, and, though I was a rough young mountaineer, Brother and Sister Dunn, their children, and my roommate, Rev. Alfred G. Chenoweth, took to me, and almost overwhelmed me with the profound respect and loving attention they showed me. I knew not why, except that they saw that I was a sincere disciple of Jesus and never tried to pass myself off for more than my par value in the market. I had noted what Mr. Wesley said of the young minister who "grasped at the stars and stuck in the mud." It was my first visit to a large city, except the city of Richmond in boyhood, when I steered a boat for my father down James River to that city. Nearly everything that I saw at the capital struck me as exceedingly grand, especially the great department buildings.

My presiding elder, always ready to give me kind, fatherly advice, told me about his first experience at Conference in Baltimore city as a "boy preacher." He said: "I was ready to do everything I was told to do by the old preachers, so I soon found myself in the pulpit of Light Street Church" (at that time the cathedral of Methodism in that great city of churches). "It had been announced that the son of Father Jared Morgan would preach that night in Light Street Church, and there I was before an immense city audience. I was like a goose in a grain field; I couldn't see my way out, and got into an awful tangle. So I advise you not to accept a call to preach on your first Sabbath in the city, but wait till you get your bearings and master the situation."

I thanked him for his good advice, and added, "It is not likely I shall be invited to preach so early. If invited I will have to try; for it will not accord with my order from God to turn to the right or to the left, but go straight forward in the line of duty he may open to me."

I had studied, mostly in my saddle, all the books of that year's course, and by pine-knot torchlight, generally from five to seven in the morning, before breakfast, I carefully wrote a synopsis of each book; but I was badly scared when I took my place before an examining committee in a class of twenty-one young preachers. Numbers 1 and 2 were George A. Coffee and George Cummings, both graduates from Dickinson College. I was Number 3. Number 4 was

Wilson Spottswood, also a graduate from Dickinson -- a scholar of repute; altogether a class of noble young ministers. I got on with being examined much better than I expected, for after the first round of questions I could perceive no difference between "college bred and corn bred."

I had been but a day or two in the city when Brother Wesley Rohr, pastor of Asbury, a noted congregation of Washington City colored people, came to me and said, "Brother William, I want you to preach for my people next Sabbath morning."

"Do you think I can say anything that your people would like to hear?"

"I have never heard you preach, but I used often to hear your father, when I traveled Lexington Circuit. If you are anything like your father you will get on all right."

"Very good, Brother Rohr; let it be so written."

On Sunday morning the pastor of Asbury conducted me into his pulpit in the presence of an immense audience of well-dressed, respectable-looking people. I gave out my hymn and waited a few moments for some one to start the tune; no one leading off, I did as I was accustomed to do in the mountains -- I pitched the tune myself. The congregation took it up promptly, and seemed almost to make the roof slates rattle. I prayed amid the hallelujahs and amens of the people. After reading my lessons I announced a second hymn, and after my usual pause for some one to set the tune I set it myself, and the congregational singing was truly marvelous. My preaching, instead of setting the excitable people into an uproar of overwhelming jubilation, which was so common among them, secured the quietude of profound attention to Gospel logic and common sense. I started the tune of my closing hymn, as before, and during the singing and the prayer ensuing the people got a chance to let off steam, and they made every movable thing quake. As we passed out of the church Brother Rohr remarked, "Brother William, you stole a march on our choir today."

"Choir in a church? What sort of a thing is that?"

"Why, trained singers, who start the tunes and lead the singing."

"Where were they stowed away? I didn't see anything of them."

"Why, they sat in the end gallery, fronting the pulpit."

"What were they doing there? Why didn't they sing?"

"Before they could get ready you and the congregation led off and carried everything before you."

"A choir to do the singing! My! Well, brother, you know I came from the land of song, but we have no such a singing institution as a choir. We do our own singing, and worship God with the hearts and lips of the congregation direct. I did not mean any want of respect for your choir, for I knew nothing of its existence."

A few nights after I heard what I was told was a choir in Wesley Chapel, but if they led the singing nobody seemed inclined to follow them. Their shouting notes before a silent audience reminded me of calling the cows from the glens of my native mountains, and I said to a brother, "Is that what you call a city choir?"

"Yes, that is the orthodox thing here."

"My! Carry me back to old Virginny!"

At that Conference I became acquainted with Rev. Adam Miller, now of Chicago. He was a young German itinerant, and about as green as I was myself. At the Conference missionary meeting, held in the Foundry Church, Adam was put up to make one of the principal addresses of the occasion. He was tall and lean. His coat had been worn to the thread, and the ladies, he said, had reorganized it, turning the inside out, so that it looked like a new coat. He stood before the vast assembly and hesitated and stammered and balked till they set up a great laughing all over the house. Then Adam said: "Friends, you must have patience with me. I'll get into the subject pretty soon now. You see, I am an awkward Dutchman, and I am dreadfully scared." With that and an approving laugh he got loose and really made the master speech of the evening.

The Baltimore Conference, with three hundred ministers, was in those days the largest, and in revival power the most effective Conference in American Methodism. Its annual sessions usually covered two or three weeks, and its ministers were royally entertained by the hospitality of the families honored by their companionship and prayers.

On the great occasion of reading out the appointments of such a body of ministers this was my first experience of such a sight. I was greatly interested in reading the features of the men who were in dread of a disappointment; a feeling I never shared, for any circuit was good enough for me, and I had no anxiety on the subject.

When Fincastle Circuit was named the bishop read out, distinctly, "B. N. Brown, William Taylor." It was a good appointment in Botetourt County, and next adjoining my native circuit.

My colleague was an able minister and temperance lecturer, a social, chatty brother, a rigid disciplinarian. He had a beautiful wife, of great tenderness of heart and amiability of temper, and two charming little daughters -- a lovely family. They resided in Fincastle, the county seat, with a considerable amount of Southern aristocracy in it. I had a welcome to the hearts and home of the Browns, but as usual lived among the people all over the circuit, and spent but little time in Fincastle, or Buchanan, the other large town contained in the circuit. Brother Brown felt that he had a special mission of purging the church of its dead branches, and keeping things in order. Some of our old sisters were in the habit of shouting the praises of God in the congregation. Brother Brown brought some of them to time by saying, "Sisters, you have no right to shout unless you live right at home and pay your quarterage."

He was not as a rule a great success in revival work, but was a good man of God. I loved and respected him, but as he was a sharp critic. I had a dread of preaching before him, and had not my usual freedom of utterance in his presence. On one occasion in Fincastle I did have a good time

when he was in the pulpit behind me, and while I was congratulating myself on getting at least one good score on his books, on looking around I found him sound asleep! The fact was, in his sociability he was so often in the habit of sitting up to talk till after midnight that he brought on himself a sleepy disease, which so overcame him that a few moments of quiet brought on a profound sleep.

I had several blessed ingatherings of newly converted souls on Fincastle Circuit, among whom was the young lady who subsequently became my wife; also her brother and three sisters, all of whom remain steadfast in the faith to this day. My year on that circuit was the year of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; but our work in the Valley of Virginia remained firmly in union with the Methodist Episcopal Church, though badly shattered and divided in the war time of later years.

There was a considerable deficiency in the amount due from Fincastle Circuit to Brother Brown, for which I was very sorry. The stewards paid me the full amount, one hundred dollars; but I lived among the people on a free welcome everywhere, and had but little use for money; so of my hundred dollars I lent twenty-five dollars to my preacher in charge and gave twenty-seven dollars and a half to the parent Missionary Society. Having so much money in hand, I yielded to the fashion of having a trunk, and had one made to order, about two feet long and ten inches in breadth and depth, but I really had no use for it, as my saddlebags would contain about all I then needed or now need to carry.

The Saviour's injunction suits a warm climate exactly: "Take neither purse nor scrip, neither two coats." What is the use of a great lot of stuff to be consumed by mildew and moth?

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### 03 -- ON THE SWEET SPRINGS CIRCUIT

Riding to Baltimore -- Conference in Exeter Street -- Making Acquaintance of Distinguished Men -- Bishop Soule's Saying about Me -- Conference Trial -- The Great Debaters -- James Sewell's Story of the Slave Sam -- Studying En Route to Conference -- Question of Marrying -- Circuit of "Poke-it-on-to-us." -- The Vital Question is Efficiency -- Elected to Deacon's Orders -- "Sweet Springs Circuit, William Taylor" -- How to Make a Dollar a Hundred and Six Cents -- Character of the Sweet Springs Valley -- The People at Second Creek -- Story of Carson's Conversion -- Knocking Out the Calvinist -- Father Perkins' Place -- Getting the Lay of the Land -- Riding through the Valley -- Appointment at Jake Weekline's -- How to Make Joe Carson a Class Leader -- A School-marm Helped Me. -- Mrs. Carlisle and her Husband -- Further Work at the Weeklines' -- Meetings Below Gap Mills -- A Sheriff in Opposition -- He Tries to Take Away a Penitent -- Joe Carson's Conversion -- Corn-shucking without Whisky -- Eating at Father Perkins' House -- My Appointments Get Mixed -- The Lord Delivers Me from Embarrassment -- Question of Human Nature and the Carnal Mind -- Obedience and Enlightenment -- Distinction between Temptation and Sin -- The Gradual Growth Theory -- Getting Light and Strength -- Laying Down Essentials -- Debate with the Tempter -- Complete Surrender and Consecration -- The Perfect Life -- Paul's Experience and Victory -- His Counsel to the Church in Thessalonica -- No Pullman Car to Heaven -- Nothing to Fear from Afflictions and Tribulations --

The Cross Appointments Regulate Themselves at Irish Corner -- Great Scare from a Bully -- The Ripper Changes his Mind -- Captain Nichols of Second Creek -- Father H. and his Daughters -- "Won't Obey Your Father?" -- Heroism of the Girls -- Joe Carson Becomes a Leader -- My Last Circuit -- Later News from Sweet Springs -- Farewells to My People

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My colleague and I closed our term of service on Fincastle Circuit about the 1st of February, 1845. Conference came annually, early in March, and it was a hard time for itinerant preachers' horses. The roads were often deep in mud one day and hard frozen the next. We had that year over two hundred miles to travel to Baltimore city, where the Conference was held.

I stopped at father's on my way, spent a Sabbath, and preached at Lambert's meeting house, and had the stewards take up a missionary collection; I did the begging and set the people an example of liberal giving.

I had a good roan-colored young horse, brought up on my father's farm, and in company with several other young preachers, the trip to Conference, though laborious, was quite enjoyable. We spent our nights on the way in the homes of our people, who were always glad to entertain the preachers and feed their horses as they journeyed to and from Conference.

The Conference was held in Exeter Street Church. Charles Reid and I lodged at the house of Brother and Sister Webb, the soap-makers, and I never can forget, or wish to forget, their kindness and loving attentions.

I was beginning to feel at home in a large city, and ran a long distance one day to see a fire consume a small portion of Baltimore. It was an exciting scene to my eyes, though I had often fought fire in the mountains to protect the homes and property of the farmers in the vales.

I now began to make the acquaintance of the distinguished men of the Conference, but in my very humble opinion of myself I would not presume to approach one of them personally, unless on an errand of duty; however, they all seemed to know me and shook hands with me on every opportunity. I could not account for it, but indirectly learned that when Brown Morgan, my presiding elder, presented my name two years before as a candidate for admission into their ranks he made a speech which impressed the Conference greatly in my favor; so, while I felt myself to be "little and unknown," I maintained an elevation of six feet in their midst, and was well known.

Brother Morgan was by no means a debater in the Conference, but his tall, symmetrical figure, always well dressed, and his beautiful features and charming voice commanded a hearing when he took the floor; and he always uttered words worthy to be heard and remembered. So, as I was told, Morgan closed his speech on my case by saying, "He is a young man whom the sun never finds in bed."

As he sat down Bishop Soule -- presiding -- arose and said, "Mark my words, brethren, you will hear from that young man again."



I was at my father's house, two hundred miles away at that time, and this incident did not come to my ears till years afterward, when it helped to account for the special interest the old men of the Conference took in me.

The trial of ministers under arrest was always conducted in open Conference, and not by a committee in those days. Though seldom resulting in expulsion, the charges being for maladministration, breach of marriage engagement, marrying a woman owning slaves, followed by a refusal to free them, or other minor offenses not seriously affecting the moral character of the accused, yet they elicited much debate and consumed much time.

The great debaters in the Baltimore Conference of those days, distinguished also on the floor of the General Conference, were John A. Collins, Henry Slicer, Alfred Griffith, John Davis, John A. Geer, John Emory, son of Bishop Emory; James Sewell, William Hamilton, and a host of eloquent sharpshooters.

Collins was of medium height, slender form, dark complexion, with keen black eyes. He was an able preacher and a master on the floor of a Conference.

Slicer was about five feet ten in height, broad, rotund, weighing about two hundred pounds, reddish hair and complexion, face open as a sunflower, with a powerful voice much more harsh than the cultivated voice of Collins, but very impressive, both in the pulpit and on the platform. He never ate bread and butter he did not earn, but he always "knew which side the butter was on." He was frequently a chaplain in the United States Congress.

Alfred Griffith was in height about five feet eight, broad-shouldered and thickset, large nose and mouth, rather coarse-featured, a voice deep and solemn, utterance slow, measured, and weighty. He was a powerful advocate of a good cause.

John Davis was a tall, thickset, though not a corpulent man. He had a deep, solemn voice, was "an able preacher and powerful defender of the right."

John A. Geer was tall and commanding in appearance, with a clear head, a strong voice, and very rapid utterance.

John Emory, tall and slender, youthful in appearance, was thought to be too young to compete with the old liners, but was exceedingly sharp and discriminating; he could always see the point in every intricate case, and so put it that all who had ears to hear could see it as he saw it, and thus vote intelligently; so he spoke near the close of every great discussion.

James Sewell was an earnest and successful preacher, spoke but seldom on the Conference floor, but always made a point, and brought down the house in a roar of laughter. He was the life of every social center that was honored by his presence. No nonsense about him, but natural and acquired power, shown in a clear, simple delineation of facts.

I heard him tell at a Conference dinner table about the conversion of a poor slave on one of his circuits by the name of Sam. He said:

"The poor fellow had long been feeling after God in the dark, but one night surrendered and accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and at once, clearly and without doubt, experienced salvation. He rushed into his master's bedroom and waked him up by his shouts of praise to God.

"The master inquired, 'Sam, what is this? What on earth is the matter with you?'

"O, massa, I find Jesus, I is got religion; my poor soul he be happy! happy! happy!"

"Why, Sam, I can't understand this. I have read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and I believe the whole of it, and I believe in Jesus Christ, but I never felt as you say you feel; you are a poor, ignorant nigger, and don't know a letter in the book. Sam, you must be mistaken.'

"Well, massa, get down de book, and let's see.'

"So the master struck a light, and chanced to open the Bible at the third chapter of the gospel by John and read the words of Jesus, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"Stop! stop! Massa, dat's it, bo'n agin! Dat's what I is got, I feels dat. I know I has dat.'

"Sam, I have been seeking the Lord for years, but have never found what you say you have got, and I don't understand it.'

"Well, massa, I explain de difference in de case. S'pose you order a great dinner. De servants bring on de roast turkey and all de good tings, and when de dinner bell rings you goes to de door ob de dining room and looks in and talks about de great feast and de roast turkey; but while you looks in and talks about him I goes right in and eats him. So, massa, de difference is dat I is got de dinner inside and you is got de dinner outside."

Jimmie Sewell's inimitable style gave interest to all his utterances.

William Hamilton was in stature, symmetry, features, temper, and voice a perfect model of a Christian gentleman.

When our class appeared before the examining committee Mr. Cummings, Number 2 in the class, failed to put in an appearance, but sent a notification of his withdrawal from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and subsequently became Bishop Cummings, founder of the Reformed Protestant Episcopal Church.

On my way to Conference I read on horseback my written synopsis of the books in the course for that year, and was prepared for a Number 1 examination.

When our class had answered the disciplinary questions put by the bishop, preparatory to our admission into Conference and election to deacons' orders, the bishop said: "Is it the pleasure of any member of the Conference to submit further questions to the young men?"

"Yes," replied John Bear, one of the able and venerable defenders of the faith, "I wish the bishop to ask each one whether or not he is under a matrimonial engagement."

So the question was put to George A. Coffee, and he answered "Yes." I was second, and replied, "I have confirmed no such engagement, and shall not consummate any such till I shall have served four years as a single man."

So it passed round, and I believe all the rest answered "Yes." Then the class retired and a long discussion followed.

According to a rule of the Conference if a young man got married before his two years of probation were out he was not admitted, and, if after admission, before the expiration of his fourth year, he was liable to censure, and usually punished by an appointment to a very poor circuit, where he and his young wife would enjoy their honeymoon among the whippoorwills. Pocahontas Circuit was one of the dreaded appointments, hence the boys called it "Poke-it-on-to-us."

I was told that a good deal of talk was elicited by the ambiguity of my reply, but John Emory said: "O, it is plain enough; the young man and some worthy young lady are encouraging a growing mutual attachment, but have not 'confirmed' it by any engagement that would be binding in case either should be inclined not to confirm it," and added, the vital question in regard to this young man, or any candidate for admission into the Conference, is that of efficiency. If a young man is thoroughly efficient in the pulpit and in his pastoral work there will be no difficulty in providing a support for him and for his wife. If a young man is not efficient it will be difficult to raise money to support him without a wife." All the young men of the class, including myself, were admitted and elected to deacons' orders. The next day our ordination sermon was preached by J. P. Durbin, the great orator of the Philadelphia Conference, and subsequently Missionary Secretary.

When the appointments of preachers for the ensuing year were read the name of a new circuit on the Rockingham District was announced, "Sweet Springs Circuit." The tag ends of two old circuits were cut off and added to Sweet Springs Valley, Dutch Corner, Irish Corner, and a few other neglected corners not included in any circuit, and organized into the new circuit.

When the bishop announced the new name, "Sweet Springs Circuit," there was a flutter among some of the mountain boys, who were in dread of an appointment to it, knowing it to be a very hard, and perhaps hopeless, undertaking. The appointments were read out slowly, so that all who wished could write them down in his own memorandum book. One brother sat on the pulpit stairs in a very conspicuous place, and was engaged in writing down the whole list, but when his own name was announced in connection with a place he dreaded he uttered one emphatic word of dissent and dropped his pen to the floor and never picked it up. I had nothing to mar my enjoyment of the scene, for I did not care a feather where they sent me, knowing that in every place there were sinners to be called to repentance. When asked where I would like to be sent my reply was, "Not to a fat, flourishing circuit, but to one where there are plenty of sinners." So on this occasion the announcement came exactly to my liking, "Sweet Springs Circuit, William Taylor."

What with lending my money, giving to missions, and buying books to take to my new circuit, when I came to take stock I found I had just one dollar left in my pocket; my twenty-five dollars loaned out was not available, I had over two hundred and fifty miles to travel on horseback to reach my circuit. The toll to pay on the valley "turnpike" amounted to a dollar and six cents. But I had not the slightest fear of not getting on all right. I borrowed six cents from Adam Bland to complete the sum for toll, and paid him in due time, and reached my circuit without incurring any debt beyond the six cents; yet neither I nor my horse went hungry. We were in "a land of corn " -- and potatoes.

It was whispered round, "Poor Brother Taylor will starve on the so-called Sweet Springs Circuit. The people there live principally on blackberries, and they have no money.

The only chapel I found on the circuit was at Gap Mills, and that a "Union Church." A man there had a flour mill, sawmill, distillery, and store of dry goods and groceries. That was the nearest approach to a town within my bounds. Sweet Springs was a notable watering place and summer resort for pleasure, and for health-seekers from all parts of the State and from other States, and hence large buildings for their accommodation; but out of the watering season there was scarcely anybody to be found there but the keeper of the hotel. Sweet Springs Valley was about ten miles long and three miles wide, between two ranges of mountains, and was occupied by small farmers, who lived for the most part by the roadside, their farms lying in the rear of their residences. They had learned much from the refined summer pleasure-seekers which was not refining nor elevating to them. They were noted for frivolity, dancing, and drinking. There was one Roman Catholic residing in the valley, and one woman and her daughter who had somewhere joined the Methodists as seekers of salvation; all the rest of the population of the valley were "outsiders" not connected with any Church. We had but about a dozen members at Gap Mills, embracing an excellent family by the name of Carpenter. Jake Weekline and wife lived on the backbone of the Allegheny range between Gap Mills and Sweet Springs Valley. They were Methodists, and their house became a preaching place.

I found a few more at Second Creek. There we had William Smith and Aleck Carson, both local preachers. Smith was a good, modest, quiet man and consistent Christian.

Carson was equally pious, a man of great originality and native mental power. He was a cooper by trade, and had been reputed the most profane swearer in all that region of profanity. But he went to a Methodist revival a few years before I met him and was awakened and saved. He at once went to the preacher, and in presence of the congregation said, "Will you allow me to join the Church?"

"Certainly, brother; I'll put your name down now."

"O, I am so glad. I have been so bad I was afraid you would not allow me to join. I do want to be a good man, and I need all the help I can get."

So he returned home rejoicing, established family worship, and was getting on nicely, till one day, when setting up a barrel, the brace hoop shipped, and down went his staves into a heap, and before he could collect his thoughts he uttered an oath.

He threw himself on the ground and rolled and groaned, and cried for mercy till the compassionate Friend of sinners healed and restored him. He never slipped again. He said nobody ever spoke to him about his soul till he went to the mourners' bench at the Methodist meeting; but as soon as it was noised abroad that Aleck Carson had joined the Methodists, [and, said he:] "scarce a day passed that some Baptist or seceder from the Scotch Kirk did not come into my shop to debate with me on disputed points of doctrine."

He said to each one, "You see, my friend, I am only a babe, but I want to learn all I can; so you will please state your point plainly and your proof texts, and I will write them down in my memorandum book and give them due consideration; but as I am a young learner you must give me time." So he got Watson's Institutes, and carefully studied every point with their proof texts, and their plain interpretation. He was so mild and teachable that each party seemed to think they had captured him. He mastered the arguments on every question raised before he attempted a reply; then as a master in theology he mowed down his opponents as he would grass in a hayfield; not one of them ever faced him a second time.

One day a reverend Calvinistic minister, a very learned and able man, rode to his shop door and said, "Mr. Carson, I have come five miles to have a theological debate with you." "All right, your reverence; wait till I tighten the hoops of this barrel, and I'll go with you to the house." So he got his barrel set up, laid aside his apron, put on his coat, and conducted the preacher to his humble home. In two hours Carson logically and scripturally took the ground from under the Calvinist, and the learned divine held up his hands in astonishment and said, "O, Mr. Carson, I've never met your like before; you must be the greatest man in the Methodist Church."

"O, no, sir. There are plenty of niggers in the Methodist Church who know much more than I do. The trouble is not in the strength of my argument, but in the utter weakness of your cause."

After that no man dared to ask him any more questions.

At the Perkins appointment, a few miles from Second Creek, I found Father Perkins, wife, and grown-up daughters, and a few other members. Father Perkins was a local preacher, a sensible, plain, good man, who, in warm weather, before beginning to preach took off his coat and opened his shirt collar.

In the Irish Corner we had but two Methodists, Brother Robinson and wife; in the Dutch Corner, none.

At Potts Creek we found a few members, among whom were Rev. Joseph Pinnell and wife. Father Pinnell was contemporary with Bishops Asbury and George, and told me much about Asbury, both in his hopeful moods and when he got into what he called "a brown study," somewhat akin to that known in more recent times as "the blues." The best antidote is useful occupation.

Father Pinnell was a member of the General Conference in 1812. That was before it became strictly a delegated body. The dear old man preached for me occasionally, always to the edification of the hearers. He was over eighty years old, but very young and lovely in spirit. I was

glad to make his acquaintance before he left for his home in heaven. He and his good wife always gave me a welcome to their plain but comfortable abode.

I do not remember the aggregate number of members I found on Sweet Springs Circuit; I think somewhere between thirty and forty, all of moderate attainments and limited means, but most confiding and kind. We shall have occasion to note the difference between the beginning and the ending of my year on that new circuit.

As soon as I preached around at all the old appointments on Sweet Springs Circuit I began to acquaint myself with the possibilities of extension.

I said, "Where can I find a preaching place in Sweet Springs Valley?"

One replied, "The only place is the dining hall of the hotel at the Springs. A Methodist preacher tried it there a few times many years ago."

"Ah, indeed; and did he get many people converted there?"

"None that we ever heard of."

"Then that is not the place for me. I must go where I can at least have a fair chance to get somebody saved."

I mounted my roan and rode through the valley to find the largest farmhouse, and asked permission to preach in it. The largest house I could find was on a crossroads, nearly half a mile back from the main road. I sat on my horse and called out the man of the house and told him who I was and what was the object of my call.

He replied, "I am no Christian, but would not object to your preaching here if my wife was well, but she is very sickly, and could not bear to have company about the house." He did not invite me to dismount; but I thanked him for his kind expressions and bade him good-bye.

I returned to the main road and called at the house of Dan Weekline. Dan was not religious, but was a brother to Jake Weekline, before named. Mrs. Weekline said her husband was not at home that day, but invited me to put up and feed my horse and stay for dinner, which I did cheerfully. During the dinner hour I got from her all the information I could in regard to the people residing in the valley, and asked permission to preach in her house.

She replied, "I have no objections, and will speak to my husband on his return and let you know."

"Very good; then please send me word to my appointment at Jake Weekline's next Sabbath afternoon, and if your husband consents give notice to all the people in this region that I will, the Lord willing, preach in your house next Wednesday, at eleven o'clock."

Receiving a cordial invitation from Dan and his wife to have a regular appointment at that house, I went on Wednesday, as had been announced, and found two rooms of the house crowded.

The interest was so great that I announced a Sabbath afternoon appointment there for every alternate week, "beginning with next Sabbath week at three o'clock."

On the first Sunday afternoon there I found the crowd so great that not half of them could get into the house, so I preached in the shade of a sugar maple grove near by; a gracious influence attended the preaching. I announced that "at 3 p.m., two weeks from today, I will, God willing, preach again under these trees, and you who have families and who want to dedicate yourselves and your little children to God may bring your children, and I will baptize them." In two weeks I had still a larger crowd, and baptized seventeen children. I then announced, "When I come again I will preach to you morning and evening on both Saturday and Sabbath, and thus each day for a week. All of you come and bring your friends."

I said to the Weeklines and a few others at tea that evening, "God is going to give us an ingathering of souls, and I will organize here the biggest class on the circuit and appoint Joe Carson the class leader for it." My words created a great laugh. Joe Carson was brother to Aleck, a six-footer of enormous proportions, an avowed bitter opposer of the Methodists, and reputed to be the most profane swearer in the valley. I was aware of all these things by common rumor, but I knew he had a combination of the best natural qualities of any man in the valley for that position, and would therefore be the man whom the Lord would save and call to that responsible leadership. It was not a prophecy but a calculation with me.

When I returned to commence my series of special services Father Perkins and two young ladies, one of whom was a New England schoolmarm, teaching in Monroe County, came to help me for a few days. The ladies visited from house to house and did us good service. The schoolmarm also gave me a few copies of *The Guide to Holiness*, then published in Cornhill, Boston, which were of great service to me personally. Saturday we had a large attendance and a deep awakening. Sunday forenoon, after preaching, I called for seekers to bow at a row of benches set for their convenience, and eleven sought with cries and tears, and about half of them received Jesus and testified to an experience of salvation.

Our meeting was but about fifty yards from the main road. I had to lead in all the singing, and lead in prayer about half a dozen times, besides the instructing of all the seekers, so that I was in great need of help. Just at this time a man passing on horseback dismounted, hitched his horse, and came into our circle and led in prayer, and gave us timely aid -- an entire stranger passing that way.

When I came to preach that Sabbath evening I found the people in great commotion. A Mrs. Carlisle had gone forward at the morning meeting and obtained peace with God. When John, her husband, heard of it he came in a great rage and wanted to whip somebody -- anybody who dared to meddle with him or his wife. His wife, he said, had already disgraced herself by mixing with the accursed Methodists. He couldn't and wouldn't stand it. "If my wife persists in this thing I'll leave her; I won't live with such a woman." Some of my friends wanted to take hold of John and

lead him away, but I said, "O, no; let the dear fellow alone. He will come to himself before the week is out."

On Tuesday night John was rolling and screaming in despair. He said, "I have committed the fatal blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and will certainly be in hell very soon."

We assured him, "Jesus loves you and is now bending over you in sympathy, and will take you into his arms as he did the little children -- put his saving hands on you, pray for you, reconcile you to God. He will take you into his kingdom and family and bless you with joy unspeakable; and he will do it all tonight."

John received and trusted him, and was saved that night. He and his happy wife and about thirty others who were saved during that week joined our church.

That gave me already the biggest class on the circuit, but no one tall enough above the rest to be a leader. Joe Carson came about three times and went away in bad temper, and came no more during the series.

I sent John Carpenter from beyond the mountain, to lead the class weekly till the Lord would give us a leader on the spot.

Next in order was a series of services at Jake Weekline's, on the mountain, where but few people lived. We had, if I remember accurately, seven converted, one of them a black boy living with the Weeklines, who became an exemplary Christian. Joe Carson came two or three times to that series of meetings and was affected by the preaching, but ran home to wear off his convictions.

My next series of meetings was at a schoolhouse down the creek a few miles below Gap Mills, I forget the name of the place. I preached twice on Saturday. Sabbath morning we had a great crowd, not a third of whom could get into the house; so I preached in the shade of a large spruce pine-tree. I mounted a box with my back to the huge forester and laid my Bible on a small dead limb projecting from its trunk. Looking over my audience, I saw, to my agreeable surprise, Joe Carson and his wife. They had come ten miles on horseback that morning to attend my meetings; so I thanked God, and in my heart prayed earnestly for them. After preaching there in the open air that forenoon I invited seekers to come forward for instruction and the prayers of those who knew God, and kneel at a row of benches set for the purpose. About a dozen came promptly, and among them was Mrs. Carson. Joe saw her down, and sprang to his feet and ran to the woods like a wounded deer. He ran about one hundred yards and fell prostrate on the ground. A brother saw him tumble, and went to him and found him crying and begging God not to kill him, but spare him and give him another chance.

Three or four professed conversion that morning, but the odds against us appeared to be very great. We had the sheriff of Monroe County, a Mr. C., son of the richest man, it was said, in the country, and Mr. C. busied himself in going through the congregation urging the people "not to be humbugged by this babbler."



At night, not having so great a crowd, we had our meeting in the schoolhouse, which would seat about one hundred persons. When I called for seekers at the close of the preaching Joe Carson walked across the rear end of the house and took his wife by the arm, and side by side they came and knelt at the penitent form. Mrs. Carson and a few others were sweetly saved that night, and testified to an experience of the saving power of Jesus. I took Joe and his wife with me to lodge with the kind family by whom I was entertained. Next morning Sister Carson returned home to look after their family and farm and left Joe with me.

That forenoon, after preaching, when I invited seekers, Carson and a half dozen others came promptly forward. As we were in the act of kneeling to pray I saw the sheriff, who had been moving round to dissuade persons from going forward, coming in a rage to the front, and I said: "Hold on, brethren; don't kneel down yet." By that time the sheriff seized a young woman who was kneeling as a seeker by the arm, and I said, "Mr. C., is that lady your wife?"

"No."

"Is she your sister or daughter?"

"No."

"Then what have you to do with her?"

"She is my cousin, and I'm going to have her away from here. This is no fit place for her to be, and I will have her out of this. I don't believe in this thing of forcing people."

"O, no, Mr. C.; I don't believe in trying to force anybody to renounce his sins and seek forgiveness from God. Ask her if she was forced, and if she says 'Yes,' then take her away at once."

He did not put the question, but a lady near by did, and she replied, "I came freely, of my own accord, and I must be allowed to seek the forgiveness of my sins."

"She is too young," shouted the sheriff, "to act for herself in such matters."

"O, you see she is not a child, but a young woman, well understanding what she is about; but if you take the responsibility, Mr. C., of standing for her, will you stand for her in the day of judgment?"

"No; but I'll have her away from here."

"Now, Mr. C., take your seat beside the young lady, and see all that is done, and hear all that may be said to her, and see that she shall have fair play. Here is a good seat, Mr. C.;" but he let the lady go and returned to the rear. As he passed me I said, "Mr. C., the young lady wants to be saved, and as you need salvation as well as the rest of us we will pray that you too may seek and find the pearl of great price."

"I need it, Mr. Taylor, as badly as anybody else." Then I said, "Let us pray."

The powers of darkness gave way, and the work of God went on in full tide. Mr. C. was well acquainted with Joe Carson, and witnessed his awful struggles that day as he seemed to be possessed of "many devils, which threw him down and tore him." For half an hour or more he lay prostrate on the floor and groaned and frothed at the mouth like a man with hydrophobia, but finally gave up and accepted Jesus as a present, all-powerful Saviour, and then arose and plainly testified to a sweet deliverance from the power of devils and sin.

The young lady that Mr. C. tried to turn back testified also for Jesus as her Saviour.

When I pronounced the benediction that day Mr. C. came up and took me by the hand and said, "Mr. Taylor, I want you to go home with me."

"Certainly, Mr. C.; I'll go with pleasure." The devil whispered to me, "He wants to seek private revenge." I replied in my mind, "If he does he will not find it."

Mr. C. talked all the way home and after our arrival, telling me how he had been brought up to hate the Methodists, and how for years he had made it his business to oppose them.

"I now see that I was in the dark and doing the work of the devil. I see my folly, and whether I shall join them or not I certainly shall defend them henceforth, for I see they are right."

I afterward baptized his wife and children, but unhappily Mr. C. did not fully surrender himself to God, at least not while I remained on the circuit; but he never missed a meeting which I held in his neighborhood, and was ready any day to fight for me if necessary.

Before I left the circuit he gave me an illustration of one effect of my meetings on that community in which he lived.

"Hitherto," said he, "I could not get my neighbors to come and shuck my corn without plenty of whisky. This year I had an unusually heavy crop of corn, and invited the same men as before to come to my corn-shucking. I thought some of them might want a dram, so I provided a jug of whisky. The men worked with a will, shucked my whole crop in one day, and did it better than ever before, and not a man of them took a drop of whisky except three wild fellows who never went to your meetings. After supper one of the three wished he had a flask, that he might take some of the whisky home with him. So I said to the three of them, 'You see this crowd has no use for that stuff, so you may take the jug,' which they did, and immediately waddled off with it."

Mrs. Carson told me afterward how she and Joe were induced to ride ten miles on that memorable Sunday morning to attend my meetings. During the night she dreamed that she, her husband and children, were lost in a desert and famishing for want of water. They searched for water till they had become utterly exhausted and sank into hopeless despair; then all of a sudden they heard a shout of a familiar voice. "O, that is the voice of Mr. Taylor; how strange that he should be away out in this desert! Hear what he says: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' And as I looked," said Mrs. Carson, "with longing hope in the direction whence came the

voice I saw a flowing stream of the most transparent water that I had ever seen, and said, 'We shall go and drink and live, and not die in this desert;' and in my joy I awoke and awakened my husband and told him my dream and the interpretation thereof. If we stop in the desert of sin in which we have lived so long we shall utterly and forever perish and lead our children to destruction. We must go and let Mr. Taylor lead us to the 'river of pure water of life, clear as crystal.' So we hastened to get ready, and mounted our horses and went to the meeting, where we drank freely and were led out of the desert of sin and death."

Our next series of special services was held at the house of old Father Perkins.

At the close of my week of special services in Sheriff C.'s neighborhood I was announced to commence a series at the Perkins appointment; but on account of the number of bright conversions to God that week, and the deep awakening in the community at large, and the subordinate consideration that I had promised to celebrate a marriage there on Thursday of the week ensuing, I concluded that the Perkins people would accept for the present a four-days' meeting, and allow me to follow, as it seemed to me, the manifest leading of the Spirit, and resume work in C.'s neighborhood on Wednesday night, attend to the marriage celebration on Thursday, and go on with the meetings as long as the Lord would give us signal success there. So I adjourned that series on Friday night, to be resumed on Wednesday night of the following week. Next day I went on and preached at the house of Father Perkins, according to appointment. After preaching I gave them an account of the blessed work of God in C.'s neighborhood and the liberty I had taken in shortening the time of their series at present, to be resumed as quickly as the Lord would permit, and then be protracted indefinitely.

Father Perkins was a plain, blunt, but good man of the old school, a local preacher in our Church, who in summer heat would take off his coat and preach in his shirt sleeves. He took the floor, and in the most earnest and emphatic manner entered his protest against any change of the plan, as before arranged, saying, "You have given a whole week to those people, and they have had a good time. They ought to be satisfied, and not interfere with our meetings. We certainly have as good a right to your services as they have. We have made our arrangements for a week of special services, and many of our friends have come a long distance to spend the week with us, and we can't disappoint them, and hence cannot consent to any change of the original arrangement."

I could make no defense, but said, "I thought you would be so glad to hear of the opening work of God in a hitherto fruitless field that you would, after a series of four days, cheerfully consent to let me follow what seems to me to be a manifest leading of the Spirit of God; but as you hold me to the original agreement, as before announced, I must fulfill it to the letter."

I was cornered, and, being young and inexperienced, Satan took occasion to torment me. I was grieved to hazard the possibilities of the progressing work in the other neighborhood, and was committed, by public announcement, for preaching on the same day and hour at two places twenty miles apart, and no opportunity of recalling the one ignored by Daddy Perkins. So I cried to the Lord in my trouble, and he heard my cry. It was a greater grief to me to be unable to fulfill a promise made to a man or to a congregation of men and women than many are prepared to appreciate. So I cried to the Lord, and he gave me deliverance far exceeding the immediate occasion of my distress.

From the day of my restoration to filial union with God, four years before, I earnestly sought holiness of heart -- perfect love to God. I saw that by the redemptive covenant and provision in Jesus Christ, by commands and promises, by invitations and admonitions, by the recorded experiences and testimonies of holy men of old, it was plainly taught in the Bible as the common privilege and duty of all believers. I carefully read Wesley's Plain Account and the like narrative of Adam Clarke, John Fletcher, and a host of credible witnesses, and was greatly enlightened and encouraged. I heard the subject preached by many of our ministers, and saw Rev. William Prettyman and a few others invite believers to come forward as seekers just as sinners were invited to do in seeking pardon, and I always responded to such calls and went forward for entire sanctification, but without success. For my own information and as a preparatory qualification for the intelligible instruction of others in similar complications I had to suffer a while.

Peter, by the inspiration of the divine Teacher, says, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." So I was in this intermediate school, had been pardoned and regenerated and was being preserved by the power of Jesus from sinning, without one voluntary departure from him during the four years of my renewed allegiance; but I was tormented by an overly scrupulous conscience and other involuntary disabilities and deprived of settled peace.

The principle of obedience was wrought in me by the Holy Spirit and frequent struggles and painful apprehension on account of the evil of inherent depravity. It was sincere and unreserved from the beginning, but I needed light to apply and strength to fulfill it.

I had to learn the difference between essential human nature and the carnal mind. The one, according to God's design in his original creation of man and in his new creation by the Holy Spirit, is to be developed and utilized for its legitimate purposes; the other, an extraneous diabolical thing to be destroyed by the might of the Almighty and separated from us forever. Yet the carnal mind, though foreign, has so diffused itself through our whole being and so identified itself with every part of it that it requires special divine enlightenment to enable us to discriminate clearly between these two opposite things. The human body has five senses. They are a part of God's creative ideal; hence, essential and legitimate. It has three appetites, with the affections which connect them with our mental and moral constitution.

We have, also, mental appetencies, with their affections -- the mental appetency for knowledge, the sinful lust of which would manifest itself in self-conceit, pedantry, and pride; the mental appetency for property, the lust of which is covetousness and its train of abuses; the mental appetency for power, which in lustful excess results in tyranny and oppression; and so on through a long list of this class, together with another class adapted to the relations we sustain to society, to the state, to the family, to our neighbors in general.

Our mental and moral constitution is specially endowed with higher attributes essential to our relations to God and to eternity. All these belonged legitimately to the constitution of man

before "sin entered," -- and will be retained in our sanctified being when "cleansed from all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

The carnal mind is that diabolical infusion which permeates all these appetites, appetencies, attributes, and affections, and fills them with enmity to God and leads the unsaved into all manner of misapplications, lustful excesses, and abuses, dishonoring to God and destructive to man. Hence, one leading characteristic of holiness is light -- divine light -- to enable us to perceive clearly what the Holy Sanctifier has come to do for us; what to destroy and remove, what to retain, purify, and adjust to their legitimate purposes so that we may receive and trust the Lord Jesus for all that he came to do for us, and no more.

The principle of obedience must not only be enlightened, but must be in proportion to the enlightenment, enlarged to the measure of full concurrence in practical obedience to all perceivable duties in the field of enlarged vision, and must, moreover, be perfected so as to accept at all times the behests of God, covering all possibilities in his will; not those only which come within the radius of an enlarged vision, but those in the immeasurable margin beyond; not only our legal obligations to God and man as defined by the decalogue, but the broadest application of the new commandment as exemplified in the life and death of Jesus Christ.

On the eve of his departure from the world, in a solemn charge to his disciples he said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." What was the measure of his love for us? Love up to the legal lines of the Ten Commandments. On those legal principles he would have stood on his rights and would have executed judgment upon us according to the law. He would have retained his glory and stayed in his own happy home in the bosom of his eternal Father and sent us to the place prepared for the devil and for all his followers. But under the new commandment, which does not antagonize our legal rights and duties, he voluntarily and gladly gave up his rights and, under the weight of our wrongdoing, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

To discriminate clearly between temptation and sin was another lesson I had to learn in the school of Christ under the tuition of the Holy Spirit. Christ "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." It is not sin in us to be tempted in all points like as he was, but in yielding to temptation, which always entails sin and condemnation.

I tried the theory of a gradual growth out of sin into holiness, but found from sad experience it was not in the nature of sin to grow out, but to grow in and grow on and bring forth fruit unto death, and that it had to be restrained still totally extirpated by the Holy Sanctifier.

A sincere spirit of legalism, more than anything else, trammelled my faith and prevented the Holy Spirit from perfecting that which was lacking in my faith. It was not theoretical but practical legalism. I did not for a moment trust to anything I had done, but, under cover of vows and covenants to be holy, I was really trusting to what I was going to do. To the best of my knowledge I presented my body, my whole being, on God's altar and worked myself nearly to death trying to be holy. I was often blessed and comforted, and hoped at the moment that I had found the pearl of perfect love, but soon perceived I was mistaken. I had been justified by faith, kept in a justified relation to God by faith; my ministry from its commencement had been attended by the soul-saving

power of Jesus, and why I failed to cross over into the promised land of perfect love was a profound puzzle to me; but I was getting light and gathering strength in the struggle.

In the month of August, 1845, I attended a camp meeting on Fincastle Circuit, the old camp where my presiding elder, three years before, appointed me to the work of an itinerant minister. On my way to the camp meeting I saw that in connection with an entire consecration of my whole being to God, which I had been sincerely trying to gain from the beginning, I should pay no particular attention to my emotional sensibilities nor to their changes, nor to the great blessings I was daily receiving in answer to prayer, but should simply accept the Bible record of God's provisions and promises as an adequate basis of faith, and on the evidences contained in these divine credentials receive and trust the divine Saviour for all that he had come to do for me, and nothing less. I was then and there enabled to establish two essential facts: (1) To be true to Jesus Christ; (2) to receive and trust him to be true to me. So there, on my horse in the road, I began to say more emphatically than ever before, "I belong to God. Every fiber of my being I consecrate to him. I consent to perfect obedience. I have no power to do anything toward saving myself, but in utter helplessness I receive and trust Jesus for full salvation."

Then the tempter said, "Take care; don't go too fast; there may be reservations in your consecration you don't think of."

I replied, "I surrender everything I can think of and everything I can't think of. I accept a principle of obedience that covers all possibilities in the will of God."

"But you don't feel anything different from your ordinary experience."

"The word of God is sure. On the evidence it contains I receive and trust the Blessor without any stipulation as to the blessing or the joyful feeling it may bring."

I went on to the camp meeting maintaining my two facts as the Lord gave me power to do, without the aid of joyous emotional sensibility or feeling.

My dear father was there as an earnest worker. I was delighted to be with him, for besides being a kind father he was in Jesus a brother to me. I met many old friends at that meeting, for it was on the circuit I served the year preceding, and found many sources of real pleasure; but my struggle within was so severe that I had but little enjoyment of any sort.

In conversation one evening at that meeting with Aunt Eleanor Goodwin, a saintly woman, I said: "In the years of my unbelief and apostasy I acquired such a habit of doubting that I have never yet been able fully to conquer it."

Instantly the taunt of the tempter rang with an echo through the domain of my spirit nature: "Can't, can't; you can't do it."

I saw that I had inadvertently made a concession which Satan was using to defeat my faith, and I said: "Aunt Eleanor, in saying that I have not been able to conquer my old habit of doubting I see I have made a mistake. God commands us to believe and be saved. He doesn't command

impossibilities; so in regard to believing -- receiving Christ -- for all that he has engaged to do for me, I have said 'I can't believe' for the last time. I can do whatsoever he commands; for he hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" So I at once revised my spiritual vocabulary and ignored all the "can'ts," "ifs," and "buts" as used by doubters in regard to the grand possibilities of the grace of God. That was a victory for my faith, but I felt no special cleansing power within.

At the close of the camp meeting I returned to my circuit, steadily maintaining my facts. Through the series of my special services in Sweet Springs Valley, at Dan Weekline's, where we had the blessed work before described, and the series at Jake Weekline's on the mountain, and in the series of Sheriff C.'s neighborhood, I stood by my two facts, as Abraham stood by his offered sacrifice, in spite of smothering darkness and devouring fowls, but I felt no assurance of the Holy Spirit that I was sanctified wholly. I was not; though my consecration, so far as I know, was complete, but the point of self-conscious utter impotency where faith ceases to struggle and reposes calmly on the bosom of Jesus I had not quite reached.

One sleepless night during my week of services with Daddy Perkins I said to myself, "What shall I do? A blank disappointment at C.'s next Wednesday night will be damaging to my reputation for judicious management and fidelity to truth, and preclude the possible achievement of greater soul-saving victories there! To preach at the two places twenty miles apart is impossible!" In a moment the oft-repeated fact went through me like an electric shock, "With God all things are possible." I nestled on the bosom of Jesus and rested my weary head and heart near to the throbbing heart of infinite love and sympathy. I laughed and cried, and said, "Yes, all things are possible with God. He can arrange for two appointments at the same hour twenty miles apart. I don't know how. He may have a dozen ways of doing it, and I will let him do it in any way he may choose. Yes, and I will let him do anything else he has engaged to do for me." I was not praying specially for holiness that night, but I rested my weary soul on the bosom of Jesus and saw spread out before me an ocean of available soul-saving resources in God, and overheard the whispers of the Holy Spirit saying, "Jesus saves you yet. He saves you now. Hallelujah!"

Satan was listening, and said, "Maybe he doesn't."

"But he does, and it is the easiest thing in the world for him to save me from all sin, wash my spirit clean, and make me a full 'partaker of the divine nature.' I can't do any of it. He can do it all, and I will henceforth let him attend to his own work in his own way." Instead of receiving a great blessing I received the great Blessor as the bridegroom of my soul. I was fully united to him in the bonds of mutual fidelity, confidence, and love. I have from that day to this dwelt with Jesus and verified the truth of "the record of God concerning his Son." Through the mistakes of my eyes, ears, judgment, and memory I have given him trouble enough, and myself too; but he has wonderfully preserved me from sin and led me to victory in a thousand battles for the rescue of perishing sinners in many climes; and, strange as it may seem, the greatest Gospel achievements of my life have resulted from his overruling of some of my greatest mistakes.

I claim no exemption from the infirmities, temptations, trials, and tribulations to which the children of God have been subjected through all the ages of the past, and cheerfully concur in God's providential adjustment of them for the correction, discipline, and development of Christian character. To be sure, I have thus far been exempt from serious bodily illness ever since I was a

lad of about fourteen years, and in nearly one hundred voyages, long and short, at sea have never been detained an hour by shipwreck or quarantine. I thankfully accepted these providential mercies; but did not receive them in answer to prayer. I am not indifferent to such things, but I know not what is best for me, and Father does; so I prefer to leave all such things to the manifestation of his own pleasure, and appreciate them the more highly in that I had not teased and begged and bothered him about such things. Moreover, I don't want any exemption from, nor mitigation of, any hard discipline that God sees needful in character building for eternity.

Paul was true to God, yet subject to the most severe discipline. He prayed for exemption, and God answered his prayer by saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and Paul replied, "Most gladly, therefore, will I suffer." From that time on he "gloried in tribulation," even though at one time it killed him and threw his mangled body to the Lystrian dogs; that gave his soul an opportunity to sweep up through the midst of the spheres to the heaven of God and glorified souls and take in visions of glory utterly indescribable, which fixed his residence henceforth more in heaven than on earth. He simply stayed on the earth after that on the principle of self-sacrifice, that he might be used in saving sinners and in building up the Church of God among men, and that he might furnish an example of patient sufferings, which, in his person, were in number, variety, and depth an aggregate equivalent of all the possible sufferings of all God's children, for a purpose outside of personal development, which he thus states: "That in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." One pattern of that sort was enough. One chart drawn from such an experience was sufficient for the safe navigation of the stormy sea of life from that day till the judgment day. Therefore, while no loyal servant of God, as was Paul, is ever required to endure all, nor a hundredth part, of what Paul suffered, yet everyone is liable to any number or variety of Paul's aggregate of sufferings, as God may appoint as the portion of each one.

When the church in Thessalonica was passing through great tribulations Paul wrote them, saying, "I send Timotheus, our brother, and minister of God, and our fellow-laborer in the Gospel of Christ, to establish you, and to comfort you concerning your faith: that no man should be moved by these afflictions: for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For verily, when we were with you, we told you before that we should suffer tribulation; even as it came to pass, and ye know." God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but for our profit. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. When tribulations come crashing down on us, to know that we are appointed thereunto prepares us to endure them meekly and prove the sufficiency of the grace of God and the wisdom and kindness of God when it "yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

The theory of a Pullman car passage to heaven, with the great Physician aboard to exempt us or immediately relieve us of all diseases is a poor preparation for the stern realities of disciplinary sufferings on the Pauline line; and its counterpart, that the suffering of protracted sickness is proof that the sufferer has entailed it by a sinful departure from God, puts a club into the hands of the "accuser of the brethren," with which he beats them to death.

So I don't pray for exemption from any afflictions or tribulations to which God may appoint me. My one concern, requiring continual watchfulness and prayer, is to maintain intact the two



essential facts before stated, to be at all times true to Jesus and to receive and trust him at all times to be true to me.

As for the tribulations to which I may be appointed, I ask no less and desire no more than may come exactly within the range of God's will. We may, indeed, in what may appear to us as unbearable anguish, cry with the suffering Son of God, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say?" Shall I say, "Father, save me from this hour?" But there is a purpose in all this; for "for this cause came I unto this hour." "Father, glorify thy name."

So, if we are true to God and trust Jesus, we have nothing to fear from without, and should not allow the innumerable changes in our emotional sensibilities to infringe the immutable principles of our covenant with God.

I grew in grace and in the knowledge of God before I was purged from all iniquity, but much more rapidly afterward. When the obstructions to growth were removed and my union with the infinite sap sources of the living vine was completed, then why should I not "grow up into him in all things?" Holiness, therefore, does not fix a limit to growth, but adjusts the conditions essential to a continuous "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," which is limitless and eternal.

Well, when I went to my preaching appointment next day Father Perkins met me and said, "Brother Taylor, we can arrange for Wednesday night here, and you can go Wednesday and fill your appointment as announced, celebrate the marriage on Thursday, and return to us by Thursday night.

"All right, Father Perkins; let it be so written."

So from a very small beginning God has been leading me along the high lines of human impossibilities from that day to the present moment. "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

We had good meetings, but not many saved, at the house of Father Perkins.

So far as I was concerned I made things satisfactory at the other place and held our ground, but, failing to take the tide at the flood, we lost our opportunity of achieving greater victories.

At the Irish Corner we fitted up an unoccupied dwelling house for our special services. My dear father came on horseback about seventy miles, and gave grand assistance for a few days. When soul-saving success became manifest Satan became alarmed; for he claimed exclusive rights in the Irish Corner. So he sent a lot of his faithful servants who tore the roof off our house and threw off the logs of the upper story, it being an old-fashioned log house. We quietly repaired it and went on with our meetings.

One evening when I came to preach I found many of the women weeping, and perceived a great commotion among the men, some of whom hastened to meet me, saying, "We are going to

have bloodshed here tonight. The bully of this country has come with a great dirk knife, and swears he will rip open every Methodist on the turf."

I replied: "That would be a calamity, indeed; but never mind, friends, God will take care of the Methodists if they will do their duty and trust him. Come into the house and be seated, and we will at once open the services of the evening."

The ripper got ripped by the sword of the Spirit, and two nights later he fell on his face in presence of the congregation, bawling like a wild bull in a pit, and the Lord had mercy on him.

A farmer by the name of Armstrong heard of "the great doings at the Methodist meetings," and came one night to see and hear for himself, and went away in a great rage of anger, saying: "Some meddlesome fellow has told the preacher all about me, and he exposed me before the whole congregation. I'll find out who the villain is who has taken on himself the trouble to tell on me, and give him a thrashing that will teach him a lesson; and I will keep away from the meetings and not give that preacher another chance to put me to the blush."

By the evening of the next day he changed his mind. He wanted to learn more about the strange things that were coming to pass at the meetings, but to avoid another possible exposure he went in advance of anyone else and concealed himself behind the door. He stated afterward: "As soon as the preacher read his text he began at once, as it appeared to me, to expose me before all the people. He did not repeat the things he told last night, but opened up a new chapter of worse things that I feared he would let out against me last night; but he reserved them and fastened them all on me tonight, and all my neighbors will know that he means me. I got awfully angry there behind the door, but I was cornered, and could do nothing but bite my lips and swear to myself; but after a long cogitation in my anger I began to get another view of the case, and said to myself: 'I must be mistaken. It was not at all probable the preacher knew anything personally about me last night, and certainly he doesn't know I am here tonight. He said last night that nearly all the people here were strangers to him, but that he held the Gospel glass before them, and they could see themselves and all their meanness more distinctly than he could tell them. I now see the truth of what he says. God is in this mystery. His Spirit has found me out, and my own guilty conscience tells me who I am and what I have done as a rebel against God. I can't carry this hell in my bosom any longer. I'll make a clean breast of it at once.'" So out he rushed from behind the door and kneeled at the mourners' bench and sought and found the Lord. I afterward visited him in his own house and heard his testimony to these facts.

The most wealthy man identified with us at Second Creek was Captain Nichols. He owned a fine farm, lived in a good brick house, and deservedly enjoyed the social status of a Virginia gentleman, and always entertained me at his house as a welcome guest. He was not a member of our Church, but his wife was. She was a lovely lady, and he seemed always delighted to accompany her to our meetings, and became identified with us in that way.

The father of Sister Nichols, Christie H., was the owner of a farm and a flour mill, and was reputed to be rich.

At a series of meetings I conducted at Second Creek, Sister Nichols did faithful work, and was used by the Holy Spirit in leading many seekers to the Saviour, among whom were two of her sisters, beautiful young ladies, well up in their teens. They stayed at the home of Captain and Mrs. Nichols during the week of our special services. Meantime I learned that their parents, though they were very nice people in their way, were dreadfully prejudiced against the Methodists, and would bitterly oppose the religious course adopted by their two daughters. So when they were ready to return to their home Sister Nichols thought it advisable I should accompany them and try to make fair weather for them with their parents. I was, of course, greatly interested in their spiritual welfare, and was willing to do anything within my power to help them; so I saddled my horse, and away we went. As we rode up the lane leading to their home we met their mother on horseback. We simply said "Good morning" to her, and she passed by on the other side and went on her way without seeming to recognize us. Arriving at the house, I hitched the horses, and by invitation of the young ladies I walked into the reception room. We sat conversing about a quarter of an hour, when the father rushed through the house muttering to his daughters, but said nothing to me.

As he passed out to the barn I followed him and said: "Father H., I have taken the liberty of calling to see you. I want to make your acquaintance. As a friend and guest of Captain and Mrs. Nichols I want to speak to you in regard to your younger daughters. They have both been attending my meetings for a week past, and both of them have received Jesus as their Saviour and have joined the Methodists. They are intelligent young ladies, an honor to their parents, and I believe will develop into good Christians, like their elder sister. I hope this is all agreeable to you."

"Not at all agreeable to me. I don't know what their mother will say, but I am opposed to the whole thing. They had no right to go to your meetings without their parents. It was no fit place for them to be in."

"They went with their sister, Mrs. Nichols, who is a lady of taste and propriety, and would not go to a place unsuited to her standing as a lady, nor hence unsuitable for her sisters, who were never at a service unaccompanied by their good sister, Mrs. Nichols."

"Yes, Mrs. Nichols is a lady; but these girls are too young for any such business."

"Why, Father H., they crossed the line of accountability years ago, and are really young ladies of superior intelligence."

"I don't want to hear any more of your talk;" and, turning abruptly, he walked rapidly away in the direction of his mill. I returned to the house and met the girls on the verandah, but did not sit down. The girls were trembling with fright, and said, "Father has a dreadful temper, and he will certainly beat us without mercy. What shall we do?"

I said, "My dear sisters, you have this guarantee: 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted' or tried 'above that ye are able;' but he 'will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' Therefore, patiently endure whatever tribulation he may appoint or permit, and trust him for patience and power of endurance, and to make all things work together for your good." While thus quietly conversing the father passed us on the porch and ran up

the stairs leading from the porch to the second story of the house, and as he ran he shouted back to his younger daughter, "Come up stairs with me; I'll teach you a lesson on obedience."

The dear girl, expecting an awful beating, turned instinctively with flowing tears to me, saying, "What shall I do?"

Before she could recover self-possession sufficient to enable her to obey his order he rushed down stairs and out of the house, saying, as he passed us, "You won't obey your father, won't you? Well, if you think more of the preacher than you do of your father, go away with him, all of you go;" and off he went toward his mill.

The old sinner! So far as physical force was concerned I could have thrashed him and thrown him over the fence, but the weapons of my warfare were not carnal, and, indeed, I felt only sorrow, love, and pity for the unhappy man. I spent about half an hour longer with the sorrowing sisters trying to instruct and encourage them to suffer meekly for the sake of our suffering Saviour, and then we kneeled down and I prayed for them and for their parents, and then commended them to the keeping of our faithful God and Father. In bidding them adieu I felt an unutterable flow of sympathy for them, but could do no more.

I learned subsequently that the father did beat them unmercifully and forbade them going to a Methodist meeting as long as they should live.

The girls, as I was informed, proved to be Christian heroines, saying and reaffirming under the cruel treatment they were suffering, "If you beat us to death we will meekly bear it for Christ's sake; while we remain in your house we will obey your orders, but we are Methodists and will remain in the Church of our choice, whether you let us go to meeting or not."

I did not again visit their home, but before I completed my year on the Sweet Springs Circuit the elder of the two was allowed to come to our preaching services.

The last time I preached at Second Creek I had a mournful visit at the house of my dear friend, Captain Nichols. He was feeling unwell three days before, and thought to take a dose of calomel, [calomel n. a compound of mercury, esp. when used medicinally as a cathartic. -- Oxford Dict.] but by mistake took corrosive sublimate, [corrosive sublimate mercuric chloride, a strong acid poison, used as a fungicide, antiseptic, etc. -- Oxford Dict.] which burned him out so that after the torturing pain of a few days he died. I labored spiritually with him in his agony and did all I could, and I hope with success, to induce him to submit wholly to God and receive Jesus Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour.

His father-in-law, squire H., was there at the time and shook hands with me very cordially. He was about to leave on business before my time for departure, but turned to me and said, "You are going to pray for us all, ain't you?"

"Yes, Father H., when convenient for the captain we will pray together that God will pity us and help us in our great sorrow."

He said, "My business calls me away, but I will wait till after prayers."

He seemed to be quite devotional during the family worship that followed. Then, with tears glistening in the furrows of his brawny face, he pressed my hand and said, "I wish you well, good-bye;" and I saw him no more.

To the few scattered members I found we added about one hundred probationers and organized the Sweet Springs Circuit, the thing I was sent to do -- a circuit of such proportions and resources that a man and his wife were appointed to it the ensuing year.

Before I left I appointed Joe Carson leader of our class at Dan Weekline's, and was afterward informed that he became the best leader on the circuit.

As for self-support, I was entitled by the Discipline to receive but one hundred dollars, and many croakers predicted that I would not receive twenty-five cents in the whole year of service. Without any unwelcome dunning, with a little judicious financial management I received one hundred and seven dollars. It was not allowable, nor did I wish, to pocket the surplus change of seven dollars, so I paid it over to the presiding elder.

The Sweet Springs Circuit was the fourth and last country circuit I ever traveled, all my subsequent appointments being in large cities (which, though substantially the same as circuits, are in America called "stations") and in evangelistic and foreign missionary work. I have ever desired to visit those fields of my early ministry, to see how my beloved people do, and cheer them on in their heavenward pilgrimage, but have never had the opportunity, except to meet a few of them at camp meetings remote from their homes.

A few years ago I met a minister in a Western Conference who was born and brought up in the bounds of the Sweet Springs Circuit. He informed me that nearly all who were saved there under my ministry were abiding in Jesus and doing well; some of the leading men had suffered decline during the war but had in the main recovered. He said the class books in which I wrote the names of all the members and probationers composing the church of our new circuit in 1845, with the dates showing, by "P" for present and "A" for absent, without a good excuse, the weekly class meeting attendance of each member, were in a good state of preservation; but instead of being laid aside with old books and newspapers were still taken to the class meetings as the first book in a series of added books of the same kind. When one is filled a new one is stitched on and the whole carefully preserved.

At my last quarterly meeting on Sweet Springs Circuit my presiding elder, Brown Morgan, said to me, "William, if you and the 'sweet singer in Israel' wish to be united in marriage this spring you shall have my approval, and I will have you appointed to Christiansburg Station, which is a first-class appointment for a young minister and his wife."

"Brother Morgan, I am surprised at such a generous proposal to a young man who has traveled but three years under Conference appointment; you certainly lay me under great obligations; but I have no thought of being married till I shall have traveled at least four years as a single man."

"Very well, Brother William, if that is your purpose I will have you stationed with me next year. My term of service as Presiding Elder of the Rockingham District will end at the coming session of Conference. I will be appointed to some large station in Washington City or Baltimore, and I will have you for my colleague."

"You are extremely kind, my dear brother; I fear that it would be impossible for me to meet your expectations in efficient service on such a station. You know I am but a country-born, green mountaineer, and would cut a poor figure among your stylish city folks."

"I know you, and I'll take all risks of such an appointment."

"I will accept any appointment the Lord shall be pleased to give by the appointing authorities of our Church, I ask no favors and shirk no responsibilities in the line of my duty as a Methodist preacher."

Then came the weeping farewells of my dear people of the new circuit, my humble, sincere, loving, and beloved people. I dearly loved the people of all my charges; but that was the first circuit intrusted to my charge, and that was the year in which most of its members were born into the kingdom of God, so that our mutual attachment was peculiarly strong.

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#### 04 -- MY WORK AT GEORGETOWN AND BALTIMORE

On Horseback to the Conference -- Reprimand of a Minister -- My "Guide to Holiness" -- Preaching the Bible Doctrine -- Incident from My Work in Edinburgh -- "We Agree Exactly." -- The Baltimore Appointments -- "Georgetown, William Taylor" -- Mother Phelps -- A Digression -- Question of a New Suit of Clothes -- I Attend a Banquet -- And Repent -- Character of Henry Tarring -- Casting My Gospel Net -- Beginning in the Market House -- The Cry of Fire -- Sketch of Thomas B. Sargent -- I Tell Him of My Marriage Prospects -- My Union with Annie Kimberlin -- "That Young Lady and her Father" -- What Shall We Do with Our Slaves? -- We Manumit Them -- Thomas Sewall My Colleague -- My Work Becomes Onerous -- At the Capitol -- "Mr. Taylor has Spoiled You." -- The Excursion to Mount Vernon, and its Lessons -- A Dead Snake -- Fall of a Big Class Leader -- Conference of 1848 -- A Trial Sermon -- Junior Preacher for North Baltimore Station -- Sketches of Tippet and Martin -- Beginning Open-air Meetings -- Scenes in the Bellaire Market -- A Dead Man Lives Again -- Worst of All Diseases -- A Knockdown Case -- Conversion of Shilling -- A Holiness Meeting in Monument Street -- Discussion with Father Thomas -- At Shrewsbury Camp Meeting -- First Acquaintance with Phoebe Palmer -- "Bishop Waugh Wants to See You." -- My Interview with the Bishop -- He Appoints Me to the California Mission -- My Consultation with Anne -- "Both are Subject to Your Order." -- The Bishop's Benediction -- Preparation for Starting to the Pacific Coast -- A Baltimore Chapel for California -- Speech of Martin, and My Reply -- Staunton Conference of 1849 -- We Take Passage in a Providential Way -- Our Company -- The Stop at Valparaiso -- Startling Rumors from California -- Satan and his Bugaboo -- We Reach San Francisco

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To get from Sweet Springs Circuit to the seat of the Conference in Baltimore city in March, 1846, required me to travel on horseback two hundred and seventy miles through the deep mud of the breaking winter, with a nightly freezing surface not hard enough to bear up a horse and his rider, but very hard on the horse's legs; but I had the company of my dear friend, Rev. C. A. Reid, and a few other mountain itinerant young preachers, so that it was more a pleasure trip than one of hard service. Having written in a book which I carried in my pocket a synopsis of the books in the course of study on which I was to be examined at the Conference, I redeemed the time of traveling by carefully reviewing what I had written, so that without the burden of the books I had the gist of their contents in my pocket and in my memory, ready for use on short notice. As a schoolboy my ambition to "stand head" in the spelling classes led me to study my lessons well. So, combined with a thirst for useful knowledge, my ambition to excel in the examinations was very much like that of my boyhood.

The Conference sessions covered nearly three weeks, protracted by the arrest and trial of a brother for maladministration, calling out the eloquence of our champion debaters. Most of the specifications were sustained, but they did not sustain the charge; yet he could not be indorsed by a clean acquittal; so it was decided that the brother should be admonished by the chair.

He was called to the front, having the appearance of a man led to the scaffold to be hung. He stood before the bishop, who administered a kind but cutting admonition in the presence of three hundred ministers. All could clearly see the "difference between skinning and being skinned." The poor fellow who suffered the skinning wept aloud and replied, "All this has come on me for trying to protect the escutcheon [escutcheon n. a shield or emblem bearing a coat of arms. -- Oxford Dict.] of the Church from defilement and disgrace." He was a good man, but was often led more by a strong tide of feeling than by the decisions of a dispassionate judgment.

Having nothing to do with the debates in Conference but to listen that I might cast my vote aright, which, with the swaying arguments and eloquence of the advocates, I found to be a difficult task. I was modestly trying to interest my young brethren in the ministry more fully in the doctrine and experience of holiness. I had ordered and received from Cornhill, Boston, a good supply of back numbers of The Guide to Holiness.

One day a venerable D.D. saw me distributing these as tracts among the preachers, and said, "Brother Taylor, what have you got there?"

"It is a monthly magazine, called The Guide to Holiness."

"O, indeed! The Bible is my guide to holiness."

"True, my brother, that is the divinely inspired book to define our needs and our obligations, and to reveal to us God's provisions in Christ for our pardon, and our cleansing from all sin, and his promises covering the demands of every case, and the recorded testimony of 'a cloud of witnesses,' who have verified and attested the truth of Bible teaching, and the charge of Jesus to all his saved ones, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me unto the uttermost parts of the earth.'"

The fathers are dead, and new witnesses have to be raised up through all the ages, and to 'the uttermost parts of the earth,' to bear witness for Jesus by mouth, pen, and press, to prove that Jesus is alive, is still accessible and still 'able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him,' according to the teachings of the Bible; so this monthly, *The Guide to Holiness*, is a testimony record according to the eternal purpose of God." The dear old brother bowed assent, smiled, and passed on his way. In presenting the truth of God, especially on the subject of holiness, I always tried to avoid ambiguity, make every point as clear as possible, keep within the lines of admitted truth, and avoid debate.

I preached holiness as a Bible doctrine from the time I entered the ministry; and when I experienced its full cleansing power I added my testimony to confirm the truth of what I taught, and have continued ever since, through dry seasons and wet seasons, proving from the Bible that it was the duty of every living man, woman, and child under the sun, and the possible attainment of all who will "walk after the Spirit, and not after the flesh."

Not being unduly censorious, nor suspicious, nor a debater, and preaching holiness on the line of practical common sense and personal experience, I never encountered much opposition to it, either from preachers or people. The truth of this statement is not limited to Methodist pulpits and people.

For example, about twenty-six years ago I conducted a ten-days' series of special services in Great Queen Street, Edinburgh, in the church of Rev. Moody Stuart, a man of God and minister in the Free Church of Scotland, in which many persons received the Saviour. I preached one Sabbath from the text, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

The pastor called to see me next day and said: "When you announced your text I feared you would antagonize the prejudices of my people and mar the good work so manifest in our midst, and I hid my face, unwilling to see the faces of my people; but I was soon relieved of all apprehension and became profoundly interested in your clear statements and illustrations of the truth of God. My elders and a number of my people called at my study this morning to tell me how greatly they were pleased and benefited by the discourse of yesterday morning." He perceived that preaching scriptural holiness would not disintegrate his congregation.

Later, in the vestibule of the church, he said to me one evening, "I can almost realize fully the experience of holiness as you explain it, but sometimes I am overcome by my quick temper. In five minutes I pull up and pray to God and get forgiveness."

Then, my dear brother, there is a difference of five minutes in our time. If you will set your timepiece forward five minutes, and, on the principle that 'an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure,' watch, and the moment the temptation strikes, receive and trust the ever-present and all-sufficient, preserving Saviour, then by his might you will be the victor, and not the victim."

He grasped my hand and said, "We agree exactly." I could have dug down into the tenets of his theology and raised points of disagreement, and gone into a debate that would have devastated



the work of the Holy Spirit by which he was healing and uniting so many hearts in love. The debatable questions were entirely irrelevant to the business in hand.

To return now to the closing day of that Conference session of 1846. The hour for adjournment had struck, and we sang the usual parting hymn:

"And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are."

It was quite presumable in those days that of the three hundred ministers present not one of them, outside the bishop's cabinet, knew where he would be appointed for the ensuing year. After the closing prayer the bishop presiding explained the delicacy and great difficulty of appointing so many men with their families, and tried to prepare many of them for their disappointment; that was the occasion when crowds of sympathizing friends filled the house to overflowing. Then the bishop solemnly and slowly read the appointments, followed by the farewells, accompanied by the congratulations of the many and the condolences of the few, who generally found out within a few months that their appointments were, after all, very good.

I was in no trouble about my appointment, wheresoever it should be, but I readily presumed that I would be read out as the junior of N. J. B. Morgan; but his name was announced as pastor of the "Foundry," in Washington City. It was a big station for one big preacher without a colleague. I said to myself, "All right; if I don't go with Brother Morgan I'll go somewhere else." The next announcement was, "Georgetown, Henry Tarring, William Taylor."

Brother Morgan explained to me afterward that when he found that he could not have a colleague he had me stationed next door to himself, and that he would expect me to dine with him every Saturday, which invitation I honored as frequently as the duties of my charge would allow. I never had a truer friend than was he, and his friendship never waned. He loved me as much, I believe, as if I had been his own son; I know not why. I loved him much, but, as he was so accomplished and so matured, and I so crude, I revered him more.

Mrs. Phelps, his mother-in-law, in her widowhood lived with him. She had a son, Elisha P. Phelps, a minister in the same Conference. She was a kind mother to me; and Sister Morgan, her son Alpheus, and two daughters, were all as dear to me as my nearest kindred. Blessed people of God! O, dear me, the fathers whom I revered and loved are nearly all dead! I must be getting old. Yes, I am marching along through my seventy-fifth year. Thank God, I feel in every bone and muscle of my body the health and vigor of my early manhood, and my spirit is full of the life and the native wit and fun that bubbled in the springtide of my boyhood, and all these blending with perfect loyalty to God, perfect faith in him, perfect love for him; and as I march through the mountains of Africa I sing:

"I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,

With Jesus, my Saviour, his kingdom to share.  
O, who is like Jesus? He's Salem's bright King;  
He smiles, and he loves me; he taught me to sing.  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill!"

Pardon my digression.

After I heard my name announced as junior preacher for Georgetown I was waited on by a dear minister who had traveled my native circuit and had a home at my father's house. He had a great interest in me, which I fully appreciated, for he was a true man and an able preacher.

He said: "Brother William, I have come to have a friendly, confidential talk with you. You know how I loved your parents, and I must say I feel a great interest in you for their sake as well as for your own. I congratulate you on receiving one of the best appointments for a young man in the gift of the Conference. I have some knowledge of the Georgetown people. They are an intelligent, liberal, devoted people -- devoted to God and to their Church; but, associated as they are with Washington City, they are a very fashionable people, more fashionable than the good people of Baltimore. I want you to make a good impression on Georgetown at the start and gain a standing among the higher classes. A part of my business is to take you to Brother Jarrett's tailor shop and give your measure for a new suit of clothes. Brother Jarrett will give you a splendid fit in the latest style, so that you can appear respectably before a Georgetown audience."

"Why, my brother, I have a new suit of clothes from top to toe, including overcoat and boots."

"O, yes, I see that, but your coats are too short in the waist, and there is nothing in your whole rig that is up to the standard of fashion at the capital."

"They were in the fashion where I came from, and I am not responsible for the changes of fashion that the city folks are making continually. I am much obliged, my dear brother, for your kind advice, but I am, the Lord willing, going to Georgetown in my new mountain suit, and if the good people there don't like the cut of it they can look in the opposite direction."

I knew the brother was sincere and that he would not offer me the insult of presenting me with a new suit, but my one hundred dollars per year would not stand more than one suit, with other current expenses and a gift of over twenty dollars to the Missionary Society. At any rate, I did not wish to predicate my standing in my new station on my outward adornment so much as by inward endowment and indument and the favor with the people which the Lord might be pleased to give me.

I promptly made my appearance at my post in Georgetown. I never tried to put on appearances or to sugar-coat the truth of God to adapt it to carnal tastes. Apart from the grace of God in my heart it was not in my nature, or that of my parents, to be discourteous on any occasion, but to be courteous and kind at all times. It was not a matter of study with me to popularize myself with the folks. I went to them in simplicity and sincerity as a messenger from God, and made no

apologies and asked no favors, and was most kindly received by the Georgetown people. I do not think one in a hundred of them ever thought about the cut of my clothing. They were a loving and lovely people. If I were to write up the Browns, Dicksons, Woodwards, McKenneys, Travers, Pickerings, Eades, Mitchells, Gordons, Wades, Wilsons, Wardells, Sangsters, Craigs, Camerons, and a hundred other good families, and the strong official men among our colored people, Cartwrights, Masons, Hickses, and a host of others, I would occupy the time and space which I require for the one Life Story I have promised to write.

Soon after my arrival in Georgetown a wealthy Methodist lady of that city, who took pleasure in preparing sumptuous dinners and late suppers for the preachers and for her upper-class friends, sent me a cordial invitation to one of her banquets. It seemed to me a jolly time for all the guests except myself. I saw no opportunity of getting any sinners converted or believers purified that night, and wished myself at a prayer meeting.

It was a habit of my life to retire to rest often earlier but not later than ten o'clock, and to be up and out by five in the morning. The sumptuous dinner served at different hours of the first half of the night, course after course of cakes, sweetmeats, coffee, and tea, with fruit and nuts following each other, broke in on me. As an unfortunate dyspeptic I could not indulge in such varieties and such quantities of good things. I was quite at home in the pulpit, but so embarrassed on such a nice social occasion as to be unable to excuse myself and retire; so I dragged through the dreary hours so full of hilarity to others and got to my bedroom as the clock struck twelve.

I fell on my knees and told my Father that he knew that I meant no harm in going to the Methodist banquet, and how I was detained and exceeded my hour for retirement, and that I felt sorry and was very much ashamed of myself, but had learned enough of high life of that sort to last me for many years to come.

I spent two years in the Georgetown Station, the limit allowed by the Discipline at that time, but never had another evening to devote to any such entertainment. What with the regular prayer and class meetings of the two churches, white and colored, a weekly meeting at Father Hardy's in Upper Georgetown, which I opened, and which has since grown into a separate self-supporting station, together with other extra appointments, I had no time to spare for social chitchat and feasting, though useful in their way. I often took tea with our people and went to my appointments without delay. I arranged for an evening to go with my good friend Brown Morgan to hear J. B. Gough lecture on temperance in a great hall in Washington, and was greatly pleased and profited by the marvelous charm of his simple eloquence.

Henry Tarring, my preacher in charge, was a humble, holy, loving brother and an earnest, effective preacher. He was called the "weeping prophet," from the fact that he seldom preached without tears, sobs, and half-choked utterances, which also caused many of his hearers to weep. It was his way to win, and all right for him, and an element of power; but I was not favored with a special talent of that sort. I could wield with logical precision a Gospel sledge hammer which often broke the rock in pieces, but couldn't cry, except alone at the feet of Jesus under a profound sense of his presence with me and his love for one so unworthy. Of late I weep when I meet my heroic missionaries in their trenches at the front.

Mrs. Tarring and their three little daughters were lovely and beloved. I never collided with my preacher in charge; I never was chided by one, but if I had tried my best I could not have raised a disputation with Brother Tarring, he was so good-natured and kind. So far as I know I always pleased him, not by trying to, but by going ahead on every line of duty and by bringing things to pass.

He was a hard-working man and a good pastor, and his people loved him and took pleasure in providing well for his wants.

Soon after my arrival in Georgetown I felt called to preach the Gospel to the outside masses. As "a fisher of men" I felt it my duty to look out for the shifting shoals of fish, and cast my Gospel net wherever I saw a chance for a good haul. So I proposed to preach on the afternoon of each Sabbath in the Georgetown Market. But few encouraged me, for it seemed to be an unpromising venture; none opposed me, for they knew I would do just what I thought the Lord wanted me to do, whether anybody opposed me or not; I was not naturally reckless, nor daring, nor desirous to be odd, but just the opposite. A conviction of duty with me was paramount to every other consideration.

So, early in April, 1846, I opened my commission in the market house between Bridge Street and the canal. My loud singing soon drew a crowd of all sorts and sizes. The congregation was very orderly and well behaved, and gave attention to the word preached, and the Lord manifestly set his seal on the movement from the commencement. During my two years in that city, weather permitting, I never missed a market house appointment. When I was to be away on other duties I so announced in advance, and no appointments were made in those exceptional cases. Sometimes our congregations were dispersed from the market by a cry of fire. Generally my advice was, "Run and quench the fire, and come back and bring the fire-fighting crowd with you, and you will find me here." Sometimes I sat down and waited; at other times the people remaining joined me in singing hymns. In either case we never failed to gather a larger and, if possible, more attentive congregation than the one that had been dispersed by the fire alarm.

We had in the large membership of our pastorates a heavy detail of routine work that kept us busy, together with a few weeks of special services in which a few scores of persons professed conversion and were added to the Church.

Rev. Thomas B. Sargent was our presiding elder. He was a small, well-rounded, beautiful man. He would have been pronounced handsome had he been a lady. He was very entertaining in social circles, and was a smooth, pleasing, and effective preacher. He was the traveling companion of Bishop Soule in England and Europe, and made the most of his opportunities in foreign travel and observation. He was united in marriage with a wealthy Methodist lady of Baltimore, who never removed from her own city residence; hence Thomas had to do all his itinerating without her; otherwise she never hindered but ever helped him in his ministerial work.

He took me with him to one or two of his country quarterly meetings and gave me a part of the preaching to do.

At one of his camp meetings, where I did my full share of the work, I said to him in a confidential interview: "Brother Sargent, I have for a year and a half past been engaged to be married to Miss Annie Kimberlin, on Fincastle Circuit. It was understood from the first that we would not be married till I should serve the Church four years as a single man. I have already traveled four years, including six months under the presiding elder before I joined the Conference. If I shall be married this fall I will finish my fourth Conference year on a single man's allowance and support my wife meantime from my own pocket, so that practically I will have served as a single man four years from the time of joining the Conference. These are the facts, and now I ask your advice as my presiding elder."

He replied: "I am very glad, Brother Taylor, that you are engaged to the young lady of whom I have heard so favorably before, and my advice to you is that you arrange your work for a few weeks' absence and consummate your engagement this fall; and I pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest on you."

He was a gentleman and a Christian, who did by me as he would have desired me to do by him if I had been in his place and he in mine.

In the month of October, 1846, I was, by Rev. B. N. Brown, my old colleague on Fincastle Circuit, united in marriage with Miss Annie Kimberlin, at the home of her grandmother Richie, on a bluff overlooking the James River, in Botetourt County. Va. Forty-nine years have passed since the occurrence of that important event, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that the Lord made the selection for me and did his best. She has braved the storms of life which have since swept over us with the spirit and courage of a true heroine, sharing in full measure my fortunes and my misfortunes. She began life four years and a half later than I did [Since William Taylor was born May 2, 1821, apparently Annie (Kimberlin) Taylor was born about 1825], but at the time of our marriage she looked much younger and I much older than we really were. When walking the avenues of Washington the remark was often dropped by passing observers, "There goes that beautiful young lady and her father."

Brother Tarring and I had a pleasant and prosperous year in our joint pastorate, and had a good report to make at its close to the Conference of 1847, which was held in Washington City, Georgetown sharing in the hospitable entertainment of the ministers in attendance.

In the examination of character in the Conference, when my name was called my presiding elder said, "No objections to Brother Taylor." Then, according to custom, it was in order for me to retire till the Conference should hear the report of my presiding elder as to my labors for the preceding year and the report of the chairman of the Committee of Examination on the Course of Study. But instead of promptly retiring I addressed the chair and asked and received permission to speak. I said, "Mr. Chairman, since the session of Conference last year the Lord has given me a wife. My wife is an heir to an undivided estate in which there are about a dozen slaves. She is anxious to manumit her portion of them, but they will not come into her possession, nor hence be at her disposal in any way, till the youngest heir reaches her majority by age or marriage. As we shall have much to do with the training of her co-heirs -- her young brother and two young sisters -- we hope, by the will of God and the concurrence of all concerned, to manumit the whole of the slaves

together and thus avoid the separation of families. If the Conference desire a pledge for the emancipation of all that may come to my wife we will give it."

The bishop replied, "If F. A. Harding had made a manly speech of that sort at the Conference of 1844 it might have prevented a split that rent our Church in twain. We want no better pledge, Brother Taylor, than what you have just given."

I thus foreclosed all surmises and discussions about my connection with slavery.

The issue in regard to the freedom of the slaves resulted just as I predicted. Within four years from that time the youngest heir was married, and on the night of her marriage a deed of manumission was executed, signed by all the claimant heirs, and from my own pocket I gave them one thousand dollars in gold and my father engaged their passage and put them aboard a ship bound for Liberia, where they arrived safely in due time.

At that session of the Baltimore Conference two able representatives of the Free Church of Scotland, which had but recently struck for liberty, self-support, and independence, were introduced to the Conference. They gave us a history of the State Church and of the new organization; they also preached during the session of the Conference several able sermons and received a voluntary contribution of funds from the preachers and people for their cause.

At the close of that Conference Henry Tarring was appointed Presiding Elder of the Winchester District, so I unexpectedly lost my beloved colleague. It would have created no surprise if I had been sent to a new appointment, for it was quite common to change the appointment of a young minister every year, but not of the men of families; but an appointment to a district took precedence of every other.

In the old Baltimore Conference, more than in some others, men combining great preaching and administrative and evangelistic ability were selected to fill the office of presiding elders; hence it was an agency, under God, of tremendous efficiency in building up and extending all the departments of our Church work.

Rev. Thomas Sewall was appointed preacher in charge of Georgetown Station, and I was appointed to the pastorate of my preceding year. Brother Sewall was the son of Dr. Sewall, an eminent practicing physician of Washington, and Thomas had superior advantages in education and refinement, and was indeed a perfect model of a refined Christian gentleman, symmetrical and comely in appearance, genial and uniform in the temper of his spirit, transparent in thought, and charmingly eloquent in social circles and in the pulpit. He was called the Apollos of the Baltimore Conference.

I was sorry to part with Brother Tarring, but glad to believe that association with such a colleague as Thomas Sewall would polish me up and increase my power of usefulness. But he was troubled with a bad cough and was threatened with consumption of the lungs, and before the year was half out he went, under medical advice, to Montgomery, Ala., where he spent the remainder of the year. His wife, in her sphere, was in beauty and excellency the counterpart of himself.

The pastoral work of the double charge then devolved on me. My preaching work occupied all the hours for preaching, so that I could not in person fill his appointments, but had to provide for them. It became, therefore, a part of my work every week to hunt up competent men to supply the pulpit of my absent colleague. I pressed into the business some able Methodist ministers who were members of Congress, some also who were employed in different departments of the general government of the nation, and sometimes an eloquent beggar from the West seeking assistance in the erection of churches and colleges. With all this I kept up my market-house preaching and the routine work of both charges, but could not command much time for special revival services.

During my first year in Georgetown I was so closely confined to my work that I saw but little of Washington or the great men of the nation, but in my weekly hunt for preachers to supply for Brother Sewall I was brought into contact with many great and good men whom personally I never should have known otherwise. I thus found opportunity also to visit the Senate and House of Representatives and witness their proceedings. I heard Daniel Webster and Henry Clay in their eloquent pleading before the United States Supreme Court.

The war with Mexico was waged in that year, so that I heard many of the big war guns in Washington, and saw most of the distinguished men of the nation at that period; was introduced also to the President of the United States and his lady, and preached to them in one of our city churches. Such opportunities improved were compensative for my extra losses and labors occasioned by the illness of my preacher in charge.

We had prosperous Sunday Schools for that day, but had no maps of sacred geography and the many other helps of the present. I made a map of Palestine for my colored Sunday School and taught sacred geography and history to a large class of the advanced scholars. One of them, a little servant girl in a wealthy family, heard some upper-class white folk querying about some mystery in that department of study, and when they stuck the little servant maid said, "Will you allow me to explain the meaning to you?"

"Yes, if you can."

So she gave them the information they were seeking, promptly and plainly.

They said, "O, you saucy nigger, Mr. Taylor has spoiled you."

The managers of our white Sunday School got up a steamboat excursion to Mount Vernon, the old place of residence and tomb of General Washington, and came very near getting me into trouble.

They gave out that tickets for the excursion were limited to the members and patrons of the school, to be joined on the way by the Navy Yard Sunday school, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. William Prettyman; but by some means a lot of fast, worldly young men and women managed to get tickets and mix in with our crowd and passed down the river without creating any suspicion.

When our steamer tied up at Mount Vernon landing, the Sunday School excursionists hastened to the groves and spent the hours assigned for recreations and entertainments of the

occasion, and everything passed off most agreeably till, on our return trip, it was stated that the Methodist Sunday Schools of Georgetown and of the Navy Yard in Washington had a dancing party excursion down the Potomac, and the great dance of the occasion came off at Mount Vernon, and that many of the pious Methodists participated in the dance.

I saw at a glance that the authors of this report would assiduously circulate it in those cities as soon as they should get ashore, and that the snake had to be killed before it could have a chance to bite. One of our good sisters, having the care of her babe and one or two others of her little family, could not leave the steamer, and was by necessity a witness to what was done aboard while we were absent in the groves. The designing interlopers had a dance and a high time. This sister knew all the parties concerned, and I got from her a list of their names. I then submitted the case to Father Prettyman, and requested him, as a man of age and mature experience, to undertake to checkmate the scheme that would injure the reputation of our schools; but he declined to undertake it for reasons which he assigned, chiefly because the excursion originated in Georgetown, and the intruders belonged to that city.

In due time I asked permission of the captain of the steamer to address the people, which he cheerfully granted. The bell was rung and a call issued, "All hands ahoy; come and hear an address from Mr. Taylor on the after-deck." We got the crowd, and I entertained the people with a reference to the fine day, the beautiful scenery, the delightful entertainments of the occasion, etc., and then, by a sudden disjunctive conjunction, I pounced down on the dancing party. I said: "It is rumored among our excursionists that the Methodists got this up as a dancing excursion, that they had the great dance of the day at Mount Vernon, and that many of the Methodists danced. The rumor is designed to take wings as soon as we shall land in Washington and in Georgetown and fly in all directions, to the injury of our cause.

"It is well known that the Methodists are not a dancing people. They have no quarrel with worldlings who, finding no adequate sources of enjoyment for their souls in their heads and hearts, hence take to their heels.

"Every person here knows, furthermore, that this excursion was not designed for a dancing party, but as a religious festivity for the schools represented, and for their parents and patrons.

"I am prepared to prove that the statement so freely circulated round, that the Methodists participated in the dance, is utterly untrue. I have in my possession a list of the names of all the persons participating in this dancing business, and there is not one Methodist among them.

"If these dancers wish to charter a steamer and have a dancing excursion on their own account we shall have nothing to say about it; but to come into our crowd unawares and try to perpetrate such a slander on us is a thing I have felt it my duty to expose before anyone can get ashore, and to preclude its circulation to our injury. The meeting is dismissed." No one attempted to move the dead snake.

My friend, Charles Sangster, heard some outsiders saying, "If we had been in that dancing party that Taylor skinned and hung up to dry we would have resented it and made him take it back."



Sangster replied, "Gentlemen, you don't know your man. You might as well tackle an African lion as to tackle Taylor. He is from the mountains of Virginia."

Sangster's estimate of my power of self-defense was quite an exaggeration, but had its desired effect.

However, one way or another, the statement was widely circulated that Taylor was a giant in strength, and one of my class leaders, a man of great physical proportions and power, teased me for a tussle.

I said, "O, my dear brother, I don't want a reputation of that sort," and put him off a number of times; but one evening wife and I accepted an invitation to tea at Brother Wardell's on Bridge Street, and as we sat conversing with the family and a few guests, in came my big class leader, and as I shook hands with him he said, "Brother Taylor, I have come to throw you down," and with that, pinning both my arms in his embrace, he made a heave against me and threw me down in the presence of the company. I got up and said, "Well, my dear brother, if nothing else will satisfy your curiosity you may take your hold and give me mine, and we will see how the game will go." So in the best temper possible we each got our grip; I embraced him kindly, and with my right wrist in the grasp of my left hand, and my right fist clinched and set in the small of his back, with a sudden heave from the shoulders and a jerk of the hand grip I sent him on a straight tumble, measuring his whole length on the floor while I kept my feet and in a second stood erect. I did not utter a word, but went and sat down by my wife. The brother arose quietly and without a word took his seat. He was a grand and good man, but innocently playful. I knew him intimately for many years afterward, and there never was a discordant note struck in our mutual friendship; but I never alluded to our trial of strength in his presence.

Some sobersides may say, "Better not put that into your Life." It was put in forty-eight years ago, and belongs to it. Cromwell said to the artist who was painting his portrait, "Don't forget to put in the warts on my face."

To report a tithe of the incidents of my life would far exceed my time and space; but facts and incidents illustrative of real characteristics of body, mind, attainment, and achievement are all relevant and suitable for insertion. A picture all lights and no shadows is not a true picture.

On the eve of my departure from the Georgetown Station I was informed that the official members of Ryland Chapel, in Washington, intended to apply to the bishop presiding at the approaching session of Conference to appoint me preacher in charge of their church, and that a wealthy banker belonging to it had pledged a liberal contribution for my support. Of course I had nothing to do with any such arrangements, however great my appreciation of the good people of Ryland and their confidence in me.

The Conference for 1848 was held in Baltimore. My home during Conference was with James Purvis, the banker. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a wife to match. Their daughter, Lizzie, wife of Rev. Mr. Hinkle, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, is an effective prophetess in the Church. I was informed that Mr. Purvis had been a large slave owner till he was converted to God and joined the Methodists, when he immediately freed all his slaves. During the

session of the Conference, March, 1848, I preached in. Monument Street Methodist Episcopal Church by order of the Committee on Public Worship, one Sabbath evening. Some one said to me, "That was a trial sermon." I did not know exactly what he meant. I knew that I tried to do my best, as I always do, but I learned that Sterling Thomas, called the Bishop of North Baltimore, was on the lookout for a junior preacher for North Baltimore Station and had me appointed to preach that evening to see whether I would fill the bill. I was glad I had nothing to do with such arrangements and knew nothing about them; otherwise I could not have preached with much freedom. Brother Thomas was a butcher, a large, rotund man, red face, powerful voice, very imperative as a commander, carried great influence in the community for good, a powerful worker in the church, and had a large family, some of whom were saved when I went there (for that proved to be my next appointment), and more before I left.

C. B. Tippet was preacher in charge, J. S. Martin second, and I was third. The station contained three churches at that time -- Exeter Street Church, Monument Street Church, and Harford Avenue Chapel. Each church had its clearly defined pastoral district with a pastor assigned to each, but the three preachers were "planned" so that each would, in turn, give an equal number of sermons to each of the three churches. Brother Tippet was assigned to the pastoral work of Exeter Street, Brother Martin to that of Monument Street, and I to that of Harford Avenue.

Charles B. Tippet was in height about five feet ten, full-fleshed and well-rounded, but not unduly corpulent; a very open countenance, and large blue eyes, full of confidence and kindness. He was General Conference Book Agent in New York for a term or two -- "Lane & Tippet." He was a very practical man, of great ability for general usefulness. He was not a star preacher, but above mediocrity, and an extraordinary revivalist, adding yearly large numbers to the church, such as were saved under his able ministry. He was a good pastor, and had a remarkably tenacious memory, seldom forgetting a name; but when in doubt would say, "Brother, how do you spell your name?" If it happened to be Brown or Smith it indicated that either he had forgotten the name or was a poor speller. He was a loving father to me.

John S. Martin was a man of perhaps thirty-five, but had a very youthful appearance. He was remarkably quiet in social circles, but a good preacher and faithful pastor. He was a ready writer, and was for years the secretary of the Baltimore Conference.

North Baltimore Station at the time of my appointment had a church membership of about eighteen hundred. To mention even the names of our leading men and women would entirely exceed our available space. Our weekly leaders and stewards' meeting numbered about seventy, and business was carried on by all those officials in a thorough and systematic manner. The leaders presented their class books, and an examination was made as to the attendance marked present every week, and the delinquents and sick members noted and visited by the ministers between that and the next meeting.

The old ticket system was then in use, every worthy member receiving a class ticket quarterly, certifying to their standing -- a system productive of good results. The pastors visited each class once a quarter.

The class meeting system properly carried into effect is essential to successful pastoral work in connection with our itinerancy. Soon as the spring birds began to sing I commenced open-air meetings for every Sunday afternoon in Bellaire market. Neither of my colleagues ever offered to take any part, but they never made the slightest objection to my going ahead in any advance movement.

We drew immense crowds at the market, and Father Darling, the sexton at Monument Street Church, expressed his surprise again and again at the great inflow of strangers into the church every Sabbath evening. Later he found out that they were non-church-goers, till attracted to my preaching in the market, and came thence to the church. Many of such were saved there during the fall revival services.

In all varieties of pastoral work and preaching, indoors and out, my great ambition was to let the Lord make of me all he could for the salvation of the people.

In reading of the preaching of Benjamin Abbott, and of the multitudes who fell under the power of his words like men slain in battle, and sometimes lay in a state of insensibility for hours, I became greatly exercised on the subject and prayed earnestly to God that if he could use me in that way more effectively than the way in which he had led me, so to use me. So while this struggle was going on in my mind I was preaching in Monument Street Church one Sabbath forenoon on the parable of the barren fig tree, when, near the close of the discourse, a man fell down in a state of insensibility. Some strong men carried him out.

His wife followed, wringing her hands, weeping, and saying, "O, my poor husband is dead; not a Christian, not prepared to die. O, what shall I do? My poor husband is lost!" They got a hack and hauled him home and sent for a doctor. The physician came quickly and had the man covered up in bed with a large mustard plaster over the region of the thorax and stomach, and set men to rubbing his limbs to promote circulation. He was nearly as cold as death, and his limbs were as stiff as a poker. After half an hour or more of this heroic treatment the "dead" man began again to live, and, putting his hands over the mustard plaster, he inquired, "What is this?"

It is a mustard plaster. You have been very sick, and the doctor has been here to see you, and the mustard plaster was put on to make you better."

"Why, there is nothing ails me but sin. A mustard plaster won't take it out. Send for Mr. Taylor."

I lived in Asquith Street, a little above Monument. Mr. Curry, the sick man, lived but two or three blocks from my residence, So the messenger came in haste and conducted me to the place. I went in, and there was. Curry, still in bed, and the men were rubbing him. I instructed him somewhat as to the nature of his ailment, and that it was a very bad case.

"The worst of all diseases  
Is light compared with sin  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness all combined,  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find."

I informed him that the only Physician who could be of any use to him had come, and was now ready to undertake his case.

"You have only to submit your case to him, consent to his treatment, and receive and trust him for a cure. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' Receive him, receive him now!"

In about fifteen minutes, as I talked to him and prayed for him, he surrendered to God and received Jesus Christ. He trusted him, obtained pardon and peace, and sprang out of bed rejoicing.

I said to myself, "Well, thank the Lord, my prayer is answered. That is a regular knock-down case, such as I have been reading about."

That afternoon, when preaching to a crowd in the market, I gave an account of the case of dear Curry, illustrative of the saving power of Jesus as a present Saviour, and added, "If the brother is here he had better come forward and bear his testimony to the healing power of the great Physician." Sure enough, he was standing but a few feet behind me, and at once mounted the meat-block on which I stood and told the people what a great sinner he had been up to that morning, and what a great Saviour he had found, confirming all I had said about him. Then I exhorted the people to submit to God and receive Jesus at once.

Away in the street in front of where I stood and on the outer boundary of the congregation stood a man, a grocer, by the name of Shilling, a man not in the habit of going to any church. Shilling and his wife had been out for a walk, and, hearing the singing, they came close enough to hear the preaching, and he was so deeply awakened by the Spirit that he left his wife standing in the street, pressed his way through the crowd, and dropped on his knees on the brick pavement just in front of the block on which I stood. I and a number of earnest workers gathered around him. We sang and I instructed him. In about twenty minutes he intelligently submitted to treatment and received Jesus and was saved. Then he stood on his feet and gave a clear testimony to his experience of God's pardoning mercy, shook hands with many of the brethren, and went back for his wife, and they returned to their home.

Then I put the two things side by side. First, the case of "knock down and carry out;" and the second, like the poor leper, who came and, kneeling down to him, said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." He felt his deep need beyond the power of human remedies or skill. He believed that Jesus had the power, but was in doubt whether he was willing to heal him -- an intelligent reasoning process. Jesus said, "I will; be thou clean;" and immediately the leprosy departed from him and he was healed.

So I said to myself, "I will watch these two cases and see which will pan out the better."

Brother Curry joined the Church, was an easy-going brother, did not backslide, so far as I could learn; but I never heard of any fruit resulting from his testimony or work.

Brother Shilling joined the Church, and in a short time had his wife saved, his mother-in-law and others of his household saved, and in the Church at large became a very useful man. I met Brother Shilling last summer at a camp meeting, still working and witnessing for Jesus.

So if the Lord can't get a certain class of sinners down in any other way we shall be glad to have him knock them down, as he did Saul of Tarsus and the man Curry; but to receive the truth, count the cost, and deliberately say, like the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my father," and do it, is the rule; the other, the exception.

I established a Saturday evening holiness meeting at Monument Street Church, which was well attended and resulted in much good to many of our people.

Father Thomas attended regularly, but though an earnest Christian and an indefatigable worker in the church he had but little to say on the subject of entire holiness as a possible present attainment.

So one night, going from our Saturday night meeting, he said to me, "Brother Taylor, I don't believe in this experience of holiness you are teaching as a definite attainment after conversion. When God converted my soul he did it well and gave me all the holiness I ever expect to get except a gradual growth in grace." As a bashful young fellow, I trembled at the thought of a discussion with that venerable old hero in Gospel work, so I trusted the Holy Spirit, my divine Teacher, and promptly replied, "Father Thomas, Mr. Wesley, whom we accept as a reliable expounder of Bible doctrine and experience, teaches that it is possible for a believing penitent sinner to be justified freely and sanctified wholly at the same moment, but in the wide range of his long experience and close observation he never found a case of that sort. So it appears that I have met with one of those exceptions to God's ordinary rule of saving sinners that Mr. Wesley never found -- a man who was justified freely and sanctified wholly at the same moment. I am glad, dear Father Thomas, that you are wholly sanctified to God and on our side of the question. As to the time when we enter into this experience it is of but little importance. If you obtained it in the moment of your conversion and have not only been justified freely and sanctified wholly, but preserved blameless, then you are all right and in perfect accord substantially with our teaching."

He replied, in a subdued tone, "I don't profess to have that. I am sorry to say my backslidings have marred the work of God in my heart."

"The trouble in that case is this: if the two attainments are identical, then they are inseparable. If we lose one we must, of course, lose the other. You must have the whole thing or nothing. That teaching received would have slain me in my early Christian experience. I consciously knew I was pardoned, but not purified, only as it pertained to the pollution of willful sin; so the order of attainment indicated by Mr. Wesley and so clearly taught in the Holy Scriptures, 'pardon, holiness, and heaven,' was to me a covert from the storm. I had the first, was earnestly groaning for the second, and had an assuring hope of getting to heaven at last."

By this time we came opposite to my house, and the dear man said, "Good night, Brother Taylor," and passed on homeward. He has long since gone to heaven, for his experience, which improved meantime, was much better than his theory. The devil wants no better bludgeon with which to batter the brains of unstable Christians than a false theory -- such are children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine.

In the month of August, 1848, I and my wife attended the Shrewsbury camp meeting. Lowe's camp ground, north of Baltimore, near the State line of Pennsylvania. It was a vast encampment, patronized largely by Baltimore Methodists.

After two or three days of service had passed I preached one night on holiness. The Holy Sanctifier shed forth light on the subject with great effulgence, and in the altar services that followed a widely known and wonderful worker, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, appeared unheralded. It was her first appearance in that region, and the sight of her was an inspiration; but her wonderful talks that night and daily afterwards, till the close of camp meeting, were full of divine light and power, and gave a great impetus to the spread of Scriptural holiness through that region of country.

That was my first acquaintance with that prophetess of God, and my last was in Liverpool, England, in the winter of 1863, as she and Dr. Palmer were closing their long and successful campaign of Gospel work in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and I was on my way to Australia. Our next meeting will be in the home country of our King, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The weekly preachers' meeting of Baltimore, held at old Light Street Church, was a great institution, in which I was simply a close observer and quiet learner, always seen there, but seldom heard.

One morning about the end of September, 1848, as I was on my way with rapid strides to the preachers' meeting, and nearly at the turning from Baltimore Street into Light Street, I heard my name called, in almost a screaming voice, in the rear; so, stopping suddenly and looking round, I saw Christian Keener, an old saint, well known and loved in that city. He was the father of Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was running diagonally across Baltimore Street and shouting after me.

I stopped and thought, "What under the sun can he want?" So he ran up nearly out of breath, and, taking my hand, simply said, "Bishop Waugh wants to see you immediately in the bookstore of Armstrong & Berry."

As I walked back with Brother Keener I was querying in my mind, "What on earth can a bishop want with me? I've not been doing any censurable thing."

"Brother Keener, what does the bishop want with me?"

"I don't know; he saw you passing and sent me to call you, and I had to run to overtake you, and asked him no questions."

So in the back office there sat the venerable bishop, a man of medium size, keen black eyes, hair mixed with black and gray, combed straight up and back, coat cut in the old Methodist shad-belly style; the whole fit then, as always, clean as the attire of a bridegroom. He was a Southern man, a finished model of a gentleman of the precise type in accurate details of business or etiquette.

He arose and shook my hand cordially and asked me to be seated. So as I took my seat I thought, "Now it is coming, what I know not; but, trusting in Jesus, I am prepared for anything that he may appoint or allow. Nothing outside of those lines can come to me, so I am safe enough."

Then the bishop said: "Brother Taylor, the General Conference at its session last May, as you may know, made provision for founding a mission in California, and authorized the appointment of two missionaries for that distant field, which is attracting so much attention just now on account of the reported discovery of gold there. The selection and appointment of the two missionaries devolve on me. I have for some months been looking about to find the men every way suitable. It will require men of great physical force and courage, men of pure hearts and clean hands, and clear exponents of Methodism in doctrine, experience, and practical life. I have appointed Rev. Isaac Owen, of the Indiana Conference, as one, and want one more." I have been for some time in correspondence with Rev. Henry Benson, Professor of Greek in the Indiana Asbury University, on the subject, but as I have appointed one man from the West I think it advisable to send the second man from the East. From what I have learned and seen of you I think you are the man for that difficult work, and I have called you in to inquire if you will accept the appointment?"

I replied: "Well, Bishop Waugh, I can only say, when I was admitted into the Conference the question was put to each member of our class, 'Are you willing to be appointed to foreign missionary work in case your services shall be needed in a foreign field?' Most of the class put in qualifying words and conditions, and some said, emphatically, 'No!' but I said, 'Yes.' I had not thought of such a possibility, and had no thought of offering myself for that or any other specific work, but I was called to preach the Gospel by the Holy Spirit, under the old commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and I suppose that includes California. I never volunteered for any field or asked for an appointment to any particular place, but have always been ready and am now to accept as a 'regular in the service' an appointment under the appointing authority of our Church to any place covered by the great commission. It is not for me to say I am the man suitable for California, but leaving myself entirely at His disposal, giving you wisdom to express His will concerning me, I will cheerfully accept your decision and abide by it."

The bishop simply replied, "Go home and consult your wife about it, and let me know by next Wednesday at my house."

The bishop shook my hand with a grip expressive of great emotion, and I went on my way. I had not had time to think about my wife's part in the business, and saw at first glance toward California three apparently insurmountable obstructions in our way: First, Anne's confinement, probably before we could reach California; second, her young sister just entering her teens, adopted into our family; third, her elder widowed sister lying ill at our house, over two hundred miles from her home, and unable to travel.

I said to myself, "How precipitant in me to consent to go away to California without a moment's reflection, hemmed in as I am by impassable barriers!" To this I mentally replied: "I did not seek the appointment, never sought one, but never declined an appointment coming from the legitimate authority of the Church. This is a test of principles which I have maintained thus far in my itinerant ministry, while preachers all around me, old and young, were fretting about the secret work of wire-pullers, and the danger of being sent where they did not want to go. I always said to such, 'I am sure to be suited in my appointment, for I will get it from God. I don't know anything about wire-pullers or the work of deputations to the bishop's council, and have no fear of any of them. I commit my person and family wholly to God and trust him to send us to just the place he shall select. There is but one individual in the universe who can defeat his purpose. I will see to it that he shall not in any way interfere with it. I am, in the order of God's providence, under the authority of our Methodist Episcopacy, and shall, therefore, get my appointment from God, through the bishop presiding. It doesn't matter who pulls the wires if there are any wires to pull, nor what intermediate agency may enlighten, prejudice, or in any way influence the bishop's mind, or whether by his farseeing wisdom or shortsighted blunders he will appoint me to the place selected for me by infinite wisdom. If I should personally meddle with it I should most likely defeat God's purpose and have a miserable disappointment.' Called by an authorized bishop to go to California, I can only say, 'Lord, here am I. If you want me and mine for your work in California you know how to put us there; if not, you know how to reverse the choice of the bishop and release us from the responsibility, which I am entirely willing to bear or not, as thou shalt appoint.' We shall reach the right conclusion on the a-priori principle under a special providential leading."

So I went to our parsonage. Anne met me at the door, and I said, "Bishop Waugh wants to send us as missionaries to California. What do you think of that?" She made no reply then, but ran upstairs to her room, and in a few minutes, while I still remained standing on my feet, she came running down the stairs smiling and said, "Yes, I'll go with you to California."

"How did you settle the question so quickly?"

"I went upstairs and kneeled down and said, 'Lord, Bishop Waugh wants to send us to California. Thou knowest, Lord, that I don't want to go, and can see no possible way of getting there; but all things are possible with thee, and if it is thy will to send us to California, give me the desire to go.' In a second or two he filled and thrilled my whole being with a desire to go to California." The question was settled.

Forty-seven years have passed over our heads since that day, but neither of us ever entertained a doubt that God called us, and no mention was made about the difficulties in our way.

At the time appointed I called on Bishop Waugh and said, "Anne is exactly of the same mind with myself, and both are subject to your order."

We then had a long talk about California. "The gold was discovered while digging General Sutter's mill race, in January last, 1848. The treaty ceding California by purchase to the United States, at the city of Mexico, was not signed until May. Yet before the news of the gold discovery had reached the contracting parties, and in the same month, our General Conference ordered the



founding of a mission there, knowing nothing of the gold. There will be a great rush of emigration from this time on, indefinitely, so we must lose no time in establishing the mission."

I said, "I can start on short notice."

The venerable man of God knelt down with me and commended me and mine to God, and then he gave me my commission for California and said he would let me know when to get ready to sail, meantime to proceed with my work in North Baltimore Station.

There were three ways of getting to California: First, General Fremont had crossed the plains, two thousand miles of distance beyond the Missouri River, living largely on dead mules. Second, steam transit had been opened from New York to Colon, or Aspinwall, a passage up Chagres River by small boats, part way across the isthmus, and the rest of the transit on to Panama by muleback or on foot. From Panama to San Francisco there was an irregular and inadequate line of steamers. Large numbers of gold-seekers left their bones bleaching on the isthmus. The third route was by sail vessels around Cape Horn.

California was then so far away and transit so difficult and so expensive that in accepting an appointment as missionaries to those remote ends of the earth we never thought that we should again see Baltimore or our friends in the East this side of the resurrection of the dead. We hoped to be off promptly, while dear Anne was strong and able to travel, but in that we were disappointed. The news spread like lightning that we had been appointed to California, and our official men, led by Sterling Thomas, got after the bishop with a long stick, metaphorically, and so belabored him for removing their young preacher in the middle of his first year that for the sake of peace he had to say that I should remain and complete my Conference year there.

Brother Tippett's mind was prepared for my being sent away by a dream which I told him some weeks before Bishop Waugh sent for me. I dreamed that Brother Tippett and I were pastorally visiting the people, and I had in hand a bundle of tracts, when two large copper-colored men, darker than Indians of the East, stopped me in an alley and said, "You must leave this place, and come with us and show our people the way to God." I immediately ran and overtook Brother Tippett in a wide street, and told him that God, by some of his swarthy, neglected children, had called me to go with them. They are waiting for me and I must go; so I gave him my bundle of tracts and bid him good-bye, and as I met my guides again I awoke. So when Tippett heard of my sudden appointment to California he said, "I expected something of that sort. It is all right."

I went on with my work, but in the meantime bought and forwarded supplies of provisions by ship around Cape Horn, expecting after Conference to go to California via the Isthmus of Panama.

My friends in Baltimore framed and furnished a chapel 24x36 feet, and prepared for it a tin roof all ready for putting up on our arrival. I spent a short apprenticeship with Brother Day in putting on tin roofing, so that, in the absence of a tinsmith, I could put on the roof myself.

This work was undertaken by my North Baltimore people, but a large number of the city churches proposed to have a share in the work on the condition that I should, by appointment duly announced, come and preach for them, and that Anne and I should sing.

So we preached and sang in Eutaw Street Church, Fayette, Columbia, Caroline, Eastern Avenue, and others; and they helped the chapel building cheerfully.

The choir of Monument Street Church also gave a concert of sacred song on behalf of our chapel and outfit. The singing was a great success; so, also, the financial results. The ladies had a large pulpit Bible and hymn book lettered "Baltimore-California Chapel." The presentation of these formally from the ladies to me was part of the program. Brother Martin was their speaker. He accompanied the presentation with an appropriate address. I said, in reply: "Dear Brother Martin, I remember well when you traveled my native circuit. You were always a welcome guest at my father's house. I remember, too, the boy who used to black your boots and curry your horse, whose name was Coaley. What strange events are turned out by the wheels of time! You have pursued the even tenor of your way and have made a success in the highest of all callings, and honorably represent our ladies tonight in the presentation of their beautiful gift of Bible and hymn book for the Baltimore-California Chapel. The people here will scarcely believe me when I tell them that the boy who used to black your boots and curry your horse is the missionary elect for California, who receives thankfully at your hands these precious tokens of love for our far-off work. I hope many Baltimoreans in California will receive light, comfort, and blessing from God through the liberality of their friends here in fitting and furnishing the Baltimore-California Chapel."

The people of Baltimore had always been under the impression that I was some years older than Martin, and were greatly astonished to learn that he traveled my native circuit when I was a boy.

In March, 1849, the Baltimore Conference held its session in Staunton, Va. It was arranged that we should go by steamer from New York to Aspinwall, leaving about the middle of March. So Anne and I and our little son, Morgan Stuart (called after my friend Brown Morgan and my own dear father), made a hasty visit to my friends in Rockbridge County and to hers in Botetourt County, and said, "Good-bye, till we meet in heaven."

We purposed to spend one day at Conference and hasten on to take ship at New York. But on reaching the seat of Conference I received a letter from our missionary secretaries in New York saying that they had heard of such sickness and detention on the Isthmus of Panama that they did not think it advisable for us to go there at present, and that they had not therefore bought our tickets, and that all the tickets for passage up to July had been taken. So there we were at sea before the time. The secretaries made no suggestions as to how or when we should go to California, so I remained at Conference to its close and held a holiness meeting in the afternoon of each day for the edification of our young ministers. Jesse T. Peck, then President of Dickinson College, afterward bishop, was a visitor at the Conference and attended our meetings and gave us the benefit of valuable testimony to his attainment and experience of perfect love. Some of our young ministers sought and found it at those meetings.

At the close of Conference we returned to Baltimore, not knowing when or by what means we should get to California, I at once searched the advertisements and the piers for a ship bound for San Francisco, and found one, but the agent said there was not a vacant bunk left in the ship. They had ten first-class passengers and about one hundred steerage, and could not take another one. So I said, "All right; the God of the seas will show us the way to our work."

Next day I received a note from the agent saying that a family booked as first-class passengers had backed out and would not go.

So I went and engaged the space thus vacated on the ship Andalusia, Captain Wilson, a Baltimore clipper of about one thousand tons, much superior to the average of sailing ships of that day.

Our insurmountable difficulties were not mentioned except to the Lord, and having committed them to him we seldom ever mentioned them to him again. In buying our tickets I arranged with the agent that a good physician should go as surgeon of the ship. The Missionary Society had booked self, wife, and two children, I having written them of our little sister. The widowed sister was still unprovided for, and too ill to travel to her home; but her physician said a sea voyage was the best thing he could recommend for her. So at the last day of grace I bought a ticket for her passage to San Francisco, and she recovered on the voyage. She afterward married Dr. Bateman, of Stockton, California, and has since brought up a family.

The little sister grew up with us, married a merchant in the same city, and has brought up a family.

On the 3d of June, 1849, off Cape Horn, our little daughter Oceana was born. She stayed with us till she was fourteen months old, and left us for the city of the great King.

Our only stop on the voyage was at Valparaiso, where we spent a Sabbath and I preached for Dr. Trumbull, missionary of the Presbyterian Board, from "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work ... shall be blessed in his deed." We had a hundred or more of attentive European hearers. At Valparaiso we got the latest news from California, the first of which was that Governor Mason had been deposed from office by a mob, and that the only preacher who had put in an appearance there was killed by the miners and headed up in a barrel and marked "beef!"

During our further voyage we received no word of information about the condition of affairs in the country of our destination. The intelligence that came to meet us at Valparaiso was to the effect that anarchy reigned throughout the land; that neither life nor property had the slightest security; that the few English-speaking families that had made their way thither had been obliged to leave; that the governor's own family had had as hard a fate as any, and that the missionary, as I have said, had been killed and barreled. This news, which I did not then know to be for the most part false, made me think of certain evil prophecies that some of the friends had uttered, to the effect that I was taking my family away to perish among barbarians.

If Satan meant to terrify us by such lies he did not succeed. Judging from the blizzard he blew on poor old Job we may conclude that so far as the Divine Ruler of the world may give him tether he still makes a great stir in the elements in which we live. We had in our ship's company more than one hundred passengers, among whom was Rev Robert Kellan, who joined us in Valparaiso. For three days out from that port, with a good breeze, all sails set and glistening in the cloudless light of a full moon, we were quite undisturbed by Satan's California lies: but he seemed to get into a rage of anger and swooped down on us in a white squall, which snapped our main mizzen topmasts and all the upper masts and spars and piled them in a confused mass on the deck. Still nobody was scared, but with an aft breeze and foresails all set we made two hundred miles per day, and, having spare timbers and ship carpenters aboard, all repairs were made without detention. We anchored in the harbor of San Francisco in good health and cheer, in September, 1849, after a voyage from Baltimore of one hundred and fifty-five days, including three days' detention at the port mentioned.

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## PART II -- PLANTING THE CROSS IN CALIFORNIA

### 05 -- FIRST VIEWS OF THE FIELD

Strangers in a Strange Land -- Wages and Pursuits -- I am Advised to Sell the Church -- Gambling the Great Business -- Our First View of the City -- Owen Not Heard from -- Fruitless Search for Methodists -- J. H. Merrill is Found -- Brother and Sister Finley -- Other Acquaintances -- Sketch of William Roberts and his Work -- Preacher in Charge at San Francisco Station -- First Sermon and First Class Meeting -- Trying to Find a House -- Prices of Provisions and Rents -- Estimates of the Board of Managers -- Living in the Open Air -- Guests at Captain Webb's -- Inadequacy of the Missionary Fund for Our Support -- I Build Us a House -- Entertainment at Brother White's -- Story of Joe Fowler -- The Sick Man Haley -- Unsplitable Timber -- Two Weeks in the Red Wood Forest -- My Success as a Carpenter and House Builder -- Twelve Dollars a Day for Workmen -- Our House is Finished and We Move in Free -- The Second Garden in San Francisco -- Mrs. Taylor and her Greens -- The Rooster and Hens -- Supply of Milk for Oceana -- No Hardship There -- I Catch the Mania for Self-support -- Isaac Owen and his Work in Sacramento -- I Send Thither Our Baltimore Chapel -- The River Route to Sacramento -- Visit to Owen and Sights on the Way -- How I was Received -- Deal and Prettyman in Sacramento -- "Taylor the Man for San Francisco" -- A Day at Owen's House -- His Plan for Evangelizing California -- The Sacramento Breaks its Banks -- The City Becomes a Sea -- Preaching in the Baltimore Chapel -- Sketch of Owen -- "Owen Never Gives up." -- Story of his Cow Hunt -- Incidents of his Work in Indiana -- "How are You, Brother Bob?" -- The Saw Logs and the Meeting House -- Owen a Founder of Asbury University -- Our Communion and Friendship -- Return to San Francisco -- Consequences of the Flood at Sacramento -- Mrs. Taylor's Trials -- Sister Merchant -- A Lucky Miner -- My Wade to San Jose -- Acquaintances Made at that City -- Following a Mole Trail over the Mountains -- The First Methodist Horse in California -- Character of "Bony Red" -- Views from the Mountain Range -- At Santa Cruz -- The Class Organized There -- Preaching by the Way -- Plan for the Local Preachers -- Holster Cases Full of Gold Dust -- Returning to San Jose -- My Holsters Scare the Spaniards -- At Jones' Sawmill -- Incidents at Reynolds' Hotel -- No More Nips -- Further Services of "Bony Red" --

Return to San Francisco -- Staking Out My Horse -- My Talk at the Hunters' Campfire -- Arrival at Home

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Thus I found myself in California. It was at sunset on the autumnal equinox of 1849, that we anchored off the north beach of San Francisco harbor. All of us being strangers in a strange land, no one ventured to go ashore that night, though very hungry for news. Soon a brother of one of our passengers boarded our ship. So we crowded around our visitor, and in answer to our inquiries he informed us there was no war in the country, but peace and prosperity. Fortunes awaited all who could work or gamble; clerks were paid two hundred dollars a month; cooks, three hundred dollars. Card-playing, however, was the most profitable, hence the most respectable business in the country. I inquired, "Are there any Gospel ministers or Christian Churches in California?"

Our newsman said, "We had one preacher, but preaching don't pay here; so he quit preaching and went to gambling. There was a church in town, but it has been converted into a jail."

Then some one whispered to him that I was a minister, and had the materials for a church aboard.

"I advise you," said he, "to sell the church, for you can make nothing out of it as a church, but you can sell the materials for ten thousand dollars."

I replied, "My church is not for sale, sir."

These are some of the pills I had to take the first night. I learned later that his assertions in regard to wages were true, and those of gamblers closely approximated the truth; his ecclesiastical history was false, except that a small rude frame building on the plaza which had been used as a place for the preaching of the Gospel was later used as a jail.

Next morning, Saturday, September 22, I accompanied Captain Wilson, the master of our ship, the Andalusia, on his first trip ashore.

We ascended the hill above Clark's Point and got our first view of the city of San Francisco. Not a brick house in the place, and but few of wood, and they were constructed mainly of lumber from goods boxes, and three or four single-story adobe houses; not a pier or wharf in the harbor, but a vast encampment in tents of about twenty thousand men and about ten women. I felt oppressed with an uninvited apprehension that under the influence of the gold attraction of the mountains I might wake up in the morning to find the tents struck and the inhabitants of the city of tents gone to parts unknown.

In company with Captain Wilson I was introduced to the business firms of Messrs. Dewitt & Harrison, Bingham, Reynolds & Co., Finley & Co., and spoke to many others. I inquired of many if they had heard of Rev. Isaac Owen, who, with his family, had started with wagons across the plains before I sailed from Baltimore. None had heard of him.

I made diligent inquiry whether there were any Methodists in the city.

Their reply was, "We have never seen or heard of any such people in California." Pursuing my fruitless search for Methodists till noon, I then fell in with Captain Stetson, master of the bark Hebe, from Baltimore, and accepted his invitation to dine with him aboard his vessel, I had seen his passengers embark in Baltimore, and shipped by him most of our outfit, and now heard the details of their perilous voyage.

In attempting to pass through the Strait of Magellan he was obliged, on account of head winds, to cast anchor. While awaiting a fair wind seven of his men took their guns and went ashore to have a ramble in Patagonia. During their absence a furious gale swept the bark from her moorings. She dragged her anchor till her chains parted, and was then driven before the wind into the Atlantic.

The captain tried vainly to get back, but having no anchors he could not approach the land, and so was reduced to the painful necessity of leaving his adventurous sportsmen to the rigors of a Cape Horn winter and the tender mercies of the Patagonian Indians. However, after enduring great suffering from cold, hunger, and Indian barbarity, they finally escaped in a vessel that was passing through the strait en route to California.

After dining with Captain Stetson I renewed my search for the residence of any possible Methodists in the city.

Hearing the name of J. H. Merrill, I remembered I had read a published letter from Rev. William Roberts, giving an account of his having organized a little Sunday school in San Francisco in 1847, as he was on his way as a Methodist missionary to Oregon, and that he appointed J. H. Merrill as its superintendent. So I sought and found J. H. Merrill, and learned from him that he was indeed the Merrill appointed by William Roberts as superintendent of the first Sunday school in California. He informed me that he was not a Methodist, but knew a number of them in the city, and pointing to the frame of a little church not yet covered, which was being built on a neighboring hill, he said, "Yonder is their new church," and, pointing to a house near us, added, "There is a Methodist family residing in that adobe house. Mr. Finley, the head of the family, is sick, and will be glad to see you."

"Will you kindly introduce me to the sick man?"

"Certainly; with pleasure."

So in a few minutes I was introduced to my first Methodist family. Brother and Sister Finley seemed surprised and rejoiced to see me, and gave me much information in regard to the country and resident Methodists. I enjoyed their company and had a good season of prayer with them -- my first pastoral visit in California; and then they informed me that they were not Methodists, but Campbellites; but we were soon united in Christian friendship and love, which continued during my pastorate of seven years in that city.

As I was taking my leave of these my first Methodist acquaintances, I was met at the door by a plain man of very pleasant features, to whom Sister Finley introduced me. "This is Brother Troubody. He is a Methodist;" and I ever found him to be a quiet, humble, true man of God.

He introduced me to Rev. O. C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister of the city, who invited me to preach for him at 11 a.m. the following Sabbath. Brother Troubody introduced me also to his wife and family, and then to Asa White and family.

Brother White was a local preacher from Illinois, but more recently from Oregon. He had a large family, all Western pioneers, all sociable and kind, and earnest Methodists of the shouting kind. They lived in a small rough board house covered with blue cotton cloth, located in the bushes in Washington Street, near Powell, on which our chapel was being built. Brother White's house, called "the shanty with the blue cover," was the Methodist place of worship for the city.

Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, had appointed Brother White as leader, to do the best he could in collecting and holding the little society together till the missionary should arrive.

Brother Roberts, on his way to Oregon in 1847, organized a small class consisting of Brother John Troubody and wife, Alexander Hatler and wife, Aquila Glover and wife, and three or four others, and appointed Brother Glover leader; but being a timid man he never led the class after Roberts proceeded to Oregon; and, as Brother Hatler and others informed me, no class meetings were held here till Brother White's arrival in the spring of 1849. He first put up his blue tent in the bushes near the corner of Jackson and Mason Streets, where the scattered sheep were gathered and regular class meetings were held. Elihu Anthony, a local preacher, during a few months' sojourn in the city assisted in the meetings; but White was the leader appointed by Brother Roberts. Anthony became a Methodist pioneer in Santa Cruz. On my arrival the class in San Francisco numbered about twenty.

In my continued search that first afternoon I could get no tidings concerning the whereabouts of Brother Owen, but Brother Asa White handed me a letter from Rev. William Roberts, the Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, informing me that he had appointed me preacher in charge of San Francisco Station, and Rev. Isaac Owen to the charge of Sacramento city and Stockton.

As Brother Owen was much older in the ministry than I it was a great surprise to me to be appointed to the larger and more important station, I had no ambition, however, and had I been making the appointment I certainly would have given Brother Owen the preference. Of course, according to my record in the past I asked no favors but shirked no responsibilities.

That was an afternoon of thrilling interest to me, and contrasted hopefully with the unfruitful search of the forenoon of my first day in San Francisco.

On Sabbath morning, September 23, I filled my appointment with Brother Wheeler, and preached from "What think ye of Christ?" The Spirit of the Lord was manifestly present with us. We dined with Brother Troubody, who then lived in a small house on Washington Street. He soon

after built for his residence the first brick building in the city. It was located on the corner of Washington and Powell Streets, a four-story house about 26 x 50 feet, in which he has resided ever since, now over forty years.

At 3 P. M, of that memorable Sabbath day I met the class in "the shanty with the blue cover," which was packed inside with earnest worshippers, and many stood outside the door. Their experiences were characterized by originality, freshness, and thrilling interest.

Some of them had crossed the plains; others were just from a voyage round Cape Horn; some had, on their passage across the isthmus, seen scores of their friends swept away by the malignant fevers of Panama. All had seen sights, encountered dangers, made hairbreadth escapes from death, and could all sing, "Out of all the Lord hath brought us by his love." That was a class meeting never to be forgotten.

We spent the following week in learning California prices and modes of life and in trying to secure a house in which to live.

Captain Wilson kindly invited us to remain aboard ship till we could make arrangements for housekeeping, and allowed us the free use of his boat in passing to and from the land. This was quite an item, for the lowest price of boat hire for the shortest distance was one dollar for each passenger. Potatoes were fifty cents a pound; South American apples, fifty cents apiece; fresh beef, fifty cents a pound; dried apples, seventy-five cents a pound; Oregon butter, two dollars and fifty cents a pound; flour, fifty dollars a barrel, and so on for provisions of every kind at about the same rate.

As for house rent, there were but few in the city to be had at any price. Rev. O. C. Wheeler was paying five hundred dollars a month for a plain story and a half, containing five rooms. Near to our chapel was a rough, one-story board shanty, about twelve feet square, with a slab shed roof. On inquiry I learned that the rent was forty dollars per month, which I was willing to pay, but Rev. Mr. Mines, an Episcopal minister, had secured it.

I then spoke of building a small house, but learned that lumber was sold at the rate of from three to four hundred dollars per thousand feet.

The inadequacy of the missionary appropriation to meet such rates may be seen in the light of the following extract from an official letter from Rev. C. Pitman, one of our missionary secretaries at that time:

"New York, January 29, 1849

"Dear Brother: At the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers the Estimating Committee presented their report containing their estimate for your outfit, passage, and annual allowance as a missionary.

"The report of the Committee was adopted, as follows:



"Resolved, 1, That the outfit of Brother Taylor be, for himself and family, two hundred dollars.

"2. That the appropriation for Brother Taylor be seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which appropriation shall include the disciplinary provision for salary and also his table expenses.

"We have found it exceedingly difficult to make our estimates for the California missions, as we could not possibly tell what would be the expense of your passage or what will be necessary for your support when you shall have arrived at your destination.

"The amount appropriated for your support is as high within fifty dollars as any of our missionaries in foreign stations receive save one."

At the close of our class meeting in the afternoon of my second Sabbath the question was raised, "How shall our preacher get a house to live in?"

It was decided that the only way was to build one; and then an effort was made in the class to see how much could be raised toward that desirable end, But the sojourners were "strapped," and the resident brethren had subscribed all they felt able to give toward the chapel, and could do but little for the parsonage; so the effort resulted in a subscription of twenty-seven dollars -- perhaps enough to buy the nails and hinges. But I never was haunted with the ghost of a doubt that God called me to California, nor, hence, a doubt that he would provide for me and mine, So I had my household goods and provisions, which we had brought with us from Baltimore, landed; and paid ten dollars per dray load to have them hauled up the hill and piled up near the chapel; there they lay in the open air for a fortnight.

In this emergency Captain Otis Webb, son of old Father Daniel Webb, of the Providence Conference, sent me word that he was building a good two-story house near to our chapel, which would be finished and ready for use in a week, and that we were welcome to the use of it, rent free, for a month, he reserving but one room of the five contained in the house for his own use. So, after remaining a fortnight as the guests of Captain Wilson, aboard our good ship Andalusia, we moved into Captain Webb's new house. We highly appreciated his generosity and enjoyed the high order of his gentlemanly bearing -- a friend in need and a friend indeed.

Few persons in San Francisco were so comfortably settled as we, by the good will of our dear friend Captain Otis Webb -- rent free for a month.

Messrs. Collins & Cushman presented us with a new cooking stove worth a hundred dollars in the market. We had brought with us from Baltimore a year's supply of provisions, so that in our great dependence we were pretty independent.

The question pending was, "What shall we do at the end of the month?"

Some persons, believing more in dependence than independence, said, "You were sent here by the Missionary Society, and they are bound to support you."

I replied, "The Missionary Society never did and never can support a missionary and family at California rates of expense. House rent alone would amount to five thousand dollars a year; but I will never draw on the Society for a dollar additional to the appropriation already made. If I can do no better I will take my ax and wedges and go across the bay to the Red Woods and get out lumber for a house and build it myself."

"Are you a carpenter and builder?"

"No, but I am a Methodist preacher of the old school."

A brother who had located from the traveling ministry to seek a fortune in California said, "Poor Brother Taylor will work himself sick, and that will end the matter. It had been better for him to come to California on his own hook, as I did."

He was the "poor brother" who licked the dust in pining sickness through many weary weeks while I gathered strength in the struggle for missionary efficiency and self-support; and by the might of body and mind with which God had invested me, and the guiding hand of his providence, by which he daily led me, I was exempt from sickness and my labors were crowned with success.

Brother Asa White and his two sons-in-law, John Barto and Alfred Love, and his two youngest sons, had a shanty in the Red Woods, where they spent much of their time getting out lumber and hauling it to the embarcadero at San Antonio -- a big name, but no town. So it was arranged that I should go to the woods and get out lumber on my own account and "ranch" with Brother White. Brother A. Hatler kindly proposed to go with me and assist.

So on October 10, 1849, we crossed the bay in a whaleboat to San Antonio, and, carrying our blankets, provisions, and working tools, we walked up the mountain five miles to Brother White's shanty. Brother Hatler and I put our provisions into the mess and were admitted as guests, with the privilege of wrapping ourselves in our own blankets and sleeping on the ground under the common shelter.

After supper we were entertained by Brother White's historic reminiscences of earlier days spent in Illinois and westward. The following is a specimen:

Joe Flower was a bricklayer, and boasted that he was proof against all religious agency or influence. Brother White induced him to go to a camp meeting, and talked to him very seriously about the peril of his soul while at enmity with God. Joe baffled him with light, foolish remarks, and finally said, "I will go among the seekers and hold down my head an hour for twenty-five cents."

Brother White said, "Here is the money, Joe." So Joe was committed, and went and did as he proposed. White went and kneeled down beside him and prayed with increasing power, in the midst of which an awful thunderstorm broke on them. The thunder and the lightning were terrific, but White prayed on till Joe dropped on his knees and cried to God for mercy, and received Christ

and salvation before he arose to his feet. Next day they made a collection for missions, and Joe put in the twenty-five cents he won the day before, and told his experience of peace with God.

We were thus entertained with Brother White's stirring stories till bedtime, and then after a hallelujah season of family worship retired to rest.

During the early part of this afternoon I went to a woodman's tent to sharpen my draw-knife, and found there a sick man by the name of Haley. As soon as I mentioned the subject of salvation to him he cried like a child, and said, "I once enjoyed peace with God and was a member of the Baptist Church, but in these Western wilds I got off the track and lost my religion."

I prayed with him, and he promised that from that hour he would devote himself to God and accept Christ. Soon after he received the great Physician, and said, "O, I am so glad that you called to see me; I had thought of sending for you, but I felt so guilty that I could not muster courage to do so. Now I feel that God, for the sake of Jesus, has pardoned all my sins. My soul is happy. I am not afraid to die now."

Three years after that, at the close of a preaching service in San Francisco, a man introduced himself to me and said, "Do you remember praying for a man given up to die in the Red Woods, in 1849?"

"Yes, sir; I remember him well; his name is Haley, but I never learned whether he recovered or not, but he found peace with God and rejoiced in prospect of an early departure for heaven."

"I am that man, and my soul is still happy in God."

So far as I know he was the first man saved through my agency in California.

We wrought till Friday afternoon, the 12th of October, but spent our strength for naught in trying to split some unsplitable timber, and returned that afternoon to San Antonio landing. We there lay on the ground to sleep, but spent most of the night in looking at the stars, listening to the weird howlings of the coyotes and the gabble of thousands of wild geese, all apparently exulting over their preemptive rights to all the vast plains now covered by the city of Oakland and its adjacent villages.

Sabbath, October 14, was my fourth Sabbath in the city and second in our new chapel, which was crowded with attentive hearers, and the class meeting in the afternoon was an extraordinary season of refreshing.

I returned to the Red Woods on Monday, the 15th, but Brother Hatler could not leave his business to return with me; so I had to depend on my own unaided mind and muscle, led by the good providence of Him who had called me to meet such emergencies. I provided for my pulpit the Sabbath following, so as to give me two unbroken weeks in the Red Wood forest, and on the Sabbath. I preached under the shade of a large redwood tree to twenty-five woodsmen. One of my

hearers, a man of forty-five years, heard preaching that day for the last time; then apparently in good health, but, being taken suddenly ill, he died a few days later.

During this trip to the woods, covering a period of nearly two weeks, I procured the lumber needed for my house. My scantling, which I bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, I hewed to the square with my broad-ax. I made three thousand shingles and exchanged them with a pit sawyer for twenty-four joists each seventeen feet long. I bought rough clapboards six feet long and shaved them about as regularly and as smoothly with my drawknife as if with a plane. These were for the weather-boarding. I used similar boards, slightly shaven, for roofing, which were waterproof and very enduring. I bought the doors from a friend at the "reduced price" of eleven dollars per door; the windows for one dollar per light, twelve dollars for each window. Hauling my stuff from the Red Woods to the San Antonio landing cost me twenty-five dollars per thousand feet. The regular price for transport thence to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand feet, but by hiring a boat and working with my own hands I got, the work done for less than half that price.

I bought a lot on the north side of Jackson Street, above Powell, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, kindly lent me without interest by Brother Hatler, which I paid back in due time.

Brother Hatler, being a carpenter, gave me instruction in the business of house building. I hired a few carpenters for twelve dollars each per day till I got the house under roof and then dismissed them, and did the rest of the work with my own hands except that now and then a passing brother would give me a few hours on the building. Brother Clarkson Dye put up my stairs. Brother Treat Clark gave me a day or two, but I wrought daily from dawn till dark till the house was finished, a desirable, comfortable, two-story house 16x26 feet.

In digging the foundation for it I turned up the stakes of Father White's blue tent, and found that I occupied the site of the tabernacle in which the first class meetings of the spring of 1849 were held.

The total cash cost of my house was fourteen hundred and ninety-one dollars and twenty-five cents.

In six weeks from the time we moved from the ship Andalusia to Captain Webb's house we moved into our own mission house, and thus avoided the payment of one cent of rent. I had two rooms upstairs to let to help pay for the building, and had another fitted up for strangers, and especially for preachers, if we should ever be favored with such angel visits. By the time we got the room ready Rev. J. Doane and his wife, missionaries for Oregon, arrived, and were as much surprised as we were rejoiced that such a home for preachers was found in San Francisco. But we had to wait more than a year for the first recruits of missionaries for California.

In addition to the timber and lumber for our house I brought from the woods enough to fence the back part of our lot for a garden, which I put under cultivation by the commencement of the wet season, so that in a few weeks we had an abundant supply of radishes, turnips, greens, and lettuce. Ours was the second garden ever planted in this city, and was to all passers-by an object of surprise and ground of hope for the future of this country of supposed sterility.

A restaurant keeper passing by our garden one day said to Mrs. Taylor, "I would like to buy some of your greens, madam; what do you ask for them?"

"We have not offered any for sale, but as we have more than we need you can have some at your own price."

He replied, "I will give you ten dollars for a water-pail-full."

He gathered a pail-full and paid the money. A few days after he returned for another pail of greens, and, filling his pail, Mrs. Taylor asked him how he could afford to pay such prices.

"Well," said he, "I boil the greens slightly with a little bacon, and get for them fifty cents a fork. I make a very good profit on them."

Mrs. Taylor thought our little home would be more homelike if we could have a few chickens, and applied to a neighbor who had some.

The lady replied that she would be glad to accommodate her, and as she was a missionary would let her have some at a reduced rate.

"How much," Mrs. C., "will you charge me for a rooster and two hens?"

"You can have the three, madam, for eighteen dollars."

So the money was paid and the fowls were promptly delivered. I built a house for their accommodation and put on a lock for their protection; but it didn't protect them, for a few nights after some foxy fellow pulled a board off the back of the house and carried away the rooster and one of the hens, and we saw them no more.

Having to buy milk for our little Oceana, we got a supply daily from a neighbor at the "low rate" of one dollar per quart. Our milkwoman did business also in the egg line, and offered us six dollars per dozen for all we could spare. She gave us but six dollars per dozen because she bought to sell for nine dollars. So when it was not convenient for us to pay money for milk we found our eggs, at fifty cents apiece, a convenient currency.

In the course of human events in this eventful country our milkwoman moved away, and we bought, for milk, some kind of chalk mixture that made our little girl sick. So I went to Sacramento city, where, it was said, good cows could be bought at a very low price; I bought one for two hundred dollars, and milked her myself, and didn't water it; so we had plenty of good milk of our own. Such are historical glimpses of California life in 1849.

As for hardships and sufferings, I had none. My hard work in house-building was a good acclimatizing process, much cheaper and better than a fever and a bundle of doctor's bills, and it prepared me the more effectually to endure the ministerial toil to which I was called, and I thus secured a comfortable, healthful home, while the great mass of our city folks lived in very inferior

shanties and tents, many of which were laid waste by the merciless blasts of the unusually severe rainstorms of 1849 and 1850. Moreover, I never drew a dollar from the Missionary Society above the amount of the first and only appropriation for my support. So that my mania for self-support, which many pronounce excessive and incurable, is no modern dream with me. If God will inoculate a few thousand efficient missionaries for Africa with the same mania they will lead its millions to God in a comparatively short time and at a cost relatively small.

Rev. Isaac Owen commenced his pastoral work in Sacramento city about three weeks after my arrival in San Francisco. His missionary party consisted of himself, wife, and five children, and Rev. James Corwin, who had located from the Indiana Conference to accompany his old friend and fellow-member of the same Conference, and to devote himself to our itinerant work in California, to which he did devote himself through the many remaining years of his life. His preaching ability was of medium order, but acceptable and useful. He had a humble, loving, and lovable spirit, and was very successful as a pastor.

Brother Owen, not knowing anything about his appointment by Rev. William Roberts, to Sacramento city, made no stop at that city, but crossed the Sacramento River and drove on to Benicia, en route for San Francisco; but learning at Benicia that Sacramento city was his station, and that I, under appointment, was hard at work in San Francisco, he returned to Sacramento. However, owing to the exhausted condition of his faithful oxen, that had just made the long pull of two thousand miles from Indiana to the Pacific coast, he shipped most of his goods on a schooner bound up the river, and rapidly drove his wagons back, with less than half freight, so as to be on hand to receive the cargo from the schooner; but the wayworn missionaries had to wait many days for the arrival of their needed goods. The delay was occasioned by rough weather. The schooner was capsized, and all the mission goods—clothing, beds, books, etc. -- had to be fished up from the river. These things were essential to their settlement in a country so new, where every needful thing had been brought so far, and at so great a cost that to supply the loss by purchase was out of the question; but I never heard a murmur from the lips of any of the sufferers. They were utter strangers to discontent or discouragement.

Meantime, I shipped my Baltimore-California Chapel to Sacramento for Brother Owen. He immediately secured a church lot, and in a few weeks was preaching to crowds of adventurers in our chapel, which was the first house of worship built in that city.

There was, at that early date, daily steam communication between San Francisco and Sacramento city; the estimated distance there by water was one hundred and twenty miles; by the shortest railway cut it is eighty-three miles.

The steamer route was across the San Francisco and San Pablo Bay, thirty-three miles to Benicia, opposite the Strait of Carquinez, a mile in width, through which the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers run into San Pablo Bay, passing through the strait. A large class of steamers ascended the Sacramento River to the vast encampment of tents and rude cabins called Sacramento city. A smaller class of steamers went up the San Joaquin to Stockton. The former was then the commercial emporium for the Northern mines and the latter for the Southern mines.

Brother Owen and I were thus in frequent communication with each other by comers and goers and by letter, but did not see each other till nearly the end of that most eventful year in the memory of old Californians -- 1849.

About the 22d of December of that year I took passage on the steamer Senator for Sacramento to visit Brother Owen and party, fare thirty dollars; but Mr. Charles Minturn, agent and part owner of the Sacramento Steamship Company, gave me a free passage. She was a substantial, capacious river boat, and on her up-river trips densely crowded with adventurers bound for the Northern mines. She was on that line for years, and it was currently reported that he took in gold enough as fares to load her. We had to pass at least one night aboard, but used all the daylight we had in the novel sight-seeing so enchanting to the view of all newcomers. Among other sights on that, my first trip North, was a herd of elk with the huge antlers of its bucks. They seemed to be trying their original powers of locomotion against the steam power of our boat, running up the west bank of the river opposite to us for the distance of a good race, and then struck off at a tangent and were soon out of sight. Arriving in Sacramento city, I was cordially received and entertained during my stay by Rev. Grove W. Deal, M.D., and William Prettyman, who occupied the same little house. They were old friends of mine from Baltimore city. Prettyman was the son of my old friend Rev. William Prettyman, of the Baltimore Conference. Dr. Deal was a practicing physician in the bounds of my charge in North Baltimore Station before either of us had a thought of going to California any more than to the moon. He was one of my leading local preachers in that charge, a good man, very sympathetic and kind, and was a popular class leader. I found him in Sacramento city hard at work in his profession and in Gospel work under the pastorate of Brother Owen. He did what he could also for the new country of his adoption as a member of the first session of its legislature soon after the convention that gave a constitution to California, under which it became a member of our national Union, and, precluding slavery from her soil, fell into line with the free States of the nation.

In the spring of 1849 Brothers Deal and Prettyman entertained at their Sacramento home Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, for a number of days. He had come from Oregon to inspect the California field and fix the appointments of the two new missionaries ordered by the General Conference of 1848. As they were comparatively old settlers in the country Roberts drew from them all they could tell him about the work and the coming workers. As they knew me so well in Baltimore city, they could answer about all his questions concerning me. In conclusion he said to them, "Brother Taylor is the man for San Francisco. A very large proportion of the residents of that city are from the Atlantic border, and he, being an Eastern man and a successful street preacher, can readily adapt himself to the conditions of such a city; and Brother Owen, being a Western man of vast and varied resources, can well adapt himself to the vast crowds of Western people who come in here by the overland route."

This is the substance of what Dr. Deal told me. When Roberts, on the same tour, gave a letter to John Troubody to hand to me on arrival, to inform me of my appointment to San Francisco, he said to Brother Troubody, as he told me on arrival, and repeated to me by him in June, 1890: "Brother Taylor will come by sea and land here, and it will save time and money to have him stop here and go to work at once. So Brother Owen will come in from the plains to Sacramento and can go to work at once in that city."

On this, my first visit to Sacramento city, I spent a day with Brother Owen and family, partook of a good dinner at their table, and was highly entertained with what I found to be the uniform and unceasing flow of Owen's good humor, sparkling wit, and sanctified common sense. He had, before leaving his native State, developed in his fertile mind broad plans for the founding of Methodism in California, which he explained to me in detail.

One was for the establishment of a book depository, for which he had already ordered more than a thousand dollars' worth of books from the Methodist Book Concern, New York, and owed nothing on account of them. That was the germ of our now great and growing book depository in San Francisco. I had charge of its business, in addition to my regular pastoral and pulpit work, for three or four years, and increased its stock; then Brother Owen employed a regular bookseller to devote his whole time to it. He put his coulter too deep for new ground, snapped the beam and had to quit the field. The sinking concern was taken over by two competent young men, who developed a paying business on their own account. They saved us from debt and disgrace, which was of itself a favor to us, and supplied the public with our books.

Owen's plan for founding a university had to bide its time for want of pupils to put into it. We had in San Francisco six or eight children at that time, and not enough in the State to employ and support one schoolmarm. However, before many years, mainly through Isaac Owen's persistent faith and energy, the University of the Pacific, the first institution of its kind regularly chartered by the State of California, was built and manned and well filled with students.

In the evening of that memorable day with Brother Owen he accompanied me to tea with Brothers Deal and Prettyman and spent the evening in social and Christian conversation till about 8 p.m., when he started for his home. We accompanied him to the door, when, to our surprise in the dry season and not a drop of rain, the streets, which were dry when we passed over them three hours before, were now the beds of rapidly flowing rivers.

The dissolving snows of the mountains had so swollen the Feather and the Sacramento Rivers that the city was submerged. Brother Owen waded a couple of squares and then hailed a boatman and paid two dollars for a passage through the streets to his house adjoining the chapel.

I was to leave for my return trip by the Senator next morning, but fearing the city might go to sea that night without rudder or sails I bade my kind friends adieu at 9 p.m. and waded, thigh deep, about two hundred yards, and got aboard the steamer and passed the night comfortably, so far as self was concerned, but felt great suspense and sorrow for the suffering strugglers in the great waters which were destroying their property and imperiling their lives.

Next morning I ascended the rigging, whence I could get a view of the whole area of the city, one vast sheet of water, a few rods of bare ground near our steamer being the only bit of earth to be seen anywhere within my radius of vision.

For many months prior to the arrival of Rev. Isaac Owen in Sacramento city Rev. Grove W. Deal, M.D., was practically the Methodist pastor of the city, and exercised a shepherd's care over the scattered sheep of that wilderness. His regular preaching place was under the shade of a



large evergreen oak, and in a blacksmith shop in rainy weather. It is a part of the old story of pioneer work wrought by the faithful local preachers of Methodism.

Arriving at the house of Brothers Deal and Prettyman on Saturday night, as before stated, I was conducted by Brother Deal next morning, Sabbath, January 6, 1850, to our Baltimore-California Chapel and there met Brothers Owen and Corwin.

I had faced the perils of the deep and they the perils of the desert.

At Brother Owen's request I preached that morning. Our chapel was crowded with adventurers deeply tanned from exposure to the sun, but most orderly and attentive. My text was, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Brother Owen preached at 3 p.m., and I again in the evening. The good Spirit of God manifested his comforting presence at each assembling, and it was a day long to be remembered.

Brother Owen was a thickset, muscular man, in height about five feet nine. His eyes and hair were black, face round, with an easy, pleasant smile on his countenance that was ever-abiding. He was a good preacher, voice clear and strong, his preaching earnest and practical, characterized by clear Scripture expositions and familiar illustrations.

A certain doctor, in those early days of California history, was collecting autobiographical sketches, and, asking Owen to write, he penned the following: "Isaac Owen was born in Vermont, raised in Coonrange, on White River, in the wilderness of Indiana; costumed in buckskin, fed on pounded cake; educated in a log schoolhouse -- the principal study in the course was Webster's Spelling-book; converted to God in the woods, licensed to preach on a log; first circuit, then called Otter Creek Mission embracing a part of five counties. Last heard of, a missionary to California, and on a review of his life has no apologies to offer for having been born."

He did not study in collegiate halls, but had a thorough, practical education in real life, and his Greek Testament was his constant companion.

The Lord gave him extraordinary will power from early boyhood, preparatory to his great work in California, I once heard Bishop Morris say of him, "Owen never gives up; he always does what he undertakes; if he can't do it one way he will another."

When a little boy he was sent to hunt lost cows, and got lost himself away in the wild woods, in which wolves, wildcats, and panthers roamed at large. Night was spreading its dark mantle over the scene, and the poor boy knew not which way to go. True to his character, as touched off by Bishop Morris in later years, instead of yielding to the excitement of fear he stopped and set his genius to work to find his way out, which he did in a few moments. He cut a good hickory withe and caught hold of his dog and gave him a severe flogging, and shouted as he let him go, "Be off home, you lazy dog; what are you doing here?" The dog cut for home as fast as his legs could carry him, and young Owen after him at the top of his speed. He thus got his bearings, and safely reached home a little after dark.

In the course of Brother Owen's ministry in Indiana he was stationed at Bloomington. Finding in his new and important station a rickety old frame house bearing the honorable name of the Methodist Church, Owen announced that the first work before them was to build a spacious, substantial brick church.

The people with united voice replied, "The thing, however desirable, is utterly impossible. The people have no money, and owing to the terrible drought of the past year they have nothing to sell."

"Never mind," replied Owen, "we are rich in men -- men who are rich in mind and muscle. Don't oppose me, and inside of a fortnight we shall have the brick all provided for and the bricklayers to lay up the walls of the new brick Methodist church of the city of Bloomington." He did it. A Christian man of Indiana told me how Owen got the lumber for his new church in about the following words:

"My father owned a sawmill ten miles distant from Bloomington. Being a good man and a liberal elder in the Presbyterian Church, he made a standing offer of a wagon load of lumber as a gift to any new church within ten or fifteen miles of his mill, regardless of name or denomination. So Mr. Owen came to my father's one day when I was absent. He submitted to my father a carefully prepared estimate of all the lumber needed for his new church, and agreed to furnish the logs and have my father saw them on shares, and then requested father to give him the names of men within hauling distance who had good timber and good teams.

"Father replied, 'The man most able to help is my near neighbor, Bob, but he is the bitterest enemy of the Methodists in all this country.'

"Owen replied, 'I'll put Bob at the head of my list. If he will give me a good subscription of logs delivered all the rest will give in without a shot.' So they proceeded and made a complete list. Then Owen said, 'Now, elder, I want you to mount your horse and go with me and introduce me to all these people.'

Indeed, Mr. Owen, I can't today; it is getting late and it can't be done today. You must come again, and I will see what I can do for you.'

"Owen replied, 'My dear sir, I have only this afternoon to devote to this whole business.

"Just then I entered, and father said, 'Here's my son; he'll go with you.'

"The thing was explained to me, and my horse being hitched to a limb, I said, 'Come on,' and we mounted our horses.

"Owen said, 'Take me straight to Bob's house. I'll get him to head my list.'

"So we rode to Bob's gate and called, and were told that the gentleman was not at home.

"Owen said, 'I am very sorry to miss him. I hope we'll meet him by the way.'

"We had not proceeded far till I saw him on horseback, meeting us.

"Owen said, 'Don't introduce me, just let me manage him.'

"As we got near Owen jumped off his horse and ran up, shouting, 'How are you, Brother Bob? My name is Isaac Owen, the Methodist preacher who is building a new brick church in Bloomington. The people have no money, so we get willing hands to do all the work. The bricks and brickwork are all provided for, and I have just arranged with the elder, your good neighbor, to saw all our lumber, and I'm just on my way to get the men around here who have good timber and good teams to put down all the logs needed at the sawmill. I learn that you have the best timber and the best teams in all this region, so I have come to you to head my subscription and set an example for your neighbors. Some of them, you know, are as close as the bark of their trees, and would keep me talking for an hour, but when they see your name at the head of my list they will all give in at once.'

"Bob did not hesitate a moment after Owen was through, but signed for the delivery of the biggest lot of logs of any man in the country, and was the first to cut, haul, and deliver, as per agreement.

"Just as Owen had said, every man he called on signed for the logs asked for without a word of discussion.

"Owen got all his lumber hauled to Bloomington in the same way. When he came for his free load of lumber my father offered to all church builders in that region he brought the biggest six-horse team and wagon in the country, and nearly cleared the lumber yard. My father said, 'Owen is the man for me. The Baptists would have come with a two-horse wagon and put on half a load for fear of overtaxing my generosity; but Owen has faith in me, and hence is not afraid of exceeding my liberality.'"

Owen's methods of dealing with men were peculiar to himself and sure to win, but would not be safe models for imitation.

Isaac Owen said he never got into straitened circumstances but once in his life. He stated the case on this wise:

"I went out one day on a deer hunt, and it was a dear trip to me, owing to a deep snow on the ground and a cold drizzle of rain. Coming home with my buckskin trousers thoroughly saturated with water, I got into the fireplace of an old-fashioned wide chimney and stood by a blazing fire to warm myself. Being very much chilled, I could not feel the heat at once, till I felt something drawing tightly about my legs, and the next moment the heat seemed to be taking the skin off me. My trousers were drawn into crisp, searing and singeing me. I jumped round and cried for help, but had to endure the torture till my trousers were literally cut off me. I found myself that time in decidedly straitened circumstances!"

Isaac Owen in his day was considered the greatest beggar in America. He was for five years the agent of the Indiana Asbury University, and raised its first endowment -- a liberal amount for that period -- over fifty years ago. Merchants have told me that when they saw Owen coming they hastened to shake his hand and say, "How much money will you have today from my concern? Here are ten dollars, Mr. Owen; you don't need to state the case."

In the wonderful progress of Asbury (De Pauw) and of the University of the Pacific the man who under God laid the foundations of both is mainly unknown to the present generation, but God "will remember him in that day."

Resuming the story of my first acquaintance with Brother Owen, I will add a few items. On Monday, January 7, 1850, Dr. Deal and I dined with Brother Owen, and a sumptuous dinner we had of roast pork, sweet potatoes, and a variety of good things, hardly to be expected in California at that day.

Brother and Sister Owen had not fully recovered from the wear and tear of their long journey across the plains and their sad reverse after their arrival; yet in the short time they had been there they had put up, besides the Baltimore-California Chapel, a good parsonage which cost five thousand dollars. We walked and talked together for several days, and laid the foundation of mutual friendship that never was marred.

In addition to educational plans for the future we agreed that we should immediately extend the sphere of our evangelistic and pastoral work, he to include with Sacramento city, Stockton, Benicia, and the region generally north of the bay, while I, in addition to San Francisco, should occupy San Jose and Santa Cruz.

January 10, 1850, I was again in San Francisco, accompanied by Brother Corwin, who was on his way to Stockton, where he organized a Methodist Episcopal Church and built a chapel and parsonage, partly by subscription and in part by his own hands, he, like the great Prophet of Nazareth, being a carpenter as well as a preacher.

On the 17th of January, 1850, Brother Owen and family, whose church had been carried from its foundations by the flood and their dwelling house rendered untenable, arrived in San Francisco on their way to San Jose Valley. To give themselves some time for recuperation and preparations for their new home they made a temporary settlement in Brother Asa White's house with the blue cover, which naturally, in view of the migratory characters of its owners, was vacant at that time.

Brother Owen and family, thus flooded out of Sacramento city, came down to San Francisco, and I engaged him to fill my pulpit while I should go and prospect San Jose and Santa Cruz, requiring an absence of two or three weeks. Mrs. Taylor being overworked with the care of her babes and household duties, I sought diligently for some person to assist her during my absence.

Sister Merchant, an old maiden lady, had arrived a few weeks before, having put in the dreary days and nights of a tedious voyage round Cape Horn in composing poetry. She was a

goodish old sister, and uttered many sensible sayings, yet it seemed that somewhere in her mental constitution there was a screw loose; but she was, nevertheless, regarded as a reliable helper in a family. She affirmed that she could do housework of every sort from garret to cellar. She was the only female servant in the city, and I was in luck to get such a helper during my absence. The California preachers and their wives in those days had to serve each other and the people. So, with Brother Owen to take my pulpit and pastoral work, and Sister Merchant to assist my wife, I was prepared to itinerate and extend our work. Sister Merchant was delighted with the opening into a preacher's family. She said she "always loved the preachers and their wives, and would gladly take all the work off Mrs. Taylor, and nurse the baby too."

Brother J. Bennett, an exhorter in our Church, was passing through the city at that time from Coloma gold diggings -- "a lucky miner" -- to his home in Santa Cruz, and I arranged to accompany him. On Saturday, January 19, 1850, at 9:30 a.m., we took passage on a little steamer for San Jose, distant forty-two miles by steamer and eight miles by land travel.

We paid twenty-five dollars each for steamer fare, and landed at the embarcadero at 5 p.m. It was my second trip inland; every scene was new, the distant mountains east and west, the grassy valleys extending to the water's edge beautified with flowers of the brightest colors, the waters teeming with fish, and the air vocal with the screeching notes of countless thousands of wild ducks, geese, and pelicans -- altogether a scene indescribable, yet indelibly photographed on the memory of a stranger.

Leaving the steamer, Brother Bennett and I waded the eight remaining miles of our journey to San Jose, through mud and water, in some places knee deep. It took us three hours. We got supper and lodging half a mile north of the town at the house of Widow White, with whom Brother Bennett had a previous acquaintance.

Soon after breakfast Sabbath morning, January 20, we went into the town and arranged for preaching services at the house of Mr. Young. At 11 a.m. I preached from "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Several American families, principally from Missouri and Kentucky, had settled there as early as 1846, others later; altogether about thirty families, a fair proportion of them Methodists, among whom was Captain Joseph Aram, a member of the convention that founded the Constitution of the State of California but a few months before. Besides Aram and family, William and Thomas Campbell and their families, who were members at home, promptly joined the new society I organized on that trip.

Old Mr. Young was not a member, but his wife was, and their house was the preaching place and the preachers' home.

Charles Campbell, a local preacher, had been preaching there regularly for several months before my arrival. Several Cumberland Presbyterian families also united with us till the Church of their choice should be organized. Among these were J. M. Jones, Asa Finley, their excellent wives, and others.

So our first preaching service was an occasion of joy and rejoicing; the class meeting that followed the preaching was one of the old-time melting meetings,

When heaven came down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy seat.

That night I preached at Mr. Young's again, and the little flock had a great time of tearful rejoicing that the long-desired day had come when they could hear a regular minister, be gathered into the fold, and receive the ordinances of the Lord's house.

Brother Bennett and I had still before us a journey of thirty miles by mule trail across the rugged coast range of mountains. We could have walked it without much trouble, but Brother Bennett had a heavy miner's pack which we carried alternately in our tramp of the Saturday before, and concluded that horse power would greatly relieve our burden-bearing and help us across the streams that were too deep for comfortable wading.

So on Monday morning we searched the horse market and found that the hire of a horse would be eight dollars a day. As I expected to spend a week in the visit to Santa Cruz, including traveling time, I soon gave up the idea of hiring horses. The next thing was to buy a horse, but we learned that all the horses of any value were running at large on the plains, and were not obtainable in time for our purposes. Finally, in the afternoon, we learned that our host had one on his premises which he had not shown us, because not at all suitable. We requested to see him. He was a sight to behold -- a small, young, red horse, very lean, his hair all turned the wrong way, his mane nearly all torn out by the roots, with a scabby rope mark round his neck. He looked as though he had been hung up in the teeth of a hurricane.

"I say, Mr. Young, where did he come from?"

"I had him tied to a mule which ran away with him and dragged him by the neck for half a mile."

"My, he must have good stuff in him to stand all that and live! What is your lowest cash price for him?"

"Eighty dollars."

"You will throw in saddle and bridle?"

"Yes, sir; the whole rig."

"Here's your money." The first Methodist horse of California.

About an hour before sunset we started on our journey, to spend the night a few miles on our way at the house of Brother William Campbell. When we came to Pueblo Creek, which was at full flood on account of recent heavy rains, we presumed that for so short a distance across our horse could carry us both, as he seemed firm and steady under my weight and that of the miner's

pack, so Brother Bennett mounted behind the saddle, and "Bony Red" proceeded till he reached the middle of the stream, when down he fell and would have drowned without a struggle if we had not helped him up. We hauled him on and got him over, and thence led him on to Brother Campbell's, reaching there at dusk. An appointment was immediately sent out and a congregation of three families and six travelers assembled to whom I preached that night, and we had a good season of refreshing. After preaching we spent the night with Asa Finley and family. They were extremely kind, and gave us an early breakfast of fried chicken and eggs, good coffee and biscuits.

We traveled a few miles over the flooded plains, and came to an overflowing creek. I forded it on "Bony Red," and dismounting sent him back for Brother Bennett, and he did his work so well that we dismissed the temptation to think that we had been sold in the purchase of the horse.

The mountain scenery of that day's travel was beautiful and grand beyond description -- a grove of redwood trees of immense size, then vast fields of wild oats cut in every direction by trails of deer and of grizzly bears.

Crossing the westerly foothills, we passed a large herd of sheep guarded by a shepherd's dog. He had the sole charge of the flock. He kept between us and his sheep, and warned us by his growl not to meddle with him or his charge. Such dogs were very common in California in those days, and very faithful to their trust.

From the top of the mountain range we saw spread out the great valley of San Jose, adorned with countless acres of rich pasturage and dotted over with herds of cattle, horses, mules, and flocks of sheep. Looking westward, over the mountain peaks, foothills, and valleys, a distance of about twelve miles, there lay the Pacific Ocean in measureless placid grandeur.

Night overtook us -- a moonless night -- before we cleared the foothills of the mountains, and we had a deep, swollen creek to cross. Brother Bennett, knowing the ford, went over first, and "Bony Red" came back for me, and we got over safely and reached the home of my fellow-traveler at a late hour, where I was introduced to his amiable wife and four beautiful little daughters. It was a joyful meeting of the old gold miner and his family.

I found at Santa Cruz a class of about twenty members, also a number of Spanish families. The American portion of the population was composed principally of families who had settled there before the discovery of California gold, and had their children growing up around them; hence the place was more homelike than any other I had seen in the territory. They had also the best school and largest Sunday School in the country. Our principal families, with whom I had sweet Christian fellowship, were those of Brothers Anthony, Bennett, Case, Hecox, Alexander McLean, now of New York East Conference, and others.

In the organized class of twenty were four local preachers. One of them, a young man of considerable ability, was employed to teach the village school at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and at the request of the society had become their preacher and pastor till a regular missionary should be sent them.

They got on well for a while, till a short time before my visit a dispute arose between two of the members about the title to a town lot. Party spirit came up to flood tide and nearly drowned the infant church.

The arrival of a missionary at that juncture was regarded as providential.

We went to work immediately, as per Discipline, and had the case arbitrated, and though the breach was not fully closed at once the society was relieved and reunited and the way prepared for the preaching of the Gospel.

On Saturday, at 11 a.m., I preached in the house of Brother Elihu Anthony, from "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection." The Holy Spirit gave unction to the truth. I preached again Saturday night.

At 9:30 a.m., Sunday, January 27, we held a love feast, and a joyful feast it was. Those old pioneers who had crossed the plains in 1846 and carried their religion in their hearts, and who had been for years as shepherdless sheep in the wilderness, now found themselves in the glory of an old-fashioned home love feast; they wept like children and praised God from hearts filled with gratitude and love.

At 11 a.m. I preached in the schoolhouse from "What think ye of Christ?" The place was crowded, and I was pleased to see in my audience several Spanish families who seemed interested in the word.

After the sermon I administered the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's Supper. About twenty persons partook of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of their blessed Lord for the first time in California, and by tears, sobs, and shouts of glory to God expressed the gladness of their hearts.

After preaching that night two of Brother Bennett's daughters presented themselves as seekers for salvation, the first woman penitents I had, up to that time, seen in California.

I made a plan of preaching appointments for our local preachers, and left the work in their hands till I should return in the ensuing spring. Santa Cruz was then but a small village -- now a flourishing town of probably ten thousand. It is a delightful place, on the north side of Monterey Bay, in the midst of one of the most fertile spots in the country, swept daily by moderate sea breezes.

I have been a pioneer most of my life, but never carried any weapons of defense. Brother Anthony asked me to carry and deliver in San Francisco a quantity of gold dust, in payment for goods, he being a merchant. I did not covet such a responsibility, but there being no express conveyance in the country I could not refuse to accommodate the good brother. So he put it in two equal parts into a pair of holster cases, and laid it across the horn of my saddle. It presented a formidable appearance of self-defense, but really contained nothing but gold dust.



On Tuesday, January 29, I retraced my steps alone over the mountains to San Jose Valley. It rained the whole day, and during the forenoon the fog was so dense I could not tell certainly whether I was going east or west. The mountain path was in many places steep, slippery, and dangerous. In one such place my "Bony Red" fell down; and finding he was on the eve of a roll down the mountain, I sprang off on the upper side and saved him from a roll and slide which would probably have killed him, though he had learned to endure hardness and was very tough. He was soon on his legs again and ready for service.

I met two rough-looking Spaniards on horseback on the mountain. They wanted me to stop and talk. One came up close and asked for a match to light his cigar. When I told him I had no matches, and when he saw my big holster cases, they lost no time in getting out of my sight. Getting down to foothills and hollows, I stopped at the house of a Mr. Jones, who had a sawmill and lived there in the forest with his family. They were very kind in providing me food and a good fire for drying my clothes; thus refreshed I resumed my journey. By the time I got through the mountains and foothills night overtook me -- a moonless, starless night -- and the valley being a vast sea of water and mud I lost my way. I was trying to get to Brother Finley's, where I knew a welcome was awaiting me. As I was urging "Bony Red" through the waters I saw a light in the distance, which I supposed to be the point for which I was steering; but as I approached I was attacked by some huge dogs. My shouting brought out the denizens of the hut, whom I perceived were Indians. We could not speak a common language, but the kindly fellows silenced the dogs and I paddled on through the dense darkness. In an hour I reached the mission of Santa Clara, which later has become a flourishing town and has been for years the seat of the University of the Pacific.

One of the old adobe houses of the deserted mission was at the time of my untimely visit bearing the name of Reynold's Hotel. After seeing that "Bony Red" was well fed I was conducted into the barroom, where a jolly lot of gamblers were employed in card-playing. By the time I got thawed out and refreshed by a good supper they got through with their game and gathered around the fire, which was kept blazing in an old-time chimney place. I took a seat in their midst and led in a conversation about the varieties of life in San Francisco, which led on to a description of the sick men in the hospitals there and of their varied experiences, living and dying.

None of my barroom associates knew me, but listened with close attention to my facts illustrative of the real life of California adventurers.

Finally, one said, "Come, boys,, let us go to bed."

Another replied, "Yes; but we must have another nip before we turn in."

I said, "Gentlemen, if you have no objections, I propose we have a word of prayer together before we retire."

They looked at each other and at me in manifest surprise, and I looked at the barkeeper, who was standing ready to sell a "nip" of brandy to each one at twenty-five cents apiece. After a little pause the barkeeper replied, "I suppose there's no objection, sir."

"Thank you, sir. Come, boys, let us all kneel down as we used to do with the old folks at home and ask the God of our fathers and mothers to have mercy on us."

They all kneeled down as humbly as children, and I prayed for them and for their kindred and loved ones at home, but now so far away, with dreaded possibilities of never meeting again in the flesh. I prayed earnestly that these adventurous young men, and their fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers far away, might all surrender wholly to God and receive Jesus Christ and be saved and be prepared for happy reunions on earth or in heaven.

They took no more "nips" that night, but slipped off to bed without a word. I said nothing to them directly about their gambling and drinking, but took the inside track of them. I met one of them next day in San Jose, and he seemed as glad to see me as if I had been his old kinsman.

Next morning I rode out on the plains to see my friends, the Campbells and Finleys. I determined to save up my returning steamer fare on the price of my horse and ride back; but as the whole country was flooded and much of the rich soil in miry solution I feared "Bony Red" would stick fast in the mud, so I exchanged him at Brother Campbell's for a well-conditioned, substantial iron-gray horse and gave thirty dollars to boot. I afterward learned that "Bony Red" developed into a very strong and serviceable animal. I was glad to hear it, for I got a good bargain in the exchange.

I visited our people in San Jose, and preached again at the Youngs' on Wednesday night. We had a good audience and a blessed season of refreshing by the manifest presence of the Lord.

On Thursday morning, January 31, I started through the deep mud and water on a fifty-mile journey to San Francisco. The only house at which I could stop on the way was that of Mr. Whistman, which I passed before noon. I knew not where I should spend the night; nowhere on the road, if my gray could get through to San Francisco by next morning. Being an entire stranger in that strange country, I pulled through several miles in the wrong path, but happily met a Spaniard who kindly showed me the right way.

About nine o'clock at night I reached San Francisquito Creek, which was booming with a roaring and dashing that frightened my horse. The night was so densely dark that I could not see the opposite bank, and tried in vain to get Gray into the stream, and had to give it up for that night and returned to the highest ground I could find. I thought if there was an Indian's wigwam or human habitation of any sort I might, in a visual sweep of the darkened horizon, catch a glimmer of light. Happily, thus, I saw a light up the east bank of the creek, not far distant. Riding up, I found it was the camp-fire of three hunters, two of whom were very drunk. They said I might warm myself by their fire, and they would lend me a blanket for the night. I "staked out" my horse to graze, for though the valley was covered with water the new grass was about eight inches high, and very tender and nutritious.

As I returned to the fire the drunker man of the two met me and said, "I want to have a word with you," and staggering round behind the tent, he said, "Stranger, you mustn't mind anything that this man may say to you. He's a clever fellow, but he's pretty drunk tonight. Stranger, you mustn't mind him."

After I seated myself by the fire the three fellows got into a loquacious glee, and each gave a yarn of his personal adventures and experiences -- details too horrible to be repeated.

When they reached a pause, they said: "Now, stranger, it is your turn to give us a little of your experiences."

So I gave them an account of my foolish rebellion against God, and how I proved that the way of transgressors is hard, but, like the prodigal son we read about, I returned to my Father in penitential grief and sorrow. God was very merciful to me, I submitted wholly to him, received and trusted Jesus Christ for salvation from sin and Satan's power, and obtained it.

They stared at me in great surprise, and finally one of them said, "You're a preacher, ain't you?"

"Yes; I pass for one where I am known."

"...Boys," said one, "didn't he catch us?"

Another said: "My Lord! where did you come from? We never dreamed that there was a preacher in this country. You must excuse our vulgar ways, for we didn't know you were not one of our kind."

They showed me extra attention and kindness, and gave me a good early breakfast next morning, for which I felt grateful to God and to his prodigal wanderers. The creek had ebbed to safe lines, and I proceeded homeward with yearning heart to see my dear wife and our darling children -- Stuart and Oceana.

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## 06 -- TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF 1850

Tidings to be Thankful for -- Walker Gives Us a Goat -- What the Fresh Milk Did -- Sickness and Death in the City -- Beginning My Ministry in the Hospital -- "Well, Boss, You have Saved Our Lives." -- Meeting with Alfred Roberts -- Story of his Life and Heroic Work -- What Bishop Gobat Said of Him in Jerusalem -- His Grave on Mount Zion -- Sister Merchant Gets off the Track -- Hospital Characters -- Story of "Daniel Webster" -- The Insane Captain -- What Anne had to Undergo in My Absence -- Visit of the Trunk-Breakers -- Havoc in the Hospital -- A New Lesson in California Prices -- Beginning of the San Francisco Book Concern -- Death of Isaac Owen's Daughter -- He Removes to San Jose -- Visit of William Roberts of Oregon -- Death and Funeral of William H. Stevens -- "Daddy's Dead." -- Second Visit to San Jose -- Project to Build a Church There -- Death Scenes in the California Hospital -- Conversations with the Dying -- First Missionary in San Francisco -- Others who Began the Planting Here and There -- My Relations with Pioneer Ministers -- Propositions for a Charity Hospital -- Formation of the First Bible Society -- Question of Colonizing the Indians -- First Quarterly Conference in California -- Sermon to the Gamblers on the Plaza -- Anne Goes with Me to the Trial -- Singing the "Royal

Proclamation" -- How I Got the Attention of the Rabble -- Prevalent Religious Conditions There -- Personal Sketches of Troubody, McCord, Budd, and Others -- "This Market Closed on Sunday." -- Notice of Robert Beeching -- Isaac Jones and the Sunday Question -- Corps of Local Preachers -- The First Watch Night in California

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San Francisco was then a city of tents. The winter, or wet season, of that year was unusually severe both in the volume of the rainfall and the fury of the gales. Often, during the darkness of the night, many tents were swept to the ground, exposing their dwellers to the blasts of the merciless tempests.

I could thank the Lord I was not homeless, as other men were. I had a good house of my own and room to spare. We had more applicants for our spare room than we could accommodate; however, as we were working out the problem of self-support, and had our house and lot to pay for, we admitted a few excellent men, who gladly shared our home, with all we could provide, and rendered a fair compensation. Among them was a son of the noted Billy Hibbard, of the New York Conference; and Colonel Walker, a brother of the immortal William Walker, the filibuster; [sic] Beverly Miller, M.D., from Kentucky, and his friend, William Sharon, who subsequently became a millionaire and a senator in the United States Congress.

Brother Walker presented to us a goat which became a famous milker. Many years afterward an elderly lady in Australia, where I was preaching the Gospel, accompanied by a fine-looking young lady, came to me extending her hand, and with tearful eyes said, "Don't you know me?"

"No, my good woman; I have no remembrance of ever having seen you before."

"Well, I shall never forget you, nor your kindness in saving the life of my daughter, who now stands by my side."

"It is all news to me."

"You remember that dreadful season of storms in 1850 in San Francisco?"

"Indeed I do."

"You lived in your own comfortable house on Jackson Street, having built it yourself. I lived in a tent in the hollow. This young woman was then about two years old, and under such terrible exposure and poor food she took dysentery and wasted away to a mere skeleton. The doctor gave her up, and said there was no help for her -- she must die. In our extremity you called in, uninvited, and looked at the poor wasted thing and said, "My good sister, we will pray a bit, and then I'll bring something that will put new life into the poor little thing." Your prayer was very short, but fervent, and you hastened away, and in a few minutes you came back with nearly a pint of fresh goat's milk, and said, "This is the stuff for the baby; let her drink a little at a time." She

began to get better that day, and daily you brought a supply of the milk fresh from the goat. In a few weeks she was as plump and happy as any child could be."

It was that famous goat, which Walker gave me that, under God, cured the baby. Like all good goats, she wanted to have her own way, and sometimes refused to come home to be milked, but when she found I could outrun her she gave in and became very manageable.

Owing to hardships from long sea voyages and the wear and waste of an exhausting tramp across the plains, and the poor accommodations of the dwellers in tents and the poorer food supplies on which they were trying to subsist, there was a great deal of sickness and dreadful mortality among the masses that were crowding daily into the city. Hundreds died from a consumption of the bowels. Outward symptoms, except the consumptive cough, were very similar to those of consumption of the lungs, and, unless timely taken in hand, it was as certainly fatal. The colon was pecked or eaten through with small holes, and death ensued. Many died in their tents, but the city, before it was really able, provided hospital accommodations for hundreds. Dr. Peter Smith built a hospital near the corner of Powell and Clay Streets, a large two-story frame building. He saved the lives of many, no doubt, but a large proportion of his patients died from want of suitable nourishment, which could not be had in the country at that day; and what was procurable, at enormous prices, was so poor in quantity and quality that it seemed to feed the disease rather than the patient.

I spent much of my time with the poor fellows so sick and so far from home and friends. I helped many to let go every other hope and let the loving Lord Jesus take them on his bosom, as he did the little children of the olden time, and pray for them, and put his saving hands on them, and bless them with pardon, peace, purity, and a blessed entrance into his own fine country, "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." The triumphant death scenes delineated in my book, entitled *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, tell the story in its matchless details, which my present limited space will not allow.

After about a week I again visited the scurvy patients' ward, and was astonished to find a laughing, jolly lot of fellows nearly recovered; and as I entered they gathered around me, saying, "Well, boss, you have saved our lives. We were on our beam's end when you hailed us a week ago, but now, you see, we have righted up and are nearly ready to set sail."

In the latter end of that year of desolation and death the darkness was deepened by a visitation of Asiatic cholera, which, according to the death roll published, carried off two hundred and fifty men in San Francisco and eight hundred in Sacramento city.

In those days there came a man to that coast who seemed to belong to the old prophetic age. He was a friend indeed to all in need. He had nothing but the clothes he wore; he was a hard worker, but worked for nothing, yet he lacked nothing, and nothing was really needed, of human resources, by any sufferer in the city that he was not ready promptly to supply.

As quickly as a vulture could scent a carcass that strange man would find every sick person in town and minister to his needs, whether of soul or body. If he needed a blanket the stranger, who was soon known to everybody, went at once to some merchant who had blankets to sell and

procured the gift of one for the needy man; so for the need of any article of clothing; or even a bowl of soup, he would bring it hot from the galley of some soup-maker. He was soon known as a direct express almoner, working most efficiently along the straight lines of human demand and supply.

His appearance deeply impressed me at first sight. One Sabbath morning after preaching in my little church on Powell Street I was met at the door by a tall man wearing a well-worn suit of gray jeans and a slouch white wool hat with broad brim. He was lean and bony; he was sallow from exposure to the sun, and his features were strikingly expressive of love, sympathy, patience, and cheerfulness. He grasped my hand and held it, and wept as though he had met a long-absent brother.

I took him home with me and heard his story. He was a native of central New York State. He was then about thirty-five years old, and had been devoted to the work of God among the poor, quietly, unofficially, and without pay, from his youth. He had spent many years instructing the Indians in the far West, and was recognized and honored as a chief among them. Once, when his tribe was overwhelmed and driven from their homes by a more powerful war tribe, the white chief refused to run, but hastened to meet the advancing warriors, commanded a hearing, and dissuaded them from the further execution of their murderous purpose.

He had great sympathy for the suffering slaves of the South, and cried to God for the overthrow of slavery. He had spent much of his time for the relief of the blacks in our large cities. When overworked in sick rooms he would plant and cultivate a field of corn, and thus recover strength and acquire independent means of subsistence.

During the year 1849 and the beginning of 1850 he was laboring among the sick and needy people, white and colored, of Washington, D. C. One night while thus engaged at the capital the Lord, in a vision, showed him San Francisco. The city of tents was mapped before him in minute detail. He noted its topography, its few houses and many tents, and saw the hundreds of sick men as they lay in their tents and in the hospital, and saw a tall young man busily engaged in ministering to them; and the Lord said, "Alfred, arise, go to San Francisco, and help that man in his work."

"Next morning I arose and went by early train to New York and took passage for San Francisco. I spent," said he, "many weeks among the sick and dying at the Isthmus of Panama, and thence got passage in a Pacific steamer which anchored in the harbor of San Francisco. From the deck of the ship I recognized the city just as I saw it in vision thousands of miles away. I knew that my man, from his appearance, was a Gospel minister, and set out at once as soon as I got ashore to find him in some pulpit in the city. I went to four chapels before I reached yours, and waited till the minister of each came in, and I said of each as he entered his pulpit, 'No, he is not the man I seek.' It was late when I reached your chapel. You were well on in your discourse. The house being crowded, I stood at the door and said, 'That is the man whom God showed me in vision away in Washington City.' This is my apology for the unceremonious, hearty greeting I gave you as you came out of the door at the close of the service."

That was my friend Alfred Roberts, the most unselfish man I ever knew. Day and night he ministered to the sick and dying of that city for many months as he only could do.

Then he went to Sacramento city and devoted many months, extending into the spring of 1851, doing everything he could for the relief of the cholera patients.

In that campaign Roberts broke in his health, and returned to San Francisco a helpless wreck of his former noble manhood. I gave him shelter and all the help he was willing to receive, and nursed him till he was able to walk around at will. Then he said, "My work in California is done." So two members of my church -- D. L. Ross and J. B. Bond -- bought for him a first-class passage to New York for three hundred dollars, and he bade us a final farewell.

After his departure I heard nothing from him for nearly three years, when I received a letter from his own hand written in Jerusalem, Palestine. In that letter he gave me an outline of his labors during the intervening years. He said he returned to his old field of labor in Washington, but, suffering the disability of poor health, he devoted some months to manual labor on a farm in his native State and recovered the health and strength of former years.

Then he went to England and spent a few months in London among the sick and destitute folk. He then went to Italy, and besides the bodily relief he gave to many he distributed among the common people a thousand Italian Bibles and Testaments. As such labors were not tolerated there in those days he was pursued and greatly annoyed by the police; but the Lord was with him and delivered him from the hands of his oppressors. Then he went to Jerusalem to labor among the Turks.

When I visited Jerusalem in the spring of 1863 I made the acquaintance of Bishop Gobat, resident bishop there under the joint auspices of England and Prussia. He was a genial, communicative man of God, and had a son-in-law then, the Protestant missionary of Nazareth, whose service one bright Sabbath morning I attended in that renowned city of Mary, Joseph, and Jesus.

Bishop Gobat gave me a detailed account of the labors of "that remarkable man," Alfred Roberts, in Jerusalem. Besides relieving the sick he spent much of his time in the instruction of Mohammedan pilgrims.

The bishop said: "Roberts knew no language outside of his mother tongue, but he came frequently to our book depository and got us to select the most interesting and instructive portions of the Arabic Bible and other books and mark the pages with the beginning and ending of each stirring portion, and went with these tracts for distribution. He knew the import of every tract. He had such a remarkable insight into the character of men by a glance of his eye that in a crowd of a thousand Turkish pilgrims he would select his orator for the occasion and enlist him and show him what to read and proclaim to the people, and so day by day he had great crowds of attentive listeners to the word of God. He finally worked himself down, and it was clearly manifest that his constitution was broken and that his work was done. We all loved him as a brother in Christ, and I fitted up for him a comfortable room in our college building on Mount Zion, and my own daughters waited on him daily in cheerful sympathy for him during a lingering illness of two years, when he died in peace, and we buried him on Mount Zion but a few yards from the tomb of King David."

I wept over his grave amid the crowding memories of the past, and thought of the coming resurrection glory when Alfred Roberts and King David will both respond to the same call of the Son of man, and together ascend from the heights of Mount Zion to meet the Lord in the air, and each alike receive a crown of glory.

On my return from Santa Cruz I learned that Sister Merchant, instead of being a servant in my family, assumed to be mistress, and had both my wife and a neighboring family also to wait on her.

The day after I left she became deranged in mind and said, "The Lord's children are kings and priests, and I am one of them sure, and it doesn't become kings and priests to be doing housework."

She refused to leave, saying: "This house is the Lord's, and I am the Lord's, and I have a right to stay as long as I please. I am astonished that Mrs. Taylor should have the audacity to speak to me about leaving the house of my heavenly Father. Mr. Taylor wouldn't do such a thing. He is more sanctified than Mrs. Taylor. He'll settle the question of my rights as soon as he gets home; he will."

She took possession of an upper room in my house which I had just let for a rental of fifty dollars a month, on which I was depending to help me to pay for it. She refused to yield possession to the man who rented it, but remained in it day and night and demanded her meals regularly and other attentions needful for her comfort, and kept Mrs. Taylor and her children awake much of each night with her weird songs and loud prayers. Poor thing! Her heart was nearer right than her head. Having no home and no friends in that wild country, Mrs. Taylor would not have her turned out of doors, but patiently did her bidding. It was some time after my return before we could procure comfortable quarters for her elsewhere. Soon after, however, she recovered her equilibrium, made money, and after a year or two returned East with funds in hand. This was our first experience with servants in California.

At that time we had no asylum in California for the insane, while many in the race for riches went mad, and their condition was deplorable indeed. Some were sent to the hospital, some to the "prison brig," and some were confined in private buildings.

I visited one in the hospital, who said, "I am suffering false imprisonment; I was, without cause, seized and dragged away from my home and from my family, and shut up here for life." He wept and bewailed his desolate condition: "I have nobody to plead my cause, and no hope of ever seeing my wife and children again."

I said, "My dear fellow, you are entirely mistaken. This is no prison; this is a house which the city has kindly provided for sick strangers, where they can have medical treatment. If you keep quiet and trust in God, you will soon be well and can go and see your family."

"Is that it? O, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" He rejoiced a few moments and then got back into his hopeless imprisonment.



I saw another in the hospital in those days who was always on the bright side, always cheerful, and was as polite as a French dancing master. He said, "I am Daniel Webster's private secretary."

He received me graciously, saying, "Good morning, Commodore Perry, I am very happy to see you, though most unexpectedly. Walk in, walk in, Commodore; give me your cap and be seated; I'll call Mr. Webster; I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you. He was speaking of you at the breakfast table this morning. I was just reading, Commodore, as you came in, one of your dispatches from the seat of war. That was a dreadful fight you had with the Philistines! The American navy never had such a contest before, and never before achieved so great a victory. All glory to the American navy! All honor to Commodore Perry! Let the stars and stripes float forever, I say."

Both these poor fellows were harmless, and occupied places in large wards filled with sick men.

I used to see a man who was considered dangerous. He was tightly laced in a straitjacket, and bound down to the basement floor of the hospital, dark, damp, cold, and cheerless as the grave.

Poor fellow, how I pitied him, but could do nothing but commend him to the compassion of God.

Another of the desperate sort, a shipmaster, was confined in a stable near where I lived. At all hours we could hear his stentorian voice giving utterance to imprecations and threats, and to complaints of bad treatment. He tore off his clothes and suffered greatly from cold.

Our good neighbor, Mrs. Arington, got permission from the doctor in charge to visit the captain. She provided regular meals of good food for him, and treated him kindly. He ceased his mad ravings and spent much of his time in lauding the dear woman who became his friend when he had none; and she had the compensating pleasure of seeing him restored to health of body and mind.

During my absence at Santa Cruz my dear wife had other trials besides the annoyance of the crazy woman upstairs.

A short time before I went away a German gardener came to me saying he had hired himself for a year, at a hundred dollars per month, to a Scotch gardener at Mission Dolores, and begged me as a favor to draw articles of agreement for them, which I did. Then they asked me to take care of the document for them; so I locked it up in my private trunk.

During my absence at Santa Cruz our little daughter was taken very ill, and her mother, having no one to send for a doctor, went to the door hoping to see some one passing who would call a physician. Just as she got to the door she met the German and Scotchman, who demanded of her the articles of agreement.

She replied, "Your document is with Mr. Taylor's papers, locked up in his trunk, and he has the key in his pocket, so you can't get it till he returns."

"We must have it, and if you don't give it up peaceably we'll take it by force."

The sick babe was crying in a back room; the crazy woman was singing and shouting up stairs; and two savage-looking men were contending with Anne at the door; so the dear woman was having an extra dose of pioneer California life, but replied: "I told you before that the paper is in that trunk, and I can't get it. If you break open the trunk you will do it at your own risk;" and with that she left them and went to her sick babe. They then broke open my trunk by knocking the bottom out of it, and after rummaging through all its contents found their paper and left.

The trunk breakers afterward learned that they had laid themselves liable to prosecution, and soon after I returned the gardener came to apologize and pay the damages.

Colonel Nevins, a lawyer by profession, happened to be at our house at the time. I replied to the German: "I will accept no pay for the trunk. For you to come in my absence and frighten my sick family and break open my trunk as you did was an offense not to be wiped out by paying the price of the trunk, so I will turn you over to Colonel Nevins and let him put you through as you deserve."

The colonel heard the statement of the case, and said to him: "My dear fellow, you have got yourself into a bad fix; you are guilty of a state prison offense; the evidence is all clear; it is a very plain case, and we'll have you in the chain gang in less than thirty-six hours."

The old fellow dropped on his knees, and weeping like a whipped child begged us to kill him, saying: "I have never been arrested for any offense in my life; I have always tried to support a good character, and now in my old days to be put in the chain gang -- it is worse than death."

I said, "My dear old man, we forgive you cheerfully, and pray the Lord to be gracious to you; so you can depart in peace."

On going through the hospital on my return I was shocked to see what sad havoc death had made among the poor fellows with whom I had sympathized and prayed the day before I left the city.

Having added a horse to the number of my family cares, I took some new lessons in California prices. For a sack of barley, one hundred and fifty pounds, I paid fifteen dollars. For a hundred pounds of hay -- miserable stuff it was, too -- I paid fifteen dollars, and carried it home on my horse in one load. But having pastoral charge of our infant churches at San Jose and Santa Cruz, requiring frequent visits, I found it cheaper to keep a horse even at those rates than to pay the enormous fare of the public conveyances.

February 10, 1850, Brother Owen and I, assisted by a few brethren, dug the foundation and commenced the erection of a small Book Room adjoining our church on Powell Street. Carpenters'

wages were twelve dollars a day, so, being unable to pay such prices, we did the work with our own hands, and did not consider it a hardship.

While Brother Owen's family still occupied Father White's shanty in San Francisco, their little daughter, two years old, took croup and died on February 13. She was a beautiful child, and they having carried her across the plains she became an early partner in their toils and sufferings and had greatly endeared herself to all the family. The weather-beaten missionary and his quiet, patient wife joined hands and bowed together over the corpse of their lovely babe, and kissed a final farewell till the resurrection. It was a scene that caused me to weep then, and to weep now when I recall it. The good brother bowed his head and received the shock like a veteran in the army of God, inured to "hardness as a good soldier;" but Sister Owen, dear woman, had been so worn down by hardship and toil, and her nervous system was so shattered, that the lightning seemed to strike through her whole being. She never fully recovered from the effects of that bereavement. She was a quiet, pious, sensible woman, but evidently from the time of her arrival in California was but a wreck, physically, of what she had been in the days of her sunshine and hope.

Brother Treat Clark made a neat coffin for the little girl's remains, and Brother Hatler and I dug the grave on the northwest corner of the Powell Street Church lot, and we buried there the little jewel of Jesus, the first member of our first California corps of missionaries to pass on to the celestial glory.

Soon after [that] Brother Owen removed his family to San Jose. He built a small house half a mile east of the town, in which he settled Sister Owen, with his daughter and three sons. Sister Owen's father, a good old brother, resided with them. On March 2 Brother Owen returned alone to his pastoral charge in Sacramento city. The waters having assuaged, he had his church, which had been washed from its foundations, brought back to its moorings, and proceeded in his work with his characteristic push and energy.

On March 2, 1850, while I was at work in the Book Room, Brother Troubody and a good-looking stranger came in, and I was introduced for the first time to Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Missions. I was delighted to meet him, and to have him as my guest; and was led more and more to appreciate him as a Christian gentleman of high order, one of the Lord's noblemen. He preached in our chapel next day at 11 a.m., from "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." A pointed, practical sermon followed, which was signally edifying to me and to my people. He preached another excellent sermon at night on "The Witness of the Spirit."

That day at 3 p.m. I preached from a pile of lumber on Mission Street the funeral sermon of William H. Stevens, who died the day before, leaving in his distant home, in Winnebago County, Illinois, a wife and six children.

Brother Stevens had a protracted illness, with great suffering, but was triumphant over all by the grace of Jesus, and said to me when dying, "Tell my wife I die in peace and go home to heaven. I expect to meet her and our dear children there."

Death in California in those days, without any of the mitigating circumstances attending the death scenes of old settled Christian communities, was clothed with extraordinary terrors. A little boy was crying in a street of San Francisco one rainy morning in the winter of 1849 and 1850, and a man said, "Little boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Daddy's dead, and I don't know what to do with him."

The lad conducted the man into a small tent, and there lay his dead father all alone. We learned that he owned a farm in Missouri, and had plenty of friends at home, but lingered and died unknown to anyone but his little boy.

Brother Roberts spent nearly four weeks in California at that time, two Sabbaths in San Francisco, and the rest of his time in Stockton and Sacramento city.

He sailed for his home in Oregon on March 29. On that same day I made my second visit to San Jose, accompanied by my wife and two children.

We were met on our arrival by our old Baltimore friend, Dr. Grove W. Deal, who was a representative from Sacramento in the territorial Legislature, then in session at San Jose. The doctor filled his seat in the Legislature during the week and preached the Gospel to his fellow-lawmakers and others on the Sabbath.

On Saturday, the 30th, I accompanied the doctor to the Assembly Hall, and witnessed the election of the first district judges in the territory. Next day I preached at Mr. Young's, and also in the Senate Chamber. After preaching in the morning we had a blessed class meeting. A Frenchman and his Spanish wife were in class, and, on Brother Charles Campbell's recommendation, they were admitted into our church on probation.

On Monday, April 1, I opened a subscription for the erection of a Methodist Episcopal church edifice in San Jose. That was election day for county officers, and the day for a great horse race for a prize of ten thousand dollars, hence an unpropitious day for raising funds; but I had no time for delay, so pushed on and got a subscription of about two thousand dollars, and returned the latter part of the week to San Francisco.

April 5, 1850, I visited the hospital. Eight or ten persons had died during my brief visit to San Jose, and I soon witnessed the death struggle of others. With the poor hospital accommodations of those days, it seemed to be only a question of time, as all brought in seemed to be doomed to be carried thence to their graves.

C. W. Bradley, from Louisiana, said, when dying, "I am ready; I resign all to Jesus. Tell my wife to meet me in heaven."

Poor M., with whom I had labored before, died in bitter despair, with oaths and curses on his lips.

Mr. D. was an honest-looking pioneer, a man of good natural common sense, with a large accumulation of general information. He had been religiously educated, had a Christian wife at home, but was sinking into his grave unsaved. I said everything I could to induce him to join me in prayer to God for pardon and peace. He replied, "It is so presumptuous, now that I am dying, to offer myself to God; I cannot do it. It is impossible for me to receive pardon." These are specimens of the scenes continually recurring in those days.

April 6 I was called to see Dr. G. He lay in a small shanty on a sand hill near what is now the corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets. The doctor had received a religious training and had a pious wife at home, but there he lay, a stranger among strangers, reduced to penury, far gone in chronic diarrhea, utterly dispirited, no hope in this life, and, worse than all, no hope beyond the grave.

He said to me, "I have always known it was my duty to serve God, and have had numerous offers of mercy in Jesus Christ, but, though outwardly a moral man, I have indeed lived a great sinner against God all my life, and now I am caught! I'm caught at last! God is about to call me to judgment without mercy."

I urged him to try to submit to God, and receive Jesus Christ as his atoning Saviour.

"Too late now," said he; "I have been so presumptuous and wicked there's no hope for me. I sometimes catch at a glimmer of hope, but lose my hold, and all is darkness. There appears to be a thick veil between my soul and God, a bar that I cannot get over. I feel that when I shall leave this world I shall have no home and no employment. I wish I never had been born. For what purpose have I had an existence? The world could have done without me; I've done no good in it. I might have been saved, but I refused every offer of salvation; now I must be the embodiment of everything that is despicable and wretched and mean forever."

I talked and sang and prayed, and did my best to persuade him to submit to the treatment of the great Physician, and receive and trust him, but could not stimulate a hope or stir him to an effort.

Later when I called to see him he said, "I have been trying since you were here to seek Jesus, but I cannot find him."

When I represented to him the mercy of God in Christ he replied, "God has given me commandments to keep, but I have been breaking them all my life. I have often felt guilt and sorrow on account of my sins, but did the same things again, and now God has gone from me."

I said, "The trouble is, you have gone away from God, but his voice of mercy is, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' and Jesus says to you, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock' -- importunately knock -- 'and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"I fain would ask, but when I try I talk to vacancy; I find not the ear of God; I know not how to seek; and I cannot find the place to knock."

In deepest sympathy I said, "O, my dear brother, you must not give way to despair."

"It has come on me, it covers my soul with the pall of death and overwhelms me in darkness without hope."

Soon after this interview death struck him and he imploringly begged, saying, "Help me up! O, do help me up! Set me down on the floor." Poor fellow, he wanted to flee from death. There is no reprieve in that war. He was helped out of bed by those present but died before they could get him back. What suicidal madness to postpone the great business of life till time and strength are gone forever!

My life story through the eventful years of 1849 and 1850 in California would be incomplete without a more specific reference to the organic beginnings of those days, and to the men with whom I was associated in Christian work at that time.

The first Protestant minister of San Francisco was Rev. T. D. Hunt, who had been in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions in the Sandwich Islands, and came thence to California, October, 1848, and became a chaplain for the town and preached regularly in the schoolhouse on the plaza.

He organized the first Congregational Church in July, 1849. Their first house of worship, about 24X40 feet, built on the corner of Jackson and Virginia Streets, was dedicated February 10, 1850. They subsequently built a brick church on the corner of Dupont and California Streets, served for a time by Mr. Hunt, till he returned East, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Lacy, both genial, earnest ministers of the Gospel.

Rev. O. C. Wheeler, first Baptist; Rev. N. Woodbridge, Old School Presbyterian; Rev. J. W. Douglas and Rev. S. H. Willey, both New School Presbyterians, arrived in San Francisco, February 28, 1849.

Mr. Wheeler organized the first Baptist Church on June 24, 1849, and soon after built the first church edifice of San Francisco, on Washington Street, about 30x50 feet in size, followed later by a brick church on the same site.

Rev. Mr. Woodbridge established a church in Benicia.

Mr. Douglas preached a year or two in San Jose, and then became editor and publisher of a religious paper, The Pacific.

Mr. Willey officiated as chaplain of the convention that framed the Constitution of the State of California, which was held in Monterey, and afterward became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in San Francisco.

Rev. Alfred Williams arrived April 1, 1849, and organized the First Presbyterian Church, May 20 of the same year.

Rev. J. A. Benton, Congregationalist, arrived in the summer of 1849, and became a pastor in Sacramento city.

Rev. F. S. Mines, an Episcopal clergyman, organized Trinity Church.

Rev. Dr. Vermehr, also an Episcopal clergyman, arrived in September, 1849, and organized Grace Parish. His chapel was opened for worship December 30, 1849, on Powell Street, on the same square of our Methodist Episcopal chapel.

Never to my knowledge was there a discordant note struck to disturb my harmonious relationship to those pioneer ministers of the Gospel in California. All acted in concert in planting the institutions of general interest to meet the growing demands of the forming State of California, including a Stranger's Friend Society, which afforded direct relief to needy and sick strangers, and at a public meeting in February, 1850, appointed a committee of seven of its own members to draft and present a memorial to the city council, praying for the erection by the city of a charity hospital.

The city fathers seemed to be well pleased with our suggestions and plans, and said it would be just the thing to do if they had the money to carry it into effect; but for want of funds they declined to act, though they continued to pay out about five hundred dollars per day for the sick in the private hospitals, at the "reduced rate" of four dollars a day for each patient!

In a few months the city was involved in a debt of sixty-four thousand dollars for the care of her sick strangers, for the recovery of which a suit was instituted and a judgment given against the city, under which, by public auction, a vast amount of city property was sacrificed. It lay along the water front, and was worth, by a fair valuation at that time, about two million dollars, but now probably two hundred millions.

Among those early beginnings was the organization of an auxiliary branch of the American Bible Society. I copy the following notice of it from Annals of San Francisco.

"On October 30, 1849, a meeting of citizens friendly to the formation of a Bible Society was held in the Methodist Episcopal church on Powell Street, at which Rev. T. Dwight Hunt presided, and Mr. Frederic Billings acted as secretary. Addresses were delivered by F. Buel, Agent of the American Bible Society, Messrs. F. Billings and W. W. Caldwell; and on motion of Mr. William R. Wordsworth, the San Francisco Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, was organized, a constitution adopted, and the following officers chosen:

President, John M. Findley.  
Vice Presidents, Rev. Dr. Vermehr,  
Rev. Albert Williams, and Rev. William Taylor.  
Treasurer, W. W. Caldwell.  
Secretary, Frederick Buel.

This society has grown and spread its branches over the State like a great banyan tree, and, like the tree of life, its leaves, with the imprint of the Holy Scriptures in numerous languages, are "for the healing of the nations."

In those early days the government sent Colonel McKee out to the Pacific coast as agent, to look after the interests of the California Indians. Before entering on this difficult work the colonel came to our ministers' meeting, which was held every Monday, to consult the ministers as to the best mode of reaching and civilizing these people.

We discussed the subject at large, and all agreed in the views of the colonel, namely, to colonize them on reservations and place them under competent tutors appointed by the government, who should teach them husbandry and mechanics, and protect them against the rum-selling, extortionary, peddling fraternity of mean white men, who had been a curse to all the Indian tribes of the East; and then, as soon as practicable, employ teachers to teach them science and missionaries to teach them salvation. Such was, in substance, submitted and concurred in, and we all prayed over it and committed it and the agent to the care of God.

The work encountered much opposition, but before I left California for a world-wide evangelism in 1856, there were organized in California, not including the wide extension of the same kind of work in Oregon and beyond, seventeen Indian reservations on the above plan, comprising an aggregate of sixty-one thousand six hundred Indians settled on them, and at a very small cost compared with the war expenses of fighting and killing them, to say nothing of the obligation of justice and mercy due them.

In regard to my own pioneer Church work in California, and the heroic laymen associated with me, I may in addition to what I have said in previous chapters of my story give some further details.

I organized and held the first Methodist Episcopal Quarterly Conference of California in our chapel on Powell Street, on Saturday night, December 2, 1849. John Troubody, Alexander Hatler, and Willett McCord were elected stewards. Resolutions were passed thanking the Missionary Society for sending them a missionary, and pledging themselves for his support, beyond the appropriation made for the first year of his labors.

On the Sunday of our quarterly meeting Rev. J. Doane, on his way to Oregon, by appointment of our Missionary Society in New York, preached for us at 11 a.m. I announced that morning I would preach at 3 p.m. on the plaza, in the open air, to the gamblers and all outdoor people who might wish to hear.

It was a startling announcement, causing fear and anxiety to most of my people. Most of the gamblers were located on the north and east side of the plaza, or public square. They occupied the largest and best tents, followed by the best houses in the city. Every saloon had its bar and a band of music, and they were in full blast every day and night of every week, and Sunday was the greatest of the seven. Their tables were loaded with piles of gold dust and coin surrounded by crowds of gamblers and sight-seers.

The gamblers were so numerous and commanded so much money and influence they were above all law, except the law of sin and death.



It was no new thing for a man to be shot and carried out and buried like a dog, but no arrests followed. There was not a jail in California then, nor for two years after, and no administration of government at all adequate to the demands of justice or the protection of life.

The country had just been bought from Mexico and was still under the forms of Mexican law, with an alcalde [alcalde n. a magistrate or mayor in a Spanish, Portuguese, or Latin American town. -- Oxford Dict.] to preside over the city of San Francisco. So when I announced that I would preach on the plaza and throw Gospel hot-shot right through the masses of every saloon it was feared that the gamblers would take it as an insult and shoot me. There was no legal protection or redress. It would only be said next day, "The gamblers killed a Methodist preacher yesterday. He very imprudently went down to preach on the plaza, and before he got fairly at it they shot him."

At the time appointed, in company with my heroic young wife, I walked down to the plaza, and a few of my people followed. Seating my wife on a chair, I mounted a carpenter's workbench which stood in front of the largest saloon. Mrs. Taylor had a voice of peculiar melting melody and of marvelous compass, and my baritone could be heard by nearly half the city; so as soon as I mounted the workbench I opened up on the

## ROYAL PROCLAMATION

Verse 1:

Hear the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Publishing to every creature,  
To the ruined sons of nature --

Chorus:

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,  
Over heaven and earth most glorious,  
Jesus reigns!

Verse 2:

Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,  
Who have wrought your own undoing;  
Here is life, and free salvation,  
Offered to the whole creation.

Verse 3:

'Twas for you that Jesus died,  
For you he was crucified,  
Conquered death, and rose to heaven;  
Life eternal's through him given.

Verse 4:

For this love let rocks and mountains,  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,  
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Verse 5:

Turn unto the Lord most holy,  
Shun the path of sin and folly:  
Turn, or you are lost forever,  
O, now turn to God, your Saviour.

Restless hundreds of excitable men came running from every direction to see what new wonder under the sun had appeared. The gambling houses were nearly vacated. The crowd surrounded me nearly a hundred deep on all sides. I was in for it. I had to arrest them or they would arrest me. I had crossed the Rubicon; the tug of war was imminent.

I shouted, "Gentlemen, if our friends in the Eastern States had heard there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square in San Francisco they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we who are here have no thought of any such thing. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those stars and stripes floating on the breeze [pointing to the flag], and loves the institutions fostered under them -- in a word, there is no true American who may not be depended on to observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen!

"Your favorite rule in arithmetic is the rule of loss and gain. In your tedious voyage around Cape Horn, or your wearisome journey across the plains, or hurried and perilous passage across the Isthmus of Panama, and during your few months of sojourn in California, you have been figuring under the rule of loss and gain.

"Now I wish most respectfully to submit you a question under your favorite rule and have you work it out. The question I submit may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the gospel of our Lord by Matthew. Shall I announce it? 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

Perfect order was observed and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon that followed.

That was our first assault on the enemy in the open field in San Francisco, and the commencement of a seven-year campaign outdoors, some details of which will appear as side lights of my story.

The sermon I preached on the plaza that day was the second public discourse of our first quarterly meeting, the first ever held in California.

In the evening of that day I preached in our chapel, which was crowded, and four men presented themselves at the altar as seekers of salvation.

Up to that time the idea of getting anybody saved in California, except such as were sick unto death, seemed preposterous even to good people. In the wild rush for gold no one seemed to have time to seek the Lord, but I continually held my people to the "now salvation" doctrine of the Gospel, suited alike, in all countries, to all kinds of men.

I protracted the quarterly meeting and preached every night through that week, and three men received Jesus and gave a clear testimony to an experience of his saving power.

That was the first revival in California. Our little society was greatly refreshed by the demonstration of the power of Jesus to save sinners even in California. Our class meetings were largely attended by Christian travelers as well as by our own members, among whom we had not a few substantial men of God.

I will name a few of them with a characteristic point or two: John Troubody was an Englishman, but came to America, accompanied by his wife, in his early manhood. He resided for a short time in Pennsylvania, thence moved to Missouri, and then crossed the plains to California in 1847. He appeared to be a slow man, but stepped so cautiously and constantly that he came out about even with the fastest. He acquired a handsome property in California, and under all conditions exhibited unbending Christian integrity.

Willet McCord, from Sing Sing, N. Y., who made his home with Brother Troubody, was by no means a noisy Methodist, but was a reliable Christian man. He was full of wit and social pleasantry, and was always in his place in the classroom and prayer meeting.

L. F. Budd was a remarkably inoffensive, conscientious brother, of generous disposition, refined feelings, and stern integrity. He had spent some years in Costa Rica, Central America, as a commercial agent for a firm in the East, and while there led a wealthy coffee planter to the Saviour, who wrote cheering letters to Brother Budd, which he used to read to me in California, expressing his great desire that a pure Gospel might be preached to his Spanish people in Central America. Brother Budd became the owner of a good house and lot in San Francisco, which he refused to let to any man who sold rum.

A man applying for his house said to him, "Budd, I don't see why you should be so squeamish here in California; why, you are worse than the old fogies at home. The people will have liquor; somebody will supply the demand at a great profit, and I may as well do it and make money as anybody else. I will give you three hundred dollars per month for your house, which is now empty and yielding you not a cent. I will take care of it, and what does it matter to you what I use it for if I return it to you in good order?"

Budd replied, "My dear sir, the curse of God is hanging over this rum traffic and all who are concerned in it, and my policy is to stand from under." [to stand away from being under God's curse -- DVM]

The dear brother settled up his business in California in 1853 and suddenly departed to his home in heaven.

Alexander Hatler and his good wife from Missouri were among my first and best friends in California.

J. B. Bond, son of Dr. Thomas E. Bond, who was for many years Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, did not make a loud profession of religion, but was foremost in every good work, distributing tracts, speaking kindly to the unsaved, visiting the sick, attending his class, praying in the prayer meetings, and giving his money freely to the Church and to the poor.

D. L. Ross was a man of means and liberal beneficence. He had a most equable temper and was a sincere lover of God and of Methodism.

R. P. Spier was cautious and correct in everything. He was a faithful worker in the church and a valuable aid to his pastor.

William H. Codrington, from Sing Sing, N. Y., had the appearance of a ruddy-faced, beardless boy, but opened a butcher shop on his own account on Kearney Street.

Sabbath breaking was almost universal throughout the land, but young Codrington hung up in front of his shop, in large letters: THIS MARKET CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

I knew many Sabbath breaking butchers there who were considered wealthy, but their fortunes came to an untimely end in the insolvent court; but Codrington prospered in business, married a good young lady, and both were valuable workers in the church.

Robert Beeching, from New York, had a hard time crossing the plains, and arrived without funds, with clothes worn nearly into rags. He came to class on his first Sabbath in San Francisco, and, apologizing for his rough appearance, told us of his sufferings and privations by the way.

He said, "I have been accustomed to wear decent clothes in New York, and I am ashamed to come into church looking as I do; yet I love Jesus and want to be with his people."

He was a tall, well proportioned, fine-looking gentleman. I fell in love with him on sight, and took his hand and led him to the highest seat in the synagogue. He was a fine musician, and was offered thirty dollars a night to play the violin in a gambling saloon. It was a well-circumstanced temptation, for he was out of money and could find no employment; but he did not parley for a moment. At our next class meeting he said: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.' 'Surely they stand in slippery places, and shall be brought to desolation and utterly consumed with terrors. But

thou, O my God, art my portion forever.' 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.'"

In the utterance of these experiences his tall, manly form, flowing tears, sweet, commanding voice, all combined to produce an effect in the classroom never to be forgotten. He then sang a solo of triumphant sentiment which thrilled the heart of everyone present. Now, after more than forty years, I feel the thrill of that occasion.

Isaac Jones, a Welsh local preacher, a printer by trade, obtained work on the Evening Picayune, and was commanded by his employer to work on Sunday. Isaac refused, but said he would be responsible for setting as many "ems"\* as any man in the office. He was firm in his refusal to set type on Sunday, but being a good printer, and a man so honest and genial, he was kept in his place. In the latter part of 1850 he and his wife were seized with cholera, and with songs of victory in the death struggle passed away to glory.

[\*Kenneth E. Harger sent me this definitive material about "ems": -- The word "ems" was mentioned in the story of William Taylor. I don't consider myself an expert in the field, but while I was at Bible school, I worked for Model Printers in Moline and they still had letter presses that had to have type manually set in frames. I don't remember them talking about "ems" because I just ran the presses and didn't set the type, but this is my understanding of an "em". An "em" was a unit of measurement in printing like "pica", "elite", etc. The old letter presses had metal type attached to wood that had to be placed manually in line for columns. A column would be so many "ems" long. The surface of the block that had a letter M attached to it was square, thus making it a good unit of measurement. Other letters of the alphabet and spaces were attached to blocks that were "1/2 an em" or "1/3 an em" and so on. I do not know, but I assume that since it was the unit of measure for printing, it was also the unit that was used for figuring pay if one's occupation happened to be a typesetter. -- DVM]

William Phillips and his son John, who were Wesleyans from New Zealand, were quiet, consistent, diligent men of God.

Men in California, in those days, whether good or bad, were generally of positive character, and soon showed which side they were on.

Our corps of local preachers in those early days were Asa White, Colonel Allen, Robert Kellan, M. E. Willing, Calvin Lathrop, and James McGowan.

R. T. Hoeg, H. Hoag, J. W. Bones, and William Gafney were exhorters and class leaders.

We organized a Sunday school in the fall of 1849. It was a delicate plant in Zion for want of children, as there were but about a dozen in the city, but it grew and multiplied very greatly.

On New Year's Eve, at the end of 1849, we held our first watchnight meeting in San Francisco. I preached from the text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." After preaching, a majority of those present spoke

of the benefits they had received from God during the past year, and their deliverances from the dangers of the deep and of the desert.

Then on our knees we sang the covenant hymn:

"Come, let us use the grace divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord."

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## 07 -- OLD CALIFORNIA SOCIETY

Necessity of the Family and Social Order -- Loneliness of Adam -- Hunger of the Old Californians for Womankind -- Their Interest in Social Tokens from Home -- Destitution of the Adventurers on their Arrival -- Want of Home Comforts -- Character of the Lodging Houses -- Discipline Makes Men Flea-proof -- Keeping Bachelor's Hall -- Buying and Washing Clothes -- Extemporized Lodgings for Single Gentlemen -- Only the Strong Survived in California -- The Merchant P. -- Captain Wooley and his Gold Dust -- Making and Losing Fortunes -- "Every Dog has his Day." -- Fate of H. S. -- Attempt to Substitute Dogs and Cats for Wife and Children -- A Shipload of Doubtful Methodists -- Calvin Lathrop -- Getting a Wood Supply -- "Get Out o' My Hole." -- Negro Hill -- Steamship and Stagecoach Companies -- A Cargo of Preachers -- Disasters of the Sacramento Flood -- The Preachers Make Themselves Useful -- Incident Told by Mrs. Taylor -- Rising Interest in Schools and Churches -- My Matrimonial Agency -- Negotiating for Wives -- Proportion of Women to Men -- Thrilling Effect of the Arrival of Women at San Francisco -- Life and Death Hung on the Issue -- Tragedy of the Incidents -- "Is Mrs. Brown Aboard?" -- Sorrow of Middleton -- "There's Mother."

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I will now say something of society such as it was in California in those days. Of course there were human beings there mixed together, but they had not yet coalesced on any line that belongs to a true social life. California was indeed a vast social Sahara. The element of social life, to be sure, is inherent in our being, and has, perhaps, a more prominent and varied manifestation in human life than any other principle essential to humanity. Its most appropriate sphere of manifestation is in the well-ordered family. It gives vitality and felicity to connubial, paternal, maternal, and filial relationships. It constitutes the integral bond which unites the family together, the severance of which is as the lightning bolt entering a man's soul. The man or woman in whom this principle is dead is a misanthrope, and abides in darkness, uncheered by one ray of light or hope; loves neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, nor son, nor daughter; a miserable being, all alone in the world. The man who has no appropriate object on which to exercise his social affections is a Selkirk, standing on his lonely island surrounded by an ocean waste, fit emblem of the deep, dark void of his own restless soul.

Look, for example, even at Father Adam in Eden, with a brand-new creation all beaming in untarnished glory, and by the Creator himself pronounced good, spread out before him. But among the teeming millions of animated nature, all moving in their pristine strength and beauty, there was not found a helpmeet for poor Adam, though he sought one diligently. The Lord saw that he was in a bad state of single wretchedness, and said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him." When Adam awoke from a deep sleep and set his eyes on an object worthy of his love, the most beautiful creature he ever saw in his life, part of himself, for himself, and all his own, loving him, and waiting to be loved by him, his paradise was complete; and Father Adam had ten thousand sons in California in 1850, anyone of whom would have been most happy to sleep such a sleep as that, and to have two ribs taken out, if need be, to wake up in possession of a helpmeet. Alas! poor fellows, they often slept a deep sleep, and dreamed about extracted ribs, and waked but to stare out on their own isolated wretchedness.

The tearful adieus of fathers and sons and brothers as they departed for California told of the deep-gushing fountains of social sympathy and affection which swelled in their hearts. For weeks afterward they gazed daily, with tearful interest, at mementos from loved ones already painfully distant; but they had launched out on unexplored seas of wealth-seeking adventure and must look ahead. Many were without moral quadrant, compass, or chart, but all had the telescope of manifest destiny through which they could see in the distance the auriferous mountains. Dark clouds sometimes intercepted their vision, but their edges were so beautifully fringed with the sunshine of hope that they only added grandeur to the scene. Each one felt as certain of getting there and of making his pile as did the prophet Balaam when trotting over to Mount Peor; but, poor fellows, how many of them, like the prophet, were driven to the wall!

Having reached the land of gold, and the flurry and surprises of the arrival over, then came the initiation of the "greenhorns" into the mysteries of California life, which was a very interesting, and in many cases a very serious, affair. Many arrived destitute of both friends and funds. Home reflections and associations brought painful contrasts to view and led to gloomy forebodings, and had to be dismissed from their minds. Those who put up at the hotel at thirty dollars per week found no soft beds in rosewood, with downy pillows, but occupied bunks made of rough boards on the side of the wall, shelving one above another as in emigrant ships. I have seen not only the walls of hotel lofts thus lined with bunks, but large cribs of them extending up to the roof of the house, covering the entire floor, except narrow passages giving access to them. Sheets were a superfluity not indulged in; pillows were of straw; mattresses, where they had any, were of the same; but in many cases the sleeper lay on the board which held him up off his fellow-sleeper beneath. I tried one night to sleep in one, which, unfortunately for me, was covered with cross slats, evidently designed for a mattress; but the last mentioned very important article, in such a case, was not there. Turning and rolling on these slats, I longed for morning. The soft side of a board, compared with them, would have been a luxury.

To the foregoing sleeping arrangements, if you add a few coarse gray blankets, you will have an original California lodging house, furnished. I heard it positively asserted by many who had been made tremblingly sensible of the fact, that in some houses a few pairs of blankets supplied a house-full of lodgers. As the weary fellows turned in one after another, they were comfortably covered till they would fall into a sound sleep, and then the blankets were removed to

cover new recruits, and thus they were passed around for the accommodation of the whole company.

By way of variety, the adventurous lodgers in those pioneer hotels were visited frequently by the third plague of Egypt, accompanied by a Lilliputian host of the flea tribe -- a sharp and restless race. Any man who is not proof against fleas, or who cannot effect a good insurance on his skin, had better keep away from old Spanish towns and Indian villages. When I was at Valparaiso I preached for the Dr. Trumbull, spent an evening in his company, and heard him relate a little of his experience with fleas. Said he: "When I first came to this place I feared the fleas would worry the life out of me. I could neither eat nor sleep, nor stay awake with any comfort. But after a few weeks I got used to them, and now I pay no attention to them. The biting of a dozen at once doesn't cause me to wince, nor lift my pen from my paper."

Others, not willing to pay much for the mere name of boarding at the hotel, formed mess companies, pitched their own tent, bought a skillet and coffeepot, and kept bachelor's hall. This mode, of life is familiarly known in California as ranching. Their tent or cabin is called the ranch, from rancho, the Spanish name for a farm. Ranchers usually cook by turns; sleep in bunks furnished with a pair of blankets and a few old clothes; a pair of trousers rolled up with an old coat makes a pretty good pillow.

Wash day among the ranchers came but seldom and was never welcome; for there were no wives or daughters or Bridgets to do the washing. Even in the city of San Francisco, in 1849-50, there was but little washing done. Men had not yet learned how, and to have it done cost from six to nine dollars a dozen; so it was generally found cheaper to give their check shirts a good wearing (white was out of the question) and then shed them off into the street and put on new ones. I have seen dozens of shirts lying around in the streets and vacant lots, which had thus been worn once and never washed.

There were yet other fortune-seekers who, instead of ranching in companies, went alone. How they lived I know not; but they slept, each in a homemade cot, at each end of which there was a fork driven into the ground, in which lay a ridgepole, with just enough of canvas stretched over it to cover the cot. The cot, tent and all, were but about four feet high. There was one of this kind during the winter of 1849-50 near where I lived on Jackson Street. In the morning I could see the fellow crawl out of his cot from under his little tent, sometimes headforemost, at other times his feet would first appear. While I have seen large tents carried before the blast, ridgepole, rigging and all, this little tent, which looked like a covered grave, stood the storms of winter without moving a pin.

The various classes thus described are not made up of isolated cases, but represent the great mass of the early denizens of the golden land-men who wore checked shirts and gray or red flannel instead of coats, trousers fastened up by a leather girdle, such as was worn by John the Baptist, and planted down to their knees in the coarsest boots the market afforded. These were the men who, but a few months before, were known among their friends at home as doctors, lawyers, judges, and mechanics, clothed in broad cloth and fine linen, each as a center of social light and life, around which daily revolved the beautiful and gay fair daughters, sisters, and wives.



How did these men so soon become rustics in California? What became of their polish? I'll tell you. A large class of California adventurers thought about home and mourned their absence from loved ones till gloom and despair settled down on their souls. Hope died, energy and effort were paralyzed, and they became helpless and worthless. Some of this class moved around like specters a few months and then managed to beg or otherwise secure their passage home to friends. Whether social life ever had a sound revival in them I know not.

There was one of this class with whom I was acquainted who took a shipment of bonnets to California in 1849. There were very few American ladies in the country; the Spanish ladies wore no bonnets, so my friend P. found no sales for his goods. He had some money also, but knew not what to do with it. Once or twice a week he came to consult me as to what he should better do.

Said I, "My dear fellow, you must go to work; you cannot long bear California expenses unless you draw upon California resources. Moreover, if you continue to mope about the streets you will take the blues so badly that you'll die; you must do something. If you can't open a large store, open a stand on the streets till you can do better; if you can't do that, go to work on the streets; roll a wheelbarrow at four dollars per day."

"I can't work on the streets," said he; "I've always been accustomed to merchandising, and can't do manual labor; but I must go into business."

"Very well," said I, "seek an opening today and go at it."

Some time after this, as I passed down Commercial Street, I saw Mr. P. striding diagonally across the street to me. His face seemed much elongated, and I expected to hear a sad tale. Approaching me, he said, "Mr. Taylor, what shall I do?" He was choking with an agony of emotion.

"What's the matter now, Mr. P.?"

"O," said he, "I loaned my money to my messmate. He said he wanted it but a few days, but now he's got it and gone, and I shall never see it again."

"Well, Mr. P.," I replied, "I'm very sorry for you; but it's no use to mourn over lost money any more than over spilled milk. There's Captain Wooley, whom I know well; he made one thousand dollars, and one day last week, as he was leaving his ship, he put his purse containing one thousand dollars in gold dust into his pocket; but, poor fellow, he has no wife with him to sew up the holes in his pocket, so as he was descending his ship's ladder his purse, gold and all, slipped through a hole in his pocket into the bay. Well, sir, the captain said he never looked back nor lost one moment grieving over it. He knew it was gone, and just went to work, with great purpose of heart, to make another thousand.

"Yesterday as I walked on Montgomery Street a man called me by name: 'Mr. Taylor, look here. I made five thousand dollars, and had it hid away in my shanty here, and last night some rascal came and stole every dollar of it; so I'm just where I started. But never mind,' continued he, 'I'll go to work and make five thousand dollars more, and will try and put it where the rogues can't

get hold of it.' And Mr. E., a friend of mine who boarded up town, went down one morning to his auction store, which he had just filled with goods on his own account, but lo! the store, goods and all, were gone! While he slept the whole was consumed by fire. Did he stop to mourn over his losses? No, sir: he got another place and went into business before the setting of that day's sun. And here are hundreds of men who had made a fortune, and had it all invested in their storehouses and the goods that filled them, and in a single night the dreadful fires we have had laid them all in ashes. Well, sir, in the midst of smoke and ruins a new store, Phoenix-like, springs right up, and is filled with goods by the time the smoke of the former fortunes have cleared away. So you see, Mr. P., if you would get along in California you must pick up courage and go to work, and stick to it till success crowns your patient toil."

Mr. P. soon afterward returned home, where he should have stayed in the first place.

Another of this class came often to me to know what he must do to be saved from starvation. So I said to him one day, "Mr. L., a wag was once asked, 'How many dog days are there?' His prompt reply was, 'Every dog has his day.' Now, Mr. L., if you'll go to work and be patient I think you'll have your day in California as well as others."

He afterward succeeded much better, and attributed his success mainly to that little piece of advice. But a great many of this class in their despondency gave up and sought comfort in the intoxicating bowl and went down to infamy and death. As I walked over the Sand Hills back of San Francisco I found Simon S. lying under a scrub oak in rags, reduced by drunkenness and disease to the verge of the grave. As I exhorted him to give up strong drink, seek salvation, go to work, and become a man, O how bitterly he wept! But, poor fellow, energy was gone, hope had fled, nothing left to stimulate an effort.

H. S., a fine business man with an interesting wife and child in the city of B., was taken from the gutter by his friends again and again. They knew him at home, and loved him and greatly desired to save him; but finally, during one of those dreadful nights of storm and tempest in San Francisco in the winter of 1849, he was picked up by the police and put into a station house out of the rain; and in the morning when they went to wake him up they found him cold in death. I have seen such cases by hundreds by the wayside and in hospitals. Their name is legion.

There was another large class of California adventurers who, retaining their social life and hope and energy, tried to substitute objects of social affection for the wives, sisters, and daughters they could not see. These substitutes consisted of pet dogs, cats, etc. A company of men ranching near where I lived on Jackson Street had at one time a couple of grizzly bears with which they spent their social hours. A pet coon made a pretty good companion for some; others preferred a caged wildcat or California lion. One man whom I used to see often had a large family which accompanied him wherever he went. His family consisted of a bay horse, two dogs, two sheep, and two goats. Whenever I met one of that circle (and they were often seen in the streets) I saw them all together, and they seemed to be a very harmonious family indeed. Now, these animals seemed to be very mean substitutes for families at home; but, poor fellows, what better could they do?

About this time the Methodist Company, in the ship Arkansas, Captain Shepherd, arrived. According to their advertisement in New York the company was to be composed entirely of Methodists, and many joined it with that understanding, thinking it the rarest chance that ever was to get to California without being brought into contact with the wicked rabble that mixed in with promiscuous companies. But when they got out to sea and gathered the flock together they soon found that the goats outnumbered the sheep. The voyage, socially and morally, was by no means a pleasant one; and I have no doubt that many of them adopted St. Paul's conclusion that to be freed altogether from fornicators, covetous, extortioners, or idolaters, then must ye needs go out of the world. On the night of their arrival in the port of San Francisco, before they could land, a heavy gale caught their ship, which dragged her anchors and was carried by the violence of the storm till she struck Bird Island. There they were in midnight darkness, thumping among the breakers; and for a time they thought the whole ship's company must perish right there in their destined port; but by cutting away the masts they finally succeeded in saving the hull, cargo, and passengers.

The captain was subsequently known in San Francisco as Judge Shepherd. He brought a few very mean men to California; but also some as noble and good, perhaps, as ever landed in that port; such men, for example, as Calvin Lathrop, who for seven years was favorably known in California in the various relations of minister of the Gospel, Bible class leader, gold digger, and clerk, and who filled so efficiently and satisfactorily for years the office of publishing agent of the California Christian Advocate. He returned to his family in New York, but remained a thorough Californian.

Self-support in California at times required more economy and harder work than in Africa at the present time. Wood in the market was forty dollars per cord, and very poor stuff at that. I couldn't afford to burn wood at those rates.

The Sand Hills back of where I lived had been thickly covered with evergreen scrub oaks, but they had been all cut off clean as a newly mown meadow. I, however, took my ax and went to work on a stump, and soon found, to my agreeable surprise, that more than half the tree was under ground; that the great roots spread out horizontally just under the surface; so I had a good supply of wood at the simple cost of cutting and loading it on my wheelbarrow and rolling it home. I had made a rare discovery, but, like the Negro who first struck the rich gold lead in "Negro Hill," I soon had plenty of men to share my fortune.

The said colored man, I am told, went into the mines to dig some gold for himself, and, thinking the diggings all free for everybody, he struck into the first good-looking place he came to. Presently along came a rough-looking miner, who said, angrily, "What are you doing there in my claim, you black rascal?"

"O, massa, I didn't know dis are your claim!"

He then went off a little way and saw a hole in which he thought he might find gold, so he jumped into it and went to work; but immediately a man came running at him in a rage, and shouted, "Get out o' my hole, you lazy nigger, or I'll knock your head off!"

"Massa, me didn't know dis are your hole! Massa, where must I go?"

"Go up on the top of that hill and dig," replied the miner, not dreaming that there was gold there, for as yet the value of hill diggings had not been found out.

But the poor old colored man went on the hill and sunk a shaft (just like digging a well), and wrought there several months, when it was discovered that he had struck a rich lead, and was taking out the big lumps. He then soon had plenty of company to share in his rich discoveries. The hill was afterward known as "Negro Hill," and yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Steamship and stagecoach companies in the early days of California became noted for their generosity to Gospel ministers. Captain Gelson, as one of the owners of the steamer McKim, that plied between two cities, offered a free passage to all regular ministers -- those sent out as missionaries, or those having pastoral charges. I believe in that way the precedent was established; at any rate, it became a custom with the owners and agents of steamboats running on the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers to give to all regular ministers a free ticket; and when the California Steamboat Navigation Company was organized they adopted that as an item in one of their by-laws. They subsequently thought that the privilege was abused; that preachers multiplied too fast for the wants of the country; in other words, that many who were not pastors, and possibly not preachers at all, took advantage of it.

It was said, for example, that a man took passage on a Sacramento boat for himself and a lot of mules. When the captain demanded his fare he replied, "O, I'm a preacher, sir." "Indeed!" said the captain, and, pointing to the mules, inquired, "and are these preachers, too?" The fellow had to walk up to the captain's office and settle. In consequence of these abuses the company passed a resolution making it necessary for all ministers wishing to travel on their boats to apply to the president of the company, who would, on the evidence that they were ministers, give them a free ticket.

Upon the whole, the liberality of California steamboat companies toward ministers of the Gospel stands unrivaled in the history of steamboat navigation, and saved the preachers (all of them poor enough in regard to means) an expense in traveling amounting to an aggregate of thousands of dollars. Stage proprietors in California also showed a commendable liberality in the same way.

The Sacramento flood prevailed for days, bearing on its heaving bosom the tents and small buildings of the city, and a large proportion of their stock, consisting principally of horses and mules, cows and oxen, which had been brought over the plains by hundreds.

There was but little opportunity of saving the stock, because the valley, for the width of several miles, and in length for more than a hundred miles, was an unbroken sea of waters. The dwellers of the inundated city took refuge in the second stories of the few houses that remained, and in boats and in the vessels that lay at anchor in the river. Our Baltimore Chapel was carried from its foundations into the street, as I have already narrated, but was not seriously injured.

Brother Owen and family, after a few days' imprisonment in the upper story of their parsonage, determined to move to San Jose Valley, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five

miles, and seek a place of residence on dry land. Sacramento city was inundated two or three times, which led to the construction of a strong levee around it, and it is hence frequently called the Levee City. Much sickness prevailed there in early days, and thousands of sturdy adventurers sleep their last sleep on her low grounds; but it has become a very beautiful and healthful city.

In the early days of California, Gospel ministers and their wives had to do their own housework. The idea of a regular servant in a preacher's family, when servants got larger salaries than preachers, was out of the question. The preachers and their wives had to serve each other, and both together serve the children and the people. I knew a California presiding elder who used to roll up his sleeves and spend a day over the washtub as regularly as he went to quarterly meeting. I have turned out many a washing of clothes, and baked many a batch of bread, and think I understand the details of kitchen work better than I do bookmaking. There were, however, preachers in California who would not hazard their ministerial dignity in the kitchen or over the washtub, but were contented to let their wives struggle through all such drudgery alone at whatever hazard.

Mrs. Taylor tells the following in regard to one of this class:

"I said to a missionary on arriving, whose delicate wife seemed ill-fitted for the labor and toil of pioneer life, 'You will have to help do the washing.' 'Not I,' replied time brother; and to my certain knowledge he never did. How appropriate! how considerate! a delicate woman toiling at the tub over her dear lord's linen, while he sits complacently reading or puffing his Havana, now and then yawning from pure laziness, and inquiring, 'Dear, when will dinner be ready?' as if there were a cook in the kitchen, or a nurse minding the infant, whose cries were heartrending to the sympathizing mother. A man should not wonder if his gentle, sweet Mary, by such multiplied cares, unassisted, in the course of time should seem unlike the youthful, happy girl he took from the old folks at home."

As soon as California pioneers made up their minds to settle permanently in the country their conduct underwent a great change for the better. They began earnestly to manifest interest in the establishment of schools and churches, the regular preaching of the Gospel, the better observance of the Sabbath, and whatever they thought would contribute to improve the social condition of society. Some who could leave their business went in person for their families; but many more, not being able to leave without too great a sacrifice of time or money, sent for their families. Single men, also, from similar considerations, came to similar conclusions in regard to permanent settlement. Some, having matrimonial engagements at home, began to arrange for their consummation with reference to a home in California. Others determined to live in California at any rate, and trust to getting a wife to share their fortunes, either from home or by good fortune from among the arrivals of fair ones, or from the divorcement or death of some fellow who had a wife in California. A great many young men modestly but seriously requested my observation to find out and my mediation to try and secure for each of them a good wife. I once received a letter from a stranger whom I had never seen, living in Bodega Valley, to this effect:

"Dear Sir: You will please pardon the liberty I take in addressing to you this note, and especially for introducing the subject it contains. I am a young man twenty-nine years old, five feet ten inches high, possessing a sound constitution and good health. I have a good farm, well stocked,

well improved, and all paid for. I want to make this my home. I am a single man, living alone; but I find it not good to be alone, and I want a wife. I thought, as you always take an interest in every good work, and as you live in that great port of entry, you might be kind enough to recommend to me some lady who would make me a good wife. I would like to have one possessing common sense, good disposition, and one who understands how to attend to household duties. I think I could make such a woman happy, and should not expect her to work beyond her own inclination. I am not very particular about beauty, nor whether she has a cent of money. If you can render me any service in this matter I shall be exceedingly obliged, and will, besides, remunerate you handsomely for your trouble. Please write me at your earliest convenience."

His proper signature and address were added; but, poor fellow, the demand was so great among my intimate acquaintances, and the supply so limited, that I could do nothing for him. If it had been practicable for a man to open an intelligence office, with a good supply of wives instead of servants, he would have had a run.

Mr. S., a friend of mine, in the city of Sonora, negotiated for a wife through a very respectable married lady in that city, to whom he was well and favorably known. The said lady had a niece in the East who she thought would suit, and be well suited in my friend, Mr. S. So it was agreed that Mr. S. should write the said young lady, proposing marriage and the offer of money to pay her passage to California, and accompany the letter with his photograph, and that the aunt should also write, giving all necessary information, etc. The young lady was requested to answer at her earliest convenience, and, if she acceded to the proposition, to accompany her acceptance with her photograph. It seemed that the young lady had been desiring to go to California to see her aunt, and on receiving such news from a far country made up her mind to go without delay.

The next mail carried back her consent and the likeness of her smiling face, and as soon as the passage money could be sent from her unseen lover she embarked for California. The two lovers were introduced to each other and united in the holy bonds in the house of the aunt. I learned that they were perfectly delighted with each other!

There were in California, according to the State census returns in 1856, in a total aggregate population of five hundred and seven thousand and sixty-seven, but seventy thousand white women all told; while there were one hundred and seventy-five thousand men of war, men liable to military duty, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

Now, in view of the foregoing facts, it is not difficult to conceive of the thrilling social effects of a semi-monthly arrival in San Francisco of wives, families, and charming, virtuous Marys. An observer could tell a month in advance when a man was expecting the arrival of his real or intended wife; the old slouch hat, check shirt, and coarse outer garments disappeared, and the gentleman could be seen on Sunday going to church, newly rigged from head to foot, with fine beaver or silk hat, white linen nice and clean, good broadcloth coat, velvet vest, patent leather boots, his long beard shaven or neatly shorn; he looked like a new man. As the time drew near many of his hours were spent near the wharves or on Telegraph Hill, looking for the signal to announce the coming steamer. If, owing to some breakage or wreck there was a delay of a week or two, then the suspense was awful beyond description. I remember how my good friend, Hon. D. O.

Shattuck, Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, who was waiting the arrival of his family on the steamer North America, was agonized when he heard of the wreck of the steamer sixty miles below Acapulco. After much delay and suffering, however, they arrived in safety.

When the signal flag on Telegraph Hill, announcing the arrival of a steamer, was thrown to the breeze there was a general rush, and before the arrival gun was fired the wharf was crowded with such men as we have described, and by those who sympathized socially with them, to the number sometimes of from three to five thousand.

The two steamship companies had to put up a gate at the head of each of their wharves to prevent the assemblage of crowds, and gave strict orders to let none pass in unless they had families or friends aboard. But even after that enough had families or wives in anticipation, or particular friends aboard, to crowd the wharves still. Men by hundreds assembled through social sympathy to witness the happy greeting of men and their wives who had not seen each other for years, accompanied by dancing and shouting for joy, embracing, kissing, laughing, and crying. The disappointment of some was almost like a thunder-shock. I knew a man well who boarded a steamer expecting to meet his wife, and the disappointment threw him into a spell of sickness, from which he did not recover for nearly a fortnight.

I knew another who came from the mines to meet his wife, waited several days in San Francisco for the arrival of the steamer, and then, instead of meeting his wife, he received a letter from her stating that she feared to make the voyage, and had indefinitely postponed it unless he would come home to accompany her. The poor man was almost deranged, now weeping with grief, now enraged, saying: "I'll never send for her again, and I'll never go home as long as I live! If she can get along without me I can get along without her. I'll go back to the mines and live and die a hermit." Then after a pause he would add, "But there are my children; I can't bear to give them up!"

I took the poor fellow to my house and reasoned with him on the subject until I succeeded in reconciling him somewhat to his disappointment. After a few months his family arrived.

My friend Brown, from Baltimore, had two disappointments before his wife arrived. At the time he expected her he boarded the steamer and learned to his sorrow that she was not aboard. He then thought the next steamer would bring her without a doubt. Two dreary weeks went by, but he was a good fellow and waited patiently; and when the steamer got in he was on hand in good time, you may be sure. Rushing aboard, he inquired, "Is Mrs. Brown aboard? Is Mrs. Brown aboard?"

"O, yes," replied one who seemed to know; "she is in her stateroom, No. -- -- -- -- ."

He hastily took the circuit of the staterooms to find the number. Mrs. Brown heard in the meantime that her beloved husband was aboard, and was filled with ecstasies. Finally Brown found her stateroom, and sprang in to embrace his wife, when O! shocking to their hopes, they found it was neither of them; he was not the man and she was not the woman! Soon after his wife and family arrived.

I had another Baltimore friend who was a widower. Having at home two very interesting daughters, and a second wife engaged, he sent for the three to come together to California. At the

wharf he was met by his youngest daughter, who alone was left to tell the sad tale that the other two had suddenly sickened and died and found a grave in the coral depths of the Pacific. That was a dark day for poor William H. Middleton.

Another friend of mine had his family coming out in the splendid Queen of the Seas. When she was due he prepared a great feast and invited about two hundred guests to celebrate his wife's arrival. When he boarded the ship his little daughter met him and pointed him to a box which lay in a boat on the hurricane deck, securely folded in tarpaulin, and said to him, "There's mother." She had been a corpse for three months.

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## 08 -- MY HOSPITAL MINISTRY

First Sight of the Depot of Death -- My Entrance Among the Sick and Dying -- Influence of Religious Consolation on the Afflicted -- The Doctor's Views and the Preacher's -- My Method of Visitation -- Pay Rooms and Lower Wards -- Character of the Nurses -- Death of Switzer -- California Dysentery -- Burying the Dead -- Captain Welch and the Doctor -- Sleeping Among the Corpses -- Dr. Smith and the New Hospital -- Question of Taking Off a Leg -- Purseglove's Method of Getting Well -- Nature of My Ministry -- Singing and Praying with the Sick -- Triumphant Death Scenes -- Pulling for the Lifeboat -- Dying in Apathy -- "I am that Man." -- Death with Despair

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In the fall of 1849, as I walked down Clay Street one day, my eye rested on a sign in large red letters, "City Hospital." I stopped and gazed at it till my soul was thrilled with horror. The letters looked as if they were written with blood, and I said to myself, "Ah, that is the depot of death, where the fast adventurers of California, young men in manhood's strength, stricken down by the hand of disease, are cast out of the train and left to perish. There all their bright hopes and visions of future wealth and weal expire and are buried forever. There are husbands and sons and brothers thousands of miles from sympathizing kindred and friends dying in destitution and despair. Shall I not be a brother to the sick stranger in California, and tell him of that heavenly Friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother?'" The cross of intruding myself into strange hospitals and offering my services to the promiscuous masses of the sick and dying of all nations and creeds was, to my unobtrusive nature, very heavy, but I there resolved to take it up; a decision which I have never regretted. I went immediately to the said hospital and inquired for the physician who had it in charge; introduced myself to him and told him the object of my call; to which he replied, "I can readily appreciate your motives, but then you must know, sir, that we have very sick men in every room, who could not bear any noise. Anything like singing or praying might greatly excite them and make them worse. I prefer you would not visit the wards unless some particular man wishes to see you."

"Well, doctor," I replied, "I certainly would not wish to do anything that would be injurious to any patient, but I have been accustomed to visit the sick, and think I so understand my business as to talk and sing and pray, or do whatever may seem appropriate, not only without



injury to anyone, but in a manner that will even contribute to the improvement of their physical condition. By diverting their minds from the dark realities of their own condition and unhappy surroundings, and by interesting them in some new associations and themes of thought, I may impart to their minds vigor and hope, which unite with gathering strength and make successful resistance against disease. Those who are hopelessly diseased cannot receive much injury from my visits, while I may be instrumental in benefiting their departing souls. If you please, doctor," I continued, "you can go with me, or send a man to point out the men to whom you do not wish me to speak, and to see that I do no injury to anyone."

Said the doctor, "I have no time to go with you, and nobody to send."

Another doctor present then added, "It is not proper that he should go through the hospital."

At that moment an old man, who had been sitting in the office listening to our conversation, said, "Doctor, there are many sick men in the hospital who I know would be very glad to receive a visit from this gentleman; and if you will allow me, sir, I will conduct him through the rooms."

The doctor replied, "Very well, take him up stairs first, and then down to the lower wards."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old tar, as he beckoned me to follow him up stairs. He introduced me to every patient in the house, and made a greater ado over my arrival at the hospital than if the alcalde [magistrate] had visited them. I was first conducted through the pay rooms, the department of those who, in whole or in part, paid for their keeping. Many small rooms had but from two to four men in them. Others, larger, had as many as twelve. I spoke to each patient, inquiring after their condition in health and the state of their souls. I then addressed a few words of sympathy and religious instruction to all in the room collectively, sung a few verses in a soft strain, and prayed in an audible but subdued tone, adapting the petition, as nearly as possible, to the wants of their individual cases as I had learned them, and so passed on, performing similar services in each room.

After going through the pay rooms I was next conducted across a yard to a separate one-story building about thirty or forty feet in size, divided into two wards, each containing from forty to fifty sick men. Here the city patients proper were confined together as closely as possible to allow room between their cots for one person to pass. I thought the upstairs rooms were filthy enough to kill any well man who would there confine himself for a short period; but I now saw that, in comparison with the others, they were entitled to be called choice rooms, for the privilege of dying in which a man who had money might well afford to pay high rates. But these lower wards were so offensive to the eye, and especially to the olfactories [olfactory adj. of or relating to the sense of smell (olfactory nerves). -- Oxford Dict.], that it was with great difficulty I could remain long enough to do the singing, praying, and talking I deemed my duty.

The ordinary comforts, and even the necessaries of life, in California in those days were very rare and costly, and to the patients were things to be remembered in the experience of the past only to add, by contrast, a keener edge to their present sorrows.

The nurses were generally men devoid of sympathy, careless, rude in their care of the sick, and exceedingly vulgar and profane. One hundred dollars per month was about as low as anything in the shape of a man could be hired, and hence hospital nurses were not only the most worthless of men, but insufficient in number to attend adequately to their duties.

I remember a poor fellow, by the name of Switzer, dying in one of these wards, who told me that he lay whole nights suffering, in addition to the pains of mortal disease, the ragings of thirst, without a drop of water to wet his lips. A cup of tea was set in the evening upon a shelf over his head, but his strength was gone, and he had no more power to reach it than a man on a gibbet. He was a Christian, too, a member of the Congregational Church, and I have no doubt went from there to heaven. When he got to that country in which "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," and looked back to the place where he left his corruptible body, the contrast must have filled him with unutterable surprise.

The most prevalent and fatal disease in California at that time was chronic diarrhea and dysentery, a consumption of the bowels, very similar in its debilitating effect on the constitution to consumption of the lungs. Men afflicted with this disease have been seen moping about the streets, looking like the personification of death and despair, for weeks, till strength and money and friends were gone, and then, as a last resort, they were carried to the hospital to pass a few miserable weeks more in one of those filthy wards, where they often died in the night without anyone knowing the time of their departure. In the morning when the nurses passed round they found and reported the dead. A plain coffin was immediately brought, for a supply was kept on hand, and laid beside the cot of the deceased, and he was lifted from the cot just as he died, laid in the coffin, and carried out to the dead cart, the driver of which was seen daily plodding through the mud to the graveyard near North Beach, with from one to three corpses at a load.

It turned out that the old man who piloted me through the hospital on my first visit was an old shipmaster, Captain A. Welch. He introduced me that day to his friend, Captain Lock, who died soon after, having after my visit professed to find peace through Jesus, and a preparation for heaven. Captain Welch told me that, seeing his friend neglected, he said to the doctor, "Captain Lock has had no attention for forty-eight hours, and is dying from sheer neglect."

"Well," replied the doctor, "let him die; the sooner the better. The world can well spare him, and the community will be relieved when he is gone." He died that night. Before his death he gave his clothing to his friend, Captain Welch, but the captain told him he would not touch a thing he had while he was alive; but as soon as he was gone the nurse relieved the captain of any trouble with the effects of the deceased man.

The doctor fell out with Captain Welch because he spoke his mind so freely, and threatened to turn him out of the hospital.

"Yes," said Captain Welch in reply, "I saw Captain pay you for the ten days he had been here eighty-six dollars, and after his death you collected the same bill from his friends. Now, sir, if you want me to show you up, just turn me out."

The doctor then took his cot from him, and the captain said, "Doctor, where shall I sleep, sir?"

"Sleep there on the floor," replied the doctor, pointing to a corner where they laid out the dead when it was too late in the evening or the weather too bad to remove them directly from their cot of death to the dead cart.

The captain said he lay there one night with four corpses around him, and could hardly get his breath. I have heard patients complain of very foul play toward those who had money, but sick men are apt to be sensitive and suspicious, especially in such a place as that, and I always hoped that the facts were not so bad as represented; but from what I saw I had my fears for the safety of any man's life who had money in the hospital at the time of which I speak.

The hospital changed hands several times, however, within a few months, and one or two good physicians, and I believe honest and kind-hearted men, had for a short time the care of the sick, and were really working a reform in the old hospital, before the whole care of the city patients was, in 1850, transferred to Doctor Peter Smith, in a new hospital near the corner of Clay and Powell Streets, where the sick had better accommodations and more attention shown them.

Old Captain Welch was in the old hospital over a year, and would doubtless have died if he had been confined to his room, but he was out where he could get pure air most of his time. He had a very sore leg, and the doctor told him that it was mortifying and would have to be amputated. Finally several doctors came into his room with a table and a lot of surgical instruments and said to him, "Come, captain, we want to lash you to this table and take off that bad leg of yours."

"I won't have my leg taken off," replied the captain.

"If you don't," said the doctor, "you are a dead man, or as good as dead, for that leg is mortified now."

"Well," said the captain, "if I die I'll die with both legs on me."

The doctor became enraged, and said to him, "If you don't obey orders immediately and submit to the rules of this house you shall leave it this day."

"Very well," rejoined the captain. "And that very day," said the captain to me afterward, "I took up my sore leg and walked off with it, and have not been back since."

John Purseglove, a good Methodist brother who had just arrived in the city, sick and destitute, was sent to the hospital; but, finding that he was sinking daily and would soon die if he remained there, he prayed to the Lord to give him strength to get off his bed and walk away. He said he believed the Lord would help him, and according to his faith so was his effort, for he immediately crawled out, and without saying a word to doctor or nurse or anybody, he scrambled away by the aid of a couple of sticks, determined, if he must die, to die somewhere else. Some of the brethren soon found him and fitted up a room for him and supplied his wants till he recovered. He always believed that by leaving the hospital he slipped right out of the clutches of death.

I have no recollection of more than three Methodists who died in the San Francisco hospital, and they were sick on their arrival and had never been reported to the church. Indeed, there were but very few hospital patients connected with any church. I met with many backsliders there who had once been church members, but were not then.

To transcribe in detail the hospital scenes which have been daguerretyped on the tablets of my memory during a period of seven years in San Francisco would make a volume. My purpose, therefore, in these reminiscences is simply to present a few specimen scenes and individual cases of hope and despair occurring at different periods in the history of that city.

My usual mode of visitation was to speak personally to as many as possible; inquire into their condition and wants, bodily, spiritual, and otherwise; act as amanuensis for the sick and dying, recording last messages to friends at home; get letters out of the post office and convey them to the sick; carry messages to friends in the city; and in very early days, when waiters were scarce, I often ministered to the bodily wants of the sick, dressed blisters, turned or raised patients, fixed their beds, gave them drink, and sometimes comforted the convalescing with a little of Mrs. Taylor's good homemade bread, and gave them such advice as I thought might be useful to them.

As a spiritual adviser in my hospital visits I generally addressed them personally and tried to lead them to seek an acquaintance with the sinner's Friend. I then usually sung in each ward in a soft tone one, two, or three appropriate pieces, and prayed for them collectively and personally, so far as I had been able to learn their personal condition and wants, and frequently, either before or after prayer, made some remarks in the form of an exhortation to be reconciled to God. I usually introduced religious exercises by saying, "If my brethren in affliction have no objections we will sing a few verses and have a word of prayer together." I do not remember of ever hearing an objection made but once, and that was by a poor man who became very much ashamed of his conduct before the exercises were over. Many, to be sure, seemed careless and indifferent, read novels while I prayed, and: never seemed to profit by what I said; but a large majority seemed to appreciate very highly my efforts for their good. Even foreigners who could not understand my language seemed greatly interested, especially in my singing.

I was once traveling in San Jose Valley, and, passing in sight of a company of Spaniards who had stopped at a spring of water to refresh themselves, one of them came running to me and grasped my hand as though I had been a brother he had not seen for a dozen years. For a moment I could not tell how to interpret his conduct; but I immediately recognized him as a man I had often seen in the hospital. He had been a great sufferer, and I had many times bent over him and inquired after his welfare, and it seemed that my attentions to him, or the singing or something else, had made a deep impression on him.

In my book on Street Preaching there is a chapter of triumphant death scenes, in which is given a number of cases of hopeful conversion to God among hospital patients; those, alas! are but the exceptions and not the rule.

I remember after pleading with a dying man to give his heart to God he said, "O, it's not worth while now; I'm getting better; I'll soon be well. I feel no pain at all, and nothing ails me now but want of breath. I can't breathe easy; but I'll soon be relieved."

Poor man! I could then hear distinctly the death-rattle in his throat, and yet he would not believe that there was any danger. In a few hours he was a corpse.

I remember a fine-looking young man from New York whom I tried hard to lead to Christ; and after talking and singing and praying with him, and doing everything I could to induce him to try and seek Jesus, I said to him, "Now, my dear brother, when will you begin to pray and try to give your heart to God?"

"Well," said he, "I think I will make a commencement in about three weeks."

The poor fellow, though he would not believe it, was dying then, and I knew it, and hence I continued to press the subject of a preparation on his attention till he drew the cover over his head to escape my appeals. A few hours afterward he was covered with the pall of death.

Young C. M. was accidentally shot, and immediately sent for me in such haste that the messenger stopped me in the midst of a street sermon, and entreated me to go at once and try to relieve the mind of the dying man. When I presented myself beside his bloody bed he said, "Father Taylor, I'm glad you've come; but O, I'm in such pain I can't talk or pray now! Please call again in an hour; perhaps by that time I'll feel better." I prayed with him, and called again, but found him gasping in his last struggle.

Without noting a hundred such cases, as I might, which have come under my own observation, I will, for the further illustration of the subject, add but one other case.

He was a very genteel-looking man who died with cholera in the hospital during the fall of 1850. He was in a collapsed state when I found him. I said to him, "My dear brother, have you made your peace with God?"

"No, sir," said he; "I can't say that I have."

"Do you not pray to the Lord sometimes to have mercy on you, and for the sake of Jesus to pardon your sins?"

"No, sir."

"Have you never prayed?"

"No, sir, never in my life."

"You believe in the divine reality of religion and that we may have our sins all forgiven and enjoy the conscious evidence of pardon, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; I believe in religion, and think it a very good thing to have."

He was calm and composed; his dreadful paroxysms had passed, and the fatal work was done. He was then poised on an eddying wave of death's dark tide, which on its next swell would whirl him out of the bounds of time into the breakers of eternal seas beyond. I saw his peril, and pulled with all my might to bring the lifeboat of mercy by his side. I got very near to him, and entreated him to try to get into it and save his soul, but I could not prevail on him to make an effort; under the force of the ruling habit of his life he coolly said, "Well, I'll think about it."

I have seen hundreds of poor fellows sleeping away their lives without any apparent consciousness of danger, and I have heard men call this peaceful dying!

J. M. died of cholera at a boarding house kept by a Scotchman, who sent for me to attend his funeral, and said to me on the occasion, in regard to the deceased: "He was a good man, one of the best men I ever had in my house, and he died in great peace. He did not speak a word for twenty-four hours before his death. Ah! he was a good man; to be sure, he would take a glass of grog now and then, and was fond of a game of cards, and sometimes would swear a little, but he didn't mean any harm by that, for he was a good man, and died in great peace."

A great many, however, of those whom I have seen in the death struggle shook off the apathy I have described and awoke to the keenest sensibilities of conscience and the most dreadful forebodings of future ill; but a large majority of such wrapped themselves in the mantle of despair, so dark and impervious that no ray of hope could reach their souls.

A gentleman from Boston, very near his end, said to me: "My friends are nearly all religious; I have passed through a great many revivals, and have had a great many pressing invitations and opportunities to seek religion. How easy it would then have been for me to have given my heart to God! What a fool I was! Why did I not embrace religion and be a happy man? But, alas! I did not when I might, and now I cannot."

When Mr. R., from Baltimore, was seized with cholera he sent for me to come and see him, and said to me when I entered his room, "My wife, who is a Christian woman, has been writing me ever since I came here to make your acquaintance and attend your church, but I have not done it; and, what is worse, I am about to leave the world without a preparation to meet God." He was as noble-looking a man as could be found in a thousand, and, knowing many of his friends in Baltimore, I felt the greatest possible sympathy for him. After laboring with him about an hour, in urging him to try and fix his mind on some precious promise of the Bible, he said: "There is but one passage in the Bible that I can call to mind, and that haunts me. I can think of nothing else, for it exactly suits my case: 'He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' Mr. Taylor," continued he, "it's no use to talk to me or to try to do anything further; I am that man, and my doom is fixed."

The next day when I entered his room he said to a couple of young men present, "Go out, boys; I want to talk to Mr. Taylor." Then he said: "I have no hope, my doom is fixed, but, for the warning of others, I want to tell you something that occurred a few months ago. I was then in health and doing a good business, and a man said to me, 'Dick, how would you like to have a clerkship?' I

replied, 'I wouldn't have a clerkship under Jesus Christ.' Now, sir, that is the way I treated Christ when I thought I did not need him; and now when I'm dying, and can do no better for this life, it's presumption to offer myself to him. It is no use; he won't have me."

Nothing that I could say seemed to have any effect toward changing his mind. A few hours afterward, when he felt the icy grasp of death upon his heart, he cried, "Boys, help me out of this place!"

"O, no, Dick, you're too sick; we cannot help you up."

"O, do help me up; I can't lie here."

"O, Dick, don't exert yourself so; you'll hasten your death."

"Boys," said the poor fellow, "if you don't help me up, I'll cry murder!" and with that he cried at the top of his voice, which was yet strong and clear, "Murder! murder! murder!" till life's tide ebbed out and his voice was hushed in death.

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## 09 -- AMONG THE MINERS AND MERCHANTS

The Miner's Faith and Hope -- Always Having a Good Prospect -- "Ma, Don't Cry! We'll Dit Along." -- The Prospector and his Dream -- Case of My Friend C. -- How he Followed his Visions, and How They were Broken -- Moral Tone of the Miners -- A Train for Placerville -- Sunday in the Mines -- Each Camp Makes its Own Laws -- Meeting One Christian on a Tour -- Difficulty of One Man's Having Services -- First Sermon on Feather River -- A Dried-up Old Captain -- Failure of an Afternoon Service -- Honorable Exception Among the Miners -- Question of Observing the Sabbath -- Experience of a Temporizing Preacher -- Brother H's Provision Store -- Standing by the Colors -- Good Qualities of the Miners -- A Butcher Thief -- Judge Lynch and his Court -- Method of Dealing with a Murderer -- First Work of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco -- Ministers Preach Everywhere -- Dry-good Boxes and Meat Blocks for Pulpits

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These brief reminiscences of early days in California would not be complete without mention of life among the miners. As an illustration of the miner's hope, faith, patience, and endurance, I will instance the Live Yankee Company, of Forest City. I was informed when there that, as an experiment, they commenced a drift into the mountain between that city and Smith's Flat. The mountain was so high that it was impossible to prospect it by sinking a shaft to the bed rock, the nearest way to the heart of the mountain being in a line from the base.

They soon encountered a stratum of solid rock, nearly as hard as pig metal. The company, having no capital outside of their muscular power and dauntless energy, had to get their provisions on credit, and worked in that drift, boring, blasting, and digging for three years before they got the

color, but struck it at last, and were amply repaid for all their toil. They took out a single lump while I was there worth seven hundred dollars.

Miners were not all successful, but they nearly all abounded in hope and energy. I seldom ever met with one who had not a good prospect. No matter what his past disappointments and losses had been, he was going to do first-rate as soon as he could get his claim open or his pay dirt washed out. Even the little boys of the country partook of this spirit. A lucky miner, determined to take his family back to the Atlantic side, came on as far as San Francisco, and, while stopping at Hillman's Hotel, awaiting the day of embarkation, went out one night and fell among thieves, who robbed and murdered him. His body, three days afterward, was found in the bay. His poor widow was almost heartbroken, and their little miner boy, only four years old, when he heard that his papa was dead, went to her and said, "Ma, don't cry! don't cry! We'll dit along. You won't have to beg, ma! Dist wait till I get a little bigger, and I'll do up and dig a hole wight down in the mountain and det out the dold for you. Ma, don't cry! You won't have to beg!"

A Baltimorean made five thousand dollars in the mines, and started to go home to his family, but was induced to go into a fluming operation and spend a summer in the river. He concluded that it was no use to go home with only five thousand dollars, when, by staying a few months longer, he could double that amount. The operation in the river was unsuccessful, and the poor man lost not only every dollar of his money, but, by working in the water so much, lost his health and never got farther homeward than to San Francisco. I found him there in the charity hospital, just as he was sinking into the grave.

The prospectors constituted a very large and useful class of miners. They were always dreaming of immense treasures of undiscovered wealth. No matter how well they were doing, when they got a few hundred dollars ahead they must be off with pick and pan and miner's pack, and seldom ever stopped till their money was all gone, and then they set to work in one place again till they could make another raise.

They were constantly discovering new diggings and opening immense treasures for others to gather and enjoy, while they continued to toil and go, and toil and go again, enduring the greatest hardship and labor and poverty, living on hope, but dying in despair. They were very much like their hardy pioneer brothers who led the van of Western emigration, lived in log cabins, supplied their families with plenty of game and pounded cake, slept on their arms [guns, etc.], and defended the outposts of civilization against savages and wild beasts; an honest, generous, noble set of men, who deserved much but got nothing more than a plain subsistence, and usually died in poverty.

As a specimen of California prospecting, I will mention the case of my friend C. He arrived in San Francisco in 1850, and obtained employment at Mission Dolores in the brick-making business, which was his trade, at seven dollars per day, with the promise of steady work by the year. After making a few hundred dollars he became dissatisfied. Said he, "I've not seen my mother for several years, and I can't stay more than a year or two in California, and I see plainly that in that the seven dollars per day won't make such a pile as I want."



So he gave up his situation and went to the mines, where he knew he could do better with even ordinary success, and, besides, stand a chance of making some big strikes. I met with him a couple of years afterward, and said, "Well, Friend C., how do you get along?"

"O, pretty well," replied he, "I opened a first-rate claim in Mariposa County last year, but just as I got it in working condition the water failed, so I had to let it lie over. When the time came that I could have worked it I happened to be away up near Downieville, and, having a good claim there, I didn't go back to Mariposa. I have taken out a good deal of gold, but in prospecting from place to place I have spent it all; but I have some good claims which will pay big by and by."

Three years after that I met friend C. in American Valley. "Hallo, my old friend; how do you get along?"

"O, pretty well, but I'm not ready to go home yet."

"I presume your dear old mother would be glad to see you by this time."

"Yes, indeed; and I would be glad to see her; but I can't go home till I make something."

"Well, how near are you ready?"

"I don't know. I have made money, but in traveling from place to place I have spent it all. I have been up to Oregon since I saw you, and had a chance to get a first rate farm there if I could have stayed; but I had some rich claims in Mariposa, and thought I ought to come down and look after them: but when I got there I found that some fellows had jumped my claim, and I could not get them off without a great deal of trouble, so I came away and left them. I afterward opened a good claim near Yreka, but my partner was a disagreeable, quarrelsome fellow, so I sold out for a mere song, and came away. I have a good prospect near Elizabethtown which, I think, will pay well when I get it opened."

Another with whom I was acquainted, who had not seen his family for six years, said to me one day, "For five years I have set a time to go home about every six months; but every six months has found me either dead broke or doing so well I could not leave."

But few of this adventurous class of prospectors would submit to the mortification of returning to their friends without money, and but few of them ever had enough money at one time to pay their passage home, while nearly all of them, with their mining skill, might have made a fortune had they remained in one place and saved their earnings.

The moral condition of the miners was by no means what it should have been. But very few of them were particularly anxious to go to heaven. I preached to a large assembly of miners one Sunday afternoon in the streets of Placerville, then a flourishing mining city of six thousand inhabitants. In front of my goods-box pulpit stood a stagecoach, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with as many of my auditors as were fortunate enough to secure so good a seat.

I endeavored to show the multitude before me their unfitness for heaven in their unregenerate state, their utter want of sympathy with God or adaptation to the immunities of heaven. To illustrate the truth of my position I said: "If God should dispatch a railway train to the city of Placerville this afternoon, to convey passengers direct to heaven, the conductor might shout 'All aboard' till the setting of the sun and not get one passenger. Heaven has no attraction for you. It is a place to which you don't want to go. Why, if the flaming steeds of Elijah's chariot Of fire were hitched on to that stagecoach, and the driver cracked his whip for the heavenly country, every fellow in it would jump out;" and in a moment the coach was cleared. Every man in it leaped for the street in apparent fright from the apprehension that, perhaps, Elijah's horses might be hitched to the coach and they be taken off to glory, a place to which they did not wish to go.

Sunday in the mines was remembered only as a day for trading, recreation, spreeing, business meetings, and preparation for the business of the ensuing week. It was very common to see large cards hung up in boarding houses and business places like this:

ALL BILLS PAID UP HERE ON SUNDAY.

That was the day for miners to get their blacksmith work done and lay in their supply of provisions for the week; the day for holding public meetings for the enactment of miners' laws or other municipal business. Under a general statute each mining district enacted its own laws by the voice of the majority, regulating all the mining claims of the district. Under these laws they could sue and be sued, and everybody had to conform to them. Mining companies and water companies also did collectively a great deal of their business on that day, and promiscuous masses of all sorts assembled at the hotels and drinking saloons to drink and spree without restraint. What was worse, the standard of moral law was thrown down and its authority denied. When we remember what a large majority of those men were educated in Christian countries, and that many had been professors of religion, it is easy to see how quickly even a Christian people will relapse into heathenism if deprived of the wholesome restraints and elevating influences of the Gospel.

In a preaching tour I made through the mines as late as 1855 I traveled nearly a week without the privilege of any Christian association, and I longed for the opportunity of taking a Christian by the hand and of feeling the warming sympathy of a heart that loved Jesus. On entering a mining town I inquired at the hotel whether there were any professors of religion in that town.

"Yes," answered the landlord; "there is one. Mr. J., our blacksmith, is a good Christian man." And different boarders added, "Yes, Mr. J. is a good man if ever there was one. He has his family here and everybody looks up to him."

So at my earliest convenience I hastened to see Brother J. He received me very cordially and introduced me to his family, all of whom looked very neat and respectable, and I rejoiced in the privilege of meeting a Christian family away in those wild woods.

As soon as I accepted the offered chair I inquired of Brother J. how he was prospering in religious life.

"Well," replied he, "I think I am getting along pretty well considering all the circumstances; but not so well as I did in Illinois, where I enjoyed the public means of grace. My greatest drawbacks here are my having no religious meetings to go to and my having to work on Sunday. I support my family by blacksmithing, and the miners must have most of their work done on Sunday; and, to tell you the truth, I have worked here in my shop every Sunday except two for five years. One Sunday I was sick and could not work, and one Sunday I went to hear the only sermon that was ever preached on this creek, which was delivered by Brother Merchant."

"O," thought I, "if this is the best man in these mountains the Lord pity the worst."

I traveled nearly a week before I found another Christian. He was an old shipmaster, a good old Methodist from Boston. I invited him to go to Long Bar, on the north fork of Feather River, to hear me preach on the following Sunday.

At the appointed hour Sunday morning I had a large audience to preach to under the shade of an ancient pine tree. The sound of the Gospel had never echoed through those hills before. Looking over my audience, I discovered the old captain, and felt glad to think that I had at least one praying heart who could sympathize with my mission and my message of mercy. After the meeting I asked the old captain to take a walk with me up into the mountain to pray. I felt that I needed the warming influence of a little prayer meeting, and supposed that he did also. Finding a suitable place, I sang a few verses and prayed; I then sang again, and, thinking I had got the good brother thawed out and that he in turn would contribute to the fire of my own heart, I called on him to lead in prayer. But I couldn't get an utterance out of him. Thought I, "Poor old captain, he is dried up."

I announced an afternoon appointment for preaching in the same place, and thought from the size of the morning audience and the apparent good effect of the preaching upon them that I would have a much larger congregation and a better time at the second appointment. But to my surprise I did not have more than twenty hearers; and when I cast about to know the cause I learned that, according to custom, nearly the whole population of the neighborhood had by that hour of the day become too drunk to attend preaching. Such a variety of antics as they displayed beat anything I had ever witnessed. Next morning I found most of them sober and ready for work; and to show their appreciation of my ministerial services they gave me a donation for my Bethel cause of nearly one hundred dollars.

The cases here given are to illustrate the general character of the miners in those regions. I found in nearly every place I visited honorable exceptions -- sober, serious men who deeply deplored the prevailing wickedness of the miners; and everywhere I went there was a general expression of desire for the regular preaching of the Gospel and the establishment of its institutions among them, and a liberal support for a preacher and his family was pledged. I found a few merchants, too, who would not sell goods on the Sabbath. A man of my acquaintance, who passed for a minister of the Gospel before he went to California, opened a provision store in the southern mines. He commenced business with the determination not to sell liquor nor break the Sabbath. He had a moderate degree of success on that principle, but nothing to compare with the success of his business competitors who sold liquor and kept open on Sunday. His pecuniary sense became shocked a great deal more by what he considered his losses than his moral sense was comforted by his spiritual conquests. So, having mining friends to call and see him on Sunday, he was induced to

leave his back door ajar so that any who desired might be accommodated with a pair of boots or a week's provision. That paid so well that he was induced next to leave his front door ajar. He then in a short time, in accordance with that dangerous but popular maxim, "May as well be hung for stealing a sheep as a lamb," set his door wide open and added liquor to his stock. He felt that it was all wrong, but pleaded necessity, and thought that as soon as he could make a certain sum of money he would quit the business, go home, and do good with his money. For a season he had extraordinary success, employed thirty yoke of oxen -- all his own -- on the road from Stockton to his place of business. He besides had several hundred head of valuable cattle.

Finally there came a night in which he was surprised by the Indians, who stampeded his cattle, burned up his store, goods and all, and the ex-reverend gentleman fled for his life, and begged his way down to Stockton as poor as Lazarus. He regarded his reverses as a judgment for his apostasy and repented his fall. When I made his acquaintance he was in the honorable business of milling, making flour to supply his neighbors with bread, and was bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. I heard him in a public meeting give a tearful narrative of the facts above stated.

Brother H., a friend of mine, opened a provision store in the northern mines. The first Sunday after opening a company of miners came to get a supply of provisions at the new store; but to their surprise they found the door closed, and going to the rear they found the new merchant in his tent.

"Halloo, old man! We've come to buy provisions from you. We are glad you have opened a store in these diggings; it's what we have wanted here for a long time."

"Well, boys," Brother H. replied, "I have opened a store here, and intend to keep a good supply of everything; but I want you to understand from the start that I will never sell you any liquor, and will never sell you goods of any kind on Sunday."

"Well, old man, you may just as well pack up your duds and go home, for you can do nothing here on those terms."

"You have a right to your opinion, boys," replied Brother H.; "but I intend to do right, whether I make anything or not. If I can't make a living without poisoning my neighbor by selling rum, and offending God by breaking his holy day, I'll starve or beg my way home; but I intend to give it a fair trial before I abandon the effort."

"Old man," rejoined the miners, "we are hungry; we ate the last of our provisions last evening, and have come to get something to cook for our breakfast. Let us have enough for today, and we will come tomorrow and lay in a supply for the week."

"Boys, you can fast and pray today," replied the merchant; "and you'll learn next time to make timely provision for the wants of the Sabbath."

With that the miners got angry, swore a while at the old fool, and left; but everywhere they went they told about an old foggy who had "come up into the mountains to teach us all how to keep Sunday."

They thus advertised him all through those mountains, and thinking men at once came to the conclusion that a man maintaining such a position must be an honest man. "We can depend upon the word of such a man as that. Rely upon it, he won't cheat us." The result was that the better class of miners poured in upon him for supplies at such a rate that in a few months he made his pile and returned East to his family.

Wicked as were the mass of California miners, they always displayed some good qualities. They had all encountered hardships and sufferings, and most of them had hearts to sympathize with the unfortunate. Though appeals to their charity were of almost daily occurrence, yet no man in real need that I ever heard of ever made a fruitless call on the miners for help. They were magnanimous, too, in their liberality; but they had an utter abhorrence of little, mean things. For example: There was a fellow at Smith's Flat who, to gratify some secret, brutal passion of his own, tied a chicken and put it alive on the fire and cooked it for his dinner. The thing was made known in the town, and the miners immediately called a meeting and unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the chicken roaster's presence was no longer desired in that camp, and that fifteen minutes be given him, after due notice from the committee appointed for that purpose, for his disappearance from those diggings, never more to return. Several months had elapsed up to the time of my visit there, but he had not been seen in those parts after the expiration of the ominous fifteen minutes.

A butcher in the town of Alameda received a similar notice from a similar court giving him two hours. About the middle of his last hour I saw him driving away with his effects in a wagon. Among his movables were several live sheep, one of which escaped in the midst of the town and ran for life. The butcher and one of his men pursued it a few squares, shot it, threw it into the wagon, and he was out of sight by the time his hour had expired.

Notorious thieves were often expelled from a mining town in that way, while notorious murderers were hanged by the neck. Judge "Lynch" transacted a great deal of business in California in those days. However much may be said in condemnation of his court, this could be said in favor of the denizens of California, that riots, and a promiscuous shooting into the masses, killing the innocent with the guilty, such as has been enacted in some of our Eastern cities, was never known in California; such, for example, as I saw in Washington in May, 1857, when to quell an election riot one hundred and ten hired soldiers, with muskets loaded with ball and buckshot, fired upon an unsuspecting crowd of citizens, instantly killing eight unoffending men, besides wounding many others. This I witnessed -- if getting up from my dinner table just across the street and standing behind a brick wall to avoid being shot myself may be called witnessing it.

Such riots and such promiscuous killing I never heard of in California. In the administration of California lynch law the thunderbolt of public fury always fell only on the head of the guilty man who, by the enormity and palpable character of his crime, excited it, and then not till his guilt was proved to the satisfaction of the masses comprising the court.

For example: A stranger called late one evening at the cabin of a miner who had his wife with him, and begged for lodgings, saying he was a poor traveler, had been unfortunate in business, etc. The miner and his good wife pitied the poor stranger, took him in and gave him the best they

had. Next morning the miner had occasion to go way a few miles. When he was out of sight the accommodated stranger murdered the woman and proceeded to rob the house. Before he got through with his nefarious work, however, the miner returned, saw what was done, and raised the alarm.

The murderer was caught and tried. A meeting of miners was called, a judge was appointed to try the case; witnesses were examined and the guilt of the criminal proved, upon which the judge stated the case to the mass composing his court, who unanimously voted guilty and death by hanging. The judge decided that the criminal should have fifteen minutes in which to prepare for death. He was then hung by the neck to a tree.

I give this fact without comment, simply to illustrate the character of Judge "Lynch's" proceedings in the days when he held office in California.

A similar tragedy, and the first of that kind to occur in San Francisco, was enacted by the Vigilance Committee of 1851. Jenkins was hung from a crossbeam at the south end the Old Adobe on the Plaza. This is the "Old Adobe" to which frequent allusion made in my book Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco, from the front verandah of which I for several years preached to the excited varieties of the world.

It is a fact, which I believe is generally admitted, that just in proportion as the law acquired power in California for the protection of her citizens, in that proportion lynch law was dispensed with, and when the legal authority of the State attained to a degree of honorable dignity and strength sufficient for the accomplishment of its glorious ends throughout that State, then Judge "Lynch" resigned his office, and forever declined reelection.

Ministers of the Gospel, in California's worst days, were permitted to preach in bar-rooms, gambling saloons, public thoroughfares, or wherever they wished without hindrance or disturbance. For example, I went into the city of Sonora at nine o'clock one Saturday night, not knowing a man in the place; and finding the streets crowded with miners, who had gathered in from all parts of the surrounding mountains, I felt a desire to tell them about Jesus and preach the Gospel to them; so I asked a brother whom I chanced to meet roll a dry-goods box into the street, nearly in front of a large crowded gambling house; and taking my stand I threw out upon the gentle zephyrs of that mild April night one of Zion's sweetest songs, which echoed among the hills and settled down on the astonished multitudes like the charms of Orpheus. My congregation packed the street from side to side. Profound attention prevailed while the truth, in the most uncompromising terms, was being proclaimed. At the close of the exercise many, strangers to me, who had heard me preach in the streets of San Francisco, gave me a hearty greeting, among them a notorious gambler, who shook my hand and welcomed me to the mountains.

I preached in Jamestown one night under similar circumstances. I obtained permission of a butcher to convert his meat block into a pulpit; I tried to have the butcher himself converted, but did not succeed in that, though he made very humble confessions, and, like Herod under the preaching of John, "did many things." Selecting the best point for a crowd, I happened again to be in front of a large gambling house. Some of the gamblers, thinking that I was putting on too strong an opposition line, took offense and tried to run me off the track. They knew the character of the

miners too well to attempt to confront the preacher personally; so, to try and scatter my audience, they tied some tin pans to a dog's tail and sent him off with a clatter, they yelling after him stopped and said, "There they go, poor fellows; they want to make their souls happy. Rather poor intellectual entertainment, but I presume it is the best they can do." By that time they were out of sight, out of hearing, and a quiet, attentive audience remained.

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## 10 -- MISSIONARY LIFE THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

Features of My Pastorate -- Two Modes of Spreading the Gospel -- Peter's Sermon and Paul's Tour -- Life and Death of a.m. Brown -- Preaching at Twelve Mile Bar -- "What You Call Him?" -- Peter's Vision Verified in California -- Vision and Retrospect of Preaching in San Francisco -- My Sermon on Long Wharf -- "Thou art the Man." -- My Whisky-Barrel Pulpit -- Singing up a Crowd -- Singling out Men by Race -- Case of the Irishman -- The Italian and the Maltese -- What the Prussian Said -- Lesson from a Cask of Brandy -- Getting through the Custom House -- The Habit of Swearing -- Struggle of the Slave of Drink -- Signing the Pledge -- Lesson from the Chain Gang -- Dealing with Disturbers and Disturbances -- They Sing and I Sing -- My General Class Meeting -- The "Royal Proclamation" in the Plaza -- Races and Nations Represented -- The Wesleyans Good Methodists -- Story of the Old Man's Hope -- His Drowning in the San Joaquin -- My Sermons in the Baltimore-California Chapel -- Story of Bacchus and Fairplay -- Holding My Ground against the Rout -- Example of the Load of Calves -- Lessons from Everything -- The Man who Rode the Donkey -- "O, for a Demijohn!" [demijohn n. a bulbous narrow-necked bottle holding from 3 to 10 gallons and usu. in a wicker cover. -- Oxford Dict.] -- My Sermon from the Steamer "Webber" -- How a Universalist was Converted -- Crime in the City -- Organization of the Vigilance Committee -- Great Fire of 1851 -- Scenes attending the Disaster -- A Clown in My Audience -- Sample Method of Applying the Truth -- "Give Us a Little More Punch." -- The Humble Clown -- Sermon from "The Fool hath Said," etc. -- The Swearer's Notion of God -- No Collections Allowed Except for Charity -- The Fire of May, 1851 -- Escape of the Old Adobe

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My pastoral and evangelizing work in San Francisco, indoors and out, covered, without a break, a period of seven years. During the first two I was pastor of Powell Street Church, the first Methodist pastorate in California. Meantime the California Conference was organized by Bishop Ames, and Rev. S. D. Simons was appointed to Powell Street, and I was appointed to open and develop a Seamen's Bethel enterprise in that city, to which, in connection with the general hospital work and outdoor preaching in which I had been engaged from the beginning, in 1849, I devoted about five years, extending to the session of the Conference in San Jose in September, 1856.

God in his word and in his providences has revealed and established two leading modes of spreading the tidings of salvation to perishing sinners of distant lands. The first is to send the Gospel to heathen lands by his ambassadors, and the second is to send the heathen to hear the Gospel in Christian lands.

The divine authority of the first mode is found in the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." But the apostles receiving it were to tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high. By the time the power descended upon them God in his providence, developed the second mode.

When the apostles came down from that celebrated upper room, from that extraordinary protracted prayer meeting, with hearts of love and tongues of fire, lo! right at the door were assembled representative dwellers of at least fifteen different nations. These listened to Peter's great Pentecostal sermon, and not only heard and saw the wonderful works of God, but felt in their hearts that very day the power of pardoning grace, and went back to their homes, declaring everywhere the great things which had come to pass in the Holy City, and holding forth, in the experience and conduct of a new life, the torch of redeeming love in the darkest and most remote portions of the earth, long before the preachers had even planted one foreign mission on the plan of their appointments. God was beforehand with them then, as he has been ever since.

The fact is, their views in regard to foreign missionary work and the redemption of the race were as yet so contracted that they would not preach the Gospel to any but Jews, until, by the exhibition of the "great sheet" with its animals of every kind, the apostle Peter's shackles were loosed and he was compelled by the direct command of God to go and preach to the house of Cornelius.

St. Paul was the first foreign missionary to go abroad and establish missions among the heathen and make a practical demonstration of the first mode referred to; but in nearly every place he visited he found scattered abroad the Pentecostal seeds of truth, which had been borne, as it were, on the wings of the wind by the efficient workings of the second mode. The planting and sustaining of our Christian missions among the heathen and semi-heathen nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica are in strict accordance with the first mode.

Foreign missionary work is scriptural in its authority, and must be sustained. Foreign missions are worth more than the cost of sustaining them for the influence they exert on commercial adventurers and seamen of all nations. Many a prodigal son has been arrested and brought to Christ in foreign lands by Christian missionaries who might not have been otherwise reached.

A. M. Brown, a sailor of my acquaintance, was extremely wicked and profane, an avowed enemy of Christ and his Church, and especially of missionaries in foreign fields. He openly opposed the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, Navigator's, and other islands of the Pacific, and did all he could to place obstructions in their way. From California he shipped to Constantinople, and a few days after arrival there was seized with cholera and fell helpless and alone in the street. I heard him say, "While I lay there dying, as I believed, I thought on my past life, and awoke to a sense of my dreadful condition as a sinner, and felt that I should soon be in hell. Despair, with all its horror, seized my soul, and thinking that it was then too late to pray I said to myself, 'Why did I not attend to that before? Why did not some one warn me of my danger? I had a father who once made a profession of religion, but he never told me what a dreadful thing it is to die in sin and go to hell. Why didn't some preacher or some Christian friend tell me of all this? No man has cared for my soul; and now I'm dying in the streets of a foreign city and going to hell.' And," said he, "in an agony of despair I cursed the day of my birth; cursed my father for his



neglect; cursed the preachers and cursed the Church; and then my paroxysms of pain would come on, and I writhed under the scorching rays of the sun till life was almost gone; and when I had a little respite I thought of my mother and wept and said, "O, if I had a mother's care, or if I had someone who could understand my language, and could tell them what to do for me, I might yet live!" The Turks would stop and look at me, jabber to each other, and pass on. When all hope had gone from me a man came and looked at me, and I thought, "O that he would speak to me in a language I could understand! He spoke, but, alas! it was in the Turkish tongue. Seeing I did not understand him, he addressed me in my own mother tongue. Such music never filled my soul before. He spoke such words of kindness and sympathy as never before fell on my guilty ears. He had me taken to his own house, and under his skillful treatment and care I was relieved in a few hours.

"That good Samaritan was an American missionary; he saved my life, and, more than that, led me to Christ. Three days after my recovery, while still at his house under instruction, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins and healed my soul."

From that day Brown became a steadfast, zealous Christian, and later was a local preacher in my charge in San Francisco, and one of the most efficient workmen I had; and when I received a request from the Hawaiian Tract Society to send them a colporteur for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, I sent them a.m. Brown, who successfully preached the Gospel in the port where he once so wickedly opposed it.

I preached one night in the summer of 1855 in McGinnis' provision storeroom at Twelve Mile Bar, on the east branch of the north fork of Feather River. A large part of my congregation were Chinamen, who listened with great attention. A tall, intelligent-looking fellow called "Chippee" took out his pencil and noted down such thoughts as he understood on a piece of wrapping paper as gravely as a New York reporter. The next morning the clerk at the store asked him to translate his notes into English. Said Chippee, "What you call him talk last night?"

"That was Mr. Taylor, of San Francisco."

He noted the name in his book, and, looking and pointing upward, said, "What you call him, Him -- Fader, big Fader, up there -- what you call Him?"

"We call him God," said the clerk. He put that also in his journal. He then gave a translation of his notes, now in my possession: "Tell all men no gamble; tell all men no steal 'em gold; tell all men no steal 'em cargo; tell all men no talk 'em lies; tell all men to be good men." That was the first sermon Chippee ever heard, and those were the ideas he gathered. What Peter saw in vision on the housetop of Simon the tanner was exhibited in fact in California, and none of them common or unclean nor excluded from the covenant of mercy and redeeming love. It has been my lot to preach the Gospel many times, if not to every creature, to at least specimen representatives of all the creatures of human kind in this lower world. The following account of "preaching the Gospel to all the world" in San Francisco is given in the Annals of California. Due allowance must be made for the writer's poetical allusion to the singing on the occasion:

"Suddenly from the piazza of an old adobe building on the plaza arises the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He raises a hymn in a voice which would be dreadful in its power were it not melodious. Hark! You may hear the words half a mile off.

"The city hall sends back the echo like a sounding board. You may stand at the foot of Merchant Street and distinguish every sentence: 'The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire.' Had the vehicle spoken of really rolled over the planked streets of the city it is doubtful if the tumult of its lumbering wheels could have drowned the voice of him who was thus describing in thunder like music its advent. That voice at once arrests attention.

"The loiterer turns aside from his careless walk, stops and listens. The miner, in his slouched hat and high boots, hears the sound of worship, recollects the day, thinks of the home and the dear ones far away, and of the hours when he too worshipped with them in the old church pew in the country town, with the graves of the forefathers of the village visible from the spot where he sat, and the old elm trees bending gracefully beneath the weight of years and foliage over the dust of those who planted them, and where he listened to the trembling words of the old clergyman as he read or spoke from that old-fashioned pulpit -- and he joins the motley crowd. The loafing Mexican arouses from his reverie, and from the smoke of his cigarette gives an extra puff from his nostrils, throws his variegated serape over his left shoulder, leans against the fence, and listens to words which he does not understand. John Chinaman passes along, and seeing books, and being of a literary turn, ceases to jabber in the language of Confucius, joins the outskirts of the company, and risks the integrity of his yard-long queue among the outside barbarians. The Malay, with his red painted cap, stops a moment to wonder, and perhaps forgets a while the well-known trade of piracy while listening to a Gospel he cannot comprehend.

"It is not long ere there is a sufficient audience. The singing has brought together the congregation. There is room enough for all. The meeting progresses. Prayer, singing, reading of the Scriptures, text, and sermon follow.

"All can hear, all can see; there is no sexton or usher, nor is one needed. It is a primitive service, very earnest and by no means ridiculous."

I think I never felt a greater thrill of pleasure in proclaiming a free Gospel to the human varieties of California than I did one Sunday morning on Long Wharf, San Francisco. It happened that morning, when the time came for my wharf appointment, that I was minus a text. I was caught in the same embarrassing dilemma once before on my way to preach on the Plaza, but as I passed along I saw a poor inebriate lying in the sand face downward, drawing with every breath the sand into his nostrils, and as temperance sermons were in order occasionally, the Plaza being a place notorious for rum holes, I resolved to preach that afternoon a sermon on temperance.

When I had sung up my crowd I said to them, "You may find my text recorded on a sand bank in front of the General Jackson House, on First Street. It is usual in sermonizing to institute inquiries like these: What are the facts in the case? What are the causes or occasions of these facts? What are the consequences?" With that arrangement I proceeded and had a good time, but waked up a great excitement among the rumsellers. Opening our fires right at the mouth of their dens, there was no popping at a man of straw or sham fighting.

When I made out a case I pointed out my man, and the home thrust of the prophet Nathan to the guilty King of Israel -- "Thou art the man" -- was backed by the concentrated gaze of a thousand listeners. Such thrusts were hard to bear, but harder to resist, and the guilty, after one cry of complaint, usually got out of sight.

On the Sunday morning referred to I found no drunken man to suggest a theme, but met a brother who said, "Good morning, Brother Taylor. What's the news?"

"Good news, my brother, good news. Jesus Christ died for sinners." Said I to myself, "I've got it."

So on I went and took my stand on the head of a whisky barrel in front of the worst rum hole in the city, unless it was one at the opposite corner, just across the street. I reached there a few times, and the proprietor sent me word that I blocked up the street and cut off access to his house, and he did not want me to preach there any more. The next Sunday after I received his message I stood on a pile of wood about thirty feet from his door, and by way of apology for changing my pulpit said: "That man there complains that I block up the entrance to his house, and forbids my preaching there any more. He is a gatekeeper of the way to hell, and is bound to keep the passage clear so that all who are silly enough to go may walk in without hindrance. He's a generous soul, is he not? Moreover, a man who steals God's holy day and spends it in the work of human destruction can't afford to lose an hour of it."

Then the proprietor of the opposition death line on the other side of the street sent me word that I might preach in front of his place. He rued his bargain, and once or twice tried to run me off, but I stood fire, held my ground, and turned his empty whisky barrels to good account by preaching perhaps a hundred sermons from them.

On the occasion I was going to describe I sung together a vast crowd of such variety of human kind as was seldom seen except in California. Peter's congregation on the day of Pentecost for variety was a small affair compared to it. When the song ended I said: "Good morning, gentlemen; I am glad to see you this bright Sabbath of the Lord. What's the news? Thank the Lord, I have good news for you this morning -- 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

I then addressed them as individual representatives of the different nations, thus: "My French brother, look here!" He looked with earnest eye and ear while I told him what Jesus had done for him and his people. "Brother Spaniard, I have tidings for you, Señor," and told him the news. "My Hawaiian brother, don't you want to hear the news his morning? I have glad tidings of great joy for you." I then told him the news, and that his island should wait for the law of Jesus. "John Chinaman, you, John, there by that post -- look here, my good fellow; I've got something to tell you." Thus I traveled over all creation, calling by name all the different nations I could think of with their representatives before me, and I felt unspeakably happy in the tact that throughout creation's vast realm I could not find a rebel to whom I could not extend the hand of Christian sympathy and say, "I have good news for you, my brother, 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

When I had got around, as I thought, an Irishman in the crowd spoke out, and said, "And may it please your riverence, and have ye nothing for a poor Irishman?"

"I ask your pardon, my dear Irish brother, I did not mean to pass you by. I have good news for you. Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every Irishman the Emerald Isle; and let me tell you, my brother, that if you will this morning renounce all your sins and submit to the will of God he will grant you a free pardon and clean all the sins and devils out of your heart as effectually as your people say St. Patrick cleaned the toads and snakes out of Ireland."

"Thank you, sir," he said; "I raly belave ivery word you say, and I'll thry and be a bitter man."

An intelligent Italian came to me to know where he could get an Italian Bible. He wanted to read to his companions. He was one of a party of twelve Italian refugees who took part in the revolution of 1848, and had to flee for their lives. He and his party had been in California eighteen months and had often heard me preach, and were anxious to learn about our Bible and religion.

A company of Maltese lived near me for several years. I gave them a Testament and told them about St. Paul's shipwreck and sojourn on their native island. They seem as delighted with the book as if it were the family records of their fathers. One Sunday I was preaching on Washington Street I observed in the congregation an old Italian weeping. At the close of the service he grasped my hand and said, "O! dat what I like; tell all the people about Jesus. When you preach again?"

"On the Plaza at three o'clock."

"I'll be dere; I likes it."

A Prussian arose at one of our meetings and said, "I come to Galifornia to git golt; now I don't come for golt, I vant to find dat Jesus you all talk about. I vant to find him. His handt been heavy on me since I be in Galifornia. He shake me; he shake me now. I dream I was dying and a big schnake had me, and Brodder Taylor come and knock de schnake away. De schnake is de debbil. All you pray for me get away from de debbil and find Jesus."

We had in those days at Yreka, Siskiyou County, a class of about eighteen Methodist Kanakas, Sandwich Islanders. They were pious and consistent, and contributed liberally to the support of their pastor, Rev. C. C. Stratton.

One Sunday afternoon, preaching on the Long Wharf in San Francisco, and wishing to illustrate the distinction between a decent, well-behaved sinner, outwardly, and a violent, outbreking sinner, I remarked, after stating the point, "Gentlemen, I stand on what I suppose to be a cask of brandy. Keep it tightly bunged and spiled and is entirely harmless and answers some very good purposes; it even makes a very good pulpit. But draw that spile and fifty men will lie down here and drink up its spit and then wallow in the gutter, and before ten o'clock tonight will carry sorrow or desolation to the hearts of fifty families. See that man there trying to urge his horse through the audience" (all eyes turned from the cask to the man). "If he had kept his mouth shut we

might have supposed him a very decent fellow; but finding the street blocked up with this living mass of humanity, he drew the spile, and out gurgled the most profane oaths and curses. But, while there is as much difference now between outwardly moral and outbreaking sinners as between a tightly bunged and an open cask of brandy, I would invite your attention to a time when there will be no material difference between them.

"Should you attempt to get this harmless cask of brandy through the customhouse in Portland, Maine, the inspector would pay no regard to the outside appearance or separate value of the cask. He would extract the bung, let down his phial, draw out and smell its contents; then shake his head, and mark it 'Contraband.' [contraband 1 goods that have been smuggled, or imported or exported illegally. 2 prohibited trade; smuggling. 3 (in full contraband of war) goods forbidden to be supplied by neutrals to belligerents. -- Oxford Dict.] My friends, God has a great customhouse through which every man has to pass for inspection before he can be admitted into his kingdom. When you are entered for examination do you imagine that the great omniscient Inspector will pay any regard to your outside appearance or conduct? Nay, my dear sirs, he will sound the inner depths of your souls: All who are filled with the spirit of Christ will be passed and treasured up as meet for the Master's use; but all who have not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts will be pronounced 'contraband,' and branded eternally with, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

On another occasion, near the same place, I was preaching on the bondage of sin, and said to the large audience assembled: "My dear sirs, you are slaves to sin and Satan; your conduct proves it, and frequently you unwittingly confess it. I said to a man a few days ago, 'My friend, you ought not to swear.' 'It's a free country,' said he, 'and I'll do as I please.' 'But, sir,' said I, 'a gentleman will not please to indulge in a practice so useless and wicked. Moreover, I don't allow a man to swear in the presence of my little boys here.' 'Well,' said he, 'I know it's a mean practice; but I've got into the habit of it and I can't quit it.' So, in trying to apologize for your various sins you have often confessed the fact that you are a poor prisoner in bondage to sin.

"A man enslaved by habits of intemperance once came to see me, and said: 'Father Taylor, what shall I do? I have a dear wife and four sweet little children in New York, and I am afraid I shall never see them again' -- crying as though his heart would break. 'I used to have plenty of everything I wanted, and was happy with my dear family -- God bless their dear souls! I fear I shall never see them again; but I came to California, fell in with bad company, and have gotten into this cursed habit of drinking and can't quit it. I've tried often, but it's no use.' 'Now, my friend,' said I, 'for the sake of your family that you say you love, for the sake of your poor body, so much abused by rum, and for the sake of your soul, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, do make one more effort to be a man. Shun your drinking companions as you would Satan, and fly from the grogshops as you would from the yawning mouth of hell; and cry to God in the name of Jesus for pardon and help.' 'I will, Father Taylor, I will. So help me God, I'll never drink another drop.' The very next week I found him drunk in the streets.

"One such came to me, and after relating the sad tale of his sorrows, asked to sign the pledge. I gave him a pledge and he signed it, saying, 'There it is; my name is there once for all. Henceforth I'll be a sober man.' The next day as I passed up California Street I saw him with a demijohn [demijohn n. a bulbous narrow-necked bottle holding from 3 to 10 gallons and usu. in a

wicker cover. -- Oxford Dict.] in his hand. 'Why, my friend,' said I, 'what are you doing with that stuff?' 'O,' said he, 'I thought as I was knocking off for good this time I would just take one more nip.' My dear friends, such is your own bondage to your prevailing sins, whatever they may be. Chains of habit are stronger than chains of steel; you cannot break them."

Just at that moment a candidate for the chain-gang was conducted along the street with a heavy chain around his leg. Said I: "Look at that poor fellow! How gladly would he kick off that chain and be free! But look at that great band of iron round leg, and the strong links. He cannot break them. Yet he is no more a prisoner today under that heavy chain, in the hands of his keeper, than you are under the chains of sin habit -- in the hands of your keeper, the devil, by whom you are led captive at his will."

One Sunday morning as I was preaching in Davis Street, a fellow came close to the barrel on which I stood, and looking up into my face, said, "The apostle David says, 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.'"

"See here, my friend," said I, "when did you arrive, sir?"

"I came from the old country," said he, "about six years ago."

"But I want to know when you came to California?"

"O, a good while ago," said he.

"How many days since?" said I.

He hesitated, and looked for an opening through the crowd by which he might escape and then replied, "About two weeks ago, sir."

"I knew," said I, "by your conduct that you had recently arrived and had not learned how to behave yourself here yet. You seem to imagine that we are all a set of heathen here in California, and that you can 'cut up' and do as you please. Now as you are a stranger in these parts, I will inform you that the order of the day in California is for classes of society to respect the preaching of the Gospel and never to disturb a preacher in the discharge of his duty, and the fellow who dares persist in it may expect that even the gamblers will give him a licking."

I have often caused men when trying to make a disturbance to run and hide the selves by offering an apology for their conduct -- "Don't hurt that poor fellow, friends, we must make great allowance for his bad conduct. It is fair to presume that he has just arrived from some barbarous island in the Pacific and has not learned how to behave himself." To turn the eyes of an audience, sparkling with good-natured contempt upon a fellow, will move him as suddenly almost as a charge of bayonets. I have, however, always run such fellows off the track so good-humoredly that I have never yet had an after difficulty with one of them.

Once in early summer I had an appointment to preach one week night in a large bar-room on Moor's Flat, in the mountains. The congregation assembled early and spent hour in playing ball.

When the bell rang for preaching the mass of the audience assembled on the porch and cracked jokes and sang lewd songs with the design, I thought, of intimidating the preacher. After letting them conduct the exercises in that way for a few minutes, I said, "Hold on, boys, and let me sing you a song."

They gave audience, and I sang. Nothing could be more calm than the salubrious atmosphere on that occasion, and the surrounding mountain heights and deep canyons a giant trees of the dense forest all combined to render the scene impressively grand and solemn. The echoes of the song came back from the neighboring mountains, and the trees seemed to be praising God in the melody of song. The singing ended, I said, "Now, boys, walk in here; I have something to tell you." They all slipped in as quietly as possible and I had a blessed season in pressing home upon their hearts the word of life.

In the early days of Methodism in San Francisco I had a general class meeting in the chapel every Sunday afternoon, at which there were usually present from fifty to ninety persons. There was then but one charge in the city -- no North, no South, no party differences or jealousies of any kind; only a constant stream of emigration flowing in.

The city was small, so that the royal proclamation, sounding out from the plaza every Sunday, tapped the drum of nearly every man's ears in town. All the Methodist passengers, and multitudes besides, immediately showed their faces. After proclaiming to them the crucified and risen Jesus, I always announced the appointments for preaching and class meeting in our church on the hill. Hence the size and variety of our class meetings. As a specimen I extract in substance the following notice from my journal, dated Sunday, February 3, 1850:

"There were in class today about ninety persons, witnesses for Jesus, from almost all parts of the United States, from Maine to Texas, and from Buenos Aires, in South America; from Costa Rica, in Central America; from Prince Edward Island; from England, Scotland, and Ireland; from Germany, Sweden, and Denmark; from North Wales, New South Wales, and New Zealand. They all uttered distinctly the shibboleth of Methodism, and told the same story of redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of their sins.

"A very common inquiry in the mouths of Wesleyan Methodists from England and her colonies was, 'Do you belong to the Church that Mr. Wesley established in America -- the Church of Mr. Asbury and Dr. Coke?' So soon as they heard the answer 'Yes,' they immediately extended the right hand of fellowship for another greeting, and, with tearful smiles, uttered with great emotion, God bless you! It is quite an unexpected pleasure to meet you here.' An observing stranger beholding the scene would have said, 'No doubt there is a meeting of two brothers, sons of the same mother, who have not seen each other for twenty years.' And brothers we were with a free good-will, bound together by bonds of mutual sympathy and Christian affection stronger than ties of blood, though we had never seen each other before, and probably never would again till the great reunion of the blood-washed brotherhood on the other side of the river."

At the class meeting above referred to an old gentleman with a long gray beard, by the name of Livesey, arose and shouted the praise of Jesus, and thanked God for full salvation "through the blood of the Lamb." He thanked God also for Methodist class meetings, which, for thirty years,

had always been seasons of refreshing to his soul. Thirty years ago from that day he had obtained the forgiveness of his sins, and had never turned his back on Jesus; heard Dr. Adam Clarke preach a sermon on hope," which hope he had "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast;" had always been a firm believer in the doctrine of holiness as taught by Mr. Wesley; and yet, continued he, "strange as it may appear, I never obtained an evidence that I was wholly sanctified till last Tuesday night. I was aboard ship in the harbor out there, and while all hands were locked in sleep, and nothing was heard but the dash of the waves against the sides of our vessel, my soul was waiting upon God in an unusual exercise of prayer and faith in Christ, when the power of the Holy Spirit came upon me as I never felt it before. I realized an application of the all-cleansing blood of Jesus to my heart, and that I was made clean through the word. My soul has been full of glory ever since. We have pitched a tent on the beach in 'Happy Valley' for prayer meetings, and God is with us there. Glory! glory be ascribed to his holy name!"

The old man took his seat with subdued utterances of "Glory! glory! glory be to God!"

After that meeting I saw his face no more. During that week he left the city on business, and word came back that his vessel was capsized in the San Joaquin River and that the good old brother was drowned. Never learning anything to the contrary, and receiving additional confirmatory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I settled on the conclusion that God, who buried the body of Moses in some unknown spot "over against Bethpeor" had deposited the body of Father Livesey in some one of the mighty eddies of the San Joaquin River "until the redemption of the purchased possession." His spirit went to bathe in that "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Although I had but a very limited acquaintance with Father Livesey, his image is very distinctly defined in my memory, and I believe I shall recognize him on the other side of Jordan, when, through the great mercy of God, I shall have reached that shore and shall hear from his own lips the mysterious manner in which God in his wisdom took, him from labor to reward.

At the class meeting in question many thrilling experiences were related. At least six persons bore a clear testimony to the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus applied to their own hearts.

I spent the first Sabbath of October, 1850, in Sacramento city, and had the privilege of preaching three times in our Baltimore California Chapel, so called because our kind Baltimore friends framed it and paid for it and sent it to California. I selected a goods box on the levee for a pulpit and opened my commission for the first time in the streets of that city. While singing the "Royal Proclamation" two men rode up to where I stood. I never learned their names, but for convenience will call them Bacchus and Fairplay. Bacchus was pretty drunk, and began to yell and make a great ado. Judge W. and a few others took hold of his mule's bridle and tried to lead the disturbers away. "Let that alone," cried Bacchus. "Let go his bridle," said Fairplay. "This is a public street, and you have no business to interfere with him. Let him go, I tell you. If you don't let go I'll see that you pay dearly for it." And many other hard threats were uttered by Mr. Fairplay.

The singing, which had been continued without interruption, together with the strife and hallooing of the drunken man, attracted an immense crowd. When the opening hymn was ended



Judge W. and his companion had gotten Bacchus off to the distance of about thirty yards, and had about equally divided the crowd. At that moment I called to the judge and his company, saying, "If you please, gentlemen, let him go and I'll take care of him." But they had become so zealous in the matter that they seemed determined to drag him away, and would not let him go. By the time I had sung another song of Zion they had gone but a few feet further off, and had half the audience, who appeared to be more interested in the fate of the drunken man than in the songs of the preacher. I then called to them again, and said: "Gentlemen, you had better take my advice. If you will let that man go, I will send him away in one minute. I am surprised at you Sacramento folks. Come down to San Francisco and attend preaching on the Plaza next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and I'll show you how all classes there behave themselves. Men naturally run after an excited crowd, but you have all seen the great attraction, a drunken man on a mule. Now, let me manage that fellow, and all of you come up here."

With that they let Bacchus' mule go. I then addressed his threatening, storming companion, Fairplay, and said, "I deliver that man up to you, sir; I want you to take charge of him and lead him away. Take good care of him, if you please."

"Yes, sir," said he, "I will" -- tipping his hat as he made his best bow, and immediately led him away.

The whole crowd then gathered around me, and I said: "Gentlemen, some of my friends here say that it is getting too late for preaching this afternoon; that by the time I get under way the supper gongs and bells will ring, and that you will all run off to supper. I have some very important things to say to you, and I will have done before the tea gets cold. Now, you had better stay and hear me out, and my friends here will find that they are not so good at guessing as they thought they were."

I then announced as my text, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

The supper gongs in the neighborhood set up a prodigious ringing before I had got half through, but I saw none leave. All seemed willing to risk the cold tea. After singing the doxology, all hats off, many strangers gathered round me and wept as they told of their sorrows and inquired about Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

One Sunday morning I preached to a large audience on Long Wharf from the parable of the sower. Illustrating how "Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts," I said of his Satanic majesty that "just at the moment the good seed would take effect he excites in the heart of the hearer opposing passions, or diverts his attention by presenting to his mind some attractive scheme or train of thought while he devours the seed, or by sending a wagon load of calves through the midst of the audience, to the great annoyance of attentive listeners." (A load of calves for the market at that moment was passing through time crowd.)

The audience so blocked the street sometimes from side to side with a living mass of humanity that it was difficult for a man to get through. A wagon or dray would therefore be subjected to considerable delay in making a passage through, and I frequently took advantage of the

opportunity and gave them a little grape as they passed. Once when a lean-looking man, driving a poor horse, was trying to urge his way through the crowd, I said, "Look at that poor man! Working seven days in the week is bringing him rapidly down to his grave. A man cannot break the law of the Sabbath without violating a law of his own constitution. Look at his sunken, sallow cheeks and his dim eyes! How the sin of Sabbath-breaking is telling on him! He'll die soon if he doesn't reform. Look at his poor old horse! The Lord ordained the Sabbath for that horse, but his merciless master is cheating him out of it. See there, how he beats him! After all, I had rather be the horse than the man, if he dies as he lives."

On another occasion a wag, thinking to have a little sport, tried to ride through the crowd on one of the smallest of that small species of animals, the jack. His animal refusing to go through, I said, "See there; that animal, like Balaam's of the same kind, has more respect for the worship of God than his master, who only lacks the ears of being the greater ass of the two."

The man, in great confusion, beat his animal out of sight in double-quick time. The reader may wonder how I managed to restore the equilibrium of the audience after such a scene. I always tried to anticipate that difficulty, and would follow such scenes by the most solemn appeal the subject in hand would allow. The sudden surprise of such appeals sometimes produces a thrilling effect for good. An important end is accomplished when a sleepy congregation is by any legitimate means fairly waked up. First melt and then mold the metal.

A mother, to whom God intrusted an infant heir of immortality, a beautiful boy, with instructions to train him for holiness and heaven, dosed her dear little boy with sweetened toddy and taught him early to be a winebibber. He did not go to church in San Francisco, for he was not taught to go to church even at home, and was not likely to form such a habit there. But he passed by where I was preaching one bright Sunday morning, on Pacific Street. He listened a while, as most passers-by do, but he had been indulging a little, and was not in a good condition to receive the truth. After meeting I saw him before me as I walked down Sansom Street. He fetched up in front of a large liquor store, where a cask of brandy lay with a little pump in the bung. He looked for a moment with great apparent interest at the cask, as though he thought it a rare opportunity for cheap grog, and his gestures seemed to say, "O for a demijohn!"

But, mother, you know your son is a smart, inventive youth, as you often used to tell him when his wits were sharpened by your sweetened toddy. So he immediately hit on the following happy expedient. Taking off his hat, he pumped it full of brandy; and, as with joyful steps he bore away his prize, every now and then he stopped and dipped his red nose into his hat. When I came alongside, I leaned over to smell the contents of his hat, so as not to be mistaken in my facts, and your generous son said to me, "Come take a drink, won't you?" Not fancying the article, nor the vessel containing it, I respectfully declined. The poor boy was well provided for that day, and probably got a good night's lodging on a free ticket in the station house. I have not seen the precious youth since, unless by possibility he was the same man that I saw soon after in the bay. He had been fished up by some boatmen, and was tied to a pile, to await the arrival of the coroner, whose jury gravely sits on such cases, and at the city's expense returns a verdict of accidental drowning.

One Sunday morning I stood on the deck of the steamer Webber, at Long Wharf, and announced as my text, "In that very night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain." Nearly opposite to where I stood, on the other side of the wharf, lay the steamer Empire, which had been chartered to convey a company of California legislators on that day to Vallejo, the seat of the Legislature of the State at that time. The Empire was steaming up for her Sunday excursion, while I was trying to raise the steam on the Webber against Sunday excursions. My song drew to the side of our boat a large crowd, while the embarkation of the honorable legislators drew an equally large crowd to their boat; but I had the whole of both parties within the compass of my voice, and I preached to the Empire party more especially. As I doubted whether many of them ever went to church, I thought it a rare opportunity for giving them a little Gospel truth.

I illustrated, by the life of Belshazzar, that a Sabbath-breaking, licentious, carousing, drunken man was utterly unfit for any official position in the gift of any respectable nation, and to elect men to make our laws whose brains were addled with brandy, and who showed so little respect for one of the highest laws and most venerable institutions of God, the holy Sabbath, was a wicked absurdity and a burning shame to the American people. I did not design, by these reflections, to implicate the whole of the California Legislature, for it contained some very good men, but I thought them peculiarly applicable to the party addressed on that occasion. I illustrated, further, the end of such a course of procedure by the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, the numbering, weighing, and dividing of the Chaldean kingdom, and the slaying of her wicked king.

A number of months after this occasion a stranger called on me, and requested a private interview. Said he to me, "Do you remember preaching from the deck of a steamboat at Long Wharf nine months ago from a text concerning the destruction of Babylon and the death of Belshazzar?"

"I preach there every Sunday morning. O yes," I replied, "I do remember it now, by the Sunday excursion which started that morning from the opposite side of the wharf."

"That was the time to which I allude," said he, and then related the following facts concerning himself: "I was up to that morning a confirmed Universalist, and was withal a very wicked sinner. As I was walking leisurely down the wharf that morning I heard you singing, and went into the crowd through curiosity to hear what was to be said on the occasion. While you were preaching a strange fearfulness which I cannot describe came over me. I felt a smothering sensation at my heart and thought I was dying. My Universalism all vanished like smoke, and I felt that if I died then I should certainly go to hell. For some time I knew not what to do. I came very near crying out, but something seemed to say to me, 'Pray, pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ for pardon.' So I began earnestly to pray. For three weeks I suffered a constant fearfulness and trembling. I felt every moment as though some dreadful calamity or judgment was about to befall me. I was afraid to go to sleep at night lest I should wake up in hell, and every day there seemed to be literally a heavy mist before my eyes, which made everything look dark and dreary. But all these three dreadful weeks I continued to pray, and suddenly, while I was praying and trying to trust in Jesus Christ, it appeared to me that a stream of light shone right down from heaven into my heart, and in a moment I realized that my burden of sin was gone, and instead of fearfulness and a nervous tremor I felt all the vigor of renewed youth. The mist of my eyes gave way to the brightness of morning. I praised God for his pardoning mercy. I have been up in the mountains ever

since. I have had but few public religious privileges, but have had my private prayers, and have been recommending religion to all my associates. Jesus has been very precious to my soul all the time. Tomorrow I expect to sail for home, and I want to see you before leaving and get some tracts and religious books for distribution aboard ship. I feel as though I ought to do all I can in the cause of Christ."

He did not expect soon, if ever, to return to California. So we closed our interview with a final farewell, and a mutual pledge to each other to live for God and meet again on the other side of the river.

Sunday, February 23, 1851, was a day of great excitement in the city of San Francisco. It was ascertained that there was a large organized band of thieves and robbers in California in those days, operating at the same time in different parts of the State, yet all acting in concert. Men were knocked down and robbed in the streets in the twilight, and stores and safes were broken open almost daily.

The night preceding the date above a respectable clothing merchant by the name of Janson was knocked down behind his counter with a slung shot, and it was then thought that he could not recover. Two men, by the names of Windred and Stuart, were arrested on Sunday morning, and lodged in jail as the supposed perpetrators of the deed.

The public forbearance, which had been taxed to the last point of endurance, now gave way to one almost universal burst of indignation. The people gathered round the jail to the number of about ten thousand men. I was requested by Windred's wife to visit him, as it was believed that the prisoners would be hung by the people before night. I had great difficulty in getting through the crowd, but finally succeeded in having an interview with the prisoners. Cries of "Have them out! hang them!" filled the air. It was with great difficulty that the public indignation could be suppressed so as to give time for an examination and trial of any kind; but a doubt as to the guilt of the parties arrested prevailed in allaying the excitement. I preached on the Plaza that day to about fifteen hundred persons on the value and indispensable necessity of the Bible, believed in, practiced; indispensable to our safety and happiness personally, collectively, socially, politically; the very foundation on which the glorious structure of our nation is built; the chart by which we may navigate the stormy sea of life and gain the peaceful haven of eternal rest. What does infidelity propose to do for us?

Good order and great seriousness prevailed. Windred afterward broke the jail and cleared himself, and fourteen years afterward, in New South Wales, came fifty miles on horseback to see me. Stuart was cleared by the courts. But the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was organized as the result of these frequent robberies and the inefficiency of the courts, and they executed some and banished others.

On the night of October 29, 1851, the stillness of the third watch was broken by the cry, "Fire! fire! fire!" and the ringing of alarm bells in all the wards of the city. What a dreadful scene! Here, at the dead hour of night, was a hospital built of wood on fire. It would consume to ashes in thirty minutes. In it were one hundred and thirty men -- sick men -- many of them unable to raise their heads from their pillows. No time for talk. Strong men carried out the patients, taking bed and

all. Thus, in a few minutes, about half an acre of ground was strewn with mattresses, blankets, and dying men. The first thing was to get the sick off the damp ground on to the cots and provide covering to keep them from chilling to death in the night air. The next thing was to get some place of shelter. The Waverly House, on Pacific Street, distant nearly half a mile, was offered. Many of the sufferers were immediately carried thither. But that required too much time. Next a two-story house was obtained, very conveniently located, but very inconveniently arranged. It had a narrow hall through the center, with narrow doors opening on each side into the rooms. A cot containing a patient could not be turned out of the hall through these doors, and hence we had to unship each patient in the hall in order to twist him in through the doors into the rooms. All were rescued from the flames, with most of their bedding. Everything else pertaining to the hospital was consumed.

A number of the patients were men who had been blown up thirty-five hours before in the explosion of the steamer Sagamore. Some had broken limbs, and others were badly scalded. Some of them, on Monday, the 27th, had taken passage in the city of Stockton on board the steamer Mariposa, to attend the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, which took place on Tuesday, the 28th, in San Francisco. On their way down on Monday night their boat was run into and sunk by the steamer West Point, and they narrowly escaped a grave in the dark waters. On Tuesday afternoon, after the festivities of the celebration, they were blown up in the explosion of the Sagamore, by which many lost their lives. On Wednesday night they were burned out as above stated. As I carried in a poor Dane who had been paralyzed I saw Isaac Hillman with a pot of warm coffee. I thought my Dane was dying, but a cup of warm coffee revived him.

One Sunday afternoon as I stood on the porch of the Old Adobe, and sung up a thousand men, a good-looking fellow affected to act the clown. It was a clear, cool afternoon but our clown came up with an old umbrella spread over him. In his right hand was lantern, and in his left side pocket a loaf of bread. Thus distinguished, after strutting round the circle of the audience he came on the porch near where I stood, lowered his umbrella, and tried to sing. I marked him in my mind, but said nothing. My text on the occasion was, "Let the wicked forsake his way." The first point was, Why should the wicked forsake his way? 1. Because the way of the wicked is exceedingly offensive to God 2. It is most hideous and hateful in itself. 3. It is utterly ruinous in its effects to every interest of our souls in time, in eternity. These points were duly illustrated and applied.

One illustration used on this occasion, showing how sin degraded the ennobling faculties with which God had endowed our souls, and disqualified us for the pure associations and spiritual delights of heaven, would be regarded by many persons as too ludicrous for religious meeting; but the application was so direct on this occasion that the effect was good. It ran as follows: "On a trip to San Jose, in the steamer Star, our boat ram aground and kept us there in the mud till after midnight. We had as passengers an alderman, a doctor, a general, a captain, and a high private, six high-minded, distinguished men, honorables of the land, noble spirits of the earth; none of your dull, sleepy fellows you may be sure.

"While detained on the bar they must have some appropriate enjoyment for the evening. The tastes and habits of such distinguished men furnish an example for all the boys of the land, and we should expect from such a source examples pure and elevating. Well, how did they spend the evening? The general said, 'Steward, have you got any good whisky?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, now, get us up a good bowl of whisky punch.' 'Aye aye, sir.' The punch disposed of, they next played a game at

cards. Then the alderman who holds a chaplaincy in an association in this city, said, 'Steward, make us some more of that punch; it is first-rate.' The table cleared again, they took another turn at the cards. Then the captain said, 'Steward, you are the finest-looking nigger I ever saw in my life give us a little more punch.' After they had thus disposed of six bottles they began to be very happy, and it was natural that their joyous emotions should find expression in song. God has endowed us with this talent of music, that by it we may express the joyous emotions of the heart and sing his praise as the angels do. Now, what do you suppose our worthies sang? They sang, over and over again, the song of 'Old Uncle Ned, with all the hair off his head.' Now, with angels and glorified souls, and all who have tasted adapting them to the enjoyments of heaven, the all-absorbing, soul-thrilling theme is the song of the world's risen Redeemer. But the highest point which the aspirations of these noble souls could reach was the funeral lyric of a dead man."

I took occasion to give the clown his portion in due season, and when the doxology was sung he came to me trembling and weeping, and said: "Can you tell me what I am to do? I am a gambler and a drunkard and a miserable sinner. I had a good mother, but she is dead, and I have no doubt that she is in heaven today. O, I am afraid there is no hope for me."

I took him by the hand and said: "If you go on in your present course, you will never see your mother again. But if you will quit gambling and drinking and come out from your wicked associates, and attend church, read your Bible, and pray, and seek religion through the merits of Jesus Christ, you will yet be saved, and meet your mother in heaven. 'Let the wicked forsake his way.' Will you do it? Will you do it now?"

The poor fellow was greatly distressed, and I gave him a good deal of earnest talk about his soul, but I saw him no more. He probably, with half of my audience, left the city the next day for the mines.

My Plaza text for Sunday, March 2, 1851, was, "The fool hath said in his heart There is no God."

"Here is a watch my father gave me when I was a boy" -- holding it in my hand. "He bought it from an old bachelor by the name of Walkup, who, of course, recommended it to be a first-rate watch. I am not acquainted with its early history, but if I were to tell you that this watch had no maker, that some happy chance formed the different parts of its ingenious machinery, and that another chance put them together with the very useful design of a timepiece, you would call me a fool.

"To adopt such a conclusion there is surely no such fool in this intelligent audience. But remember, David's fool was not such. He was probably like some fools encountered by Jesus in the days of his incarnation, who drew nigh to God with their lips, and honored him with their mouths, but said in their hearts, 'There is no God.'

"The Holy Spirit is looking at each one of you now and listening to every pulsation of your heart, and were he now to reveal what has there passed this day what shocking revelations he would make! It is not by the profession of the mouth, but by the conduct of men, that we are to learn the orthodoxy of their hearts. A miserable gambler said to me but a short time since, 'When I came

to California I had but twenty-five cents; but had good luck playing cards and by and by set up a monte table, and I thank God I have been very successful.' He said he was a member of a Church, and professed to be very devout.

"A wretched rumseller over here on Jackson Street filched the pockets of a poor fellow, wrecked his constitution, blighted all his hopes for time and eternity, unstrung his nervous system, and drove him into delirium tremens; and when his poor victim was dying the tender-hearted rumseller, full of sympathy for the suffering, sent in haste for me to come and pray for the poor man.

"Why, these gamblers round the Plaza here, whenever they shoot a fellow, go right off for a preacher to pray over their dead. One came for me to preach at the funeral of C. B., who had been shot the night before just there in that large saloon. I said, 'We thought it would be a pity to bury the man without some religious ceremonies. It will be a comfort to his friends, too, to know that he had a decent Christian burial.'

"I have buried three such within as many months. They profess a belief in God, but their conduct gives the lie to their profession.

"What is the swearers' notion of God? Even today my ears have been saluted with their horrid oaths. They do not believe in their hearts that there is a God, and but use his name in ironical contempt, or else they have so degraded a notion of God as to treat him worse than they would a dog. They would not think of so treating a fellow-man. 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' but every pulsation of that heart gives the lie to the blasphemous assertion. This system of bones and arteries and veins and nerves, so fearfully and wonderfully made, proclaims, 'There is a God.' And this still more mysterious soul, which occupies this highly wrought tenement, proclaims yet more loudly, 'There is a God.'"

After the benediction a stranger spoke out, saying: "Gentlemen, you all know how laboriously and successfully Father Taylor labors here on the Plaza from Sabbath to Sabbath. Now I move that we take up a collection. I will not urge you to give; I know you are all ready."

"Pass along the hat," said one.

"Let it come this way," said another.

"Stop, stop," said I. "Gentlemen, I am much obliged for your kind feelings, but I never allow a collection to be taken up outdoors for my benefit. I preach every Sabbath twice in the church on Powell Street, and all who are so disposed can give there; but you will please do nothing of the kind here. I cannot have my street preaching trammelled by collections."

I preached about six hundred times in these streets; occasionally took up collections for poor men and for building the Seamen's Bethel (I collected four hundred dollars at one time on the Plaza for the Bethel), but never took up one collection for my benefit, though often in need. My reason is that in the streets I proclaim a free Gospel, the royal proclamation to heathens and Christians, to Jews and Gentiles, to Catholics and Protestants, to inhabitants of every nation, and I

am unwilling to furnish ground for any of these to impugn my motives or to say, "He can afford to sing and preach in the streets when he gets a good collection every time."

At eleven o'clock in the night of Saturday, May 3, 1851, a fire broke out in our city, which raged till nine o'clock in the forenoon of Sunday, the 4th. It was the most destructive fire by which the city had yet been visited. The loss was variously estimated at from twelve to twenty millions of dollars. Several hundred passengers had just arrived on the steamship New Orleans on the evening the fire occurred, and the city was filled with strangers besides, so that it was impossible to tell how many persons perished in the conflagration. The ashes, it was believed, of six men were found in the ruins of T.'s iron building. It was said that five of them rushed in to rescue a sick man, who was confined to his bed inside, and when they got back to the door it was so warped by the heat that they could not open it, and the fire in the street was so great that it was impossible to relieve them. And there they perished, at the threshold of life.

Many of the streets were planked, and on each side were wooden sewers, which served as flues to conduct the fire, and greatly facilitated its destructive progress through the city. Our Old Adobe escaped, and at the appointed hour for preaching I stood in my place on the porch. It appeared to be a very unpropitious time for collecting an audience. The people were running to and fro under a high pressure of confused excitement, and many were busy in collecting together their little savings from the fire, many tons of which were scattered in tangled confusion all over the Plaza. I, however, threw out, amid the smoke and dust and noise of the vast field of desolation which was spread out before me, one of Zion's sweetest songs, and drew together about one thousand men. My text on this occasion was, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

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## 11 -- PREACHING TO THE OUTCASTS

"Go with Me Through the Hospitals." -- Types of Suffering and Distress -- Disruption of Family Ties in California -- Some Extracts from My Journal -- Pangs of Disappointment -- Fourth of July Temperance Sermon -- Wrath of a Bar Woman -- Another Lesson from the Whisky Barrel -- A Pork Barrel Does as Well -- Exhortation to the Miners -- Multitude of Backsliders -- Gold for Bodily Wants and Religion for the Soul -- The Death of the Righteous -- Article in the Alta California on "The Sabbath" -- How "Merchant" was Squelched -- A Universalist in My Bible Class -- His Repentance and Conversion -- "Good-bye, Bill." -- Funeral of a Suicide -- The Fatal Habit of Drink -- Experience of William B.

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In the spring of 1852, as I was on the Long Wharf one Sunday morning discoursing to a large audience on the "one thing needful." I proceeded first to show what it was that was needful to the well-being of the bodies of men; that true religion, as a regulator of the appetites and passions, preserved men from a great variety of excesses which were destructive to health and happiness. Illustrating this, I said to the crowd, "Go with me, if you please, through the hospitals of our city. Ask the hundreds of sufferers to whom I will introduce you the cause of their afflictions, and,



while you will see some good men brought down by unavoidable diseases, you will find that a large majority of the miserable beings have been there imprisoned for the violation of physical laws from which this needful thing would have saved them."

"That's true, Father Taylor; that's true, every word of it," cried an old man in the audience.

"Yes, sir," said I, in reply; "you know it by sad experience. There, friends," I continued, "you have a living illustration of the truth of my position. That old man, lacking this needful thing, indulged his appetite for strong drink, and, as a consequence, I found him two years ago in the hospital. He lay there for many months suffering everything but death. The physician succeeded at last in doctoring up his old carcass, and if he had given his heart to the Lord and obtained the healthful, preserving influence of his grace he might have continued a well man. But he went on still destitute of the one thing needful, and in a short time he again took the cup of death for which he had to serve another long term in the hospital. With naturally a good constitution, if he had been possessed of vital godliness the probability is he would not have lost a day from sickness in California. He is a shipmaster, and capable of doing well for himself and his family; and he came here, too, at a time when he had a good opportunity to make a fortune, and but for the want of this one needful thing he might today be reclining on his well-earned California fortune by his own happy fireside, surrounded by the wife of his youth and the lovely children the Lord has given them.

"But here he is, a wreck of manly strength, foundering on the leeshore of the dreadful sea of inebriety, his wife clad in the habiliments of mourning blacker than widow's weeds, and his beautiful daughters disgraced, poverty-stricken, and broken-hearted. I fear he will never see them again, and if he does he is unfit for the relations, duties, and associations of the head of such a family." The poor old captain was now weeping and crying audibly, as a boy that was being castigated. "I would not, my friends, unnecessarily hurt the feelings of the poor old man. He knows I am one of the best friends he has in this land, and that I have often entreated him as a brother and prayed at his side, and have done everything to keep him from self-destruction and to induce him to seek the one thing needful."

In the next place I went on to show, by a variety of proofs and illustrations, the value of religion to the soul.

The darkest chapter in the history of California is that which records the disruption of family ties and connubial relationships, occasioned, primarily, by the rage and rush of thousands of heads of families to her mines of gold. Many families of children were thus neglected when they most needed a father's watchful care and counsels. Many a wife pined with a broken heart on account of the absence of her husband, and the husband a desolate, isolated wanderer in a strange land. In many cases these husbands were unsuccessful, and often unable even to raise money enough to carry them to their poor, dependent families at home. Very many of both husbands and wives died without the longed-for meeting again. The mails, surcharged with death shocks, for years passed back and forth, from ocean to ocean, and ever and anon, suddenly and unexpectedly as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the lightning leaped from the train and struck the widow's heart, and hope departed. Still more dark and dreadful is the record of connubial infidelity which hopelessly sundered and desolated hundreds of once happy families.

In the midst of all these dangers the meeting of true and faithful husbands and wives after weary years of separation was an occasion of thrilling interest, and often furnished scenes which baffled the painter's skill. Such scenes occurred at our wharves on the arrival of each ocean steamer. A few incidents characterizing them are contained in the following extract; from my journal:

"Tuesday, February 3, 1852 -- I boarded the steamer Panama upon her arrival this afternoon to see if there were any missionaries aboard. Her trip had extended three days beyond her time, and much solicitude was felt for the safety of her precious freight of five hundred passengers.

"About four thousand persons crowded down Long Wharf to witness her arrival. Quite a company of anxious wives who had come to join their husbands stood on deck looking out to catch in the distance the joyful recognitions of those they loved. One simple-hearted, beautiful little woman, getting a glimpse of her husband in the crowd, clapped her hands and danced for very gladness. One man rushed on deck and threw his arms around his wife as though he would run right away with her, and then, with arms around each other, they walked abaft [abaft adv. and prep. Naut. -- adv. in the stern half of a ship. -- prep. nearer the stern than; aft of. -- Oxford Dict.] in the greatest glee, not seeming to be conscious that anybody was in sight of them. Nearly all that met embraced and kissed each other, some laughing and some weeping, amid the cheering of the multitude. A Mrs. Gardner, who had less of youthful fire than many, but I should say not less of genuine affection, was quietly seated on deck waiting the arrival of her husband. The old gentleman took off his hat when he got within a few feet of her, and with his venerable bald head bared approached her with an air of dignified affection which I cannot describe."

But a sad case I saw, and it was one of many of the same kind. A man hastened aboard with joyous heart to meet his wife, and was told that three days out from Panama she had suddenly sickened and died, and had found a grave in the deep blue sea. He was taken to her stateroom, and there were her things just as her own hands had left them.

On the Fourth of July, 1852, I preached a temperance sermon on the Plaza. I drew a parallel between the oppressions of our fathers and mothers under the administration of our mother country, and the more dreadful sufferings of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens under the despotism of King Alcohol and his long train of officers, thousands of whom were quartered in our midst and pampered at our expense. I drew a picture of the aggressive marches of the enemy and the horrible havoc he was making of American flesh and blood and property and tenderest ties and dearest hopes, and asked them what they would do if any foreign potentate or power should invade our territory and commit such outrages with the bayonet. Shades of Patrick Henry! Wouldn't Uncle Sam's boys rally and run to the rescue? "Come forward today like John Hancock and his invincible compatriots, and sign this 'Declaration of Independence.'" About forty persons came forward and signed the temperance pledge. While I was discoursing an old woman who kept a grogshop close by where I stood came out and cried, "Don't listen to him. He's an impostor. He's preaching for money -- telling lies."

"Dry up, old woman," replied some of the outsiders; "dry up! We know what's the matter with you. Your craft is in danger. He is taking away your customers. We know Father Taylor. He is a good man, and he's telling the truth." The woman immediately disappeared. Just as I closed my remarks a man tried to get the attention of the audience, and said, "This man is an impostor hallooing around here to get people's money." "Stop, stranger," said one; "what is your business here in the city?" "Why, sir," replied the fellow, after being closely pressed for an answer, "I am a gambler, and I did a first-rate business and made money here till these preachers came to the city. But this fellow is hallooing at the people here every Sunday, and has broken up my business. I can't get a decent living." "Good! good!" said one and another. "Hearken, friends," said I; "this gambler has paid me a high compliment. He says I have broken up his business." "Good! good!" responded the people. The gambler "vamoosed," and I have not laid eyes on him since.

In September, 1851, one Sabbath morning, on Pacific Street Wharf, I asked Captain L. for permission to preach from the deck of his steamer, but he respectfully declined granting the favor, saying, "There are some men at work aboard, and I am afraid it would interrupt them." Then I took a position close by, so that I could give the captain and his men "a portion in due season," and to the crowd as well. I happened to get for my pulpit on that occasion a barrel of whisky (I have preached probably a hundred times on the heads of liquor barrels), which stood on the wharf, and prefaced my discourse by saying, "Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit today, as you see, a barrel of whisky. I presume this is the first time this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The critter contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me say now to you all, to sailors and to landsmen, never let the critter get above your feet. Keep it under, and you have nothing to fear from it."

The congregation gave me that time a hundred and twenty dollars for our Bethel.

The Sabbath following I occupied as a pulpit, at the same place, a barrel of pork. I remarked, as I balanced myself on the head of the barrel: "I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whisky, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have ere this gone down the throats of some of our fellow-citizens. I have in its stead today, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh. But this is God's house while I here dispense his word, as really as the spot where Jacob slept and dreamed and saw the ladder that reached up to heaven. God was in that place, and God is here this morning. Jacob's God is looking at you now. O that the Spirit of his grace may this hour subdue your fleshly lusts while I deliver to you a message from him who sent me."

My text on this occasion was from Proverbs, third chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

"Many of you are just down from the mines. You have made your pile, and now you are on your way with hearts beating with hopeful emotion to see the friends you love. But if you should find a watery grave on your voyage, how you will need the religion of Christ! Above all things else be sure to seek and lay in a good supply of it before you embark. But we were going to ask you how you got your gold. Did you not have to seek for it, and dig deep and toil hard to get it?"

You were impelled, in your diligent search, by desire, and hope, and faith, and determination, and patience. So must you seek if you would obtain salvation. True, our works do not constitute a meritorious ground of our acceptance with God, but an indispensable condition, on which God, for Christ's sake, graciously imparts salvation to our sin-stricken hearts. The miner says, 'Happy is the man that findeth gold, and gets ready to go home to his friends.' We say, upon the authority of God, 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,' and gets ready to go to his home in heaven, to meet his friends who have gone before him. 'Happy is the man' that retains and develops his religion. Now, some of you, after having made your pile, have been decoyed into the gambler's hell, and have in one short hour lost the labor of years. So, many of you, who were once so happy as to find wisdom, having failed to draw out understanding, have been decoyed by the god of this world and robbed of your treasure.

"California is full of backsliders, and they are the most miserable men, and many of them the meanest men in this land. One old apostate said, 'God don't hold any man to answer for his conduct after he crosses the Missouri River.' And thousands have staked the interests of their souls on that lie. Another, who, it is said, was a preacher once, said, 'I knew I could not carry my religion through California; so when I left my home in Missouri I hung my religious cloak on my gatepost till I should return.' Thus, if he ever had any religion, he threw it away before he started for California. This is the worst class of backsliders. They backslide in principle, deliberately. The Lord have mercy upon them! Jesus is looking after you, my backslidden brother, as he looked after apostate Peter. He is very anxious to save you, and he will save you if you let him. Will you? Blessed be God, we have the men here in California who, in opposition to flame and flood and death, have 'drawn out understanding,' and they are happy. The merchandise, or exchange value and circulation of this article, namely, developed religion, understanding drawn out, is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold, even fine Yuba gold. By the gain of gold and the merchandise of silver you may make sunshine, friends; supply the wants of your mortal bodies, which will be dead and rotten in a few years; gratify your fleshly lusts, which will, when the sources of all gratification are cut off, as they will be when your tabernacle is taken down, like so many vultures, prey upon your deathless spirit forever. Your money, to be sure, may be applied to useful purposes. It will buy you a cabin ticket to New York; but it will not secure you even a steerage passage across death's dark flood. It will give you position among the honorables of the land; but it will not secure you the favor of God and good angels. It will build a church, if you please; but it will not buy your soul a place in heaven. A man who came to California in 1848, and made a fortune, laid him down, not long since, in Washington Street in this city, and died. He had plenty of silver and gold; but as he informed me, was destitute of religion. When dying, he said, "It is very hard. I have just got ready to live, and now I must die." What a miserably poor man he was! An old colored man from Baltimore city died recently in the City Hospital on Pacific Street, but a few blocks from this spot. He was a very homely man, and suffered intensely with the "king's evil," and I don't know how many other evils, and had not one red cent with which to bless himself; but he had wisdom and was happy. I saw him frequently, and every time he was happy. A short time before his death I administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after which he clapped his bony black hands and shouted the praise of God. Said he, "The Lord only knows how I have been pinched with poverty and what this poor body has suffered; but I am rich; I have an inheritance in heaven. Glory be to God! I shall soon be released from these sufferings and go to my home in heaven;" and then the good old darky sang, just as the colored people only can sing.

"I wish you could have seen how his big eyes glistened with rapturous delight as he sang of his home in heaven. Religion gave him a royal heirship in the kingdom of glory. The truth of our text he proved in life, confirming it by his triumphs in death, and is now realizing it in the fruition of a blessed immortality in heaven.

"Now, my friends, you see the prize, you have heard the price; if you like the terms, close today. Will you do it? Will you do it now? 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

In January, 1853, an article appeared in the "Alta California," a popular daily of the city, over the signature of "Merchant," against the Sabbath as a day of religious observance. He attempted to prove from the Hebrew Bible that nothing more was contemplated in the institution of the Sabbath than a day of recreation, feasting, and dancing. He announced that that was the first of a series of articles on the same subject. The Sabbath following, January 30, I had a large audience on Long Wharf, and took my text from "Merchant's" article in the newspaper, and preached on the origin and design of the Sabbath. The merchant, unhappily for himself, had chosen Nehemiah as his favorite author; so we sent Nehemiah after him to deal with him as he did with the "merchants and sellers of all kind of ware" which he expelled from the city of Jerusalem for doing as these Long Wharf merchants do here every Sunday. How successful I was in presenting the truth and in showing up the fallacy of "Merchant's" positions could perhaps be better decided by the congregation in attendance. But the rest of "Merchant's" series on the same subject never appeared. By the way, I had the pleasure of numbering our good Bishop Ames among my auditors on that occasion. Our street congregations usually stood up, but I honored our good bishop with a seat on a pile of wood which lay on the side of the wharf; and I will be pardoned for the liberty I take in saying that he looked as good-natured and maintained his dignity as creditably to himself on that pile of wood as I have ever seen a bishop in his chair in Conference.

On Sunday afternoon, June 26, 1853, I found a man in my Bible class who seemed to be in distress. I spoke to him and he said, in answer to my inquiries:

"I was educated in my youth for a Universalist preacher, but I could not believe the doctrine, and instead of preaching I went to sea. I believe in the doctrine of foreordination and reprobation. I have been in great distress of mind for fourteen years. My soul is all over diseased. I have had no peace except what I got by drinking. I drank rum to relieve my distress. I have been hoping that God would have pity on me and bring me in, but I fear he never will do it. I fear I am a reprobate, and that there is no hope for me."

"But, my brother," replied I, "God has declared, in the most solemn and unequivocal manner, 'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?' Again, it is a declaration of inspired truth that Jesus Christ, 'by the grace of God, hath tasted death for every man.' What for? Did he make a mock provision for such as were reprobated to eternal death?"

"Ah, but we are told," said he, "that though many are called, but few are chosen."

"Truly; but does God call the many, and proclaim to them the tidings of salvation deceitfully, to mock their fears and aggravate their bondage under chains of inexorable fate? Surely the righteous God is sincere in his offers of mercy to all sinners. Christ answers the question why so few are chosen of the many called: 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.' Now, my brother, God has been very desirous to save you for a long time; but you would not let him. He has been calling you for fourteen years, and you would not come. Instead of hearkening to the voice divine and obeying your Lord you ran off to a grogshop and got drunk. Do you ever pray to God for mercy?"

"What!" said he; "I pray! I pray! Why, it would be blasphemy for such a wretch as I am to pray. The prayers of the wicked are abomination to the Lord."

I replied, "Solomon says, 'The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination;' but it is nowhere said in the Bible that the prayers of a penitent sinner are abomination; but it is said, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' The poor publican, who felt as guilty as you do, and 'would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified,' pardoned in answer to a sinner's prayer."

"O, but," said he, "they were not nearly so bad as I am. The iniquities of my fathers for four generations seem to be visited upon me."

"O, you know," said I, "that the proverb, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge,' has passed away long ago, so far as answering for the sins of our fathers is concerned. Within the last fortnight more than half a dozen sinners equally as bad as you, some of them the worst men in the city, have, in this Bethel, called upon God and obtained mercy, and they are happy in his love today."

As soon as the Sunday School and Bible class closed he was taken into the shipkeeper's room, where, surrounded by some warm-hearted sailors, he cried to God, in the name of Jesus, and in an hour experienced redemption through the blood of the Lamb, even the forgiveness of his sins. He soon afterward went to sea. The Lord kept him steadfast.

On the 26th of May, 1853, I attended the funeral of W., of Pennsylvania, who had the previous night committed suicide by the use of laudanum [laudanum n. a solution containing morphine and prepared from opium, formerly used as a narcotic painkiller. -- Oxford Dict.]. He lay in a small, filthy shanty, attended by ten of his barroom companions. The undertaker had not arrived when I entered the shanty, but the friends, in their generous haste, proceeded at once to put down the lid of the coffin.

"Good-bye, Bill," said one, as he fitted the coffin lid, and then they went to work to set the screws. One used an old razor, another an old knife, two others employed themselves in pressing in the coffin and fitting the screws; a fifth went off in haste to borrow a screwdriver, that the work, as he said, "might be finished up decently."

In the meantime I proposed to them the following question: "How did this man come to his death?"

"Hard drink," said one. "I've known him here for three years. Hard drink was the thing, sir."

"No," said another, "Bill was one of the best boys in this city. He had his failing, and would drink, as we all do, but he was a first-rate fellow."

"It was a sore face," said a third, "which pained him so that he got disheartened and took laudanum."

"No," said the fourth, "it was a punishment. He could not help it." (He meant it was so decreed.)

"Well," said yet another, "I think it was his misfortune. He was driving a dray [drayman n. a brewer's driver. -- Oxford Dict.] in the city and had bad luck, and got discouraged and put an end to himself."

I then arose and sung:

"That awful day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test."

I then said: "It is a solemn thing to die. To die in our sins is dreadful, but for a man to rush, by the violence of his own hands, unbidden into the presence of a sin-avenging God is too terrible to be described. What could lead this man to such a dreadful end?" I then quoted their testimony on the subject, and continued: "If this man had been a praying, sober man, would he have had that sore face? If he had been 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' would he probably have had such hard luck? and, if so, would these two evils combined have led him to destroy himself? Now, the facts in the case are these: The sore face, the hard luck, the discouragement and depression of spirits were all the results of his drunkenness. And hard drink, as this man has truly said, was the sole cause of his death. Now, how did he become so hard a drinker? By tipping [tipple v. drink liquor repeatedly in small amounts.]. When he used to drink, as you all do, he did not dream of such an end. Thus the fatal habit grew on him. Do you not know that the chains of habit are stronger than chains of steel? You are every day forging chains which bind you down more and more tightly to an infamous destiny. Your only hope of a better end than the case of this poor man is to taste not, touch not, handle not the unclean thing. Begin now to pray, and cry to God in the name of Jesus for mercy to forgive the past and for grace to cure this ruinous habit and to preserve you in the future."

Two English seamen heard a sermon on Long Wharf in the autumn of 1853, on the healing of the woman who had been sick twelve years and found Jesus by touching the hem of his garment.

They became so distressed on account of their own wretched condition as sinners that they went to the Bethel that night and presented themselves as seekers of religion. Soon afterward they experienced the healing virtue of the blood of Jesus in their own hearts and became consistent, happy Christians.

One of them afterward, in relating his experience, said, "When I saw that poor old woman on Long Wharf press through the crowd and touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, I couldn't help but cry; and I thought, O, I wish I could go to him and touch his garment too, and be healed with the poor woman."

William B., a zealous young Christian in our Bethel, speaking of what a miserable time he had while in the service of the devil, gave an account of his voyage to California in 1848. Said he:

"I shipped in the brig C. F., Captain P., from Baltimore. After we got out to sea the captain flogged me regularly three times a day all the way out. On one occasion he said to me, 'B., I believe whipping don't hurt you much, and now I am going to punish you.' He took me and tied me over the hawser pipe at the bows, where I was drenched with sea water at every dip of the brig. I remained there in soak, without a bite to eat, for three days and nights. The captain also beat the cook till he jumped overboard, and then lowered a boat and beat him in the water, and took him up just in time to save his life. I was then a wild, drinking boy, nineteen years of age."

A sailor's life is a hard one at best, but poor B. seemed to have fared worse than usually falls to the lot of his kind. Flogging has been abolished in our navy, and is but seldom resorted to in our merchant ships at the present day.

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## 12 -- LAST YEARS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Sad Story of the Notorious S. -- "O, Captain, I Feel so Shamed." -- Incident of a Duelist's Funeral -- Embarrassment of a Minister in Preaching at the Death of a Criminal -- What I Said at the Burial of Woodlief -- Mrs. Greenough and her Case Against the City -- Logic of Mahan's Death -- The Trapholes of San Francisco -- Killing of Sterling A. H. by Judge T. -- Work of the Vigilantes -- How I Stood Aloof -- Sermon on the Story of Esther -- Application of it to Conditions in San Francisco -- The Political Haman -- Other Analogies Suitable for My Hearers -- Honor to Mordecai -- Let the Infant Church Do its Duty -- Death of Oceana and Willie -- Building of the Seamen's Bethel -- Our House is Burned -- My Accounts Investigated -- Appearance of My First Book -- Question of Repudiating a Debt -- My Conference Relations -- My Work at Yuba and Marysville -- Captain Webb and I Go Hunting -- I Preach to Him in the Mountains -- How Shall we Rebuke Our Hosts? -- "My Soul Mounted Higher." -- Embarking for Panama -- My Family -- "Mamma, I Don't Like Pears." -- Man Overboard -- A Shipwreck

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On Sunday, January 8, 1854, after preaching on the Plaza from the text, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, for he knoweth all things," a stranger spoke to me,



saying, "There is a man by the name of S., from B., lying at the point of death in that house, the third door from here" (pointing to the door). He also intimated to me something of S.'s notorious character as a wicked man, and said he, "S. did not send for you, but his parents were religious, and perhaps you may do him some good."

I went in and found him attended by four or five men, who appeared to receive me very kindly. He lay pale and ghastly, evidently very near the grave. I said to him, "Friend S., do you suffer much pain?"

"No," replied he, very abruptly.

I then turned away and exchanged a little conversation with his companions, and in about five minutes I approached him again, and, in the mildest and most hopeful manner I could, said, "Friend S., do you not feel as though you might rally and recover?" hoping to gain access to his heart.

He replied, "When I want anybody to talk to me, I'll send for him."

"I have called in," said I, "as a friend feeling the greatest sympathy for you, and am ready to do anything for your comfort in my power."

"I'd thank Mr. H.," said he, upbraiding the man whom he suspected of asking me in, "to attend to his own business." And then addressing me he continued, "Before you came in here I had some peace, but you have knocked me all into a kink, and if you will just go away I think I can die in peace."

He lived close to where I preached on the Plaza, and he had probably heard me preach a hundred times; and thus my presence, without the utterance of a word in regard to the condition of his soul, brought to his mind, doubtless, a thousand Gospel associations which seemed to throw him into unutterable tortures. His only peace depended on his banishing from his mind all thoughts of the past and future. Poor fellow! how sorry I felt for him! If the presence of a poor street preacher clogged with mortality knocked him all into a kink, to use his own language, how could he bear the presence of the holy angels and of the great multitude of the redeemed in glory were he admitted to heaven? How could he bear the presence of the awful God whom he had insulted and defied all his life? How preposterous the idea of any man's being received into the kingdom of glory without an education adapting him to heavenly enjoyments; a moral fitness for such a place. Heaven would be the most unbearable of all hells to such a man as poor S. He left the world all in a kink a few hours after I saw him, and eternal ages will not suffice to straighten him out.

During the progress of a protracted meeting in the Bethel in July, 1854, I said to a sailor who seemed to be concerned, as I thought, about his soul, "Come, sir, come along and kneel down at the altar." He, thinking that I was captain of the ship, and that my orders were not to be questioned, got right up and promptly obeyed the order.

After a while I went to him to give him a little instruction in regard to the work before him, when he said: "O captain, do let me get up; I feel so 'shamed; I have nearly fainted two or three

times. O, I am so 'shamed, I must go; I can't stay here. If you will let me go this time I'll come back to church again next Sunday. Do just let me off this time."

"Why, my dear sir," I replied, "if you get up and go out now, before all this congregation, they will look at you and will think you are backing down from what you have undertaken. You had better remain where you are, my friend, till the meeting is out."

"O, I am so 'shamed," he responded.

He remained on his knees till the congregation was dismissed, but I could not get him to pray much. He left and I saw him no more. Poor fellow, he would have a hard time of it if admitted into heaven in his sins and shame.

I remember receiving the following letter concerning a duelist's funeral:

San Francisco, November 9, 1854

"Rev. Mr. Taylor -- Dear Sir: Colonel Woodlief, a gentleman from Texas, with whom you probably had some acquaintance, was killed yesterday in a duel with Mr. Kewen. Previous to the duel in the morning he expressed a desire that, in case of his death, you should be requested to perform the appropriate ceremonies over his body. If you will be kind enough to do so, sir, you will confer a favor upon the many friends of Colonel Woodlief, and particularly upon his lady. The funeral will take place at two o'clock this afternoon, from the Tehama House.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,  
"Richard W. Allen."

Colonel Woodlief's untimely death was sincerely regretted by the large assembly of his friends who attended his funeral. It is not an easy task for a minister, in the presence of such an auditory and a weeping widow, to do justice to the cause of truth and the feelings of his hearers. I once heard a minister preach at the funeral of an alderman in San Francisco, and though the man was known to be a notorious drunkard, and it was believed he had killed himself by hard drinking, he was held up by the minister in the presence of the mayor, councilmen, and a vast assemblage of citizens as a paragon of moral excellence. The impression was conveyed that he had without doubt been admitted to glory because he was an honorable alderman of the city of San Francisco. My moral sensibilities were shocked. I would not unnecessarily hurt the feelings of bereaved friends. But thus to obliterate moral distinctions in character and indorse such men, without repentance, as suitable subjects for the kingdom of heaven, gives the lie to God's Holy Word and encourages sin. My fears for the effect of that sermon on the community were such that I was led, on the following Sabbath, to preach to a large audience on the Plaza from this text: "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment."

On the occasion of Colonel Woodlief's funeral I said: "My dear friends, you are doubtless all acquainted with the person and character of Colonel Woodlief and the melancholy circumstances of his death. He was, by birth, a fellow Virginian with myself, and was always, I believe, regarded by those who knew him as a highminded, honorable gentleman, and I

exceedingly regret that I cannot add a Christian. He was one of my regular hearers on the Plaza, and was often deeply affected by the word of truth. Some months ago, just after a sermon there one Sunday afternoon, I said to him, 'Colonel, allow me to introduce you to Captain McDonald.' Taking him by the hand, the colonel said, 'I know the captain very well; we fought side by side on the fields of Mexico.' 'Ah, indeed! and did you know,' I replied, 'that the captain has embraced religion since he came to California?' 'O, yes,' said he; 'I know that too. He told me all about it.' 'Well,' said I, 'do you see what a great change it has wrought in him?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it, I see it.' His eyes filled with tears and his utterances were choked by strong emotion. When he could speak he said, 'Don't talk to me on that subject; I cannot stand it.'

"That was a gracious moment for Colonel Woodlief. The Holy Spirit was touching the tender chords of his soul, and wooing him toward the cross of Jesus. O, how sorry I am today that he did not yield to its blessed influence and become a Christian! Religion would have made him a happy and useful man, and we would have been spared the mournful duty we are called upon to perform today. For, had he possessed the love of God in his heart, the probability is he would not have been challenged; and had he been, he would have acted under a higher code than that adopted by chivalrous, though erring, men. He would have exhibited a moral heroism, in standing for his duty to God, himself, his wife, and to society, that would have put to shame the moral coward that would engage him in mortal combat. O that he had obeyed the calls of God's Holy Spirit! Then, had he died in the order of Providence, we would stand around his corpse with very different feelings. We could then, indeed, mix a sweet solace into the bitter cup of the weeping widow. Beware, my friends, of grieving the Holy Spirit. Seek, while you may, God's pardoning mercy. Place yourself under his parental protection, as obedient children, that you may be saved from, or prepared for, the dangers and death incident to mortal life. Jesus Christ, your best friend, is waiting now at the door of your hearts for an answer. He is very desirous to save every one of you from your sins, and only asks your consent."

One afternoon I preached in the hall of the Sons of Temperance. A judgment had been rendered by one of our courts against the city, in favor of a Mrs. Rosa Greenough, for ten thousand dollars. An ordinance ordering the payment of the said ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Greenough had been passed. "What was the ground of her claim against the city fathers?" I asked. "She sued them for an indemnity for the loss of her husband, Robert Greenough, who fell through a hole in Bush Street, which caused his death. How did this hole happen to be in the street? By the neglect of the city authorities to keep the street in order. What were the man's eyes for but to look for the holes in the street? We have darkness as well as light, and when men walk in darkness they cannot see their danger. Why should the man be out in the dark? That question is not relevant to the point. He was out in the dark and returned to his waiting wife no more. He fell through the hole and perished. Had the city fathers done their duty the hole had not been there, and Robert had not died at their expense. They confessed judgment and paid the ten thousand dollars damages. Very good. If the man was worth that amount -- and that is a very low price for a good husband, though we can supply good ones in California at a cheaper rate -- Mrs. Greenough had a right to the money.

"Well, on the very night the appropriation was made a man by the name of Mahan got drunk and fell off Meigs' Wharf into the bay and was drowned. How did Mr. Mahan come to his death? He fell into a rum 'hole' and perished in consequence of his fall. How came the hole there? Through somebody's neglect? No; it was open on purpose to catch men. Ah! do we have such holes

in our streets? Yea, verily. Not in Bush Street alone, but in every street in the city, and on almost every corner of every street. Are not these holes much more dangerous to life and limb than such holes as caused the death of poor Greenough? I believe Robert Greenough is the first man "I remember to have heard of who lost his life in that way in this city. Who can tell how many hundreds of men, strong men, fathers of dependent families at home, and sons of affectionate mothers far away, have fallen into these rum holes and perished without hope? Their name is legion. You have all seen the enormity of this evil in our midst. Does not a tremendous responsibility attach somewhere? Are not heavy damages due from some source? What is to pay? Ask the wife of H. S., whose husband was picked up in one of these holes one dreadful stormy night, and was put by a policeman into a bunk in the station house, not fifty yards from this spot, where he could be sheltered from the storm, all alone, at the midnight hour; from the effects of his fall in these holes he died. He is gone forever. Who is to pay for all this? Do the city authorities, whose business it is to remove nuisances, stop dangerous holes in the streets, and protect the lives and property of their people, know that there are such dangerous holes in the city? Know it? How can they help but know it? These holes are open, and kept open by their permission and authority. Their children are falling through these trapdoors of hell into the burning pool every day, and yet the fathers keep them open every day and Sunday from the first day of January to the last day of December."

On Sunday afternoon, the 22d of June, 1856, at the corner of Sacramento and Liedsdorf Streets, San Francisco, I announced as my text to a very large audience, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

The day before, Saturday, the 21st of June, was a day of great excitement in the city. Judge T., one of the Supreme Court judges of the State of California, stabbed Sterling A. H. The great bell of the Vigilance Committee struck three times, and in a moment the whole city was in a commotion. All business was suspended, stores were closed, dray horses were stripped of their gear, leaving the loaded drays in the streets, to join the cavalcade. In half an hour nearly the whole force of the Vigilance Committee, numbering six thousand men, were under arms. Long columns of muskets, bayonets, and sabers gleamed in the sunlight, but all in solemn silence. No drum, no shouting, naught but the stern command of the officers. The only distinguishing badge of this army was a small piece of white ribbon or cloth, tied in a buttonhole of their coats, or vests, if they had no coat on. One fellow, as he ran to get his musket, not having his badge, turned a corner, tore a strip off his shirt, tied it into the lapel of his coat, and on he went.

Judge T. had taken refuge in the armory of the California Blues, the headquarters of what was called the "Law and Order Party." The armory was immediately surrounded by detachments of the Vigilance army, who demanded the prisoners and all the firearms and munitions of war contained in the building. The doors were opened by the surrendering party, and the Vigilantes took possession. On the bulletin board inside were seen posted notices for a grand parade of the law and order forces, to be on Sunday, the 22d, at 10 o'clock a.m., and a review of the army by General V. E. H. Judge T. and some other prisoners were placed in two closed carriages; the grand cortege formed around them and marched in solemn procession to Fort Vigilance, on Sacramento Street. The front rank consisted of a large body of infantry, next in order the carriages containing the prisoners, next several dray loads of muskets and cartridge boxes, the trophies of war, followed by a large guard of infantry. The cavalry brought up the rear. After conveying the

prisoners to the fort detachments were ordered out to take possession of all of the armories and arms of the opposing party. There were three more besides the one they had just taken. The whole was accomplished, and about ninety prisoners marched in irons to prison, without collision or bloodshed. Most of the prisoners were discharged next morning from custody. In a few hours the surface of society was calm, business was resumed, and gentlemen, ladies, and children were seen promenading the streets.

A mass meeting of about ten thousand citizens, held a few days before, indorsed the position and operations of the Vigilance Committee; and it was confidently asserted by a majority of the public journals of the city that nine tenths of the inhabitants of the city and of the State approved the action of the committee, in view of the wrongs this community had so long suffered, and felt great security of life and property under their administration. I always, so far as I knew the right, declared my approval of the right and condemnation of the wrong; but I belonged to no party and took no active part on any exciting party question extraneous to the one appropriate cry of my calling, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

The foregoing is a hasty review of the surroundings of the preaching occasion to which I have invited attention. The story of Esther is familiar to all Bible readers. I will therefore simply note a few points in the application of the discourse in question. I made Mordecai "the personification of that stern religious principle which constitutes the integrity and stability of the Church in all ages. He worshipped God, and God only; he recognized the authority of the higher law, and he never hesitated between the alternatives of obeying God or man. And yet he sat at the gate, comparatively unknown, poor, and despised. Esther was our representative of active virtue, implying spiritual understanding, submission to the will of God, unwavering faith in Jesus Christ, and all the manifest graces and fruits consequent upon the exercise of it. She is very nearly related to Mordecai. Bigthan and Teresh were representatives of a large class of murderers, gamblers, and ballot-box' stuffers. They aspired to be princes in the city of Shushan. They had constituted the aristocracy of the city of San Francisco, moving in courtly pomp, and everybody knew them to be non-producing, worthless men in society; but it was not suspected that they would put on the livery of the law, subvert the reign of justice, clandestinely trample under foot the elective franchise and other sacred rights of American freemen. Bigthan and company despised Mordecai, and would take no notice of him; but Mordecai is always a loyal subject and a true friend of good government, and watches with ceaseless vigilance the insidious movements of the Bigthan fraternity. He thus detected their secret plots, and through the influence of Esther, his kinswoman, brought them to justice.

"The avowed object of the Vigilance Committee is to clear this city of the whole clan of Bigthans and Tereshes. Mordecai has been marking their movements for years, and has testified against them. Esther has a voice in the councils of the committee. Like an angel of mercy she hovers over the executive in their deliberations. They have received wise counsel from her lips. But should they succeed in exterminating or banishing all the Bigthans of the land, still Haman remains. We have to look out for him, for he has great wealth and influence; and, though he will not now oppose the counsels of Esther, he is a most dangerous man. Haman is an infidel; he repudiates the word and authority of God. He is a tyrant; he has no regard for the claims of suffering humanity. He is an enemy of all righteousness, because not consonant with his lascivious passions and plans. He is a political demagogue, who would sacrifice a whole nation of Mordecais on the altar of his

ambitious pride, and would pay one million one hundred and nineteen thousand pounds sterling for the accomplishment of his ambitious and malicious purposes.

"I heard a man yesterday say that he had expended ten thousand dollars to be elected sheriff, and was disappointed after all. Haman is the fellow, sitting in the councils of the Vigilance Committee, side by side with Esther the queen, that will give us trouble yet. He is a most wily politician. Mordecai will have to sit at the gate in California for several years to come before we shall be able to dispose of this dangerous foe. He seems very kind and pliable now; but as he acquires influence he will the more despise Mordecai, 'and plot against the just, and gnash upon him with his teeth.' But let Mordecai maintain his fidelity to God and do his duty in California; let Esther maintain her purity of heart and her activity in Christian enterprise; and let all the people of Mordecai and Esther fast and pray, and God will make the counsel of Haman like that of Ahithophel. He will lift up the head of his servant Mordecai. Don't be discouraged, my good fellow. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.' And God shall bring it to pass so unexpectedly and so opportunely that you will exclaim with David the king, 'When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.' Just as they were about to devour me they stumbled and fell, and I escaped. See the displays of God's wise providence in Shushan the palace.

"Haman and his party exulted in his promotion as the guest, with King Ahasuerus, at the queen's banquet, and regarded that as an unmistakable indication of the final success of all his ambitious schemes. But there's that stubborn Mordecai at the gate; he cannot longer be tolerated. Mrs. Haman, true to the class of Jezebels and Herodias to which she belongs, the very antipodes of Esther, suggested the happy expedient, 'Let a gallows be built seventy-five feet high, and go early tomorrow morning and obtain from the king a death warrant for Mordecai, and hang him' (or impale him, rather), 'and then thou canst enjoy the banquet of the queen.' Strange as it may seem, the king could not sleep that night, and said to his scribe, 'Bring hither the book of records of the chronicles, and read before me.' The chronicles of Eastern kings were written by the best poets in measured verse, so that the reading of them was very entertaining; much more so, we should think, in view of their historic worth, than the novels of modern days. Providentially the scribe read where it was written that 'Mordecai had told of Bigthan and Teresh,' and was thus the means of saving the king's life, and the king said, 'Stop, sir; what honor and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?' 'Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, There is nothing done for him.' And the king said, 'Sentinel, who is in the court?' 'Behold, Haman standeth in the court,' was the reply. 'Tell him to come in,' said the king. 'So Haman came in. And the king said unto him, What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?' 'Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself? I alone was his guest yesterday.' 'And Haman answered the king, For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head: and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor. Then the king said to Haman, Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so' ('Yes,' thought Haman, 'put it on myself; of course I am the man. This head of mine shall bear the crown

royal at last.') -- 'and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate.' 'My lord, O king, -- live forever! Thy servant --' 'Not a word, sir; go,' said the king, 'and let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken.'

"Did you ever in all your lives see a man so crestfallen? Judge T. did not feel worse yesterday when arrested by the Vigilance Committee. So here comes Haman, with the royal apparel and the crown, leading the king's horse to the gate. There sits Mordecai" (pointing to Captain E., who has proved himself a worthy representative of Mordecai for six years in California), "stern in his integrity, but how greatly astonished when his old enemy said, 'Mordecai, stand up, sir, and allow me to put upon you these royal robes and this crown. Mount the king's horse, sir.' And down the street they went, Haman leading the king's charger, and with choked and broken utterances, proclaiming, 'Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor.' The fate of the Haman family is sealed; the redemption of Mordecai and his people secured.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.'

"Only let Mordecai and Esther do their duty in California; let the infant Church of Jesus in this wicked land 'stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein,' obeying God rather than man, though now sitting at the gate in rags, and the time will come when Mordecai's God will say to her, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' She shall then come up out of the wilderness, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'"

During seven years -- from September, 1849, to October, 1856 -- my regular street preaching, fifty-two Sabbaths per year, was kept up without a break wherever I chanced to be, but almost wholly in San Francisco, where I served in a pastorate of two years in First Methodist Episcopal Church, and five years in the seaman's work of that port. Though troubled with dyspepsia, I was not at any time laid up on account of illness. I had the bereavement of losing our dear Oceana, born off Cape Horn in 1849, who went away with the angels at the age of fourteen months. She was as beautiful a girl as I ever saw, the very image of her mother. Later we had to give up our precious Willie at our Father's call. But the great tribulation of my life was occasioned by the wreck and ruin of our Seaman's Bethel enterprise. By the liberality of my friends in San Francisco we built and paid for a commodious bethel for seamen, sojourners, and citizens, which became the spiritual birthplace of many souls; but the great want of the port to provide protection for seamen against the shoals of sharks which lay in wait for them was a capacious home for sailors. I bought a lot on the water front of the city at an early period with my own money, which so appreciated in value that I refused for it an offer of twenty thousand dollars, and made a gift of it as a site for our seaman's home. Having no money with which to put up the buildings required for such an enterprise, we were led to entertain a proposal of a responsible man to the effect that if we would build on said lot a house according to plans which he submitted, he would rent it from us to be used by him for a temperance hotel till we could pay for it by the rent he would pay us, at the rate of one thousand dollars per month, and then turn it over for the sole purpose of a home for seamen. The current rate of interest on money in California in those days was three per cent per month, payable monthly in advance, but the rents being proportionately high the success of the

venture was worked out by figures to a demonstration. The house was built, the hotel was opened, but soon the gathering financial storm of 1855-56 became a cyclone that swept the Pacific first, and, gathering impetus by the force of its own movement, tore its way through the United States and shook the nations of Europe to their foundations.

In the midst of this great panic a fire broke out on the city front and reduced our new building and all its contents to ashes. Rents stopped; interest on money went on. Values depreciated from two to five hundred per cent. Those who held mortgages took the property at its depreciated rate, and those who had no mortgages took my word for it, though all was lost as by a storm at sea when a captain's ship sinks from under his feet into the ocean, and, bereft of all but life, he is happy even with that to reach the shore.

At the session of the California Conference, at San Jose, in 1856, my accounts were carefully investigated by my Conference, and I was acquitted of all blame, and resolutions of confidence and sympathy on my behalf were unanimously passed. That was well enough in its way, but would not pay my bills in the bank.

Meantime I wrote my first book, entitled *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, and got as I believe an intimation from the Lord that I should return to the Atlantic States, labor as an evangelist, print and circulate my book, and raise and refund the money sunk in our lost cause. The Bethel itself, built by the gift of our people, was saved, and used as a Bethel for years, then sold by order of our Church authorities, and the money used to build Bush Street Methodist Episcopal Church, which lives and grows and exhibits a large new church edifice.

Many of my friends advised me to repudiate the whole thing, as I was not responsible for the disasters that had befallen our cause any more than a captain whose ship goes down in a storm at sea; but I did not entertain that suggestion for a moment, feeling that the honor of God and his cause was involved; but I settled two principles of procedure: first, that I would not ask or receive gifts of money for my lost cause, but depend solely, entirely on the profit of my book sales, and, second, that in every case I would do my best by preaching and altar service for seekers of salvation before I would mention books or my need of funds; and I stuck to those principles to the end of the chapter. My Conference asked the bishop presiding, Bishop Scott, to give me leave of absence, as they could not help me, that I might have a chance to help myself; which the bishop did as an exceptional case, but requested me to supply at Marysville and Yuba City for a few weeks till the arrival of the Rev. J. A. Bruner, then on his way from the Eastern States.

I and my family became the guests of Captain and Mrs. Webb, residents of Yuba City, and were most hospitably entertained. I filled all the regular appointments of the station, and preached to the masses in the public streets besides. My outdoor preaching was in front of the largest hotel in the city of Marysville. I first asked and received permission of the proprietor. Soon after, when I had sung up a crowd there the first time, the barkeeper rushed out and fiercely ordered me to clear out.

"Suppose I decline to go, what then?"

"I'll soon show you if you don't get away from there in quick time."



"I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with you, sir. I know Mr. Murray, the proprietor of this hotel, and have his permission to preach right here; so you will have to settle the question with Mr. Murray."

The people laughed him to scorn, and he soon disappeared from sight.

Near the close of my engagement for service at Marysville, Captain Webb and I planned a deer hunt in the Coast Range mountains. I was greatly overworked, and Mrs. Webb and her two little children needed an outing. So we set off on a journey of ninety miles across the wild plains of the Upper Sacramento Valley and over the near mountain ranges. Captain and Mrs. Webb and their two little children were in a covered two-horse spring wagon, while I rode on horseback and led a second. We encamped by a small mountain stream of water between the mountain ranges east and west, on Friday evening. On Saturday the captain killed a fawn, which gave us a supply of fresh venison. The Sabbath dawned brightly upon us, but I hardly knew what to do with myself, so I proposed to preach to the captain and his wife, and they cheerfully concurred. I felt at once that I had assumed a delicate and difficult task. I had no acquaintance with them till I went by invitation to sojourn at their house just a few weeks before.

I learned from others who knew them that, though liberal supporters of our Church, they were not members, though they had been members and truly loyal ones in early life, but had removed from Virginia to Missouri, and thence across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to California, and had lost their standing in the Church and their peace with God; so to speak plainly to them and avoid objectionable personality was a difficult thing indeed, but I trusted the good Spirit of the Lord to help me.

So I gave out my hymn in the regular order of worship; we sang, and I read the lessons. Then I announced as my text, "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God."

I said: "I am in the habit of adapting my subject and the treatment of it to my audience, and wish to give this text a personal application to my hearers. I learn that the captain allied himself with God in his early life and was blessedly saved and gave promise of usefulness. He ran well for a season, but, moving from one region of the country to another, he became so absorbed by new scenes and associations that he lost his hold on God. Had he remained unswervingly true to God and kept up vital union with Jesus, the true Vine, long ago he would have become a teacher in the Gospel ministry, and would ere this have gathered a harvest of precious souls into the granary of the Lord.

"Sister Webb, I learn, was also saved in early life, and, led by the Holy Spirit, might, by her quiet, winning way, have won many souls for Christ; but she, alas! has gone astray, like her husband, so that now 'when ye ought' to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again the first principles of the oracles of God' -- need to turn back and begin with the alphabet, the ABCs of the religion of Christ. Worse still, ye have to unlearn a great many bad things that ye have learned in Satan's school.

"The captain, for example, speaks unadvisedly sometimes to his children. I heard him shout at that little boy the other day, 'Willie, if you don't come away from there I'll knock your head off.' What sort of talk is that to a sweet little boy? I know that little boy, and I know that he has brains in his head and logic in his brains, and will draw one of two conclusions from those premises -- either, first, that he is an awful brute of a man to knock his dear little boy's head off, or, second, that he does not mean what he says, and is, therefore, not truthful. I want so to walk and so to talk in my daily intercourse with my children that they will respect my memory when I am dead.

"Moreover, the captain is in the habit of swearing sometimes. I don't mean to say that he is guilty of the vulgar profane oaths which foul the air along our streets. There are a variety of oaths of different shades of turpitude. Some swear by God, some by heaven, some by Pharaoh, some by the devil, some by Jupiter, some by George, and some by Jemeny. The captain swears by Jemeny. But Jesus says in regard to all such oaths; 'Swear not at all.' Sister Webb is quiet and amiable; I have not seen or heard of an objectionable word or deed that I can call in question; but the safe course for either of you is to come back to the first principles, and in penitential grief surrender your all to God and receive Jesus as a present almighty Saviour, and trust in him to save now." We concluded the service in the regular way, by singing, prayer, and the benediction. As soon as the congregation was dismissed the captain grasped my hand heartily and said, "Dear sir, I thank you for your candor and kindness."

He then named a number of our good ministers, saying, "They have been welcome guests at my house for years, and must have seen my faultiness the same as you have, but never did me the kindness of calling my attention to my naughty sayings. You will never catch me again."

I soon perceived that the awakening Spirit had directed the arrows of truth, and that the captain was under deep conviction of sin. His whole nervous system became so shaken that though a famous old hunter he could not hit a deer broadside sixty yards distant. I saw him try. He afterward tried to put a bullet into a large tree on short range and could not do it. After two days we planned to leave the good sister and the children and two of our horses in camp, while I and the captain would go ten or fifteen miles westward to high Coast Range mountains, and sleep, and get the advantage of an early morning hunt on better ground. We kindled our camp fire on the top of a high mountain, from which a sweep of vision in the clear atmosphere took in a panoramic view of the inland valleys to the east and the broad Pacific, and I waked up in the night and saw the moon peeping over the horizon far in the distance below, and quoted Charles Wesley's words, "My soul mounted higher in a chariot of fire, and the moon, it was under my feet."

On the second Sabbath of our sojourn in the Coast Range mountains of California I preached again to Captain Webb and his good wife in the spirit of tenderest Christian sympathy and love. Monday ensuing was our set time to start homeward, but the captain said that he could not get the consent of his own mind to return to his home and his business associations till he should recover his lost standing in the knowledge of God.

The time was at hand when I had arranged to take steamer with my family for New York. So I bade captain and wife and little boys good-bye, and left them in the mountains. I brought back the two horses I took out, and two pairs of the venison hams I had taken, one pair as a present to my friend Captain Haven, of San Francisco, who generously presented me with tickets for self,

wife, and children by Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line from San Francisco to New York. He was one of the few business men who did not go overboard under the financial cyclone that had just swept the country. I think he was not a member of any Church, but a noble-hearted gentleman; I still love his memory.

Early in the month of October, 1856, we embarked in the Golden Gate, bound to Panama. We then had three living children, Morgan Stuart, Charles Reid, and Osman Baker, the eldest about nine -- Oceana and Willie had gone to heaven, the first about fourteen months and Willie about one year old.

Passing out through the Golden Gate, we encountered heavy seas, and the whole crowd of passengers, without any visible exceptions, became seasick. Poor little Charlie had a feast of pears that day, and between his heaving paroxysms he cried out, "Mamma, I don't like pears. I don't want any more pears." On each Sabbath, by invitation of people and captain, I preached to the crowd on deck. All were orderly and attentive. Poor fellows! I presume they are nearly all dead. I am comforted by the fact that, for more than fifty years of my Gospel ministry, on every occasion I stood near the straight gate that opens into the kingdom of God, and tried by the help of the Holy Spirit to show poor sinners the way in. A gatekeeper doesn't aim to get off fine speeches, but keeps repeating, "This is the way, gentlemen and ladies. Walk in."

On the voyage to Panama one dear fellow from Baltimore, who had lost his property in the great panic, and lost his mental equilibrium on account of it, jumped overboard. The cry of "Man overboard" brought the ship to a standstill. A lifeboat was lowered and its crew of brave boys pulled back in search of the drowning Baltimorean. After half an hour of suspense the lost was found and rescued, and by the care of his friends got back to his home and recovered his mental equilibrium.

Coming up Panama Bay through a shoal of porpoises, a passenger shot one of them. It bled profusely, and at sight of the blood the whole herd of its kind pursued it to its death. It often leaped high above the surface of the water in its vain attempt to save itself from its friends and relatives. We had all seen attempts of that sort during the great financial panic in California!

Our little boys had never seen a railroad, and, getting into a car at Panama and moving off to Aspinwall, Charlie shouted in surprise, "Pa, where are the horses?" Coming to a curve bringing the engine into full view, I said, "Charlie, look. See the big horse that pulls the wagon. See how he snorts."

Gazing in astonishment, he said, "Where did they get him?"

At Aspinwall we took passage for New York on the steamship George Law. She took us through all right, but a few months afterward, loaded with homeward bound Californians, she foundered in a storm and went down in the depths in the dead of the night. Before morning dawn a sail ship hailed them, and in the true spirit of American gallantry all the women and children were lowered into the lifeboats and taken aboard the sailor, with a request from the captain of the steamer to stand by till morning. Not a woman or child was lost, not a man saved, but a few were picked up from the open sea next morning.

A lucky miner who had made his pile offered ten thousand dollars for a passage in the boat which had conveyed the women and children to the sail ship, and the officer of the deck shouted in response, "Jump overboard." His life was in that jump, but he said, "Wait till I run below and get my gold dust;" but before he could return to the deck the boat was far out on the stormy sea, and soon after the steamer sank and the vast crowd of rich and poor went down together.

Many of them were my personal friends, one a leading member of my church in San Francisco. He had written his wife in Boston, whom he had not seen for years, to meet him in New York on the day set for the arrival of his steamer. She waited long, but in vain. Later she met one of the survivors of the ship, who said, "I saw your husband after the ship had disappeared, and he called me by name and said, 'I am pulling through. In half an hour I shall be in heaven. Say good-bye to my wife.'"

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### PART III -- IN THE OLD STATES AND CANADA

#### 13 -- PREACHING IN EASTERN CITIES

Publishing My Book, "Seven Years' Street Preaching" -- Annual Meeting of Missionary Committee -- Question of Getting the Chinese Converted -- Special Services in Seventeenth Street -- A Sinful Heart under a Uniform -- Renewing Acquaintance with Phoebe and Dr. Palmer -- Death of Our Little Osman -- In the New York and Brooklyn Churches -- Rolling the Stone from Mamaroneck -- A Drunkard Sets up a Family Altar -- Camp Meeting Tour of 1857 -- A Layman's Experience -- Medicine and Religion -- Visit and Work in Baltimore -- Ben Brook and his Fashionable Church -- Contest with the Officiary -- My Program for a Revival -- Ben Brook's Preaching -- Uninspired Prophets -- Increase and Success of the Work -- Case of Mrs. M. -- Interview with Dr. Buckley -- A Skeptic Explains the Immutability of Law -- A Pointed Question -- No Resource Except the Bible and Redemption from Sin -- What the Caviler Said -- He is Overcome with God's Truth -- Three Months in Philadelphia -- Preaching in Eleventh Street Market -- The City Objects -- First Visit to New England -- Preaching for Father Taylor -- Brother Hawley Relates his Experience -- He Tells the Story of a Christian Woman Perishing at Sea -- Acquaintance with Dr. Haven -- Visit to My Parents in Virginia -- We are Shut Up with Smallpox -- Teaching Charlie How to Pray -- His Conversion -- Writing "My California Life Illustrated" -- My Labors in Hanson Place Church -- Visit to Richmond

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On our arrival in New York, it being my first visit to that city, I went without money to the Methodist Book Concern to get my first book, Seven Years' Street Preaching, put into marketable shape. Dr. Abel Stevens was Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and Dr. Strickland assistant. I knew nothing about proof reading, or putting through the press, so I applied to Dr. Stevens to edit my book. He said his time was so fully occupied that he could not possibly undertake it, but that Dr. Strickland, who had edited Peter Cartwright's autobiography, was just the man for me; so I employed him. He read my proof sheets, and made a few brief alterations, which

he said did not alter the sense, but improved the style. I replied that I always appeared in public with my own clothes on, and that it was my style, and not his, which I wished my book to represent; so I corrected the doctor's corrections, and clothed all my facts in my own home-spun attire. I did not criticize the doctor's charge of two hundred dollars, but paid it.

The Annual Meeting of the Missionary Committee was opened in New York a few days after my arrival. One of the principal preachers announced for the Sabbath of the meeting was absent, and I was appointed to take his place both in morning and night, and the Lord gave me words of wisdom for the occasion. The burden of China lay heavily on the hearts of the committee at that time. About ten years had been spent there by our missionaries in leveling down mountains and hills, and filling up valleys, and preparing "the way of the Lord," but "the glory of the Lord" had not been revealed up to that time in the salvation of a single Chinaman. The committee did not show the least hesitancy in going on with the work, but I think Dr. Nathan Bangs expressed the general feeling of the committee when he vehemently exclaimed, "O, if we could get one Chinaman soundly converted to God, it would inspire the whole Church with hope and zeal for this work." Well, they held on firmly, and during the ten years next ensuing their China missionaries reported more than a thousand Chinamen converted to God; and in latter years "the glory of the Lord" is being revealed through all parts of the Chinese empire.

My friends Ross and Falconer had a leading agency in building and running Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and were members of it, so for a commencement I gave their church a week of special services, resulting in the quickening of Christian workers and the conversion of a few sinners. One night at the close of a meeting a man said to me, "I want to speak to you."

I said, "All right, I am at your service."

"Well," said he, "I am a wicked policeman, right off the streets of New York. I am not in the habit of going to meeting, but I have read the New Testament, and your preaching has made me feel very bad, and I want to know whether the characteristics of Jesus Christ as described in the New Testament are divine or an extraordinary manifestation of human traits and tricks?"

I explained the fact to him that, while he did manifest a genuine human nature, most of his words and works cannot be explained on any other theory than that plainly taught in the New Testament, that he was God as well as man; if divine, immutable; hence the same today as when manifest in the flesh; hence as really the Saviour of sinners today as when he said to the paralytic in the house of Simon Peter, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee;" hence as accessible now as when manifest to human vision in the flesh -- "Though we see him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Next night he was the first to come forward as a seeker of the Saviour, and received the invisible Christ, and was saved, and testified distinctly to the fact that Jesus was to him a divine Saviour.

At that early period of my work in New York I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, to whom I was first introduced at Baltimore camp meeting on "Low's Ground" in

1848. On my arrival in New York in 1856 I soon became identified with the Tuesday holiness meeting, which was initiated by Mrs. Sarah Lankford, Phoebe's sister but Dr. Palmer and his wife were more widely known as its leaders. It has been regularly kept up for more than half a century, and eternity alone can reveal the extent of the work wrought in the hearts of countless thousands by the Holy Sanctifier at those meetings.

Soon after our arrival in New York in 1856 we were struck by our third family bereavement. We had buried in California our dear ocean-born girl, and our dear bright-eyed Willie, and now our little Osman, of two summers, was taken away from us by a Father's hand. Our hearts and eyes gave forth their fountains of grief; yet we did not murmur, but rejoiced that our dear babes had gone to their home in heaven.

My book had not yet come from the press, and I charged nothing for my evangelistic services, so that I had not money sufficient to buy a coffin for my boy; however, I did not have to beg or borrow or wait long in suspense. Brother John Falconer provided a coffin, and Brother D. L. Ross allowed us to lay our baby boy to sleep in his own burial ground in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where he had but a short time before buried one of his own beautiful boys, killed by a fall down a high stairway of a New York hotel.

During the winter of 1857 I preached in many New York and Brooklyn churches. I held a series of services in Hanson Place Church in Brooklyn, during which over two hundred new converts were added to it in the first month of its existence as an organized church. John French, Samuel Booth, and one or two others were the founders, and Rev. Professor Law had, shortly before my visit, been appointed its pastor. It was thus born in an old-fashioned revival, and has been a living revival church ever since; not the result of accretion [accretion = growth by organic enlargement. -- Oxford Dict.], but of new creation. A little later I helped to "roll away the stone" and witnessed the resurrection of the Methodist Episcopal church at Mamaroneck. Among the hard cases we had was a wealthy Mr. B. He came to our fellowship meeting and, seeing it was a free thing, told his experience. Said he, "I am a miserable drunkard. I have told my wife about these meetings, and she sent me to her dominie [schoolmaster]. I called to see him and told him my sad story. I said I had come to see if he could do anything for me. He said he had been disappointed in me and had lost all confidence. I reported my failure to my wife, and she said, 'Well, go down to the Methodists.' So I came down tonight, and I want to know whether you can do anything for me.

Half a dozen responded at once, "O, yes, Brother B., we can get you saved."

So they prayed for him and appointed a man to guard him past the rum shops and see him safely home. He attended the meetings regularly, and on the ensuing Thursday night found salvation. He said to his wife, "Now, my dear, for my sake and for yours and our children's we must set up our family altar."

So she brought him a prayer book, and he turned over the leaves and said, "Wife, I can't find a single prayer in this book that suits my case!"

So he knelt down and prayed a prayer of his own.

In the spring of 1857 I attended a session of the old Baltimore Conference, of which I had been a member. I was most cordially received and invited to address the Conference, and gave that venerable body an account of my feats and defeats in California.

At the close of this series I took my dear Anne and our two surviving children, Morgan Stuart and Charles Reid, to my old home to visit father, mother, brothers, and sisters. We had not seen them for eight years. When I bade them adieu to go to California I never expected to see them again. I spent a few days with these loved ones, and left my family with them during the ensuing summer, while I made the tour of the camp meetings of New Jersey, Delaware, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

From Titusville camp I went home with the Rev. George Hughes, then stationed in Trenton, and preached for him Sunday morning and evening, and that day heard the sad news of the mutiny and great war in India, jeopardizing the lives of our missionaries there. At my next New Jersey camp I heard a leading layman relate this experience:

"I was not brought up in Methodist lines, but about twenty years ago I attended some of their revival meetings and became deeply convicted of sin. I cried day and night for mercy, till one day I got my sins forgiven, and shouted glory to God. My parents thought something dreadful had come upon me, and that I should certainly die, so they sent a man ten miles for Dr. Henry to come in haste; meantime they locked me up in a room of their house, and I passed the time of my confinement in praising God for the peace and joy that filled and thrilled my soul. In due time Dr. Henry came. He felt my pulse and looked at my tongue, and said, 'William, I must shave your head, and apply a plaster to it.' I said, 'Doctor, the trouble was not in my head, but in my heart; but the Lord Jesus undertook my case. He took away my sins and gave me a new heart; so now I am all right, and do not need any other medical treatment.' He replied, 'William, you are my patient, and you must submit to my treatment.'

"So I submitted in Christian meekness, and he shaved my head and blistered it and tortured me for three days. Then a Methodist who had heard of my case came with the doctor and asked me, in the doctor's presence, how I felt. I said, 'Under the treatment of the doctor here I have got a very sore head, but under the treatment of the great Physician my heart has been healed, and I am very happy.' Then my friend said, 'Doctor, you have entirely misapprehended this case. Nothing in the world ails this young man except that he has got his sins forgiven. This is the Methodist religion that he has got.'"

The doctor gave up the case. Methodist religion has spread so widely since, and so diffused itself into all the older Churches of America, that medical doctors are not required to diagnose or treat those who are afflicted by it.

In the spring of 1857 I conducted a blessed series of meetings in Monument Street Church, Baltimore, from which I was sent to California.

I held services in 1857 also at Eutaw and Charles Street churches. The latter was noted as being the only pewed church in Methodism south of Mason and Dixon's line. Rev. Ben Brook was preacher in charge. The church was composed largely of rich merchants and bankers, who had

combined and built up a church suited to their standing and taste. It was usually designated by outsiders as the seat of Methodist aristocracy and pride. Twelve years had elapsed since their organization as a church, during which period they never had what was considered there as a revival. On this occasion of my visit to Baltimore Rev. Ben Brook, the pastor, begged me to assist him in a series of revival services. I replied, "I cannot help you without the concurrence of the leading members of your church."

"Well," said he, "I will announce for you to preach in our church next Thursday night; they will come out to, hear you, and after preaching I will consult them."

I went on Thursday night, according to appointment, and found a good congregation assembled. After preaching he introduced the subject of a series of special services. About half a dozen of his official members promptly responded one by one, and all concurred in the statement that such a thing was utterly impracticable at that season of the year. They said in effect, "Most of us are merchants. The month of April is passing away. We are in the midst of our spring trade, and cannot leave our counting houses before midnight six nights in the week. We have never been able to succeed in a revival here at a suitable season of the year, and to attempt such a thing at this most unsuitable season is out of the question." One of the trustees said, "It is a settled thing I cannot be here, and I cannot consent to the opening of the church in my absence."

Rev. Ben Brook sat quietly until they were through, and then arose, trembling with emotion, and gave them a detail of their history for the past twelve years, and their fruitless attempts to have what could be called in Baltimore a revival, and added, "I have been working here for over a year, and have seen but little success in soul saving. You are all very kind to me; there is no better station in the city, but I cannot stand this sort of work any longer. I must see something done or quit. Brother Taylor is with us and can help us. He cannot be with us in the fall, the usual time for revivals; so my feeling is that if you won't concur in this proposal I shall have to put on my hat and bid you good-bye."

After a little pause the leading church officials said in effect, "Well, Brother Brook, we have expressed our minds plainly, and have not changed our view of the case; but if you and Brother Taylor are willing to face the failure and disgrace of an abortive attempt, then go ahead; we will not stand in your way." So the meeting was dismissed.

I then said to Brook, "I don't feel exactly free to work under such discouragements, so you had better excuse me. But in a spirit of apparent desperation he seized my hand and said, "O, Brother Taylor, don't leave me! Let us proceed in the name of the Lord, and he will help us." So I said, "All right." Then we settled on a plan of work:

"1. We will light up the main audience room every night and invite the Lord and the people to the best accommodations we have, instead of trying it in the basement, as heretofore.

"2. We will have a meeting at 11 o'clock a.m. every day in the week, and do the hand-to-hand work which may open to us by the daily request for prayers at our forenoon meeting. We will call for information from those present, giving us the names and addresses of persons under an awakening of the Spirit.



"3. We will employ all our available time in visiting from house to house, inquiring specially for such as may be commended to our notice at the morning meetings, and do what we can for them by personal effort.

"4. The pastor must examine personally everyone professing conversion to God at our meeting, and satisfy himself, as far as it is possible, of the saving character of the work in each case, and keep a record of the facts, name, and address of each one.

"5. The pastor must preach to his people every Sunday morning, and I will take all the other preaching appointments each week."

So we went in systematically on that line.

The first Sunday the church was crowded, as usual, and Ben Brook preached a powerful sermon suited to the occasion. I talked that morning to the people in the Penitentiary, and at night to the aristocrats in Charles Street, preaching the same Gospel to the two extreme classes of that city. There was great interest and apparent awakening, but no person responded to the call for seekers.

Uninspired prophets had predicted that we could not, at that season of the year, get a hearing on week days, noon or night; but to our agreeable surprise we had at our Monday forenoon meeting more than half a hundred ladies and a few men. We invited all persons present who had any knowledge of persons under awakening whom they desired to mention as special subjects for prayer to announce their names and addresses. For these we prayed specially, and visited them personally in the afternoon. I was delighted to find among those high-toned aristocratic people, especially their ladies, many humble, earnest Christians, among whom was Mrs. Theobold, who was a widow and the daughter of the celebrated surgeon of that city, Dr. Smith. She said in the forenoon meeting that she had a sister, Mrs. M., in whose salvation she was especially interested, but could scarcely command faith sufficient to present her name as a subject of prayer, because her sister was a very devout Roman Catholic, exemplary in her life, but was, she believed, resting in a form of godliness without the power: however, she begged us to pray for her sister.

Monday night we had, what exceeded all expectation, a crowded house; profound attention, but no one came out as a seeker. Tuesday morning meeting was about as large as that of Monday, with an increase of divine unction. Tuesday night a slight improvement on the night preceding, both in numbers and interest. Wednesday morning it rained, and we had but few out. Wednesday afternoon we had a good congregation, and a number came to the altar, surrendered to God, received Christ, and publicly testified to an experience of salvation. The news spread rapidly that there was a revival in Charles Street.

So the work went on increasing daily. The second week the large basement hall was crowded at the forenoon week-day meetings. Merchants and others seemed to have plenty of time; many became earnest workers who had never taken part at the front before. In the second week Mrs. Theobold invited her sister, Mrs. M., to go with her to the meeting. She replied, "Your preacher will denounce the Roman Catholics and hurt my feelings, so I cannot go to such a place;"

whereupon Mrs. Theobold assured her that though the preacher proclaimed plain Gospel truth he never gave unnecessary offense to anyone.

So Mrs. M. accepted her invitation and came to the meeting. On her way home she expressed a great desire to be saved. She came with her sister the next forenoon, and was seated on a front form which was used for the seekers. Ben Brook approached her and said, "Please, madam, take a seat back further." She promptly obeyed. Then he said, "All persons under awakening who desire to seek salvation will please come to these front forms, that we may pray for you and instruct you." Mrs. M. returned at once and knelt down at the penitent form and submitted herself to God and accepted Christ.

Old Major Dryden, one of its rich old members, whose voice had never been heard in prayer, was resurrected, and one night prayed about as follows:

"O, Lord, twelve years ago we built this house. We poured out our money freely and constructed this beautiful edifice. These fine pews have been sepulchers to the dead, and these fine cushions the habiliments of our graves. We have had good preaching, but we awoke not. O, Lord, thou knowest how helpless and hopeless was our deplorable state. But during these meetings, blessed be thy holy name, the voice of the Son of God has awakened the dead, and they have come forth a great army, and are on the march for the conquest of souls for thee. Now we are glad that we put our money into this beautiful building, and that at last thou hast accepted this our offering, and we will trust thee henceforth to make this the house of thine abode, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

The work went on, and in the course of three weeks over two hundred of the newly converted people were added to the Charles Street Church.

During that summer I labored at about a dozen camp meetings in New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Soon after the first election of the able and honorable editor of our old mother of Christian Advocates I called to see him in his office to introduce myself and pay my respects to him, but instead of meeting me as a stranger he received me most cordially, saying, "I have known you well for many years. When you were preaching in Philadelphia in 1857 I followed you around and heard you preach seventeen sermons, and I have been keeping track of you ever since." During the spring and summer of that year I preached in nearly all the principal towns in Delaware and New Jersey.

At one of the camp meetings of that season a man of mature age and commanding presence followed me from the stand where I had been preaching that morning into the preachers' tent and sat down beside me; next to me on the other side sat Rev. Brother Willis, an able young minister. The stranger unceremoniously commenced a bitter tirade against Christianity and the Bible, and talked flippantly about the immutability of law; hence the impossibility of miracles. I sat quietly without a word of reply till he was through. He had raised more than a dozen debatable issues. Brother Willis was in a fidget, and said to me afterward, "I did not see how you could sit quietly and hear such a slanderous misrepresentation of God and his Gospel."

Willis was a gentleman, and would not interrupt the prater, as his address was directed entirely to me.

"Well, you see how I fixed him?" said I.

"I do, indeed, and I see that was just the thing to do."

When the fellow had fired his last gun and silence ensued I said, "Well, my friend, there is one point on which we can agree."

In apparent surprise he inquired, "What point is that?"

"We mutually concede the fact that there is a standard of right, a law of righteousness, by which the conduct of human beings, both in their relations to God and to each other, should be regulated. We may not agree as to the precise lines of its application, nor the source whence, nor the medium through which it comes to us, but we do mutually agree that such a law exists, and that we are amenable to it."

"O, yes, I agree with you on that point."

"Then allow me to ask whether with undeviating fidelity through all the vicissitudes of your past life you have kept that law?"

He colored and coughed and tried to evade my point, but I looked straight into his eyes and said, "Have you?"

Then after a pause of a few moments he replied, "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I must admit that I have not."

"Then what are you going to do about it? You have been most positively asserting the immutability of law, and now you admit that you have been an habitual breaker of an immutable law. What can the law do for a law-breaker?"

I proceeded to show him that all human attempts to repair the breach by reformation or penance or compensation were entirely inadequate and irrelevant, and that if the Bible did not, through the incarnation, death, resurrection, and mediation of the Son of God reveal a ransom and a remedy adequate to the demands of the case there was none. No human court can righteously acquit a guilty criminal, but, however incomprehensible the mystery, the fact is clearly revealed in the Bible that God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, and will freely forgive and acquit every poor sinner who will confess and forsake his sins, and receive and trust Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." This free gift implies a divine act of acquittal at the bar of justice, a divine communication of the fact to the spirit of the penitent believer, and a divine inward renewal of the heart.

The man sat quietly while I kindly opened up these facts verified in human experience. He finally said, "I have never experienced any such thing, and therefore can't believe that there is any such experience possible."

"You have no experience of life in California," I replied. "You have not been there, and conclude, therefore, that there is no such country in the world. I have spent over seven years in California, and testify to what I have experienced and know to be facts. Would you go before this great camp meeting congregation and contradict my statement of facts on the ground that you had never seen California and knew nothing about it?"

Just then the bell rang announcing the hour for the afternoon public service, and I bade my man a good-bye and took my seat on the preachers' stand.

About half an hour afterward I felt a gentle jerk of my coat skirt, and looking round I saw my man close in the rear of the stand. The public service had opened, so there was not a word uttered by either of us, but he handed me a letter and turned away, and being but a passing stranger in that region I never saw him again. The letter read substantially as follows:

"Rev. Taylor -- Dear Sir: Your convincing arguments have covered all my points, and your kindly spirit has quite overcome my foolish prejudice against God's truths. My wretched infidelity! I am ashamed of it, and do and shall forever abandon it."

I spent about three months of the summer of 1857 in Philadelphia, and preached in all the Methodist churches of any note in that city. Soon after my arrival in that city the Preachers' Meeting appointed a committee to wait on his excellency the mayor and get his consent to my preaching in the open air. The committee reported at the next meeting that the mayor respectfully declined to grant the request on the ground that there was a city ordinance prohibiting outdoor preaching. A few weeks later, however, I opened preaching services in Eleventh Street Market. I wrote and printed a series of tracts on street preaching, distributing a new tract after preaching in the market each Sabbath. We had crowds of hearers of all sorts and sizes, and we sowed Gospel seed broadcast, and a great and growing interest was awakened on behalf of the outsiders.

At the request of the ministers I opened market house preaching at other centers also, with a promise that they would keep the little stone rolling after my departure. After I had been preaching many weeks in the markets a dear Presbyterian minister said to me: "My conscience has long been troubled on account of the neglected masses who never go to church, and I applied to the mayor for permission to preach in the markets, and he forbade me to do so. I am curious to know how you, as a stranger, got so readily into this work."

"Well, sir, I got in as I suppose Paul got in at Athens. I used my two legs and walked in, and proclaimed the word of the Lord under the authority of the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' I have no wish to set the municipal authorities at defiance at all. I simply obey the order of the King, and consent to take the consequences. If the city authorities have any business with me they can find me at the house of Rev. Dr. Anderson, No. 6 Catharine Street."

It was during the fall of the year 1857 that for the first time I visited New England and attended New Market Camp Meeting, in New Hampshire. It was at that meeting I saw and heard for the first time the old hero of a thousand battles and world-renowned friend of the sailors,

Father Taylor, of Boston. At that meeting I became acquainted also with my abiding friend and fellow-worker in the cause of industrial and self-supporting missions, Rev. William McDonald, and heard him preach on his favorite theme, perfect love.

I was most cordially received at that camp meeting by preachers and people, and had freedom in preaching the Gospel to them.

After the close of the camp meeting I spent about a fortnight in Boston and preached for Father Taylor, also in Hanover Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and in Bromfield Street Church. I preached in the forenoon and attended a general fellowship meeting at night in the last-named grand old hive.

Brother Hawley, one of the official members, in the course of the evening related some of his experiences in California. He said, in effect:

"Soon after I arrived in San Francisco in the year 1850 I was taken ill. Nearly all the people there were sojourning in tents, and there was not a hotel in the place; but I got shelter in the upper room of a rustic storehouse. With my illness, poor accommodations, and utter loneliness I feared that I should die. I felt a great longing for fellowship with some one who loved the Lord, but feared that I should have to go to heaven to find one. Sabbath came, and thoughts of home and church and Christian friends, but the loneliness of my situation was like a horrible nightmare that I could not shake off. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a powerful voice singing in strains of enchanting melody:

"Hear the royal proclamation  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Publishing to every creature,  
To the ruined sons of nature,  
Jesus reigns.'

"I could hear but few words of the preaching that followed. I was too feeble to get out, but was comforted to know that there was at least one preacher in that vast encampment. I could hardly call it a city, except a city of tents, with a few houses like the one I occupied, made up largely of the lumber of goods boxes. "To my great surprise and joy, an hour later, by some singular leading of Providence, the preacher came into my room and inquired about my condition and needs, and sang and prayed, and by the help of God drew me up from the slough of despond, and from that hour I began to recover. But for that man of God I think I should have died. I now have the honor and pleasure of entertaining my friend in need as my guest. His name is William Taylor."

During my sojourn with Brother Hawley, in Boston, he gave me the following experience of a Christian woman of his acquaintance, then residing in South Boston:

"On a dark, stormy night a ship was passing slowly down the English Channel. The man at the lookout shouted that he heard the voice of a woman on the dark waters. A boat was immediately lowered and manned by a crew of brave sailors, who, as they approached nearer the object of their search, heard a woman sing:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!"

"The singer proved to be a woman clinging with one arm to a fragment of a ship that had just been wrecked, and with her other arm pressing to her bosom her infant child. Being a Christian, and expecting to be drowned and to go to heaven that night, she was giving expression to her triumphant faith in those wonderful words of sacred song."

I also attended the Preachers' Meeting and became somewhat acquainted with E. O. Haven, then editor of Zion's Herald; Dr. Twombly, Brothers J. P. Magee, Eastman, and the most of the other leading ministers of that city and adjacent towns. I have never held protracted revival services in New England, but have labored in different years at very many of their camp meetings, and greatly admire and love our New England people.

Dear Anne and her two little boys spent the summer and fall of 1857 with my dear father and mother at their home in Rockbridge County, Virginia. Our dear Ross was born there in September of that year. I visited my parents and all the dear ones again late in the fall, and took my family soon after to Newark, New Jersey. We rented for the winter a comfortable, well-furnished house in a very accessible and said to be a very healthy location in that city. This did not mean any cessation of my widespread and constant labors abroad, but comfortable quarters for Anne and our three boys, giving me a few hours with them one day in each week.

It turned out, however, that I had to spend more time with them than I expected. In a few weeks after we were comfortably settled our little Charlie and Ross were taken down with smallpox, and then, when it was too late, we found out that we were in the midst of that plague concealed from public view; so I shut myself in with my sick boys for a month. Charlie, then of about four and a half years, had the confluent form of that horrible disease. A kind homeopathic physician from Elizabeth city treated them very skillfully, so that they got through without any relapse. Meanwhile Stuart put up this sign on a tree in the yard: "Smallpox! Walk in and catch it!" We sat at a window overlooking the street and watched the men and women as they came along to see them read and run.

Poor Charlie suffered most during the stage of recovery. I had to watch him through the dreary nights to prevent his little fingers from tearing the skin off his face. I would say, "Charlie, don't scratch your face; you will spoil it, and you can't be our pretty little boy any more.

"I won't scratch it any more, papa.

Soon after I would have to caution him again and again, till finally he said, "I can't help it. Won't you tie my hands, papa, so that I can't scratch?"

I did not tie his hands, but watched and gently restrained them. One night he said, "Papa, won't you ask the Lord please to make me well?"

"Yes, dear Charlie, I will."

I then wept before the Lord, and begged him to pity and heal my boy.

Then said Charlie, "Papa, do you think the Lord will make me well?" Yes, I think he will."

"When do you think he will?"

"In about two weeks."

Then he silently measured up the time in his mind, and said, "I do wish he would make haste."

Later he said one night, "Papa, please tell me how to pray."

From the time he was able to lisp the name of Jesus he had been accustomed to pray, but now he felt the pressure of a deeper need, bordering as he was on the lines of personal moral responsibility; so I explained to him the Saviour's object lesson of the fathers and mothers bringing their little children to Jesus that he might put his hands upon them and pray. When they got close to Jesus they let go the hands of father and mother and came to Jesus, and Jesus took them up in his arms, and with his own hands took all the bad out of their hearts, and prayed to his own Father for them that their names should be written down in his book as his dear, obedient, loving children, to be filled every day with truth and love and all good things that God's own dear children need, living or dying, on earth or in heaven. When Jesus was in the world, so that the children could see him with their eyes, they came to him, but ever since he went to heaven he is too far off to be seen with our eyes; but in his Spirit, which our eyes can't see, he comes right into the little children "that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it unto them." I was persuaded that "the invisible things of God" -- spiritual things that pertain to the needs and supply of the soul at this point of transit from the vale of infantile innocency to the plane of personal moral responsibility -- are clearly seen, "even his eternal power and divinity" (R. V.). At this stage the child has only to yield itself wholly to Jesus, receive and trust him to take it in hand and have his way with it. The end of repentance is submission to the will of God, and the act of saving faith is the act of receiving Jesus. Under the leading of the ever-present Holy Spirit all that is easy for a little child, and adult sinners cannot get into the kingdom of God with anything less."

So Charlie prayed, and I cried. Next night he called to me in gleeful tones, "Papa, ain't you glad that Jesus died for sinners?"

"Yes, Charlie, I'm very glad."

"Papa, I'm glad too, for Jesus died for me. He has gone to heaven out of sight, but in his Spirit he comes into me and makes me so glad. O, how I do love him!

I don't believe my dear Charlie had forfeited the justified relation secured to him by the free gift which was unto justification of life, through the righteousness "of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," but that he entered into the high form of the acquitted relation of a responsible subject of the kingdom of God -- justification by faith with its concomitants, the regenerating "grace and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is what Charlie received by faith while under the smallpox tribulum, and he manifested the fruits of it daily till the day of his death.

Ross was the baby, and suffered less than his brother Charlie, and gained less by what he suffered. The rest of us escaped the scourge.

During this confinement in Newark I redeemed the time of those evil days, and wrote my third book, entitled "California Life Illustrated," which had a circulation of over thirty-five thousand copies; also a small book entitled "Address to Young America and a Word to the Old Folks," on my favorite theme of abiding in the kingdom of God. This little work had a circulation of twenty-five thousand copies.

During the winter of 1857-58, as before intimated, I labored in Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn; Allen Street, New York; Mamaroneck, and many other churches in those regions. John French, Samuel Booth, and one or two other pioneers of the Hanson Place movement had opened and developed a Sunday school up to the number of about two hundred scholars and teachers, and had built a good brick chapel. On the first Sabbath after the dedication of the chapel I joined hands with Brothers Law, John French, Samuel Booth, and company, and within a fortnight Hanson Place had a newborn church of more than two hundred newborn souls, many of them heads of families with a large following.

In the spring of 1858 I held a series of special services in Richmond, Virginia, the capital of my native State, and called to mind some of the scenes of my boyhood, when I steered one of my father's big river boats one hundred and fifty miles down North and James Rivers, loaded with flour, and the strange sights I saw in the great city, among which I saw for the first time a ship and a railroad train.

I met some Californians who had been members of my church in San Francisco, especially a good brother by the name of Tanner. I also met with some of my kindred -- the widow of Uncle Hugh P. Taylor, my father's brother, her son William, and two or three sisters -- dear people.

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14 -- GOSPEL EXCURSIONS OF 1858 -- 1859 -- 1860

Session of the Erie Conference -- Special Cases of Conversion -- Preaching in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois -- Usefulness of Lion Stories -- Assisting John T. Mitchell in Cincinnati -- Work of Samuel Clayton -- His Turbulent Sunday School -- "Now, My Lads, I've Got You." -- Assisting Granville Moody -- A Case of Exostosis -- How to Be a Well Man -- Mitchell's Debates



with the Campbellite -- Literal and Figurative -- Exit of the Mill-seat Man -- A Cabin Meeting in Butler -- Mitchell's Great Camp Meeting -- Dedication of the Butler Church -- Building a Church at Johnson's Corners -- Value of Strategy in Such Matters -- Getting the Ground and Getting the Building -- My Book, the "Model Preacher" -- Preaching to a Regiment -- The Peel Camp Meeting -- Immersing a Doctor -- In the Home of a Canadian Colonel -- Portents of War -- The Red Lion Camp Meeting -- A Long, Lean Sermon -- "Brother Taylor, Exhort." -- In My Old Haunts at Washington and Baltimore -- A Merchant Forgets Himself -- Our Converts at Athens -- Selling My Books -- Question of Fresh Air in Churches -- Brother Heth Ventilates a Meeting House -- Prohibition in Indiana -- What Happened at Williamsburg -- At the Illinois Conference -- "Hold On, California Taylor is Going to Preach!" -- Revival in Danville -- "Awake, O Sleepers!" -- Pioneer Preachers of the West -- Haven's Muscular Christianity -- Peter Cartwright -- Wilson Pitner and his Sermon at Conference -- He Contributes his Cap to the Missionary Fund -- His Interview with Joe Smith -- My Conveyance in Illinois -- How I Got to My Appointments -- Outbreak of the Civil War -- Religious Character of the Indianians -- In Upper and Lower Canada -- Reminiscences of Me at this Period -- J. W. Clinton's Letter -- Dr. Ridpath's Communication -- Good Service of My Horses in Canada -- Getting Soldiers to Sign the Pledge -- Finding Suitable Prayers -- "I Have Come to Testify." -- A Benediction of Old Boots and Shoes

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In the early summer of 1858 I went west and attended a session of the Erie Conference at Meadville, Pennsylvania. I was most cordially welcomed by ministers and the people. Bishop Janes presided. By invitation I addressed the Conference, and preached a number of times indoors and out. I have often been reminded since by the grand old heroes of that Conference of what a jubilant time we had on that occasion in preaching from the courthouse steps. Quite a number of persons professed conversion to God during that Conference session.

A year later I attended the Erie Conference session at Erie city. The committee of public worship gave me Friday night for preaching, and eighteen persons came forward as seekers and professed to find the pardon of their sins. Sunday afternoon I preached to a great crowd of persons of all sorts and sizes in the public square.

Near the close of the sermon the people were startled by the loud screams of a man who fell prostrate on the grassy lawn and cried aloud to God for mercy. Many earnest men and women gathered around him and prayed for him till he obtained mercy and stood upon his feet and testified to his experience of the saving power of Jesus. He was the sheriff of that county.

Rev. Henry Mansell, a graduate of Allegheny College, and missionary elect for India, was ordained under the rules at that Conference, and was specially interested in these cases of conversion to God, and told me many years afterward in the Himalayan Mountains that on a recent visit to Erie city he inquired particularly about the said nineteen converts, and was informed they all remained steadfast members of the Church. The keeping power of Jesus is just as adequate and just as available as his converting power, and "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ and going on to perfection" the ramparts of maintained holiness become impregnable. To every such man, woman, and child it is affirmed on the highest authority, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

During the years 1858-60, six days and nights of each week I preached in most of the cities and towns in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. My uniform method, even for every single night service, was to preach, exhort, invite awakened seekers of pardon or purity to come to the altar, where we instructed them and prayed for them, and heard the testimony of those who obtained pardon and peace, occupying the time to about half past nine p.m. Uniformly the entire congregation, with exceptions scarcely perceptible, remained till the benediction was pronounced, about ten p.m. We held them by announcing the program at the opening of each service, the last point of interest being a talk about California. This applies specially to the week-night meetings. My Sabbaths were devoted wholly to Gospel services, with a promise to give them a talk on California Monday night.

A man freighted with "news from a far country," and at the same time bearing the burden of the Lord's message to perishing sinners, finds himself often in a strait betwixt two. Brother John M. Phillips, of book agency renown, once said to me: "Soon after Brother B.'s return from his episcopal tour in India he was announced to preach in Cincinnati. The church was packed from the top to the bottom with an anxious throng, all hungry for a feast of the latest news from India. The bishop preached to them a very good old sermon that they had heard him deliver from the same pulpit but a few years before, and he made no allusion to what he saw or heard or did in the far East, and the people went away hopping mad."

I replied, "O, they just wanted to hear some lion stories."

"Well, he should have told them some."

When an old dame of the culinary art was asked how to cook a hare, she replied, "The first thing to do is to catch the rabbit." The first thing for a speaker to do in addressing an individual or an audience is to arrest attention. Metal has to be melted before it can be molded.

My first visit to an Urbana camp meeting was in 1858. Rev. John T. Mitchell was in charge. He was emphatically a gentleman, and a successful minister of the Gospel. On my last visit to Urbana camp, thirty-four years later, his son Frank was presiding elder of the same district, and was in charge of the camp meeting, father and mother having long since gone to the home of glorified souls.

In 1859 I assisted John T. Mitchell in resurrecting "a downtown church" -- old Wesley in Cincinnati. Swarm after swarm had gone out from the grand old hive, and crowds of families had moved uptown, and on to Walnut Hills and other hills adjacent, and Brother Mitchell was appointed to minister to the walls of the time-honored edifice, and to a few elect families still there abiding; so we took the double task of collecting a congregation and of filling up the decimated ranks of Christian soldiers with new recruits. This required a great deal of hand-to-hand pastoral work, but God was with us, and gave us a good measure of success both by the ingathering of outsiders and the upgathering of our young people of the Sunday school. We took the Sunday afternoons for preaching to the children, who crowded the church, and many of them came to Jesus, and were taken up into his arms and received his blessing.

Rev. Samuel Clayton was then city missionary. He was not appointed to any church, for they had none for the neglected classes to whom he was sent. So he hired a room and went around among the masses of poor people near the river to induce parents to allow their children to attend his Sunday School, and thus gathered about a score of what were called wharf rats, and they nearly filled his room on his first Sabbath; but from the time they entered they kept up a row by pricking each other with pins, pulling each other's hair and fist-cuffing generally; so Brother Clayton utterly failed in his variety of efforts to get their attention or secure any degree of order. Finally he kneeled down and prayed; silence without a murmur prevailed, and the preacher, thinking he had triumphed, prayed on with increasing earnestness. Finally, with his closing amen, he opened his eyes to the fact there was not a soul in the room besides himself. The children, seeing that his eyes were closed, slipped away with their bare feet so softly that he did not have any intimation of their retreat.

He visited as many of them as he could find during the week, and invited them to come again. So on his second Sabbath he had the same crowd as before, and not a whit better in behavior. They baffled all his attempts to reduce them to order for an hour or more. Finally he said, "Children, the school is closed, so now run away home." Not one of them moved, but sat and looked at him and laughed. Then said he, "Well, if you won't go home I will sing for you." So he sang a quick-time tune to easy words, and they were quiet. He thought that a good opportunity for dismissing them, so he got his hat, saying, "I am off, children;" so they all scampered away.

One day during the ensuing week, walking along the bank of the Ohio River, he heard some children singing. He looked around in every direction, but could see nothing of the singers, but finally he found a lot of his wharf rats huddled together under cover of an upturned boat singing the song which he had sung to them on the Sabbath preceding, and he said to himself, "Now, my lads, I've got you. I have already won you by sacred song, and will hold you and lead you to God."

So at my Wesley Church children's meeting the front and center seats were occupied by two hundred children belonging to one school, well-dressed and well-behaved, and that was Sam Clayton's gathering of what they called wharf rats. I publicly denounced the opprobrious term as applied to God's dear little children, not rats at all, but heirs of royal birth to eternal life and glory.

In those early days of my work in Ohio I wrought a week for the Rev. Granville Moody, in First Church, Urbana. Dr. Moody was an extraordinary man in size and symmetry, with intellect and heart to correspond; six feet four inches in height, and every member of his body in suitable proportion to that scale. He was a native of New England, but was brought up in Baltimore. His life, published by the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati, is a book of marvels.

During my week of service, in which we had preaching daily, afternoon and night, Brother Moody talked in the day and I at night. One afternoon, preaching on entire sanctification, Dr. Moody illustrated the art of getting to the bottom of the taproot of carnal bitterness by the following bit of his experience of suffering in his early mature manhood. He became troubled with an increasing pain in his right shoulder blade.

One day he requested a lady friend to examine his shoulder. In her examination she exclaimed, "O, Mr. Moody, it is an exostosis! It is just the same kind of thing that killed my

husband. I could not persuade him to submit to an operation, and it caused his untimely death. Dear Mr. Moody, do send for Dr. Smith. He is the most eminent surgeon in this city. O, dear Mr. Moody, don't allow this dreadful thing to destroy your valuable life."

"I had great dread of an operation, and did not think I could screw up my courage to the sticking point," said Moody; "but that woman's tears and eloquent appeals stirred me to the depths, and without delay I submitted to an examination by Dr. Smith. He confirmed the woman's statement, and said he could give me medicine to take inwardly, and in a fortnight he would be able to see whether anything short of an operation would meet the case. At the end of a fortnight he made another examination, and said the exostosis was enlarging, and the only remedy was the knife. I consented, and he set the time for the operation. At the appointed time Dr. Smith came, and some half dozen medical students and doctors came with him and brought a great lot of surgical instruments. My mother and all my kindred were required to retire from my room. The doctor ordered me to doff my upper clothing and bare my back, and I did so.

"I took no opiates of any sort, but made up my mind to suffer anything to get rid of a thing that would certainly kill me if not removed. The surgeon made a straight cut down the shoulder blade, then he proceeded to peel the flesh back from the bone on either side till it was possible to clear and to raise the shoulder blade, so as to operate on it with a saw, and then sawed off the lower half of the bone, and said, 'My brave fellow, the work is done.' I could but weep for joy that the woe was past. The doctor made a careful examination of it and of the piece of bone which he had sawed off. Then I saw him talking in a low tone to the other doctors.

"Then the surgeon said, 'Mr. Moody, I am very sorry to have to tell you that this is a much more serious thing than we could anticipate. The bone is badly diseased above the line of amputation, and there is no hope of recovery except by cutting it off as near the joint as possible."

"The shock for a time seemed quite to overwhelm me. All that I had suffered seemed as nothing compared with it.

"The doctor said, 'We will wait, Mr. Moody, till you recover your heroic equilibrium, before we proceed further.'

"So I braced up my resolution, and in a few minutes I said, 'Proceed, doctor. I am ready.' So he cut and sawed away, and left only the stub of sound bone, and the doctor said, 'It is all right now, Mr. Moody; you will soon be a well man. It is only a question of time.' Sure enough, it not only healed up, but the shoulder blade seemed to grow out to its proper proportions and functions."

I gave a few weeks of the fall of 1858 to Rev. D. P. Mitchell, Presiding Elder of the Allegheny District, Pittsburgh Conference. He resided in Salem, Ohio, and his district lay partly in both Pennsylvania and Ohio. It was a hard field, preoccupied by United Presbyterians and Campbellites, good people in their way, but in those days full of the spirit of controversy. They would publicly challenge the Methodist preachers for public debate, and crow over their refusal as proof of a bad cause or inability to defend it. Mitchell was a powerful West Virginian, both in bodily and intellectual force. He was a native-born logician, possessing great piety and perfect equilibrium of temper. As soon as possible after his appointment to that district he made a careful

survey of his whole field, then but very partially supplied with houses of worship, and noted the populous centers, in each of which he secretly determined in his own mind to build a church, no matter whether there were any Methodists living in the neighborhood or not. When he was about ready to commence operations in a place selected he flaunted a red rag, and would at once receive a challenge for debate from one or other of the parties named. He always accepted the challenge, and immediately all preliminaries were settled with the time and place for the debate -- usually in some grove where a stand and seats were provided in good style -- the debate to occupy at least three days, with competent judges appointed. The whole program was extensively advertised in all the papers available and by great placards posted up in all public places. Soon the whole country fizzed with a glow of fervent heat, so that the great crowds came trooping in to see the fight.

Mitchell was master of the situation. He managed to extend the discussion to its limit of three days, and then by a conversation of unanswerable logic and laughable sarcasm he swept the field. His antagonist usually left abruptly without waiting to hear the decision of the judges.

He had a three-day hitch with a noted Campbellite who made the assertion that every mention of water in the Scriptures was literal, and was never used to represent spirit or spiritual operation.

Mitchell in reply asked the gentleman a few questions which led to a colloquy to this effect:

"'Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Is that literal?" "Yes, most assuredly."

"'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' Is that literal?"

"Yes, certainly; any child can see that."

"'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' Is that literal?"

"Yes, yes, all literal."

"'He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' Is that literal?"

"All literal, all literal."

"Well, then, I have only to say that in western Kansas, where water is so scarce, such a man would be a great blessing to that country as a mill seat and water supply!"

The people laughed themselves almost into fits, and the mill-seat man seized his hat and cut.

Then Mitchell, without a smile, announced that he would preach there that night, and continue a series of preaching and soul-saving prayer meeting services for a week or ten days. In

that series he would enroll from twenty to a hundred newborn souls, organize them into a church, circulate a subscription paper, and raise funds to erect a chapel in that neighborhood, and let out the contract, buy the lumber and other material, and set his carpenters to work before he retired from the spot. Meantime he would be quietly planning to move in a similar way at some other point, usually remote from the scene of his last success. His methods were varied to meet peculiar emergencies. He kept his own counsel, and his movements could not be anticipated.

He had two poor families living in Butler. The church of the United Presbyterians was about a mile out of town, but they held a preemption claim on Butler and all the region round about. Mitchell wrote to one of his members residing in Butler to arrange for a preaching appointment on a Sabbath named, and to have it stated that the presiding elder would preach. As per announcement, the elder was on hand in due time. It was a dark, rainy day, and no assembly and no preaching place available. The agent reported that he tried in vain to get the use of a house or a barn, but could find no open door for a Methodist minister in that section of the soil. Mitchell preached in the cabin of one of his families. The roof was bad, and the rain poured in plentifully on preacher and people. After preaching the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

Mitchell then announced that on a certain day he would commence a camp meeting in a well-known grove of timber near the town of Butler. He had his men stick up huge posters in all places accessible, advertising the camp meeting. He had meantime negotiated for the use of the grove with the owner, a skeptical old sinner who was not allied with any Church. Mitchell's camp meeting became at once the ridiculous theme and standing joke of all classes of the people. "A corncrib would hold all the people of Mitchell's camp meeting, with pews taken," they said.

As Mitchell passed around his district he engaged a large number of his well-to-do families to come to his camp meeting at Butler and be sure to get their tents up and be ready for business the day before the opening of the meeting. He also drafted a corps of his most able preachers to be there in time for the opening service. The whole plan was carried out with military precision. The day before the announced time the roads were thronged with wagons, teams, and crowds of people on foot, and before night a town of tents was built, laid out like a great encampment of soldiers.

It was in every way the greatest surprise of the age for that country. The meeting was carried on with marvelous effect for a week. Nearly a hundred new converts were enrolled, a Methodist church in Butler was organized, and a subscription raised near the close of the camp meeting for building a church in Butler, and the contract for its erection made and signed before the closing doxology of the camp meeting was sung.

I assisted Brother Mitchell in the dedication of his Butler church in due time. It was a plain but beautiful structure with Roman windows. Most of the funds required had been previously paid in. The balance was raised at the dedication. Some of the United Presbyterians, who had been strong in their opposition, generously joined hands to help the Methodists to pay the amount required to present the house to the Lord free from debt.

At another part of the Allegheny District were two small rival chapels, five or six miles apart. It had long been conceded that the following of both would but fill a medium-sized country

meeting house, and several attempts had been made to unite the two and build a good central, new chapel, but they could not agree on a suitable site.

Father Johnson owned a big farm at the crossroads. Both parties were quite willing to build at Johnson's Corners, but could not procure the site. Father Johnson would give a lot of ground if he could, but had given his farm to his sons, who were unsaved and unfriendly to the cause.

Mitchell got the bearings of the whole case fully in his mind. "In the midst of counselors there is safety." That is perfectly true in its appropriate application. Napoleon said, "One poor general in command is better than six good ones;" and I should say that one good general at the front is enough. Mitchell was a good general, both in the ranks, sword in hand, and with word in the great counsels of the Church, being many times a working member of the General Conference.

Mitchell made up his mind to build a church at Johnson's Corners. So he laid the matter before Father Johnson, who replied that he would be glad to give an acre of ground for the building but for the fact that he had given his farm to his two sons, who were in possession of it and were working it.

"Have you given your sons a deed of conveyance?"

"No; but I have given them the farm and promised to give them the deed."

"Very well. If I confer with your sons, and they will cheerfully consent that you deed an acre at the crossroads to the Methodist Episcopal Church, according to the form printed in the Discipline, will you do it?"

"I am sorry to say that they are not converted and not friendly to our church, and I cannot hope that they will consent to any such proposal."

"If they will not, that will end it; but if they will, what will you do in that case?"

"I will most gladly give you a deed for the acre you may select at the crossroads."

Mitchell straightway mounted his horse and rode out into the field where the two young men were plowing. He dismounted and cordially shook hands with them and talked about the good farm, good plows, and good horses, and the best methods of farming. Of all such subjects Mitchell was a master.

"I am very glad, young men, that you have such a valuable farm with which to start in life, with so good a training in farming industries. The thing that would add value to your farm and beauty to its improvements would be a good new Methodist church at the crossroads. I have been speaking to your father about it, and suggested that he give an acre of ground for that purpose. He said he would gladly give us the land for that purpose but for the fact that he had given his farm to his sons; but if they will cheerfully consent he will execute the deed at once and contribute besides toward building the church. So this grand opportunity is at your disposal."

The two young men without a word of disputation cheerfully consented. Before night of that very day Father Johnson executed the deed for a choice acre of ground, signed by his sons as witnesses. The subscription paper was also prepared that day, and Father Johnson headed it with a subscription of a thousand dollars.

That night Mitchell went to his Quarterly Conference and suggested the advisability of building a new church. The old discussion about a suitable central site was opened and the old impossibilities brought to view. Mitchell quietly occupied the chair till they had exhausted their ammunition in the old fight.

"How would you like to build a church at Johnson's crossroads?"

Both parties responded to that as "just the thing, but the land can't be had for love or money. The old man has given all his farm away to his two sons, and they hate the Methodists and wouldn't give us a foot of land to save our lives."

"But if, after all, Father Johnson will give us an acre at the corners, and his sons will cheerfully concur, will you accept it and go to work as one man and build the church?"

"Most assuredly we will; and we will have one good central church instead of two poor ones."

When Mitchell spread his deed out on the table and invited them to come and read it for themselves. They could hardly believe the facts verified by their own eyes.

Mitchell said, "I have one more question to submit. We want the money now to build a church at Johnson's Corners. If Father Johnson, in addition to the acre of ground, will give us one thousand dollars toward the building, how much will you give? Call the roll, Mr. Secretary. Note what each one is willing to give."

It was done, and what was lacking Mitchell said he would be responsible for and raise it from his friends outside.

Within a few months the beautiful new church was dedicated. A series of salvation meetings immediately followed, and many souls were saved, among whom were Father Johnson's two sons, who became staunch supporters of the church.

The last time I saw that wonderful man, D. P. Mitchell, was at the General Conference in Cincinnati, in 1880. He gave me a full account of his pioneer work in Kansas. He spent many of his latter years in the Kansas Conference, and died suddenly at the front sword in hand.

Most of my time, six days per week, during the year 1858 was devoted to evangelizing work in western Pennsylvania and Ohio, attending camp meetings and Conferences, and occasionally holding a week or two of special services in a single church; but I usually spent each Sabbath and the Monday night ensuing in large towns, and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and



Friday nights in as many different smaller towns, so that my work was widely diffusive. Yet, through the most cordial cooperation of preachers and people everywhere, it was, by the mighty Spirit of God, rendered everywhere manifestly effective.

In connection with my regular work that year in Indiana I wrote my fourth book, "The Model Preacher," showing who the model preacher is and how he does it. It has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies, and helped many a young preacher to follow in the lines exemplified in the ministry of the model preacher.

The year 1860 was my principal term of service in the State of Illinois, a loyal, loving people with less of the Southern blood, and more of the New England, than I found in Indiana.

The cyclone of civil war had commenced to sweep over the nation. My sympathy for suffering soldiers would have led me into a chaplaincy. Brother William Rutlege as a chaplain talked to me about it and had me preach to his regiment, then quartered at Jacksonville, Illinois, but the Lord ruled otherwise, and I kept steadily on my providential line of world-wide evangelizing work. In the beginning of 1861 I went to Canada and spent a year on a line of work embracing about all the towns from Sarnia on the west to Montreal in Canada East. I was everywhere in those provinces received with the same cordiality, with two or three unimportant exceptions, that greeted me in the United States, and backed by the same earnest cooperative Christian work. During the summer of 1861 I labored at nine camp meetings in Canada, and witnessed great ingatherings of penitent souls.

Peel Camp Meeting, in the West, was my last for that summer. Rev. Father Fear was in charge. At the closing morning service the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's Supper were to be administered at the stand.

Father Fear said to me, "I want you to help me out of a difficulty. I have to baptize a number of our young converts and administer the sacrament at the stand; but among our young converts is a young medical doctor who has been brought up under Baptist training and wants to be baptized by immersion. The nearest water adequate to that purpose is a mill dam about a mile distant, and I can't go there and at the same time attend to my duties, as announced, at the front, so I will take it as a great favor if you will kindly baptize the doctor by immersion."

"The Discipline of my Church authorizes me to baptize by any mode the subject may desire, and I have immersed quite a number of my new converts in times past; but in this case I hardly know what to say. I am constantly on the tramp, and literally lay aside every weight, even of an extra pair of trousers, so [as I explained to him] it would not be expedient to submerge in the mill pond the only pair of trousers I have with me."

Then a thickset, genial Irish preacher about five feet in height said: "Your reverence, I can fit you out, for I happen to have an extra pair of trousers with me, and I will lend you a pair of mine."

So I went into the preachers' tent and drew on the Irishman's trousers (putting my feet about a foot too far through), and, accompanied by three or four of the brethren, I immersed the doctor and relieved his conscience.

I spent a Sabbath in a Canadian western town, accompanied by my Anne and her two little boys. Edward was then our baby, born the year before in Elmira, New York. We were very comfortably entertained at the home of the colonel of a Canadian regiment. A general muster had been called for Monday to enlist volunteers to prepare for the possibility of an English and Canadian war with the United States. Four or five thousand troops had already been sent over from the mother country. So I preached three times, as usual, on Sabbath, and Monday morning I accompanied the colonel from his suburban home into the town where he was to take charge of his regiment. The streets were early crowded by excited men who had been called to meet a war emergency. As the colonel and I walked the streets men from all directions hailed him with the inquiry, "What's the order of the day?"

"The first thing is for you to be introduced to my good brother here, California Taylor," was the reply. "He is a true native-born American, the author of some very interesting books. I advise you to buy a set of his books and take them home to your family."

I asked the colonel in the evening how many volunteers were enlisted during the day.

"We only got one," said he. "I don't doubt for a moment the loyalty of the men to their queen and country, but most of them declined to enlist because they don't believe there will be any war, and others because they fear there will be war."

Among the many camp meetings I attended in the States was the great Red Lyon Camp in Delaware, patronized largely by the churches of Philadelphia, an encampment of five hundred tents with an assemblage of thousands of people. Nearly every church had a large boarding tent and a big prayer meeting tent, and nearly every family its own canvas home and its own family worship at sunrise every morning. Regular frame and weather-board houses at camp meeting are of later date. Bishop Scott was an active worker at the big camp I attended. John S. Inskip was there, and preached a great sermon on the resurrection of the human race. I had my share of the preaching, and more than an ordinary part of the exhorting. It was the pulpit custom of those days to appoint two preachers for each preaching service, one to preach and the other to follow with an exhortation.

Often the exhorter was called without previous notice. I had a surprise of that sort on Monday morning at that Red Lyon Camp. After the exhausting excitement and labors of the Sabbath, Monday forenoon was a trial for any preacher. On that occasion a lean, learned D.D. preached a very long, lean sermon. The vast encampment became a dormitory; even "the watchmen on the walls of Zion" -- about thirty preachers -- were fast asleep. Just in front of me sat one of the leading ministers of Philadelphia, whose head unconsciously reposed on his right shoulder. Feeling drowsy myself, I clasped the head of my sleeping brother in front between my two hands and set it in its upright position, and thus waked up the pair of us; but the mass of the ministers and the laity slept on. As the preacher was getting on to fourthly the hour for dinner was at hand. I supposed that all hands would wake up and go to dinner; but to my surprise when the preacher finished his last and "just one word more," the presiding elder said, "Brother Taylor, exhort!"

A familiar metaphoric saying of my boyhood came to mind -- "a hard row for stumps" -- a significant saying among pioneer farmers with a plow in a newly cleared field full of stumps -- but it was a principle with me never to shrink, but accept the first call to any responsibility. So I was up and at the front in less than a minute, not knowing what to say. My voice, previously trained to open-air preaching for sixteen years, was equal to any vocal emergency. So I waked the sleeping host and said, "Friends, those hard seats without backs are very uncomfortable places for sleeping, and yet you are in great need of sleep. After the exhausting services of the Sabbath and your short hours of last night, you are sadly in need of sleep and in need of better sleeping accommodations than you can get on those hard benches; so I advise you to repair to your tents at once, and in your comfortable home quarters take a good, refreshing nap.

By that time they were all wide awake and much refreshed by the rest their bodies had extorted from their sense of propriety, so that no one showed the least disposition to take my advice. I then proceeded with an exhortation of about ten minutes, and called the mourners; and to the surprise of nearly all, as it seemed, the seekers of pardon crowded to the benches cleared for such, and the soul-converting work went on at the front through the afternoon without intermission for dinner. Of course I did not claim the credit of the victory won, for we had hosts of as grand a working force of both ministers and laymen and women as could be found anywhere on the green earth.

It was part of the business of all church people represented to take home with them a fresh force of new converts and fresh fire from camp meeting altars, and to open a campaign of special soul-saving services in their home fields.

In the early part of 1857, besides my series of services in Monument Street, Charles Street, and other churches in Baltimore, I preached in Georgetown, West Washington, my field of labor in 1846-47, and in different churches in Washington city, and conducted a series of services for a fortnight in Wesley Chapel in that city, Rev. William Krebs, the pastor; meantime I preached to outside masses in the public markets of that city. I had a goodly heritage -- incessant hard work six days per week, always surrounded by good, loving Christian friends, and blessed with conscious peace with God and all the time of saving power among my hearers. And yet, though grateful to my merciful Father in heaven for these innumerable blessings, I suffered daily a painful sense of loss like a great bereavement on account of my isolation from home and family.

From 1858 to the spring of 1861 I preached in nearly all the towns of any note in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and in some in Iowa, and held protracted meetings in Wesley Church, Cincinnati; Chillicothe, Athens, and other centers.

In Wesley Church I helped Rev. John T. Mitchell to fill up that desolate old hive with a swarm gathered from the highways and byways.

At Chillicothe we brought relief and joy to some of the old shouting sisters of the First Church there. There was in that church a merchant, a very consistent but quiet Christian, who was continually calling the shouting sisters to order, insisting that in the Church of God everything should be conducted in accordance with the rules of decency and order. One night the merchant, on

account of the crowd, sat on the upper step leading into the altar, when my wife and I sang a hymn called "The Resurrection." It was new and produced a great stir in the audience. The merchant became so excited that he seemed to lose consciousness of where he was and of the proprieties suited to such a place, and threw his head back on to the floor and his heels up as high as he could get them and yelled. The dear old women had him, and he never called them to order again.

Of our young converts at Athens, under the pastorate of Rev. A. B. See, one is now the Editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and another the senior Book Agent of the Western Book Concern.

In dividing up my time between the four States, namely, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa, I had presiding elders and others well acquainted with the country to make out for me lists of appointments extending through several months, which were published in the local papers, usually devoting Sabbaths and Monday nights to large towns and a week night each to four villages weekly, with a round at camp meetings and Conferences in season.

I promoted widely the circulation of my books, but had a definite understanding with the Lord, and with the preachers with whom I labored, that in each place, even for a single night, the first business was the entire sanctification of believers and the salvation of sinners. At the close of the service of week nights, about ten o'clock, the announcement was made in regard to books to be had after the congregation was dismissed.

I had much difficulty in most places to induce the people to admit a sufficiency of fresh air into their preaching halls and churches to keep their bodies and minds in a healthful and receptive condition. For example, I had an appointment to preach one night in a new church in Lena, Illinois, under the pastorate of Brother Guyer, formerly from Baltimore Conference. The windows were paint-locked and could not be opened. The door was the only breathing hole in the house, and that was so crowded by the people occupying all the standing room that but little air could get in.

At the beginning of the service I explained, as usual, the necessity of fresh air. I said, "In fifteen minutes you will use the vitalizing power of all the oxygen in this audience room, and emit from the lungs and from the countless millions of pores of each mortal body in this assembly poisonous gases which will stupefy body and, mind and defeat the purpose for which we have assembled." With such words I scarcely restrained the people from spending their time in poisoning each other. I assured them that fresh air was one of the essential conditions to a receptive state of mind and body, and said, "If you can get a window or two open we can have many people converted to God here tonight. If not we shall have a poisoned, sleepy congregation, and you will go home and tell what a miserably poor preacher you had." Some of the trustees tried the windows, but could not open them. Then I saw one of them (Brother Heth) wrapping a handkerchief around his right hand, and with it he knocked out a pane of glass about twenty inches square and gave us a good breathing hole. That saved us from defeat. At the close of the sermon a crowd of seekers pressed their way to the altar and a number of them were converted to God, among whom was a Roman Catholic woman, who told her experience in beautiful simplicity. Years afterward as I passed through that region I was informed that she developed into a very steadfast, consistent Christian.

The State prohibition movement at that period, commencing in Maine, rolled westward. The State of Indiana fell into line and passed a prohibitory law which was in force about three months. During that period it is said that not a drunken man was seen in that State, and the good people thought the morning of millennial glory was dawning upon them. Then one of the judges of the Supreme Court came along with his legal lever under a cry of "unconstitutionality," and reopened the floodgates of intoxicating drink; but Judge Lindsay, county judge of Howard County, proclaimed the liquor traffic a nuisance.

I spent a night in Kokomo, a county seat; and learned that after months of universal total abstinence in the town a man was seen staggering in the street more than half drunk. The people called a mass meeting of inquiry to find out where the man got this whisky; they discussed the subject and appointed a committee which they called the "Smelling Committee," to smell out the man who dared to sell rum in that town. Said committee found a barrel of the deadly stuff that had been secreted in the town; the owner was "smelled out," and was being tried before Judge Lindsay the day I left there for violation of the "nuisance law."

In another town, Williamsburg, further south, there were seven grogshops. The ladies had a meeting and considered the perilous situation, and served a notice on all the rumsellers in town to close out by a certain day named or they would be forced to the extreme necessity of destroying all their intoxicating drinks. The moral suasion of the ladies did not move them, so on the day appointed nearly a hundred women appeared in line on the street, each with a hatchet in hand; a deep snow was thawing, and the streets were flooded with streams of water. A minister stationed there at the time told me that when they first appeared on the street they picked their way carefully along the sidewalks to keep their feet dry, but when they had cleaned out three or four of the grogshops, knocking in the heads of barrels and pouring out the liquor in streams, they just trudged along in the middle of the street, wading through the slush and never stopping until they cleared the town of grogshops. I received these facts on the ground on which they occurred, and from witnesses of the scenes described. I make no comment on the facts stated, except to say that they indicate the deep sense of cruelty, injustice, and woe brought upon women by the destruction of their husbands and brothers through the liquor traffic, and the desperation and daring to which it may yet lead. That was long before the modern crusades of Ohio. This indicates the character of the crusade in Indiana. The Ohio crusaders depended mainly on praying in front of the rumshops. The Hoosiers depended mainly on the effective use of their hatchets. The crusade, in still another form, is becoming world-wide through the Women's National Temperance Union, and if men fail to do their work righteously at the ballot box and on the field the women will take it up.

My first visit west of Indiana was at the session of Illinois Conference, held in Danville in the year 1859. I went on a Saturday afternoon from the North Indiana Conference session, reached Danville late in the night, and put in appearance at the Conference love feast next morning, an entire stranger unheralded. At the close of the love feast many of the brethren surrounded me, inquiring, "Who are you, and where did you come from?" Then the next thing was, "We want you to preach for us." I said, "All right, that is in my line of work, and by the imparted might of the Master, I always hold myself in readiness to preach or to die." Then they raised the question among themselves, "How shall we work it? Bishop Simpson is to preach this morning and ordain the deacons, Bishop Ames is to preach in the afternoon and ordain the elders, and Dr. L. is to preach the annual missionary sermon tonight, and that fills up the day. The only chance we can see

of giving you a hearing will be after the ordination of elders in the afternoon. That will give you but a very short time, but we must hear you." I said, "All right; I can say a great deal in a short time."

They had a new church there, but it was too small to accommodate the crowd on that occasion. So they prepared a stand and benches in a grove adjacent to the town, after the style of a camp meeting. The arrangement was that the morning and afternoon preaching and ordinations should be in the woods and the missionary sermon at night in the church. So we had a great crowd in the woods. In the morning Bishop Simpson preached one of his masterly sermons and ordained the deacons. In the afternoon Bishop Ames measured up in point, pungency, and power to Bishop Simpson in the morning, and ordained the elders. By that time the people were surfeited with good things, the sun was getting low, and they were in a hurry to get home, so as to get their supper and return to the night service.

As soon, however, as the ordination "Amen" was pronounced the people simultaneously arose and made a start for their homes. The presiding elder having charge shouted to them, "Hold on! hold on! California Taylor is going to preach." They had enough, and did not hold on at all; they were on the march. In another minute or two they would have been under full headway homeward. So I sprang to my feet and sang the "Royal Proclamation." They all instantly sat down. Then, instead of going into a sermonical arrangement, I gave them a thunder-and-lightning exhortation about fifteen minutes in length, and called for the seekers of salvation to come to the front. That was not on the program at all; but the powerful sermons of the morning and afternoon were just of the right sort for enlightening and awakening, so that I had but to strike and apply a Gospel match to the charge, and the effect was quick and powerful. In a few minutes the front benches were crowded with weeping penitents. The preachers caught the flame and came together, and we had a regular Pentecostal camp meeting scene. We sang, prayed, and instructed the seekers till sundown. Meantime the brethren determined to continue the meeting in the woods that night instead of going to the church. So they brought lanterns, lamps, torches of various kinds, and lighted up the ground. The news of a revival stirred the town, and we had an immense crowd at night, equal to anything in the day. But the great excitement of the various services of the day seemed to exhaust the people. They were tired, and the doctor of divinity, appointed a year before to preach the missionary sermon for the occasion, gave out for his text, "Curse ye, Meroz, curse bitterly, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

His sermon for the occasion was most suitable. The people were so weary, and his preaching was so monotonous and long that the people, preachers and all, got a good nap of sleep, which was just the thing they specially needed. By the time, the preacher was through the congregation was very much refreshed. As soon as the D. D. took his seat the presiding elder said, "Brother Taylor, exhort." So I shouted, "Awake, O sleepers! arise, and call upon your God." I exhorted about fifteen minutes and called for seekers, and they crowded the front seats. The preachers went into it with a will. A good number were saved that night. One young man shouted aloud and testified all over the camp to his experience of salvation. I don't think I ever met one of the ministers present on that occasion through the intervening thirty-six years who does not remind me of it.

In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois I shook hands with some of the surviving pioneer heroes of the West, among whom were Jimmy Havens, of Indiana; Peter Cartwright and Wilson Pitner, of Illinois. Father Havens was a short, thickset, muscular man, specially endowed with the rare gift of good common sense and with great power of endurance; he was a man of intelligent, earnest Christian character, and an indefatigable worker as an early founder of Methodism in that State. For a time he traveled a circuit that comprised almost the entire State of Indiana. He told me it took him so long to go around his big circuit that his own dogs didn't know him when he got home.

He displayed his muscular Christianity at a camp meeting he held once in the neighborhood of Indianapolis. One evening during the meeting he learned that a mob of desperadoes had been organized in Indianapolis to break up the camp meeting. Their plan was to go out in force and put out the camp lights and knock down or kill all who might dare to oppose them and have their own way with the rest. So Father Havens organized a special police force to protect the camp. Soon after dark his policemen were driven in from the surrounding woods by the great mob, which seemed to strike terror into the hearts of all the people. The police were afraid to touch them or to stand for the defense of the encampment. Havens on inquiry found out the locality of the principal leaders, and told some of his police to follow him, but to keep back in the dark, so as not to be seen, and he would go himself, and speak to the leaders of the mob. He went straight to the rendezvous of which he had heard, and found six desperate fellows together. He remonstrated with them, and declared that he was conducting an orderly meeting under the protection of the law, and did not wish to be disturbed, and begged them to go away and let them alone. They swore that they were going to have things their own way. Havens replied, "Now, boys, I will give you five minutes to get off this ground or take the consequences." They laughed and mocked him, and wanted to know what he could do. He said, "If you don't leave these premises in five minutes you will find out." They just stood and jeered him. "Three minutes have gone; you have only two minutes more." They stared in astonishment and called him an old fool. He said, "I give you notice, boys, that your time is nearly up!"

At the end of the five minutes, before they knew what he was going to do, as they were attempting to rush upon him, he struck them one by one with his fist and felled the whole of them to the earth. His men in the rear seized three or four of them, and the rest, with their followers, ran away. When Havens got back to the camp he found the people in a great fright, and the preacher who was to preach that night begged to be excused; so Havens took the pulpit and preached himself. Subsequently the rowdies brought suit against the preacher for assault and battery. He appeared in court and defended his cause by a simple statement of the facts in the case. The judge gave the fellows a severe scolding for their bad behavior and dismissed the suit.

While I was with Peter Cartwright I studied him closely. He was an extraordinary man in his day. The children of both of those great men grew up for God; some were ministers, and all useful members of the Church of their fathers. Their fathers were live men, and made common cause with their children and won their hearts for Jesus.

Wilson Pitner was not so widely known abroad as was Cartwright. I made his acquaintance in 1855. As a specimen of his simplicity as a speaker and an illustration of the spirit of self-sacrifice which conquered the West for Methodism, and which, if carried out, would conquer the world, I note the following narrative of facts which I received from eyewitnesses. At a

session of the Illinois Conference in the early days Pitner was called on for a missionary speech. He stepped on the platform and said:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, my heart is in this missionary work, but silver and gold have I none. I travel a poor circuit in northern Illinois. It is a rich country, but settlements are new and have not yet realized sufficient returns for their industry to buy their salt or to pay the preacher. They have plenty of corn, and they live on corn bread without butter. They furnish corn to feed me and my family and horse, and I am thankful for that, but they have no money. I could not get money to buy a suit of clothes to wear to Conference. The elbows and knees of my clothes are patched, as you see. My old hat wore out months ago, but I took my trap and wended my way across the prairies of Illinois, and ascended a bluff near the Iowa line overlooking the Mississippi.

"There I kneeled down at the root of a friendly oak that crowned the bluff and put up a prayer. I said in my prayer, 'O, Lord, thou knowest what a poor circuit thy servant has to travel. My people are kind-hearted, but they have no money. I have no money, thou knowest, to buy clothes to wear to Conference. But, blessed Father, I think I can scuff through with this suit for another year; but there is my old hat, that is a scandal to the profession; but, Lord, thou hast plenty of beavers running round here, doing no good to the world, so far as I know. I want to go down to this great river of thine and set my trap for a beaver, and if thou wilt be so kind as to send along one of thy big beavers tonight into my trap I will be very much obliged and remember thy kindness as long as I live.' I put up my prayer in faith, and did some watching and work as well. I went down and searched the river bank diligently till I found a beaver slide, where the animals were in the habit of sliding down the bank into the river for their personal entertainment; and I set my trap at the bottom of the slide, just under water, and went home meditating. Next morning, just as the light of the day began to streak the eastern horizon, I was well on my way to the Mississippi to see what the Lord had done for me in answer to my prayer. Just as the great orb of day began to roll his mellow light across the bosom of the great Father of Waters, I was descending the bank, and when I reached the bottom I saw that sure enough the Lord had sent me one of the biggest beavers he had. I knocked him on the head and took off his rind and carried it up on the bluff, and laid it down at the root of that friendly oak, where I had put up my prayer, and kneeled down upon it, and with tearful eyes returned sincere thanks to God, as I had promised to do. I dressed the skin until it became as soft as silk, and converted it into a beaver cap to wear to Conference. There is no other such cap at this Conference as the cap the Lord gave me in answer to my prayer, and I prize it highly, I can assure you. My heart is in this missionary work, and I have nothing else that represents money value, so I give my cap for the missionary cause." And suiting his action to his words he tossed his cap into the collection basket.

Wilson Pitner made a visit to Nauvoo and spent a night there with Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism. He pleaded with Joe all night to give up what he knew to be an imposture, and reminded him that he knew well that the book he pretended to have produced was written by a Presbyterian minister in Washington County, Pennsylvania, by the name of Spaulding, written only as a romance. Plenty of people still live who knew Spaulding and his manuscript. He was well-known as the pastor of Sydney Church, in Washington County, near the Virginia State line. After Spaulding's death it was thought that his manuscript, printed as a romance, would help to support his widow, and for that purpose it was put into the hands of Neisbitt & Co., in Pittsburgh. They promised to examine the manuscript and report, but when the widow's friends made inquiry



about it the manuscript could not be found. Sidney Rigden was a printer in that office, and Rigden and Joe Smith knew well what went with Spaulding's manuscript. "And you know, Joe Smith," continued Pitner, "that you are deceiving the people, and that if you do not give up your iniquitous course the judgment of God will fall upon you." According to Pitner's statement to me, "Joe sat and listened, but every now and then he would spring to his feet and invoke all the curses of Mormonism upon me. I sat there quietly and replied, 'Joe Smith, do you think I am afraid of you? With the love of God swelling this jacket of mine I could swim the fiery gulf and shout, Glory to God!' We had it up and down the whole night, and just as the morning dawned I left him, but as I said good day I added, 'Joe, you know I would not harm a hair on your head, but I tell you if you don't repent of your sins and quit deceiving the people you will be dead and in perdition before many weeks.'" It so turned out that within a few weeks Nauvoo was taken by storm and Joe Smith was killed.

While working in Illinois I became tired going by rail trains at untimely hours, and bought a span of horses and a good carriage. The horses were blooded cobs; they had been trained as race horses, and their action was superior to any other horses I ever handled. It seemed to be mere pastime for them to wheel me and my wife and two children ten miles an hour without a whip. The first day I drove them through deep mud I had to make ten miles to an eleven o'clock appointment, and eighteen miles in the afternoon to my night preaching place. The preacher whose pulpit I occupied that afternoon said that I could not reach my night appointment because the swollen river was impassable. I replied, "I am not responsible for high rivers, but I am responsible for getting to my appointment if it is a possible thing, and I will have to go and see to be satisfied on that point." So after dinner I hitched in my horses and pushed on toward my appointment. When out about a mile I heard shouting behind me, and looking back I saw the said preacher on horseback in hot pursuit. Coming up with us he said, "The culverts along the river road have been washed entirely out and the road is entirely impassable. I want you not to imperil your lives, but come back and stop with me and preach for my people tonight." Just then I saw two men on horseback a few rods ahead, and shouted to them saying, "Are you going to cross the river?" and they said "Yes." "Will you conduct me across with my carriage and pair?" "Yes." And I said to the preacher, "Good-bye, I am off." So my guides, instead of going by the flooded river road, opened a fence and went through a corn field for a quarter of a mile, and part of the way the water came up to the traces of my horses. We came out opposite a bridge which ordinarily spanned the river, but there was a great river flowing between us and the bridge. My wife and children, as well as myself, got up on the seats so that the river rushing through the carriage would not wet our feet. My guides led steadily on and I followed, and we crossed the bridge all right. When we came in sight of the place where I was to preach we saw the large church lighted up. I said to my wife, "You see they have faith, and we have the joy of not disappointing their faith."

We had a crowded house and a good meeting. I have always been favored by special providence in the arrangement and fulfillment of my appointments to preach. I think I could count on my fingers the times I failed through a period of fifty years to keep my appointments, and they were on account of snowdrifts and flood well-known to the people.

I was working in Illinois when the gathering storm of the civil war broke upon the nation. Two of my own brothers went into the Federal army, one of whom, through exposure and severity of the weather during the siege of Fort Donelson, was taken down with typhoid fever and died.

Most of the year 1859 I spent in the State of Indiana, and labored in all the towns of any note in that great State. The people of that State in those days excelled as singers, and were the greatest people known for shaking hands in meeting when they got happy. They seemed like kinsfolk to me, and I loved them dearly. My friends there, in the ministry and out, were numerous, and my work of preaching daily in pulpits and the public squares of their towns, and at their camp meetings and Annual Conferences, was all on the high lines of things extraordinary, and yet so uniform in their character that I find it difficult in this hasty sketch to particularize so as to note persons or events. Many of the old heroes then at the front have gone to their home in heaven.

My work was hindered by the war excitement through the West, and the wildcat currency, familiarly known as "stumptail," required us to examine the bank reports daily to see how short the tail had become, and often we found no tail at all; so I concluded that I could serve the cause of God and my financial interests better by a visit to my friends in Canada. Accordingly I spent a year, from the spring of 1861 to the spring of 1862, in Upper and Lower Canada, preaching as an evangelist in all the towns of any size from Sarnia in the West to Montreal in the East. I had a most cordial reception by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at its session at Brantford in 1861, and its ministers opened wide to me the doors of all their churches; so with the hearty cooperation of preachers and people I put in six days per week, including nine camp meetings that year. The work extended over a wide range of territory, and under the blessing of Providence reached thousands of souls.

I here insert two reminiscences relating to this period in my ministry:

Waterloo, Iowa, July, 1892

"I first met Bishop William Taylor in Canada West, at a camp meeting, in a grove north of St. George, in 1861. He was then known as Father Taylor, the California Street Preacher, and what was then known as Canada West is now denominated Ontario. St. George is about eighteen miles west of the city of Hamilton. The Rev. William Lund was at the time pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church on the St. George Circuit.

"This was a remarkable camp meeting, and Father Taylor was then at his prime. His form was straight and comely, his voice clear and ringing, his definitions of puzzling theological questions distinct and very satisfactory. I call to mind an anecdote he related about a father at Terre Haute, Indiana, who descended by sliding down a rope into a well to save his daughter Lizzie, who had fallen in. He saved his daughter, but so ruined his hands that they were of no use to him in his employment ever after.

"This father he compared to Jesus coming down to save us, and with such telling effect that the vast assemblage was moved to tears. At that camp meeting over one hundred were converted, and about eighty were baptized at its close, selecting as they choose all three modes, sprinkling, pouring, and immersion.

"This took place in 1861. I entered the Upper Iowa Annual Conference, of which I have been a member now twenty-six years, being stationed at present at Vinton, Iowa. Today I had the

pleasure of hearing Bishop Taylor preach again. He still retains the same clearness of thought, but of later years has more of the manner of a teacher than a Boanerges. -- J. W. Clinton"

"Greencastle, Indiana, June, 1893

"In the fall of 1859 the writer was a student at Asbury (now De Pauw) University. He had just begun his career as a student, and had big eyes for personages who came that way. Among the rest came William Taylor. My impression has been that he had just then emerged from his experiences as a street preacher in San Francisco. I now learn, however, that he had been away from that field for two or three years. The history of his life and work in that period does not now concern me, but only my impressions of his visit, his personality, and his sermons before the students and the Church. His apparition left me with a very distinct memory. I see him today, after the lapse of nearly thirty-four years, sharply outlined against that far horizon of my boyish recollection. I perceive in the backward look several things about the man and the preacher as he then was. The first of these is the fact that he had already developed that wonderful directness of speech which is, perhaps, the secret of his influence in the religious society of our time. At that date he spoke directly out, just as he did after the discipline of another quarter of a century. I suppose that this method of immediate speech, passing without any intermediate formulary from the speaker to the spoken-to, was with him a natural gift. This is to say, that he had the quality of doing so dormant among his faculties, and the opportunity and exciting cause came with his experiences in the streets of San Francisco. In that arena, such as it was in the sixth decade, a man must be direct or be nothing. What effect could be expected from the formal and logical speech of oratory when addressed to the melange of rough miners, gamblers, scamps, refugees of ten countries and fifteen races gathered then in what had lately been the sand roads of Yerba Buena?

"Bishop Taylor learned the lesson perhaps more perfectly than any man of the period, or indeed of the subsequent times to the present. Most public speakers have not learned it yet. Within two weeks of the writing of this note I went to the Five Points on Sunday afternoon and saw a young limb of the Gospel orating (pardon the word, I pray you!) to what could be called a congregation only from the circumstance that it had congregated -- a little! There were three or four men sitting on the benches smoking pipes; some half-grown girls with dirty clothes were leering at each other under one of the sycamore bushes. The boys were incipient rowdies of several bloods. When I stepped upon the stone pavement which civilization has succeeded in laying in that triangular ground of crime and darkness, the young preacher was saying this: 'O, my erring fellow-mortals! If any of you should imagine that by contrivance and subtlety you can evade the penalty due for the infraction of violated law you may be assured that such expectation is delusive.' He pronounced the word delusive very elegantly, with a good long "u" in the second syllable. I noted with care that not a single one of his alleged auditors was paying the slightest attention to what he said. I could but mutter to myself as I turned to go, 'O for William Taylor!'

"Bishop Taylor learned to be direct. Many others have learned the lesson from him. A large part of the successful evangelism of the age has sprung from him and from his method.

"The second impression remaining in my memory of Bishop Taylor as he appeared thirty-five years ago is his large and distinct personality. He was then virtually as he is today; not aged, to be sure, but all of the marks and features of his originality were strong upon him. His

personal manner was then the same as today. His voice was powerful, natural, resonant, pathetic. His power of recital, whether of incident or of invented example, was, I think, almost as complete and efficient at that time as it is now. In fact, the William Taylor of 1859 was essentially the Bishop Taylor of the Columbian year.

"The third thing that I remember, and the last which I will here refer to, is the fact that the locomotive habit had already taken possession of him. I believe he was more restless then than now. He must go and go. Of course while he was speaking the demands of his nervous nature were satisfied with that kind of expenditure. But I think he could neither sit nor stand or pose. We have in physical nature what is called the unstable equilibrium. This William Taylor had in his inner man. I do not mean to compare this venerable apostle of the 19th century with the eldest of Jacob's sons! The instability in the case of the bishop relates only to the excess and vehemence of his nervous forces, demanding action, action, action. I believe he has never been in confinement, though the vicissitudes of his career might well have brought him to prison and to bonds. Perhaps this would have been to him the greatest of all hurts. It is doubtful whether the activity of his mind in prison -- unless, indeed, he had been well supplied with paper and ink -- would have sufficed to bear him up against the distress which must have come of enforced inaction.

"In common with many other men who were boys in the sixties, I have had pleasure and profit from acquaintance, however incidental, with William Taylor. Why should we call such a man a bishop? What good does that do? What should we say of one who should refer to the life and work of Bishop Paul? -- John Clark Ridpath."

My horses did us grand service in Canada. As a specimen of their speed I drove them one Saturday sixty miles to an appointment next day at Guelph. They came in before dark, heads up; and with aching arms I was hanging on to the lines. When we reached our destination the Wesleyan minister came out to bid us welcome, and said, "What a grand pair of horses you have!"

"Yes," said I, "they have carried us sixty miles today and show no signs of weariness."

"Yes," continued he, "they are noble animals."

I added, "If there shall be, as Mr. Wesley thinks, a resurrection of the brute creation, I shall want to go to the celestial clover field in which these horses graze and see how they get on."

The old preacher said, "O, yes; such animals as these must have a future life."

In the opening of the winter of 1862 I conducted services in Great St. James Wesleyan Church in Montreal. Many souls were brought to God in our meetings, and among them were a number of British soldiers, grenadier and fusileer guards; some also from the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Regiments, which had been through the Crimean War. I delivered a course of temperance lectures in a large hall in that city. My friend, Mr. Dougall, the founder of the Weekly Witness, of New York city, stood at the head of a temperance organization in Montreal which had a standing of thirty years.

Many of the soldiers signed the pledge during my course of lectures. One day, at the close of a lecture, a soldier came to me and said, "I want to sign the pledge."

"Is your mind fully made up to abstain from drink?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is the book; it has been open for thirty years. You can put your name down if your mind is prepared to stick to it."

"Well, sir, since I have been hearing you, preach I feel that I need something more than signing the pledge. I am a poor, wicked sinner. I never prayed in my life, and I don't know how to pray; but if you will be so kind as to write me a prayer I will commit it to memory and say it, and see if the Lord will pity me. I don't know how to talk to the Lord, but he may let me repeat the prayer you write for me."

I said, "My dear brother, there are some little prayers recorded in the New Testament which will suit you better than any I can write for you. The prayer of poor blind Bartimeus is a good one -- 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. He was told to shut up, but he cried the louder -- 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' And Jesus stopped and called him, and gave him sight and salvation too, and he followed Jesus in the way. The prayer of the poor publican, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,' was offered and answered in less than five minutes. These prayers are better suited to your case than any I can write for you."

"Well," said he, "I will try them. I cannot come to your meeting at Great St. James Church tonight. I will be detained on duty in the barracks, but if I am spared until tomorrow night I will attend your meeting and try those little prayers, and see what good I can get."

I replied, "Don't wait until tomorrow night. You may be dead before that time. You can pray now, or in the barracks tonight you may kneel down by your bunk and surrender to God and receive Christ. He can save you in the barracks just as well as in Great St. James Church."

Sure enough, the next night I saw him in my audience listening attentively, and when I invited seekers to come forward to the altar of prayer he marched up promptly. Instead of kneeling down he stood, and said to me, "I have not come to seek the Lord tonight; I have come to testify. You said the Lord Jesus would save me last night in the barracks if I would call upon him; so I kneeled down by my bunk, and the soldiers began to swear at me, saying, 'Here is a fellow on his knees,' and they pelted me with their old boots and shoes and whatever they could get hold of. But I paid no attention to them. I kept on crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I felt worse and worse, until finally I surrendered to God and received Christ, and the Holy Spirit notified me of my pardon, just as you said he would. I was acquitted at the bar of justice, and he wrought in me a marvelous change, which is indescribable. I lay in my bunk and praised God all the rest of the night, and all this day I have been walking the streets of Montreal praising God for this great salvation."

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## PART IV -- MY WORK IN AUSTRALIA

### 15 -- TO PALESTINE BY WAY OF EUROPE

Antecedents of My Going to Australia -- Decision of the Question -- A Foggy Voyage -- Trying to Preach on Shipboard -- The Dis-united States -- A Plain-spoken Preacher -- At the Wesleyan Conference in Camborne -- Use of Wine by the Ministers -- Punshon and Rattenbury -- In the Dalcoath Mine -- Visit to Ireland -- "I Would Not Exchange Places with Him." -- Tour from Dublin to Cork -- In the Home of My Ancestors -- My Pamphlet on "The Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War" -- Newman Hall Defends the Union Cause -- Evangelistic Work in Manchester and London -- I Make the Acquaintance of Jimmie

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I now arrive at my first passage of the Atlantic. Providence led me forth by way of England into Australia. My principle of world-wide evangelization took the helm of my life and pointed the way to the remote island empire of the South Pacific. These are the circumstances of my going:

In February, 1862, while laboring in Peterboro, Canada, I was the guest of James Brown, M.D. Dr. Brown had spent some years in Australia, and gave me a glowing account of those rising colonies, but stated that they greatly needed just such evangelizing help as I could give them. "They have cleared the forests," said he; "they have plowed the fallow ground and sowed the seed, but they are not successful like you in gathering the harvest; so that in a short time you could render them a service immeasurable in breadth and in its ingathering of innumerable precious souls." The doctor thus spent days on me, and made an impression upon my mind that I could not dispose of except by taking it to the Lord in prayer. So I went out into a wild forest, kneeled down in the snow, and prayed until I was certified by the Holy Spirit that the Lord wanted me in Australia. My family returned to our old home in California, and on May 1, 1862, I took passage for Liverpool on the steamship Kangaroo, en route for Australia. The Kangaroo was crowded with passengers, and we had a fortnight of stormy, heavy weather, so that we did not see the sun from the time we left Sandy Hook until we sighted the coast of Ireland, the fog bell tolling the whole way across. We came within a few rods of running on a huge iceberg on the passage.

As a first-class passenger, I went to the captain soon after we embarked and requested to be allowed to preach to the second-class passengers on the forward deck. He made no objection, and said he would order the officer of the deck to provide for it and announce it. I was so much accustomed to preaching four or five times each Sabbath that I could not reconcile my conscience to pass a Sabbath without proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of the people that crowded our decks. When the hour for preaching came I went to the place appointed and found no preparation and no hearers. I went to the officer of the deck and inquired if any arrangements had been made for preaching on the forward deck. He replied he had heard nothing about it and had received no orders from the captain, and that the captain was in his room asleep. So I had to give it up for that day. Without complaint I renewed my request the next Sabbath. The captain seemed to be very cordial and said, "Certainly, certainly;" but that promise drew a blank the same as the first. In all

my previous voyages I had been requested by the captain to preach, so that this was the first time that I had to ask for permission, and I entered upon a new experience.

After a voyage of fourteen days we anchored in the Mersey River, at Liverpool. On the first Sabbath morning after arrival I found my way to Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, and was introduced to the pastor as a minister just from the United States. The pastor promptly retorted, "The dis-United States?"

"No, sir; the temporary disruption of my nation will not alter its name nor its united nationality."

He was an able minister, and I was greatly interested in his sermon, but was surprised to see that he stood up to pray and that the whole congregation remained seated. I kneeled as usual, but did some watching as well as praying, to see how they did it on that side of the water.

The preacher said some very plain things; among them was that his people were so blinded by the deceitfulness of riches that they would marry their daughters to the devil if he had money enough. So in my own mind I concluded that their daughters were not in danger of such a marriage union, as the devil had been bankrupt for ages and did not own a foot of land in the world.

With as little delay as possible I went directly from Liverpool to the Wesleyan Conference, then in session at Camborne, Cornwall, and put up at a hotel. I had letters of introduction from ministers in Canada to William Arthur, Dr. Prest, and many other distinguished members of the Wesleyan Conference. So I was cordially received. I was surprised to find that their Conference business was conducted in a social, conversational way, instead of by parliamentary usage, to which I was accustomed in our own Conferences in America. I was more surprised to see the free use of wine by the ministers at the dinner table. On being invited on all such occasions to take a little for my stomach's sake I respectfully declined, and gave my reasons, in which I embodied a speech on total abstinence.

Dr. Prest was the president and the immediate successor of Mr. Rattenbury. At that Conference I heard Mr. Punshon for the first time. I also heard Mr. Rattenbury preach in Gwennap Pit to a vast crowd filling the pit from bottom to top and all around the edges, just such a crowd as Mr. Wesley describes in the days when that was one of his regular preaching places. I was permitted to preach thrice in their chapels during Conference, also once on the street, and once a thousand feet down in Dalcoath Mine, then under the management of Captain Charles Thomas. His son, Captain Josiah Thomas, conducted me down the shafts to a depth of seventeen hundred feet. At the depth of one thousand feet I sang and collected a large number of miners, to whom I preached, and to which many responded in loud amens and hallelujahs. I was informed that there were fifty miles of cuttings in that famous tin mine. Coming up from that horrible pit, I was invited to a sumptuous dinner at the home of my friend Captain Thomas, and had occasion to deliver my temperance talk at the dinner table.

From the Conference I accompanied Rev. William Crook to Drogheda, Ireland. I preached a week in his church in that town, and a goodly number of his people entered into the liberty of the

children of God. My stopping place during my sojourn there was in the house of a dry goods merchant by the name of Davis.

One day at the dinner table Brother Davis gave an account of a neighbor with whom he had watched during the preceding night, and who had died before morning. He said: "The deceased was once a prominent and zealous member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but he prospered in business, apostatized from God, withdrew from the Church, and became a bitter persecutor; but in his long illness he was brought to repentance, and died in peace last night and went to heaven, and now he is better off than any of us."

I listened to his story and said, "You are satisfied, Brother Davis, that he has gone to heaven and is better off than we are."

"Yes; that is my statement and my belief."

"Well, all I have to say is, admitting your statement as to destination to be true, I would not exchange places with him."

My statement seemed to startle the preacher, the merchant, and the company surrounding the table. The minister said, "Do you mean to say you would not exchange places with a man in heaven?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I said, and that is what I mean."

"Well, sir, we don't understand how you could say such a thing."

"To my mind it is a very plain case. To take me out and put him in would not be a profitable exchange for the world. Admitting that he was saved, and well rewarded according to his works, yet he will be a star so small it will require a tremendous telescope to spot him. Whereas, I expect, through the mercy of God, to realize the promise, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.""

So they all, concurred in my judgment of the case.

I conducted special services, usually a week, but in some places two or three weeks, in each church, in Dublin, Belfast, Portadown, Armagh, Enniskillen, Sligo, Bandon, Cork, and other places of less note, covering a period of about four months.

In Armagh, the ancient home of my Scotch-Irish ancestors, I found plenty of folks ready to claim kin with me, although more than one hundred years had passed since my ancestors emigrated to America, so that I found it impossible to trace reliable lines of relationship. But I loved the Irish, and highly appreciated their great kindness to me and my opportunity of ministering to them and of witnessing the salvation of many sinners in their churches.

Meantime I had to take part at their dinner table discussions on the pros and cons of the civil war in America, then in progress. The rank and file of Great Britain stood naturally in



sympathetic attitude toward the Federal nation, but the London Times espoused the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and created such a fog in that murky atmosphere that the common people could not see their way out.

In the beginning of 1863 I wrote and published in London a royal octavo pamphlet entitled Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War in American Facts for the People of Great Britain. I wrote, as I always do, over my own signature, and, being familiar with the leading facts of the case and the measure of them from Maine to California, I came to the stand as a witness. I felt that something had to be done quickly at that end of the line. One cruiser had already gone out from England; the Alabama and others were contracted for; so, to prevent the nation from being misled and the disturbance of friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States, I came to the front and said what I had to say as a witness. I did not stop to sell my pamphlet, but secured a long list of names of lords, ladies, ministers, and people of all classes, and sent out for free distribution eleven thousand copies.

I loved and pitied the Southern people, and always expressed kind words in praise of their good qualities, but deplored and abhorred their fierce attempts to rend in twain the North and South, whom God had joined together.

The English press noticed my pamphlet, but none of them attempted to challenge my facts. Some of the leading papers in the opposition raised the inquiry, "Who is this man Taylor? What business has he here?" Others said, "This man Taylor used to be a street preacher in California. We don't know what he is doing here."

My pamphlet was one of the text-books used by the Rev. Newman Hall, who delivered lectures in the principal centers of England in the interest of our Federal nation. Leading Quaker Friends in Manchester circulated them extensively among their people, and I had the happiness to know that some good resulted from my humble effort to render service to my country.

I heard President Hayes, years afterward, express his belief that my pamphlet, circulated in England at that time, was worth more to our cause than a regiment of soldiers at the front. That pamphlet, which was then prophetic, would serve well as a history of the cause and results of the civil war in America.

I spent seven months in England and Ireland on this my first Australian trip as an evangelist in Manchester, Birkenhead, Crewe, London, and other points. I was most kindly received by the people to whom I ministered, and whom I loved sincerely; but my call was to Australia, taking a look at Palestine on my way out. I never went abroad to see, but saw as I went.

While in London a young man who heard me deliver a lecture in St. James Hall called to see me, and expressed a great desire to accompany me to Palestine. I respectfully declined to take charge of him, as he had never been away from home; but he was so anxious to go with me that he brought his mother to intercede for him. She was a widow, and this young man was her only son. He was called James, but I pleased him by calling him "Jimmy." She had given him a good education, and he was preparing to enter the ministry in the Baptist Church. He was a young man

about six feet in height. He evidently had ability in him, but no facility to bring it out. His mother was a woman of means, and cheerfully furnished money for his expenses.

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## 16 -- IN THE LORD'S LAND

From Paris to Beirut -- Meeting with Dr. Thomson -- Preparations for the Tour of Palestine -- Jim's Difficulty in Getting On -- Tomb of Jonah -- A Night in Sidon -- Mount Carmel and Nazareth -- The Easter Celebration -- On the Top of Tabor -- Arrival at Tiberias -- Question of the Sabbath Excursion -- Site of Shechem -- Jacob's Well -- Sleeping where Israel Slept -- View of Jerusalem -- The Rock Quarry -- Mosque of Omar -- On the Mount of Olives -- Singing the Christ Hymn There -- Jim and his Pocketbook -- Journey to Jericho -- My Policy in Traveling -- Sports of the Arabs -- The Wonderless Jim -- Bathing in Jordan -- The Dead Sea and Masada -- From Hebron to Jerusalem -- Tomb of Alfred Roberts -- Entering the Tomb of David -- Jim Loses his Horses and Donkeys -- In Danger of Shipwreck -- In Alexandria -- Our Visit to the Pyramids -- Jim Departs for Home -- I Embark for Melbourne -- No Deduction on the Score of Drinks -- No Preaching on the Mooltan -- First Peep at Australia -- On Shore at Albany -- In Melbourne with Two Dollars and a Half -- James Copeland Receives Me -- Introduction to Daniel Draper -- Arrangements for a Campaign -- Waugh and his Irish Welcome -- "We Will Storm Sebastopol." -- Preaching in Wesley Church -- Outline of My Sermon -- Budd Thomas the Daft -- "The Doctor Comed." -- My First Afternoon Service in Melbourne -- Story of Samuel for the Little Folks -- How we Should Answer when God Calls -- Anecdotes of the Good for Children -- "Janie, Dear, Look to Jesus."

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Early in the spring of 1863 I and my young man took passage for Paris, and spent a week in looking at the wonders of that wonderful city and its environments; then went on to Marseilles and took passage in the Messageries Impériales line steamers to Beirut in Syria. We touched at Palermo, in Sicily. We proceeded through the Grecian Isles in the Ægean Sea, stopped at the island of Syra, and spent a few days in Smyrna. There I met a number of the missionaries of the American Board, and received from them a great deal of very interesting and valuable information in regard to their missions in Turkey, east and west. Leaving Smyrna, we touched at Pompeiopolis, and explored its wonderful ruins, and went on to Alexandretta, at the northeast angle of the Mediterranean Sea. There we struck the old warpath of Alexander the Great and his armies, and the old apostolic line of travel between Antioch and Cilicia. We saw at Alexandretta a caravan sary of great antiquity, where Barnabas passed a night on his way to Tarsus to seek Saul. From Alexandretta we proceeded down the coast of Syria, and landed at Beirut. There I made the acquaintance of Dr. Thomson, the author of *The Land and the Book*, that most interesting history of Palestine. There I made arrangements for a tour of observation through the Holy Land. Dr. Thomson kindly wrote out for me a plan of travel, naming definitely every place that I wished to visit and the length of time to be given to each. Of course I had to employ a dragoman and enter into articles of agreement with him and acknowledge them before the American consul, covering all the arrangements for the journey.

On the Sabbath I had the pleasure of hearing two of the missionaries there preach, and was also privileged at night to preach the Gospel to an appreciative people who could understand English.

On Monday morning early my dragoman came with the saddle horses, one for himself and one for me and another for Jim; also five donkeys to carry the tent, cooking utensils, and food for the journey of a month. One of the horses was ordinary, and the other was a poor one; so I gave Jim the choice, and he was sharp enough to choose the better one. He had never mounted a horse in his life, and had a great time in getting astride the animal. Finally he succeeded, and put his feet as far through the stirrups as he could, and without taking hold of the reins held on to the mane with both hands.

We set out to go twenty miles south next day to Sidon, and passing out through the southern suburbs of Beirut we came to the crossroads, and Jim's horse, concluding to go to Damascus, set out on the Damascus road as hard as he could run, the dragoman in pursuit. So we had a horse race to start with. The dragoman ran him down and led the horse back, and we made another start. After we had gone a few miles Jim's horse would not leave the party, but whenever we came to a patch of grass he stopped and grazed until we were nearly out of sight; then he would come after us as hard as he could run. Once, when halfway up to us, Jim's hat was blown off, and on he came, his hair streaming in the wind like that of John Gilpin. When the horse overtook the company he slowed up, and Jim jumped off and ran back to get his hat. He was next seen pursuing his horse, trying to catch him. The horse seemed to enjoy the fun, and ran across the path zigzag; finally Jim seized him by the tail and held on and managed to get hold on the bridle, and after many unsuccessful attempts succeeded in mounting. This young man was just from the city, and never seemed to learn how to manage a horse, as similar ridiculous things were repeated nearly every day for a month.

After leaving Sidon the dragoman showed us where Jonah landed from his whaling voyage, and also showed us where he was buried. The cenotaph had been recently covered with new red velvet, and conveyed the idea that Jonah had been dead but a few days. So I turned my face to the inner walls of Jonah's mausoleum and laughed until I cried at the ridiculous nonsense of such traditions, and made up my mind that I would not listen to such again, but give my attention to well-attested geographical and historical facts, which were quite sufficient to occupy all the time I had at command.

We spent a night at Sidon, which is thought to be the oldest city in the world, bearing the name of Sidon, the great-grandson of Noah. It is a walled city with narrow streets. I spent a pleasant evening in visiting missionaries of the American Board stationed there, but slept in my tent outside the walls. Next day we took our lunch near the ruins of the old city Sarepta, and proceeded on our way to Tyre. We spent some time exploring that region, and proceeded to Acre and ascended Mount Carmel, and thence to Nazareth, and spent the Sabbath and a few days ensuing traversing the paths pressed by the feet of the dear child Jesus, and witnessed the Easter celebration of the Greek Church.

Our tent was pitched in an olive grove near to the fountain, the only water supply of the town, where Mary used to come with a pitcher on her head to draw water. The Easter celebration

and festivities drew together in the olive orchard where we were tented a vast crowd of men, women, and children, dressed in their oriental costume, the women especially displaying a vast amount of jewelry -- rings on their fingers and pendants in their ears and noses.

The little girls spent the day mainly in swinging and singing. Nearly every olive tree had one or two swings attached to its limbs, and the whole orchard was vocal with the songs of the little girls from morning until night. The little boys dressed, put on airs of great dignity, would not sing, and would not even assist in swinging the girls.

From Nazareth we went to the top of Mount Tabor, a conical truncated mountain of nearly a thousand feet elevation, covered with shrubbery and affording on its summit suitable conditions of the account we read of the transfiguration of the God-man.

From Mount Tabor we passed on to what is believed to be Cana of Galilee, and on to Tiberias, on the west coast of the Sea of Galilee. When we arrived the surface of the sea was as smooth as a sea of glass, but about nine o'clock at night we had a tornado which carried the spray over the walls of Tiberias and to a considerable distance into the town. The sea is five hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, surrounded by hills and mountains. The rarefaction of the atmosphere creates a vast vacuum, which draws from the higher strata of the snow-capped region of Mount Hermon a cyclone of cold air to fill the vacuum, the same phenomenon arising from the same cause as in the days of old.

At Tiberias we met a party of Englishmen and Americans, among whom was a mm-Gospel from Boston. The minister said that he had made an arrangement for an excursion on the lake the next day, which was the Sabbath, and invited me to stop and go with them. I informed him that in all my journeyings I rested on the Sabbath day and preached when I had an opportunity, the same in Palestine as in America, feeling it my duty and privilege to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. He replied, "That is the right thing to do, but I am traveling with a company made up largely of English gentlemen, and they have the management of affairs, and I have to go with the crowd." I informed him that I was master of my own expedition, as usual, with no traveling companion except a youth from London, so that I was free to do right and chose to do so.

We went swimming in the Sea of Galilee and visited the Hot Springs a little south of Tiberias, and returned and spent the Sabbath in Nazareth; thence we proceeded by the usual path to Nain and to Dothan, and then on to the great mound-shaped hill on which the city' of Samaria stood, and thence on to Shechem; we ascended Mount Gerizim, explored the ruins of the old city of the Samaritans, and their temple walls, covering over two hundred feet square, and their ruins, of from five to ten feet high, remaining.

I asked a Samaritan, "What is the name of this ancient town?" and he said, "Sychar." I asked an Arab, separately, what that town was called, and he said, "Sychar." I counted as many as eight cisterns which had once been used for collecting water from the clouds. When they ran short the nearest permanent supply of water was Jacob's Well, at the southeast base of the mountain, about one thousand five hundred feet down from the summit. So we descended from the mount to the well of Jacob. At the mouth of the well was an excavation six feet deep and eight feet wide, walled up to afford a shade and a resting place for travelers. The well was covered with a large

fiat stone, with a hole in the center in which a large stone key was inserted. We were wearied in our journey and thirsty, and had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep. So we called an Arab laborer, who was at work a little distance from us, to come with his pitcher and well-rope and draw for us.

He removed the key and opened the well and let down his rope, but it was too short. It would not reach the water, so we got two or three silk sashes from the Arabs and tied them to the rope and drew a pitcher of water, beautifully transparent and deliciously sweet, from Jacob's Well.

The distance from the surface to the water was about eighty feet. The water was probably ten or fifteen feet deep in the well. I subsequently read the adventures of a traveler through that region who stated emphatically that he visited the spot and there was no well there. It had possibly been closed up and he did not find it. It was there nevertheless.

On our way thence to Jerusalem we camped and slept, as nearly as can be ascertained, on the spot where Jacob slept and dreamed and saw a ladder extending from earth to heaven, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

We proceeded thence to the Holy City, and pitched our tent outside the walls a little north of the city. Next morning, the day after our arrival, we went to the American consulate. The consul was absent, but the vice consul, who was a native of Jerusalem, received us courteously. Jim took occasion to go at once to the bank on which he had a letter of credit, and drew his money. Not wishing to carry money, I had a letter of credit on Beirut which was sufficient to pay my part of the expenses through to Alexandria, and was depending on Jim's draft on Jerusalem to pay his half through. The consul arranged to spend the day with us, so we walked about Jerusalem and "marked well her bulwarks."

The city is surrounded by a wall from twenty to eighty feet high, about ten feet thick. The extent of the wall, inclosing the city in rhomboid shape, is two and one eighth miles, built by Sultan Solyman in A. D. 542. We visited all the points of special interest, including the sepulcher of the kings and the great quarry of Mount Moriah, whence it is supposed a large part of the building stone of the ancient temple of Solomon had been quarried and elevated through a huge shaft up to the spot now covered by the Temple El Aksa. The solid rock of the quarry is soft yellow limestone, which hardens and whitens by exposure. We discovered why there was no sound of hammer in laying the stone. We saw great blocks of stone quarried and left standing, from which we could clearly see how it was done. Blocks were still attached to the original solid mountain of rock. The blocks were parallelepipedons about eight feet by two by two in dimensions, standing in perpendicular position. The two outer or exposed surfaces of each block had been quarried and dressed with an iron-handled chisel.

We visited the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. It is an octagonal structure; each angle is sixty-seven feet. The diameter of the interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet. It would require a volume to describe all the wonderful scenes and associations there brought to view. Many books have been written on the subject, and I shall not attempt it. We also ascended the Mount of Olives and saw the Garden of Gethsemane, and there, seated under an ancient olive tree, Jim and I read

the entire gospel by Mark, and called to mind the places we had seen where most of the scenes described had occurred, many having transpired in sight of the spot we then occupied. There amid those sacred associations, fresh as the dew of heaven, I sang the following poetic description of Christ in the garden:

"While passing a garden I paused to hear  
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there.  
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,  
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

"I listened a moment, then turned me to see  
What man of compassion this stranger might be.  
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,  
The loveliest being that ever was found.

"So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,  
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears.  
I wept to behold him, I asked him his name;  
He answered, "Tis Jesus; from heaven I came.

"I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;  
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by.  
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.'

"I trembled with terror and loudly did cry,  
'Lord, save a poor sinner! O, save or I die!'  
He cast his eyes on me and whispered, ' Live!  
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive.'

"How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!  
His smile, O, how pleasant! how cheering his voice!  
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad;  
I shouted 'Salvation!' and 'Glory to God!'

"I am now on my journey to mansions above,  
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love;  
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears  
Of that loving Stranger who banished my fears."

Then we knelt under the ancient olive and prayed, and the very same Jesus of whom we read manifested himself to us in the blessed realization of his saving power.

We spent several days on that first visit to Jerusalem, seeing all the sights of particular interest. On the evening of the first day, when we returned to our tent, I saw my traveling

companion fumbling through his pockets as though he had lost something. I said, "Jim, what is the matter? Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," said he, "my pocketbook is gone.

"All your money in it?"

"Yes; I drew it all from the bank this morning and put it into my pocketbook, and I don't know what has become of it. I cannot find it."

I had paid out all my money for my half of the expenses through, and was depending on the half that Jim was to furnish for the final settlement with our dragoman. So I found myself in straitened circumstances. The next morning after breakfast we went to the office of the American consul. We could hardly hope to get track of the money, but soon after we entered the consulate the consul inquired if either of us had lost a pocketbook. I said, "Yes; my friend Jim here lost his."

"Well," said he, "my janitor, who is a Mohammedan, found a pocketbook lying open on the settee there. He swore by Mohammed that he had not taken any of the money out, but passed it to me open as he found it."

I told Jim to count his money and see if it was all there. He carefully counted it and stuffed it into his pocket without saying a word. I said to him, "Is your money all there?"

"Yas."

I made him haul it out and give the Mohammedan a dollar. Then I said to him, "I will borrow your money and settle with you before we separate, at the Pyramids of Egypt." So I took charge of his money.

From Jerusalem we made the usual' trip to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We learned that a short time before a British lord, and five noblemen with him, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. They were not left by the roadside half dead, like the poor fellow we read about, but they were stripped of all their belongings except the clothes they had on their backs.

We met a number of exploring parties in different parts of Palestine, and they were all armed, and had an escort of soldiers to protect them against the Bedouin Arabs. My policy was to take nothing with me worth stealing, move along quietly and attend to my own business, treat men and dogs with common civility, and sleep in an open tent with no guards except the guardian angels whom God sends to look after those who trust in him. I was sorry when my camp was contiguous to that of those protected parties with sentinels keeping watch through the night, for they kept up a shouting one to another and disturbed my rest. So I always preferred to camp in some quiet spot where no travelers were within half a mile of my tent.

But on our trip from Jerusalem to Jericho we fell in with a party of English and Americans with their mounted native guards on Arab steeds. Coming to an open field, the Arab horsemen

engaged in horse racing and sword exercise, performing some wonderful feats of agility, and Jim's horse caught the spirit of the race, and with no restraining hand upon him he dashed into the crowd of racing horses and went back and forth. Jim's hat was blown off, and his long hair was streaming in the wind, which made him the most laughable sight to be seen on the journey. He managed by hanging on to the mane of his horse with both hands to retain his place and came out all right. He was a very remarkable young man.

We always had our prayers and regular Scripture reading aboard the ships in which we traveled, in the hotels where we stopped, and in our tent every night and morning. I found him to be a very pious young man, a beautiful reader, and he prayed in charming simplicity. He was a teetotaler, and in all respects conducted himself with great propriety. But if he ever had any emotion in his soul he succeeded most thoroughly in concealing it. He never betrayed in the whole journey, mixing up often with troops of Bedouin, the slightest emotion of fear or pleasure or surprise. He never expressed admiration or wonder at anything he saw. One day a flock of gazelles swept across the plain in full view, and I shouted, "Look, Jim, look, look!" I saw his head turn slowly on its axis, but his countenance never changed. I said, "Did you see the gazelles?"

"Yes."

He was a young man from the city -- his mother's darling.

Passing through the mountains on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, we visited, at the base of the mountain, on the edge of the Jericho plains, a large flowing spring supposed to be the same whose waters were healed by the prophet Elisha, and which still sends forth its healing streams through the plain. Naught remains of the once famous city of Jericho except a few native huts.

We passed on to Jordan and bathed in its waters. I struck out into the current, which excited the alarm of an Arab, and he pursued me, saying, "A man was drowned there but a few weeks ago, and it was very perilous to go into the swift current." I told him not to distress himself. I understood the situation perfectly and did not need any help. It is a very crooked and rapid stream. Its fall in sixty-six miles from the Sea of Tiberias to the Dead Sea is one thousand feet. The stream circles around a distance of nearly two hundred miles to make a straight line of sixty-six miles. At its Dead Sea mouth it is one hundred and eighty yards wide. At the place of the crossing and baptism of Jesus it is about one hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep.

The Dead Sea was also visited, and some of our party bathed in it. I found that its waters, though transparent, were unpleasantly sticky, as though impregnated with the sins of the Sodomites; so I preferred not to go into it. I accidentally got a pair of kid gloves saturated with it, and when they were dry they broke to pieces as though they had been boiled.

From the Dead Sea we went to Masada, an impregnable Greek fortress in the mountains. We went thence to Bethlehem, and saw on adjacent hills the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, and saw the sights in that ancient town representing historic memories most sacred.

We also visited Hebron and the burying place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. From Hebron we returned to Jerusalem, visiting the pools of Solomon by the way, and had an additional



exploration of the Holy City. I took occasion to call on Bishop Gobat, who had charge of an Episcopal mission which was under the joint jurisdiction of England and Prussia. The bishop received me very cordially and gave me an account of the labors of my old California friend, Alfred Roberts, who died in peace and was buried on Mount Zion, but a few rods distant from the tomb of King David.

I visited his grave close to that of the singer of Israel. I had been warned by the consul, also by Dr. Thomson, not to attempt to enter the mausoleum of King David, as it was constantly guarded by most fanatical Mohammedans, and no tourist's life was safe inside its walls. But after we had seen everything else of special interest in the city I said to Jim, "Let us go to the tomb of David at a venture." So we walked straight up to the entrance, and several of the fanatical guards rushed out to meet us. I gave them the salutation common in that country, and approached them and shook hands and smiled. They gathered around me and stroked my beard. I could not speak their language, but I smiled on them again and made inquiry by signs what I should pay to go through the mausoleum and see the tomb of David. They stated the price, which was not large. I paid the money and they conducted us through. I don't know on what ground they excused themselves for so doing, but, from the length of my beard and the influence of my presence upon them, I concluded, upon reflection, that they probably thought that I was a Mohammedan sheik, and the beardless youth my son, from some remote province, and they treated us accordingly.

While at Jerusalem my dragoman said, "I am afraid the government will seize my animals under the impressment law," and wanted me, if possible, to secure protection for his animals. I took him to the American consul, who heard his cause and replied that while he and his animals were in my employ he, as consul, could, under my rights as an American citizen, protect his property, but when discharged from my service he could not protect him against the claims of his own government. He was not disturbed in Jerusalem, but when we reached Joppa and I discharged him from service, the poor fellow came to me with a very sorrowful expression on his countenance, and said that the government had seized his three horses and five donkeys and driven them off to the government stables.

In Joppa we engaged passage, by a French steamer, for Alexandria, in Egypt. The ship lay tout more than a mile in the offing, and three hours before the time for sailing Jim and I hired a boat to take us to the steamer; but before we had made half the distance we were struck suddenly by a tornado, kindred to the one that struck poor Jonah's ship in the olden time. We had to "about ship" and pull for the shore, and came very near being swamped and swallowed up. I was vividly reminded of the sad experience of Jonah, but was comforted by the assurance that I had never taken a ticket for Tarshish nor disobeyed my heavenly calling. By the extraordinary pulling of our men and the good providence of God we safely reached the land.

The steamer, under the pressure of the gale, weighed anchor and put out to sea two hours before her time for sailing, and we had to remain at Joppa for a week longer. We visited the "house of Simon the tanner," and saw a tanyard hard by the sea, suggestive, at least, of the sights and scenes of the olden times there.

We got a refund of our passage money and bought tickets by a Russian steamer and proceeded on our way to Alexandria, where we spent some days examining the wonders of that

wonderful city. Thence we took our way to Cairo, one hundred and ninety miles, and interested ourselves with the strange sights and scenes of that old city. Planning to visit the Pyramids, it was desirable to cross the Nile and get out to them before sunrise.

So we made an agreement with the donkey boys to bring us two donkeys and call us by four o'clock in the morning. We were waked up in due time, and I was up and washed and dressed and down from the third story of the hotel in less than ten minutes, and found the donkeys, with their drivers, ready to start. I waited for Jim, waited and waited, until the dawn of the morning. Then I ran up stairs to see what ailed him, and found him undressed bending over the washbowl scrubbing his neck and ears with a soapy woolen cloth, making preparation to climb the Pyramids. I urged him to hurry up and not to waste our valuable time. He took no offense at my plain talk, but I could not perceive the slightest quickening of his movements. The result was that the sun was about an hour high before we reached the Pyramids. We climbed the Great Pyramid, explored its great interior chamber, examined the Sphinx, and returned to Cairo in the evening of the same day.

The next morning Jim bought a third-class ticket back to Alexandria, en route to the home of his mother in London. He traveled out with me as a first-class passenger, but said that he would economize on his return trip; hence bought a third-class railway ticket and climbed into a car surrounded by a kind of fence without doors, and, there being no seats of any sort, the passengers were crowded in with Mohammedans all squatted on the floor, and Jim, seeing no space on the floor, sat down on the shoulder of a Mohammedan.

The poor fellow squirmed and complained, but Jim was unmoved. Soon after the car whistled and rolled off, and that was the last I saw of my friend. I had taken care of him as I would of a child, and now I had to leave him to his own resources. He wrote me afterward that he had got home safely, but lost everything he had except the clothes he had on. He said, "I gave my things to a man to carry, and he carried them, and I have never seen them since."

I embarked in the early spring of 1863 at Suez on the steamer Moo/tan, of the Peninsula and Oriental line of steamers. My ticket from Suez to Melbourne, Australia, cost me one hundred and twenty pounds, including a liberal supply of wine and whisky. I said to the ticket agent in London, "You charge me on my ticket to Australia twenty pounds for drinks. I am a total abstainer, and protest against paying such a sum for no value received."

"We have our rates, and I am not at liberty to change them. You are at liberty to drink or not, as you like."

A few years later the company sold the tickets at reduced rates, and sold the drinks to such as wished to spend their money in that way.

The Mooltan was a ship of about four thousand tons, with good accommodations, though crowded with passengers, most of whom were bound for India. At Point de Galle, Ceylon, the passengers for Australia were transferred to a smaller steamer, the Moo/tan being bound for Calcutta. I had no opportunity of preaching on the Mooltan, but joined in the Church of England service on each Sabbath morning. On our Australian steamer we had a British nobleman and some officers of the army, who expressed a wish to hear me preach the Gospel. They had consultation

among themselves and deputed one of their number to confer with me and get permission from the master of the ship. I, of course, gave cheerful consent, but the captain positively refused to allow it on his ship. Then followed an altercation between the committee and the captain that rose to such a height that the captain kept to the bridge and his room, and to the end of the voyage was not seen to walk the deck or sit at the table for his meals. I had nothing to do with it, and was very sorry to be even the innocent occasion of the trouble.

My first peep at Australia was at Albany, at the southwestern extremity of the continent, where our ship anchored for eight or ten hours. Captain A., a genial fellow-passenger, and I spent most of the day in the bush of scrub timber, and among the wild flowers of every color and tint, and birds in great variety, such as we had never seen before. I drew many of the feathery tribe into the trees near to us by whistling notes new and attractive to them.

On inquiry we learned that there was a small chapel in the town and a minister of the Church of England. We also found a man and his wife who were Wesleyans. They had no minister, but were building a Wesleyan chapel with the hope of getting a minister sent to them. It was a frame building about 24X34 feet, inclosed and under roof. Captain A. gave one pound. I had paid out so much backsheesh in Palestine that I had but two dollars and fifty cents left; but I borrowed five dollars from Captain A. and gave it to the new chapel fund.

Our next port was Melbourne. Amid the crowd passing from our ship to the shore I lost sight of Captain A. There I was, a stranger in a strange land, with two dollars and fifty cents in my pocket and no letter of credit on anybody. On inquiry I was told Scott's Hotel was the best in the city, so I selected a room in Scott's Hotel, in which I put my trunk.

I had a letter of introduction from my friend, Mr. McArthur, of London, to his house of commercial business in Melbourne; so I proceeded at once to the house of McArthur & Co. Mr. Finlay, head man of the premises, a most genial brother of perhaps thirty-three years, received me most cordially. I drew another letter of introduction out of my pocket from Rev. '17. N. Hull, of the Irish Conference, for whom I preached a week in Belfast, to his brother-in-law, James Copeland. So I said to Brother Finlay, "Are you acquainted with Mr. James Copeland?"

"O, yes; he is connected with our firm, and is at his desk in the next office."

So I entered his office and presented myself and my letter. He did not stop to read it, but seized me with both hands, saying, "We have received several letters from Mr. Hull in regard to your coming, and have been on the lookout for you for several months. We give you an Irish *Caed rna/e fa/tha* (a hundred thousand welcomes). Come with me; I want to introduce you to the Chairman of Melbourne District and Superintendent of Melbourne First Circuit, Rev. Daniel J. Draper."

So we went, and I was introduced to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Draper, who gave me a cordial welcome to their home and to the colony, saying, "We have read and reread of your California experiences as recorded in your California books." Mr. Draper proceeded to say, "I want to engage you at once to preach for us in Wesley Church, in Lonsdale Street, next Sabbath, morning

and evening," an edifice that cost two hundred thousand dollars, with sittings for over two thousand persons, with an immense organ in the rear gallery.

I replied, "The habit of my life as an evangelist is to preach in the same pulpit Sabbath morning to the church members, at 3 p.m. to the children, and in the evening to the masses of unconverted sinners, and continue nightly up to Friday night."

"That is a good program, but you are just off a long voyage and need rest. Preach for me next Sabbath and take next week for rest, and commence your week of special services on the following Sabbath. I am now in the midst of my quarterly visitation of the classes. Next week I can finish that work and duly advertise your coming services."

"This being Thursday, I will have a good rest before Sabbath, and my time is so precious, so far from wife and children, and so much work before me, that I cannot on any account consent to lose a week; but, to avoid any disturbance of your plan of pastoral work, I can arrange to give next week to Melbourne Second Circuit, and give you the week following."

"O, no; I must have you for all the services of Wesley Church next Sabbath."

"Very well, I will give you all of next Sabbath, and if the Lord does not give us a clear intimation that we should proceed at once according to my proposal, I will accept yours. We then kneeled down and submitted the case to God.

Just then Rev. J. Waugh, the Chairman of the Ballarat District and Superintendent of Ballarat Circuit, came in and gave me an Irish welcome and a pressing invitation to labor in his circuit and all the circuits of his district. I was a few minutes later introduced to Rev. Brother Simmons, Editor of *The Wesleyan Chronicle*, the Methodist weekly paper of the colony of Victoria. So within an hour the main body of the Australian continent was opened for my work. I had accepted Brother Copeland's invitation to put up with him. His home was in a suburban village named Hawthorn, five miles out, but with his good horse and carriage it was but a pleasure trip. So my host ordered my trunk from Scott's Hotel to his Hawthorn home, and I had my two and a half dollars in my pocket. The Copeland family consisted of James and Hugh, bachelors, and their maiden sister, Eliza, and Brother Finlay and wife lived next door; so that my home and its belongings were all that I could desire.

As we drove out to Hawthorn, Brother Copeland said, "I am very sorry that you have arranged to commence your great work at Lonsdale Street Church. It is the high place of Methodist pride and formalism. The Church of England service is read and chanted every Sunday afternoon, and while they have many earnest, humble Christians, the obstructions are so formidable that you can't make the success that would establish a commanding precedent which would give you the flood tide that you will need in your tours of the colonies. Brunswick Street Church is large and commodious, and is crowded with the common people who will hear you gladly, and you could be sure of a grand success there which would arouse the city, and then you would be able to succeed among the aristocrats of Lonsdale Street."

I replied, "You know, dear brother, that I am not the author of the present arrangement, but it is exactly according to my mind. By the power of God we will storm Sebastopol, and then the smaller forts will run up the white flag."

We had most cheering Christian fellowship at Hawthorn. On Saturday we drove into the city to note the progress of advertisement and preparation for a week of special services at Wesley Church. We found Brother and Sister Draper on the wing of preparation for the coming campaign of next week in their church, and they pressed me kindly to make their house my home while at work for them. This was early in the month of May, 1863. At 10:30 a.m. of a lovely Sabbath day of that charming climate the main body and galleries of Wesley Church were packed with expectant hearers. I announced for my text the last words of Jesus.

"The last words of a departing friend are usually very impressive. Many of you, my dear hearers, remember distinctly the last words of your dying mother, testifying to the saving power of Jesus. She begged you in loving sympathy to receive and trust Jesus, and meet her in heaven. These last words of our best Friend one who loves us immeasurably more than our mothers ever did or ever could, were words uttered on the eve of his departure for his heavenly home, addressed to his disciples, but belonging likewise to all his humble learners, through all ages to the end of the world.

He said unto them, 'It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.' We can't lade the ocean with an eggshell; no more can we know the times and seasons of God's inscrutable providence; but we may have the light to know and the power to do all that God requires of us, not simply hear about it. 'But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' Not without that, nor before that, but after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

"We have in God's kingdom in nature water power, wind power, steam power, electric power; but to utilize these mechanical forces we must conform to the laws that govern them; so to command and use spiritual soul-saving power we must conform to God's order. 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life,' though provided alike for every creature of the human race.

"We cannot have him unless we receive him, but we cannot receive him as the great Healer of our souls unless we submit to his treatment. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' The divine Son of God is the only Saviour of sinners; but in the application of his saving power from its dawn in the darkness of the horrible pit of sin and death to its consummation on the heights of celestial glory the Holy Spirit is his divine administrator; not a theory, not an element, not an influence, but a divine person. There is but one God, but in the essential constitutional being of God there are three distinct persons, each possessing all the attributes of personality. The Father, in his eternal, indissoluble union with the Son and Spirit, is verily God. The administrative will of the Holy Trinity is that of the Father, not implying priority or superiority, except, possibly, the administrative function. The Son, in his eternal and indissoluble union with the Father and the Holy Spirit, is verily God; his will is always acquiescent with the will of the Father -- 'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that

sent me.' The Holy Spirit, in his eternal, indissoluble union with the Father and Son, is verily God. His will is always acquiescent with that of the Father and the Son; hence, as the divine executive of the Godhead, 'he proceedeth from the Father and the Son;' a mystery incomprehensible, but a fact demonstrable in human experience.

"When Jesus told his disciples that he was going to leave them sorrow filled their hearts. He said, 'It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.' To part with the Son of God as their divine companion and comforter, to receive one inferior to himself, would be a calamity and not a comfort. Again, in the same discourse Jesus said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.' He, as the Son of God manifest in the flesh visibly, will come again and still abide with them as the Son of God manifest in the Spirit. We 'see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' 'These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

"Thus the Holy Spirit is the divine Author of 'the record of God concerning his Son,' and the divine expositor of it. They hearkened to the last words of Jesus: 'Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.'

"The disciples witnessed the visible, heaven-bound ascent of their risen Lord, and then assembled to the number of one hundred and twenty saved men and women, who constituted the focal forces of his newborn Church, in the upper room, in which it had been organized a little more than forty days before, to await the invisible descent of their risen Lord through the Holy Spirit. Engines won't work without the application of mechanical forces. This little company of men and women were under orders to lead the hosts of humble witnesses of the saving power of Jesus to the uttermost parts of the earth and to every creature, a work more stupendous and difficult than the creation of worlds; and they had to wait for the coming of the King who hath 'all power in heaven and in earth,' to be communicated to the witnessing host through the Holy Ghost. So 'these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.' These all prayed thus for nine days without any apparent success, but on the tenth day the promised power came. On that day Peter preached a plain, logical sermon from the prophecies of Joel and of David, leading to the conclusion, 'Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.' The result was that three thousand of those blinded murderers of the man Jesus, under the awakening power of the Holy Spirit, surrendered to God, received Jesus, the almighty Saviour of sinners, and were baptized, and 'continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers;' a demonstration of the power of Jesus through the operation of his Holy Spirit to save his people from their sins, attested by three thousand new witnesses.

"The infallible record of God concerning his Son, prophetic and historic, supported by the testimony of countless millions of credible witnesses, written and verbal, is the basis of faith that God hath provided for a perishing world. Every poor sinner pardoned and healed by Jesus Christ is in God's economy a witness to the creative skill of the divine Saviour, regardless of age or sex, and under the prophetic unction of the Holy Spirit becomes a special messenger of God in his soul-saving work. To such Jesus says, 'He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me.' That is what he says to old men, and to sons and daughters, servants and maidservants, of mature age, who receive the prophetic outpouring of the Holy Spirit; but Jesus gives special notice of his high appreciation of juvenile witnesses.

"In answer to the question, 'Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.' Such a little child is a witnessing messenger from God to a perishing sinner. If the poor sinner will receive the little messenger, and hearken to his message, and act upon it, he will, on the faith of the facts embodied in the testimony of the little child, receive Jesus and verify the truth that, 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' But if the poor sinner reject the little messenger he will not receive the message, hence will not receive the Saviour, and thus persist in unbelief and perish; and the compassionate Judge will say to him, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' The drowning of the body in the depths of the sea is but a weak illustration of the self-entailed torments of the 'second death.'

"The sum of Paul's preaching and the ground of his great success is thus stated by himself to King Agrippa: 'Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.'

"The sum of John's apostolic ministry was that he 'bore record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.' We find the venerable old man an exile on the dreary island of Patmos. We say, 'Dear old father, for what were you sent to this exile?' 'For the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.' If he had given his life to the word of God and speculative theology, minus 'the testimony of Jesus,' he would not have had sufficient success to provoke a tide of opposition strong enough to land him on Patmos.

"He says further, 'I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.' This divine method of soul-saving work gave success that excited opposition that hastened them to the goal of a martyr's crown.

"This divine combination is not only an aggressive force in soul saving, but a powerful weapon of defense against the assault of 'the great dragon, the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' -- 'and they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.'

"And the dragon was wroth with the woman ' -- the Church of Jesus Christ -- ' and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of 'God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ.' If we do not keep the commandments of God and manifest the fruits of a divine work within, our testimony will be a failure and a reproach.

"There lived in the State of Indiana a little boy known as 'Budd Thomas, the daft.' There lived in the same town in which Budd lived a learned lawyer who was an avowed infidel.- No good lawyer who will give due attention to the word of God and to the testimony for Jesus Christ can be an infidel; but this one had not examined the facts and evidence in the case, but went regularly to hear an eloquent minister of the Gospel stationed in the town. So the minister prepared and delivered a series of sermons on the evidences of Christianity, hoping to win the unbelieving gentleman of the bar. Soon after the lawyer presented himself as a candidate for church membership. The minister was doubly delighted: first, that the man of the bar had become a Christian, and, second, that this great change wrought in the man was the result of his eloquent preaching; so he modestly inquired which of his sermons had brought about the great change he professed to have experienced. The lawyer replied, 'My dear sir, excuse me when I tell you that I listened attentively to your entire series of sermons, and to my own satisfaction answered all your arguments, and became more than ever before confirmed in my unbelief in being able to do so.'

"Then how were you brought into your present joyful experience of salvation?"

"I was overtaken while passing along the street a little after dark by a sudden fall of rain, and ran into the first open door I saw, and soon found myself in a Methodist class meeting. I never was in such a meeting before. There were, male and female, about twenty persons present. I soon perceived that they were testifying to facts pertaining to their religious experience. Sitting back, and observed by but few, I, with notebook and pencil, took down, shorthand, the testimony of eighteen witnesses. Then I waked up as from a dream, and said to myself, "These are credible witnesses. I know most of them, and should be glad to have such witnesses in court to establish any matter of fact within their knowledge, and I observe that they are bearing witness to facts of conscious experience. Now, unless I can impeach these witnesses and ignore their testimony, their cause is established." While thus grappling with the facts before me Budd Thomas, the daft, arose to his feet and said: "My mother got sick. The doctor comed and comed, and she got worse and worse. Then she held my hand, and said, 'Budd, I am going to leave you. I said, 'No, you ain't, mother; you can't go anywhere, you can't get out of bed.' "True, Budd, I can't get out of bed, but my spirit is going to leave my body and go to heaven. As I have often told you, Budd, fourteen years ago Jesus took away all my sins; he has kept me all these years, in all my sorrows, from departing from him, and now he is coming to take my soul to his own home. When I am gone, Budd, you will feel very lonesome, but any trouble you may have that you would like to tell to your mother you must tell it to Jesus. Give yourself to God, and receive and trust Jesus, and he will save you as he has saved your mother.' Her words were all dark to me. I never knowed anything about death, but felt a choking in my throat, and went away, and cried, and cried, and then some people corned and they fotch me into the house, and said, ' Budd, your poor mother is dead.' I said, 'No, she ain't, she is asleep.' Then I called, 'Mother! O, mother!' but she no open her eyes, and no speak to me. Then I put my hand on her face, and it felt as cold as ice, and I said, 'What is this? Is my mother gone?' Then a man corned with a wagon and a great big box, and they put my mother into the box, and hauled her out into a field, and put the box with my mother in it down into a deep hole in the



ground. And I said, 'I am going down there with my mother,' but they catch hold of me and pulled me back. Then they shoveled dirt down on my poor mother and filled the great hole and packed it down. Then they fetch me back to the house, and I cried and cried. Then I went into mother's room and knelt down where my mother prayed, and said, 'O, God, my mother's God, mother told me to tell my sorrow to you. She told me that you loved poor boys. She told me that for Jesus' sake you took away all her badness and made her happy.

I know you did, for she said you did, and that you would give me a new heart, same as you gave my mother. I believe what my mother said, for she never told me a lie.' And just while I was talking to my mother's God, and trusting my mother's Jesus, O, what love and happy come into me! Then I know that my mother's God be my God, and my mother's Jesus take away my sins, and make me clean and happy inside, and I be happy every day, and I know some day Jesus will take me to his own happy home, where my mother has gone.

'Budd sat down, and I arose to my feet, shaking as with an ague, and said, "I want to find Budd Thomas' Jesus, and I want Budd to come and help me." I dropped on my knees, and the daft laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "O, mister, you can't save yourself from sin, and nobody can save you but Jesus. He died for you and rose again, and he is here now waiting to save you, and will save you this minute if you will give yourself to him and receive and trust him." Right there and then I surrendered myself and all my belongings to God, and received and trusted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and he saved me, and saves me now. It did not come to me through your eloquent preaching, which was all right in its way, but through the testimony of Budd Thomas, the daft."

At Wesley Church, Melbourne, my first Sabbath in Australia, I preached at 3 p.m. to the children. The body of the church was packed with bright, well-dressed, well-behaved boys and girls. Rev. Mr. Draper, the same as in the forenoon, sat in the reading desk opposite the pulpit, both being about twenty feet from the rear wall, which space was occupied by the communion rail on the four sides of the square. From the reading desk the superintendent had a full view of the preacher and of the congregation.

Without attempting to give a verbatim report of the sermon on this occasion, or on any other occasion, for I had nothing written, and a full report would occupy too much space for our present purpose, which is to give illustrative examples of the plain preaching used by the Holy Spirit, through the cooperative agency of a loving, appreciative Christian people, in the sound conversion of thousands of sinners to God, I said:

"My dear little people, I want to tell you a true story about a little boy. He was a good boy, and like most good boys had a praying mother. All mothers love their little boys, but mothers who don't know the Lord don't know how to bring their children to the Lord.

"The mother of the little boy I am going to tell you about did know the Lord, and prayed to the Lord every day for her dear little boy. She gave him to the Lord in the hour in which he was born -- the wise thing for all mothers to do; but when he was about five years old she put him to school with her minister, that he might learn the way of the Lord more perfectly than he could under her teaching alone. All good Gospel ministers are glad to help mothers to acquaint their children with God.

"So the little boy of our story studied his lessons well, and said his prayers and tried to be good, but the bad was in him and he couldn't get it out, for he did not know the Lord, 'neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.' Children, can you tell me the name of the little boy we are talking about?"

The responsive shout came up from many open mouths, "Samuel."

"Correct. What was his mother's name?"

"Hannah."

"What was the name of the old minister?"

"Eli."

"He had two naughty sons; what were their names?"

"Hophni and Phinehas."

"Did they honor their father and mother? No, they were very bad men and came to an untimely death. Are ministers' children, as a rule, worse than the children of other people? No, but some of them are very bad. Samuel did not know the Lord, but he wanted to know him, and was then 'nigh unto the kingdom of God.' The wicked sons of Eli 'knew not the Lord' and didn't want to know him, so they perished in their sins; but Samuel took the good advice of his mother and of his minister. Do you want to know how he got acquainted with the Lord? It occurred at night in the large room adjoining the meeting house where Eli slept, and where Samuel had his pallet in the corner.

"One night when he turned in and shut his eyes to go to sleep he heard some one call him, and thinking it was the voice of his minister he answered, 'Here am I.' But getting no response he jumped up and ran to the bedside of Eli and said, 'Here am I; for thou calledst me.' And he said, 'I called not; lie down again.' And he went and lay down. Then he heard the same call, 'Samuel!' And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said, 'Here am I; for thou didst call me.' And he answered, 'I called not, my son; lie down again.' And he went and lay down.

"Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, 'Here am I; for thou didst call me.' And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, 'Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.' So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as other times, 'Samuel, Samuel.' Then Samuel answered, 'Speak; for thy servant heareth.'

"Samuel got acquainted with the Lord that night, submitted wholly to him, saying, 'I am thy servant,' and received the Lord to be his Saviour; and the word of the Lord was revealed unto him, and from that night unto the day of his death in old age he increased in the knowledge and love of God. The Lord not only saved him that night, but commissioned him to be a witness of his

experience of salvation and a messenger from God to those who were in rebellion against him. And though but a little child he delivered a most solemn message from God to his old minister the next morning.

"All the facts of what God said and did, as written in his book, are index facts of his unchangeable character. We read what he was to learn, what he is, and what he did, that we may know through all time what he does. We thus learn that so surely as he called little Samuel, so he calls every little boy and girl, through all the ages, to the end of the world; and just so certainly as he revealed himself in love and mercy to Samuel, just so certainly will he reveal himself in saving mercy to every boy and girl who will submit to God and receive and trust him as did little Samuel; and every such child becomes a witnessing messenger of glad tidings to others.

"Any poor sinner who will receive one such little one as a messenger from God and give attention to his testimony will receive Jesus as his Saviour; but if he make light of it, discard the testimony, and shame the little witness, he will not receive Jesus, and will thus destroy himself and sink his soul into perdition, which will be a thousandfold worse than drowning his body in the depth of the sea. My dear little sisters and brothers, did you ever hear God calling you? Perhaps you don't know his voice. Samuel did not at first. He does not usually call us by a voice to our ears as he did Samuel, but by his Holy Spirit in our hearts. Don't you remember when you lay on your bed in the dark room and shut your eyes and tried to go to sleep and couldn't? There was something talking to your inner self. It kept talking, not to the ears of your body, but to the hearing of your spirit; and it kept on talking till you said to yourself, 'God is my great King and my Father who is in heaven. I ought to love him; I do love him a little bit, but I love my dog more. I have broken some of his commandments and sinned against him in many ways. O, what shall I do when called to stand before him to answer for all my badness? O, I am sorry that I have been so wicked. What shall I do?' Do you remember that time? Not one time alone, but many times. Often you felt your pulse to see if you were taking a fever, and you said, 'What a dreadful thing it would be for me to get sick and die in my sins! What was that which talked so to your spirit and convinced you of your sins? That was God talking to you by his Holy Spirit. When God calls you, answer at once as did little Samuel, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth. By the will and power thou givest me, I submit to thy will, and receive thee and trust thee for my salvation.'

"We don't live in the days of Moses, when God manifested himself to the people by thunder and lightning, earthquake shocks and blast of trumpets, and various signs and wonders, addressed to the eyes and ears of the people, but in the last days when God speaks to our ears by the small voice of his ambassadors and to our hearts by the still but mighty operations of his Spirit in our hearts.

"We don't live in the days when the Son of God was manifested to human eyes in the flesh, but in the brighter days when the Son of God is manifested in his Spirit to our hearts. Of the former days the apostle Peter says, 'We were eyewitnesses of his majesty.' Of the last days in which we live he says, 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts.'

"When the Son of God was manifest in the flesh the people had to see him with their eyes to receive and trust him. When Martha and her sister Mary wanted Jesus to heal their brother they

had to send a messenger a day's journey to bring him: but in the glorious Gospel days in which we live we have not to say, 'Who shall ascend into heaven to bring him down, or who shall descend into the deep to bring him up?' For he is nigh us -- always within earshot of our heart whispers. 'Though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.' Any poor sinner may obtain pardon for all his sins and a new heart by surrendering to God and receiving Jesus. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' The next thing is, 'as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.' That is just what Samuel did from that blessed night when he got acquainted with God till the day he died and went to heaven. Dear children, the greatest need of your lives in this world is loving companionship with Jesus. Even in your estrangement from him there is much to be enjoyed in this beautiful world he has made for his obedient children; but what will you do without Jesus when all alone you will have to face death?

"A dear little girl in the State of Ohio was dying. She knew Jesus and loved him, but the smothering touch of death frightened her. Opposite her head sat her minister, Brother Wright; next sat her father, and near the foot end of her bed sat her mother. The little sufferer said, 'O, Brother Wright, what shall I do? I'm dying, and death is so dark and lonesome, I am afraid. Can you do nothing for me?' He could do nothing but weep. Then turning her eyes toward her father she said, 'Father, I'm dying, and the grave is so dark and lonesome. If you could go with me I could lean my head on your bosom and be happy.' The father covered his face with his hands and cried in the bitterness of bereavement. She then looked at her mother and said, 'Dear mother, I am afraid to die. What shall I do?'

"The mother said, 'Janie, dear, look to Jesus. He will go with you through the dark valley of death.' Then Janie turned her face toward the wall, and in prayer and loving trust committed her soul and body to Jesus, and he filled her heart with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then with a face radiant with the light of heaven she said, 'Brother Wright, I am not afraid now; Jesus is with me. The grave is not dark at all. It is all bright with the smile of my dear Jesus. Don't cry, papa; I am not lonesome now. Jesus is going with me, and I'm not afraid. Sorry to leave you, mother, but I'm glad to go with my dear Jesus and live with him in his own sweet home in heaven.' Soon after she fell asleep in Jesus."

There was close attention and manifest awakening, but no time for an after meeting. At so early a stage of our series of special services I considered good seed sowing the appropriate thing, rather than reaping.

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## 17 -- MELBOURNE EVANGELIZATION

The Tide of Salvation Rises -- Wesleyan Pioneers of Melbourne -- Walter Powell Found a College -- I Refuse Gifts of Money -- Keeping in Mind the Seamen's Bethel -- James Copeland, My Agent -- My Mission Providential -- March of Methodism -- Plain-spoken Wesleyan Preachers -- Fruit of My Labors in Increase -- Method of My Work -- Organization of Believers and Converts -- Permission to Join Other Churches -- Revival Tides Flowing in Prescribed Channels -- Doctrine of Sanctification Preached -- God's Law of the Tithe -- It Doesn't Pay to Rob God --

Draper as a Preacher -- His Last Prayer -- How Bickford Learned Wisdom -- A Difficulty at Sea, and How it was Settled -- Williams and Dare -- I Go to Geelong -- What My Gospel Net Brought Up -- In Castlemaine -- William Hill and his Tragic End -- Work in Sandhurst and Other Mining Towns -- Repentance of a Big Sinner -- By Stage to Albury and Ballarat -- Services in Lidiard Street -- A Shriek in the Gallery -- Singing Down a Panic -- Story of Tom, of Creswick -- Series of Meetings at Clunes and Maryborough -- Samuel Waterhouse, of Hobart Town -- Contest with the Enemy in Scarsdale -- "Such Jumps as dat Will Fix Him." -- Conversions at Linden -- Misrepresentations of Our Work -- Preaching in Hamilton and Portland -- The Streams of Blessing -- Destruction of Kangaroos -- The Old Man and Mammy -- Visit to Tasmania, and Work in Launceston -- Henry Reed's Career -- His Philanthropy and Voyage to London -- Turner in Charge at Launceston -- "What Do You Mean by a Class Meeting?" -- Effect on Mr. Reed's Mind -- He Becomes a Local Preacher -- Question of Reading Prayers -- A Sunday Morning Prayer Meeting -- How the Chairman was Conquered -- Soul-Saving Results in Launceston -- Taylor and his Books -- Examples of Our Converts -- God Never Ostracizes his Children -- A Question of Property Rights -- My Home with Isaac Sherwin -- Photo of a Man-killer -- Arrival at Hobart Town -- Character of the Tasmanians -- An Old Man who was Wound up Snug -- A Man who Thought he had Seen Me in Vision -- Additional Services in Melbourne -- I Arrive in Sydney -- My Home with Dr. Moffitt -- Incident of My Preaching in York Street -- The Woman's Dream of the Chariot and Horses -- Brother Oram's Account of his Sermon -- Evil Consequences of an Echo -- A Successful Week in Newtown -- Helping to Complete and Reopen a Church -- A Tabernacle in Hyde Park -- A Fearless Scotchman -- Circuit of New South Wales -- A Glut in the Horse Market -- Blessed Work at Bathurst -- My Experiences in Mudgee -- Eating First and Giving Afterward -- An Orange Peddler Opens a Bag -- The Wool Industry -- Method of Raising a Church Debt -- A Shower of Bank Notes -- Shooting Cattle for Amusement -- Overhauling a Bushranger -- Visits to Goulburn and Yaas Circuit -- Notice of Susan Glasson -- How William Hill Found a Wife -- Work in Kiama and Maitland -- Caviling and Slanders of the Enemy -- "Here Comes a Saint." -- A Minister on the Wrong Side -- My Lectures in York Street Church -- Dr. Luke -- Voyage to Brisbane -- Henry Fowler -- Journey to Rockhampton -- Natives of Mary River -- They Come on Board -- Going to Auckland -- A Swell at Sea -- We Reach Wellington -- An Article Against Me -- The Maories Ate him Up! -- Stopping in Dunedin -- An Incident of My Meeting in Lyttelton -- Preaching in Christchurch -- Return to Sydney -- From Melbourne to South Australia -- My Reception in Adelaide -- Work in Pierie Street and Kent Town -- Story of Thomas Waterhouse -- I Explain the Scripture to Him -- The Gates Ajar -- Conversion of the Waterhouses -- The Tea Meeting and the Tithe -- Waterhouse's Generosity -- General Progress of the Australasian Work -- The True Formula of Salvation Explained -- Analysis of Saving Faith -- "With the Heart Man Believeth unto Righteousness." -- Inaccuracy of the Old Orthodox Formula -- The Amended Method -- Correspondence with My Family -- My Acquaintance with the Baptist Smith -- Project of Going to India -- A Telegram from Sydney -- Stuart's Fever -- My Book on "Reconciliation," and the one on "Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life" -- My Meeting with the Folks -- Embarkation for Cape Town

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In a short time the tide of salvation was at the flood and soon extended to St. Kilda and all the other Melbourne circuits. Among the leading superintendents of circuits were D. J. Draper,

Joseph Dare, James Bickford, Thomas Williams, and others. Draper and Bickford were among the early pioneers of Wesleyan Methodism in that city, and laid broad and substantial foundations.

The government made liberal offers of building sites for houses of worship to all denominations of Christians who would erect a chapel on each lot selected within a given period of time; also for educational purposes. Those Wesleyan pioneers selected about a dozen sites and erected a chapel on each one within the time specified. They came very near losing the last one, and were finally notified that if the chapel was not built upon it within ten days it would revert to the government.

It was thought to be impossible for them to come to time on it, but it was a valuable site in a suitable center, and they could not afford to lose it. So, on the last day of grace, I dedicated their new chapel, a plain but commodious, comfortable house of worship, all seated, ready to accommodate about five hundred persons. They also secured, under the same liberal offer of the government, ten acres of land within the city limits for a Wesleyan college. Walter Powell offered ten thousand pounds if the colony of Victoria would raise ten thousand pounds for the erection of buildings as an outfit and partial endowment for the college.

During my stay in that colony a great convention of the friends of education was called, and I had the honor of staking Walter Powell's ten thousand pounds against the liberality of all the Wesleyans and their friends of Victoria for the establishment of Wesley College. They accepted the challenge and paid down the cash, and the college was built and named. Rev. James S. Waugh, who was also an early pioneer and able minister of the Gospel, became its president.

Next to my ambassadorship in soul saving in Australia the raising of money to pay for their newly built churches was a specialty in which the Lord gave great success. I refused throughout the whole campaign to receive gifts of money for my own cause, and was, therefore, the more welcome in every field in which I labored. The people themselves were so appreciative and so anxious to reciprocate that before I had spent a week in any new field it came to my knowledge that the people were contriving to make up a purse to give me, often arranging for a great "tea meeting" for collecting a large fund to present to me. But I invariably got the superintendent of the circuit to announce to the people that California Taylor refuses to receive any money in the form of a gift, but he will tell them before he leaves what they can do for him. So the meeting in each place would progress without any side issue of any sort till the last day of my service. Then I explained to them the facts in regard to my Seamen's Bethel embarrassment and my method of relieving it, and that my business was, with the cooperation of ministers and their working forces, to extend the kingdom of Christ far and wide through the medium of the pulpit and the press; that all my evangelistic labors were given gratuitously, and that by means of the press I paid my own traveling expenses and supported my family, and turned over the surplus profit to liquidate the debts involved by fire and flood in California; and announced that all who wished to lend a hand could find my books at the store of some merchant whom I named in each case. So that in that line they patronized me liberally.

James Copeland, of the firm of McArthur, Finlay, Copeland & Co., was my receiving and distributing agent for Victoria. Ebenezer Vickery, of Sydney, was my receiving and distributing

agent for the colony of New South Wales, and Michael Kingsborough, of Adelaide, for South Australia; and I had similar agents in the other colonies.

My agents received consignments of books and sent them out to a responsible retail agent in each field in which I labored, who supplied the books to the people and rendered an account and paid the money over to my receiving agents. So that I had no trouble in personally handling the books at all.

Next to my preaching, the Lord used the books in rendering the work continuous, permanent, and fruitful.

My mission to Australia was in fulfillment of an unmistakable providential program and the accomplishment of a great providential purpose. All Christian Churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, had been early planted and were taking root in the virgin soil in those vast colonial countries already known as the Southern World.

Besides the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, and Tasmania, Australia is a continent about two thousand miles in extent, both north and south, east and west. My work extended through all the inhabited portions of these vast regions, countries that Mr. Wesley had never dreamed of when he said, "The world is my parish." Wesley personally compassed but a very small portion of what he claimed as his parish, but Wesleyan Methodism is extending to its utmost limits, so that the song of "Marching on," sung of the soul of old John Brown, might be more appropriately set to the march of Methodism through the wide world.

The Wesleyan ministers in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and her colonies are noted for their plain preaching of the Gospel according to the standards indicated by Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, and others, and their faithful adherence to their rules in carrying out all the details of early Methodist pastoral work. So the pioneer Methodist ministers of Australia had laid a broad and solid foundation; had strong and growing church organizations in all the important centers of this great field. They had leveled down mountains and hills and filled up the valleys, made crooked places straight and rough places plain, and had prepared the way of the Lord on a broad scale, and the time had come for the glory of the Lord to be revealed, so that all the people of those vast colonies could see it. America is in debt, to an incalculable extent, to English Methodism.

Under a great compensative law of providence I was sent across the waters under a divine commission as a Gospel engineer to help those faithful track layers to get their engines and trains on the track, and to get the steam applied so as to secure the purpose for which all this heavy outlay of time, toil, and talent had been expended, and thus pay a big installment on our indebtedness to British Methodism.

During my labors in those colonies, covering a period of nearly three years, on my first tour they reported a net increase in the Church membership to the Australasian Conference of over eleven thousand members. Then, by a steady growth through a period of three years in my absence, to which I added another evangelizing trip through those colonies of fourteen months, ten thousand more were added. So that during those six or seven years the official Minutes of the Conference reported a net increase of twenty-one thousand members, many of whom became ministers. So that

the work was manifestly of God, and hence permanent and progressive to this day. At the present time they have a full-grown Church organization, comprising five or six Annual Conferences and a General Conference that has its full representation of laymen and ministers. My quotation of aggregate results was taken from the official reports of ministers and their Conference Minutes. I kept no records of names or the numbers of the thousands of persons, old and young, who received Christ and salvation at the meetings I conducted.

My method of work in every place was to preach the Gospel, and at the close of every sermon to invite all unsaved people who were convinced of the truth of God as proclaimed, and convicted of sin, and desired to be reconciled to God, to come forward and kneel at the communion rail and other convenient places, so that I might personally grapple with their difficulties and show them the way into the kingdom of God. We did not make their coming forward -an essential condition of salvation. We urged them to surrender to God in their pews, or by the wayside or at their own homes, and if they had not succeeded in finding salvation in secret places, or in a way unobserved by others, we advised them, as they had been public rebels against God, it was but fair to him and his cause, like Zaccheus and another publican we read about, that they should make an open confession and a public renunciation of their evil deeds. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy."

Our altars were usually crowded on every occasion with awakened sinners; and as fast as they surrendered and accepted Christ, and obtained the witness and experienced the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit, all who were so prompted arose and testified to the facts in their case. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Then they were conducted by class leaders and introduced to the superintendent of the circuit in the vestry room adjoining the church in the rear. It was his business, according to our instructions, kindly but thoroughly to investigate each case and satisfy himself as to the genuineness of the work in each heart; and that every one who could not give a satisfactory testimony from a conscious experience of pardon and peace of God should be kindly advised to return to the altar of prayer and continue as a seeker until he should obtain a clear experience of salvation.

Of each one whose testimony was clear and satisfactory we took the name and the address and made inquiry of the Church relationship or preference of each one. If they were already members of any other Church, or preferred to become members of any other than the Wesleyan Church, they were so entered on the book of records, and advised to go and report as quickly as convenient to their own ministers. All who expressed a wish to connect themselves with the Wesleyan Methodist Church gave their names at once, and were assigned to a class that night. A list of their names was passed to their respective leaders before they left the place of worship, with instructions that the leader should visit them in their homes and get them to class meeting without delay. In order to train all such in the way they should go from the start, I announced publicly that no class meeting should be suspended during any week of the special services, but should meet half an hour earlier than usual, and get into church by the close of the preliminary service in time to hear the text and get the benefit of the preaching.

Thus the revival tide did not cut its way through all the embankments, submerging all the different branches of ordinary Church work, but flowed out through all the dykes and refreshed all



the gardens, to give new vitality and growth to all the trees growing by the rivers of water, that their leaves should not wither, and that they should bring forth their fruit in their season.

We usually spent but one week in a church, but two or three weeks in a few large centers, and but a day or two in many of the smaller ones. Our regular order of service was to preach on Sabbath morning to the church, the body of believers; in the afternoon to children, and at night aimed directly at the awakening and salvation of sinners. With those preliminaries we counted on a crowded altar of seekers and the salvation of a good portion of them on the first night, and worked specially on that line till Tuesday or Wednesday night. On Thursday night I preached to the church specially on the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification to God, and invited all believers present who were not living in that experience to come to the sacramental altar, where they were in the habit of renewing their oaths of allegiance to God, and under the clear light then shining upon them to make their consecration complete, and receive and trust the Lord Jesus for full salvation. Many thus had their loyalty, faith, and love perfected.

In addition to the believers who were sanctified wholly, we usually had also on the same night a number of sinners saved. On Friday night we had a grand rally along the line to complete the harvest for the week. Saturday was a day for rest and for traveling to another field of service. It was quite common to take up one day in the week for our tea meeting and a special effort to raise funds to pay off their church debts. I took opportunity on all such occasions to speak concerning God's law of the tithe. Having established human rights to time, he set apart six days in which his human subjects were commanded to do all their work, and reserved the seventh of time for the purpose of rest for mankind and all beasts of burden and a day for special religious meditation and the collective worship of God. He enforced the order by the precedent of his own use of time as an object lesson and an example for them to follow; for in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth and all things therein, and rested the seventh day and hallowed it.

It is a matter of no moment whether there were cycles of time called days, represented by days of twenty-four hours each, suited to man on earth, or twenty-four millions of years, each reckoned in the eternity of God. The proportion in either case is the same -- six days for labor, one day for rest. So when God established human rights to property he reserved the tenth of all our net profits or earnings. "All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord." "And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." It may be said that our person and property and everything we have belongs to the Lord. In the broad sense, as subjects of his government and children of his household, that is true. But God has been pleased to enter into a business copartnership with his subjects and his children, unto whom he is kind and liberal, allowing us to have and to hold in our own right nine tenths of all that we make, and reserving as his share of the business one tenth only, and that is to be distributed to his poor subjects who cannot make anything. So, if we want to have God's blessing on the fruit of our hands, we must deal honestly and fairly with him. God makes complaint of many, saying, "Ye have robbed me," and they reply, "Wherein have we robbed thee?" And he answers, "In tithes and offerings."

What is the result? "Ye are cursed with a curse." It doesn't pay to rob God. What is his order? "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord

of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He does not command you to bring the free-will offering; he will honor and reward all who do so, but the freewill offering must be entirely voluntary; while to pay the tithe is-a legal obligation, and to withhold the tithe is to rob God. To encourage us to obedience he adds, " I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all the nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts." The term "devourer" is a generic term representing all the destructive things, as the locust, caterpillar, grasshopper, chintz bug, the army worm, the potato bug, cyclones, and untimely frost, and all other pestilential things that destroy the fruits of the ground and constitute the curse entailed by robbing God. Such teaching should not be left to the meetings for raising money, but should have its place in the education and will of our people, especially our young converts in God's financial economy.

Daniel J. Draper was a broad, thickset, rotund man; a good preacher, an able administrator, a social, kind-hearted gentleman, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and always enjoyed a good laugh on suitable occasions. The dear man and his good wife some years after my acquaintance with them spent some time in England, on a visit, and on their return passage for Australia, aboard the steamship London, which was swamped in the Bay of Biscay under the pressure of a furious gale, they, with more than one hundred others, were drowned. Out of the whole ship's company only twenty-one escaped. The twenty-second, who had a chance, was a young lady. She got position for a leap into the lifeboat on the crest of the last wave of hope, but through fear she failed to jump and perished. The report of the survivors was that most of the ship's company, seeing no hope of escape, fell on their knees in prayer, and Rev. Mr. Draper and his wife were laboring among them the same as at the penitent altar, talking to them and praying for them and urging them to receive Jesus, till preacher and people went down into the depths of the Atlantic together.

James Bickford was also a good preacher, and a very wise counselor in anything pertaining to important business. He got his early training as a missionary in the West Indies. At one time while there he got out of patience with his people on account of their many wants and complaints, and said to a crowd of them one day, "I can't stand this any longer; I will have to put on my hat and leave you."

An old colored sister responded, " Massa Bickford, don't go yet; one ounce of sugar will ketch more flies than a gallon of vinegar." So he hung up his hat and stayed and learned wisdom of the colored people.

On a certain occasion he took passage in a small schooner bound from Georgetown, Demerara, to Essequibo. In weighing anchor and getting out into the stream it collided with another schooner and tore away its bowsprit, but went on its way without stopping to apologize for the damage that had been done. After they had gone six or eight miles they saw a boat with six powerful oarsmen in hot pursuit and shouting to Bickford's captain,

Heave to!

The captain of the vessel they had injured was in hot pursuit. The captain of the retreating vessel said to a boy, "Go below and load two pipes, and bring them here to me.

The boy ran and brought the pipes. By that time the other boat came sweeping alongside, her captain shouting, "Heave a line!"

The rope was cast and tied to the boat of the injured vessel, and the captain climbed up the side of Bickford's schooner in a dreadful rage, swearing at an awful rate and threatening vengeance. "You tore out the bowsprit of my vessel, and I will have you arrested and brought before the magistrate. I will make you pay dearly for such carelessness."

The other captain sat quietly and listened till he got through; then he said, "Captain, I am very sorry we injured your vessel, but we had scarcely sufficient room for getting out from our moorings, and the wind caught our sail suddenly and we 'were borne down upon the prow of your vessel and couldn't help ourselves. I knew you to be a gentleman, and deferred explanation till I could see you on our return trip. Such men as we are have no business before a petty magistrate; we can settle our own affairs. If you can wait until I get back I will be glad to put a new bowsprit into your vessel and charge you nothing; but if I can find a suitable stick of timber aboard you can put it in yourself and I will do as much for you the first chance I get."

With that he shouted, "Boy, go down into the hold and see if you can find a good piece of timber for the captain."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and away ran the boy to get the timber.

He said to another boy, "Bring a couple of pipes and a match;" and in a few moments the two captains were seen seated side by side enjoying a friendly smoke. Meantime the boy below was fumbling around in search for a piece of timber suitable for a bowsprit, when in fact there wasn't a stick of timber there. So he came back and reported that he couldn't find any timber suitable.

The captain said to his friend, "Well, captain, you can get a stick on your return and repair your vessel and charge it to my account."

He replied, "All right, captain; good day, good day."

The young minister was listening and learning how to deal with men, leaving out the falsehood of the captain's successful scheme. Rev. James Bickford is still in the front, an old man honored by his brethren. He had a comely and noble woman for a wife, but no children.

Thomas Williams made a grand record as a missionary in the Fiji Islands. He had a most interesting wife and lovely family, and after many years of service among the Fijians he put in many years of faithful work in Australia.

Joseph Dare was brought into the ministry in Australia. He was a large, thickset, powerful man, a faithful and successful preacher and pastor, owned of God and honored by his people

through the ministry of perhaps about a score of years, and died in the Lord. He had a lovely wife, brought up a Presbyterian, who rendered valuable service in her sphere. I have it to say that I highly appreciated and dearly loved and honored all the preachers and their wives among whom I labored through the years that I spent in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, but my time and space will only allow a brief illustrative reference to a few of them.

After my campaign in the circuits of Melbourne I went to Geelong, forty-eight miles west of Melbourne by rail. I am sorry I can't recall the name of the minister there; he was, as I well remember, an effective preacher and a very hospitable, loving brother, with a wife to match.

We had there a blessed work of God, both in the edification of believers and the awakening and salvation of many sinners. My home there was with an Irish merchant tailor by the name of Burke. He was a quiet, lovely, and loving man, with a wife of the same sort; both intelligent, earnest Christian workers. Sister Burke and her little sister, on a voyage from Ireland to Australia, came very near finding a watery grave. Their ship was borne down by a furious storm, and for two or three days they expected her to be swallowed up. When they thought their ship was engulfed in the ocean depths the two sisters embraced each other, consigning themselves to God in joyful hope of an entrance into heaven; but the little sister clinging tightly said, "You must hold me tight, and don't let the sharks eat me till I get drowned." Happily, however, the storm abated, and the sharks didn't get the Lord's little girl.

Our Gospel net at Geelong brought up a great variety of fish. Brother Lowe, a prominent man in the country adjacent, took me on a drive. Passing a house he said, "Mr. B. lives in that house. For years he has been the pest of this neighborhood. He is a farmer, fairly prosperous, but awfully profane, with an ungovernable temper and a 'tongue set on fire of hell.' For years he has been in the habit of going around through the neighborhood, from house to house, abusing his neighbors, accusing them of all sorts of things and cursing them and threatening vengeance upon them; but he went to your meeting and was awakened, went forward and sought salvation and found it, and on his return home went around to every house in this region and confessed his meanness, told his experience, asked the people to forgive him as God had forgiven him, and ever since he has been as gentle as a lamb. As far as I can learn everybody believes without a doubt that the man is grandly saved."

Geelong is located on the north side of Hobson's Bay, and has a harbor much superior, in regard to protection, to the anchorage near Melbourne. But for the expense of opening a channel through what is otherwise a dangerous bar, it is believed that Geelong, instead of Melbourne, would have become the great commercial emporium of the south coast of Australia. It has a good back country of farm land, and is growing not rapidly but permanently. It has good church edifices and a noble people.

From Geelong I went to Castlemaine, about one hundred miles northwest of Melbourne by rail. It is a large mining town, surrounded by extensive gold fields.

The superintendent of the circuit was Rev. William Hill. He had spent a number of years as a Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon. When he had been there a few years as a young man his betrothed, a beautiful young lady, came out from England to be united with him in marriage. On her

arrival she found him down with what appeared to be a fatal form of fever, and near the gates of death. One of her fellow-passengers, reputed to be a wealthy merchant, made proposals of marriage to her on the voyage. She told him that she was engaged, and was on her way to join her intended husband. When the said merchant saw the condition of the missionary he renewed his suit, but she scorned the proposal, telling the man never to speak to her again, and took charge of the sick missionary and nursed him through his illness. After his recovery they were united in marriage.

He was a man of medium size, black eyes, good features, and was in every respect a gentleman. They were indeed a lovely pair, well matched, and did good service in Ceylon for years. Subsequently they joined the Australasian Conference, and were doing good work in Castlemaine, where I first met them.

We had as usual a good series of soul-saving services.

Brother Hill was subsequently stationed in Melbourne, and there met with a tragic termination of his life. There was a movement by means of public conventions and speeches throughout the colonies against capital punishment. It was gaining popular influence every day, seriously affecting the administration of justice by the courts. A dreadful man convicted of murder in the first degree was, under the influence of this popular excitement, sentenced to life imprisonment.

William Hill was in the habit of regularly visiting the stockade, or prison, in which the said murderer was incarcerated. Mr. Hill's services were all gratuitous, through sympathy and interest in the prisoners. He was well known and beloved by the officials and by the criminals. By mutual arrangement the warden opened the prison cell of each prisoner in turn to admit Mr. Hill, and then turned the key on him for ten or fifteen minutes, giving him time to talk privately to the prisoners and to pray for them.

Thus one by one he would go through the whole stockade. So one day he was locked up with the murderer referred to, and talked to him kindly about his soul, then kneeled down and prayed; and while praying, with his eyes shut, the murderer quietly drew an iron bar from his cot and smashed the preacher's brains out. The telegraph lines spread the news with lightning speed through all the colonies, and the verdict of every colonist was that he ought to be hung.

That put a stop to the agitation against capital punishment in the Australian colonies, and so far as I know it has never been revived since. The man was tried for the murder of the preacher and he was sentenced to be hung. Wesleyan ministers and others visited him and prayed with him. he professed to find peace with God, and they entertained the hope that he was saved. Under the sentence of life imprisonment he remained an impenitent murderer, but under the sentence of death, according to the original law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed," he was brought to repentance. The Lord hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, either temporal or spiritual, but a murderer is such a dangerous animal in society God hath given an order to put him where he cannot do any more harm.

From Castlemaine we proceeded to Sandhurst, about twenty miles north. Sandhurst and Golden Square are also mining towns in the midst of a rich mining region. In these and other mining towns, extending to Echuca, on the south bank of the Murray River, we had a blessed work of God among the miners. I subsequently made a tour to Kyneton, Kilmore, and away on to Beechworth, to the northeast, and to Albury on the dividing line between the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. Many miners and traders in those wild regions were also brought to God by our services.

One night in that crusade, after preaching, a crowd of seekers came to the front, and as the meeting was progressing I saw two big miners in the rear of the chapel conversing earnestly with each other, and feared that they were plotting; but after a time one of them came and kneeled down, and cried, "Lord, have mercy on me, a poor sinner."

I instructed him, and he surrendered to God, received Christ, and experienced the pardon of his sins and regeneration of heart. He sprang to his feet and told us that he had found Jesus and was saved. Then he looked around for his companion and shouted, "Come on, Bill, it is a real thing; I have got it."

So, on the testimony of his friend, Bill came forward and also sought and found the Saviour. The two of them went on their way rejoicing over the treasure they had found.

The long trip of over two hundred miles to Beechworth and Albury I made by stagecoach. Returning, I proceeded to Ballarat, ninety-eight miles northwest from Melbourne. Ballarat was next in population to Melbourne, in the midst of a rich mining district. James S. Waugh was the Chairman of the Ballarat District and Superintendent of Ballarat Circuit. The largest church is called Lidiard Street Church.

My home was at the house of Brother J. A. Doane. His name is seen in connection with some of the popular tunes of our own day as a composer of music. He was a prominent leader in the church and had an excellent wife to help him, and was superintendent of a large Sunday school. The first series of services there extended over a period of three weeks. About five hundred persons of all sorts and sizes, each examined by the pastor, were reported converted to God. Two theaters of the town were closed up for want of patronage. The larger one of the two was sold to a temperance organization and used as a temperance hall -- a higher class of entertainment in the facts and forces of personal salvation than in the fiction and farces of theatrical sensation.

One night during the series of services at Lidiard Street Church there was a sudden shriek from some one in the gallery. The people sprang to their feet in great consternation. One man jumped over the gallery rail into the crowd below, and there was a vain rush to try to get out. The aisles above and below were so packed by people standing that it was impossible to get out quickly. So I stood in the pulpit and sang,

"Hear the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Publishing to every creature,  
To the ruined sons of nature,

Jesus reigns!

I sang the first verse through on a key that might have been heard outdoors for a half mile, and not a person seemed to hear a word. I sang a second verse, and they were still screaming. I stood quietly and sang the third; then they began to look up, and they saw that the preacher was in his place; they looked about them and saw that the house was still there and nobody hurt, so that, simultaneously, they sat down, and before I sang the hymn through everybody there was sitting as quietly as though nothing had happened. No one seemed to know what was the matter. I learned afterward that there was an apprehension that the gallery was insufficient to bear the weight of the multitude that thronged it, and it was said that something like a cracking and giving way of the gallery was heard, which created the panic.. But the gallery didn't come down, and there was really no occasion for the fright. I turned the incident to account in an exhortation to be ready for the sudden crack of doom which may break upon us at any moment. We may expect that the coming of the Son of man will be as sudden as the lightning flash. There will be one hour in which he will raise all the dead of the human race. He has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness. It stands us in hand to be ready for sudden surprises.

So we had an unusually great crowd of seekers and saved ones that night. If we had not sung them down no doubt many of them would have been trodden to death in the rush to get out.

From Ballarat I went to Creswick, a few miles north of Ballarat, a flourishing mining town. I found at Creswick a noble, loving, and lovable people. There we had a blessed work of God during a week of special services. I became acquainted there with an old California miner whose Christian name was Tom. He was a pugilist and a desperado in his way. But he was induced to come to meeting. A short time before my visit there he was awakened and sought and found the Lord. On being invited to join the Wesleyan Church he said, " I can't join the church till I read the New Testament and see whether I can live up to it."

So they gave him a New Testament, and he read it carefully through. Then said he, "I accept everything I have read in the Testament as the truth of God, and I consent to obedience to the best of the ability that God shall give me. But I read in one place that if a man shall strike me on one cheek I must not strike him back, but must turn the other cheek and let him strike it. I have been a pugilist for many years, and I think my habit of striking back is so fixed that I shall not be able to keep that command, and I will have to wait a little bit longer."

Soon after a fellow-miner by the name of Bob came into Tom's tent in a terrible rage and swore at Tom at an awful rate and threatened to thrash him. Tom silently prayed to God for help and kept his mouth shut. As Bob increased more and more in the violence of his threatening gesticulations Tom said to his partner, "Come, let us go to work."

Bob followed after them, storming and threatening. Bob had a big dog with him, and hissed his dog on Tom. Just as the dog was going to seize his leg Tom brought his miner's pick around with a sweep and knocked the dog into the miner's prospecting hole, which was four or five feet deep. Bob had to stop to get his dog out, then he came running after them as hard as he could run and, rushing up, struck Tom with his fist on one cheek, and Tom turned the other cheek, saying, "There is another cheek, Bob; fire away."

Bob turned suddenly about and hastened away. He came again that night and begged Tom not to sue him for assault and battery. He inferred from Tom's refusal to retaliate with his fist that he meant to sue him through the law. Tom shook hands with him and assured him that he wasn't going to sue him. All he wanted for him was that he should seek Jesus. Bob began to come to meeting with Tom from that time. When I saw them Bob had not yet professed to experience salvation, but he was seeking it.

So Tom said to the minister, "I am ready now to join your church. I have read the rules, and I have proved the sufficiency of the grace of God to enable me to keep them."

And he was keeping them conscientiously and successfully then, and will, no doubt, to the end.

We held a series of meetings also at Clunes. One of the men converted to God at Clunes soon after wrote to a merchant in Ballarat confessing to have cheated him out of one hundred and fifty dollars and of injuring his reputation, asking pardon for both, and promised to refund the money within a given time. Quite a number of satisfactory cases of restitution occurred in connection with this movement in different parts of Australia.

We had also a blessed meeting at Maryborough, further north. The superintendent of the circuit was Rev. Samuel Waterhouse, one of the seven sons of Rev. John Waterhouse, who for so many years was general superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Fiji Islands. Two of his sons were able ministers of the Gospel. His son, John, Jr., was long an earnest missionary worker in the Sandwich Islands. Samuel labored for years as a missionary in Fiji, and became a successful minister and pastor in Australia. Some two or three years after I left the dear brother became insane. On my second tour through those islands I visited Samuel in the insane asylum at Hobart Town, Tasmania, in company with two of his brothers. We found him in the grove of trees and shrubbery contained within their extensive walls. He shook hands with me cordially and said, "Mr. Taylor, I am glad to see you. I had not heard of your return to these colonies since you left us some years ago," and added, "Can you sing like you used to?"

I said, " Yes, I can sing."

"Well, sing for me; sing 'The Home in Heaven.'"

So I sang it; then I said, "Can't you sing?"

"Yes, I will sing you my own translation in Fiji of that wonderful hymn:

"Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.'



He sang the hymn in Fiji, then he ran off into a reverie about Louis Napoleon and other irrelevant lines of thought; but he seemed to be cheerful and to be trusting in the Lord. When we were leaving he followed us to the gate and begged us piteously to let him go with us. I could but weep as I took his hand and remembered the happy days we had spent together and the buoyancy and brilliancy he then manifested in contrast with the dark eclipse that had shut down upon him and upon his dear wife and three children.

When I was laboring at Ballarat the Rev. W. Woodall was the preacher in charge at Scarsdale, a new mining town. Four months prior to that the Wesleyans commenced to organize a church there, but had no chapel or suitable place of worship; but the preacher said if I would agree, after filling a line of appointments occupying a couple of months, to give him a week at Scarsdale he would go to work meantime and have a church built.

So I promised to give them a week at the time appointed, and came to time, but the minister met me with a sad tale of discouragement. He had the frame of his church up and under roof, and the floor laid, and three parts weatherboarded. One side had been left open, extending the sitting accommodation through a large tent, giving an accommodation in the chapel and the tent together for fifteen hundred persons. But a reverend gentleman claiming to be in the direct line of succession to the apostles, living in Smythesdale, two miles off, had procured a hall in Scarsdale, and had, according to previous announcement, delivered a lecture the night before against revivals and American revivalists. The house was crowded. "He didn't mention your name," said Woodall, "but described your height and appearance, and your methods of work, ridiculed your preaching and especially your singing, and seemed to carry the sympathies of the crowd, so that I fear we shall not be able to stand the tide of opposition that he has raised against us."

He inquired of me what I thought we had better do. I said, "I will tell you a story. I heard of a man in Virginia, America, who had a black man in his service whom he called Sam; he and Sam went to the mountains one day to hunt deer. One method of hunting in that country is to place a man with his gun in a gap of the mountains, which they call a stand, through which a deer if started up within a certain radius and pursued by hounds will run, giving the man in ambush an opportunity to shoot it as it passes. Sam, being handy with a gun, was placed at the stand, while the master took the hounds on the hunt, and soon they started up a huge buck, and he went down the mountain as only frightened bucks can do, passing by the stand within easy range of Sam's gun; but Sam didn't shoot. The master came running and shouting, 'Sam, Sam, didn't you see that buck?'

'O, yes, Massa, I seed him.

"didn't you shoot him?"

"Massa, de way dat buck was jumpin', no use to waste de ammunition on dat buck; a few more such jumps as dat will fix him.'

"So, whatever became of Sam's buck, you needn't be frightened at the jumper of last night. A few more such jumps as that will fix him."

So he laughed and cheered up.

The next forenoon we had the chapel and tent packed, and during that day and three days ensuing, including preaching one day at Linden, eight miles distant, we had over forty souls converted to God, and a big tea meeting, which resulted in raising a large part of the funds requisite to complete the church. When the reverend gentleman saw what a victory we achieved he put an article in the paper, called the Greenville Advertiser, complaining that a local preacher had the impudence, at the close of his lecture, to call in question the truth of his statement in regard to the revivalist; then went on to say that he hadn't told the half he could have told.

That article was answered in the next issue of said paper by a Baptist gentleman who attended our meetings; he called the public attention to three points: First, the bad taste of this man coming the night before the opening of these special services to lecture against revivals and American revivalists. Secondly, the ridiculous conceit of the reverend gentleman in presuming to tackle such a man as California Taylor. Thirdly, he should have taken the advice of an old philosophic Pharisee, "If this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

The said minister replied to that in an article in the next issue of the paper, stating that "the meeting was most disorderly, reminding him of a stockyard, with the squealing of hogs and the bellowing of bulls." There were fifteen hundred witnesses in that neighborhood who knew that charge to be untrue. Our meetings, indeed, were of a most orderly character there as elsewhere. So that the community at large, including his own people, brought such a pressure to bear upon him that within two weeks his bishop removed him to the far interior.

My next appointment on leaving Scarsdale was at Hamilton, eighty miles west through the open prairie. James Oddie, of Ballarat, drove me through in his carriage-and-two within two days.

Hamilton is in the midst of a vast sheep-growing country. Most of the available land of all those colonies had been monopolized by the sheep growers. Owing to the light character of the soil and the shortness of the grass it was estimated that every sheep required an acre of ground, so that the land was let out under a twenty years' lease by the government at a very small rental, in large tracts from ten thousand to one hundred thousand acres in each sheep run.

Thus Australia became the most famous of all wool-producing countries. So that the wool growers and the bankers were considered the rulers of the Southern World. It was almost impossible for a farmer to get the title to a small piece of land for cultivation. The government, being anxious to encourage immigration from Great Britain, refused to renew leases to wool growers and advertised to sell the land at auction in blocks or sections of six hundred and forty acres, depriving every bidder of the right to buy more than one section.

A big squatter near the town of Hamilton, a short time before my arrival, managed to evade the law by furnishing to his shepherds the money with which they went to the sale, and each bid off and bought a farm, paid the money, and got their deeds and conveyances, and turned the whole over to the squatter.

We had a good work in Hamilton. I went from there by a wheeled conveyance about fifty miles to Portland, a town of two thousand in population, near the coast.

After Portland we took in Belfast, Warnambool, and other towns on the south coast. We had streams of blessing all along the line, compassing a vast region of the country, sparsely settled, covered with sheep by the million, interspersed with countless flocks of emus and kangaroos.

I was told that a short time before my arrival in that region the sheep growers became so disgusted with the kangaroos for their fondness for the kangaroo grass, which the squatters wanted for their sheep, that they ran two lines of wire fencing each more than a mile in length in the form of the letter V, and the men turned out on their fleet horses, each with heavily loaded whips, and, forming a great circle with their dogs, they drove countless numbers of kangaroos into the vortex and clubbed a thousand of them to death. They did not skin them nor make any use of them -- just killed them to get rid of them and let them rot to enrich the ground.

They are curious-looking animals; they do their traveling by tremendous leaps on their hind legs, only using their fore legs for progress when they let themselves down to eat grass.

I always took great interest in seeing what they called the old man kangaroo getting over the ground as but few other animals can do. I have seen the old mammy kangaroo wait for a half dozen baby kangas and hide them away in her jacket pockets and hop away with her previous cargo as gracefully if not quite so fast as the old man. I didn't think much of the gallantry of the old man in going off and leaving her in charge of all the children.

A Scotch coach driver, with whom I traveled on a long journey in that country, told me that once on a fleet horse he pursued an old man kangaroo and brought him to bay and attempted to knock him on the head with his loaded whip. The kangaroo dodged the stroke, pulled the Scotchman off his horse, and with his forearms around him got one of his hind feet up and ripped his clothes off from chin to thigh, and, he added, " But for the mercy of God that I fell near to a fallen tree and lay close up to its trunk he would have torn my insides out. Meantime a friend of mine galloped up and knocked him on the head."

He never attacked another one.

The second colony I visited was Tasmania. I first held a series of services for three weeks in Launceston, a beautiful city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The Wesleyans there had a fine large church. For many years Launceston was the home and place of business of my friend Henry Reed. He was a merchant there for a number of years.

He was a man about six feet four inches in height, broad and symmetrical, a magnificent man in appearance; a man of great intellectual power and force and business tact. His principle was to buy and sell for cash, and he made a fortune on that plan. While still a young man he made a business trip to England by a sailing ship around Cape Horn. Off the cape his ship was caught in a heavy gale, and sprung a leak which the captain said would swamp the ship in three hours if not stopped. It was impossible to remove the freight and stop it from the inside in that time. But the brave sailors, with extraordinary management, succeeded in drawing a sail under the bows of the

ship and back sufficiently to cover the leak, which gave them time to remove the freight and close it up from the inside; and Henry Reed, when he realized the wonderful escape he had made from death, wept with gratitude to God and solemnly vowed that from that moment to the end of his life he would be a Christian. He brought out his brandy bottle and pack of cards and threw them into the sea, and made a public declaration that henceforth he would live for God. He exerted all his will power, depending on his own strength of purpose, and did his best. But he soon found that sin was deeply seated in his inner being and held him in bondage, so that the good that he would do he could not; the evil that he would not was just the thing he did. He kept at it, however, with Pharisaic zeal. He thought it would be of great assistance to him to have a good wife; so he married an estimable lady, with whose brother I made my home part of the time of my sojourn in Launceston.

Mr. Reed was happy in his marriage, but it brought no relief to his imprisoned spirit; so, accompanied by his wife, he took ship again to Tasmania and resumed his business, carried it forward with his usual success, but fasted and prayed till his wife became alarmed and employed a doctor to look after him.

The doctor tried to drive him off his knees and compel him to take more food, but Henry continued to have his own way in spite of the devil and the doctor. But after a couple of years or more he made up his mind to go back to England, thinking he would have a better chance to be good there than in Tasmania; but he did not like to expose himself to the temptations of a passenger ship, so he determined to charter a ship on his own account with a good religious captain and crew, and thus protect himself from evil communications.

He advertised for a ship and crew according to his own ideal. In a short time he procured a good ship, fitted her out, shipped a good religious captain and crew, and said, "Sail for London."

He had not been long on his voyage till he found that his captain was utterly incompetent and had let his chronometer run down, so Henry dismissed him and took charge of the ship himself and navigated her to London; but he couldn't give up the idea of having some religion on board; so he announced to his crew that he would have a service every Sunday, and told them that he would not compel them to attend service, but if they would come and behave themselves properly the steward would give each of them an extra ration of grog as they passed out of the meeting. So they all attended the service and behaved themselves very properly, and got their extra grog. His service consisted in reading a psalm and a chapter of a book entitled *The Whole Duty of Man*.

On his arrival in London, having plenty of money, he devoted himself largely to visiting hospitals and the sick, and made liberal distributions of his money to the sick and suffering. He made it a point to go and hear all the celebrated ministers that were in his reach and try to find a remedy for his sin-sick soul. After spending about two years in that way he concluded that after all he could serve God better in Tasmania than in England; so he returned to Tasmania.

During his absence on that trip the Rev. Nathaniel Turner, who for many years had been a missionary in New Zealand and the Friendly Islands, but was now a member of the Australasian Conference, had been appointed to Launceston. He was a grand old missionary. I administered to him years afterward, when he was dying in Queensland, Australia. Under his ministry in

Launceston, Tasmania, during Reed's absence, a great work of God had been manifested. A Christian merchant from Liverpool, England, had settled there who was a great worker in the Church. During the revival under Mr. Turner a large number of persons had been converted to God. Among the converts in that revival were the Hon. Mr. Gleadow and the Hon. Isaac Sherwin, members of the Legislative Council of Tasmania, and old friends of Henry Reed. Soon after Mr. Reed's return Mr. Gleadow prepared a banquet of welcome in honor of Mr. Reed, inviting a large number of his friends.

At the table Mr. Reed chanced to sit next to the Liverpool merchant, and in conversation soon became deeply interested in him and begged the merchant to accompany him to his own home that night after the banquet, that he might cultivate his acquaintance. The merchant respectfully declined the invitation, saying, "Tonight is the night for my class meeting."

Mr. Reed said, "What do you mean by a class meeting? I never heard of a meeting of that sort before."

"O," said he, "it is a social religious meeting where the people assemble and talk one to another on religious subjects, tell of their religious trials and triumphs, and edify one another and pray for one another."

"Well, my dear sir, that is just the kind of a meeting I would like to attend; won't you let me go with you to your class meeting?"

"O, yes, Mr. Reed, if you will go I will be glad to have your company."

But soon after he got up unceremoniously, and as he was passing out through the door Mr. Reed shouted after him, "Hold on, Mr.; I thought you were going to take me to class with you ?"

"Well, I concluded that it was too much to expect of you, to leave your friends and to go to a class meeting."

"I told you that was just the kind of a meeting I wanted to go to; and I insist on going with you. Friends, please excuse me, I am going to class meeting."

So he went, and sat down in a company of eighteen or twenty plain-looking men and women. One after another they told their experience, their struggles with their old bad nature and vain efforts to try to be good, and that when they had given up all hope in self and all works of righteousness, and surrendered to God and accepted Christ, God pardoned their sins, sent his Holy Spirit into their hearts, and changed their vile nature. They told how the conflict went on -- of their victory every day through faith in Jesus.

Though Mr. Reed had been brought up in the Church, accustomed from childhood to read or hear prayers, he had never in his life up to that time heard a witness testify to a personal deliverance from sin and Satan and a real change in heart and life. The words of those witnesses were accompanied by an unction from the Holy Spirit which applied the truth to his heart, and he

said, "Friends, this wonderful thing you have got is the thing I need;" and he dropped on his knees right there.

They gathered around him and prayed for him, and soon after he let go self and sin, and in utter helplessness accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and Jesus in that hour saved him.

Soon after Mr. Reed joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church and became a local preacher. While he pursued his mercantile business with unabated success he became, I think, without any doubt or question, the most successful soul-winner in that colony. He made a regular daily business of it.

When he was riding along the road and came to a company of convict road-makers he would dismount, hitch his horse, collect them together, read the Bible and explain it to them, kneel down on the gravelly road and pray for them. He also held special services for soul-saving. The plain people came from a radius of ten or fifteen miles to attend his meetings; so that he soon had a large class of people brought to God through his own agency.

At that time the Wesleyans of Launceston had a small, unsuitable chapel in which to worship. Mr. Reed, Mr. Gleadow, Mr. Sherwin, and other members who had zeal and money, joined with the old hands, and went to work and put up a good church edifice.

Mr. H., chairman of the district, lived in Hobart Town, one hundred and twenty miles distant. So when on a visit to Launceston he ascertained the time required to complete the building and set the day for its dedication, and said, "I will come up from Hobart Town in due time and bring a supply of prayer books, so that we may from the start introduce the prayer service of the English Church."

Mr. Reed replied, "Why, Mr. H., I was brought up in that Church, and I joined the Wesleyan Church particularly on account of the simplicity of their forms of worship. If I must conform to English Church usage and read those prayers over every Sunday I will go back to the English Church, where I belonged."

The chairman got a little excited and said, "I will have you understand I am the chairman of this district, and my ruling is that we will have the prayers, and I will bring the books."

The brethren dissented. So nothing more was said, and the meeting closed.

On the Saturday afternoon set for the arrival of the chairman Mr. Reed mounted his horse and met him some distance from the town and invited him to go home with him. He went, accordingly, and was treated like a prince; but neither he nor Reed broached the subject of reading prayers.

He was not aware of the fact that Henry Reed had a Sunday morning prayer meeting in his house before daylight, and that it was attended by a crowd of people from a radius of ten to fifteen miles around -- people who had been converted to God through his agency, and came every Sunday morning to his prayer meeting and spent the day to attend the services of the church. So

before daylight Sunday morning the chairman was awakened by earnest, powerful singing. It astonished him, and he slipped out of bed and went down into the hall and stood near the entrance from the hall into the prayer room, where he could hear all that was said; and he heard a dozen prayers or more, and all to the same effect, that the great God would bless their chairman and fill his heart with divine light and love and make him forget those old prayers, one brother saying emphatically, "O, Lord, you know that we don't want those old prayers in our new church, but we don't want to offend our chairman, so we look to you, and cry to you, and trust you to save us and our church from those old prayers. They are very good prayers, but they don't suit poor country folks like us. We don't want them. Brother Reed don't want them. So we put the case in your hands and trust you.

Before the adjournment of the prayer meeting the chairman slipped back to his bed. At the appointed time he went to the church, read the Scriptures, and prayed and preached in the ordinary plain Methodist way, dedicated the church to the service of God, and did not then, or ever afterward, make the slightest allusion to "the prayers. We had three weeks of special services in Launceston, with marvelous soul-saving results. At the close of that series we had a grand social reunion and farewell meeting.

I never preached a farewell sermon, never initiated or encouraged a farewell demonstration; but it was no use to oppose the loving purpose of that grateful people. Those farewell meetings were largely patronized by leading members of all the different denominations of Christians, and had a good unifying effect.

A Scotch Presbyterian gentleman at the Launceston farewell stated in a somewhat elaborate speech "that at the present time there were two classes of people in that city, the Taylorites and the anti-Taylorites. When an anti-Taylorite comes to me with his unkind criticisms I say, 'How often have you heard Mr. Taylor?'

'I only heard him once, but once was enough for me.

"My reply to such is, 'Well, I won't talk to you until you hear him at least three times.' Some persons came to me with the assertion that 'that California fellow has come here for nothing else but to get your money.' I said, 'How much of your money did he get?'

'Well, I bought a set of his books.'

"Have you read them?'

"O, yes, I couldn't help but read them.'

'Did you get the worth of your money?'

"O, yes, they are the cheapest books in the market.'

"Well, that is the only way he receives money, by giving more than an equivalent in the books, and puts in all his preaching and other tremendous labors without money and without price.' Such critics would quarrel with St. Paul for receiving pay for his tents."

Among the converts at Launceston were the Hon. Mr. Grubb, his estimable wife, and two sons, Fred and Charlie, and two daughters, Mamie and Elvie, all of whom joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Mr. Grubb was a brother-in-law of Mr. Reed, his first wife being Mr. Grubb's sister, and it was through that relationship that I became personally acquainted with Mr. Reed, who was then residing near Tunbridge Wells, thirty miles southeast of London. Mr. Grubb, wife, and children all became earnest, successful Christian workers. One day at their dinner table the subject of conversation turned on the self-sacrifice I had to make by so wide a separation from my own home and wife and children for the good of others. I replied to the effect that naturally I had no ambition or desire for foreign travel and labor. My great desire was to stay at home with my wife and children in the regular service of our itinerant ministers; but I had a manifest call from God to leave father and mother, house and home, wife and children, and go as an ambassador for Christ to the ends of the earth. I was not disobedient to the heavenly call, but the separation from wife and children was a crucifixion unto a death that never dies. I said, "I don't know how other Christian men would feel under such circumstances, but in my case it appears to me that the weaning agony of a million babies augmented by the feigned severity of their mothers would hardly express my bereavement. The Saviour's estimate of loss in such a case may be measured by the indemnity that he guarantees when he says that whosoever forsakes father and mother, houses and lands, and wife and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake shall have a hundredfold in the present time and proportionate rewards in the world to come. All such have to be fully assured, in the premises, that they are indeed called by God to such a line of self-sacrifice, and to be sure that the motive underlying obedience is loyalty and love to God, not the hope of the great reward promised; nevertheless, I rejoice in the fact that God and his Church never ostracize nor wean their children.

"Hence God says: 'Rejoice ye with Jerusalem [his Church], and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her. For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace, to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.'

"So in a blessed spiritual sense I am always at home, and highly appreciate the houses and lands the Lord provides for me in all countries to which he leads me. This mansion and resources of wealth belong to my inheritance under the Gospel charter."

I saw Brother Grubb's color change, which seemed to indicate a thought in his mind that I was proposing to infringe on his rights; so I added, "I don't mean to say that God troubles me with title deeds, the employment of servants, the weary toil required for building this mansion, and the caring for the beautiful lawns and gardens and shrubbery which adorn the premises. He intrusts to such' men as Brother Grubb all that sort of work. Everything is prepared to hand before I come along, all that I need or can appropriate is as accessible to me as the man of toil that prepares it. I don't know but that I fare better than he does, take it all in all, because they kill an extra chicken when I come along."



They laughed at the simple way of presenting the subject, but rejoiced in the sublime facts evolved by it.

My principal home during the period of my special services in Launceston was with the Hon. Isaac Sherwin. He and his wife and daughter were all comely in their personal appearance, filled with loyalty and love to God, quietly but eminently useful in Church work, hospitable and affectionate in the highest degree, yet without ostentation. They lived in the sunshine of prosperity, yet in part beclouded by a sad bereavement.

As I turned over the photograph album that lay on their center table, and called the attention of Sister Sherwin to the photo of a very interesting-looking young man, I inquired, "Whom does this represent?"

I saw the tears gathering in her eyes as she replied in utterances broken by emotions of grief, "That is the photo of young Mr. B., of Hobart Town, who killed our son Henry."

"What! Is that the way you cherish the memory of men-killers in this country?"

"Yes; Mr. B. is a fine young man. He was a fellow-student with Henry at Horton College, and came home with Henry to spend his vacation with us. The two young men went out gunning one day, and Henry was brought home dead; young B. accidentally shot him."

Then she showed me a letter of condolence written by the young man who killed her son.

If it had been in evidence that young B.'s will had taken action against the life of his fellow he would have been hung up by the neck and filled a felon's grave. But it was manifest to all that he had no such purpose in his heart, hence did not even forfeit the confidence of the friends whom he thus bereaved.

I proceeded from Launceston, one hundred and twenty miles south by coach to Hobart Town, on the banks of the Derwent River. Hobart Town was the largest town in Tasmania, and Launceston second. The former is now called simply Hobart. The population of Launceston has now increased to over seventeen thousand, and that of Hobart to fully twenty-five thousand souls. There are also many smaller towns in Tasmania, in all of which I labored. So that swollen streams of salvation flowed through the island from end to end.

The Tasmanians are a teachable, confiding, loving, and lovely people; but few traces of old convictism were anywhere to be seen. The "old hands," sent ostensibly for their country's good, were nearly all dead. Many of them were very good people, and died in the Lord and left a good inheritance for their children. One of the survivors with whom I became acquainted was a Wesleyan local preacher. He chanced to be passing from his work to his home, in one of the northern towns of England, when a mob was being arrested for breaking up wheat-threshing machines, the introduction of which was thought to interfere with the labor market in England, and occasioned mob violations which led to the transportation of the rioters. My friend John was found thus with bad company and was hurried off with the rest onto the convict ship to Van Dieman's Land, John's wife was left behind, but he had his Saviour with him; so he consoled himself with

the belief that as these poor fellows had no chaplain the Lord had permitted him to be arrested and convicted, and thus to become their chaplain; and he devoted himself assiduously and successfully to the work of his ministry. He served out his term of ten years and subsequently made money, brought out his wife, and, though not wealthy, had a comfortable home of his own when I had the honor of an introduction to him. He was an old man then.

I said, "Well, Brother John, how do you prosper?"

He replied, "O, Brother Taylor, I don't think I have the perfect love that you were preaching about today; I have been trying to serve God ever since the days of my youth. I have had a hard pull of it; the Lord has been very patient with me, very kind, but I have not been made perfect in love, and I feel very sad about it. I fear the mainspring is broken."

I had previously heard of the consistency of his life as a Christian and of the success of his humble ministry, so I said to him, "O, no, Brother John, the mainspring is not broken, it is run down; it just needs to be wound up, and it will tick on all right;" and he very feelingly said, 'O, Lord, wind me up," and I said "Amen." He repeated, "O, Lord, do wind me up now.

Said I, "A timekeeper to be wound up has to lie quietly in the hand of the winder; if you will submit yourself wholly to God, and let him take you in hand, he will wind you up all right."

He responded, " Blessed Lord, I do submit: I put my life, soul, and body into your hands. I want you to have your own way with me, and wind me up today." Then he said, "Why, bless God, he is winding me up; O, hallelujah, he has wound me up snug. Now I have got it, I have got the perfect love of God, and I expect to keep on all bright now to the end of my life."

And so he did; he lived but a few years longer, and left a shining record of past usefulness.

The Rev. Mr. Quick, President of Horton College, wrote a beautiful sketch of his life, which was published in one of the Australian papers.

At Longford, twelve miles southwest of Launceston, I spent two nights in special services. I became acquainted with a prominent citizen of that town who had been brought up a Unitarian; a few days after I left Launceston for Hobart this Unitarian gentleman was passing a bookstore in Launceston, and saw in the window a large portrait painting. After looking at it intently a few moments he inquired of the bookseller, "Whom does this striking picture represent?"

The bookseller replied, "That is Mr. Taylor, from California."

"Well, it is very strange I never heard of that man before, but that is the man who appeared to me in a dream two nights ago; I dreamed that I went to a meeting. The house was crowded with people and this man was in the pulpit preaching to them, and he revolutionized all my ideas of God and salvation; that is the man. I recognize him as distinctly as if I had known him in person, and I must hear that man if I have to go to Hobart Town to do it."

"Well," said the bookseller, "you need not go to Hobart Town to hear him; he is visiting all the towns, and in due time you can hear him in Longford, for he will soon be in this locality."

So he was on the lookout for his man, and was one of the first to welcome me to Longford. Though my time there was so short he took in the teaching with great avidity, and I had reason to believe, as his dream indicated, that his ideas were not only revolutionized, but his heart was changed.

Returning from Tasmania, I rendered some additional service to the work in Melbourne. Melbourne is a beautiful city; massive buildings, displaying the fine taste of modern architecture.

I proceeded thence to Sydney, the great commercial emporium of New South Wales, a city at that time of about two hundred thousand population. I went in response to the earnest call of Rev. Stephen Rabone, and many others.

Rev. Mr. Rabone was an old missionary of the South Sea Islands, but at that time Chairman of the Sydney District.

By special invitation my first home there was with my old California friend, Captain P. W. Bowden. He spent some time in my house at San Francisco in 180, and now, under the genial law of reciprocity, he welcomed me to his house. He and his wife and two lovely daughters showed me every possible attention within the range of Christian love and fellowship.

As they lived in a suburb of the city, some miles distant from the center of our operation, my city home was with Dr. Moffitt and family. Dr. Moffitt was an Enniskillen Irishman; a magnificent specimen of a man every way; six feet four inches in height; broad, straight, and symmetrical in all his proportions. He had spent twenty-three years as surgeon in her majesty's navy. Obtaining an honorable discharge from that service, he had been practicing in Sydney on his own account for many years, and made a great reputation as a medical doctor, as a class leader, and a Christian worker in York Street Wesleyan Church, which was his center of usefulness with a radius of indefinable bounds. He had a beautiful wife; but, to the great grief of his heart, up to the time of my visit she had not given her heart to God. During our meetings she was soundly saved, to the great joy of the doctor and her people. Her brother also, a lawyer at the bar, was converted soon after.

My first series of services in Sydney, running through a period of two weeks, were held at York Street Church, the largest of many Wesleyan chapels in that district. The work of salvation among the sinners, and of entire heart purity among the old Christians, was fully up to any thing we had seen in the colony of Victoria. I spent many months in that city and its suburbs, giving at least a week of special services to each chapel. The work was mainly among Wesleyan Methodists; but other churches were also quickened and enlarged. Rev. Dr. Steele, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, a man of lovely Catholic spirit, took quite an interest in our meetings.

It was observed that a family belonging to his church by the name of McDonald, especially the mother and her two daughters, were seen at the first meeting I held in York Street, and they, with other members of their family, were seen at every meeting I held in or near that city for

months; and it was a matter of some surprise to those who knew them. that while many were waiting to see the outcome of the movement before identifying themselves with it, those Presbyterians entered into the work from its commencement. The McDonalds were godly people of high repute. Three of the sons were bankers, all fine-looking men, each with a heavy black beard. The mother had an old-time prejudice against beards, and often begged her boys to shave, which they respectfully declined to do. But for months before my arrival she ceased to remonstrate with her sons against wearing beards. The key to the whole thing came out in a statement she made one day in my presence at her dinner table. Addressing me, she said, " Three months before your arrival in Sydney I was led by the good Spirit into a great struggle of prayer and fasting on behalf of the churches of this city and colony. Iniquity was abounding, and the churches. were so formal and dead they seemed utterly unable to stand the opposing tide of wickedness, much less to move aggressively for the salvation of the people. This burden upon my heart so increased that I was unable to take sufficient sleep and food to keep me up, so that my health was sadly impaired. I was led to pray specially that the Lord would send some one through whom he could stir the hearts of the people of this city and colony, and so bring them into harmony with him, so that he could use them effectively for the accomplishment of their work.

"I was finally relieved one night by a vision through a dream. I saw a beautiful chariot without any horses or any visible power of locomotion, moving slowly over the city just above the housetops, and I saw standing in it a messenger from God, a tall, straight man with long beard, and he was sowing seed broadcast, and proclaiming in the name of the Lord. In my dream I wept for joy, and said, 'That is the man the Lord is. sending in answer to my prayer.'

"In my dream I gazed with tearful eyes at the man's face and figure till an impression was made on my memory as clearly defined as a photograph, and I thought, 'If I ever see that man I shall certainly know that he is the man that God sent.' I awoke and my weight of anxiety was gone from my heart. My prayer was answered, and I said, 'That man will surely come.' At that time I had never heard of you, and knew not that there was such a man in the world, but from that time on I was on the lookout. Three months afterward I saw it announced that Rev. William Taylor, from California, was to commence a series of special revival services in York Street Wesleyan Church. I hastened to the first service announced, and as soon as I entered the door and saw you standing by the pulpit I recognized you at a glance as the man I had seen in the Gospel chariot three months ago.

"I needed no other certification as to whom this stranger might be. But from the first meeting I, with as many of my family and friends as could possibly arrange it, never failed to be present at your meetings in or near the city."

Among the suburban churches in which I conducted revival meetings was a beautiful new Gothic structure at Newtown. Rev. Joseph Oram was the pastor. The church had been opened but a few months. Brother Oram gave me the following account of the first sermon he preached in it.

Said he: "I had just been appointed there by the Conference, and was charmed with the beauty of this fine Gothic church just opened for services. I ascended the winding stairs to the pulpit, and after an introductory service announced my text, and had extraordinary liberty in delivering my first discourse to the people of Newtown, and congratulated myself on the

commencement of my pastoral work among them with such a success. When I descended from the pulpit at the close of the service my wife met me at the foot of the stairs and said, 'O, Mr. Oram, all your sermon was lost in reverberations. among the rafters of this church. We couldn't interpret a single sentence that you uttered.'

"So," continued Oram, "I have had nothing but failure and defeat ever since. I began with a crowded house, but they could not hear the preaching except in senseless reverberation. They have scattered off to other churches, and I am left almost without a congregation." Said he, "Can you do anything for me?"

I said, "O, yes, I can come and fill your house and preach a week, get a hundred people converted to God, and give you another start."

"How can you overcome this terrible reverberation?"

"Fill up the house with crinoline, and that will deaden the sound, and by distinct articulation, avoiding loud intonation, I will find my way to their ears and hearts by the-grace of God."

At the time appointed I went. The house was crowded. At the first service and every service I succeeded in giving them the Gospel with no uncertain sound.

The pastor made a careful record and reported one hundred souls converted during the week, one of whom was W. J. F., a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, a celebrated barrister and crown prosecutor for the colony of New South Wales. He was nominally a Christian before, but came forward and kneeled down with other seekers, and sought and found reconciliation with God and a new heart, and from that night became and continued a most efficient Christian worker.

He rendered effective service at a number of my meetings in different parts of the colony, and mainly through his agency a number of lawyers with others were converted to God. He remained a member of the Colonial Church of England, on the broadest principle of Catholicity and cooperation with all churches.

Most of the new converts of the Newtown series joined the Wesleyan Church, and - Brother Oram got a fresh start with a full house. The question was how he could hold them when he could not convey his Gospel message to their ears on account of the defective acoustics of the building. The plan of the architect contemplated the construction of galleries which would alter the acoustic conditions. It was believed that good galleries would effect the remedy. The trustees were heavily burdened with debt and were entirely unwilling to increase it; so I proposed, with the outside influence now available and the large accession to their church, to raise funds to put in new galleries without touching the subscriptions on which the trustees were depending for the liquidation of their debt, and if they would go to work and put in the galleries within two months I would assist them in the reopening and help them to raise the money necessary. The -trustees concurred in this proposal, and the galleries were constructed and completed, and the church was reopened at the time appointed, and the money, somewhere in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars, was forthcoming in due season.

The acoustics of the church was greatly improved, and Brother Oram made a success. His niece, Miss Janie Allan, a very superior young lady, was converted to God during our series of meetings in Newtown, and afterward became the wife of my old friend James -Copeland, of Melbourne.

After we thus spent three months in Sydney churches there was a great desire expressed by many that we should, if possible, procure a hall that would accommodate the outside masses, for whom there was no room in the churches. My friend Ebenezer Vickery offered to pay the rent required to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars. A committee was appointed to search for a suitable hall. The largest auditorium they could find was the Prince of Wales Theater, that would seat about two thousand persons; so they built and seated a preaching stand to accommodate about twenty preachers, in Hyde Park. No seats were provided for the audience. They were to stand on their feet. As the meetings were to be at night we laid on gas, which emitted, through two great stars some six feet in diameter, two hundred jets of gaslight. This profusion of light was reflected upon the audience by a framework above the front of the stand, leaving the preacher in the shade. I preached there in the afternoon on two Sabbaths and ten week nights to a vast crowd of people, estimated variously at different times to be numbered from ten to seventeen thousand hearers. At the close of each preaching service all persons who were awakened under the preaching and desired salvation were invited to go promptly to York Street Church, where a working force was in readiness to instruct them in the way of righteousness and lead them to the Saviour. Very many were saved during that series of services. Among them was a tall, commanding man, a Scotchman by blood, but born in Australia. He had never known the fear of men or devils.

Once when two belligerent tribes of Australian natives were set in battle array and were about to commence a fight with their spears, war clubs, and boomerangs, this man rushed in between the two barbarian armies and commanded the peace. The men of both armies were his friends, and shouted to him not to go in there, that he would be killed. He held his ground between the two parties, passing along the line back and forth, shouting to them to desist, and finally they obeyed his orders, repaired to their camps, and dropped the contention

This man lived at Mudgee, one hundred miles in the interior; but he attended my meetings in the park in Sydney. The lightning of God's awakening Spirit struck him, and he was so frightened at the discovery of the perilous condition of his soul, on account of his rebellion against God, that, as he stated afterward, he could not wait to walk from the park to York Street, but ran like a poor manslayer to the city of refuge; and when he entered the church he didn't sit down, but moved rapidly and knelt down at the altar of prayer. My remembrance of that scene is as fresh as yesterday, though that was twenty-eight years ago. His name was William Blackman. He joined the Wesleyan Church, and became an extraordinary Christian worker.

We took in most of the towns of New South Wales, ministers and people cooperating with a will.

Brother Joseph Wearne, the owner of flour mills in Sydney, an earnest Christian worker, drove me in his carriage across the mountains one hundred miles to Bathurst. On our way we

became acquainted with a Brother Scott, a generous-hearted Irishman, on the banks of Fish River. I said to him at the breakfast table, "Well, Scott, are you engaged in raising cattle?"

"No; unfortunately I am growing horses."

"How many horses have you?"

"At the last count I had two thousand, most of them as wild as kangaroos. Some time ago I offered a man half of all that he could make to lasso a few hundred of them and take them to Sydney market and sell them. He broke in several herds, and they brought in Sydney market from one pound to seven pounds each. But the expense of putting them into the market swallowed up the profit, so it didn't pay. The price of a horse here, as he runs with the herd, is a shilling. The pick of a herd would be two and sixpence.

Four or five years afterward, on my second tour through those colonies, I met Brother Scott, and asked him what he had done with his horses. He said that he had boiled down a lot of them and sent the oil and the bones to Sydney market; but the expenses of preparation and transport were such that the business didn't pay, and he gave it up. "I gave no further attention to the horses; there are a couple of a thousand running somewhere; if anybody wants a horse he has my consent to go and catch him."

We had a blessed work of God at Bathurst. One minister there of another denomination felt it his duty, in anticipation of my coming, to warn his people against going to hear "that California man." That turned out to be a good advertisement for our work. A number that came were converted to God. They said, "We would not have heard of the meetings, and would have known nothing about them, but for the announcement of our minister." So, unwittingly, he did them a good service.

I went from Bathurst in a private conveyance forty or fifty miles across the continent to Mudgee, the home of my friend William Blackman.

The Wesleyan Methodists had but recently completed a new church edifice there. Their pastor was Rev. Brother Turner, a son of old Nathaniel Turner, of missionary fame. He had an earnest Christian working corps, but they had drained their money resources in building their church, and were then about three thousand pounds, or fifteen thousand dollars, in debt.

I got acquainted with one dear fellow in that church whom they had picked up in the gutter some three years before and got him saved. He was then a poor, penniless, abandoned drunkard; but they clothed and fed and fostered him, and in a few weeks he looked like a new man, as he was in fact. They gave him some money to buy a basket of oranges to start the orange peddling business, so he was known as "the orange peddler of Mudgee." He sold oranges and talked salvation. People believed in him and encouraged his trade, and after a few weeks he bought a handcart and enlarged his business operations. -

Two or three years afterward the new church was completed, and -the trustees had a breakfast meeting. It is a common thing among English Methodists in raising money to have

breakfast meeting and to invite all their moneyed friends to breakfast. You should never ask an Englishman for money when he is hungry. Take him when he has eaten a good breakfast. If he has the money, and you have the cause worthy of his attention, he will give his money freely.

After this breakfast in Mudgee the patrons were invited to walk up and lay their offerings on the table in front of the pulpit. Many responded, some paying five pounds, some ten, some twenty, some of the merchants paying as high as fifty pounds. By and by the orange peddler walked up. Nobody seemed to suppose he had made more than a living. He walked up and faced the audience, and told his experience, giving the date and circumstances of his conversion to God, and added, "I was a poor, ragged drunkard, an abandoned sinner. These kind Wesleyan people drew me up out of the horrible pit of drunkenness and led me to Jesus, and he saved me from my sins. These people bore with me and kindly led me, showed me Christian sympathy and love, and started me in business. God has prospered me, and today I want to put down on this table all my earnings in the orange trade, above expenses, as a thank offering to God and to these people for their kindness to me.

He had a bag in his hand supposed to be filled with copper pennies. At the close of his speech he emptied the contents of his bag onto the table, and the clerk counted and reported two hundred and fifty sovereigns in gold. So they said, " It pays to gather up drunkards and take care of them."

During the progress of my week of service there at Mudgee I went by invitation to-dine with a wealthy wool grower, eighteen miles distant. The floods were out and the rivers were booming. William Blackman, in his carriage drawn by a span of splendid horses, forded the river at the peril of being carried away, and took me through in a little over two hours. Brother Turner accompanied us on horseback. We saw the process of wool-washing before it was shorn from the sheep. The sheep were washed in warm water, and then they swam in the running creek within the circle of a secure railing and came out perfectly white and clean; after that they were shorn. It was just in the shearing season, and the owner had about eighty hired shepherds and shearers, so he had me to preach on the verandah of his spacious house to his shepherds, shearers, and family, aggregating about one hundred persons. After preaching we sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Before he commenced his dinner he made a speech to this effect:

"I belong to the Church of England; that was the Church of my fathers. I expect to live and die in it. But I have been closely observing the Church work being done by the Wesleyans in these colonies, and I believe that they are doing more work and better work than in any other organization of the kind in this country. They have put up a good chapel at Mudgee, but I learn that they have a debt of about three thousand pounds, and from my knowledge of the men and the amount they have already contributed this is a burden more than they are able to bear, and I make this proposition: If they will go to work and raise within one year two thousand pounds I will give them one thousand pounds cash, and their church will be free from debt."

We then proceeded to take our dinner. So we went back to Mudgee that afternoon. Brother Turner called on the trustees and other men of means and said, "If you will raise a thousand pounds I will raise the same amount from my friends in other parts of the colony."



So they made an effort the next night, and the money came in freely. The stagecoach called at the door for me at ten o'clock at night for a drive through to Sydney. one hundred miles. I left in the midst of a shower of banknotes, and did not know the final result till my return to Australia some years later, when Brother Turner informed me that the two thousand pounds were raised and that the wool grower paid his thousand pounds, and the church was clear of debt, "and was relieved most opportunely," he added, "because we have had a financial panic since that which would have swamped us."

I was informed that just back of the mountains, fifteen miles from Mudgee, there were over fifteen hundred head of wild cattle without any owner, ranging through the mountains at will. Just a little before my visit there the wild bulls got into the habit of coming down to the plains and frightening the people. So the men turned out on horseback with their rifles and shot thirty of them in one day, simply to abate the nuisance, without using the hides or flesh of any of them.

Soon after my visit the country round about Mudgee was thrown into a panic on account of a "Bushranger" -- the Australian name for a highway robber -- who made it a business to rob individual travelers and "stick up" stagecoaches and rob the mails and passengers.. The people appealed to the government for protection, but months of peril passed without relief.

So Brother Blackman said to a brave Wesleyan brother named Woods, "I fear, Brother Woods, that the government will not relieve this community of this terrible peril -and panic, so I think we had better pursue this robber and arrest him." All right," said Woods, "I will go with you."

The two men mounted their fleet horses, with their blankets and provisions, and went on a hunt for the Bushranger. They were two Weeks tracking him. They traveled through the day and camped wherever night overtook them. They learned, among other things, the size and shape of his horse's shoe, so that they could recognize his tracks. On the last night, having taken his bearings, they traveled all night, but a few hours behind him, and at nine o'clock in the morning they sighted his camp fire, and, approaching softly, found that he was asleep, his two horses hitched near to him. Our two men took their positions from two different standpoints, so as to cover him with their rifles, and Blackman shouted to him to get up. That aroused him from his sleep, and Blackman shouted, "Discharge your pistols in the air above you, and break the butts off."

He responded, "Who are you?"

Then Woods shouted, "Obey the order at once, or you will find out who he is."

They both stood with their rifles leveled on him. So, seeing there was no chance for escape, he discharged his pistols in the air and broke off the butts, and they closed upon him and ordered him to mount his horse. They did not bind him, but rode, one in front, the other in the rear, and kept an eye on him and brought him to town and delivered him up to the authorities. He was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen -years. Blackman visited him in the prison regularly, furnished him books to read, and was hoping to get him saved, and if clearly "transformed by the renewing of his mind" he hoped after a few years to get him reprieved.

Blackman's cool courage was equaled only by his sympathetic kindness of heart: The government tendered Blackman a vote of thanks and presented Woods with a gold watch.

We had a good work at Goulburn, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Gaud. I was entertained at the house of Mrs. Hurst, the widow of a minister who died in Melbourne some years before. She was well-to-do and lived in a mansion, and was a very intelligent and earnest Christian worker.

We had a good work also at Yaas Circuit, under the pastorate of Rev. William Hill, bearing the same name as the brother who, as before mentioned, was killed in Victoria. Brother Hill was an earnest Christian minister, but had passed through great bereavement in the death of his wife a year or two before. He had two beautiful little boys requiring a mother's care, and being himself comparatively a young man he thought he ought to be married, and begged me to name some one with whom I was acquainted who would be a mother to his boys and a good helper in his work.

I prayerfully considered the matter, feeling a profound sympathy for the brother, and I said, "If you can get the hand of Susan Glasson, one of my converts in Bathurst, and an earnest Christian worker, your fortune will be made."

She was a young lady of fine appearance, superior intelligence, belonged to a well-to-do, highly respected family, and in every way an estimable young lady. He said, "That ms all very good, but I am so closely tied down to my work and the distance is so great that I don't feel encouraged to go on such an uncertainty; so if you can do anything to introduce an acquaintance between us I will take it as a great favor."

"Well," said I, "give me your photograph and those of your two boys, and I will introduce an acquaintance between you."

So I wrote her stating the facts in regard to Rev. William Hill, and stating that he would like to make a visit to Bathurst. "I herewith send the photographs of the reverend gentleman and his two little boys. If such be the will of the Lord, he would like to have a mother for his boys, and I write to inquire whether, without committing yourself or him, he would be a welcome guest at your father's house; if so, keep the photos; otherwise send them back to me."

She kept the photos and returned answer in a few words that her father would be glad to make the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Hill. I sent the reply to Brother Hill, and immediately he took his horse and buggy and made a straight cut through the prairies, a distance of eighty miles, and was kindly received by Brother Glasson. The result was that within a few months they were happily united in marriage. I visited them some years afterward in their own circuit and home, and was confirmed in the belief that the whole arrangement was in accordance with the will of God. When I visited them she had one little daughter of her own, but made no distinction between her own child and those of her husband, and was in every way a suitable companion and helper in Brother Hill's pastoral work.

We had a blessed work at Kiama and at other points down the coast and south of Sydney, and also at Newcastle and Maitland and other circuits north of Sydney.

Brother W. J. F., crown prosecutor, rendered me grand assistance at Maitland, a town of three or four thousand population. Through his agency two lawyers publicly sought and professed to obtain reconciliation with God at that series of meetings. One of them, Mr. M., was a man of note in many respects. He kept an open sideboard with choice liquors free to any of his friends at any time they might choose to walk in and help-themselves. He spent money freely on horse racing. He was an able lawyer and a jolly fellow in high circles of social life. Through the crown prosecutor's influence he was induced to come to my meetings. After he had been to hear me a couple of times he was called on to preside at a public dinner to be given in honor of a distinguished citizen who was about to leave for England. At the dinner table a minister-who didn't believe in revival work related a damaging story about the California evangelist. Mr. M., addressing the preacher, said, " I have heard California Taylor preach, and I am prepared to say, without implicating your honor, sir, that you are peddling lies against Taylor. I think things have come to a poor pass when one preacher has no better business than to peddle lies against another preacher."

Mr. M. was relating this encounter to the crown prosecutor, and he said, "If I hear any more of these people around here retailing lies against Taylor I will knock them down."

His friend said, "O, they can't hurt Taylor.; that is not the way to seek redress. You come to the meeting and see what good you can get, and never mind the talk of the people."

Mr. M. was already converted to me, but not to God. He came to the meeting the next night and became deeply awakened. The night following, when I invited seekers, he took his wife by the arm, and side by side they walked up and kneeled at the altar of prayer. We exhorted them to surrender to God and accept Christ. They did so, and testified distinctly to a personal experience of justification by faith and peace with God.

The news of their conversion produced a great sensation throughout the town of Maitland.

The next day he was passing the hotel, and a lot of his old barroom companions and the hotel keeper shouted in derision, "Here comes a saint;" and as he approached them. they said, "Hello, Mr. M., we heard that you had been to the bull ring of that American preacher."

Mr. M. walked in and said, "Hold on, boys, I will tell you all about it. It is true that I was at the Wesleyan Church last night and heard that California man preach, and God's spirit shone into me and showed me what a miserable sinner I was, and I surrendered to God and accepted Christ and obtained remission of sins and a new heart; and that is the thing you all need. Take my advice and go likewise and seek the salvation of your souls." Then addressing the hotel keeper he said, "You know that I have spent hundreds of pounds at your bar, but I have taken my last drink, so it will be a great loss to you; but if you will follow my example and accept Christ and get saved you will be a great gainer."

He boldly witnessed for Christ on all suitable occasions, public and private, so that in a short time there was not a dog in town that would use his tongue in the presence of Mr. M.

The man who claimed to be his minister called to see him and said, "Mr. M., I hear that you have been to the meetings of that foreigner, and that you have been mixed up with these despised Methodists. I hope it is not so."

"Yes, it is, and I am glad of it," said Mr. M. "And allow me to say, ever since I came to this town, many years ago, you have had free access to my house and to my sideboard, to help yourself to whatever you wanted; you have laughed with me and joked with me and drank whisky with me through all these years, but never hinted to me in all this time that I had a soul to be saved. And now that God has had mercy on me through the agency of Mr. Taylor I think you ought to be glad and to rejoice, with me."

"Then, Mr. M., will you promise me that you won't leave your mother Church?"

"No, sir; my mother Church never gave me any motherly attention; so I shall hold myself free to join the Church in which I can get and do the most good."

Before I left New South Wales for Queensland I delivered a course of lectures in York Street Church, Sydney, on "St. Paul and his Times," having delivered a similar course in St. George's Hall, at Melbourne. At both places we had a great crowd of hearers and an enthusiastic reception of old facts in new forms concerning the life and labors of the great apostle. At the close of the last lecture in Sydney several ministers simultaneously put the question, "Where did you get your facts? Did you read Conybeare and Howson?"

"No; I have not read the books of those gentlemen. I get my facts mainly from Dr. Luke?"

"Dr. Luke of Germany?" inquired one.

"No; Luke the beloved physician, Paul's traveling companion, who knew all about it."

They exclaimed, "O!" They had not thought of him.

The fourth colony to which I extended my services was Queensland. We went by steam five hundred miles from Sydney to Brisbane. There we had an outpouring of the Spirit during nearly two weeks of services, with a good average success.

I witnessed there the triumphant death struggle of an old veteran, the Rev. Nathaniel Turner. I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him a few hours before his decease. He retained intelligent consciousness up to the moment of his departure. His holy and useful life furnished the best evidence of his preparation for death; but to all that was added his testimony when dying to the presence and saving power of Jesus and his joyful anticipation of entering immediately into his heavenly rest.

On the steamer in which I went to Brisbane I very unexpectedly met with my old friend Henry Fowler, also on his passage to Queensland. I was well acquainted with his father and sister and seven brothers in Ireland and England. The men were all, except one, who was a minister in the English Church, successful business men, all praying men and Methodists. Most of them

amassed large fortunes as merchants and were liberal givers to a great variety of benevolent enterprises. Yet they were all humble men of toil, always diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I love all of them as ardently as if they had been my kindred by blood relationship. Dear Henry, in a consumptive decline, was on a health-seeking tour in Queensland.

When we landed in Brisbane he went on westerly to Ipswich. Later he attended my week of special services at Ipswich, and entered into the experience of perfect love to God and was a willing worker in his cause up to the full measure of his physical strength. His health there seemed to improve, so that with the hope of prolonged life he invested his money in a sheep run. The active horseback exercise of the owner of a sheep run, he thought, would be conducive to health. That hope, however, was not realized. He passed away to the country where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Peace to the ashes of my dear Brother Henry Fowler! Since that six of his brothers, all pretty well advanced in life, have passed away, and have joined him, no doubt, in their heavenly home. His sister and one brother are (in 1895) the only remaining representatives of that noble family so dear to me.

From Brisbane I went by steamer five hundred miles north, to Rockhampton. On the way up our steamer ascended Mary River to Maryborough, an important timber mart, where I preached once to the people during the few hours that our ship lay at anchor. On the way up Mary River quite a number of Australian natives boarded our ship. A rope attached to the stern of the vessel was drawn along in the water for a distance of twenty or thirty yards, and they, one by one, swam out into the stream away above us, and as the ship passed them they watched their chance to seize the rope. The advanced movement of the ship at the rate of six or seven knots per hour drew the black fellows under the water, so that they had to pull themselves one by one against the current with their heads under the water. It was a most difficult achievement. About half of them failed to get aboard. Those who pulled themselves hand over hand up under the stern of the ship then readily climbed to the top and got aboard. They came aboard stark naked, but were at once presented with a gunny bag for each one, and, cutting a hole through the bottom, they passed their heads through and were thus rigged out in full costume in a few minutes. They were very graceful in their movements, very polite, seemed quite jolly, and were very grateful for small favors. The little presents they received they tied onto their heads and jumped overboard, and were soon out of sight.

We saw vast flocks of red ibises along that river; beautiful birds, both in their plumage and in their towering, circular flight.

Having to return south by the same steamer on which I went up, I had but three or four days in Rockhampton. Our meetings were well attended, and we had a good quickening of believers and some souls brought to Jesus.

Returning to Sydney, I took ship immediately for New Zealand. I promised Rev. Mr. Buddle, the Chairman of the Auckland District, whom I met in Victoria nearly a year before, that I would be in Auckland about Christmas; and sure enough in the early dawn of Christmas morning our ship cast anchor in Auckland harbor. I remained there about a fortnight, with fair but not

extraordinary success. The Christian people were exceedingly appreciative and kind, with a full reciprocal response from my own heart. Auckland was an important town of about five or six thousand in population. It had been for many years the capital of New Zealand; but about six months before the date of my visit Wellington had become the seat of government.

A number of the government officials went south in the same steamer in which I took passage. Our route was by land travel six miles across from the east side to Manihatu harbor, on the west side of the island. There we embarked in a small steamer going south. The first afternoon and night we encountered a fearful swell, and our boat rolled and pitched like a cork in a boiling caldron. In the darkness of the night a senator was thrown from an upper berth, his whole length, on the deck. He lay there perfectly still for about a minute. I feared that the honorable gentleman was dead, and said to myself, "Poor fellow! If he is dead we shall find him there in the morning." I was holding on for life, and had no time or strength to spare for anybody. Then, as the poor senator lay on his back, he beat the deck with all his might with the heels of his boots in the spirit of utter desperation and despair. He survived the perils of that night, but died soon after.

I stopped off and preached a week at the beautiful town of Nelson; then went by another steamer through Cook Strait to Wellington, the new capital, where we had an -excellent series of meetings, at which several distinguished citizens were converted to God. We encountered there very bitter opposition to our work.

A man of some note in that town wrote a series of letters against me and my methods, which were published in a daily paper.

On my return to Wellington from the south a bundle of papers and letters written by my honorable host in reply were put into my hands, containing said letters. I had no time for reading them, and never opened the package.

The war was raging at that time between the Maoris and the English soldiers. I learned afterward that the poor fellow who tried to extinguish me with his pen went out with an expedition of soldiers to the front, and the heathen Maoris got hold of him and cooked him and ate him! Nearly all the Maoris of New Zealand live on the Northern Island, and are supposed to number about twenty thousand. The men are tall, brave, and powerful. They had waged war off and on against the English soldiers for about a quarter of a century. They would fight until their ammunition was exhausted and then retire to the inaccessible mountains, grow potatoes, make gunpowder, and get ready for another battle. They were extraordinary engineers in their way. In a night or two they would construct a pa or fortress, that would resist English guns for a fortnight, and when the place was taken by storm there was not a rat or a rag to be found in it.

A part of the plan was to construct a tunnel by which they could escape in their extremity and come out on the other side of the hill, while the English soldiers were hunting for them, and then go off to some other hill and construct another pa, and float their flag of defiance. Their method of constructing a fortress was to dig a deep trench to the extent of the inclosure they wished to use as a fort, and set about three lines of heavy logs in a trench, on end, about three deep, and ram them around solid with clay and stones, so that cannon balls spent their force before they got half through. They would never go out into an open field, but always fought from behind their own

entrenchments, and in their last extremity pop into their tunnel and leave the premises without two cents of value to grace the victory of their besiegers.

Colonists were sometimes killed who were associated with the red-coated soldiers. The Maoris never seemed to show a disposition to kill the colonists; but flaunting a red rag to a mad bull could no more surely excite the fight in him than the sight of a British redcoat would infuriate a Maori.

The British soldiers were finally nearly all withdrawn from New Zealand, and the settlement of their war difficulties was left to the colonists and friendly natives. Since that time their troubles gradually abated till of late years I have heard nothing more about them.

I went by steamer from Wellington to Dunedin, the southern extremity of the Middle Island. The settlement of Dunedin was primarily composed of Presbyterian Scotch immigrants, for the purpose of establishing a class settlement composed of the elect only. There were two strong Scotch Presbyterian churches and one Wesleyan there at the time of my visit. I preached in all of them, and my message was received with appreciative cordiality.

At the close of a meeting I conducted in Charlestown, Boston, Massachusetts, May 7, 1883, a dear Christian sister reminded me of a fading fact in my memory, that as a Roman Catholic she went to my meetings in Dunedin and received Jesus, and he saved her and kept her saved ever since.

In due course I took ship from Dunedin to Lyttelton, a port town of the province of Canterbury, the capital of which bears the name of Christchurch. Lyttelton was founded by Lord Lyttelton and a company composed of select members of the Church of England. It was a class settlement. The port town was called after his lordship. Christchurch is a few miles inland, or underland, for it is reached by a railroad tunnel through a mountain, not quite finished when I was there, so that I had to climb the mountain. It is a beautiful city on the bank of a river flowing through a broad, fertile valley between rugged mountains. I crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice in company with Lord Lyttelton, and found him a genial Christian gentleman.

On one of those voyages our High Church captain said he would not allow a Dissenter to preach aboard, not even in the second-class passengers' saloon; but his lordship Lyttelton and others obliged the captain to give his consent, and his lordship went to my preaching on each Sabbath that we were aboard; so he was a liberal Churchman. One of the largest and most costly churches in the Christchurch class settlement was a Wesleyan Methodist church, in which I preached for a week with blessed success among a most lovely and loving people.

We had an exceedingly rough passage from Dunedin to Lyttelton. The captain and all the crew were seasick; the passengers, of course, did not escape. My roommate was a citizen of Dunedin, who had no business aboard and no desire to go North, but came aboard to see some of his friends off, and in treating one another to strong drink he got so drunk and became so contrary that they could not get him to leave the ship. He waked up the next morning to find himself more than one hundred miles from home, with no business aboard, and what with his drunken spree and seasickness he had an awful time of it.

I took steamer at Lyttelton for Sydney, a voyage of about one thousand two hundred miles, touching at Wellington on the way. I spent a few weeks in New South Wales and a few weeks also in Victoria, and had a very encouraging review of the work and a favorable opportunity for the edification of young believers.

I proceeded from Melbourne to South Australia, the sixth and last colony in which I labored in the Southern World. It was announced that I would commence special services in Pierie Street Wesleyan Church, in the city of Adelaide, on a certain Sabbath. I expected to arrive on Friday, but owing to stormy weather our steamer did not arrive till Sunday noon; but I got there in time to preach that afternoon and night.

I had in South Australia the same hearty reception and cooperation by ministers and people that I had in the five colonies in which I had labored two and a half years. We had a wonderful work at Pierie Street, and, indeed, in all the four circuits of that city.

Mr. Ironside, the superintending minister of Kent Town Church in that city, begged me to give his people a week of special services, saying, "If you will come and preach a week in our new unfinished chapel we will get Thomas Waterhouse converted to God and he will help us to pay the debt on our church, and will build us a college. His wife is a Methodist and a good worker in the church. Mr. Waterhouse is very kind, but holds so tightly to his money that we can get but very little help from him." It was my great pleasure to get such a man saved, not for the sake of his money, but of love for his soul and his growing young family. So when I got through at Pierie Street I proceeded to Kent Town. By prearrangement with the minister I made my home at the house of our friend Waterhouse. Though he was a millionaire he was an unobtrusive, humble, kind, hard-working man.

I had family worship with them morning and night, and my host and his good wife went with me to every meeting I held there, and exhibited increasing interest in the work. I improved every opportunity to pour the truth into the mind and heart of my host, but made no direct assault upon him. Toward the latter part of the week of special services there he invited me to take a drive with him in his carriage, saying he wanted to converse with me personally. So on that drive he gave me a brief history of his life.

He said he had been brought up in the Church of England, but had married a Methodist lady. Since that, when he went to church at all he went with his wife to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He was not, however, a regular churchgoer at all. Said he: "The trouble is, when I go to church and hear a stirring sermon I get into great trouble in regard to my relations to God and eternity, but when I try to make up my mind to become a true Christian I am headed off and defeated by the theological dogma of God's foreknowledge. It comes to me in this way: If God foreknew that I would be saved and in due time get to heaven I need not trouble myself about it. If he foreknew as a certainty that I would die in my sins and go to hell, what can I do to alter an immutable certainty? So, to relieve the distressing perplexity involved in my mind, I stay away from the house of God."



I asked him to give me the chapter and verse where any such dogmas were taught in the word of God. "O," said he, "I have heard them preached for years, and I take for granted that they are taught in the Scriptures.

"I take it upon me to say that you may search the Bible through and you will find no such teaching in it. You will find frequent reference to God's foreknowledge, but no such extreme issues as you have stated. God knows perfectly all existing things in all worlds. He knows the possibilities along the lines of cause and effect of all existing things; and his governmental administration covers all the certainties and all the contingencies that can possibly come to pass in the future ages, and perfectly provides for all such possible events; so that he can never be surprised or embarrassed in his administrative provision to meet any and all such contingencies. Thus, his prophetic announcements, reaching a thousand years into the future, were uttered in full knowledge of the possibilities of their fulfillment; he himself adjusted all the varieties of agency or other conditions employed by him, to bring to pass the fulfillment of his own prophetic utterances. So he knows the possibilities of the individual subjects of his government contingent on the freedom of the human will. But contingencies can't be known in advance as certainties. If they were certain they wouldn't be contingent. There may be, to be sure, and usually is, a certainty hinging on a contingency, but until the certainty actually supersedes the contingency, and thus becomes certainty, it cannot be known as a certainty.

"To say it is impossible for God to lie or to do undoable things is no more a reflection on his attribute of omnipotence than to say that he cannot know an unknowable thing is a reflection upon his attribute of omniscience. So your salvation, or damnation, hinging on the contingency of your moral freedom, remains an open question with God and men till settled by the final decisions of your will, which remain unknowable things till they become certainties in fact."

The countenance of my friend lighted up as he exclaimed, " O, that is wonderful! That lets me out of the snare of the devil and the theologians!

On his return to his house he told his wife that he saw the gates of the kingdom of God ajar, and that he was going in; he had made up his mind that he would, go forward as a seeker to get further instruction that night. However, I was disappointed in seeing him remain in his pew during the prayer meeting and not present himself as a seeker, and that was our last meeting of that series.

The next morning he said, "I suppose you were disappointed last night that I did not go forward with others to seek the Lord. I was just in the act of going forward when the preacher came to me and said, 'It is not necessary for you to go forward and kneel down there with that motley crowd; seek the Lord in your pew, and I will come around to your house to see you and we will have a talk.' So I took his advice, and I am feeling as wretched as any poor rebel against God is likely to feel in this life."

"Well," said I, "you know it is not far to where I commence a new series of meetings in the Second Adelaide Church, and I will continue to share your hospitality through next week, and shall be glad to have you attend those services also. You don't need to wait, however; if you can surrender yourself to God and receive Christ here in your own room, all rio-lit. But it is very appropriate and often necessary for public rebels against God to make a public renunciation of

their rebellion and a public avowal of their loyalty." He and his wife went with me, and at the meeting on Sabbath night he came and knelt down with the publicans and sinners, humbled his pride, surrendered to God, received Christ, and was saved. Naturally a quiet man, he made no loud profession, but distinctly testified to his experience of pardon and peace from God. Then he applied to the pastor of the said Second Wesleyan Church of Adelaide for admission into his church as a member. The pastor replied, "You live within the bounds of the Kent Town Circuit, and we pastors have an agreement among ourselves that we will not encroach upon the territorial bounds of each other's circuits."

Mr. Waterhouse replied, "I like my preacher very well, but my confidence in him as a guide to the narrow path that leads to heaven has been broken. When I was on the eve last Friday night of going and kneeling with other seekers at the altar of prayer he said to me that it was not necessary that I should go forward; so that, while he insisted on the common herd of sinners to publicly confess and renounce their sins, because I happened to have a little money he said that I had no need to go and kneel down with those folks; that I could find the Lord as well in my own private pew. So I can't trust myself in the hands of such a shepherd. And as for your agreement with other pastors of the city with regard to your territorial limits, it may be all well enough in its way, but I can't allow it to infringe my moral freedom to choose to join whatever church I like. If I should choose to join the Presbyterian, or any other church, it is my own business; who has any right to say what church I shall join, or who has any right to shut the door of their church against me?"

The minister replied, "Very well, I will see the pastor of Kent Town Circuit and explain it to him, so that he will not feel hurt with me, and enter your name on my church register."

Subsequently Brother and Sister Waterhouse attended nearly all my special services in the city and most of the towns adjacent, and manifestly increased in the knowledge and love of God.

Wherever I spent a week for special soul-saving services, one evening was devoted to a tea meeting to help to meet the financial demands of the circuit. The order was first a plain tea, followed by a public meeting crowding the church, at which addresses were delivered and the offerings of the people received. At every such meeting I delivered a speech on God's law of the tithe and free-will offerings, the first under a divine legal requirement, the second a voluntary thank offering.

After some months of services in the different churches Brother Waterhouse said to me, "I never knew what I was worth financially, nor the extent of my yearly income, till I heard your lecture a few times on systematic giving, both under the law of the tithe and the higher law of liberal free-will offerings. Your lectures have led me to take stock of all that I have to see how much I owe the Lord -- to see how much I owe on old account, and how much I should pay on running account."

I did not ask him nor did he show me his exhibit, but just as Mr. Ironside had predicted he helped Kent Town Circuit to finish paying for their new church, bought twenty-three acres of ground in the city of Adelaide, and with some help from the people built and endowed a Wesleyan Methodist college, known as Prince Albert College.

Michael Kingsborough, one of very many of my dear friends in that city, gave me the following illustration of the change wrought in the heart of Mr. Waterhouse:

"A few weeks before you arrived I went into his office and begged him to contribute on a scale worthy of his ability to a very needy cause which I presented, and he offered me three pounds. I declined to take it, and arose abruptly to leave his office; he called me back and said, 'I will give you five pounds.' That is all I could squeeze out of him, and I wanted at least a hundred. A few weeks after his conversion I went into his office to enlist his interest in a cause not half so important as the one I previously submitted to him; when I mentioned the subject, before I had time to present any argument, he said, All right, Mr. Kingsborough, I will give you a check for two hundred pounds, and if you heed more call again.' The iceberg had melted and from it flowed the living waters.

I extended my evangelizing labors through all the towns of any note of South Australia, preaching the sound, simple Gospel which, through the Holy Spirit, was made the power of God unto the salvation of multitudes of those very interesting people.

The three annual sessions of the Australasian Conference, held during the period of my labors within its bounds, covering a period of nearly three years, reported a net increase in their churches of over eleven thousand members. Of course this was the outcome of long preparatory work, and a hearty cooperation everywhere of ministers and people in conjunction with my leadership on the lines of special evangelizing effort. I made a great gain by amending, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, our old orthodox definition of saving faith. By the old formula we said to a seeking sinner, "Do you renounce your sins, consent to part with whatever is wrong and do right? to avow your allegiance to God without reserve? If so, then you have only to believe and be saved. Believe that Jesus died for you and rose again. Believe that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Believe that he is able to save you. Believe that he is willing to save you. Believe that he is willing to save you now. Take one step more, and believe that he saves you; not that he has saved you, not that he will save you, but that he saves you now." This was our old Methodist formula from the days of Wesley down, and countless thousands have been saved by faith through its presentation.

Every line of it is simple and sound except the last. When we say to a penitent soul, "Believe that he saves you now," suppose in point of fact he doesn't; then he is told to believe what is not true. When a poor sinner reaches the now when God saves him, God notifies him of his pardon by his Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit regenerates him, and his salvation becomes a matter of fact; not a matter of belief, but a matter of experience which he knows, and to which, as a witness, he bears testimony. The redeeming feature of our old method of teaching was in the fact that it insisted on a continuance of the struggle on the part of the penitent, until he received the direct witness of the Spirit, and consciously realized his renewing work in his heart. It is, therefore, as a whole, incalculably superior to a more modern yet popular way of teaching penitents the way of faith -- saying, for example, to a sinner, " ' He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Don't you believe on the Son?"

"Yes, of course I do; everybody who is not an infidel believes on the Son."

"Then if you believe on the Son you have everlasting life."

The sinner replies, "I am a poor hardened sinner; I have no evidence that I have been accepted of God; I certainly feel no change in my heart."

"O, it is not a matter of feeling at all, it is a matter of faith. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;' you believe on the Son, therefore, you have everlasting life. Just take your Bible and go into Christian work and show others this way of faith."

Suppose such a teacher should present the documentary credentials of a great physician to a man groaning under an attack of cholera, and read the papers to the poor fellow, and say, "Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I have heard of that doctor before; I believe that."

"Then you are cured."

"O, my God, these cramps are getting worse; they will kill me if I don't get relief."

"Now hold on, just read this again; I will read it over to you."

Yes."

Now you read it over yourself."

"Yes."

You firmly believe that?"

"Why, yes, certainly I believe that."

"Then you are cured."

"I don't feel that I am cured."

"O, it is not a matter of feeling at all, it is a matter of faith."

That is an illustrative parallel case.

In the analysis of saving faith we have, first, the natural functions of faith; second, the spiritual power of faith through the operation of the Holy Ghost; third, the basis of faith, documentary and verbal -- the documentary credentials 'of the doctor, corroborated by the testimony of witnesses who have been cured under his treatment; fourth, the act of faith, which is the act of submitting to treatment and receiving the doctor. That act of faith necessarily precedes the cure. We feel our need, we examine the facts and evidences; we thus get confidence in the

doctor, consent to the treatment, and accept him as our physician. Then if the doctor has the skill adequate, by the blessing of God, he effects a cure, and the cure becomes a matter of permanent consciousness, and the ground of testimony to the facts of the case. Thus the act of saving faith on the part of the penitent sinner is the act of receiving Christ.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Believing on his name implies a perception of what his name imports, derived from his credentials, documentary and verbal, leading to a surrender to him and an acceptance of him.

The end or object of repentance, therefore, is unreserved submission to the will of God, abandoning self and all hope in self, and the act of faith is the act of receiving Christ. But that is a thing of the heart as well as of the head.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," but "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" God knoweth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men. God alone is competent to know when a poor sinner submits and receives Christ. The moment he sees any poor sinner thus surrender, abandon hope in everything else, and receive Christ, no matter whether by ten years or ten minutes' repentance, that moment the eternal Father, through the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ, acquits the believing penitent; as a judge he acquits him at the bar of justice; as a father he forgives him. That part of the transaction is called justification by faith. That transpires at the mediatorial throne, hard by the throne of immutable justice. In this wonderful transaction mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. That changes the relation of the poor sinner from that of a condemned criminal to citizenship in the kingdom of God, and from that of a poor prodigal outcast to restored filial union with God. Then, "because he is a son, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father." "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." The Spirit himself, not by proxy, angelic or human, notifies him of the wonderful transaction that has just transpired before the throne, and, simultaneously with this notification, he throttles the lusts of the flesh and purges them out -- "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditious, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like" -- plenty more of the same sort -- and sluices and renews the premises by "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," which is followed immediately by the fruits of the Spirit -- "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," -- working by love, purifying the heart, manifesting itself appropriately in words and deeds.

During my twenty-three years as a minister of the Gospel, up to that date, I used the old orthodox formula, "Believe that he is able to save you, believe that he is willing to save you, believe that he is willing to save you now, take one step more and believe that he saves you;" it is all sound and reliable except the last clause. All through those years I was puzzled and perplexed at that point; I kept the poor fellows on their knees for days or weeks or months till they obtained the witness of the Spirit of their pardon. I had such a dread of heterodoxy that I never called in question, in all that time, the soundness right through of this definition of faith. I was led by the Spirit in the beginning of my work in Australia to appreciate the value of the word "accept," and later accompanied with it the word "receive," in their highest and best use. "As many as received

him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God;" and "as ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Of course I had seen these words before in our hymns; I saw them when a boy in the 'Catechism of the Presbyterian Church and in the Scriptures; but the place where they belonged, with all their vital force and effectiveness, is preoccupied by a fallacy, "Believe that he saves you now;" and they thus become practically obsolete.

So I at once, for my own use, amended the formula, and the rapidity with which thousands received Christ and testified to the facts of their conscious pardon and regeneration through the Spirit, and the exemplification of it in their lives, and the permanency of the work, led me to shout, "Eureka!" and a part of my mission ever since has been to spread through all English-speaking countries of any note in the world, and far into heathenism, this simple, sound, practical definition of saving faith.

My evangelistic services in South Australia extended to all the towns in the colony of any note, and were attended with the demonstration of the Holy Spirit to the salvation of multitudes of her lovable people.

Our limited space will not allow an extended record of names of places visited, and of friends dear to me as kindred, and with facts and incidents with which the whole movement was replete.

I had for some time been in correspondence with my wife and children in regard to their joining me in Australia. The matter was favorably considered at both ends of the line, but their coming was postponed from time to time till it became a question of doubt whether or not they would come at all.

I became acquainted in Victoria with a Baptist missionary from India by the name of Smith, who interested me in the stupendous work to be wrought in that empire, and in the possibility of reaching thousands of them through the English language, especially through the agency of the Eurasians, who had learned the English language from their fathers and also the native language of their mothers, and were, therefore, a valuable go-between class, bridging the gulf between a stranger and the native masses. So I made up my mind that, completing my work in the Australian colonies, I would take India on my route home to California and see what the Lord would do through my agency in India.

So I wrote my family that by a given date I would be off for India. If they should come in time I would take them with me. If they should come after my departure they could follow on and find me at Bombay or Calcutta or some other center of that great country.

When nearly through with my engagements in South Australia I received a telegram from Sydney, New South Wales, informing me that my wife and three sons, Stuart, Ross, and Edward, had arrived in that city, and were comfortably settled in the family of my friend Dr. Moffitt, all in good health and cheer. They had come from California to Sydney in a sail vessel loaded with wheat.

They had some adventures and some perils by the way. Their captain and crew picked up a man, so nearly dead as to be insensible, from the wreck of a ship that had foundered at sea. He was restored to health, but one of their own passengers took ill and died and was buried at sea.

I responded by telegram that by a given date I would complete my work in South Australia and would meet them in Sydney. A few days later I received a telegram announcing that Stuart, our oldest son, was very low with fever. So I wept and cried to God and hastened my departure from the scene of my recent labors. I had just written, in connection with my daily work, my book entitled Reconciliation; or, How to be Saved, and on my voyage from South Australia of a thousand miles to Sydney I wrote my book Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life.

The steamer from Melbourne to Sydney was packed from stem to stern with a crowd of fast men who were on their way to Sydney to a shooting match. They spent their evenings largely around the dining table playing cards, smoking cigars, drinking brandy, and cracking jokes. So my book on holiness, which has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies, was mainly written in the midst of that crowd by the same light in which they were playing cards, with oaths from the unlucky losers.

I had not seen my family for over four years. I kissed my wife and wept. Ross had grown out of my knowledge; I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, " Ross, do you know me?"

He said, "Yes, papa.

"How did you come to know me?"

My mother told me it was you."

So he received me by faith based on his mother's testimony.

Then Edward, who was only two years old when I left him, came in. I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, "Do you know me?"

Yes, papa."

"How did you come to know me?"

"O, I remember you very well."

He probably remembered me by my photo, with which he was familiar. Our poor son Stuart was suspended in a doubtful scale between life and death. Dr. Moffitt, an eminent physician, in consultation with another, were doing the best they could. Ross, Edward, and I went into a retired place in the suburbs of the city and had a prayer meeting for their brother. I prayed with all the earnestness of a broken heart; Ross prayed, and Edward prayed, and the three of us wept together. Soon Stuart began to show signs of recovery. We were then on the eve of the hot season in Australia. Dr. Moffitt said that Stuart would certainly die if he remained in Australia during the

hot season. To go to India would be no better. He said the only ground of hope he could see was to take him to South Africa.

Go," said he, "by a sail ship, and spend the hottest part of the year in the Southern Hemisphere at sea, and arrive in Cape Town at the close of the hot season."

So within a fortnight Stuart was able to be carried aboard the steamer, and we proceeded to Melbourne, and, after a few days of rest there, we went on to South Australia. From there we got passage on a clipper sail ship, St. Vincent, to Cape Town, South Africa.

God had a most important mission for me to fulfill in South Africa, extending through Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, covering a coast line of a thousand miles.

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## PART V -- MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA

### 18 -- THE BEGINNING AT CAPE COLONY

Our Anchorage in Table Bay -- Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope -- Severity of the Storms -- Making a Safe Harbor -- First European Settlement -- The British Abolish Slavery -- Beginning of the Free State and Transvaal Republic -- Tide of English Immigration -- Preponderance of Dutch Influence -- Divisions of the Population -- The Hottentots -- Colonization of No Man's Land -- Origin and Number of the Kaffirs -- Their Character and Manners -- The Chieftains -- The Kaffir Language -- The Country and Products -- Meaning of Kaffir -- The Fingoes -- How They were Made Serfs by Chaka's War -- The Fingoes and the Missionaries -- Their Emancipation -- Loyalty to the Government -- Independence of the Kaffirs -- Article from the Graham's Town Journal -- Colony of Fingoland -- The Legislative Council and Assembly -- Cape Town -- Dutch Reformed Churches -- Story of Henry Reed's Visit and the Malay Boatman -- The Smallpox Epidemic -- Terror of the People -- Reed's Work in Cape Town -- His Ministry in the Hospitals -- Incidents of the Plague -- Anecdote of the Lion and the Native Christian -- First Sabbath in Cape Town -- Inability to Preach in Dutch -- Wesleyan Sunday Schools -- Beginning a Revival -- Weakness of the Church -- Rev. William Impey Offers Me the Keys -- Voyaging to Port Elizabeth

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I have now narrated the providential circumstances that first carried me to Africa. It was the southern part of the continent to which I was borne by the ship St. Vincent, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, at sunset, March 30, 1866. I will begin the present part of my narrative with some account of Cape Colony and its people, and the extraordinary work of God we had among the Kaffirs. I will take my reader back twenty-nine years and describe the great things that I saw and heard in that wonderful country. The corroborating testimony of other witnesses to my facts will come in as side-lights to my narrative.



The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by the Portuguese in 1486, and called the "Cape of Storms." The King of Portugal subsequently changed the name to "Cape of Good Hope." In view of the terrible gales which occasionally occur, and the exposure of Table Bay to their fury, it would seem that the first would still be a very appropriate name. Only eleven months before our arrival a northwest storm swept the bay with such violence that of twenty-seven vessels in time harbor only nine of them rode out the gale. The remaining eighteen were driven ashore, with great loss of property and life. As the colonial government and people are making docks, by an immense excavation in solid rock, and forming a breakwater with the stone thus obtained, I think there is good hope that it will soon afford safe anchorage for the shipping. The breakwater has been carried out seventeen hundred and one feet. The rock, with a slight mixture of the soil taken from the site of the inner basin, amounts to eight hundred and twenty-two thousand and fifty-five cubic yards. The whole cost of the work, so far as they had gone up to December, 1866, amounted, according to their official report, to the round sum of three hundred and ninety-one thousand one hundred and thirty-five pounds and fourteen shillings.

The first European settlement at the cape was in 1652, consisting of one hundred men, under the authority of the Dutch East India Company, not so much with a view "to establish a colony, as the establishment of a place for supplies, and for recruiting the sick of the company." It continued under the control of this East India Company, by consent of the home government in Holland, with a short intermission that the English held it, for one hundred and fifty years, slowly increasing its population and extending its territorial lines.

In 1806 the British troops took possession of the colony, and it is to be said to the honor of Lord Caledon, the first English governor, that he struck the first deathblow against slavery, which everywhere prevailed among the Dutch settlers. In 1807 he proclaimed it to be "unlawful to retain Hottentot children as apprentices."

It was in 1834 that slavery was abolished throughout the colony under Sir B. D'Urban. This occasioned great dissatisfaction among many of the Dutch settlers, and large numbers of them left the colony and went to seek a country in the interior wilds of Africa. A large number of them went to Natal, more than one thousand miles east of Cape Town, but in consequence of their bad treatment of the natives in that country they got into collision with the English colonial government. Mr. George Cato, of Natal, then an English trader there, afterward a wealthy landowner, sugar planter, counselor-general of the governor and government of Natal, consul of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and consular agent for the United States of America, and altogether the most important individual in that colony, wrote a letter to a friend, who showed it to the governor, and British troops were sent to D'Urban, the principal port of entry, called after the governor, to protect the natives and British residents in that quarter. After a great deal of skirmishing and some hard fighting the defeated Dutch trekked beyond the Drakensberg, and formed settlements on the Orange River, which subsequently developed into the "Free State" and "Transvaal Republic."

Meantime the tide of English immigration continued to increase. "In the year 1820 the British government spent fifty thousand pounds sterling in sending British settlers to the eastern province of Cape Colony, so that by the gradual diminution of the Dutch element and the increase of the English, as early as 1822 it was ordered, by proclamation, that the English language should be used in all judicial proceedings." The Dutch population, however, in most places, especially in

the western province, remained much greater than the English, and as it regards their wealth and superiority of church edifices the Dutch Reformed Church was practically the State Church of the country. Though it did not monopolize all the State aid of the colony, yet of the sixteen thousand pounds annually granted by the colonial government for the support of religion the Dutch Reformed Church got nine thousand pounds. The Parliament, during its recent session (186), came within two votes of abolishing State aid altogether. They will probably come to that before many years, for the most of this money goes, not to support weak churches in poor and sparsely settled portions, but mainly to the wealthy churches in Cape Town.

The population of Cape Colony, according to the census of 1865, amounted to an aggregate of 482,240, or, in round numbers, nearly half a million, of which 71,078 are whites, principally Dutch and English, including, of course, the usual proportion of Scotch and Irish.

The native population is subdivided as follows:

The ancient occupants of this country were Bushmen, a nation of beings of very low stature, low in intellect, having the character of being a marauding, murderous people They are now almost extinct. They were superseded by the Hottentots, a race peculiarly marked, with deep-set eyes and very high cheek bones; their faces on a line across the nose and cheek bones are very broad, the forehead not so broad, and the lower part of the face and chin very narrow.

It was this class of natives that the Dutch reduced to slavery, and hence came such an amalgamation with the Dutch that the name Hottentot, in many sections of the country, is synonymous with Bastard.

The Hottentots throughout the colony, pure and mixed, number 79,996. The Bastards hold themselves quite superior to the purely black races, and usually have separate sittings in chapel. Many of them are rising in the scale of education, civilization, and religion. They were principally under the care of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

Many thousands of these Bastards, not embraced, however, in the census of Cape Colony, under the chieftainship of Captain Adam Kok, by the advice and encouragement of the colonial government, removed about 1862 from Griqualand, near the Orange River in the Free State, to a large district of country in eastern Kaffraria, bordering on the colony of Natal, called No Man's Land. Their missionary declined to accompany them to their mountain home; but in building up a town of over one thousand population they built in the midst of their barracks a chapel which would seat about six hundred; and there, and in several smaller communities, they had regular services every Sabbath. I preached for them on my journey through Kaffraria, and though it was raining and sleeting and bitterly cold their church was crowded with well-dressed and well-behaved worshippers. Their language is the Dutch, though many of them are learning the English. But a large class of the Hottentots have learned so many of the vices of the white man, especially a love for brandy, that they are dying out very fast.

Before the European occupancy of Cape Colony the Kernes had pressed down from the east into the country of the Hottentots, and had taken a great deal of their land which they had previously taken from the Bushmen.

The Kaffirs in Cape Colony number 95,577. They are naturally a powerful race of people. Those in the colony and on the eastern border of it are considered finer specimens of men than the nations further eastward. Rev. William Shaw says, "The Kaffirs are physically a fine race of people. The Amaxosa are, as a general rule, of greater stature than Englishmen, and in general well made and finely proportioned. Many have well-formed heads and pleasing features, such as would be deemed handsome in a European. They walk erect and with a firm step, and, when occasion presents, they show great agility and fleetness of foot." Mr. Godlonton, the originator and senior proprietor of the *Ur/Iam's Town Journal* which claims the most extensive circulation of any paper in the colony, told me that before they had regular mail facilities in the colony he had a Kaffir who, twice each week, carried a load of papers fresh from the press, after dark, forty-six miles to Fort Beaufort, and delivered them there at day dawn next morning. The overland mail from the eastern province of Cape Colony to Natal is carried a distance of over four hundred miles by Kaffirs on foot. The traders and missionaries often send books and other articles in the mail bags, amounting sometimes to a load, as I have seen and handled them, more suitable for a horse than a man, and yet those uncomplaining fellows carry them through with great dispatch.

"Kaffir women," says Rev. Mr. Shaw, "when young, generally appear to be quite equal to their countrymen in physical development, only differing in size as in all other nations." "The prevailing color of the Kaffirs on the border is nearly that of dark mahogany. There are, however, great varieties, from a tawny brown to a jet black. As a general rule the Zulu Kaffirs are much darker than the frontier tribes." I have seen a great many myself who are a pure red, glossy, copper color. Many of them have nearly as good a Jewish physiognomy as any of the sons of Abraham. The chiefs all hold their rank by hereditary right, and Rev. Mr. Shepstone and others have been able to trace the regular succession of the principal ruling chiefs of the country back for fifteen hundred years. The people are divided into nations, tribes, clans, and families.

The Kaffirs speak a most euphonious language, constructed with such precision that old Kaffir scholars have told me that they never heard a Kaffir make a grammatical blunder in speaking his own language, and almost every Kaffir is a natural orator. The principal nations, beginning in the colony and going eastwardly, are the Amaxosa, Amatembu (Tembookies), Ambaca, Amapondo, Amapondumsi, and Amazulu.

Besides the ninety-six thousand Kaffirs, in round numbers, in Cape Colony, there are supposed to be at least three hundred thousand between Cape Colony and Natal, in a strip of country one hundred and fifty miles wide and four hundred miles coastwise, known as Kaffraria. They have a fine country for live stock, well watered, and a good supply of cattle, sheep, and goats. Their principal grain is maize, or Indian corn, and Kaffir corn, which resembles broom corn, but double in size, both in stem and grain. These are pounded in a mortar, and prepared very much like American hominy, and also ground into meal between two stones suited to the purpose and worked by hand, as time women. did in grinding in olden time.

The name Kaffir, by which all these nations of South Africa are designated by Europeans, is not a name used by the natives to designate either themselves or any other tribes in the country. The word is derived from the Arabic *kufr*, and signifies an infidel or unbeliever. It is, in fact, the epithet which most Mohammedan people in the East would apply to any European or Christian.

The remaining one hundred and thirty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two mentioned in the census, filling up the aggregate of nearly half a million in the colony, are Fingoes, except some fifteen or twenty thousand Malays, principally in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, who were brought originally from the Dutch East Indian possessions. The most of these Malays are Mohammedans, and have their mosques and peculiar forms of worship in the cities just named.

The Fingoes, which constitute so large a proportion of the native population of the colony, are refugees from the east. They were driven from their homes by Chaka, an Amazulu chief, who waged a most desolating war for eighteen years, from 1817 to 1835, against all his neighboring tribes. Mr. Shaw says: "The terror of Chaka's name and the destructive mode of conducting war by the Amazulu, combined to deprive the surrounding tribes of all hope that they could offer any effectual resistance; and in numerous cases they fled from their country on the approach of the smallest detachment of Chaka's fighting men.

"The victories of his warriors extended east, west, north, and south, over an area of more than one hundred thousand square miles. Some of the more powerful tribes when driven out of their own districts invaded the territory of their neighbors, until the whole region from Delagoa Bay to the Griqua country, near the Orange River, and from the Basuto country in the north to that of the Amapondo in the south, was one scene of war and desolation. Men, women, and children were unsparingly slain by their conquerors. It is believed that fully one half the population of that immense district just described, during these eighteen years of slaughter, perished."

Many thousands of the refugees were received by the Amatembu, Amaxosa, and other Kaffir tribes along the eastern border of Cape Colony as Fingoes, that word having a meaning almost the same as "serfs." They were not slaves to be bought and sold and separated from their families, but were distributed by families and clans among the head men of different kraals; seed and cattle were furnished them, and the free use of the public domain, but their corn or cattle were at any time subject to seizure at the will of the Kaffir chiefs. Thousands of them subsequently took refuge at the Wesleyan Mission stations in Kaffraria. The Kaffir chiefs meantime became very jealous of the Fingoes and greatly oppressed them.

When the Kaffir war against the colonists in 1835 broke out, many Fingoes rallied around our missionaries at Butterworth, Clarkebury, and Morley Wesleyan Mission stations, and on the arrival of the British troops many more fled from their masters and took refuge in the British camp. Governor D'Urban, finding that the Fingoes reposed great confidence in the missionaries, requested Rev. John Ayliff to put the whole body of the Fingoes under their special care and lead them to the land of the free in the colony.

The governor in his official report says: "When it became necessary to make war upon Hintsu and his people, finding the people called Fingoes living among them in a state of most grievous bondage, and seeing them anxious to be delivered, I at once declared them to be a free people and subjects of the King of England; and it is now my intention to place them in the country on the east bank of the Great Fish River, in order to protect the bush country from the entrance of the Kaffirs, and also that by bringing a large population into the colony the colonists may supply themselves with free laborers."

In company with the British troops, on their return into the colony, Rev. John Ayliff, during one week, from May 9 to 15, 1835, led out of bondage into the colony sixteen thousand of these people with all their cattle. The policy indicated in the governor's proclamation has ever since been carried out, and the Fingoes, who now number over one hundred thousand in the colony, have ever remained loyal to the government, and they are still specially under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries.

The government has done much for them in various ways. Governor Grey established industrial schools for them at Fort Peddie, Heald Town, and Lesseyton, under the Wesleyans, and at Lovedale under the missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland.

The Kaffirs, never having been in bondage, are open, independent, and manly in their bearing, and seem never to feel that spirit of servility common among the Fingoes, and for a long time the Kaffirs continued to despise the Fingoes; but the latter had superior political relations as British subjects and the fact is that many hundreds of them, by their industry, have become the owners of good farms, oxen, wagons, and herds; and that thousands of the younger ones can read and write and speak the English language, and now command the respect of even their former masters. The following extract from Graham's Town Journal may serve as a further illustration of this subject:

"The circumstances of the colonial natives generally may seem, to persons fresh from Europe, supremely miserable; but this is very far, indeed, from being the case. Hardy, with few wants, and having those wants easily supplied, the poorest of them are better off than the lower class of Europeans, while thrifty and industrious men often accumulate a great deal of property.

"We could point out at least half a dozen natives in a single district whose properties, if realized, would produce from three to five thousand pounds each; and there are hundreds of Fingoes, whose position among natives is one of opulence. The fact is that with ordinary prudence any native, not unduly encumbered with wives, may, after a few years of service, save enough in the shape of live stock to give him a very creditable position among his compatriots. We may mention, for instance, that within the last five months the following stock—all the property of native immigrants passed through Queenstown: of sheep and goats, 7,548; of cattle, 627 head; and of horses, '59. In the settlement of the last colonial war complications with the Kaffirs the government got from the celebrated warrior chief Krilie a large tract of country beyond the Kai River, which has recently been given to the Fingoes. They have hence become the owners of the soil in which they dwelt as serfs. The immigrants above mentioned were journeying to this land of promise. About forty thousand Fingoes have already settled in their new home, which may appropriately be called Fingoland.

"This colony, like Australia and Canada, is ruled by a governor (appointed by the home government), assisted by an executive council, as well as by upper and lower houses of Parliament, respectively named the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly. The council contains fifteen members, eight of whom are elected by the votes in the western districts, and seven by those in the eastern province, while the assembly comprises forty-six members, elected by the various constituencies throughout the colony. The judicial establishment comprises the

Supreme Court, of four judges, who hold sessions in Cape Town, and circuit courts in the country districts; also an eastern province high court of judicature. The numerous courts of resident magistrates, in all the larger villages, exercise limited jurisdiction in all civil and criminal cases."

Cape Town, the capital of the colony, is located at the base of Table Mountain, which rises very precipitously to an elevation of about four thousand feet, and is nearly as fiat as a table on the top and often covered with a light, fleecy must, gently dropping over the edge like a tablecloth. The mountain constitutes a grand background for the city, and contrasts beautifully with the splendid flower gardens and groves of oak and Scotch firs which abound at its base, in and around the city. Cape Town has a population of 28,547 (1866), of which 15,118 are whites, about 12,500 Malays, and 1,000 Hottentots and Kaffirs.

There are three large Dutch Reformed church edifices in Cape Town, containing an aggregate of three thousand members. Rev. Andrew Murray, Jr., pastor of one of them, a liberal and thoroughly evangelical man, was Moderator of the Synod. His father, Rev. Andrew Murray, an old pioneer minister in the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, has given three highly accomplished and pious sons to her ministry. The father, full of years and ripe for heaven, died a few months ago in Graaf-Reynet. There are three Protestant Episcopal churches in the city, one Presbyterian, one Independent, one Evangelical Lutheran, and two Wesleyan, one for English and one for colored Dutch.

My friend, Henry Reed, of Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells, in one of his voyages to Australia stopped, in the year 1840, in company with his family, at Cape Town. When the ship came to anchor a Malay boatman tipped his hat to Mr. Reed:

"A boat, sir?"

"What will you charge to take me and my family ashore?"

"Thirteen dollars, sir."

"Thirteen dollars! Why, that is too much."

"No, sir, it is the regular price, and I can't do it for less."

"Very well," said Mr. Reed, "we will go with you."

When safely landed he paid the Malay thirteen dollars, about two pounds and fourteen shillings. The next morning a messenger called on Mr. Reed at his lodgings, and said, "The Malay boatman who brought you ashore yesterday is at the door, and wants to see you."

"Dear me," thought Reed, as he was going to the door, "that fellow is not satisfied with his extortionate gains of yesterday, and wants to make another draw on me today, the mean fellow."

"What do you want, sir?" demanded Reed.

"You made a mistake yesterday in the money you paid me," replied the boatman.

"Not at all, sir; no mistake about it. You asked me thirteen dollars for your work, and I paid you, and you'll not get any more;" and added to the sentence in his own mind,

"These villainous boatmen are alike the world over."

"No," said the Malay, "you are quite mistaken; I charged thirteen dollars."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Reed, "and I paid it, and you ought to be satisfied."

"But," continued the son of Mohammed, "I meant Dutch six-dollars, and you paid me three times as much as I asked, and I have brought your money back "-handing him the money. Thirteen six-dollars are nineteen shillings and sixpence, instead of two pounds and fourteen shillings.

Mr. Reed was satisfied to receive back his money, but especially delighted to find such an example of honesty where he least expected it.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Reed's little daughter Mary, whom he finally buried in Cape Town, he was detained there many weeks. It was a time of great distress to the Cape Town people, and Mr. Reed was providentially detained to minister the word of life to perishing hundreds who were dying of the smallpox. The disease, which was of the most virulent type, had been communicated to the town from a slaver which had been captured and brought into Table Bay with its living freight of wretched captives. It spread rapidly over the town, causing a panic which nearly suspended all kinds of business except that of doctors, nurses, undertakers, and gravediggers. Money in payment of debts was refused until it had been dipped into vinegar and laid out to dry. The hospitals were crowded, and then the municipal government had a large building, two miles out of town, fitted up and filled with decaying, dying sufferers. Mr. Reed and his family were boarding with Mrs. Gunn, who kept a first-class boarding house, which was well filled with government officers and distinguished travelers.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Reed's labors among all sorts of adventurers in Tasmania and Australia know that he would not stop a day in any place without preaching Christ to the people, publicly or privately; so in Cape Town he at once went to work for his Master, but for a time, for prudential reasons, he avoided contact with the smallpox patients. Soon, however, he was waited on by two pious soldiers, Sergeant Runciman and a fellow-sergeant, who informed him that there were hundreds of men and women dying in the new extemporized hospital beyond the town, and not a soul to speak a word of comfort to them or tell them how to receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour. The soldiers begged Mr. Reed to become the volunteer chaplain to that hospital, who, upon a little reflection, responded, "I will." When Mrs. Gunn's boarders heard of it they had a meeting, and after discussing the subject decided that Mr. Reed should not go, lest he might bring the contagion into the house and hazard the lives of the whole of them, and that if he should persist in carrying out his purpose he must remove from Mrs. Gunn's house.

To all this Mr. Reed replied, "It will be a very great inconvenience for my family, with a sick child, to leave and go we know not whither; but I believe it is my duty to go, and do what I

can for the sick and dying. I will commit the whole matter to God, do my duty, and leave all consequences with him."

So he went daily till the plague abated. He took them by tiers or sections as they lay, and spoke to them personally and collectively, and told them how, by the power of the Holy Spirit, they should surrender their poor diseased bodies and souls to God and receive the sympathizing Jesus, who was saying to them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A speechless girl, with smiling face, drew a Bible from under her pillow and showed it to Mr. Reed, indicating by signs that her title was clear to a mansion in heaven. On one occasion two persons with whom he conversed as he passed in were dead before he got back. He had hope in the death of some, and the judgment alone will reveal the number who were snatched as brands from the burning through his agency during those trying weeks. God took care of his servant, and he heard nothing more about his having to change his quarters, but remained quietly at Mrs. Gunn's house, which was one of but very few houses in the city that entirely escaped the dreadful visitation. I received these facts directly from Mr. Reed.

Rev. Mr. Hodgson, who had been laboring for some years as a Wesleyan missionary among the natives in the Orange River country, was then Superintendent of the Cape Town Circuit, and greatly interested Mr. Reed with a narrative of his adventures in the interior, and introduced to him a Christian native man who had just come with a wagon from Orange River to Cape Town. This native man was a Christian hero, as the following facts related by Mr. Hodgson to Mr. Reed will show. The lions in the Orange River country, when they get old and too stiff or too lazy to follow their trade of catching bucks and other active animals, sometimes crouch about the kraals and pounce upon a man; and when they begin that kind of work they soon acquire such cannibal proclivities as to become very troublesome customers.

An old lion had been making some such unwelcome visits to the kraal to which this Christian native belonged, and one day he and two others took each a gun and went out in search of him, hoping to make a final settlement with him. A few miles distant from the kraal, passing over the brow of a ridge into a little vale, they suddenly surprised a large lion feeding on the remains of an animal carcass. The lion, preferring fresh meat, seemed glad to see them, and without ceremony advanced to give them a greeting. The men, in their sudden fright, declined the interview and ran for life. The Christian man quite outran his two heathen compatriots; but as he was making away with himself as fast as he could the thought struck him: "One of those men will be killed; neither is prepared to die I am prepared, thank God I had better die, and give them time for repentance!"

He instantly stopped and faced about; the two men passed him, and before he could transfer his thoughts from his heroic consent to die for his heathen neighbor to a purpose of self-defense with his gun the lion was upon him. With the force of a mighty bound the lion struck him on the breast with his paw and tore off the skin and flesh to the bone. Then with his forefeet upon the body of his victim he took one of his arms in his mouth and crunched and mangled it. Then he got the stock of the gun between his teeth and ground it to splinters. Meantime the others, seeing their friend down, returned near enough for a sure shot; both fired, and the lion dropped dead beside his bleeding victim.



Brother Reed examined the deep scars left by the paws of the lion, which the noble fellow would carry to his grave. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And here was one of Africa's sable sons so imbued with the self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus that even for a bad man he was willing to die.

On my first Sabbath in Cape Town -- 1st of April-I preached at two Wesleyan chapels. The limited capacity of the chapels and the smallness of the congregations contrasted unfavorably with the fine churches and packed audiences of Australia. During that week we secured good boarding accommodations, and sought information in regard to the field. I learned that the English work in the western province was very limited, the mass of the people composing our societies being colored, speaking Dutch. I was informed that we had a much better English cause in the eastern province, five hundred miles distant, and in Natal, one thousand miles distant, but that there were only two places in the eastern province and two in Natal where I could get a congregation of any size speaking English.

In the afternoon of the 7th of April I attended the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Sunday schools and delivered an address on the Gospel doctrine of having all the children converted and trained for God. Rev. Andrew Murray gave an exhortation.

Brother Filmer, one of the superintendents, in his speech said: "Seventeen years ago we had a revival in this town; about fifty souls were soundly converted to God; some of them have become missionaries, and others remain useful members of the Church. Then five years ago we had another revival, principally among the Sunday school children. About forty professed to find peace with God. Some of them have fallen away, but the most of them have remained steadfast, and I find some of them among our Sunday school teachers now, and others are useful members of the Church. I am now feeling, hoping, and believing that we are on the eve of another outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

I thought, "Well, such revivals during a period of seventeen years are much better than nothing, but fall very far short of God's purpose and provisions in Christ, and the spiritual demands of nearly thirty thousand sinners."

On Sabbath, April 8, I commenced a series of special services in Burg Street Wesleyan Chapel, which was kept up for nine days, during which I preached thirteen sermons. A few seekers came forward the first night, ten and upward each night of the series till the last, when the altar was crowded with about thirty seekers; but our congregations were not large, and the whole machinery of church agency seemed very weak.

The members of the church seemed very willing to do what they could, and I believe they were much strengthened, and twenty-one souls were reported by Brother Hardey as giving satisfactory testimony to the fact of their conversion to God.

On the Wednesday night of our week of special services we had with us Rev. William Impey, Chairman of the Graham's Town District. He had been twenty-seven years a missionary in Africa, a good preacher, and a man of fine administrative ability. He was a son-in-law of Rev.

William Shaw, so well known as the apostle of Methodist Christianity in the eastern province and Kaffraria, and the President of the English Wesleyan Conference for the year 1866. Rev. Mr. Impey was on his way to England as a representative to the Conference, and Mrs. Impey to see her father and friends. He had with him a most complimentary testimonial for Mr. Shaw, signed by one thousand four hundred persons in the eastern province, to remind their old pioneer friend that they had not forgotten him.

Brother Impey, on his own behalf, and on behalf of the ministers in his district, gave me a cordial welcome to South Africa, and a pressing invitation to visit Graham's Town. "I'll give you the keys," said he, "and you may go into my circuit and do as you please."

"O, I thank you, Brother Impey," I replied, "for your expression of confidence, but I do not wish the keys of any man's circuit. When I accept the invitation of a minister to work in his circuit or church it is simply that, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, I may assist him and his people in their great work. It is my rule not to work in a church in the absence of the pastor; but as you have left such a noble brother as Rev. Thomas Guard-two of whose brothers, ministers in the Irish Conference, I know-as your representative, I accept your kind invitation."

We had so many seekers the last night in Cape Town that I felt rather sorry to leave, but I had to go then or wait probably a month for the next regular steamer. So on

Wednesday, April 18, I took passage on the steamer Natal a clean, comfortable little boat of four hundred tons, for Port Elizabeth. We expected to reach Algoa Bay on Friday, but in consequence of head winds and rough weather we did not arrive till Saturday afternoon.

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## 19 -- PORT ELIZABETH

We Announce Ourselves on the Street -- The Wesleyan Chapel -- Introductions and Preparations -- First Service -- Leading the Children -- The Good Work Begins -- Seekers and Conversions -- The Second Sabbath -- Drawing Lessons from Passing Incidents -- My Introduction to the First Kaffir -- His Report of Matters at the Annshaw Mission -- Plan of a Two Months' Tour -- Cordial Invitations

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Rev. John Richards, the Superintendent of Port Elizabeth Circuit, met me at the wharf and kindly conducted me to his house. Brother Hardey had written to him that I was coming, but he did not know definitely when, so there was no announcement of our contemplated meetings. As it was important that the public should have notice of our proposed series of meetings, I modestly said to Brother R., "In Ireland they would in such a case get a lot of little handbills printed for private circulation, and send them to all the families they might desire specially to invite to our meetings. In Melbourne they would have large posters put up all over the city straightway, and let everybody know what we proposed to do."

He thought it rather late for anything of that sort. "But," said he, "I will go down town and tell some of our friends, and request them to inform others."

I proposed to accompany him. We went about a quarter of a mile down the principal business street, and I was conducted into a substantial stone chapel, with end gallery, deep pews, and doors to guard the way into them; an organ in the gallery, and at the opposite end, well up toward the ceiling, a small old-fashioned pulpit. That was the Wesleyan Chapel, large enough to seat about four hundred persons.

In came the chapel keeper, and Brother R. said to him, "Tell the people that a stranger will preach for us tomorrow."

Then we went to several shops, and I waited outside while Brother R. went in to tell them about the arrival of a stranger. But I thought my good brother was not raising the breeze fast enough, and that if we had to blow our own trumpet we had better do it effectively. So I then went in too. He introduced me as "Rev. Mr. Taylor, who has been preaching recently at the Cape."

Thought I, "Dear me, if I have no greater prestige than what I gained at the Cape it will not fill our little chapel tomorrow."

So when he told the shopkeepers to inform their customers that "a stranger will preach at the Wesleyan Chapel tomorrow" I threw in a few qualifying terms, such as "California," "Australia," "A work of God," "Bring your friends, and have them saved by the mighty Jesus. God hath sent him for that purpose, and they ought to receive him gladly."

In passing along I was introduced to a local preacher, and to help him gird on his armor I gave him our plan of procedure, with a few illustrative facts. When I told him that we had very orderly meetings, and closed them as early as 10 p.m., he broke out in one of those incredulous laughs for which the Lord reproveth Sarah. "I would be glad," said he, "to see such things in Port Elizabeth, but cannot see how they can be brought about. Why, our people here," he added, "can hardly wait till eight o'clock, much less ten."

"O, well," I replied, "we will dismiss them each night as early as eight o'clock, at the close of the sermon, and give all an opportunity to leave who wish to do so."

He replied, "You don't know the Port Elizabeth people as I do, or you would not entertain such hopes."

After we had made our round among the shops we spent the evening with Mr. Sydney Hill, of the mercantile firm of Savage & Hill, 41 Bow Lane, Cheapside, London, and Port Elizabeth. Brother Hill was a very intelligent, thorough business man, a zealous Wesleyan Christian, superintendent of the Sunday school, class leader, and altogether one of those noble men whom the Lord distributes through the world where they are most needed.

On Sabbath morning we had the chapel more than half full. Brother R. read Mr. Wesley's abridgment of the Morning Service, I preached, and the Holy Spirit wrought as in days of old.

At 3 p.m. I preached to the children. The chapel was well filled, not over crowded; but we had still more out in the evening. About 8 p.m., after the sermon, I dismissed the congregation, but most of them kept their seats, preferring to remain for the prayer meeting.

After explaining our method of conducting a prayer meeting I said, "If there are any sinners here who feel the awakening power of the Holy Spirit and, like the awakened souls on the day of Pentecost, wish to know what to do, they may come forward to this altar of prayer, and we will tell you what we did when we were in your sad state, and how we obtained salvation through Jesus Christ."

Thirteen adults came forward as seekers, and about half of them professed to find peace with God. I found we had some good workers, who coming up wrought effectively. At a quarter past nine Brother R. said, "With Brother Taylor's consent we will close the meeting for this evening."

I felt sorry to close so early, for a number were near the strait gate and striving with many tears to enter in whom I had not had time to speak to personally; but I deferred to my superintendent as the best thing probably under the circumstances, and the meeting was promptly closed.

When we got back to the mission house Brother R. said, "I feel rebuked, for I did not think that one person would come forward to the altar at this early stage of the meeting, and especially the persons who did come."

Sister R. also upbraided herself for having her faith outdone. They were both, however, greatly delighted and encouraged.

I spent two weeks in Port Elizabeth, preached sixteen sermons, and lectured one night on "Reminiscences of Palestine." We had from ten to twenty seekers forward every night, and conversions to God on each occasion, but how many were saved I know not, as the minister said he knew them and did not, so far as I know, keep a record of their names. I had preaching service on Saturday night for the natives-Kaffirs and Fingoes. The chapel, seating about three hundred and fifty persons, was filled. William Barnabas, a good man, local preacher and native teacher, was my interpreter. I felt so awkward in preaching through an interpreter, and being very weary from excessive labors through the week, I did not enjoy the service, and saw but little indication of good from the effort.

On the second Sabbath, besides the regular morning and evening preaching for the whites, I preached in the afternoon from the court house steps. A little shower of rain at the time of assembling kept many away, but we had out about six hundred persons, and it was a profitable service. I thus preached the Gospel to two or three hundred who would not otherwise have heard it from me. During preaching a funeral procession passed close by. The subject suiting the occasion, I illustrated it by the dead returning to dust. Then a little later the police came along with a bloody-faced prisoner, followed by a rabble, and I said, "Look at him. The way of transgressors is hard."

At the close a man came and shook my hand, saying, "I have heard you preach to the gamblers in San Francisco and to the sailors on Long Wharf, and I heard you give a singular reproof to some sailors that I'll never forget. They were loading a barge with coal, and one, with a profane oath, wished the coals in h\_\_\_\_. ' That is quite unnecessary, my friend,' said you, ' for if you go down to that place you will find plenty of fuel.'

When I went to the eastern province it was with the purpose of spending one month there, dividing the time between Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town, and another month in Natal. I had my return ticket, for which I had paid seventeen pounds, extending to three months, but I soon found that the English population of the eastern province was much greater than my limited information had led me to suppose, and that my time should be extended to at least two months for the eastern province alone.

On the evening of my arrival in Port Elizabeth Brother Richards introduced me to the first Kaffir I had ever seen. He stood before me six feet four inches, with finely developed form, good head, very pleasant countenance, and a superior display of ivory. " This man," said Brother Richards, "is one of our local preachers, Joseph Tale, from the Annshaw Circuit, about one hundred and fifty miles in the interior." Through William Barnabas I asked him many questions about the work of God among his people. He gave a very encouraging account of the number and steadfastness of their people on the Annshaw Mission. I told him that when my boxes were opened I would give him some books. He said his children could read English, and they would read them to him. I felt great sympathy with the native work, and deep regret that I could not preach to them. I had no faith in successful preaching through an interpreter.

Brother Richards made me a plan for a two months' tour, embracing Graham's Town, King William's Town, Queenstown, Cradock, and Somerset, each appointment about eighty miles from the next. I would have two weeks for Graham's Town, and a week for each of the other places, and a week at Port Elizabeth, on my return, in waiting for a steamer to take me on to Natal. He accordingly informed the ministers of my arrival, and they all wrote me a cordial invitation to visit them, and with them came pressing invitations from Salem, Bathurst, Fort Beaufort, and Uitenhage Circuits. The last two I added to my plan. I made no provision for preaching to the natives, for not knowing their language I did not hope to be able to work successfully among them.

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## 20 -- AT UITENHAGE AND GRAHAM'S TOWN

Accommodations at W. Jones' -- Sister Richards' Objections to My Whiskers -- I Explain the Matter to Her, and Do Not Shave -- Christ Probably Wore a Beard -- Character of Uitenhage -- The Buildings and Population -- The Wesleyans on Hand -- Beginning in the Wesleyan Chapel -- Get the Use of the Reformed Church -- Explaining a Prayer Meeting -- Going Back to First Methods -- Penitents and How to Deal with Them at the Altar -- A Demand for My Credentials -- Mr. B. Objects to My Talking -- Many Conversions -- Try to Preach with the Help of a Kaffir -- Lecture on St. Paul and his Times -- Jolted to Graham's Town -- Character of the City -- The Mixed Population -- Capacity of the Wesleyan Chapel -- W. A. Richards -- Many Welcome Me --

Mission of W. J. Davis -- The Sabbath Services -- Preaching to Children and Appeal to Sinners -- Coldness of the People and Question of Ventilating the Chapel -- Atwill Spoils the Windows -- Rev. Thomas Guard -- Other Notables of the Town -- Preaching and Lecturing -- Seventy Converts -- A Man Begg My Pardon and Explains -- He Tells Me his Story, and is Converted -- Experience of J. W. -- Opposition of Satan -- Turning the World Upside Down -- Extract from Richards' Letter -- Experience of a Preacher with an Interpreter -- My Last Words at Graham's Town -- An Affecting Meeting -- Departure for King William

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On the 5th of May I went from Port Elizabeth to the beautiful town of Uitenhage at Port Elizabeth I had been sojourning a few days at the house of Mr. W. Jones, a somewhat eccentric but very clever, genial Welshman and a superior local preacher in the Wesleyan Church. His wife, a very good woman, was a class leader; his daughter Jessie, a fine young lady, and several sons were unconverted.

Brother Jones gave me the use of his carriage and two horses, and his son Philip to drive me to Uitenhage We took with us Mrs. John Richards and Miss Jessie Jones. Sister Richards was in such a poor state of health when I arrived that she feared she would not be able to attend many of my meetings, but as she entered into the work her health improved, and after two weeks' special services at home was now going to help me a week among her friends in Uitenhage, among whom she was blessed in doing a work for God. During our journey that day she took occasion to say that she had been greatly edified by my Gospel ministrations, and was much pleased with me in everything she had seen except my beard, in regard to which she put me on my defense.

I said, "Sister Richards, when I was in Belfast a Primitive minister waited on me to say, 'There are some good people in this city who are greatly prejudiced against a beard, and I think you can be more useful among them if you will go to a barber and get shaved.' In reply I said, 'I would not do anything which would be damaging to any person following my example; for instance, I don't use tobacco in any form, I don't use wine or spirits, except sacramentally or medicinally. I have been a total abstainer from my youth, for the good of others, as well as for myself. As to the beard, while in the genial climate of California, with youthful vigor on my side, I did not feel the need of it, and wasted much precious time in cutting it off; but having returned from California to the Eastern States of America my thin jaws were exposed to the northwest blasts of New York, Wisconsin, and Iowa, which gave me neuralgia, and I suffered what appeared to be almost the pains of death. So I found that I was obliged to seek protection for my face and instead of bundling up in a sheepskin and an artificial respirator, the constant readjustment of which would consume time and give trouble, I just threw aside that barbarous instrument, the razor, to see what the God of providence would do for me; and this flowing beard was the result, and it answered the purpose exactly. I soon got well of neuralgia, and have never had it since. I have found it a good comforter, a good respirator, a good shield against the reflecting rays of the summer sun, which used always to blister my face, and crack my lips till I could neither laugh nor sing without the shedding of blood. Moreover, it was a protection against gnats and flies. By a deep inspiration in preaching, which is essential, I used sometimes to take down one of those pestiferous little fellows into my throat, and then followed a sudden change in the exercises. I have suffered from none of these things since I submitted to the Lord's arrangement, planting the beard where it was needed. I

have found it of great service to my vocal organs, and hence necessary to my work of preaching the Gospel, and to cut it off is to impair my working effectiveness, and so far a sin against God.' With that the Irish brother said, 'I suppose it is not worthwhile to say anything more about it.' 'No, my dear brother, I cannot do a wrong thing on any account, and I also like to help break down an unreasonable prejudice in this matter, under the influence of which many a poor Irishman is daily shedding tears under the operations of an old dull razor.' The good people of Belfast soon got over their prejudice against my beard, and we had a blessed work of God during my stay among the sinners of that city."

I repeated this Irish discussion to Sister Richards as we drove along, and she could not help joining Miss Jessie in a laugh at some parts of it, but still it did not convince her of the propriety of a beard on a minister's face. I then said, "Surely, Sister Richards, it cannot be a moral impropriety for a minister to wear a beard, since the Master himself had a beard."

"But you have no proof," she replied, "that he did wear a beard."

Well, Sister Richards," said I, "if I prove to you from the Bible that the great Teacher did have a beard will you allow that to end the discussion in favor of the beard?"

"Yes; I'll rest the case on the Scripture proof, if you can produce it."

"Lest there should be some ground of mistake in identifying the person of Christ, when he should come into the world, God, through his holy prophets, advertised to the world hundreds of years in advance all his leading characteristics, by the exact fulfillment and counterpart of which, in the person of Christ, he should certainly be recognized as the Messiah. Sister Richards, believest thou the prophets?"

"Certainly I do."

"Very well; in describing the prophetic scene of the humiliating and excruciating abuses to be endured by Christ, Isaiah, employing the language of the divine messenger of the covenant, says, 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.' To pluck the hair off the head, or back part of the jaw, is nothing in comparison with the pain of plucking it off the cheeks."

The good sister then subsided.

Uitenhage is an old Dutch town located on the slope of a beautiful valley near the banks of Zwartkops River, with fine vales and table-lands in the background, bounded by a range of mountains east and north. Across the river, at the rise of the hills, we see a heathen village; along the river we see some large buildings and the smoke and steam of the engines. These are large wool-washing establishments. Now we learn why we saw hundreds of teams loaded with wool passing out of Port Elizabeth, where it had been taken and sold the day before. It is brought out here twenty miles to be washed, because of the abundant supply and superior quality of the water of this river for the purpose. The town is supplied with water from a large spring rising out of the

base of the mountain, which flows in, and is so distributed as to furnish several streets, with each a bold stream, almost sufficient to propel the works of an overshot mill.

The streets are lined on each side with rows, and in some cases double rows, of large oaks and Tasmanian blue gums. The buildings are nearly all large one-story cottages, painted white, with long verandahs in front. Altogether the town and surrounding scenery are very beautiful. The population of Uitenhage district was at that time seven thousand two hundred and two, of whom two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine only were whites, mostly Dutch; the rest were natives.

We had some very respectable and influential Wesleyan families in the town, but the Wesleyan chapel was a very poor concern indeed. For many years it was the residence of some old denizen, but in course of time it fell into the hands of a little pioneer club of Wesleyans, who had learned not to despise the day of small things, and they did it up and dubbed it a Wesleyan chapel; but the ceiling was very low, and it was every way unsuitable. One would think on seeing it that it should have been delivered over to the moles and bats long ago; at any rate, the bats had so far asserted their claim as to take possession of all the upper part of it, from the ceiling to the roof.

On Sabbath morning, the 6th of May, we assembled in the said chapel to commence our series of special services. The place was filled with a very genteel-looking audience, and I felt encouraged to believe that we had some good stuff to work upon. Rev. Brother Smailes read the service and commented sensibly on the lessons. The audience did not seem to take much interest in the prayers, as only one man responded with audible distinctness, and he did not seem to be well up in the business, for he put in a response at the wrong place, producing a ludicrous surprise that somewhat excited the risibilities of some of the youngsters. The Holy Spirit graciously helped in the preaching of the Gospel that morning, and we had a solemn and profitable occasion.

By the kindness of Mr. Steytler, the Dutch Reformed Church minister, whom I had met in Port Elizabeth, and his trustees, we had the use of their church at 3 p.m. and in the evening. Our congregations there were large, and though most of them were Dutch they knew English well enough to understand my preaching, and listened with serious attention. We did not attempt to follow the preaching in the evening with a prayer meeting there, lest some of our kind friends would think we were making too free with the privileges they had granted us. I was glad to have the opportunity of preaching to them, and hoped they would carry the good seed into their closets at home and have it watered with the dews of grace which descend there. On Monday at 11 a.m. I preached again in the Wesleyan Chapel to a better audience than I supposed we could get on a week-day.

After preaching on Monday night, I explained the order of our prayer meetings somewhat as follows: "A prayer meeting should have more of the social element in it than a preaching service. We have two varieties of worship in a prayer meeting: Public singing by the congregation, alternately with prayer, -- in which one person leads audibly, for general worship. Then, in an undertone which need not interfere with the solemnity and order of the general worship, we give the largest liberty for individual efforts to bring souls to Christ. Any brother who knows the Saviour and has a friend here who knows him not, pray for that friend; and if you feel that by the help of the good Spirit you can, by telling him what Jesus hath done for you, or by any persuasive



appeals to his conscience, induce him to turn to God, you are entirely at liberty, any or all of You as the Spirit may lead you, thus to work for God during the prayer meeting. I make this explanation at this early stage of our series of services lest some, seeing this variety of exercise, might think it a disorderly proceeding, when indeed it is in accordance with the order and design of the meeting. The low-toned conversation to seekers who may be inquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?' and the earnest ejaculatory prayer of sympathizing hearts for such do not indeed produce the least discord in the harmony of the general worship.

"We have nothing new to introduce, but rather the old simple methods of the Gospel. In the great Pentecostal awakening the poor sin-stricken souls cried out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter did not tell them to go home and meditate in the quiet solitude of their closets, and call at his house next day and he would have a talk with them on the subject. Nay, when the Spirit awakens a poor sinner he is then waiting to lead that soul directly to Jesus.

"But the poor stricken sinner does not know the Holy Spirit who hath smitten him in love, and does not know Jesus, nor where to find him. How appropriate, then, that such should avowedly ask, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Should not the 'men and brethren' then and there tell such poor sinners what to do, and go to work, every one of them, and lead the poor seekers to Jesus? That is just what they did in Jerusalem, and three thousand of them not only heard from the lips of the 'men and brethren,' who were 'working together with God' to save them, what to do, but at once, openly and honestly, yea, 'gladly received the word, and were baptized' that day. Now this is the kind of thing we want to have here in Uitenhage; no new thing, but the blessed old thing which worked so well long before our new-formed methods of nice propriety were invented.

"We are now ready to converse with any who feel the awakening of the Holy Spirit, help you to grapple with your difficulties, tell you how we went through the same ordeal of hardness, darkness, grief, guilt, despair, hope, desire, fear, and the terrible swaying between two mighty forces, the one attracting toward Christ, the other repelling by the force of a thousand bad associations and a mighty power of Satanic' influence. Poor sinners, we know well from sad experience what you feel. We sympathize with you profoundly, and we are anxious to help you. We cannot save you, but God may use us as agents to lead you to Jesus, according to his Gospel method. But unless you indicate your desire to turn to God, as did the awakened souls in Jerusalem, in some way or other, we know not to whom to speak nor for whom personally to pray. We are willing to meet you in any part of the house, but we recommend, as the most prompt and orderly means to the great end proposed, that all those who have counted the cost, and who have intelligently, deliberately, determinately, resolved to seek the Lord now 'while he may be found,' to come forward to this altar of prayer.

While singing the invitation hymn,

Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,"

about a dozen adult seekers came forward. Just at the close of the prayer that followed, as we rose to sing again, when everything was going on in an orderly way, according to the method I had just defined, a tall young Dutchman rushed up the crowded aisle to where I was conversing with the

seekers, and addressed me in an angry, shouting tone: "How dare you introduce such blasphemous proceedings in this town? I demand your authority for such outrageous proceedings under a pretense of worshipping God," repeating similar expressions several times. I took him by the arm and kindly explained to him what, from its novelty to him, seemed so strange, and begged him to be seated near the front, and see and hear all that was done there, and satisfy his own mind that this was indeed the work of God; but he turned and hastened away.

At the day services we got the wheat without the chaff, less bulk but greater weight. Tuesday evening we had our little chapel packed, and at the prayer meeting the altar was crowded with 'seekers. During the progress of the prayer meeting, which was solemn, but very quiet, a Mr. B. sent me, by a boy, the following note: "The Rev. Mr. Taylor will oblige by not interfering with the devotions of this meeting by his audible conversation."

I was simply conversing with a seeker in a low tone, according to our announced plan; but Mr. B., who, I was informed, was not friendly to the cause of God in any form, was not satisfied to allow us to proceed in our worship according to the dictates of our own conscience. I, of course, made no reply to his note, but said to some of my friends after the meeting, "Satan is getting more polite each day of our meeting. Last night he rushed in like a roaring lion to devour the prey; but tonight he addressed me in a note as the Rev. Mr. Taylor; by tomorrow night he will not dare even to mutter in the dark, unless it is round the corners out of sight or in the canteen."

Wednesday, at 11 a.m., I preached, and at the prayer meeting following we had some very interesting conversions. On Wednesday night, after preaching, we had thirty persons forward as seekers, a number of whom found peace; and, as I anticipated, Satan could not command an agent that could face the music. The silent solemnity of the occasion seemed to subdue opposing forces. I preached again on Thursday at 11 a.m., and several persons were saved. At 3 p.m. of that day I preached in Brother Appleby's wool shed to the Kaffirs in his employ. We had an audience of about seventy, most of whom had often heard the Gospel, but a portion of them were raw heathens. I got an unconverted, barefooted, ragged Kaffir to interpret for me, and got on much better than I had done before with a professional interpreter, for he talked in a simple, natural way. On Thursday night I delivered a lecture in a public school on "Reminiscences of Palestine and St. Paul and his Times."

The number of converts during our brief series in Uitenhage was not reported to me; but there was, manifestly a deep and general awakening in the town, and among the converts were some influential persons, who made valuable members of the Church, I doubt not.

On Friday we returned to Port Elizabeth, where I delivered a lecture on "St. Paul and his Times;" and at 5 a.m., Saturday, my kind host, Brother Sydney Hill, saw me safely into the post cart, a rough conveyance on two wheels, drawn by four horses, and that day, while I was resting, I was jolted over a rough road ninety miles, to Graham's Town.

Graham's Town was founded as a military post in 1812, but received its life and proportions from the famous immigration of 1820. The colonial settlement of that year in Albany, a few miles distant, having, by the appointment of the home government, the Rev. William Shaw for their minister, contained much sterling stuff for the foundations of empire in a new country. Those

of them better adapted to mechanical, commercial, and literary pursuits than to farming soon left their wattle and daub huts in the country, and have gradually built up this flourishing town.

It is situated in a valley bounded by high hills, near the sources of the Kowie River. Its houses are principally of brick and stone, covered with slate and zinc. They are not generally over two stories high. It contains many fine gardens, and the streets are ornamented and shaded with rows of trees, principally English oak, eucalyptus (or Tasmania. blue gum), and Kaffir boom.

Graham's Town had, according to the census of 1865, a white population of 5,263, all; English, and a few thousand Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingoes. It had good churches, three Episcopalian, three Wesleyan, two Baptist, two Independent, and one Roman Catholic. It had a public library, museum, and botanical gardens, two banks, one high school-Wesleyan, called in honor of the old Methodist pioneer of that province "Shaw College" -- besides the full complement of educational and charitable institutions common in such a city.

The first Wesleyan chapel there was dedicated in 1822. It would seat four hundred persons. It was followed by another in 1832 twice its size, which cost three thousand pounds. The former house was given to the natives. The present principal Wesleyan church of Graham's Town-Commemoration Chapel-is thus described by Mr. Shaw:

"The building is in the pointed style (Gothic), well sustained in all its parts. The front, from the level of the floor, is seventy feet high to the top of the center pinnacle, and it is about sixty-three feet wide, including the buttresses. The interior dimensions are ninety feet long by fifty broad, and from the floor to the ceiling it is thirty-four feet in height. There are two side and one end galleries, and the building is capable of accommodating in great comfort a congregation of about fourteen hundred persons.

It cost over nine thousand pounds sterling, and is quite superior to any other church -of any denomination in the city.

The subscription for it was commenced on the anniversary day celebrating the arrival of the Albany Settlers in Algoa Bay, on April 10, 1820, and in memory of the event it was called Commemoration Chapel.

After a rough ride in the post cart ninety miles from Port Elizabeth I arrived in Graham's Town at 6 p.m. My home was with Mr. W. A. Richards, one of the proprietors of the Journal a large tri-weekly, having the largest circulation of any paper in the colony. He was a stepson of the founder and senior member of the firm, the Hon. R. Godlonton, who was a colonist of forty-six years' standing, and an old Wesleyan as well, and though for many years a member of the Legislative Council, or upper house of the colonial Parliament; yet he was really a spiritually minded, useful member and active worker in the Church.

I had a delightful home in the spacious house and more spacious hearts of my dear friends, Brother and Sister Richards. During my first evening Brother Atwell and several other leading laymen called in to bid me welcome, and also Revs. Davis, Green, and Holford. Brother Guard, acting superintendent during the absence of Brother Impey, had been away on a visitation of the

churches for a short time, and had not returned. Brother Holford, an earnest young minister, was a junior colleague in the circuit. He had been but five or six years in the colony.

Brother John Scott was the single young preacher in the circuit. He was the son of my friend Rev. George Scott, the old Swedish missionary of the British Conference. John was brought out into the work in Africa, and I believed would become a useful minister.

Rev. W. J. Davis was sent out by the British Conference in 1831. He was a brave man; had been most of his time in the purely mission work among the Kaffirs; had encountered wars and a very great variety of perils among them. He then had charge of a large native station in Graham's Town. He was, I believe, a thorough Kaffir scholar, and was the author of a grammar of the Kaffir language. I afterward proved him a valuable helper in our prayer meetings in leading souls to God.

On Sabbath, May 13, we had Commemoration Chapel crowded three times with a superior-looking class of people, with a sprinkling of redcoats (English soldiers) among them. In the morning Rev. Brother Green read the service, and I preached from the last words of Jesus, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." In commencing a series of special services I always preach first to believers on a subject embracing the personality, immediate presence, and special mission of the Holy Ghost and the adjustment of human agents to his gracious arrangements as essential to success.

At 3 p.m. I preached to the children, with as many adults as could crowd into the church. At night I preached specially to sinners. At the opening of the prayer meeting which followed I invited seekers of pardon to present themselves at the altar of prayer, but not one came. I knew that the awakening Spirit had thrust his piercing sword into the hearts of many sinners, but did not press them to come forward. Many believers were greatly disappointed in not seeing some go forward, but thought it was the pleasure of the Holy Spirit thus to set the church more fully back to their home work of self-examination and more thorough preparation for the coming struggle for the rescue of perishing souls.

On Monday many leading brethren called to bid me welcome; but all expressed their disappointment at the results of the labors of the day previous and their great sorrow that the church was in such a low spiritual state. They spoke gratefully of a work of God in 1822 at Salem, twenty miles distant, and a second revival in 1830, in Graham's Town, which extended to some of the country circuits. Their third and great revival was in 1837, when about three hundred souls were saved. A fourth revival, less extensive, but really a very good work, especially among the young people, took place in 1857; but now they felt a painful sense of coldness and ineffectiveness. I assured them that as soon as they were ready for an advance movement the Holy Spirit would lead them on to victory. I reminded them of the carnal obstructions to the work of God in the church, which must be sought out and removed by individual repentance and reformation, through faith; and that there was at least one serious physical difficulty in the way. "Your beautiful church is not by one half sufficiently ventilated for a large audience. The immense amount of carbonic acid gas thrown out from the lungs of fourteen hundred persons, and the porous discharge of fetid matter from their bodies, must on each occasion poison the atmosphere in the church in a very short time. This poison, being inhaled, corrupts the blood, blunts the nervous

sensibilities of the people, and hence precludes vigorous mental action, produces headache and drowsiness, and sadly injures their health; and when it comes to that, the best thing is to quit and go home as quickly as possible. We can't afford to spend our precious evenings there in poisoning each other, for that is the very kind of stuff that killed the British soldiers in the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is out of the question to have a great work of salvation without a good supply of oxygen.

They could not readily realize that their really splendid church could be so defective in anything, but expressed a willingness to make such changes as might be found to be necessary.

We had to go thoroughly into the subject of ventilating the chapel. I begged them to employ a competent mechanic to put ventilating apertures in the windows above and below. They had two such on each side of the chapel, in the windows below, but none above. But to make any permanent change a meeting of the trustees must be called, and perhaps much time consumed in the preliminaries before the work could be effected. So, to close the debate and secure the end by a short method, Brother Atwell, one of the trustees, who was allowed to do daring things without being called to account, because all who knew him felt sure that under all circumstances he would do what he conscientiously believed to be the right thing, went into the gallery, hammer in hand, and knocked a pane of glass out of each window on both sides, which afforded a good supply of fresh air for our crowded audiences, and thus removed a physical barrier to our success and gave us a wide-awake people to preach to.

On Monday night we had the church well filled above and below. Nearly enough remained for the prayer meeting to fill the main audience room of the church. Over thirty seekers came promptly forward to the altar of prayer, and about a dozen of them were justified by faith, and obtained "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On Tuesday, the 15th of May, Rev. Thomas Guard returned. As he had before given me a cordial invitation, so now he gave me an Irish "Caed mela faltha" (one hundred thousand welcomes) to Graham's Town. He was the Apollos of Southern Africa.

He had been but a few years in Africa, but his name was a tower of strength in both colonies. He was induced to leave the Irish Conference and take an appointment to Africa because of the failing health of his highly talented wife. Her health was greatly improved; it would have been a calamity to the work in Southern Africa if they had returned to their Emerald Isle.

We had many wealthy influential Wesleyans in Graham's Town, who, I believe, shared largely in the rich blessings of grace poured out from their infinite source during our series. Nine members of Parliament from Graham's Town were Wesleyans. Hon. George Wood, Sr.; Hon. Robert Godlonton, Hon. Samuel Cawood, Hon. J. C. Hoole, belonged to the upper house, or Legislative Council, four out of the nine members to which the eastern province was entitled. Hon. John Wood, George Wood, Jr., sons George, Sr.; Jonathan and Reuben Ayliff, and J. C. Clough were members of the Legislative Assembly; William Ayliff, also, from Fort Beau fort. These were all class-going Wesleyans except Messrs. Hoole and Clough, who were in other respects identified with us.

Volumes might be filled with the details of what was said and done in connection with our series of meetings in Graham's Town, but I will simply give an outline and a few specimen illustrative facts of a work which in extent, numerically, was limited compared with the numbers saved during my series of the same length in any of the Australian cities. But the work in Graham's Town was of vast importance, not only in its local effect, but in its far-reaching influence on the extensive mission field among the surrounding African tribes.

During my first week in Graham's Town I preached eight sermons, each followed by a prayer meeting of about two hours in time; the second week the same as the first, with the addition of four midday prayer meetings.

During the third week I preached four sermons, delivered three lectures on "Reminiscences of Palestine" and "St. Paul and his Times." We had five midday prayer meetings that week, and occupied one evening by a fellowship meeting, at which I gave a lecture on Christian fellowship, and over one hundred and twenty persons, nearly all adults, came forward and gave their names as candidates for membership in the Wesleyan Church, and eighty-four persons stood up in their places promptly, one after another, and clearly gave their testimony to the saving work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

The number of persons professing to have found pardon and peace with God, meantime, whose names and addresses had, on a personal examination, been taken down by Brother Holford, one of the ministers of the circuit, amounted to over a hundred and seventy, which number swelled to over two hundred soon after I left. The daily prayer meetings were kept up afterward, and will be, I trust, to the end of time.

I found the people of Graham's Town a very attentive, social, affectionate people. I formed among them many personal acquaintances and strong bonds of Christian friendship which will abide forever.

On Thursday, the 24th of May, out on the hills overlooking Graham's Town, in the mimosa scrub, we had a Wesleyan celebration of the Queen's birthday. It was a delightful social entertainment, where I had an opportunity of speaking to many friends, and among them many of the young converts. Mr. H., a tall man with a heavy beard, came to me as soon as I alighted from Brother Richards' carriage in the grove, and said: "Mr. Taylor, I have come to ask your pardon for what I have been thinking about you. I felt so badly under your preaching that I went forward to the altar last Thursday night, but I felt worse and worse. Just beside me was a woman who was in such an agony of distress that I soon began to neglect my own case in my sympathy for her. I wondered that you did not come at once and do something for her, and while I was looking and hoping that you would come I saw you walk past her. Now, I am telling you this that I may ask your pardon for what I had been thinking about you. When I saw that woman's flowing tears and saw you pass without seeming to notice her I got angry and wanted to pull your beard. Knowing that such a proceeding would not be suitable to the occasion, I got up and went away." "Last Sabbath, when you preached in Market Square, I stood so near to you that I could see into your eyes, and saw there such a flood of sympathy for sinners that I was fully convinced that I had done you great injustice in my mind, and felt ashamed that I had allowed such feelings so to influence my conduct. Then I began again in earnest to seek the Lord. Last night, during the prayer meeting I surrendered

my soul to God and accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and immediately I was filled with unspeakable joy. Now I see that you were right all the time, and that you understood the woman's case and that I did not; that she had to feel her own utter helplessness and surrender herself to God."

On the second Sabbath night of our series I saw an interesting-looking man at the altar of prayer in an agony of soul on account of sin. Several good brethren stood near him, and said to me, as I was about to speak to the penitent, "This is one of our best members," pointing to the man at the altar. "He is not simply a nominal member, but an active worker, reproving sin and trying to do good daily, and also the superintendent of one of our Sabbath schools. He is subject to seasons of great darkness, and is now under a cloud: but it is all the result of severe temptations."

At the close of the following week the said seeker came to see me and related his experience, in substance as follows:

He was first awakened when twelve years old, but, having no one to instruct him, gradually lost his convictions of sin. Then, twenty years ago, he was greatly awakened, and resolved to be a servant of God, and joined the Wesleyan Church. "For several years I strove hard to live right, and attended all the means of grace within my reach. Then I became acquainted with a very bad man, who was the means of leading me astray, and for a short time I was out of the Church; but I was very wretched, and made a sincere and humble confession, and was again admitted to the Wesleyan Church. I then doubled my diligence in trying to work out my s-alvation with fear and trembling. I often fasted from Wednesday till Friday.

"Once during my fast I received an order to perform a hazardous duty as a sergeant in the army. Some of my fellow-soldiers begged me to break my fast, or I could not accomplish my work; but I kept to my fast, and though in a very weak state fulfilled my duty. I have spent many days in prayer in the kloofs and caves of the mountains, and often wished that by laying down my life I could get relief for my soul. I once resolved to die on my knees or get relief. I got some relief, but did not get salvation. I have for some time been teaching school, and have been trying to do good in the Sunday school, but got no rest for my soul. During the first week of your preaching I was thoroughly waked up, but I felt very bitter against you. By last Sabbath I felt so badly, so guilty before God, that I could not show my face, but spent the day alone in the hills, trying to pray. But on Sabbath night I went again to hear you preach, and when you appealed to murmurers against God, and asked them if they would be willing to have their miserable existence terminated by annihilation, I responded in my heart, 'Yes, I would hail such an opportunity with gladness.' I then went forward to the altar of prayer, but found no peace.

"But the next night, in your sermon on believing, you unraveled every knot of unbelief by which I have been held down all these years. Your account of that man in Mudgee, New South Wales, who said, 'I can't believe, O, I can't believe,' suited my case exactly, and I said, 'I'll never use that fatal expression again. I do submit myself to God, living or dying, to do with me just as he likes. I do believe his record concerning his Son. I do have confidence in Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour of the very chief of sinners. I do accept him as my Saviour now.' I began then at once to get hold on Christ by faith, and while they were singing, 'O, the bleeding Lamb! he was found worthy,' I clearly realized, what I had always admitted in theory, that though I should give all my

goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, it would profit me nothing; but the Lamb of God, slain for sinners, was indeed a sufficient sacrifice for my sins, and I do accept him now as my Saviour. I returned home, quietly resting on Christ as my Saviour. About one o'clock that night, while steadily clinging to Jesus, the Holy Spirit so manifested the pardoning love of God to my heart that I could not restrain my joyous emotions, but went and waked up Mr. G. and- told him that I was saved, and we praised God together. If a legion of angels had told me that all my sins were forgiven I could not have had a clearer evidence than I had within my heart through God's witnessing Spirit."

In contrast with this another class of converts, after the style of the Philippian jailer, may be illustrated by the experience of Mr. J. W., of Graham's Town, who was saved through the preaching of Rev. Brother Guard a few weeks after I left. Brother W. brought his brother, burdened with sin, one hundred and seven miles to my meeting in Cradock, and he returned full of joy unspeakable.

It must not be supposed that such a work can be wrought in any place without strongly exciting the antagonistic forces of carnal nature and Satanic power in the hearts of many worldly men and women, and not infrequently we find some misguided good people who will forbid any person "to cast out devils" who will not follow them.

Many false things and many hard things were said in Graham's Town during the progress of our work by the wicked, and much opposition was manifested in certain quarters where we had a right to expect better things; but as I seldom ever read or listen to such things I will not burden my pages with them. It is said that Sir P. D., commandant of the British forces there, inquired of Mr. Green, the barber, "Who is this man Taylor who is causing such a stir in the town? "

The barber replied, " Have you not read, Sir P., of certain men of whom it was said, 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.'"

"Yes," replied Sir P., "I have read something of that in the Acts of the Apostles."

"Well, sir," replied the barber, " Mr. Taylor, I believe, is a relation of those men."

My three lectures in Commemoration Chapel were well attended, and for defining and defending the Gospel methods of evangelization I think they were better adapted to general instruction and edification than the same number of sermons.

An extract from a letter written by "mine host," Mr. A. Richards, a month after my departure, may serve to illustrate the continued progress of the work of God in Graham's Town

"Everything is going on very satisfactorily here. The work of God is widening, extending, deepening. Many are seeking the higher spiritual blessing of holiness of heart. Our house has reason to be thankful and to praise God. We have a prayer meeting in our dining room every Monday evening. Last night seventy were present. At the midday prayer meeting there were one hundred today, and a gracious influence was at work." Then after speaking of a number by name who had recently been saved, he adds: "The number of seekers is daily increasing. I should think



the devil must feel rather bad at seeing so many of his soldiers returning to God. He can't say they are rebels against him, for they all belong to God. The work is going on here, too, among the natives. About one hundred are converted, twenty in each of the last three nights."

That was the beginning of a work among the natives there after I left. I did not work among them except to preach one sermon through an interpreter, and found it a very slow business. However, I believe I did better than a good brother I heard of there who undertook to give an address to an audience of Kaffirs. He was accustomed to use long, hard words, which would sound well to English ears, but rather too abstract and lengthy for a Kaffir interpreter.

When he delivered his first sentence the interpreter said, in effect, "Friends, I don't understand what he says.

Then came another sentence -- "Friends, I have no doubt that it is very good, but I don't understand it."

Then came another deliverance, long and loud --

"Friends, that is extraordinary, no doubt, but it is all dark to me.

By that time the eyes of the whole audience glistened, and they began freely to show their ivory, and the speaker seemed to think he was doing it, for he could not understand a word that the interpreter said, and he waxed eloquent in the flow of his great words; and the interpreter went on to the close, replying to each sentence, closing with, "Friends, if you have understood any of that you have done more than I have. It is a grand discourse, no doubt."

The Kaffirs there were blessed with the ministry of my friend, Rev. W. J. Davis, who needed no interpreter, and reported several hundreds of them saved after I was there.

After my lecture on Friday night, the 1st of June, I gave my last words of counsel and exhortation to my dear brethren and sisters in Graham's Town. It was a solemn occasion, for though I never preach farewell sermons, or encourage any ado on the occasion of my final departure from any place, still I am always reminded that Christian love and sympathy, so beautifully illustrated at Miletus, is the same in all ages and among all people.

God's messenger of mercy to their hearts "kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Brother Davis and two of his daughters, Brother and Sister Guard, Brother Holford, and a few others, accompanied us to the house of my host, and after a good supper and good social cheer we sang together, and upon our knees again commended each other and our young converts to the special care of our covenant-keeping God, and said farewell. It was then midnight, and I had a rough journey of seventy miles before me, and my work in King William's Town the following Sabbath. After a little sleep, at 4 a.m. of Saturday, June 2, Mr. D. Penn called with his cart and two, and we commenced our long day's journey. Brother Penn had a pair of fine travelers, which took us thirty miles to breakfast. Then we got a pair of fresh horses, which he had sent on two days before, and they made the rest of the journey of

fifty miles just as the sun sank from view in the western horizon. Much of our route lay through a broken, rocky country, all the way hilly, with the usual variety of deep gorges, little creeks, precipices, and cliffs, rich grassy ranges, and patches of African jungle, with their peculiar intermixture of aloes and the euphorbia tree. We saw one deer on the route; met many scores of wagons, drawn by the finest oxen I have ever seen; we saw in the distance, too, many Kaffir huts, and passed a very few houses of colonial settlers. Brother Penn was an old colonist; had been in the Kaffir wars; had had a great variety of experience, and entertained me all the way with marvelous narratives, illustrating colonial life; while I enjoyed them very much I was too weary to note them.

Arriving at King William's Town I was kindly entertained by the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. J. Fish, and his excellent young wife.

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## 21 -- KING WILLIAM'S TOWN AND ANNSHAW

Location and Character of King William's Town -- Establishment of Missions There -- Religious Institutions of the City -- Arrival of Four Missionaries -- Robert Lamplough -- --Sawtell and the Fingo Mission -- Native Candidates for the Ministry -- Touching Hands with Charles Pamla -- Our Working Force at King William's -- Appleyard of Mount Coke -- John Longdon and George Impey -- "All is Well." -- Conveyance to Annshaw -- Scenery En Route -- Bullock Riders of the Kaffirs -- Awaiting the Umfundisi -- Sketch of King Kama -- He Refuses a Great Wife, but Buys a Wagon -- His Great Place -- Character of the Annshaw Huts -- Charles Pamla Becomes My Interpreter -- I Give Him his Instructions -- He Succeeds from the First -- I Rehearse to Him Before Services -- He Renders My Hymn -- Naturalness the Key to Everything -- The Prayer Meeting -- Outbreak of the Revival -- Seventy Souls Converted -- And then a Hundred and Fifteen -- At Harper's House in Alice -- Lamplough's Letter About the Annshaw Work -- Charles Pamla's Story -- The Old Man and his Two Wives -- Contest with Kaffir Beer

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King William's Town, located on the banks of the Buffalo River, in the of a fertile grassy country, was commenced by the establishment of a military post there in 1835. It was subsequently abandoned by the authority of the home government, but reestablished in 1848, and became the capital of British Kaffraria, a large tract of country extending from the old eastern boundary of Cape Colony to the Great Kai River. It was settled by an enterprising class of people, and became a flourishing province. The people prayed earnestly for a colonial government of their own; that being denied them, British Kaffraria was in April, 1866, annexed to Cape Colony.

King William's Town had a population of about six thousand, probably one half of whom were Europeans, principally English. It was a strong military post, and a large force of soldiers were quartered there. There were in the town two weekly papers published, and the Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans had each one church edifice, besides which the Wesleyan London Missionary Society and the Berlin Missionary Society had each a chapel for the Kaffirs.

Rev. John Brownlie, one of the eldest pioneer missionaries of Southern Africa, established a mission there among the Kaffirs under the direction of the London Missionary Society long before the town was laid out.

The first Wesleyan chapel was built at a cost of four hundred pounds, with sittings for one hundred and fifty persons, in 1849. It was then used as a schoolhouse; next to it stood a substantial stone dwelling, which was the Mission House, and next to that, separated by a few rods of ground for garden and shrubbery, on one of the best sites in the town, was the new Wesleyan stone chapel, built at a cost of two thousand pounds, with sittings for five hundred persons.

Rev. J. Fish, the superintendent, was from the Richmond Institution, an energetic, talented young minister, and though but a few years in Africa honorably maintained the responsible position of superintendent of this very important circuit. On Sabbath morning, June 3, we had the chapel crowded with a well-dressed, very intelligent-looking congregation. I preached there from two to three sermons per day with good results.

On Wednesday, June 6, in the midst of our series of services in King William's Town, a Kaffir came running with the message that four missionaries were in the path and would arrive-pointing where the sun would be-a little after noon. In due time we saw in the distance four Englishmen on foot coining into the town, accompanied by a few Kaffirs. Their appearance suggested the sacred historic scene of the Master and his rustic-looking fishermen whom he was teaching to be fishers of men, walking into the city of Capernaum.

These brethren had walked from Annshaw mission station, twenty-five miles distant. We watched them with peculiar interest as they approached. One of them I recognized at once as Rev. John Scott, from Graham's Town, and I was introduced to Revs. Lamplough, Hillier, and Sawtell.

Rev. Robert Lamplough had for nearly six years been, and then was, the Wesleyan missionary to King Kama's tribe of Kaffirs, the residence of the king and head of the mission circuit bearing the name of Rev. William Shaw's missionary wife, "Annshaw." I had heard much of Brother Lamplough's faithful ministrations in Graham's Town, where he had labored before his appointment to the Kaffir work. I had learned also that though he was not much acquainted with the Kaffir language he was preaching successfully through an interpreter.

I was therefore very glad to meet with Brother Lamplough, but could not anticipate the glorious results of our acquaintance with each other. He expressed his deep regret that I had arranged to spend but one night on his station. Having no hope of working successfully through an interpreter, my plan of appointments, extending then more than a month in advance, was confined to the English work, except this one night for Annshaw, which I had given more in deference to Brother Lamplough, of whom I had heard so much, than from any hope of doing much good to his people.

Brother Sawtell was by appointment junior minister on Annshaw Circuit, engaged specially in establishing a new mission among a tribe of about fifteen thousand Fingoes in Amatola

Basin, in the mountains about fifteen miles distant from Annshaw. He was a son-in-law of Rev. W. J. Davis, an industrious young minister, who, I thought, would become very useful.

I heard him preach a very good sermon through a Kaffir interpreter in King William's Town, the only English sermon I had heard for nine months, being all the time so occupied myself. I followed with an exhortation, and was encouraged to hope that I might do some good after all by preaching through an interpreter.

Brother Hillier was junior minister on Fort Peddie Circuit. We'll hear from him again.

Brother Lamplough introduced to me his two native candidates for the ministry, whom he had been training for several years. One was William Shaw, son of Kama; the other was Charles Pamla, who belongs to a family of Amazulu chiefs. These, with two others, were the first South African natives proposed for the ministry among the Wesleyans. The Free Church of Scotland had one educated Kaffir minister, Rev. Tio Soga. William Shaw Kama had given up the prospect of becoming the successor of his father in the chieftainship of his tribe that he might be a missionary to the heathen, and desired to be sent far hence, among those who had not the Gospel.

Charles Pamla had sold his farm and good house that he might devote his undivided time and energies to the one work of saving sinners by leading them to the only Saviour. He was about six feet high, muscular, well-proportioned but lean; quite black, with a fine display of ivory; good craniological development, regular features, very pleasant expression, logical cast of mind, and sonorous, powerful voice. He was the man whom God appointed to open for me an effectual door of utterance to the heathen.

Brothers Lamplough, Hillier, and Sawtell gave us valuable assistance in our prayer meetings in King William's Town; their Kaffir candidates for the ministry and companions in the local ranks looked on, listened, and learned what they afterward turned to good account. I spent much time with these missionaries and our kind host in conversation on the best methods of missionary enterprise.

While here I met Rev. J. W. Appleyard, a mild, sweet-spirited brother, superintendent of our Mount Coke mission station, ten miles distant, and manager of the Wesleyan Kaffir printing establishment at Mount Coke. Brother Appleyard was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference to South Africa in 1839, and became a thorough master of the Kaffir language, and was the author of a grammar of that language of high repute among the missionaries. With the assistance of some fragmentary translations of the Bible by Brothers Davis, Dugmore, and others, Brother Appleyard translated the whole of the Old and New Testament Scriptures into the Kaffir language, which, under his immediate supervision, was published in one neat volume in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In King William's Town I so met Rev. John Longdon, Wesleyan missionary at Butterworth, in Fingoland, who gave me a pressing Macedonian call to help him; not recognizing it then as a call from the Lord, I did not promise to go, but afterward went, nevertheless, by the will of God.

I visited Mr. George Impey, the father of Rev. William Impey, in his last illness. The dear old man had been confined to his room for four years, suffering from paralysis. He had been a resident of the colony for twenty-two years and of King William's Town for seven. He was for some years manager of the British Kaffrarian Bank, and was, as I learned from those who knew him long and well, a consistent, cheerful Christian, and a Wesleyan local preacher of superior ability. He was not able to converse much when I saw him, but was steadfast in faith, and his victory over sin and Satan was complete.

I sang to him the dying sentiments of Bishop McKendree:

"What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?  
Is it death? Is it death?" etc.

All through the singing of the hymn, which has given expression to the triumphant joy of multitudes of dying Christians to whom I have sung it, the face of this dying patriarch was covered with smiles and flowing tears, and for a time he seemed hardly to know whether he was "in the body or out of the body," but his acute bodily sufferings soon reminded him that the mortal struggle was still pending. He then grasped my hand and with tears exclaimed, "O, my brother, my dear brother, it will not be long! All is well.' He lingered a few weeks and sank to peaceful rest.'

On Thursday morning, the 14th of June, Mr. Joseph Walker sent his carriage and pair to take me to Annshaw. We were soon on our way across the Buffalo, a beautiful stream, and up a long range of hills to their summits. There we had a beautiful view of the town we had left, and in every direction a measureless extent of grassy hills and valleys, interspersed with occasional groves of the mimosa and wild aloes and patches of jungle of a great variety of shrubbery and intertwining vines. The most striking feature of the African jungle is the euphorbia tree, standing thickly and high above the rest. Its trunk resembles somewhat the New South Wales cabbage tree, which is a very tall, beautiful variety of the palm. The euphorbia, however, does not usually grow to a height exceeding thirty feet; its limbs and leaves are rather lobes, more like the cactus than anything I can think of, and it is sometimes called the cactus tree.

Having traveled about fifteen miles, we out-spanned at a public house and got our dinner and food for our horses.

Looking to the hills east of the valley in which we were stopping, lo! a novel sight -- four naked Kaffir young men, each mounted on a young bullock, and dashing along like Jehu. They used a kind of bridle, by which they guided them at will. Sweeping across the valley at a great rate, they rode up to the public house. Their animals were fat, and apparently almost as fleet as deer; they came up panting like racers, as they were, and seemed quite impatient to stand. Two of the men dismounted and beckoned to a couple of naked boys to hold their animals, while they, in imitation of their white brethren, went into the barroom. Whether they got anything to drink I know not; as I do not patronize the bar; but, like prompt men of business, they were soon off, and we saw them cantering across the valley again to their native hills. About 2 p.m. we saw the silvery serpentine flow of the Keiskamma, and the mission village of Annshaw on its banks. The natives were assembling from all directions and standing round in groups, waiting the arrival of 'the strange

umfundisi, and as we descended the hills they came running to meet us and bid us welcome, among whom was King Kama.

King Kama was about six feet in height, well-proportioned, and corpulent. He had a large head, a broad face, very benevolent expression, with the usual, not black, but dark copper color of the royal line of Kaffir chiefs. He was altogether a noble-looking old man. The colonial government allowed him a small pension. About twelve thousand of his tribe were settled about him and were under his rule, subordinate to the English government in the colony. It is a sad fact, but may be said to illustrate the uphill work of the missionaries among such people, that Kama was the only paramount chief or king in Southern Africa who was connected with any Christian Church. Rev. William Sargent, who established the Annshaw mission station, and hence knew Kama well, told me he heard him, in a missionary address, tell his experience, in which he said: "When I became a Christian my fellow-chiefs and many of my people laughed at me; said I was a fool, .and that I never would become a ruling chief; that my people would throw me away; that I would become a scabby goat and a vagabond on the earth, without home or friends; but just the reverse of all that' has come to pass. I was then young, and had no people; my older brothers had a great people, but they rejected Christ, and lost their people and 'everything they had, and I remain the only ruling chief of my tribe." Kama ever remained true to the Wesleyan Church.

The paramount chief of the Amatembu tribe, from which nearly all the ruling chiefs get their "great wives" (the mothers of the ruling line of paramount chiefs), sent, by a deputation of his counselors, with all the ceremony due to such an occasion, a young woman to Kama, to become his "great wife." In the olden time a refusal on Kama's part would have furnished an occasion for war. When this party arrived near Kama's "great place" they sat down, according to the ceremony to be observed in approaching a chief, to wait 'his pleasure. Kama refused to see them, but sent them a bullock that they might slay and eat, and then go about their business. They tarried but a night, and left unceremoniously in the morning.

Kama at this time was poor, and Mr. Shaw advised him to buy a wagon, telling him that it would help him very much. When Kama told his people that he was going to buy a wagon they were afraid, and tried to hinder him in every possible way. But Kama would not listen to them, and so he gave Mr. Shaw ten fat oxen that he might buy a wagon for him in Graham's Town. That wagon made Kama rich, so that in time he had three kraals full of cattle.

Chief Kama lived in a good, substantial house of English style, about three hundred yards from the chapel. The mission house was a large one-story cottage, with verandah extending all along the front. The chapel was a wood building, plain but neat, and seated about six hundred persons. These, with a few square native houses, stood out as the prominent buildings of the place; next to these, and more interesting to a stranger, were the humble dwellings of the natives. These were, for the most part, round huts, one class of which, shaped exactly like a haycock, consisted simply of a framework of small poles and twigs, covered all over and down to the ground with long grass, beautifully thatched. A hole about two feet wide and three feet high was left on one side as the door. The fire was built in the center, and the smoke slowly worked its way up through the thatch, making it black inside and out. Europeans would not enjoy a residence in such an establishment, I'm sure. Others were built up of wattle and daub, in a perpendicular wall from four to five feet high and covered with thatch, just like the former. A third class of huts were built just

like the second, except that the round wall, rising from five to seven feet high, was made sometimes of sod, but more frequently of solid blocks of clay, somewhat like the Mexican adobes, plastered over with mortar. These were very comfortable dwellings for the higher classes.

At the time of my arrival at Annshaw there were in the circuit a Wesleyan membership of six hundred, most of whom were Kama's Kaffirs; the rest were Fingoes. Charles Pamla, an Amazulu Fingo, had been laboring, principally among Kama's tribe, as an unpaid evangelist for several years. The official reports of the Annshaw Circuit for 1865 say: "This circuit has prospered spiritually during the year. The officers of the church have been much quickened. Three evangelists have been diligently employed in preaching at the heathen kraals during the greater part of the year. There is reason to believe that, partly through their efforts, one or two conversions have taken place among the heathen, and in other respects their labors have been attended with good."

Brother, Lamplough gave me Charles Pamla to interpret for me. Before the service I took him alone and preached my sermon to him, filling his head and heart full of it. After he had heard me preach in King William's Town I asked him if he could put my sermon into Kaffir.

"No, Mr. Taylor, I think I could not. I understood the most of it, but I can only interpret low English, and you speak high English."

I at once determined to study low English. And now when I was preaching to him alone I told him to stop me at every word he could not fully understand. I was fully committed to make one more effort at the second-hand mode of preaching through a spokesman. Having gone through with the discourse, I gave my man a talk on naturalness.

But," said he, "I must speak loudly sometimes."

I then saw that by naturalness he thought I meant simply the conversational style.

"O, yes," I replied, "as loudly as you like at the right time. The scream of a mother on seeing her child fall into a well is as natural as her lullaby in the nursery. God has given us every variety of vocal power and intonation adapted to express every variety of the soul's emotions, from the softest whispers, like the mellow murmurs of the rippling rill, up to the thundering, crashing voices of the cataract."

I, however, put it into low English, so that he understood me perfectly.

At 4 p.m. of Thursday, June 14, we commenced our first service. Brother Lainplough opened with singing and prayer. I stood in the small pulpit and Charles on the top step by my side. In front we see the crowded audience of natives packed into every square foot of space, including the aisles. The mission station people--men and women--are all clothed in European dress, the headdress of the women consisting of a handkerchief, usually red, turbaned round with some display of taste. The heathens are painted red with ocher, the men wrapped in a blanket, the women wearing a skirt of dressed leather, with headdress, similar to the fashion of the station women.

To our left, in the corner, sat Sister Sawtell, Sister Lamplough, and her children; in the altar below us were the two circuit ministers; on our right, next the wall, were King Kama and the Fingo chief Hlambisa, from Amatola Basin, fifteen miles distant, who ruled a tribe of fifteen thousand Fingoes in the Amatola Mountains. He was Brother Pamla's uncle, but a hardened old heathen with about a dozen wives. We announced as the text the last words of Jesus: " Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The sermon was entirely to believers. I believe Charles gave every idea and shade of thought as naturally and as definitely as if they had originated in his own brain. Indeed, black as he was, he seemed a transparent medium through which my Gospel thoughts, rendered luminous and mighty by the Holy Spirit's unction, shone brightly through the soul windows -- the eyes and ears of my sable hearers -- down into the depths of their hearts.

All through the discourse of one hour and a quarter there was a profound silence throughout the assembly, rendered awful in solemnity by the deep consciousness that everyone seemed to feel of the presence of a power which, like a slumbering earthquake, would soon break forth in manifest grandeur.

After a season of silent prayer at the close of the discourse, silent for a time but slightly interrupted by the uncontrollable emotions of the people, we dismissed the assembly to give a little time for refreshment and reflection before the evening service.

After a hasty tea I went alone with Charles and gave him in detail the sermon for the evening, and we again stood before the people at 8 p.m., and preached to sinners from the text,, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

We had about the same congregation, in the same order as in the afternoon. During the preaching of over an hour the beaming faces of believers, the distorted features of sinners, the tearful eyes of both, all in solemn silence before the Lord, and the voices of his prophets, presented altogether a scene which neither painter nor poet can describe, and yet to be felt and witnessed was to receive an impression never to be effaced while memory endures.

At the close of the discourse I said, " Charles, I will sing a hymn suitable to the subject, but I only know it by memory to the time of the tune and can't line it for you, but I will sing a line at a time and you will put it into Kaffir." I then sang line by line, leaving time for the translation into another language:

"Sinners, hastening down to ruin,  
Why will ye die ?  
Jesus is your soul pursuing;  
Why will ye die?" etc.



Charles not only put every line into Kaffir, but after the first verse he gave them the tune as well, though he had never heard it before. When spoken to about it the next day he said that he was not aware of the fact that he had sung it, as he only meant to give the words.

The ministers present seemed to think it the result of an extraordinary inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which was true in a very glorious sense, but I believe the Spirit's work on the whole occasion was perfectly adjusted to the human conditions employed, and did not miraculously rise above or suspend any physical law. The fact was, I had a very apt scholar for my interpreter.

He had so thoroughly digested my lectures on "naturalness" that, though he had a voice for variety, pathos, and volume so grandly superior that he could not be an ape, yet in his own natural voice he gave every intonation of mine, running through at least two octaves during the discourse; so when he commenced to render the lines which I was singing he seemed at first a little confused, for he had lost the keynote of my intonations, but soon his voice mounted up into the regions of song, and echoed perfectly as a keyed instrument my singing tones, just as he had before echoed my speaking tones.

Through all the preaching service, addressed mainly to the intellect, conscience, and will, there was the keen piercing of the Spirit's sword, and deep awakening, but profound silence.

Before the prayer meeting commenced I explained the simple plan of salvation by faith to the seekers collectively just as I would to each one personally. Then we invited all who had intelligently and determinedly decided to surrender themselves to God and accept Christ as their Saviour to come forward to the front forms. They came at once as fast as they could press their way. Beginning at the front forms, they filled form after form with seekers, till at least two hundred penitents were down on their knees. There was no loud screaming of anyone above the rest, but their pent-up emotions now found vent in audible prayers, sighs, groans, and floods of tears.

When the prayer meeting had thus progressed for about fifteen minutes, Brother L. said, "Had we not better dismiss them and let them go off alone and seek by the river? The old missionaries have told me that it will not do to let them give way to their feelings, lest they run into wild extravagance. They will go off to the river and pray all night."

"Why, my dear brother," I replied, "this is not a rush of blind emotional excitement. The most of these people have been under your teaching for years, and we have just explained the way of salvation to them, so that under the enlightening power of the Spirit every child here of ten years can understand it. They are now intelligently coming to Jesus. The Holy Spirit is leading them. Why interrupt them at this most important juncture and send them off to the river to battle with Satan alone, and take a bad cold as well? They are emotional beings, to be sure, and have not the same control of their feelings as the mass of Europeans; but all the noise of this occasion is in beautiful harmony with all the facts in their case. This is unquestionably the work of God. We will just keep our hands off the ark of God, and let the Holy Ghost attend to his own, business in his own way.

Upon reflection Brother Lamplough heartily concurred and entered most earnestly into the work. It was not long till they began to enter into the liberty of the children of God. As fast as they

found peace the new converts were separated from the seekers and seated apart on the other side of the chapel. They were then quiet as the Gadarene "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." All were personally examined as to their experience, and the names of those who gave a satisfactory testimony to their having obtained peace with God, through an acceptance of Jesus Christ, were written down, that the pastor might the more readily find them and get them at once into the visible fold of the church. At the close of the prayer meeting it was found that seventy souls had professed to find remission of their sins that night. To me it was the harmony of heaven. I felt an indescribable joy, not simply on account of the great work of God in the salvation of the Kaffirs, which was an occasion of joy to the angels of God, but especially because the spell that bound me within the lines of my native language was broken. I could now preach effectively through an interpreter, and the heathen world seemed suddenly opened to my personal enterprise as an ambassador for Christ.

Friday, the 10th of June, at 10 a.m., we preached again to about the same crowd we had the preceding day, and continued the prayer meeting service till 2 p.m. During the three services one hundred and fifteen persons professed to obtain pardon of their sins.

After a hasty dinner Mr. Harper took me and Sister Sawtell into his cart and drove us over the hills thirteen miles to his house in Alice, also called Lovedale. One of the industrial schools, established under the patronage of Governor Grey, was located in that lovely dale. It was under the direction of the Scotch Presbyterian missions, and was being carried on, I was informed, with a good degree of success. Getting in late, and leaving next morning, I could not do myself the pleasure of visiting the institution. The Wesleyans had a comfortable chapel there, small, but large enough for the demands of the village. It belonged to the Fort Beaufort Circuit, but the little society had dwindled down, I was informed, to such a dwarfish, sickly state that they could not keep up a class or prayer meeting. I preached there that night to a full chapel. Most of them were very serious and attentive, but one man, well-dressed and apparently influential, kept up a sort of incredulous scoffing, grinning all the time. In extraordinary contrast with the results of the preceding night not one seeker responded to the call so far as to say, "What must I do to be saved?" Many, I believe, however, were awakened, who followed us to Fort Beaufort, thirteen miles distant, and afterward, there and at Heald Town, embraced Christ. A good work in Alice followed, and a healthy young society was organized there.

At Fort Beaufort, twenty-five miles from Annshaw, I received a letter from Brother Lamplough, dated June 19, which indicates the progress of the work in Kama's tribe.

"My Dear Brother: Never was such a work seen among the natives of Kama's tribe before, and I question whether there has ever been such a work for power and rapidity in this country before. To have about three hundred souls brought to God in less than five days is indeed a glorious thing, especially when we consider that no more than a thousand people have been brought within the sphere of the influence."

Charles Pamla gave me the following incident:

An old heathen who lived eight miles from the station was waked up by songs in the night, sung by some of his converted grandchildren returning from the meeting where they had found

Jesus. The old man, hearing the wonderful story these young witnesses had to tell, took up his sticks and hobbled off straightway to Annshaw, arriving about the break of day. Hearing the voice of praise in the chapel at the morning prayer meeting, he went in and heard the prayers and prophesyings of God's people. "The secrets of his heart were made manifest, and, falling down on his face, he worshipped God," and was enabled that morning "to report that God was in them of a truth," from a blessed experience of salvation in his own heart. When he reported himself among the young converts of that meeting he asked the minister what he should do about his two wives.

"You will have to give one of them up.

"Well," replied the old man, "one is a young woman, and I love her; the other is an old woman, the wife of my youth. She is old, and can't work much, but she is my true wife, and she has always been kind to me, and I will keep her and give up my young wife. But I am not angry with her, and I don't know how to tell her to go away. I will bring them both here tomorrow and let you explain it to them."

"Very well," replied the missionary, " that will do."

So the next day the old man was seen in the distance, hobbling along on his two sticks, close after him his old woman, and next, in single file, his young woman and her three children. It was a painfully interesting and yet pleasing sight.

The old man brought his two wives into the chapel and marched straight to the missionary. Brother Lamplough went into an explanation of the whole matter to the astonished women, who, it appears, did not know what was to be done. When the minister's decision was announced the old woman cried out, "I am glad of that. I always loved my dear old man, and did not want him to give half of his heart away to another woman. O, I am so glad to get him back to me, and now he is all my own!"

The younger woman stood weeping, and all naturally thought that to be "thrown away," as the Kaffirs would term it, in that style, was an occasion of great grief, which would lead to an unpleasant scene; but when her turn came to speak she said, " I thank God for this. I am not angry with the old man, but I have been living in sin, and now I want to find Jesus Christ too;" and, as she wept and commenced tearing off and throwing away her heathen charms and trinkets, she said, "What is to be done with my children? May I take them with me? I will go home to my people and serve Jesus Christ, but I want to take my children with me; I want to take my children with me, I want my children. The old man, under Kaffir law, could have held the children, but he promptly said, "Yes, take the children, and teach them to love Jesus Christ."

"Our last stroke is being leveled against Kaffir beer," said Brother Lamplough. I do not know a single leader or local preacher who touches beer now in this circuit. This is a grand thing, and the result of five years' hard fighting."

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END PART A

(FOR REMANDER, SEE HDM0896 = PART B)