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REMINISCENCES

By Henry Boehm

A Digital Publication Created From:
The Patriarch Of One Hundred Years, Being
REMINISCENCES,
Historical And Biographical,
OF HENRY BOEHM

By J. B. Wakeley,

With several additional chapters, containing an account of the exercises on his one hundredth
birthday; his sermon before the Newark Conference and the addresses then delivered; his
Centennial Sermons in Trinity Church, Jersey City, and in John Street Church, New York, and
the addresses made on those occasions, phonographically reported.

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WHY HENRY BOEHM IS SHOWN AS THE AUTHOR

J. B. Wakeley, who died before this edition of "Reminiscences" was published,
contributed much in helping Henry Boehm edit and compile the book from Boehm's Journal.
However, to the greatest extent Henry Boehm, and not J. B. Wakeley, is the real author of this
work, and essentially, it is an autobiography created by Boehm with Wakeley's assistance. Thus, I
have decided to attribute the authorship of this digital edition of the book to Henry Boehm, and I
have shortened the title to simply, "Reminiscences".

* * * * *

DEDICATION

To
Thomas A. Morris,
And His Colleagues,
The Bishops Of The
Methodist Episcopal Church,
The Worthy Successors Of
The Apostolic Asbury,
Is This Volume Most
Affectionately Inscribed
By Henry Boehm.

* * * * *

PREFACE

For many years, and by many persons, including bishops, editors, and others, I have been importuned to publish the substance of my records and recollections of the Methodism of my day. It was judged that my great age, my intimate relations with Bishop Asbury, and my acquaintance with other pioneers and fathers of the Church, would enable me thus to preserve much desirable information which would otherwise soon be forgotten.

In 1847 the New Jersey Conference took action on the subject, and appointed a committee to confer with me in respect to my journals and other papers, and aid in preparing them for publication. The committee was a very competent one, but the members were too widely separated for any effectual result. I had concluded to abandon the design, and this volume would probably never have seen the light had not Rev. J. B. Wakeley come to my help.

For the materials of the work I had a manuscript journal of two thousand pages. This we went over together, reviewing all my fields of labor, and drawing additional particulars from the storehouse of memory, Brother Wakeley performing the work of transcribing, arranging, and revising. Thus the journal furnished the warp and recollection the filling of what is before the reader in the shape of a book. In this way we were employed, at different times, during a period of twelve years, so that if the work has been poorly done it has not been through undue haste or the sparing of labor or pains.

Ten years have passed since the volume was originally published. A few months ago Brother Wakeley prepared some additional chapters, bringing the record of my life down to the Annual Meeting of the Newark Conference in April last; but he was called home to heaven before the new edition was ready for the press. The last two chapters, containing an account of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of my birthday, and the subsequent service in old John Street church, have been prepared by other hands, under the direction of the publishers. As I

recall the circumstance, that the Centenary of American Methodism was celebrated soon after the first edition of this book appeared, I may say the volume is a connecting link between the present important position of our Church and its humble origin in this country; for I have heard the Gospel preached by Robert Strawbridge, who laid the foundation of Methodism in Maryland over one hundred years ago. These annals of primitive Methodism show how the early fathers of the Church toiled and "endured hardness as good soldiers," and I trust that some of my readers will imbibe their spirit of labor and self sacrifice for the cause of Christ.

July, 1875

H. B.

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01 -- MY ANCESTORS AND MY EARLY DAYS

My forefathers were from Switzerland. There is romance in their history as well as in the land of their birth. Jacob Boehm, my great-great-grandfather, was a Presbyterian. His son Jacob learned a trade. It was a custom in Switzerland for all who completed their apprenticeship to travel three years through the country as itinerant journeymen. The design was to make them finished workmen; and no man could enter into business for himself, no matter how well qualified, until he pursued this course.

In his wanderings Jacob fell in with a people called Pietists. In many respects they resembled the Puritans. He was converted among them. The change was so great when he returned home, his language so strange, that his friends could not understand him. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." His singular experience, his exposure of formal religion, his boldness in reproofing sin, raised a storm of persecution. The minister withstood him, and denounced him as a heretic. His answers were so pertinent that his father gave him a severe reprimand, inquiring, "Boy, do you answer a minister in that way?" The Church exercised civil as well as ecclesiastical authority, and young Boehm was convicted of heresy, and sentenced to prison. An elder brother was appointed to conduct him to the prison-house. He did not watch his brother very closely, and as they were near the line that separated Switzerland from France the prisoner crossed over, and was forever free from his domestic and priestly persecutors.

He journeyed along the banks of the Rhine till he entered the Dukedom of Pfaltz. This was the Palatinate bordering on Belgium. From this region were the ancestors of Philip Embury. There young Jacob became acquainted with a people called Mennonites. They took their name from Menno Simon, who was contemporary with Luther. They were a simple-hearted people, and he united with them, and became a lay elder. He had several children, of whom Jacob, the third, was

my grandfather. He was born in 1693, and emigrated to this country in 1715. Many of the Mennonites emigrated from Switzerland and Germany.

My grandfather was induced to come to America from the glowing description given of this country by Martin Kendig, one of the seven families who had settled in what is now Lancaster County, Pa. He landed in Philadelphia, from thence went to Germantown, then to Lancaster, and finally settled in Pequea, Conestoga Township. Soon afterward he married a Miss Kendig. My grandfather was a lay elder in the Mennonite Society.

Soon after his arrival he bought a farm and built him a house. He was also a blacksmith, the first in all that region. His wife was very industrious, and when necessary, she would leave her work and blow and strike for him. I recollect him well. When I was five years old he walked over the fields showing me various things, and trying to entertain me. Not knowing anything about the infirmities of age, I wondered why he did not walk faster. He died in 1780, aged eighty-seven. My grandmother was an excellent woman, particularly fond of me because I was the youngest grandchild. They had a number of sons and daughters. My father, Martin Boehm, was the youngest. He was born November 30, 1725, and married in 1753 to Eve Steiner, who was born on Christmas day, 1734. Her ancestors were from Switzerland, and settled near my grandfather's.

My father inherited my grandfather's beautiful farm, and in 1750 built him a house, in which his children were all born, and where many have been born again. He was a short, stout man, with a vigorous constitution, an intellectual countenance, and a fine flowing beard, which gave him a patriarchal appearance. He had strong common sense, and well understood the science of family government. The order and discipline of the family attracted the attention of the apostolic Asbury, and he made mention of it in preaching my father's funeral sermon.

Martin Boehm was first a Mennonite preacher, for he embraced the religion of his fathers. He was made so by lot in 1756, for such was the custom of this singular people. For some time he preached without a knowledge of sins forgiven; but in 1761 he found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, and then he became a flame of fire, and preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. His success was wonderful, and the seals to his ministry were numerous. Then the Mennonites expelled him for being too evangelical. He then joined the United Brethren, and afterward became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

My mother was a noble woman, and to my parents I am, under God, indebted for what I am on earth, and all I hope to be in heaven.

* * *

MY EARLY DAYS

I was born in the old homestead, in the township of Conestoga, [1] Lancaster County, Pa., on the 8th of June, 1775. This was immediately after the battle of Lexington, and one year before the Declaration of Independence. Thus I saw the birth of our nation, and have lived under the first President, George Washington, and sixteen of his successors, to Andrew Johnson. I was born nine years before the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, and have known all its bishops, from

Thomas Coke, the first, to Calvin Kingsley, the last elected. My memory goes back over eighty years. I recollect when they traveled out West to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, on "pack horses." The roads, if we may call them roads, for they were mere paths through the wilderness, were so rough that they could not be traveled any other way.

Like my father, I was the youngest child. There were seven older than myself, and four of them had grown up to manhood before I was born. I had a common school education. The old school-house and my schoolmaster, Henry Rosman, I well remember. He went from house to house, and it was a great occasion when he came to my father's to board. He was quite a character, a perfect original. He came from Hesse Cassel, and was one of the Hessian soldiers taken prisoner at Trenton, N. J., when Washington and his noble band crossed the frozen Delaware and surprised Colonel Ralle and his troops and took them prisoners, while their commander was slain. Many of the Hessians had come to this country contrary to their own will to fight against America, and they preferred remaining here to returning to Europe. A number of them were sent to Lancaster County, and among the rest my old schoolmaster. He possessed many rare qualifications for an instructor. He was a thorough German scholar, and had mastered the English language. His school was kept in perfect order; every scholar knew his place, and was obliged to keep it. The teacher prayed in school, and taught the children short prayers. Like Ichabod Crane, he sung psalms and hymns, and we learned to sing them. Some of the German hymns which he taught me to sing over eighty years ago I still remember well. To him I am indebted for my accurate knowledge of the German language, which I learned before the English. Germans have often admired my correct pronunciation of their vernacular. They said it was pure, and not mixed with other dialects, like the Pennsylvania German. In after years it was a great benefit to me when I preached in German. I was one of the first among the Methodists that preached in that language. This I have done in fourteen different states. Some things which I wrote in German over sixty years ago I have preserved, and am surprised to find them so correct. I was a great favorite with Mr. Rosman, and he took delight in giving me instruction.

The little old school-house still remains, but where are the scholars and the teachers? When, after an absence of many years, I paid a visit to my native town in 1856, I inquired for my old school-fellows, hoping to find one with whom I could converse about by-gone days. I inquired in vain. They were all gone, and I found myself alone and lonely. Dilworth's spelling-book, from which I learned English, and the knife and fork I used when a very little boy, I have preserved as relics of my childhood.

Once in my early days I went to the theater in Philadelphia. I had heard much of the theater, and I wanted to see what it was. I got along very well until mimic thunder and lightning was brought in to illustrate the play. When I saw and heard this I was shocked. It seemed to me so irreverent and presumptuous that I thought the Almighty in his displeasure would send real thunder and lightning to terrify those imitators. I expected to hear the deep-toned thunder, and to see the vivid lightning flash over my guilty head. I prayed, and promised God, if he would only spare me to get out of the house and return safely home, I would never enter such a place again. That was my first and last visit to the theater.

* * *

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES

My early advantages for religious instruction were great. I was "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Morning and evening the old family Bible was read, and prayer was offered. My father's voice still echoes in my ears. My mother, too, had much to do in molding my character and shaping my destiny. One evening as I returned home I heard a familiar voice engaged in prayer. I listened: it was my mother. Among other things, she prayed for her children, and mentioned Henry, her youngest son. The mention of my name broke my heart, and melted me into contrition. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I felt the importance of complying with the command of God: "My son, give me thine heart."

There lived in my father's family a wicked man who had a peculiar hatred against the Methodists, and he prejudiced me against them by his misrepresentations. This had a soul-withering influence on me. I lost my tender feelings, and neglected the means of grace. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Sinners enticed me to sin and I consented.

In the year 1790, when I was about fifteen, I went to learn the milling business, and worked in a grist mill. There I had no religious counsel or example. What a critical period it is when a young man leaves home! I went into bad company, supposing my father would not hear of it; but I was mistaken. He did hear of my conduct, and came to see me. When I saw him I suspected his errand. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. The plain, solemn, and affecting reproof he gave me at that time had a wonderful effect upon me. His quivering lip, tearful eye, and tremulous voice showed how deeply he felt for me. Shame crimsoned my cheeks. His counsel was not lost, but it terminated in deep conviction for sin. My soul was burdened, and, almost in despair, I prayed,

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

When my father left I went into the upper loft of the mill, and on my knees, in an agony of deep distress, I cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." I had a view of the atonement of the Son of God. By faith I realized my interest in it, and in a moment I felt my heart strangely warmed. My conscience was assured of its part in the atoning blood, and God sent forth the spirit of his Son into my heart crying, "Abba, Father." This was in February, 1793.

I lived near the Lord, and enjoyed a great deal of comfort for some time; but I fell into a sad error. As I was converted alone away from the Church the enemy suggested that I could get along without uniting with God's people. I yielded, and this error was like to have ruined me. I enlarge here because many have yielded to a similar temptation and been lost to the Church and lost to heaven. The lambs of the flock cannot too soon enter the fold. In apostolic times converts did not first try the experiment whether they could get along without uniting with the Church. On the day of Pentecost the three thousand who were "pricked in their hearts" under the preaching of Peter were baptized and united with the Church that day. So with the jailer; he was converted, baptized, and united with the Church that very night in Philippi, when Paul and Silas prayed, and sang

praises to God. This was the course pursued in the days of the apostles. I would advise young persons not to imitate my example. Never try to see if you can get along without the Church. The Church can get along without you, but you cannot get along without the Church. Place yourself under her care as soon as possible. Confess Christ before men, and he will confess you before his Father and the holy angels.

The consequence of my error was that I lost my spiritual enjoyment. My course was zig-zag. I ran forward, then stood still, then went backward. I was not a member of the Church, therefore was not under her watch-care, and I had no opportunity to improve the talents God had given me. I told no one I was converted. Instead of letting my light shine before men I resolved to hide it. Sad mistake! Thus I continued five long years. These were lost years: lost to myself, lost to the Church, and lost to the world. There is nothing in my early history I regret so much as the loss of these five years; a loss that tears and prayers cannot recall, for time once lost is gone forever.

* * * * *

02 -- SKETCHES OF EARLY PREACHERS

The Methodist fathers were self-sacrificing men, who possessed great virtues, and performed heroic deeds. Many of them are now unknown except by their names. Those who knew them personally are nearly all numbered among the dead. I knew most of them, and will give a sketch of a few of those who found their way into the rural districts of Lancaster County, Pa.

ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, the apostle of Methodism in Maryland, is a name prominent in the early annals of American Methodism. We are indebted to Ireland for Robert Strawbridge as well as for Philip Embury. I heard Strawbridge preach at my father's house in 1781, and am the only man now living that has a personal recollection of him. Though I was then quite small, his image is still before me. He was a stout, heavy man, and looked as if he was built for service. My father was much pleased with him and his preaching. He was agreeable company, full of interesting anecdotes. Many times I have been to the old log meeting-house he erected in Maryland, concerning which so much has been said and written, and around which so many interests cluster. He died in August of the same year I heard him, and his spiritual son, Richard Owings, [2] preached his funeral sermon from Rev. 14:13. No monument marks the place where his dust is sleeping. I hope this will not be said after the celebration of the first centenary of American Methodism, for his name will be prominently connected with it.

Another of these pioneers was BENJAMIN ABBOTT, who early visited my father's house. He was indeed a son of thunder, and preached with exceeding power. This was the only ministerial tour he made through Pennsylvania, and he went like a flame of fire. My father had a very exalted opinion of Mr. Abbott, and felt it an honor to entertain him as his guest and listen to his powerful sermons.

Mr. Abbott wrote his life, and in it he describes his visit to my father's, his preaching, and the wonderful results that followed. I prefer he should give it in his own peculiar style.

"At Boehm's we found a large congregation. When I came to my application the power of the Lord came in such a manner that the people fell all about the house, and their cries might be heard afar off. This alarmed the wicked, who sprang for the doors in such haste that they fell over one another in heaps. The cry of mourners was so great that I thought to give out a hymn to drown the noise, and desired one of our English friends to raise it; but as soon as he began to sing the power of the Lord struck him, and he pitched under the table, and there lay like a dead man. I gave it out again, and asked another to raise it. As soon as he attempted he fell also. I then made the third attempt, and the power of God came upon me in such a manner that I cried out and was amazed. I then saw that I was fighting against God, and did not attempt to sing again.

"Mr. Boehm, the owner of the house, and a preacher among the Germans, cried out, 'I never saw God in this way before.' I replied, 'This is a Pentecost, father.' 'Yes, be sure,' said he, clapping his hands, 'a Pentecost, be sure.' Prayer was all through the house, upstairs and down. I desired Mr. Boehm to go to prayer. He did so, and five or six of us did the same.

"A watch-night having been appointed for that evening, and seeing no prospect of this meeting being over, although it had begun at eleven o'clock, I told Mr. Boehm we had best quietly withdraw from the meeting-house. When we had got out of the door a young man came out and laid hold upon the fence to support himself from falling, and there cried aloud for God to have mercy upon him. 'To be sure,' said Mr. Boehm, 'I never saw God in this way before.' We exhorted him to look to God, and not to give up the struggle, and God would bless him before he left the place.

"I took the old gentleman by the arm, and we went quietly to the house to get some dinner. About five o'clock a messenger came from the preaching-house requesting that I would go there immediately, for there was a person dying. We went without delay. I went upstairs, and there lay several about the floor in like manner. I then went to see the person said to be dying. She lay gasping. I kneeled down to pray, but it was instantly given me that God had converted her soul, and therefore, instead of praying for her deliverance, I gave God thanks that he had delivered her, and immediately she arose and praised God for what he had done for her soul. A young German came to me and clasped me in his arms, but could not speak English that I could understand.

"I then retired to the house and consulted with Mr. Boehm who should preach in the evening, for I thought it would be best for one of the German preachers to speak first, there being several of them present. The rumor having run through the neighborhood of the power of God through the day, we had a very large congregation in the evening, to whom one of the German preachers preached. It appeared to me he spoke with life. Then Mr. Boehm gave an exhortation in the German language, and after him a young man gave a warm exhortation in the same tongue. Then I arose and hardly knew how to speak, there had been so much said, and it was now growing late. However I spoke, and the Lord laid to his helping hand as he had done in the day time. Divers fled, and made their way out of the house, and then it appeared as if there were none left but what were earnestly engaged in prayer; some praising God, and others crying for mercy. I told Mr. Boehm that I should not be fit for the duties of the ensuing day if I did not retire, so we went to the house about twelve o'clock and took some refreshment and went to bed. In the morning I found the people were still engaged, and had been all night. I went to the house about sun an hour high, where I found about one dozen still engaged in prayer. I told them we ought to begin to prepare for the other meeting, so they broke up.

"We set out with about forty friends to the next appointment. The people being gathered, after singing and prayer I began to preach, and God laid to his helping hand. Many cried aloud for mercy. One young man being powerfully wrought upon retired upstairs, and then thumped about on the floor, so that Mr. Boehm was afraid that he would be injured in body. 'To be sure,' said he, 'I never saw God work in this way before.' I told him there was no danger, he was in the hands of a merciful God. In a few minutes after, in attempting to come downstairs, he fell from the top to the bottom, and hallooed aloud, 'The devil is in the chamber! the devil is in the chamber!' which greatly alarmed all the people. This brought a great damp over my spirits, for I thought if I had raised the devil I might as well go home again. However, after a little space, I bid some of the good people go upstairs and see if the devil was there. Several went up to see what the matter was, and there they found a man roiling, groaning, and crying to God for mercy. They returned and told us how the matter stood. When I dismissed the people many wept around me; some said they had found peace, some were truly awakened, and others deeply convicted." [3]

Such is Mr. Abbott's description of the scenes that occurred in the old house where my grandfather used to live: I heard him, and beheld the strange scenes he relates. It was more like Pentecost than anything else I ever saw. The influence of that meeting was tremendous, and for years it made a great deal of talk in my father's neighborhood.

RICHARD WEBSTER was the second Methodist preacher raised up in America. He joined at the second Conference, 1774, with Philip Gatch, when there were only twenty Methodist preachers in America and two thousand members. He was appointed to Baltimore Circuit with the excellent George Shadford and Edward Dromgoole. He used to preach in my father's barn long before the Chapel was built, and I listened to him with great delight. He was a fine specimen of the early Methodist ministers. He was a perfect Christian gentleman, a son of consolation; the Gospel flowed sweetly from his lips. Mr. Webster was the first Methodist minister that Freeborn Garrettson heard, and he greatly admired him. I heard him preach in after years, as the shadows of the evening were gathering around him.

SYLVESTER HUTCHINSON was a thundering preacher, who alarmed the careless ones. In 1790 he preached at my father's, and a glorious revival followed.

RICHARD WHATCOAT was the Elder in 1790, [4] and I heard him preach. He was then stationed in Philadelphia, and the only Methodist preacher in that city. His text was, "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains," etc. I well remember the preacher and his illustrations, and the mighty effect produced by the sermon, although it is now over seventy years ago.

WILLIAM THOMAS was a good minister of Jesus; I heard him on the witness of the spirit. Our fathers were great in preaching experimental Christianity, especially the knowledge of sins forgiven.

JOHN JARRELL I heard in 1793. He was lively and energetic. His discourse was against Winchester's doctrine of Universal Restoration. "See the wicked," said he, "coming up from the furnace of fire. What will they sing in heaven? 'Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from

our sins in his own blood be glory for ever?' No. They cannot sing any such song; but 'Unto hell fire that hath purified us and made us meet for heaven, be glory for evermore.' This is the only song they can sing. Will any such song be heard in heaven?" Thus he used irony in exposing and refuting error. Mr. Jarrell was a fine-looking man, with a splendid voice, which he knew how to use to purpose. He was very popular and successful. He entered the traveling connection in 1786, and, after having traveled ten years, died in Wilmington, Delaware.

VALENTINE COOK was over six feet high, with dark complexion, long arms, very black hair, coarse and bushy, and dark piercing eyes. He had a fine cultivated intellect and a powerful voice. He was an extraordinary preacher, and I listened to him with great delight. In after years I heard of his fame when traveling with Bishop Asbury in the West.

JOSEPH EVERETT was a soldier of the Revolution, and a standard-bearer in the ranks of Methodism. He preached in Boehm's neighborhood in 1793. He abhorred slavery, and preached against it with all his might, denouncing it in no measured terms. Sometimes he would refuse to eat with slaveholders till they had freed their slaves. I spent weeks with him at Dr. White's in Cambridge after he had retired from the regular work, and could only ask, "How goes the battle?" Mr. Everett was six feet high, well proportioned, of a commanding appearance, very agreeable in conversation, and full of anecdotes and reminiscences of omen times.

SIMON MILLER was a native of Lancaster County. He possessed much of this world's goods, but he was ready to make any sacrifice to preach the Gospel. He was a man of deep piety and remarkable gifts. He was the spiritual father of Jacob Gruber. I recollect with gratitude the efforts he made for my salvation, how earnestly he labored, what sympathy he manifested. He was a German, and preached in his vernacular. He received him into society in 1792, when he was but a school-boy. His ministerial career was brief but brilliant; his end triumphant. He joined the traveling connection in 1791, and died, deeply lamented, in 1795. He left no children. Thomas Ware married his widow.

WILLIAM JESSOP was a tall man, with a prominent nose and a very grave countenance. I knew him intimately, and heard him preach often. He joined the traveling connection in 1784, the year in which the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. Mr. Jessop occupied prominent appointments. In 1790 he was stationed in New York, and the next year volunteered to go to Nova Scotia. He died of consumption in the latter part of 1795, and was buried in the graveyard connected with Boehm's Chapel. His last sermon was on the sufferings of Christ, and was one of the most melting I ever heard. He was reduced almost to a skeleton; his face was pale, his eye sunken and glassy, his voice sepulchral, his countenance grave, and his manner solemn as eternity. The preacher and his auditors felt that his days were numbered. A few days after he died in triumph, exclaiming, "My work is done! Glory, glory!" He expired at Strasburg, at the house of John Miller, who was a brother of Simon the preacher. This family were great friends of the preachers. They nursed them when sick, and when dying they smoothed their pillow. John and Simon Miller helped to give character and stability to Methodism in that region. Mr. Jessop, knowing he could not survive long, sent to Bishop Asbury requesting him to preach his funeral sermon. The bishop complied, and preached it at Boehm's Chapel. He says in his journal: "I had my difficulties in speaking of a man so well known and so much beloved. He was always solemn, and few such holy, steady men have we found among us."

MICHAEL H. R. WILSON visited Lancaster County, and fell at his post while the dew of his youth was upon him. He was from Maryland, and only twenty-eight years old when he died, on April 24, 1798. He finished his course with joy at John Miller's, in Strasburg, in the same room where William Jessop had expired three years before, and they were both interred in the same ground.

But time would fail to tell of Caleb Boyer, John Bloodgood, John McClaskey, Joseph Cromwell, John Haggerty, and others, from whom I heard the Gospel, and to whom I am indebted for my Methodism. These were the pioneers in the great work of introducing Methodism into Lancaster County.

Bishop Asbury early visited my father's house. In July, 1799, he came there with Jesse Lee, who was then his traveling companion. They both preached at Boehm's Chapel; the bishop from Heb. 6:12, Mr. Lee from Isa. 30:31. The latter wandered among the tombs, and stood by the grave of William Jessop, whom he greatly loved, and wept there, and then rejoiced for his triumphant death and the consoling thought that "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Reluctantly turning away from the grave with his eyes moist with tears, he offered the prayer that has been repeated a thousand times: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Mr. Lee gives a description of my father, of his conversion, his personal appearance, his long white beard, his call to the ministry, and his praying in German in the family after Bishop Asbury had prayed in English. [5]

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03 -- BOEHM'S CHAPEL

Great interests cluster around the early Methodist chapels. Boehm's Chapel is distinguished for its antiquity. It was the first Methodist house of worship built in Lancaster County, now studded with Methodist temples. The plan of the edifice was furnished in 1790 by Richard Whatcoat, afterward bishop. He was elder at the time, and came there to administer the ordinances. Years before the erection of this building, as early as 1775, the year I was born, a class was formed at my father's house. My mother was one of the first who joined, and therefore belonged to the first race of Methodists in America. Until the chapel was built my grandfather's house was used as the preaching place, except on great occasions, when it was too small; then they used the barn.

Boehm's Chapel was erected in 1791, the year in which Shadrach Bostwick, Joshua Taylor, and other strong men of our Israel were received on trial. The house was built on a hill, from which there is a fine view of the neighborhood country, and was surrounded by trees, which still remain, adding to the beauty of the scene. The house was built of limestone; was forty feet deep and thirty-two wide, and had galleries. It was called "Boehm's Chapel," because it was built upon Boehm's land in Boehm's neighborhood, and because the different families of Boehms did much toward its erection, and were regular attendants there. In the same way "Barratt's Chapel," "Gatch's Chapel," "Watters' Chapel," and others, obtained their names. My brother Jacob gave the land for the house and the burying-ground. In this ground my honored parents were buried.

There were wonderful gatherings at Boehm's Chapel. The bishops and the great men of Methodism found their way there, and preached the word. At quarterly meetings the people came from Philadelphia and the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the Western Shore from Watters' neighborhood. Boehm's Chapel was a great center of influence. It is difficult now to estimate the position it once occupied in Methodism. My father was "given to hospitality," and at great meetings fifty and even one hundred have been entertained at his house. Several itinerant ministers were raised up and went out from the neighborhood of Boehm's Chapel to preach the Gospel. Ten I now think of, and there may be others: Joseph Jewell, who was Nathan Bangs' first presiding elder in Canada; Simon Miller, Richard Sneath, William and James Hunter, James and William Mitchell, Thomas and Robert Burch, and Henry Boehm. David Best and James Aiken were from the circuit. It is singular they were all from Ireland except Jewell, Miller, and myself.

Great quarterly meetings were held in this house. I will notice one held in 1798. Thomas Ware was the presiding elder, William Colbert and William P. Chandler the circuit preachers. The meeting began on Saturday, and while the presiding elder was praying the Holy Ghost filled the house where they had assembled. The work of revival commenced, and such were the cries of distress, the prayers for mercy heard all over the house, in the gallery as well as the lower part, that it was impossible for Mr. Ware to preach. He came down from the pulpit, and the brethren went to the penitent ones, as they found them in different parts of the house, and pointed them to Jesus, and prayed with them. They were assembled in different groups praying for the brokenhearted, and one after another found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. It was impossible to close the meeting, so it continued all day and most of the night. Sunday morning came, and they attempted to hold a regular love-feast, but all in vain. The cries of mourners, the prayers for mercy, and shout after shout as one after another passed from death unto life, made it impossible to proceed. On Saturday, when I beheld my niece Nancy Keaggy kneeling near me in an agony of prayer asking for mercy, the comparatively innocent child so intent on forgiveness, my heart was melted, my eyes were filled with tears, and again I knelt down and there "gave my wanderings o'er by giving God my heart." There God restored to me the joy of his salvation. Then I united with the Church, a duty I ought to have performed years before. I was admitted by Thomas Ware.

A few months before my probation expired they appointed me class-leader at Soudersburg. The brethren knew what I had lost by refusing to bear the yoke in my youth, and they were determined to put it on me and make me wear it. I begged, but there was no excuse. They threw the responsibility on me, and said, "On such a day, Henry, do you go and meet that class." I was living at my brother Jacob's, near where the class met. On Saturday I took my horse and rode to my father's, eight miles. My object was to have a good excuse for not meeting the class. My father was absent preaching. The devotional exercises of the family devolved on me, and I attended family prayer. The power of God came down, and my beloved mother and a relative were so overwhelmed they fell to the floor, and the room was filled with glory. That Saturday night I retired to rest, but not to sleep. In the morning I rode nine miles and met the class. We had a refreshing season. I dared not stay away. I took the manifestations of power the evening before as an indication that I should obey the preachers in taking charge of the class. I continued to meet that class for over two years, till I became an itinerant minister. To the class-meeting I am greatly indebted. There I was "strengthened," "stablished," "settled."

A great revival followed that quarterly meeting. My father's children and grandchildren shared largely in it. Some moved to Canada, some to Ohio, and other parts of the West. They are nearly all now in heaven. The revival spread to the Peninsula, from that to Baltimore in 1800, and the influence was felt all over the country. Bishop Asbury mentions my brother Jacob, and says, "God has begun to work in the children of this family. The parents have followed us for the space of twenty years." On August 31, 1799, he says: "I had a comfortable time at Boehm's church. Here lieth the dust of William Jessop and Michael R. Wilson... Martin Boehm is upon wings and springs since the Lord has blessed his grandchildren. His son Henry is greatly led out in public exercises." This is the mention the bishop makes of my boyish performances. Honorable mention I might make of the ministers who were engaged in this revival: Thomas Ware, William Colbert, and William Penn Chandler. The latter was my spiritual father.

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04 -- GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1800

The General Conference of 1800 was one of the most remarkable in the history of our Church. The revival at that time was the greatest that has ever occurred during the session of any General Conference. I was a visitor, and had peculiar opportunities to witness the wonderful scenes that created joy on earth and in heaven. All the accounts we have had are extremely meager. As I have been preserved, while all who were actors in those scenes are gone, I will describe what I heard and saw at that time. Is it not generally known that the greatest displays of divine power and the most numerous conversions were in private houses, in prayer-meetings? And yet the preaching was highly honored of God, for the ministers were endued with power from on high. I kept in my journal a particular account of their texts and themes.

The General Conference commenced its session on Tuesday, May 6, in Light Street, Baltimore. All the General Conferences, from the famous Christmas conference to the first delegated conference, were held in Baltimore. Baltimore was a small place to what it is now. We then called it Baltimore town. The Methodists had two church edifices, one in Light Street, the other in Oldtown, which was in the suburbs. This was the first time I had ever seen a body of Methodist preachers; only now and then one who wended his way to my father's neighborhood. The conference was then composed of all the traveling elders. The strong men of Methodism were there, and such a noble class of men I had never beheld. There were Philip Bruce, Jesse Lee, George Roberts, John Bloodgood, William P. Chandler, John McClaskey, Ezekiel Cooper, Nicholas Snethen, Thomas Morrell, Joseph Totten, Lawrence McCombs, Thomas F. Sargent, William Burke, William McKendree, and other prominent men. These were representative men who laid the broad foundations of Methodism east, west, north, and south. What a privilege to hear them debate, and listen to their sermons!

Such was the health of Bishop Asbury he thought of resigning; but the conference, in order to relieve him, authorized him to take an elder as a traveling companion. This the bishop did during the remainder of life. They elected Richard Whatcoat bishop, he having a majority of four votes over Jesse Lee. I witnessed the excitement attending the different ballotings. The first, no election; the second, a tie; the third, Richard Whatcoat was elected.

I will now make some extracts from my journal, written sixty-five years ago.

"Sabbath morning, May 11, 1800. -- I heard Bishop Asbury preach in Light Street Church on the perfect law of liberty. He had great liberty in preaching, and multitudes as well as myself were blessed under the word. In the afternoon Rev. Thomas Lyell, on making our calling and election sure. There was preaching at four o'clock in two places on the streets, and several were converted. In the evening we had a prayer-meeting at Brother William Bruff's. After we began to sing and pray the people crowded in till the house was filled, and the awakening and converting power of God was displayed. After the prayer-meeting was over we went to Oldtown meeting-house, singing the praises of God along the streets. This greatly surprised the people, and hundreds came running out of their houses and followed us till we reached the house of God. There were wonderful exhibitions of power as we went through the streets, and we entered the house singing and shouting the praises of God. Five were converted that evening. It was heaven in my soul and glory all around. On Monday evening we went to John Chalmers' to prayer-meeting. It was a powerful meeting. God's people prayed that sinners might be awakened and converted. Heaven heard their petitions, and twenty-four were converted to God that night. The meeting lasted till two o'clock the next morning. God was converting the people in three different rooms at the same time. I never saw such a night Glory! glory!

"Tuesday, May 13. Numbers stayed at Brother Bruff's over night, and the work of revival soon began. In the morning, Philip Bruce came to us and went to prayer, and the Lord answered and came in our midst. Some were crying for mercy, while others were leaping for joy. We then came down to Brother Price's and began to sing, and some of the neighbors came in and we went to prayer. The Lord was there of a truth. Several were converted, and one who was in the class yesterday. This is a day of feasting. The Lord is at work in all parts of the town. There were six converted last night at the Point. Brother Chalmers preached a sermon at six o'clock at Brother Bruff's, and two more were converted. In the evening went to Oldtown meeting, and God's power was there, and several more were converted.

"Wednesday, 14. In the evening Brother Smith preached at Brother Bruff's; many rejoiced in the God of their salvation. After that we went to Oldtown meeting, where Rev. John McClaskey preached a powerful sermon. The Lord blessed his word: there were six converted. The children of darkness were very mad.

"Thursday, 15. Felt very weak, being up every night till after twelve o'clock; but it is in a good cause. Rested today at Brother Martin's. In the evening went to Brother Bruff's. At 5 o'clock Rev. Lawrence McCombs preached. He impressed holiness upon the people. Many saw a great beauty in it. While he was preaching, one was converted; before the meeting broke up, two more were set at liberty. Old and young were leaping for joy. My soul, praise the Lord!

"Friday, 16. Spent the day in the Conference. The Lord is with the preachers of a truth. In the evening went to meeting again at Brother Bruff's. Christopher Sprye preached a powerful sermon. After preaching the Lord began to work, and eighteen were converted that night. 'Christ the Lord is come to reign.'

"Saturday, 17. Stayed last night at Brother Chalmers', at the Point. Heard Dr. Thomas F. Sargent preach from 2 Cor. vi, 1. 'We then, as workers together with him,' etc. He spoke with great liberty. Some were crying for mercy. This evening, at Brother Bruff's, three were converted.

"Sunday, the 18th, was a great day in Baltimore among the Methodists. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Coke, in Light Street Church. Crowds at an early hour thronged the temple. The doctor preached from Rev. ii, 8, 'And unto the angel of the Church at Smyrna write; These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead and is alive,' etc. After the sermon, which was adapted to the occasion, Richard Whatcoat was ordained a Bishop in the Church of God by the imposition of the hands of Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury, assisted by several elders. Never were holy hands laid upon a holier head. In those days we went 'out into the highways and hedges and compelled them to come in.' That afternoon Jesse Lee preached in the market-house on Howard's Hill, from John xvii, 3, 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' The Lord was there in a powerful manner. Several were converted; one in the evening at Brother Bruff's."

Jesse Lee makes the following record in his Journal: "The power of the Lord came down upon us while I was preaching, and the people wept and roared aloud and prayed most earnestly. Joseph Totten exhorted with life. Afterward several prayed with those who were under conviction."

"On Monday, the 19th, Richard Sneath preached in the evening. Many came to hear the word of the Lord and were affected. After preaching we went to John Chalmers'. We had a glorious time. Eight were converted, and about that number received the second blessing. The meeting was going on in three rooms; sinners were crying for mercy in each, and the glory of God filled the room as one after another passed from death unto life. This was a never-to-be-forgotten night. A shout of victory in one room inspired them in another. The meeting was continued with unabated interest until three o'clock the next morning.

"On Tuesday, the 20th, I heard Rev. Jesse Lee preach at Brother Bruff's. Many were powerfully wrought upon under the word. In those days he preached with unusual power and success. Several of the old fathers and mothers stayed here after preaching, and while they were talking about the goodness of God such a melting power came down that almost all who were present were melted into tears.

"Wednesday, 21. Yesterday Conference adjourned, and the preachers have parted and are going to different parts of the continent, having got a fresh spring from heaven. About five in the evening the young converts met together at Brother Bruff's. Brother James Moore and several of the preachers were with us. We sung and prayed with them. The Lord was with us of a truth. Some of the sisters related their experience, which was rendered a great blessing to all who were present. It filled me with joy to see so many young people happy in God; some of them were strangers to God only a few days ago. At night we went to the Point; the power of God was among the people; many were crying for mercy, and four were converted to God. After meeting I went home with Brother Haskins.

"Thursday, May 22. Came up to Oldtown this morning. I am told there were seven souls converted last night at the upper end of the town in a prayer-meeting. The devil can't stand the prayers of the faithful ones. It seems there was the most good done in the prayer-meetings. The Lord loves simplicity."

Bishop Asbury writes only fifteen lines concerning this wonderful Conference. He says, "The unction that attended the word was great; more than one hundred souls professed conversion during the sitting of the Conference." Bishop Whatcoat is still more brief. In nine lines he tells the story. "We had a most blessed time and much preaching, fervent prayers and strong exhortations through the city, while the high praises of a gracious God reverberated from street to street and from house to house. It was thought that not less than two hundred were converted during the Conference." -- Journal, p. 99. Jesse Lee's account is also short: "Such a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord has not been felt in that town for some years." -- Lee's History, p 971.

During this Conference I became acquainted with many choice spirits, both among the ministry and laity; among the rest, Dr. Thomas Coke. I not only had the pleasure of hearing the doctor preach and make motions and speeches in the Conference, but also of dining with him and Bishop Asbury. The doctor was a short man, and rather corpulent. He had a beautiful face, and it was full of expression, a sweet smile often playing over his features. His eyes were dark and his look very piercing. His voice was soft and full of melody, unless raised to a very high pitch, and then it was harsh, discordant, and squeaking. His conversational powers were great. He was very entertaining. He did a noble work for American Methodism, and should ever be remembered with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude. He sleeps in the Indian Ocean, "till the sea give up its dead."

Brother Bruff, at whose house such glorious meetings were held, and where so many souls were converted, was a most excellent man. He had married Catharine, sister of Harry Ennalls, of Dorchester; she was instrumental in introducing Methodism into that county. She was a sister to Governor Bassett's first wife. Mrs. Bruff was a very superior woman; her Christian virtues shone with transcendent luster. She was very useful in that revival, as well as many other holy women whose names are in the Book of Life.

It will be seen that John Chalmers did a noble work. He joined the Conference in 1788, but had located. Years after, side by side, I fought with this veteran the battles of the Lord. I never knew a more courageous soldier, one that used sharper arrows, or had more splendid victories. We shall see more of him before we are through with this narrative.

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05 -- PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE -- GREAT REVIVALS -- BARRATT'S CHAPEL

We reluctantly bade adieu to our kind friends in Baltimore on Saturday, May 24, 1800, and started for Duck Creek (now called Smyrna) Cross Roads, the seat of the Philadelphia Conference, in company with Dr. Chandler, L. McCombs, Samuel Coate, John Chalmers, and Shadrach Bostwick. We went in a packet to Georgetown Cross Roads, and arrived just in time for a love-feast. Some of those present had been to Baltimore and beheld the wonderful works of God, and returned home full of the holy fire, and the revival extended to that place. On Monday Dr.

Chandler and I went to Duck Creek Cross Roads, and were entertained at Brother George Kennard's.

The revival at the Philadelphia Conference is a matter of history as one of the most remarkable that has taken place on this continent, and yet we have had few particulars. All the bishops and preachers who were there are dead, and I alone am left to give an account. Fortunately I kept a record of what took place every day. It was written with the utmost simplicity, and I transcribe it because every scrap of the history of that period is valuable. It shows the simplicity of the times, and how our fathers did in days of old.

"We had preaching on the evening of May 27. The power of God was among the people. Some were convicted of sin. On Thursday evening a prayer-meeting was held. God's people were blessed, and went singing and shouting on their way home.

"On Friday, the 30th, Brother Chandler and I went to meet Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat. Bishop Whatcoat arrived, and preached from 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate,' etc. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Bishop Asbury had gone to Dover, and did not come till Sunday. On Saturday evening Brother John Chalmers preached. There was considerable of a move. The expectations of the people were greatly raised. Some were powerfully convicted, and others shouted aloud the praise of God.

"On Sunday, June 1, a prayer-meeting was held at sunrise. At eleven o'clock Father Whatcoat preached from Rev. xi, 18: 'And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead,' etc. He preached with great liberty; the word was powerful; many were convicted of sin, and others rejoiced in the God of their salvation. I never felt happier in my life. After preaching a love-feast was held, in which one was converted. There was preaching in the afternoon and evening, and great power among the people.

"On Monday morning, June 2, the conference commenced its session. At sunrise Arming Owen preached on Christian perfection; it was a theme he loved. Quite a number were present at this early hour. I never saw such a beauty in holiness before. There were sixty-six preachers present at the conference. The conference was held at a private house; the meeting-house was used for religious services. Tuesday was a great day. The work began in the morning, and went on all day and the greater part of the night, and numbers were converted.

"On Wednesday, about sunrise, there was a sermon preached, and the power came down upon the people. The work then went on all day and until three o'clock the next morning, and many were brought to rejoice in God their Saviour. I never saw such a glorious time; it exceeds what we have just witnessed in Baltimore. Sinners are flocking home; the people of God are getting happier and happier. I feel thankful that I ever came to Duck Creek Cross Roads.

"Thursday, 5. This morning we had a glorious love-feast. The power of God was among the people, and many rejoiced with exceeding great joy. The work of revival continued; sinners were crying for mercy, and many obtained pardon. Many were converted at Brother Kennard's house. The work of God continued all this day and most of the night. Great numbers were converted. In the evening a sermon was preached, followed by an exhortation, both delivered with

great power. God was among the people, Such a night I never beheld, such a shout I never heard. I think there were upward of two hundred people who shouted at one time. It was glory all over the house, and I hope it will be remembered throughout all eternity."

Bishop Asbury mentions the revival in his journal, and says, "Over one hundred souls were converted to God." Jesse Lee says "one hundred and fifty." They both made too low an estimate.

There were great revivalists at this conference: W. P. Chandler, John Chalmers, Jesse Lee, each a host in himself, and many others, who entered heartily into the work. It was not confined to them; the preachers and people all had a mind to work. This conference will ever be memorable as the most fruitful in saving souls of any ever held in America. Those who were not present can form but a faint idea of the nature of the work. Meetings were held day and night with rarely any intermission. One meeting in the church continued forty-five hours without cessation. Many were converted in private houses and at family prayer as well as in the house of the Lord. This revival did immense good; the preachers returned to their work like flames of fire.

As the Philadelphia Conference held its session six hours each day, the members were obliged to be present; but as I was not a member I had nothing to interrupt me or to call off my attention from the revival, but devoted every moment to the blessed work. For several nights I did not take off my clothes, but lay down upon the sofa and rested a little while, and then up and right into the thickest of the battle. Thus was I employed for days and nights, and was an eye and ear witness to the joyful scenes that were occurring.

This was my second visit to Duck Creek. I was there in 1798 with Dr. William P. Chandler, and then we put up at Brother George Kennard's. This was my home at the conference in 1800, and there we had the company of Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat. Brother Kennard was a gentleman, a merchant, a great business man, and a thorough Methodist. He used to correspond with Bishop Asbury. His house was one of the choice Methodist homes in that day, and there in after years I was made very welcome.

The scenes which I witnessed in the revival at Baltimore during the General Conference, and then so soon after in the one at Duck Creek Cross Roads, come up freshly before me after over threescore years, and I still feel the sacred flame. And yet a kind of melancholy comes over me when I remember I am the sole survivor that took an active part in the scenes that angels must have contemplated with delight. Like an aged oak, I remain while all the trees have fallen around me.

At this conference Richard Whatcoat first presided as bishop. A number of young men were received, who occupied prominent stations and made their mark in after years: Learner Blackman, Jacob Gruber, well known for his virtues and eccentricities, William Williams, and others.

This remarkable conference closed on the 6th of June, at nine o'clock, and I started for my father's house, walking sixty miles to the rural district of Lancaster; having seen more, heard more, enjoyed more, since I left home, than in all my life-time before. It was an ever-memorable period in my history.

Twice before I had been down the Peninsula with Dr. Chandler, and witnessed wonderful displays of the power of God; the first in 1798, the second in 1799, when there was a great revival on Cecil Circuit, the flame of which spread to Baltimore. I was permitted again to accompany him. The reason was, my health had suddenly failed. I was mowing in my brother's meadow in August; the day was excessively hot, and I perspired most freely; while in this state I walked through cold spring water, and it checked perspiration and affected my whole system. I was so ill that I was obliged to leave the meadow and return home. When I reached the house I found Dr. Chandler, the circuit preacher, had just arrived. He was a physician and minister, and could attend to bodies as well as souls. His arrival seemed to be providential, and may have saved my life. He saw the critical state I was in, and that there was no time to be lost. He immediately bled me, which afforded instant relief. And yet I continued very weak and unable to work, therefore the doctor proposed that I should go with him to Cape Henlopen, where I could be benefited by sea-bathing. With great joy I accepted the invitation, and we soon were ready for our journey. Better company no one could have, and I had this to comfort me, my medical adviser was with me. I believe that tour not only benefited my health, but had a great influence in shaping my destiny in after years.

On our way we stopped at a quarterly meeting at "Barratt's Chapel." This chapel was twelve miles below Dover, in Delaware, between Dover and Milford. It was built of brick, on land belonging to Philip Barratt, who rendered much assistance, and therefore it was called "Barratt's Chapel." Francis Asbury encouraged its erection. He visited this place on March 20, 1780, and had an interview with Philip Barratt and Waitman Scipple, and he says, they "determined to go about the chapel." They then fixed the site, concluding "to set it near the drawbridge." Such was the origin of this chapel. Mr. Asbury, we see, was the prime mover. He also helped raise means to erect it, for on November 8, 1780, at Perdin's, after lecturing, he "engaged the friends to subscribe seven hundred weight of pork toward the meeting-house at Barratt's." -- Journal, vol. i, p. 410.

Philip Barratt was a noble man, and he and Francis Asbury were great friends. I did not know him, he was gone before my time, but I knew his children. He had three sons: Andrew was a judge, and a man of talents. He lived near the church, and we put up with him. Doctor Barratt was a practicing physician. Caleb was the only son who was a member of our Church; the others were friendly. How would the spirit of Philip Barratt (as well as that of Asbury) rejoice to know that he had a great-grandson a foreign missionary. Rev. William Prettyman, formerly of the Philadelphia, then of the Baltimore Conference, married a daughter of Doctor Barratt, and his son, Doctor William Prettyman, is the Superintendent of our Methodist Mission in Bulgaria, Turkey. The Methodist seed among the descendants of Philip Barratt has not run out.

This is the famous chapel where Doctor Coke and Asbury met for the first time and embraced each other. Famous meeting! of great hearts and kindred spirits who have met long since in a far more glorious temple,

"Where perfect love and friendship reign
To all eternity."

Here the plan was formed for the meeting of the Methodist Minister's Conference in Baltimore, by which the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1784.

In the love-feast at this quarterly meeting I made a covenant with God, that if he would restore me to health I would dedicate myself wholly to him, and would do the work of an evangelist to the best of my ability. I here made the promise, and the covenant I have always kept in mind; and I have not only taken "the cup of salvation and called upon the name of the Lord," but have been enabled "to pay my vows in the presence of his people."

I traveled that circuit some years after, and was presiding elder of the district, and often preached at this heaven-honored chapel; but never did I enter it without peculiar feelings, remembering the love-feast and my self-consecration to the work of the ministry.

Sunday being over, Dr. Chandler and myself started for Lewistown and Cape Henlopen. We put up at Caleb Rodney's. The light-house was kept by a local preacher named J. R. Hargus. I stayed with him at the light-house and bathed in the salt water. I had never seen the ocean before. I was so weak that when I walked down upon the shore the breezes from the ocean almost deprived me of my breath. I went in to bathe at one time and the waves came rolling in from the ocean and threw me down, and I was greatly frightened. I did not know but the returning waves would carry me out where I could not get back. The fright and being thrown down set my blood circulating, roused it to action, and did me much good. Dr. Chandler, when he saw me thrown down by the undertow, and witnessed my fright, laughed, and said, "that was just what he wanted; he was glad of it; it would benefit me more than all the medicine I could take." The doctor was right. In less than a week I had greatly improved; and there was prospect of soon recovering my strength. In a little time I was as well as ever: a happy soul in a sound body.

The next Sabbath, on our return, we attended a quarterly meeting at Milford. The place of worship was too small to hold the vast multitudes, and they were obliged to go in a grove to preach the word. There was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God, and many exclaimed, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" During the exercises, one man -- a person of standing and influence -- was so affected that he tried to hold himself up as he stood trembling by a sapling, but he could not stand. He got down on the ground and cried for mercy, and there he experienced religion. He united with the Methodist Church and became a very useful member.

Rev. William Mills, of Philadelphia Conference, preached. His text was novel and his explanations original. It was 1 Sam. xxx, 24: "But as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike." He said the itinerant preachers were the ones that went to battle for God and truth -- standard-bearers in the Christian army, achieving victory after victory over the king's enemies; but they must not think they were to receive all the reward -- as if they accomplished all that was done. He showed that it was as necessary for some to stay by the stuff as it was for others to go into the battle; both were doing the work of the Lord. The local preachers and exhorters and class-leaders and private members that stay by the stuff should not lose their reward, but their part shall be equal to those that went to battle. This is the order of Heaven: and nothing could be more just and proper than this law, that those who stay at home to defend house and property have equal right to the spoils of victory as those who go forth to battle.

The next day I returned to my father's house a healthier, wiser, and better man than when I left. The scenes I witnessed on the tour are very vivid before me after the lapse of over threescore years. Dr. Chandler's kindness to me was unparalleled. He lives in my affections, and I look back upon him as one of the finest specimens of a Christian gentleman with whom it has been my good fortune to be associated.

When I arrived at home my father was about to take a ministerial tour through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the great valley of Virginia, or what was known as "New Virginia." He wished me to accompany him, and I did so. We were absent from home about a month. It was in September and October. I kept a diary in the German language, written every day, of where we were and what we were doing. It is still carefully preserved. My father was a German preacher, then holding some connection with the "United Brethren." Rev. William Otterbein was with the same people. We traveled every day, and my father preached in German, and I exhorted after him, sometimes in German and sometimes in English. He preached with great life, power, and success, and had many seals to his ministry. We went as far as Winchester, Va., where he preached in the Methodist church, and under the sermon one was awakened, namely, Simon Lauck, who afterward became a traveling preacher and a member of the Baltimore Conference. My father also preached at Rev. Henry Smith's father's. I remember his text and sermon well.

I had an opportunity of getting more particularly acquainted with the distinguished ministers connected with the United Brethren. They held great meetings that were often attended with power. Their annual meeting was held September 25, at Peter Kemp's, in Frederick County, Maryland. This was important in many respects. First, they resolved to call themselves "The Church of the United Brethren in Christ." Second, they elected bishops for the first time. William Otterbein and Martin Boehm (my father) were unanimously chosen. Here were assembled their great men: Gueting, Newcomer, Draksel, and the two brothers Crums. The meeting was full of interest. Reports were given from different parts of the work, and each minister gave an account of the progress of the work of God in his own soul. They had at that time but little order and discipline, and what I had seen of the order and discipline of the Methodists at the General Conference in Baltimore and at the Philadelphia Conference showed me the vast superiority of the latter, and I made up my mind to enter their itinerant ministry.

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06 -- MY FIRST CIRCUIT, DORCHESTER

In January, 1800, I began my regular itinerant life. It was on Dorchester Circuit, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in Philadelphia Conference. The peninsula that lies between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, though not considered very healthy, was the garden of Methodism in America. Methodism was early introduced there, and for a time the ministers were greatly persecuted; but they achieved a glorious success. The heroic Garrettson was persecuted; Caleb B. Pedicord, the sweet singer of our Israel, received scars which he carried with him to the grave; Joseph Hartley was imprisoned, and through the grates of his prison preached deliverance to the captive; and Thomas S. Chew took the sheriff prisoner who had taken him captive. Dorchester Circuit was formed in 1780. It was a large circuit, embracing not only Dorchester County, but Taylor's and Hooper's Island in the Chesapeake Bay.

The introduction of Methodism into Dorchester can be traced to the conversion of a young woman, Miss Catharine, sister of Harry Ennalls. She was afterward Mrs. Bruff of Baltimore, who was so useful in the revival at the General Conference of 1800. Through her influence her sister Mary, and her husband, the Hon. Richard Bassett of Delaware, were converted; also Henry Airey. It was at Squire Airey's house that Freeborn Garrettson preached the first Methodist sermon in Dorchester County, and from that house he was taken to the jail at Cambridge. The squire threw over Mr. Garrettson the mantle of his protection as far as he was able. I learned while traveling there that all the ringleaders in that mob died a violent death, except Batt Ennalls, who was converted, and joined the Church. I knew him very well, and preached at his house when on that circuit. The sad end of these persecutors was considered a special judgment from God.

I was employed by Rev. Thomas Ware to preach on this circuit because John Leach was sick and unable to travel. He was an excellent young man, with a shattered constitution, who lingered a year or two, and then entered into rest. I bade farewell to the scenes of my childhood and started to go among strangers. My mother's sweet kiss and my aged father's blessing I still remember. The tears rolled down my cheek as I looked back upon the home of my childhood, the old family mansion, endeared to me by so many tender associations. With weakness, fear, and much trembling, I entered upon my new field of labor and began to cultivate Immanuel's land. The arrival of a new preacher, a German youth from Pennsylvania, was soon noised abroad, and this called out many to see and hear. I was reluctant to go to a circuit and preach in the English tongue. Had it been in the German language I should not have been so embarrassed.

For two months I suffered powerful temptation to abandon my work and return home. I went to Brother Harry Ennalls'. He lived near the Choptank River, one of the largest streams on the Peninsula. His house was a preaching-place and a home for the preachers. This family did not belong to the class who were "afraid they would be eaten out of house and home." Harry Ennalls was a man of wealth, and he used this world as not abusing it. His money gave him power and influence, which were used to advance the great interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. He was a holy, zealous Christian, and a devout Methodist. One of our preachers, Thomas Smith, met him and the late Hon. James A. Bayard, senator in Congress from Delaware, at Governor Bassett's. Harry Ennalls prayed with great power and unction, talking with God as if he was used to conversing with him. He did not forget the honorable statesman in his prayer, but fervently invoked the blessing of God upon him. When he had finished praying, and the family had risen from their knees, Mr. Bayard was observed walking the floor very rapidly, much agitated; then turning to Mr. Ennalls, he said, "Henry, what did you mean by shaking your brimstone bag over me?" "To save you from hell, sir," replied Mr. Ennalls. Governor Bassett's first wife was Harry Ennalls' sister. Harry Ennalls' wife was one of the best of women. She was a Goldsbury, related to Governor Goldsbury. This was one of the great families of the Peninsula. They had no children, and always made the preachers very welcome, and considered the younger as their children. Mrs. Ennalls, who was a person of discernment, saw I was suffering under deep depression of spirits. I was fearful I had mistaken my calling. Ingenuously she asked me a great many questions, till she drew from me the real state of my mind. When she found out that I was discouraged, and about to give up my work in despair and return home, she gave me such a reproof as I shall never forget. "My young brother," she said, "your eternal salvation may depend upon the course you are about to take. You may lose your soul by such an unwise, hasty step." Then she exhorted me in the most earnest and

emphatic manner not to abandon my work, but to keep on. I resolved in the strength of my Master to try again, and though over threescore years have gone into eternity since "having obtained help from God, I continue unto this day." Well I remember that hospitable mansion; and the room in which we were, the attitude of the woman, her anxious countenance, her piercing eye, the tone of her voice, are all before me just as if it were yesterday. Her wise counsel has had an influence upon me all my days; it shaped my destiny for life. She has been in the grave for many years, and I remember her still with a heart overflowing with gratitude. [6]

I then went to that famous house where the first sermon was preached in Dorchester County by Freeborn Garrettson, where the widow of Squire Airey resided. The old squire was dead and gone. By his position and character he was enabled to do noble service for Methodism, and he deserves a conspicuous place in the gallery of portraits of the distinguished laymen of the early Methodist Church in America. His widow still lived in the old homestead, and the itinerant ministers were made as welcome as when he was alive. She lived but a short distance from Mr. Ennalls. In family prayer we had a gracious time. The Holy Ghost descended in copious effusions, and the widow was so baptized she shouted aloud for joy and was greatly strengthened and encouraged. I retired to my couch feeling that my soul was resting in God.

It was in the month of March, and the snow had mantled the earth with its sheet of white. I went to sleep sweetly and had a most singular dream. I have never attached much importance to dreams, but this was so strange that I will relate it; it will do no harm if it does no good. I dreamed of seeing a large field of wheat, ripe, waving before the wind, ready for the sickle, and the reapers were cutting it down and binding up the golden sheaves. And there was a large field of green wheat, so extensive I saw no end. This beautiful dream was a benefit to me; the idea of such scenery at that time of the year, when the snow was on the ground, caused me to rejoice, and the rejoicing to awake, and lo, it was but a dream. I concluded this dream could not have come from an evil source, otherwise I could not have been in such a happy state of mind; and if it was from a good source, it was for some good purpose, and accordingly I thanked God and took courage, and "went forth weeping, bearing precious seed," not doubting that I should "come again with rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me."

We had a number of appointments on Dorchester circuit. I have preserved the names of all the classes and of all the members, both colored and white, and of those who died during the year, and of those who married out of the society, and all who were expelled. The record is singular; it would be still more so if we knew the destiny of each of the persons whose name is recorded; but they are all written in God's book. Most of them, no doubt, are in their graves. A prominent appointment was Cambridge. It was here that the noble Garrettson was imprisoned. But the days of persecution were passed, and Methodism was respected. Here resided Dr. Edward White, who helped give tone and character to Methodism. Among the names I find on the class-book in Cambridge are Dr. Edward White, Mary Ann White, his wife, and Eliza White, Sarah White, and Mary White, his three daughters.

Religion did wonders for the colored people on this circuit, and hundreds of them were converted. They sometimes took the name of their masters. I copy from the African class at Cambridge: Edward, Lina, Jacob, Alice, Ralph, Lua, David, Rhoda, Adam, Esther, Rachel,

Harrie, Isaac, Minta, Primus, Philus, Ned, Den, John, Drape, Rive, Robert, Tom, Jacob, David, Adam, Esther.

I preached at Ennalls' meeting-house. There was also a class at Harry Ennalls': on the book are the names of Harry Ennalls, leader; Sarah, his wife, and Eliza Airey, the widow of Squire Airey. There are other honorable names that I have not space to transcribe -- they are in the book of life. There were two colored classes that met at Ennalls': one had twenty members, the other twenty-five. Among their names are Pompey, Dido, Moses, and others. We not only had separate classes for the colored people, but separate love-feasts; they were generally held in the morning previous to the love-feasts for the whites, and were seasons of great interest. Religion in its simplicity and power was exhibited by them.

We preached also at Airey's Chapel. This was not far from where Squire Airey lived and died, and it was called after him; there was a class or society here; there were forty-four names belonging to one class. William Pitt was the leader, and among the members were a number of Aireys.

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07 -- MY SECOND CIRCUIT, ANNAMESSEX, 1802

Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat visited my circuit previous to the Conference of 1801, which was held in Philadelphia. We had then but two houses of worship in that city, St. George's and Ebenezer.

There was great political excitement at the time. Federalism and Democracy ran high, and Jefferson and Adams were talked about everywhere. Such was the excitement that it separated families and friends and members of the Church. I was urged on every side to identify myself with one political party or the other, or to express an opinion. I felt sad to see what influence this state of feeling was producing in the Church. I consulted Bishop Whatcoat, who said that our different political sentiments should never affect our Christian fellowship and affections; that each had a right to his own peculiar views, and we should make no man an offender because his views of Politics were different from ours.

At this Conference I was not received on trial, because my recommendation from Dorchester circuit, by some mistake, was not brought to the Conference. I was received virtually, but not formally. The next year, to the question in the Minutes, "Who remain on trial?" the answer is, "Henry Boehm;" and at the end of the following year I was admitted into full connection and ordained. The Minutes and Dr. Bangs' History make me one year younger in the traveling ministry than I am. I date from 1801, the same year as Dr. Bangs and Bishop Hedding.

At the Conference of 1801, William Colbert was appointed to Annamessex Circuit, and Thomas Ware, the presiding elder, employed me to labor with him. Mr. Colbert had charge also of Somerset Circuit, on which Daniel Ryan and Edward Larkins traveled.

The introduction of Methodism into this circuit was providential, and in it we can see the hand of God. A Methodist preacher, whose name I have forgotten, was on his way from the Line Chapel to Accomac, Virginia. (It was so called because on the line between Delaware and Maryland.) The preacher being a stranger, inquired the best way to Accomac. He was directed into the Cypress Swamp, which extended for many miles.

Supposing it was the direct route, the unsuspecting stranger entered, to learn, by sad experience, that he had been deceived. After wandering about for a long time in the mud, bogs, and water, where he was in danger of sinking, he came out of the swamp near the house of Jephthah Bowen, on the east side of the Pocomoke River. His preservation was very singular, equally so that he should have come out at the right place. Mr. Bowen took the stranger in and gave him a hearty welcome. He was a member of the Church of England, and learning his guest was a minister, proposed prayer. The preacher prayed with so much power that he was invited to preach at Mr. Bowen's house. On his return from Virginia he did so, and the people were so pleased with his sermon that Mr. Bowen's house became a regular preaching place. Thus Methodism was singularly introduced in that section of the country.

Jephthah Bowen was converted and many others, and a society was early formed at his house. He lived long enough to see the frame of a new house of worship erected that bore his name, Bowen's Chapel. This led to the formation of several societies in that region, and to the conversion of multitudes. Mr. Bowen's was the first house opened for Methodist preaching in Worcester County. In after years I was entertained by his aged widow at the old homestead. His children and children's children were blessed, being the descendants of those who entertained the Lord's prophets.

Rev. Freeborn Garrettson was lost in this swamp in 1779. After wandering for a long time, night overtook him. It was quite dark, and to add to the gloom, the rain descended in torrents. He was about to take lodgings upon the cold, wet ground, when, to his great joy, he discovered a light at a distance, and following it, he found a house where he was kindly entertained. The man with whom he stayed thought his guest was an angel, and he surveyed him from head to foot, and then inquired, "What are you, and who are you? for I am sure I never saw such a man as you appear to be." Mr. Garrettson answered, "I am a follower of our blessed Saviour."

The woman of the house had been peculiarly afflicted for sixteen days; she had neither eaten nor drunk. There were many who went to see her die, when she suddenly rose in the bed and exclaimed, "You thought mine a disorder of the body, but it was not; now I know my Maker loves me." She was very happy, and said she knew Mr. Garrettson was a man of God, one whom the Lord had sent to reform the world. His visit to the family at that time was a great blessing.

Another anecdote related by Mr. Garrettson will illustrate the ignorance of some of the people. He met a man in the region of the Cypress Swamp, and asked him if he was acquainted with Jesus Christ. "Sir," said he, "I know not where the gentleman lives." Mr. Garrettson, supposing the man misunderstood him, repeated his question, and to the astonishment of Mr. Garrettson he replied, "I don't know the man."

I was glad to travel with my friend William Colbert, who had been so often at my father's house. He was an eminent revivalist. Our circuit was nearly two hundred miles round. There were several houses of worship: Bowen's Chapel, Miles' Chapel, Curtis' Chapel, St. Martin's Chapel, and Sound Meeting-house. I have a record of all the members. Nathaniel Bowen, a descendant of Jephthah, had thirty-one members in his class, five by the name of Bowen.

We preached against slavery, and persuaded our brethren and those who were converted to liberate their slaves, and we were often successful. There was a revival both among the white and colored. Many slaves were made "free" by "the Son," and they enjoyed the liberty of the soul.

We preached at Snow Hill. It was formerly a wretched place where the traffic in Negroes was carried on. The Georgia traders in human flesh came there and bought slaves, and then took them south and sold them. Methodism made a mighty change here and destroyed this inhuman traffic. Snow Hill for years has been a prominent place for Methodism. People often fell under the word. George Ward, a local preacher, who married Harry Ennalls' sister, resided here. When I was preaching at his house Sister Ward fell under the power. She was a woman of fine intellect, therefore I name it because some think that none but persons of weak minds are thus affected. At Brother Ward's house we used to preach, and there we formed the first class at Snow Hill. Henry White, so long an honored member of the Philadelphia Conference, frequently a delegate to the General Conference, I had the honor of taking into the Church while on this circuit. I also knew his father, Southy White. He was a good man, and an excellent local preacher. I preached at his house, and was his guest. He died the year I was on that circuit. I knew many of the fathers in the Methodist ministry, and have lived not only to bury the fathers, but many of their sons.

John Phoebus' at Quantico Neck was another of our preaching places. He was the brother of Dr. William Phoebus, so long known in New York for his talents and his eccentricities. The doctor went out into the ministry from that section of the country.

We preached also at Brother Lazarus Maddox's, at Potato Neck. His house was an excellent home for a way-worn itinerant. On February 14, while preaching at his house, the power of God came down and Brother Maddox was struck to the floor, and lay for some time under the divine influence. Thrilling were the scenes we witnessed. Indeed the whole circuit had a wall of fire around about it and a glory in the midst. The people got so happy and shouted so loud they drowned my voice, and leaped for joy, and sometimes they would fall, lose their strength, and lie for hours in this condition, and then come to praising the Lord. At several funerals many were awakened, and in several instances loud shouts were heard at the grave. This was something entirely new to me.

We also preached at Devil's Island, as it was called. Deil's it should be named. The first time I visited it I preached from "Prepare to meet thy God." I had spoken but a few words when twelve were struck under conviction. I was so pleased I wrote, "The devil will have to give up his island."

There was one general revival; the circuit was in a flame. In every appointment sinners were converted. The Peninsula seemed like the garden of God. Scenes took place that gladdened

the eyes of angels and thrilled the heart of the Saviour. The Gospel had wonderful power, and the results were glorious, as the records of eternity will reveal.

To show that I have not over-estimated the work, and to record the wonderful works of God in those days, I make a few extracts from letters written by men of God long since in Abraham's bosom. The first was from Thomas Ware to Dr. Coke, dated Duck Creek, Delaware, September 12, 1802, and published in the Arminian Magazine for 1803:

"Rev. Sir, -- In the year 1800 I was appointed to preside on the Peninsula. From the time of my entering on that important charge to the Annual Conference in Philadelphia, May, 1802, above six thousand souls were added to the Church, most of whom, I trust, are added to the Lord... In Milford Circuit have been added one thousand six hundred members, in Talbot about one thousand, in Somerset and Annamessex one thousand, and the prospect continues equally pleasing in that favored country."

Ezekiel Cooper, in a letter to Dr. Coke dated Philadelphia, September 7, 1801, says: "I have just now received a letter from Brother Colbert, one of our preachers in Annamessex Circuit. He wrote: 'Good news from Pocomoke. The kingdom of hell is falling, the borders of Zion are enlarging, and glory to God, the prospect of a greater work than we had last year lies before us. In both circuits, Somerset and Annamessex, the Lord is powerfully at work; our preaching places or houses are too small for the congregations, and, two or three places excepted, too small even for our love-feasts. I believe the Peninsula has never known such a time as heaven now favors us with. Glory to Jesus on high! we have what is the most inviting among us, namely, the Lord in power converting sinners, and the saints feel as if they were sunning in the beams of redeeming love, overwhelmed with the glorious billows. Some fall motionless, and lie for some minutes, others for hours, and some for a great part of the night without the use of their limbs or speech, and then they spring up with heaven in their eyes and music on their tongues, overwhelmed with love divine. O, glory to God! this work makes Pocomoke swamps like a blooming paradise to my soul. If the Lord spares us, I trust that we shall return to the North giving him glory for another thousand members. One thousand joined last year. By grace there is a good beginning. To God be all the praise.'"

Such is the account Brother Colbert gave of the work of God that year I traveled with him.

John Scott's was one of our preaching places. He lived near Poplartown, Worcester County. He was an active and liberal man. He was also very shrewd; knew how to answer a fool according to his folly. As he entertained the Methodist preachers and their horses some of his neighbors predicted that he would be "eaten out of house and home." It was a very dry season, and things were parched up. He was a farmer, and had planted one hundred acres of corn. The crop was likely to be cut off. On a certain day a cloud came up from the west and the refreshing rain descended on his fields, but extended no further. His fields were fresh and green, while those of his neighbors were dry. In the fall when they were gathering the crops his neighbors expressed astonishment that his corn should be so much more valuable than theirs. They did not know how to account for it. He replied that he "had fed the Methodist preachers' horses." He left his neighbors to infer that this was one cause of his prosperity. I have often noticed those families who were not given to hospitality, and those who have welcomed the messengers of God to their houses, and the latter have prospered far more than the former. A noble man was Brother John Scott.

When I was on Hooper's Island I put up with a Widow Ruack, who was a member of our Church, and entertained Methodist preachers. She related to me the following anecdote: "Joseph Everett traveled and preach there. One day she looked out of her window and saw Mr. Everett coming. She rejoiced to see the preacher, but was exceedingly mortified that she had nothing in the house to cook for his dinner, and living on the island, it was not convenient to get anything, for stores and markets were scarce. She went out into the door-yard for some wood to make a fire to boil the tea-kettle. Just that moment something fell at her feet. It was a large fresh bass that weighed several pounds. She looked up and saw a large hawk flying over, which had dropped the fish. He had just taken the fish out of the bay, and finding it heavy, had dropped it in the right place. She immediately dressed and cooked it for the preacher's dinner, and he praised it exceedingly, not having enjoyed such a meal in a long time.

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08 -- KENT, BRISTOL, AND NORTHAMPTON CIRCUITS

During the interval between the Baltimore and the Philadelphia Conference Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat spent some time on the Peninsula. They visited my circuit, and I had the honor of going with them to the conference which met in Philadelphia on Saturday, May 1, 1802.

Sunday was a high day in Zion. In the morning, at St. George's, Rev. George Roberts preached a sermon of rare excellence on salvation by grace through faith. In the afternoon John McClaskey preached from Exod. xv, 16, on Israel's separation from the world, and how it might be known that God was with his people; not by the descent of manna, but the pillar and cloud day and night. He showed great ingenuity, and while he was preaching the baptism of fire descended. In the evening Rev. William Colbert discoursed on the advantages of an itinerant ministry from "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." It was delivered with great unction. Colbert was a great little man in the days of his glory.

This pleasant conference closed the next Friday, and I was appointed to Kent Circuit with Christopher Sprye. He was a noble colleague, one of the pioneers of Methodism in New England. This was the oldest circuit on the Peninsula, being formed in 1774. There were many things on this circuit of peculiar interest to me. I had the honor of preaching in Kent's Meeting-house, the first Methodist house of worship erected on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

It was built in 1771, one year after the first conference was held in America.*

[*Note: Henry Boehm refers to the first Methodist conference ever held in America, which took place before the organizational conference of the M. E. Church, known as the "Christmas Conference" of 1784. -- DVM]

This was four miles below Chestertown. The old chapel years ago gave way to a better structure, now called Hynson's Chapel, from the name of a family who resided near it.

The burying-ground connected with this chapel is also a place of interest, not only because of the old families of Methodism who were sleeping there, but from its being the last resting-place of ministers who have fallen at their post. The renowned William Gill, one of our early preachers, was buried there. He was a man of surpassing genius, of philosophic mind. Dr. Rush greatly admired him, and pronounced him the greatest divine he had ever heard. This is no mean praise coming from such a source. In 1777 he joined the traveling connection, and died in 1789; a short but brilliant career. With his own hands he closed his eyes, and laid his body down in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

In this circuit I formed the acquaintance of Rev. John Smith, one of our old preachers, who possessed much of the spirit of the beloved John, whose name he bore. He was at the famous Christmas Conference of 1784. He lived in Chestertown, and his house was my home. He was a very genial old man, and his conversation was agreeable and profitable. I heard him preach from Psalm xxiv, 3-4: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" etc. It was a profitable discourse, and much good was done. He died triumphantly in 1812, exclaiming, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; take my enraptured soul away. I am not afraid to die. I long to be dissolved and see the face of God without a dimming veil between: death has lost his sting." He was buried beside the grave of William Gill.

The father of Shadrach Bostwick resided on this circuit. Shadrach Bostwick was one of the mighty men of our Israel. I wonder not that Bishop Hedding called him a "glorious man;" we have had but few such men. I first saw and heard him at the General Conference in Baltimore in 1800.

The same spring I went with him to Georgetown, when he was on his way to see his aged father for the last time.

Dr. Bostwick was born near the head of Chester, in Kent County, Maryland. In Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, New England, and Ohio he did noble service for Methodism, and was everywhere esteemed as "a prince and a great man." He emigrated to Ohio, and was a pioneer in more senses than one. Long since he fell asleep, leaving behind him a name distinguished for its purity and luster. His father's house was one of my regular preaching places on this circuit. In the old homestead where he was born and spent his early days, and where he was born again, I preached over sixty years ago the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

His father was among the oldest Methodists on the Peninsula, and when his son joined the conference, in 1791, he was "in age and feebleness extreme." He died while I was on the circuit.

I wrote thus in my Journal: "June 23, 1802, I rode to Father Bostwick's; I found him in a low state of health; but the way to the celestial country appeared bright before him; this enables him to rejoice in the midst of pain. I preached at his house from 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' This was a theme adapted to his character and condition. The old man got happy under the word in the prospect of seeing God.

"July 22. I rode to the aged Father Bostwick's. When within a quarter of a mile of the place I met the people returning, who informed me that the old man lay at the point of death, and, therefore, there could be no preaching at his house that night. I told them we would have a meeting

in the road where we were. I gave them an exhortation, followed by prayer. We all knelt down in the street and had a precious time." I name this to show the early Methodist ministers lost then no opportunity of doing good. It was the uniform custom to be "instant in season and out of season."

I then went to his house and found the old pilgrim near "The narrow stream of death." The next day, as he had somewhat revived, I preached in his orchard from "Ye know the grace," etc. I then spent some time with the dying father. The scene was beautiful, the room full of glory; the old saint was triumphant. I prayed with him, and then bade him farewell till we meet in the pilgrim's home. Before I came round again he was in Paradise.

The peninsula produced some of the strongest men of Methodism: Shadrach Bostwick, Caleb Boyer, William Beauchamp, Ezekiel Cooper, Hope Hull, Dr. William Phoebus, Stephen Martindale, Lawrence McCombs, Lawrence Lawrenson, Bishop Emery, and many others.

Frequent changes were made at that time in the ministry during the conference year. I traveled Kent Circuit, with Christopher Sprye, till August, then my presiding elder removed me to Northampton Circuit, formerly a part of Bristol. It embraced several counties besides Northampton, Montgomery, Berks, and others. An exchange was made between Johnson Dunham and myself. So I went from the low to the high lands. The contrast was wonderful: the former low, level, and unhealthy; you might travel a whole day without seeing a hill; the latter, hills, mountains, and valleys. The change had a fine effect on my health and spirits. I entered upon my new field of labor with delight. The country was new, the circuit large and rough.

Bristol Circuit was traveled by Thomas Everard and T. Jones. James Lattomas was stationed in Wilmington. He was a superior preacher, and in his day a man of considerable note. He was taken sick, and Brother T. Jones was sent to fill his place. A relative of Thomas Everard died in Philadelphia of yellow fever, so he left the circuit, and Bristol and Northampton were blended into one, and I alone left to travel them. I found I had enough to do to go round this large territory in three weeks. I had no time for "rest week," no time to rust out; but it was happy toil, and the best of all, God was with me, strengthening me with his Spirit, and cheering me with his presence.

Jacob Gruber's birthplace was on this circuit, and I used to stay with his parents, who lived in Springfield township. I was there in 1798 with my father, who was on a ministerial tour. Jacob's father belonged to the United Brethren; his mother, and brother Peter, and sister were Methodists. I knew the family well. They were exceedingly industrious and economical. Jacob was converted, as we have seen, under Simon Miller, and from this place he went out to travel. He was highly esteemed in his neighborhood, but met with great opposition from his father when he joined the Methodists. He had a very ready utterance, with quite a German accent. I shall say more about him hereafter, as he was my colleague.

There was a house of worship in the neighborhood called Bryan's Meeting-house, named after Brother Bryan, who was a man of standing and influence. He was formerly a deist, but was converted under the labors of Dr. William P. Chandler.

I preached in Stroudsburg, now the county seat of Monroe. It took its name from Colonel Jacob Stroud, who was the first settler, and owned four thousand acres of land. He was colonel in the Revolutionary army, and commanded at Fort Penn, which stood where the village of Stroudsburg is now. This was the first settlement reached by the unfortunate fugitives from Wyoming after the terrible slaughter of July, 1778. I knew Colonel Stroud well, for he kept a public-house, and I often put up with him, and his house was a regular preaching place. We preached there on Sunday mornings. The colonel was a short, thick-set man, and much of a gentleman, and a thorough business man. His wife was an excellent woman, and a member of our Church.

The colonel was very friendly, very courteous, but not religious. I went to his house to preach one Sabbath morning, and arriving before the hour of service, I was kindly invited into a private room. The colonel came in, and, after wishing me good morning, I inquired after the state of his health. He answered, "As hearty as a buck, but I do not like this dying. I believe God made man to live forever." I replied, "I believe that too, but sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and now it is appointed unto all men once to die." He looked thoughtful, but made no reply, and left the room. A few minutes after I began the service, and the colonel was one of my auditors, for he was always present at the preaching, and a very attentive hearer. He was then an old man, and yet he did not like to think of death. He died three years after, in 1806.

My excellent friend and brother, William Colbert, in November, 1804, married Colonel Stroud's daughter Elizabeth. As I was so well acquainted in the family, and he and myself such intimate friends, he consulted me concerning the step he was about to take. I knew how deeply he was in love, and said I could give him no better advice than I saw in the almanac: "If you marry, you will be sorry; if you do not, you will be sorry." He smiled, and said, "You have now fixed me." A few months after he was married, and I never heard he was sorry. She made him an excellent helpmate, and William and Elizabeth "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless," till death separated them, in 1833. Then Elizabeth was left a widow, and William went up to receive his crown.

Another of my preaching places was at Father Broadhead's, in Smithfield, Northampton County. There was a place called "Broadhead Settlement," and there is a stream called "Broadhead Creek." They probably were so called from General Broadhead, who distinguished himself first in the Indian wars, and afterward in the Revolution. Here Rev. John Broadhead, a descendant of his, was born and converted, and began to preach, and from this place entered the traveling connection. It was at his uncle's I preached, and there were a number of his relatives in the neighborhood. He entered the traveling connection in 1794, and after having accomplished a noble work, died with his armor on, April 7, 1838. No name in the annals of New England Methodism shines brighter than John Broadhead's; none will be more enduring. He was a man of imposing appearance, a dignified Christian minister, and a model preacher. In 1800 I became acquainted with him, and in after years, when at the New England Conferences, I saw him and heard him preach.

I preached also at Bristol, a beautiful place on the banks of the Delaware, twenty miles from Philadelphia. We had a small class there, and I preached in the old Episcopal church. The Episcopalians had no minister and no preaching, therefore they permitted us to occupy it. This was

the case then almost everywhere in that part of the country, but it is very different now. Our people some years before had begun to erect a brick edifice in Bristol. The walls were up, but the roof was not on. They began to build, but were not able to finish; so it stood for several years. "We circulated a subscription, raised the money, and completed the edifice, and I had the honor of dedicating it on March 12, 1803. My text was 1 Peter iii, 12. I made this record: "I preached to one hundred and seventy, who appeared remarkably attentive. The Lord truly let us feel the evidence of his approbation."

I see by the last Minutes that we now have in Bristol 204 members and 191 probationers, and a church edifice worth \$10,000. There is a great change since I was there in 1803.

Then I went to Germantown, and John McClaskey preached for me. His text was 2 Kings v, 14: "Then he went down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan," etc. His sermon was original and full) of interest. A great preacher was John McClaskey in the days of his strength. He was one of the noblest looking men in the pulpit I ever saw. His commanding appearance, beautiful flowing locks, and magnificent voice made him quite an object of attraction.

On July 1 I went to Philadelphia and preached at Zoar, and lodged with Brother D. Doughty. The next evening I heard Thomas F. Sargent preach at the Bethel on "the stone which the builders rejected." His sermon showed him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

Near the close of this conference year I received a letter from William Colbert requesting me to take a tour with him through the Peninsula previous to the session of our conference. I could not have been better pleased than at the opportunity to revisit with such a man the scenes of our former labor and triumphs.

On April 7 we started for Annapolis and St. Martin's Circuits. Again we witnessed the mighty displays of the mercy and power of God. Multitudes were converted; among them many Africans. Brother Colbert preached at that time with great efficiency. He moved the masses as the wind does the wheat in summer. I have a list of all his texts and themes. He showed great wisdom in their selection. At every place we were hailed with delight. After many days of traveling, on April 30 we reached Dover, and were the guests of the Hon. Richard Bassett.

Bishop Asbury being sick, and not able to fill his appointment, Ezekiel Cooper held forth, and then Brother Colbert gave a narrative of the work of God on Albany District, over which he had presided during the year, and of the hundreds who were flocking to Jesus in the north, and while he was so doing the holy fire began to kindle on the altar of many hearts.

Joseph Jewell from Canada gave an account of the work of God on his district, which was like good news from a far country, and the people were much refreshed. We had no periodicals then, and this is the way religious intelligence was communicated. What a different age we live in now, when we have so many "Advocates" and other religious journals. The reader will get an idea of the extent of the work when he learns that in what was then the Albany District there are now several annual conferences. This district and Canada then belonged to the Philadelphia Conference.

Bishop Whatcoat arrived and preached at four o'clock one of his rich sermons, on all things working for good to them that love God. Richard Sneath exhorted. In the evening James Moore preached from Rom. viii, 18: "I reckon the sufferings of the present time," etc. There was a general move in the congregation, and some professed to be converted.

On Sunday, May 1, Bishop Whatcoat preached from 1 Peter iii, 5, on being "clothed with humility." It was a melting time. Few men could move and melt an audience like Bishop Whatcoat. His own heart was made of tenderness, and no wonder those felt who listened to him.

I never saw a more general move in a congregation under the word than on that day. Many were awakened, and we spent hours with those in distress. Several were converted, and the shouts of joy and songs of triumph were heard afar off. The meeting continued from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon without intermission. The recollection of such days of power and glory is enough to make an old man renew his youth.

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09 -- PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE, 1803 -- BRISTOL CIRCUIT

The Philadelphia Conference met at Duck Creek Cross Roads, now Smyrna, in May, 1803, in the meeting-house of the Friends, so that we could have our own to preach in. This we did several times a day.

Methodism was introduced into this place in 1779. Among the early Methodists here was Joseph Wyatt, who joined the conference in 1781, and located in 1788. His house was the preaching place till the church was built. Also, Alexander McLane, who gave the site on which the church was built; he and his wife were excellent members. He was an old Revolutionary soldier under Washington, as well as a valiant soldier under the great Captain of our salvation. He was father of the Hon. Louis McLane, a member of General Jackson's cabinet and minister to England, and of Robert McLane, minister to Mexico, both of whom were baptized by Bishop Asbury. I was well acquainted with this family. Near their farm lived Sarah, daughter of Thomas White, Bishop Asbury's early friend. She married Dr. Cook, who became a prominent Methodist. George Kennard was also a pillar in the infant Church, and his house was my home during conference.

At Brother Kennard's I met my dear aged father, who had come to attend the conference. I made this record: "Glory to God that we are brought to see each others' faces in the land of hope."

On Monday, May 2, the conference commenced its session. In the evening Brother Richard Swaine [7] preached from, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." A glorious time: my soul, magnify thou the Lord. We had a powerful prayer-meeting at six in the morning. It was the custom in those days to have a prayer meeting early in the morning during conference, and they were refreshing seasons. Preachers and people were in the habit of rising earlier than they do now; they had not learned to turn midnight into noon.

I heard, during the session, a number of admirable sermons: one from Richard Sneath, on Matt., vi, 10, "Thy kingdom come;" another by Thomas Foster, from Isaiah xlv, 18, a profitable

and pointed discourse; the power of God rested on the congregation. I also heard "Black Harry," who traveled with Bishop Asbury and Freeborn Garrettson. He was a perfect character; could neither read nor write, and yet was very eloquent. His text was, "Man goeth to his long home;" his sermon was one of great eloquence and power. The preachers listened to this son of Ham with great wonder, attention, and profit. I shall say something more concerning him.

I made this record in my journal: "Throughout the whole this was a comfortable and profitable conference; the business was done in love and harmony. The conference continued four days. There were about one hundred preachers. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat were both present. Twenty-four were ordained: twelve deacons and twelve elders."

Bishop Whatcoat preached from 1 Peter v, 10: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory," etc. The sermon was most powerful. It was one of the most melting times I ever witnessed; the theme suited him. I was ordained a deacon at this conference, and took the solemn vows of God upon me. I was in the regular succession, for I was ordained by Richard Whatcoat, who was ordained by Wesley. Of the twenty-four who were ordained at the conference, and the venerated bishops who presided, not one remains but myself; the rest sleep in honored sepulchers.

* * *

Black Harry

Having heard this African preach, I have been asked a great many questions concerning him. The preaching of a colored man was, in those days, a novelty. Harry traveled with Bishop Asbury as early as 1782; also with Dr. Coke, Bishop Whatcoat, and Freeborn Garrettson. Crowds flocked to hear him, not only because he was a colored man, but because he was eloquent. Mr. Asbury wished him to travel with him for the benefit of the colored people.

Some inquire whether he was really black, or whether Anglo-Saxon blood was not mixed in his veins? Harry was very black, an African of the Africans. He was so illiterate he could not read a word. He would repeat the hymn as if reading it, and quote his text with great accuracy. His voice was musical, and his tongue as the pen of a ready writer. He was unboundedly popular, and many would rather hear him than the bishops. In 1790 he traveled with Mr. Garrettson through New England and a part of New York. In Hudson Mr. Garrettson says: "I found the people curious to hear Harry. I therefore declined, that their curiosity might be satisfied. The different denominations heard him with much admiration, and the Quakers thought, as he was unlearned, he must speak by immediate inspiration." Another time he says: "Harry exhorted after me to the admiration of the people." Again, near Gen. Van Courtland's, he says: "The people of this circuit are amazingly fond of hearing Harry." In Canaan, Conn., Mr. Garrettson preached, and says: "Harry preached after me with much applause." The same afternoon Mr. Garrettson preached in Salisbury, and adds: "I have never seen so tender a meeting in this town before, for a general weeping ran through the congregation, especially when Harry gave an exhortation."

Dr. Rush heard him and admired his eloquence. Dr. Coke heard him preach, soon after his arrival in America, on the Peninsula, and said, "I am well pleased with Harry's preaching."

'Tis painful to mar a picture so beautiful. Gladly I will leave it as it is. But, alas! poor Harry was so petted and made so much of that he became lifted up. Falling under the influence of strong drink, he made shipwreck of the faith, and for years he remained in this condition. He was afterward reclaimed, and died in peace in Philadelphia in 1810, and was buried in Kensington. [I invite the reader who wishes to learn more about "Black Harry" to read my own compilation in the HDM Library entitled: "The Two Black Harrys" -- hdm0619.txt. -- DVM]

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Bristol Circuit In 1803

I was appointed this year to Bristol Circuit; John Bethel was my colleague. I rode home to Lancaster with my venerable father. We were accompanied by several preachers: Jacob Gruber, James Ridgeway, J. Dunham, Gideon Draper, and Benjamin Bidlack, the latter so graphically described by Dr. Peck. We had preaching every night.

Before I returned to my circuit I took a tour with my father. We went to New Holland and tarried with John Davis. On Sunday my father preached, as he always did, in German, from "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," etc. After the sermon the Lord's Supper was administered, and Jesus was made known to us in the breaking of bread.

On May 18, after these seasons of refreshing, I started for my circuit full of the spirit of my Master. I went to Germantown, then to Tullytown. I preached there on the 28th on "Acquaint now thyself with God," etc. At the conclusion of the sermon a man who was intoxicated reeled into the schoolhouse with a tumbler full of strong drink, and offered it to me. The tavern was opposite the school-house, and a number of "lewd fellows of the baser sort" had gathered there. They could have had no idea that I would drink of their fire-water. They wanted some fun with a Methodist preacher, or to discourage him so that he would not come again.

I preached also in Germantown. This place is within ten years as old as Philadelphia. It was called Germantown because it was founded by Germans. They were from the Palatinate.

Germantown was the birthplace of David Rittenhouse the astronomer. Often have I seen the old house where he was born, and the mill where he studied his first lessons. His father was a paper manufacturer. My father preached in Germantown for many years, and was well acquainted with the Rittenhouses. The old people were Mennonites, and hence their acquaintance with my father, who was a Mennonite preacher.

In 1802-3 the Methodists had scarcely a foothold in Germantown. There was a small class, but the members were poor and of but little influence. They had preached in the school-house, but were now excluded from it. This was from prejudice against "a sect everywhere spoken against." I concluded we ought to have a church of our own there where we could preach the Gospel without the fear of the doors being closed against us. It was in my parish, and I felt the importance of cultivating this part of Immanuel's land.

Brother Ezekiel Cooper was book agent in Philadelphia. I went and informed him of the state of things, and he advised me to circulate a subscription to build a church. He wrote a subscription, and I circulated it. I do not wish to boast, but simply to state a fact: the preacher in charge had a salary of eighty dollars, and he headed the subscription with forty dollars.

In my journal, February 9, 1803, I wrote: "In Germantown I tried to get a meeting-house started. We got upward of one hundred dollars on subscription in part of one day. If we had only one or two leading men the work, I believe, would go on." I even prayed for them, for this follows: "O Lord, the hearts of all men are in thy hands; do thou look in mercy upon us." Has not this prayer, offered fifty-nine years ago, been answered? Several hundred dollars were soon after subscribed, and we immediately secured a site and prepared for the erection of a small house. We appointed a committee to superintend the erection of the building. It consisted of five persons: two members of the Church, and three who were not members. The appointment of a majority of outsiders on the committee showed two things: 1. The scarcity of Methodist timber for material. 2. The friendly feeling of others toward this new enterprise. I made a short visit to Philadelphia, and on my return I jotted down the following: "I came back to Germantown, where I met the committee. They all seemed to be in good spirits about the meeting-house. O may the Lord prosper his blessed work in this town!"

In circulating the subscription among the Germans it greatly aided me when they learned I was a son of "Elder Boehm." My father had preached there years before, and they were pleased with him, and many of them gave me a ten-dollar subscription for our new church. Soon after some influential families were converted, which gave character and stability to Methodism in this place. Such was the origin of the first Methodist house of worship in Germantown. It is now a large place, and an arm of Philadelphia. The Methodists have there two churches: 483 members, and 116 probationers; in all, 509, and Church property worth \$36,000.

What a mighty change since the school-house was closed against us, and we, like Noah's dove, found no rest for the sole of our foot! To God be all the glory.

Some striking incidents occurred on this circuit. Near Bristol there was a wild, fast young man, who was awakened under very singular circumstances. He wished to frighten some of the neighbors on their way from meeting; so one night he fastened some horns on his head, and covered himself with the skin of a beast with the hair on, and said he was the devil; but instead of frightening others, he frightened himself, and resolved to leave the service of the devil and become a servant of God.

I preached at Mr. Heath's, a little below Morrisville. There were two brothers, who were mechanics, and in partnership, working in a shop about forty yards from the preaching place. One got ready for meeting, and asked his brother if he would not go. He said he could not spare the time, and added, "You had better stick to your work also." He replied, "I am determined to go to meeting, let the consequences be as they may." After he was gone the brother who stayed home with a determination to work was suddenly taken sick with a violent fever, and instead of working, he was not able to help himself even to a drink of water, and he was in perfect misery all the time his brother was gone. As soon as his brother returned the fever left him, and he was able to join his brother in work. When I came round on the circuit the same thing occurred over again, that made it

still more strange. At the next appointment for preaching both the brothers went to hear the word, and we were invited to make their shop a regular preaching-place, which we did, as it was much more convenient than the other.

Near Morristown, on this circuit, a house of worship had been erected by Rev. Mr. Demer, who also built the Forrest Chapel in Berks County. He was a Swedish minister. When he first heard Rev. Joseph Pilmoor, one of Mr. Wesley's missionaries, preach in Philadelphia, he welcomed him as a minister of God preaching the truth as it was in Jesus, and after a time his Church property and the society were transferred to the Methodists. My colleague and myself used to preach there.

There was a serious difficulty among some of the most prominent members and families which threatened the destruction of the society. Various attempts had been made to settle it, but all to no purpose; the storm still raged. My colleague, Thomas Everhard, tried, but it was labor in vain. I resolved, as the charge then devolved on me, in the name of the God of peace to try and settle the affair. I knew that if we did not it would destroy that Church root and branch, and that "Ichabod" would soon be written upon the deserted wall of their sanctuary. When I came round I found the society all at loggerheads. It was a perfect Babel. I was young in the ministry, and greatly exercised to know how to restore peace. I preached, and the society came together afterward, and each opened his budget of grievances. And after searching into the origin of the difficulty, I found it was much ado about nothing. It commenced with evil surmising, and this led to evil words.

My impression was it could never be settled in the ordinary way, for there was nothing definite; there were no tangible points. I then told them I had a plan for disposing of the whole matter at once. I told them my plan was that all should agree to settle the difficulty at once and forever by burying it very deep. Both parties with tears agreed to it. We dug its grave deep, we buried it, and then prayed that it might never have a resurrection. There was not a single mourner at the funeral, but a general rejoicing. I invited all who were in favor of burying it and living hereafter in Christian fellowship to rise. They all stood up; tears flowed freely; they embraced and forgave each other. Best of all, it stayed settled. They did not in burying the hatchet leave the handle sticking out so that they could get hold of it and renew the war, but buried handle and all. The old people have been gathered to their fathers. They lived and died in peace and harmony, and to this day their children and children's children bless me. I saw one of the sons years after, and he spoke with gratitude of the day when that old difficulty was buried, and when Zion became a quiet habitation.

This was at Supplee's Chapel, the oldest Methodist house of worship in Pennsylvania except St. George's. Joseph Pilmoor early preached here. The Supplees also heard Captain Webb. Abraham Supplee was local preacher. I was often his guest. This chapel was used as a hospital for our sick and wounded soldiers after the battle of Germantown, and a number of the soldiers died and were buried here. Several of the officers made Abraham Supplee's house their home. Washington was often there, having his headquarters in the neighborhood.

It was an old stone chapel, and was afterward called Bethel. Many of our early chapels were built of stone, which was abundant, cheap, and durable. Indeed, the first Methodist chapel in America was built of stone, namely, Wesley Chapel in New York.

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10 -- SHORT TOUR WITH BISHOP ASBURY, 1803

Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat visited my circuit on the 18th of July. Bishop Whatcoat preached in Bristol, and Bishop Asbury in Burlington; after which I rode with the bishops to Philadelphia, in company with Thomas F. Sargent and Oliver Beale. Bishop Asbury said he wished me to travel with him, so I left all, for in that day the bishop said "go, and he goeth; come, and he cometh." I heard the bishop, George Roberts, and T. F. Sargent preach before I left Philadelphia. The bishops moved on in advance of me, and I overtook them at Soudersburg. Here Bishop Asbury preached from Psalm li, 9-12, on "a clean heart and a right spirit." Bishop Whatcoat exhorted after him.

Bishop Whatcoat had designed to go the western route, but he became so feeble that Asbury was obliged to proceed without him.

We went first to Columbia, then to Little York, then to Hollow Pence's, a little distance from York. The bishop preached in every place. At Brother Pence's, Brother Wilson Lee met us. After the bishop's sermon he exhorted with great effect, and there was a shaking among the dry bones. From thence we had his company for some days. He was the presiding elder, and when the bishop entered a district the elder generally accompanied him. Next we went to Carlisle, to quarterly meeting. On Saturday Bishop Asbury preached at eleven, from Col. iii, 19, 13; at night Wilson Lee, from Joshua iii, 5, "Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you." This was indeed a preparation sermon for the wonders of the morrow.

On Sunday morning we had a prayer-meeting at sunrise. It was a joyful season. At eight o'clock James Smith preached from Acts xiii, 26; at eleven, Bishop Asbury preached with life and power from 9 Cor. iv, 9, "But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty," etc. At four, Wilson Lee preached from 9 Cor. x, 3-9, on the weapons of our warfare. Brother Fidler preached in the evening. We had four sermons, besides a prayer-meeting at sunrise. That was a great day in Carlisle; crowds attended to hear the word.

The next day we went to David Snyder's, where the bishop preached from 2 The. iv, 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight." Wilson Lee exhorted. I wrote, "Glory to God, this was a comfortable season." In the afternoon we went to Shippensburgh, where the bishop preached in the evening from 1 Peter iii, 15-16, on the "reason of the hope" within you. I wrote thus: "It is remarkable to see what labors our father in the Gospel undergoes. I think there is not a traveling preacher in the connection that goes through more fatigue. His extreme toil and labor eclipses the most zealous among us."

On Wednesday Brother Lee left us, and I went on with the bishop over the mountains and rocks till we reached Bedford County, Pennsylvania. We then went over the Dry Ridge and the Allegheny Hills singing the praises of the Most High. We stopped in Berlin, Somerset County, on the top of the mountains. I preached in German, and the bishop exhorted.

Here, on the top of the Allegheny Mountains, I parted with the bishop, on the 5th of August, having been with him fourteen days, and heard him preach eight times. He always loved the Germans, and as I could preach in that language, and few at that time could, he said to me, "Henry, you had better return and preach to the Germans, and I will pursue my journey alone." He did not send me back to Bristol, but to Dauphin, there being more Germans on that circuit. The bishop gave me his blessing, and with tears I bade him adieu, and he turned his face westward and I went eastward. Years after I crossed the Alleghenies several times with the bishop; I did something more than go to the top and look over at the mighty West.

The bishop, when I parted with him, was feeble in body, but in a blessed state of mind, as will be seen by an entry in his journal the next Tuesday after we separated. He says: "Although much afflicted, I felt wholly given up to do or suffer the will of God; to be sick or well, and to live or die, at any time and in any place the fields, the woods, the house, or the wilderness: glory be to God for such resignation! I have but little to leave except a journey of five thousand miles a year, the care of more than a hundred thousand souls, and the arrangement of about four hundred preachers yearly, to which I may add the murmurs and discontent of ministers and people. Who wants this legacy? Those who do are welcome to it for me!" Many might covet the honor, but few the toils and the sacrifices. The office of bishop was no sinecure in those days.

At the time frequent changes in the ministry were made by the bishops during the interval of conference, but they did not always appear in the Minutes. Most of the preachers were single men, and could move without much trouble. My name in the Minutes that year does not stand connected with Bristol Circuit, but Dauphin. Thus: "Dauphin, Jacob Gruber, Henry Boehm.

On Sunday, August 7, I went to a quarterly meeting held at Fort Littleton by Wilson Lee, presiding elder of Baltimore district. There was an excellent love-feast at nine o'clock, at which Brother Lee presided. It was the only time I was in a love-feast with that heavenly-minded man.

Brother Lee was very ill, and urged me to preach. In the name and fear of my Lord I undertook it. My text was 1 Peter iii, 12: "For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous," etc. I was blessed with great liberty. God's power was felt in the sanctuary; the house echoed with songs of joy and shouts of triumph all through the sermon, but the Lord gave me strength to keep my voice above the rest." There was not only a shout of the king in the camp, but the power of God so rested upon the people that many of them fell both speechless and helpless. It reminded me of the exhibitions of power had seen in the Peninsula. Four souls were converted during this meeting.

On Tuesday, the 9th, we came to Shippensburgh. Here Brother Lee and I bade each other farewell. The refreshing seasons we had together I have not forgotten, and his image for over half a century has been before me. I had heard him preach in Philadelphia, in 1797, at St. George's, when he was stationed there. He was a tall, slender man, had a musical voice, and his delivery was very agreeable. He was one of the great men of Methodism, and a great favorite of Mr. Asbury.

Bishop Asbury saw him but once after this, and that was on the 27th of April, 1804, on his return from the south. He says: "We came to Georgetown, and I visited Wilson Lee, ill with a bleeding of the lungs." Mr. Lee lingered till autumn, and on the 4th of October he died at Walter Worthington's, in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, in the forty-third year of his age.

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11 -- DAUPHIN CIRCUIT, 1803-1804

This circuit was very large, and the people were mostly Germans. We had thirty appointments, and at twenty of them we preached in German. Under the first sermon I preached in German one was converted. After a time it was as easy to preach in the one language as the other. Jacob Gruber was my colleague, and we both preached in our vernacular. We held union, or what were called "friendly meetings," where the Methodists and the "United Brethren in Christ" met in harmony, and the ministers took turns in preaching. These were meetings of great interest to the Methodists. It gave them access to many they could not otherwise have reached.

We held one of these meetings in Columbia in August. Multitudes were present. James Thomas preached the first sermon; [8] then my father preached in German from Gal. vi, 15-16; then I preached in English from Isa. liv, 13. Thus we had three sermons in the forenoon without any intermission. In the afternoon three of the United Brethren held forth: Smith, Hershy, and Shaefer.

To show how we worked at that day I will give an account of a few days with Jacob Gruber. At Johnstown, on Sunday, August 28, Brother Gruber preached at eight o'clock in German on Christ and him crucified. At twelve he preached again on "the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind." I exhorted both times, and at four o'clock preached at Millerstown in English from Acts x, 35. Brother Gruber exhorted in German. We lodged at Henry Myers'. On Monday evening Brother Gruber preached in German on the way of life and the way of death, and I exhorted in English. On Tuesday we went to Harrisburg, but on our way there I preached at Brother Neiding's, one of the ministers of the United Brethren, in German, from Psalm xix, 11: "And in keeping of them there is great reward." Brother Gruber exhorted. This was a melting time. At night Brother Gruber preached in Harrisburg on Felix trembling, a sermon full of alarm to delayers. He preached in German, and I exhorted in English. It was necessary that we should do so, for we had a mixed congregation. I sometimes preached in German, and then interpreted it in English; at other times I would preach in English, and then give the same sermon in German.

On Monday, September 5, I wrote: "I begin to feel as if I should be able to give the devil some heavy blows in my mother tongue before all is over." I was greatly encouraged among the Germans, as will be seen by another extract. "September 14. The prospect is good in almost every preaching place. I feel as if the Lord was about doing a great work among the Germans. Glory to God, the fields are blossoming, and I begin to feel more liberty in preaching in my mother tongue."

In October I attended a meeting of the United Brethren at George Zoeler's, west of Reading. I heard some of their great preachers: Father Tracksel, Newcomer, Kemp, and Gueting. I greatly profited by their preaching; it was a fine school for me.

On October 22 the yearly meeting of the United Brethren was held at my father's. Quite a number were converted during the meeting, and others were filled with the wine of the kingdom. Their meetings generally lasted three days, and were seasons of great interest.

I had made an appointment to preach in the court-house at Reading, but the commissioner refused to give up the key, so a large number who had assembled were disappointed. There was in this town a deep-rooted prejudice against the Methodists, which continued for years. When I passed through Reading in 1810 with Bishop Asbury the boys laughed at us, and said, "There go the Methodist preachers." They knew us by our garb, and perhaps thought it no harm to ridicule us. In 1822, when on Lancaster Circuit, I succeeded in planting Methodism in Reading, and formed the first class there, where I had been shut out a score of years before. This I considered quite a triumph. We then put up at a public-house, for there was no family to entertain us. Some young men rented the school-house for us to preach in, but we still met with much opposition and ridicule.

There was a shop in the neighborhood of the school-house where some men used to meet together. One of the company, a young man, undertook to mimic the Methodists. He went on to show how they acted in their meetings. He shouted, clapped his hands, and then said he would show how they fell down. (The Methodists in that day would sometimes fall and lose their strength.) He then threw himself down on the floor, and lay there as if asleep. His companions enjoyed the sport; but after he had lain for some time they wondered why he did not get up. They shook him in order to awake him. When they saw he did not breathe they turned pale, and sent for a physician, who examined the man and pronounced him dead. This awful incident did two things for us. 1. It stopped ridicule and persecution. Sinners were afraid, and no marvel: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish," etc. 2. It also gave us favor in the sight of the people. They believed that God was for us, and if he would thus vindicate us we must be the people of God.

Little do the present Methodists of Reading know of our early struggles and difficulties. Now they have two churches, Ebenezer and St. Paul's, and Reading is the head of a district, which is not [I suspect "not" here may be a printer's error, and should be "now". It is, however, "not" in the printed text. -- DVM] larger than my circuit in 1803.

Harrisburg was another of our preaching places. I was in the neighborhood of where Harrisburg now is in 1793. It was then called "Harris' Ferry," from John Harris, its founder, whose grave is there. In 1803 it was a small place, and Lancaster was then the capital of Pennsylvania. We had very hard work to get a foothold in Harrisburg. We preached mostly in German, and had only a small class in 1803. In my journal I wrote most discouragingly, as will be seen by the following extracts: "Friday, November 11, 1803, I preached to a few from Gal. vi, 9. Hard work in this town rowing against wind and tide; but I trust in the Captain of my salvation." Again: "Friday, April 6, I preached in Harrisburg. The people in this town are the next thing to inaccessible."

Harrisburg was then a small village; it did not become a borough till five years after I was there. We did not then cross the Susquehanna on a bridge that cost \$150,000, but in an old scow. Horse-boats were not then in existence. Most of the inhabitants were Germans.

We were kindly entertained at Friend Zollinger's, a very fine family, who afterward became Methodists. What has God wrought? Now we have in Harrisburg five hundred members and forty-eight probationers, and a beautiful church edifice worth nineteen thousand dollars.

Columbia was another of our preaching places. I was at this spot in 1791, when it was called "Wright's Ferry," from John Wright, a Quaker preacher, who came from England, and was the original land proprietor. Methodism was introduced here near the close of the last century. In 1803-04 we had a small society of very lively members, among whom were John Mitchell, brother of William and James Mitchell, traveling preachers, Brother Gough, an Englishman, and others. In Columbia we have now a fine house of worship worth \$11,000, a parsonage worth \$1,800, and a membership of two hundred and fifty.

My presiding elder was James Smith, a native of Ireland, and a man of large frame. There being several of that name in the conference, we used to call him "Big Jimmy," to distinguish him from "Baltimore James" and "Delaware James." In the days of his glory and strength he was quite a preacher.

I took a tour with him for several days. He preached in English, and I immediately translated his sermons into German. There was no other way by which he could get access to the people or be understood by them, for many of them had never heard a sermon in English. German was the pioneer language, and prepared the way for the English. I could have accomplished but little there if I had not been able to preach in German.

We were all the time breaking up new ground, entering new fields, stretching ourselves beyond ourselves. It was pioneer work.

My colleague, Jacob Gruber, soon went to another field of labor, and I was left alone on this large circuit. He was a fine intelligent looking man, and his countenance often expressed a thing before his tongue uttered it. He had a German face and a German tongue, and often looked quizzical. He wore a drab hat, and a suit of gray cut in Quaker style. With a rough exterior, but a kind heart, it was necessary to know him in order to appreciate him. A more honest man never lived, a bolder soldier of the cross never wielded "the sword of the spirit." As a preacher he was original and eccentric. His powers of irony, sarcasm, and ridicule were tremendous, and woe to the poor fellow who got into his hands; he would wish himself somewhere else. I heard him preach scores of times, and always admired him; not only for his originality, but at all times there was a marvelous unction attending his word. He had many spiritual children, some of whom entered the ministry; among others, Alfred Brunson of the Wisconsin Conference. I do not mean to justify his eccentricities; but we should remember religion does not alter our natural constitution. I might relate many anecdotes respecting him, but have not space.

The Philadelphia Conference of 1804 was held at Soudersburg, commencing on May 28. At the adjournment of the General Conference, in Baltimore, Bishop Asbury hastened on to my father's, and on Sabbath preached in Boehm's Chapel. The place was called Soudersburg from Benjamin and Jacob Souders, the proprietors. They were both Methodists, Benjamin being a local preacher.

Methodism was introduced here in 1791, and a house of worship was built in 1801. The conference was held in a private room, at the house of Benjamin Souders, that the meeting-house might be used for preaching, which was done three times a day, except on the first day. There were one hundred and twenty preachers present, and the utmost order and harmony prevailed. My soul

exulted at the idea of a Methodist Conference in my native county; it was an era in the history of Methodism in that region. Bishop Asbury preached twice during the session. The influence of the conference was beneficial in all that region. There were strong men at the conference, and some very powerful preaching.

I was appointed to Dauphin Circuit. My colleague was Anning Owen, who had charge of the circuit, greatly to my relief. William Colbert was my presiding elder.

This, as has been seen, was a large and laborious circuit; it included Boehm's Chapel and Lancaster, as well as many other places. We had hard work to get a foothold in Lancaster, and met with powerful opposition. Having no church there, we preached in the market, and those of the baser sort annoyed my colleague and myself exceedingly. Once while I was preaching, and there was some disturbance, I saw a man coming toward me from the tavern. He seemed to be full of wrath, and pressed through the crowd toward my pulpit, which was a butcher's block, as if he intended violence. I kept on preaching, throating out some hot shots, when suddenly he stopped, his countenance changed, and the lion became a lamb, and I was preserved from the harm he no doubt intended I should suffer.

Brother Owen had tried to preach there several times, and once they so interrupted him, and even threatened him, that he bade them farewell, after telling them his skirts were clear from their blood, and he literally shook off the dust of his feet as a testimony against them. Then we abandoned the place, and for three years after no Methodist preachers visited it. It was not till 1807 I formed a class there, as will be seen in a following chapter. There was a small class earlier, but it soon died away.

One of our preaching places was David Musselmen's. He lived about seven miles from Lancaster, between that and Marietta. It was a fine family, and their house one of the choice homes the early ministers loved to find. There was something very peculiar about his conversion. He was a Pharisee; thought himself good enough, a little better than most men, and looked on experimental religion as fanaticism. One day he was in his field at work, in the summer of 1800, when a storm suddenly gathered, and the clouds were dark and lowering. His little boy was with him. He saw they would not have time to reach the house before the rain fell, so they went under a large walnut tree that stood by the roadside. The rain fell in torrents; there was a flash of lightning, and quick as thought a loud peal of thunder followed. The tree was struck, and father and son fell to the ground, both senseless. When the father recovered he heard louder thunder -- the thunder of Mount Sinai; all his sins were set in order before him; his guilty soul trembled. He had hoped that his darling boy was, like himself, only stunned; but, alas! he found he was dead. His self-righteousness was now all gone, and he cried out, "O Lord, I thank thee that thou hast taken the innocent and spared the guilty." There under the tree, beside his dead son, he knelt down and sought the Lord with prayer and tears, and the Lord heard and answered. He united with the Methodist Church, and was a most excellent member. His house was the pilgrim's rest, indeed it was a sanctuary, "for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." My father, Thomas Burch, myself, and many others, have preached under his roof "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." He lived faithful many years, and then died happy in the Lord.

Thomas and Robert Burch were among my early associates in the Church. Their mother lived in the neighborhood of my father's, and belonged to the society at Boehm's Chapel, and so did her sons. She had a daughter who married a preacher. The mother was a woman of intelligence and decision of character. Years after she lived in Columbia, and I used to put up with her with Bishop Asbury when I traveled with him. It affords me pleasure, now she and her sons sleep in the grave, to make a record of her virtues. They were from Ireland; emigrated to this country in June, 1800, and settled in the neighborhood of my father's. She was a widow, having lost her husband several years before. They had been converted under the ministry of Ireland's great missionary, Gideon Ouseley, of whom they often spoke in the most exalted terms. Thomas, the oldest son, was my father's and mother's class-leader. The class met at my father's house; it was an old class, formed before I was born. I heard some of his earliest efforts at exhortation and at preaching. I encouraged him and his brother Robert to enter the ministry. Robert joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1804, and Thomas in 1805. I have rode hundreds of miles with them, attended a great many meetings, and heard them preach scores of times. They soon occupied some of our most important stations with honor to themselves and usefulness to the Church. Thomas had a voice remarkably soft and musical, yet strong. He was one of the most eloquent and popular preachers of the day. In 1810, when he had been only four years in the ministry, he was stationed in Philadelphia. His mother at that time resided with him, and she was delighted with her clerical sons. To a person who was eulogizing the preaching of Thomas she inquired, "Do you think that is great? wait till you hear my Robert." Thomas Burch died in Brooklyn on August 22, 1849, aged seventy, having been forty-four years in the ministry. He left a son, Thomas H. Burch, who is a member of the New York East Conference. Robert Burch was a member of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Genesee Conferences. He traveled for a while with Bishop Asbury. He was a man of fine talent, great simplicity of character, and honest integrity. He died July 1, 1855, aged seventy-seven.

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12 -- BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCES, 1805 -- ST. MARTIN'S CIRCUIT

Having a little ecclesiastical business, I attended the Baltimore Conference in Winchester, Pa., on April 1, 1805. I was at Winchester in 1800 with my father, and in 1805 I was the guest of Simon Lauk, Jr., who was converted under my father's labors in 1800. Mine host gave me a most cordial welcome, and my former colleague, Jacob Gruber, also was entertained there. He had been transferred to the Baltimore Conference, where he spent the remainder of his days.

Methodism was early introduced into Winchester. They had a house of worship there in 1800. Joseph and Christopher Frye were from this place. They were Germans, but not preaching in that language, soon lost the use of their native tongue.

On Sunday I heard four sermons: Brother William Page at eight in the morning, Bishop Asbury at eleven, Bishop Whatcoat at three in the afternoon, and James Hunter in the evening. The preaching was powerful, and the results were great.

This was the first time I was permitted to look upon the noble body of men that composed the Baltimore Conference. There were seventy-four preachers present. The conference was held in

an upper room in the private house of Brother George Reed. The reason for this was that the Methodist church was occupied for preaching three times a day. There was quite a revival during the conference, and a number passed from death unto life. All but two or three of the preachers that were present have long since been in their sepulchers. [9]

Here I had the privilege of seeing for the first time Rev. William Watters. He was the first American Methodist traveling preacher. I was not only privileged to see him but to hear him preach. I still remember his appearance and his theme. He preached on the "Christian armor," and I was perfectly delighted while he described, as I never heard before, the various parts of that armor and their uses. He showed that the armor was not only defensive but offensive; that we must carry the war into the enemies' camp. The sermon was delivered with great unction, and many resolved under it to be valiant for the truth; to conquer, and then share in the rewards of victory.

At this conference I first saw and heard Robert R. Roberts, afterward one of our bishops: He was then a homespun looking man, plainly and coarsely dressed, and yet his personal appearance and preaching attracted considerable attention. He had not then graduated to elder's orders. I heard him preach from 1 Cor. i, 31: "He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." The sermon was able and eloquent, showing great pulpit power. This was Mr. Roberts' first sermon at an annual conference. Bishop Asbury heard it with great admiration, and he determined to bring the young preacher forward and give him a more prominent appointment. In 1809 he was appointed to Baltimore, and then to Philadelphia, and so he rose step by step until he reached the Episcopal office.

Most honorable mention I make in my journal of this conference, of its peace and harmony, of the largeness of the congregations, of the faithfulness of the preaching, and of the souls converted. In returning from this conference I had the company of James Hunter and Henry Smith. Where we stayed over night we went into the woods, and there we wrestled and prayed together for a deeper baptism of love. Heaven met us in the grove, and we felt it none other than God's own house and heaven's gate. After riding together three days we separated.

I knew Henry Smith's father. He resided not far from Winchester. I was at his house in 1800 with my father. Mr. Smith, the aged, belonged to the United Brethren, having been converted at one of Mr. Otterbein's meetings at Antietam previous to 1789, Both the Methodists and the United Brethren used to preach at his house.

The Philadelphia Conference met on May 1, 1805, in Chestertown, Md., in the court-house, that we might occupy the meeting-house for preaching. My father and Brother Thomas Burch accompanied me to conference. On our way we attended a quarterly meeting at North East. On Saturday Brother Colbert preached in the morning, and Arming Owen in the evening. Freeborn Garrettson preached on Sunday morning a most profitable discourse, and he again preached at Elkton at five o'clock. This was the first time I heard him.

The next day we reached Chestertown, and Brother Thomas Burch and I were kindly entertained at Friend Pope's. My father having been present when I was ordained deacon, was desirous to see me invested with full ministerial powers. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat were both

present. Alas, it was the last time we ever beheld the venerable form of Richard Whatcoat presiding in the Philadelphia Conference.

Bishop Whatcoat ordained seven deacons, and after an impressive sermon from Bishop Asbury from Luke iii, 4, 6, "All flesh shall see the salvation of God," six of us were ordained elders in the Church of God: James Aikins, James Polhemus, John Wiltbank, Asa Smith, Benjamin Iliff, and Henry Boehm. I can almost feel the hands of the sainted Asbury as well as of the elders still resting on my head, and hear the echoes of his voice saying, "The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of an elder in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands," etc.

My parchments I have preserved as carefully as if diamonds, the first bearing the signature of Richard Whatcoat, the other of Francis Asbury. I was ordained a deacon on May 4, 1803, at Cross Roads, and an elder on May 5, 1805. I was licensed to preach in Pennsylvania, ordained a deacon in Delaware, and an elder in Maryland. Except myself, those who were ordained at this conference have long since gone to rest. Benjamin Iliff was the first that fell at his post. I used to preach at his father's house in Bucks County, below Easton, when on Bristol Circuit. With Benjamin I took sweet counsel, and together we walked to the house of God in company. I little thought as we stood at the altar taking the vows of God upon us that my friend and brother would die before he reached his appointment. Twenty-four days from that Sabbath he rested from his labors. He was a good man and a good preacher. His last words were: "I have lost sight of the world; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

James Polhemus was a pious man, and died in 1827, and was interred at Woodrow Chapel on Staten Island, where Joseph Torten is sleeping, and where I expect to myself.

James Aikins was an Irishman. He came to this country in 1792, and was converted in Pennsylvania. He died of cancer at Haverstraw in 1823. He was aware that he was dying, and said to the family with which he was staying, "I shall die here. God called me into the ministry, and he has called me out of it. Medical aid cannot save me."

John Wiltbank was a man of moderate talents. He located in 1813, and died many years ago, and was buried at Dover.

Asa Smith was useful, but he was very boisterous in preaching, sometimes forgetting that bodily exercise profiteth but little. He died in New Jersey several years ago.

I was appointed to St. Martin's Circuit with James Ridgeway. I left the mountains and hills of Dauphin to travel again on the Peninsula. This was a part of Annessex Circuit that I had previously traveled.

After visiting my native place I entered upon my interesting field of labor. Returning I attended a quarterly meeting in Barratt's Chapel. William P. Chandler was the presiding elder, and our quarterly and camp-meetings were great occasions. The first meeting was held at Snow Hill. Samuel Porter, father of Rev. John S. Porter, was a most prominent man on the circuit. He was a steward and class-leader, and his house a preaching place. Mr. Asbury greatly admired him, and

makes most honorable mention of him in his journal. Arthur and Ezekiel Williams were brothers, and both local preachers. They lived near the head of the Sound. The Sound Meeting-house was built in 1785. Freeborn Garrettson introduced Methodism here, and through him the Williamses were converted. Arthur was one of the best local preachers I ever knew. He was a sound divine, an evangelical preacher, a thorough Methodist. He was wise in counsel. When I obtained his advice in a critical or difficult case I felt secure. I loved to throw myself under his wing.

Arthur Williams had several children, and his wife began to be seriously exercised about their salvation. They were moral and amiable; but, alas! they had no religion. While Mr. Williams was attending an appointment some distance off she prayed with the family, as was her custom when he was away. While she was wrestling with the angel of the covenant on behalf of her children, their hearts were melted into tenderness as they saw the anxiety of their mother on their behalf. Some began to sigh, and others to cry and pray for mercy. Several were converted that night, and when the father came home there was wonderful rejoicing. In a little while they were all converted.

I received a letter from Bishop Asbury requesting me to meet him at my father's. I did so. On Sunday he preached at Boehm's Chapel from 2 Thess. i, 2-10, on the second coming of Christ. The unction of the Holy One rested on him. The sermon was delivered with great life and power, and there was a melting time under the word. Joseph Crawford traveled with him then. The next day they started for the Western Conference, and I for my circuit.

On Friday we went to the Bethel, where Lorenzo Dow had an appointment. He took no text, but discoursed on "The Character of a Gentleman." He gave the deists no quarters. Then he spoke clearly and feelingly upon justification by faith and sanctification. We then accompanied him to the "Union Meeting-House," on Duck Creek Circuit, where he preached from "Watchman, what of the night," etc. His theme was the signs of the times. It was a time of great power; there were a thousand people present. Dow had traveled all night, and until ten o'clock the next morning, before he reached Bethel. As soon as he had finished his sermon he jumped out of the window, back of the pulpit, and mounting his horse rode seventeen miles to "Union;" then to Duck Creek Cross Roads, where he preached from "Many are called, but few are chosen." His powers of endurance must have been great, for he rode eighty miles and had five meetings without sleep.

Dow was then an Evangelist. He was irregular, eccentric, and yet powerful. He had acquired the title of "Crazy Dow." The preachers were divided in opinion concerning him. Some gave out his appointments, and others would not. John McClaskey absolutely refused; he said, "I give out no appointments for him, for I have nothing to do with Lorenzo Dow."

I heard him preach several years after in Camden, N. J., and came to the conclusion that the Lorenzo Dew I heard then was not the Lorenzo Dew I heard in 1805. He was like the sun under an eclipse, or like Samson after he lost the locks of his strength.

Previous to the session of the Philadelphia Conference in 1806, Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat made a short tour through the Peninsula. I had the privilege of accompanying them, and heard them preach. The fifth of April we met them at Snow Hill, which was on my circuit. I felt a

thrill of delight in seeing them again. They went a journey of five hundred and fifty miles to visit the Churches and preach after they left Baltimore.

Bishop Asbury preached at Snow Hill, from Heb. iii, 12, 13: the caution "not to depart from the living God," and the duty to "exhort one another daily." Notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents, crowds came to listen. Thence we went to Broadkilltown, Delaware, where the bishop preached on Christian steadfastness, from 1 Cor. xv, 6-8; then to Milford, where he held forth on the form and power of godliness: 2 The. iii, 5.

Thence we hurried on to Dover with the afflicted Bishop Whatcoat. He was taken with a severe fit of the gravels and suffered most intense agony. We did not know but he would die on the road. Bishop Whatcoat remained at the house of Hon. Richard Bassett, while Bishop Asbury went on to meet the Philadelphia Conference. Here these great-hearted, noble-souled, true yoke-fellows, who had known each other in England, met in class together when boys, who had traveled all over the mountains and valleys of this country in pursuit of the lost sheep of the House of Israel, looked upon each other's faces for the last time. How touching the scene of the separation of those patriarchs, whose hearts had beat responsive to the other for so many years!

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13 -- FIRST CAMP-MEETING ON THE PENINSULA, 1805

The introduction of camp-meetings into the Peninsula formed a new era in Methodism in that section of country. Worshipping in the groves, God's first temples, was a novelty, and called out the people by thousands. The ministers preached with unusual power, for crowds inspired them, and converts were multiplied as the drops of the morning. I attended all these meetings and kept a record of them.

Camp-meetings had their origin in Tennessee, in 1799. Two brothers, named Magee, one a Methodist the other a Presbyterian minister, had the high honor of originating them. With John Magee, the Methodist, I was acquainted for several years; I traveled with him many miles, and heard him preach. He was the father-in-law of Rev. Thomas L. Douglas.

Jesse Lee introduced camp-meetings into Virginia and Maryland, and then to Delaware. But the first camp-meeting in the East was held by Rev. William Thatcher, in Carmel, New York, in 1804.

The meeting of which I now speak was the first held on the Peninsula, and the beginning of a series that were greatly honored of God and a blessing to thousands. It was held in a beautiful grove three miles south of Duck Creek Cross Roads, (now Smyrna,) and commenced on the 25th of July, 1805. There were multitudes of tents, and thousands came to the feast of tabernacles. Worshipping in nature's magnificent temple, the preachers and the people got new inspiration.

A notice of the ministers who preached, and their texts, may seem dry to some, but by others the record will be read with interest, for all who preached on that ground at that camp-meeting have long since been in Paradise.

The opening sermon was by Jesse Lee, who had attended many camp-meetings. He was then in his palmy days, and was a host in himself. His text was Isaiah xxxiii, 12: "And the people shall be as the burnings of lime, as thorns shall they be burned in the fire." This was a singular text. The sermon was terrific, showing the awful end of the wicked. Jesse Lee was occasionally a "son of thunder." His texts were often novel, and therefore attracted attention.

John Chalmers, the old hero, preached in the afternoon from Numbers x, 1-9. If the reader will turn to it he will see it was a most ingenious text for a camp-meeting, and the sermon was equally ingenious. A minister's skill and wisdom are exhibited as much in the selection of his texts as in expounding them. Adaptation is the great secret of success. John Chalmers knew as well as any other man how to adapt his subject to the occasion. In his text we read of "camps," of "trumpets" that were blown, of the "assembly," "congregation," of "priests," of "solemn days" and "days of gladness," all reminding us of modern camp-meetings.

Joseph Totten preached in the evening from Hab. iii, 2, "O Lord, revive thy work." My journal says: "This was a time of power to many souls; about twenty-two professed to find converting grace today." Such was the first day's work of the first camp-meeting held on the eastern shore of Maryland.

On Friday Thomas Ware preached at eight o'clock, from 1 John v, 4, on faith and its victories. The word was conveyed by the Spirit to the hearts of many. At three o'clock John Chalmers preached from John xiv, 12, on faith and works. James Aikins, at eight in the evening, from Matt. xi, 28, on the rest for those who labor and are heavy laden. The result of the second day was glorious: sixty were converted and a number sanctified. The meeting continued all night; some were crying for mercy, others praying, singing, shouting -- there was indeed a shout of a king in the camp. We had a glorious time at sunrise.

On Saturday morning Jesse Lee preached at eight, from John xvi, 20, on weeping and lamentation being turned into joy. That was verily a time of weeping. Richard Lyon preached at three o'clock, from Isaiah i, 18: "Come and let us reason together." William Bishop preached at night. About one hundred were converted during the day and last night. Wonderful are thy works, O Lord Almighty!

On Sunday, at eight o'clock, Alvard White preached, from Psalm cvii, 8, on praising the Lord for his wonderful works. Ephraim Chambers preached in the afternoon, and Richard Sheath in the evening. This was a high day in Zion. It was supposed there were more converted today than yesterday.

On Monday our camp-meeting closed, after a most affectionate parting. Jesse Lee says, concerning this meeting: "Thousands of people attended, and I suppose two hundred were converted among the white people, and many among the blacks. I think it exceeded anything that I ever saw for the conversion of souls, and for the quickening influences of the Holy Ghost upon the hearts of believers. I took an account of sixty-eight Methodist preachers who were at that meeting. The work went on beautifully and powerfully. It was said the noise occasioned by the cries of the distressed and the shouts of the saints was heard at the distance of three miles. From that meeting

the work of the Lord spread greatly on the eastern shore, both in Maryland and Delaware states; and hundreds were converted and added to the society in the course of a few months after that meeting." I make this long quotation because it confirms all I have said by one who was a prominent actor.

This camp-meeting was under the charge of William P. Chandler, who was a mighty leader of the "sacramental host," and just the man to command such a wing of the Christian army. Of the sixty-eight preachers who were present I alone survive. William P. Chandler, who presided, has been dead forty-three years; Jesse Lee, forty-nine years; and John Chalmers, thirty years.

I went with Dr. Chandler to the camp-meeting in Accomac County, Va. We arrived there on Monday, August 26, and worked hard in clearing the ground and fixing the seats. We were entertained at Major Kerr's, a man of wealth, who stood high in the community, and had built him a splendid mansion. He was one of Dr. Chandler's spiritual children, and had recently joined the society. His conversion was quite singular. Brother Chandler preached in the neighborhood, and was entertained by the major, who had respect for the Gospel and its ministers, though he was then emphatically a man of the world. One day while walking with him in his fine parlor, and amid his splendid furniture, the doctor said, "Well, major, this mansion is too beautiful to leave behind you, and yet you will soon have to leave it and go to that narrow house appointed for all living." It was a word "fitly spoken," a "nail fastened in a sure place." It led the major to reflection, which resulted in his conviction and conversion. The major identified himself with Methodism, and became very useful.

A great multitude attended this camp-meeting. The ministers preached with "the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and the "arrows were very sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies." On Thursday sixty were converted, on Friday one hundred and fifty, on Saturday and Sunday over a hundred each day. It was the opinion of the preachers, and others who took pains to ascertain, that four hundred whites and over one hundred and fifty blacks were converted. The work went on day and night without intermission from Thursday till Monday. Besides Dr. Chandler there were present Henry White, Thomas Birch, James Ridgeway, and John Chalmers.

There was a skeptic at the meeting who made some disturbance. He was very fluent, and crowds gathered around him as he argued against the divinity of Jesus, and ridiculed his mysterious birth. At last John Chalmers encountered him, and he was just the man. He inquired of the skeptic, "Do you believe that God created the universe?" He answered, "I do." "Do you believe God formed man out of the dust of the earth?" He said, "Yes." Another question: "Do you believe that God formed the woman out of the man?" "Yes." Then came the crowning question: "Do you think it more difficult for God to create a man out of a woman than a woman out of a man?" The question struck at the foundation of his skepticism. He was confounded; he trembled and wept, and in a little while was on his knees at the mourners' bench imploring pardon. And he found that the blood of the incarnate Jesus could wash all his guilty stains away. He became an ornament to the Church. Years afterward I saw him with a face that looked toward heaven, declaring, "I seek a better country."

There has been some discussion in our periodicals as to the time when mourners were first invited to the altar for prayers, and with whom the custom originated. As this practice made a new era in the Church, and has been so highly honored of God, the question is one of interest.

Dr. Bangs, in his History of Methodism, vol. iii, p. 376, speaks of the revival in the city of New York in 1806, and says: "It was during this powerful revival the practice of inviting penitent sinners to the altar was first introduced. The honor of doing this, if I am rightly informed, belongs to Brother Aaron Hunt, who resorted to it to prevent the confusion arising from praying in different parts of the house." This has been for years stereotyped, and is interwoven into history. The doctor expressed himself cautiously, for he said, "If I am rightly informed." The truth is, he was not correctly informed. Aaron Hunt was no doubt the one who first introduced its practice in New York, but it existed previously in other places. Rev. Henry Smith of Baltimore Conference wrote a letter to Dr. Bangs when he was editor of the Advocate asking that this error in his history might be corrected. In it he stated he had invited mourners to the altar as early as 1803, and adds, "It was not a solitary case or a new thing, but often practiced with success."

I know the practice commenced much earlier than 1806. As early at 1799, when in company with that eminent revivalist, Rev. W. P. Chandler, on Cecil Circuit, at Back Creek, after preaching, the doctor invited mourners to the altar. Nearly a score came forward, and twelve men experienced the forgiveness of sins that day, and among them Lawrence Laurenson, who became one of the most popular and useful preachers in the Philadelphia Conference. That was the first time I ever saw or heard of mourners being invited to the altar.

During the revivals on the Peninsula in 1801, and the two following years, as well as at the camp-meeting in 1805, it was the invariable practice to invite mourners to come forward. Rev. Richard Sneath, one of the best of ministers, with whom I fought side by side the battles of the Lord, has thrown light on this subject. In a letter to Dr. Coke, dated Milford, October 5, 1802, he says: "On January 25, 1801, at St. George's, Philadelphia, after Mr. Cooper had been preaching, I invited all the mourners to come to the communion-table that we might pray particularly for them. This I found to be useful, as it removed that shame which often hinders souls from coming to Christ, and excited them to the exercise of faith. About thirty professed to be converted, and twenty-six joined the society." Mr. Sheath says also: "In 1800 and 1801 I added on Milford Circuit upward of three thousand members." [10] So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed. The scenes were Pentecostal. It is difficult to realize them now.

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14 -- DOVER CIRCUIT, 1806 -- SICKNESS AND DEATH OF BISHOP WHATCOAT

On Saturday, August 12, I went with Bishop Asbury to Philadelphia. He preached twice on Sabbath. In the morning at St. George's, from 2 Peter i, 12-14. If the reader will turn to the passage he will see how touching and how appropriate it was. The bishop had just left his dying colleague, Bishop Whatcoat. He was himself pressed down with many infirmities; his tabernacle was shaken, some of the pins were being taken out. He preached also at the Academy from James v, 7-8, on patiently waiting for results, like the husbandman. The conference commenced on Monday the 14th. There were sixty-three preachers present, and the session was one of great peace and harmony.

Bishop Asbury preached on Wednesday from 1 The. iv, 12, 13: "Let no man despise thy youth;" after which he ordained seven elders.

On Thursday I heard Ezekiel Cooper preach in the Bethel from Haggai ii, 9: "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former," etc. This was a sermon of superior excellence. Ezekiel Cooper was then in his palmy days, powerful in the pulpit, powerful on the conference floor. The influence he wielded in the Philadelphia Conference was wonderful. He was the master-mind, the leading spirit.

On Monday the 21st this pleasant and profitable conference adjourned. The bishop in his journal says, "I hope many souls will be converted in consequence of the coming together of this conference, having had great peace in the societies, and sound, sure preaching three times a day."

I was appointed to Dover Circuit with James Bateman. It was a pleasant circuit, and he was a pleasant colleague. He was a young man, belonging to one of the first families on the Peninsula, and this was his first circuit. William P. Chandler was the presiding elder. On my arrival I was heartily welcomed in the name of my Master. My home was the house of the Hon. Richard Bassett. On the 26th I wrote: "Here in this hospitable mansion the venerated Richard Whatcoat is confined with dangerous illness; but I rejoice to find him better, and that there is hope of his recovery." Alas, it was a false hope, raised only to settle in despair.

On Sunday morning, with the assistance of several class-leaders, I met two hundred colored members. Their black faces shone with holy joy, and their songs were fervent and exhilarating. Religion does wonders for the children of Ham.

On Tuesday I went with Dr. Chandler to James Purnell's, where our quarterly meeting was to be held in a grove. This was the custom in that day. They were miniature camp-meetings. The people came in crowds, so the churches could not hold them. We spent a day or two in clearing the ground and removing the underbrush, and prepared seats for twelve hundred persons. On Friday there were several tents on the ground, and a number of people.

Dr. Chandler preached the opening sermon from Hab. iii, 2: "O Lord, revive thy work," etc. Great success attended the word. Brother Richard Lyon exhorted. I closed with prayer, and then Brother Lyon invited the mourners to the front of the preachers' stand. I preached in the afternoon, from 1 Peter iii, 9; and at night James Bateman, from Acts iii, 19, on the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We had not only the gentle dew, but the refreshing shower; a number of mourners came to the altar; sinners were pricked to the heart, and some who came to mock, remained to pray.

Sunday was a day of mighty power; we had three sermons. I never witnessed a more melting time. The work of justifying and sanctifying grace went on with sweetness and power.

During the meeting one hundred and sixty were converted, and thirty-four professed to be sanctified, and were witnesses that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I do not wish to make any invidious comparisons, and all my brethren know that I never belonged to the family of croakers; but I will ask this question: What would we think if we could witness such a scene at a modern quarterly meeting? There was a power among the fathers, both in the ministry and laity, that we do not possess. The ministers moved the masses as the wind does a field of wheat, and they mowed them down as the scythe does the grass.

After spending several days in attending the different appointments, I returned to Dover on Monday the 12th. I wrote in my journal thus: "Father Whatcoat is still very dangerous." Tuesday, "Today I shaved the dear saint of God. I also had great satisfaction in conversing with him; he is much resigned to the will of God." Never shall I forget the days and hours I spent with the dying bishop. The place was hallowed, and the room seemed filled with the glory of God.

I took another tour, and then returned and spent more time with the excellent bishop, whose days were closing, and the shadows of a long evening were gathering around him.

On the 18th I preached at Barratt's Chapel. I also preached at Frederica and at Banning's Chapel. Much of the power of God was felt in many of these meetings; several lay speechless and helpless.

On May 26 I made this record: "This evening I had the pleasure of conversing with dear Father Whatcoat, who is in a very low state of bodily health; but what is infinitely superior, he has peace of mind, which the world, together with health, cannot give." The next day I had another conversation with the aged pilgrim. "O! may the loving wholesome advice he gave me never be erased from my mind. May I, agreeably to his wish, continue in the field of battle should I live fifty years from now and have health and strength. Lord, thou knowest I want to be wholly thine while I live, thine in the article of death, thine in Paradise, thine in the morning of the resurrection."

Such is the record I made fifty-nine years ago, after an interview with one of the holiest men earth ever saw. He was exceedingly happy; he shouted aloud the praises of Jesus, and gave a glorious testimony to the power of religion to sustain in adversity. He talked sweetly of heaven, and of the numerous friends in America and in England that he expected to meet in heaven.

I have ever esteemed it one of the most exalted privileges of my life to enjoy the interviews I did with the dying bishop, and to be favored with his benediction.

On the 5th of July, 1806, the good bishop gave his soul to God and his body to the dust. Seldom has the Church lost a brighter ornament, seldom heaven received a purer spirit. Dr. Chandler delivered an address at his funeral to an immense crowd, and the remains were deposited under the altar of the church, in Dover, Delaware.

* * *

Portraiture Of Bishop Whatcoat

With Bishop Whatcoat I was personally acquainted for sixteen years. I had seen him at my father's house long before he was elected bishop. I was present at his election and ordination, and I

was myself ordained by him a deacon. I have heard him preach often; have traveled with him hundreds of miles; have been with him in many families; enjoyed his friendship, and had the benefit of his wise counsels. I presume there is no one living that has as many personal recollections of Bishop Whatcoat as I have.

In regard to his personal appearance, Bishop Whatcoat was not very tall; he was stout, though not corpulent. He had a fine intellectual face; his mouth was small; his eyes not very dark, but expressive. His dress was very plain, in Methodist minister style: the shad-belly coat, and vest buttoned snug up to his neck. A few years before his death he lost all his hair, so he was entirely bald. Some time after, to his great astonishment, it began to grow, and his hair came out thick and beautiful, so that when he died he had a fine head of dark hair, not even sprinkled with gray. He combed it down straight over his forehead, the Methodist fashion in those days. It would have been considered out of order to have worn it so as to exhibit a noble forehead. His face, like that of Bishop Asbury, was bronzed or tanned by exposure to many summer's suns and winter winds and storms. His likeness in the "Arminian Magazine" resembles him, though it is younger than when I saw him.

As a man he was most remarkable, for in him was blended a dignity that commanded reverence, and a humility and sweetness that inspired affection. The benignity that shone in his countenance revealed the character of the inner man. He loved everybody, and all loved him in return. As a bishop he was a safe counselor, for he was wise in judgment, He was a good presiding officer. He governed by the law of kindness, and the preachers all venerated him. In the pulpit he excelled. He could melt and mold an audience as few men ever did. The holy anointing rested on him, and a peculiar unction attended his words. Several of his sermons I can never forget. One I heard from him in 1790, seventy-five years ago, I distinctly remember: "The handful of corn," and "the fruit shaking like Lebanon." Also the one at Duck Creek Cross Roads, in 1803, on "suffering a while," etc. He professed purity of heart, and no one that knew him doubted his being in possession of it. A holier man has not lived since the days of the seraphic Fletcher, whom in some respects he strikingly resembled. He walked in the light as God was in the light. He was a man of one book, the Bible; and such was his knowledge of the Scriptures that he was called "a concordance." He was peculiarly solemn. He always appeared to act as if he heard a voice saying, "Occupy till I come," or as if the judgment trump was sounding in his ears summoning him to "give an account of his stewardship."

It was my privilege on September 23 to hear Dr. Chandler in Dover preach the funeral sermon of Bishop Whatcoat from John i, 47: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." Was there ever a more appropriate text? No man was ever more free from guile than Bishop Whatcoat. Dr. Chandler did justice to the subject. He had known the bishop intimately for years, and was a great admirer of his many virtues. I wrote thus in my journal: "This was truly a solemn and profitable discourse. My heart was affected on reflecting on what wholesome instructions I have heard from the lips of our father in the Lord both in private and public. I am encouraged to be more faithful, that I may not become a castaway, and be separated from those who have gone before."

Bishop Asbury hastened back after his New England tour to see his friend and "true yoke-fellow," but he was too late. "At Kingston," he says, "I found a letter from Dr. Chandler

declaring the death of Bishop Whatcoat, that father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years; a man of solid parts; a self-denying man of God. Who ever heard him speak an idle word? When was guile found in his mouth? He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry: sixteen years in England, Wales, and Ireland, and twenty-two in America; twelve years as presiding elder; four of this time he was stationed in the cities, or traveling with me, and six years in the superintendency. A man so uniformly good I have not known in Europe or America... At his taking leave of the South Carolina Conference I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within a hundred and thirty miles; death was too quick for me."

The next spring, when Bishop Asbury was returning from his annual southern tour, he came to Dover. On April 27, 1807, in Wesley Chapel, standing over the remains of Bishop Whatcoat, he preached the funeral sermon of his late colleague from 2 The. iii, 10: "But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, longsuffering, charity, patience." [11] Governor Bassett was present, and many others who loved Bishop Whatcoat in life, and mourned the loss they sustained in his death. It was a portraiture of Bishop Whatcoat "sketched and painted by a master workman who was well acquainted with his subject; and so accurate was the likeness, with its lights and shades, that there was no difficulty in recognizing the original.

On the walls of the church in Dover was placed neat marble slab, on which the following was inscribed:

"In memory of Rev. Richard Whatcoat, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was born March, 1736, in Gloucestershire, England, and died in Dover July 5, 1806, aged seventy years."

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15 -- DOVER CIRCUIT -- GREAT CAMP-MEETINGS

It is now almost impossible to realize what great times we had at our early camp-meetings. They did much in breaking up the strongholds of the devil, and almost revolutionized the Peninsula. They made, as Bishop Asbury said, "our harvest seasons." Among the Methodists no gentlemen and ladies attended for leisure, pleasure, or pure air; but they went to work to save souls from death, and acted as if they had no other business. On June 11 we held a camp-meeting on Dover Circuit. There were two hundred tents on the ground. Brother Alward White preached the first sermon from Neh. iv, 10, on removing the rubbish so we shall be able to build the wall. On the first day forty-seven were converted and thirty-nine sanctified. This is the way they looked for things in those days: while penitents were pardoned the saints were purified. Friday morning Richard Lyon preached from Matt. xx, 6, to idlers in God's vineyard. Then mourners were invited to the altar. Many came, and the work of God went on till three o'clock, when James Aikins preached from Luke xiv, 17, on the Gospel feast. The work went on gloriously, and at sunset they reported one hundred converted and seventy-five sanctified. In the evening George Woolley preached from Isaiah xxviii, 17, on sweeping away the refuge of lies. The last refuge of the sinner seemed to be swept away. The next morning they reported sixty-two converted and fifty-three sanctified.

Thomas Boring preached on Saturday at eight o'clock from Rev. iii, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc.; W. B. Lacy at three from Deut. xxxii, 11, about "The eagle stirreth up her nest," etc.; Thomas Dunn in the evening from Psalm cxlv, 19. There were one hundred and forty-six converted and seventy-six sanctified during the day. The next morning they reported one hundred and fifty-six converted and one hundred and sixteen sanctified during the night.

Sabbath was a great day in Israel Dr. Chandler preached in the morning at ten from Isaiah xi, 9: "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord," etc. He could move the masses as the wind stirs the leaves on the trees. James Ridgeway at three in the afternoon, from 1 Peter iv, 17: "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel." He was a powerful man at camp-meetings. At sunset they reported three hundred and thirty-nine conversions and one hundred and twenty-two sanctifications. What a Sabbath! Peter Vannest preached at eight o'clock. Eighty-one converted that evening and sixty-eight sanctified.

On Monday morning William Hardisty preached from Psalm xxxiv, 5; in the afternoon Brother Jackson from Acts iii, 19, 20, on times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and James Herron preached in the evening. There were this day two hundred and sixty-four conversions and fifty sanctifications.

On Tuesday morning the Lord's supper was administered. There was a most melting time. I have given this record just as it was written in 1806. I added: "O how the power and love of God unites the hearts of his people. Glory to my God and Saviour that I have lived to see such times of the outpouring of his Spirit! Agreeable to the report of those who were most active in the work, there were eleven hundred conversions and six hundred sanctifications." This may seem an exaggeration, but the record was made at the time, and there could be no object to state anything but the truth, for it was written simply for myself, and not for others.

July 15 the camp-meeting began near Dover. For several days we had been preparing seats for six thousand persons. The people came in crowds. There were four hundred tents, wagons, and carts within the inclosure. Some slept in wagons, others in carts.

On Thursday John Chalmers, an old warrior, opened the campaign from Exod. xiv, 15: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." They did go forward with banners flying, and a shout was heard along the ranks of our Israel. The work of revival commenced in a powerful manner under the first sermon, and continued through the night. There were sixty-eight converted and twenty-nine sanctified. Glory to the Highest!

On Friday at eight o'clock Lawrence McCombs preached on 2 Cor. iv, 5. He had a powerful voice, and was an admirable man to preach at camp-meetings. Brother Kendall preached in the afternoon. On Saturday morning Daniel Chambers, a local preacher from Baltimore, preached on "The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy." Joshua Wells preached in the afternoon from Psalm lxxxvii, 3: "Glorious things are spoken of thee," etc.; and William B. Lacy at night from Isaiah xxxiii, 16. The work went on all night. Will the reader be surprised that I added, "Glory! glory!"

Sabbath was a high day in Zion. There were about ten thousand people on the ground. In the morning Samuel Coate preached on John iii, 17; John Chalmers preached in the afternoon; and Brother Ridgeway at night. One hundred and ninety-eight were converted and one hundred and sixty sanctified. Hallelujah! This was during the day. The work continued all night, and one hundred and twenty-seven were converted and one hundred sanctified before the sun rose in the east.

On Monday morning Peter Vannest preached on Luke xv, 2: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." He did receive them cordially into his arms, into his family; he was receiving them when my brother was preaching. Samuel Coate preached again on being instant in season and out of season. He was there to raise money for a church in Montreal, Canada, and was very successful. I preached at night from Luke xiv, 22, 23: "And yet there is room." The work went on gloriously all night. During the meeting there were reported one thousand three hundred and twenty conversions and nine hundred and sixteen sanctifications.

This is wonderful. I give the figures just as I wrote them in my journal in July, 1806. Shall these eyes, before they are closed in death, ever witness such scenes again? Shall these ears ever hear such cries of distress, such shouts of joy, such songs of victory? Shall this aged heart ever feel such shocks of divine power as I felt on that consecrated ground?

Governor Bassett was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He obtained a wonderful baptism, and gave in his testimony before listening thousands. Bishop Whatcoat had died a short time before at his house, and his patience in suffering and his triumphant death was a great benefit to the governor, who witnessed the agony and the triumph of that holy man. Allen McLane, father of Hon. Louis McLane, was there on his knees wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant, with tears rolling down his cheeks, for a clean heart, and he was made pure in heart and enabled to see God. Methodism received a mighty impetus from this meeting.

On the 31st of July I left home for a camp-meeting in Virginia. On the way I attended quarterly meeting, with Dr. Chandler, in the grove near Samuel Porter's, at Snow Hill. Two hundred and forty were converted and many sanctified. On Sunday, at midnight, I started with the doctor, Brothers R. Lyons, T. Burch, Aikins, and others, for the camp-meeting at Accomac. We reached Onancock, and put up with Major Kerr, whom I have described.

On Thursday morning our camp-meeting commenced, and the work of God broke out in the several tents before a single sermon was preached. In the evening Alward White preached from Psalm xlii, 3: "My tears have been my meat day and night," etc. The work went on nearly all night, and the next morning they reported one hundred and twenty-two converted and eighty-four sanctified.

The preachers and subjects during the rest of the meeting were as follows: Friday -- John Chalmers, Eccles. iii, 3; Matthew Greentree, Col. iii, 3, 4; Peter Vannest, Rev. xii, 1, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven," etc.; a wonderful text, and there was a wonderful time. Saturday -- James Aikins, Zech. ix, 12; Richard Lyon, Luke xii, 57; John Chambers, Matt. i, 21. On this day the sons of Belial made a great stir, and for a time somewhat hindered the progress of the work; yet there were two hundred and sixty-three conversions and one hundred and twenty-three

reported to have been sanctified during the day and night. Sunday -- John Chalmers, Rev. xx, 1-3; Henry White, Rev. xxi, 27; he struck with the hammer of God's word and broke the hearts of stone, and the work went on during the whole night. On Monday I held forth, from Gal. vi, 9, on not being weary in well-doing.

On Tuesday morning the Lord's supper was administered; after which we had our Christian parting, which was truly affecting, for many of us parted to meet no more till we pitch our tent in the groves of Paradise. A number of friends were there from Baltimore. The preachers and the people who were there have gone most of them the way whence they will not return. The number of conversions reported in the course of the meeting was over nine hundred.

Brother Chalmers went with me to Snow Hill, where he preached. I was taken very ill. I lodged with Samuel Porter. I read a part of a chapter and fainted, and Brother Porter prayed. I fainted also in preaching that day. I was kindly cared for at G. Ward's, a local preacher. Here I was dangerously ill for several days under the doctor's care. I then went with Brother Ridgeway to the Line quarterly meeting to see Dr. Chandler, to get some advice from him concerning my health. The chapel could not hold the people, so the preaching was out of doors, and the preachers lodged in the meeting-house. There were one hundred and twenty converted at this meeting. Dr. Chandler advised me to go with him to Dr. Edward White's, in Cambridge. I was so weak I could not have gone had not Doctor Chandler kindly permitted me to ride in his carriage. For five weeks I was under the care of Dr. White, who was a skillful physician as well as Christian gentleman. And here slowly I began to recover. The doctor and his family were very kind to me.

During these days I enjoyed the society of Joseph Everett, who was then worn out. It was a privilege to hear the old warrior talk of bygone days, of battles fought and victories won. On the 30th of October I took my leave of Dr. White, and recorded this prayer: "May the Lord bless this kind family. I trust I shall never forget the kindness they have shown to me." I never can. They have gone to their reward, but my heart throbs with gratitude when I recall their peculiar kindness to me over fifty years ago.

I went to our quarterly meeting, not far from Snow Hill, and found Brother Chandler and the preachers clearing the ground and preparing the seats. The people went with their tents to quarterly meeting as they do now to camp-meeting. There were many tents on the ground. On Saturday there was a great awakening, and though it rained, the work went on all night.

On Sunday morning, Dr. Chandler preached from John vii, 17, "If any man shall do his will he shall know of the doctrine," etc. Then he called the mourners forward, and many came and the work went on till three o'clock, when Ezekiel Williams preached from 1 Cor. i, 30. Dr. Chandler immediately followed, and took for his theme the ten lepers. At the conclusion of the discourse he called the mourners forward; a great number accepted of the invitation, and the cries of the mourners and the shouts of those who were happy continued until morning, when we separated, and it was a time of weeping and of shouting. There were sixty souls converted and fifty sanctified during the meeting. My soul, praise the Lord! I have dwelt here to show the reader what kind of times we had at our quarterly meetings in those days. I returned to my circuit, and there was one general revival.

In September I preached the funeral sermon of Edward Callahan, who resided near Banning's Chapel. He died of cancer, after long and excruciating sufferings. It commenced with his under lip, and spread so that it eat off the side of his face and his tongue, yet such was the power of grace that he was enabled to triumph over pain, and glorified God in the fires. Like his Master, he was made perfect through suffering. His was a peculiar case. Before his conversion he was a confirmed stammerer; indeed such was the impediment in his speech that often he could not express what he wanted to say in language, and was obliged to resort to writing; but the moment he passed from death unto life a physical as well as moral miracle was wrought, his tongue was unloosed, and he became a very useful local preacher. He preached for over twenty-five years.

I could fill a volume with what occurred on Dover Circuit; it was one of the most glorious years of my life. At Dover, Barratt's Chapel, Milford, Banning's Chapel, and many other places, we saw the wonderful works of God. I was happy in my colleague, James Bateman, a Christian gentleman, and a brother beloved. I was happy in my presiding elder, Doctor Chandler. I was happy in my home, the house of the Hon. Richard Bassett, for though I had many good stopping places on the circuit, his house was my home, and there could be no better one for a Methodist preacher. I was happy among the colored people; we paid special attention to them, and witnessed the power of the Gospel upon their hearts. The whole year was one scene of revival.

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Rev. William P. Chandler, M.D.

I rode with Dr. Chandler, in his wagon, to Philadelphia, to attend the conference. As this is the last of my traveling with him I will give a sketch of him. I do this with pleasure, as I think too little has been said concerning him. He was among the great men of Methodism in that day, and his name deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. I was intimately acquainted with him for years. No man did I venerate more, none had I greater reason to love. He was my spiritual father, my early counselor and friend, and it was by him I was first encouraged to enter the work of the ministry.

He was born in Maryland on June 22, 1764, and in 1790 was converted in St. George's, Philadelphia. In 1797 he was admitted into the Philadelphia Conference, and appointed to Strasburg Circuit. This included Boehm's Chapel. This was the first year I saw and heard Dr. Chandler. He was called doctor because he had studied medicine with the famous Dr. Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Ware brought him out into the work, and had for him a great admiration.

He did most efficient service for several years, until his health failed, and he located in 1813. Anxious to die with his name enrolled with his brethren, he was received into the Philadelphia Conference as a superannuated preacher in 1822, the very year he died.

Dr. Chandler was emphatically a great man: great physically, for he had a noble body; great mentally, for he had a noble mind; great morally, for he had a noble soul. As presiding elder, he magnified his office. His quarterly meetings were seasons of great interest and power. He was

great at camp-meetings. He inaugurated the camp-meetings that were first held on the Peninsula, where 'thousands were converted.

The great revival at the General Conference in 1800 was the result of a revival previously commenced on Cecil Circuit, and the flame spread to Baltimore, from that to Duck Creek, throughout the Peninsula, and almost all over our entire work. Dr. Chandler was the leading spirit, the pioneer in that glorious work which is now a part of the history of the Church.

He was pre-eminently a revivalist. Powerful scenes were often witnessed under his preaching. Scores would be awakened under a single sermon. Sinners seized with trembling would fall to the ground like dead men, while the shout of victory from the redeemed could be heard afar off. I saw him on an ordinary occasion take twelve into society who were converted at a meeting one Sabbath day, and two of them, Lawrence Laurensen [12] and Thomas Curran, became preachers.

Dr. Chandler was great in faith and prayer. At the first camp-meeting a dark, thick cloud gathered over the encampment, and there was a prospect of a tremendous shower. The people showed symptoms of alarm, and began to disperse. The doctor requested them to be seated, expressing the utmost confidence there would be no rain. Then he said, " Let us pray." And he prayed that God would fold up the clouds, and that the rain might not descend upon the encampment. He that heard Elijah's prayer listened to Dr. Chandler's. The clouds parted when right over the camp, and it rained on either side, but no sprinkling on the campground. I make no comment, but simply state the fact, of which I was an eye-witness. I heard him preach over fifty times sermons of such power as I have seldom heard in a long life of over fourscore years. Down on the Peninsula such was his power that the wicked used to say, "If Dr. Chandler was placed on one end of a stand at camp-meeting and Solomon Sharp on the other they could preach the devil out of hell." This rough expression shows what they thought of his power.

The doctor suffered from paralysis, He went to the West Indies, but returned home worse than when he went. His death was such a triumph that angels must have contemplated it with delight. A friend being on the way to meeting stopped to inquire how he was.. The doctor asked "What day is it?" On being told it was Sunday, "Sunday?" said the doctor; "go then to meeting and tell them I am dying shouting the praises of God." Then turning to his wife he said, "My dear Mary, open the window and let me proclaim to the people in the streets the goodness of God." Thus passed away one of the most powerful ministers that ever wielded the sword of the Spirit. Such was the last hour of my lifetime friend and spiritual father. He died on December 8, 1822, aged fifty-eight.

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16 -- MISSIONARIES, 1807

Bishop Asbury preached the funeral sermon of Bishop Whatcoat April 29, 1807, and the same evening in Dover I preached my farewell sermon. My heart was deeply affected on parting with my dear brethren and friends, with whom I have had so many gracious seasons. Can it be

wondered at that I wrote, "I hope to meet them in a better country?" Most of them are already there, and I am on my way.

The session of the Philadelphia Conference was a harmonious one. It was held in Philadelphia, commencing on April 2. On Sunday morning Bishop Asbury preached from Rev. ii, 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In the afternoon I went with William Colbert to the debtor's prison, where he preached. Many of the prisoners appeared very serious. In those days we took great pains to preach in poorhouses, jails, penitentiaries, and state-prisons. We visited prisoners, and particularly those who were under sentence of death. The Wesleys did the same in the infancy of Methodism. My appointment was strange, as it appears in the Minutes: "Pennsylvania, William Hunter, Henry Boehm." We had not, however, the whole "Keystone State" as our field of labor, but only that part which lies between the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers. We were to break up new ground, "stretch ourselves beyond ourselves." This was what Bishop Asbury was ever trying to do himself, and wished others to imitate him. I was appointed to that field because I understood the German language. My German sword had become a little rusty, for I had had but little occasion to use it on Dover Circuit; but I had now to take it out of its scabbard and polish it, and try its temper.

Thomas Burch and I put up with Mr. Rolph, who was the keeper of the debtor's prison. People were in those days imprisoned for debt, and as there were many in debt, so there were many prisoners. Robert Norris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the intimate friend of Washington, one of the framers of the Federal Constitution, and the great financier of the Revolution, whose credit for a time was better than his country's, lost all his property and became bankrupt, and was confined in this very prison for debt for a long time, to the shame of the city of brotherly love and to the shame of his country. But the year before I was there death came to his relief, on May 6, 1806. He died in poverty at the age of seventy-three. This law of imprisonment for debt is now abolished, thanks to humanity. The keeper of this prison and his wife were awakened, and shortly after converted. It was a very fine family, and in after years I used to be entertained by them.

In the conference our brethren were filled with much of the divine presence. The work of God went on in the congregations, and many were converted. Fifteen were admitted on trial at this conference, among them Peter P. Sandford, long known as one of the strong men of the New York Conference.

Solomon Sharp was my presiding elder. Our first quarterly meeting was held in a grove near Cornwall Furnace. Brother Sharp preached on 1 Peter iv, 7, "But the end of all things is at hand," etc., a sermon full of power; and again on Sunday from Eccles. ix, 11. On Monday the sacrament was administered, and Solomon Sharp preached a very profitable sermon from Gal. v, 17, "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" etc. There were a few converted, and both ministry and the laity got a wonderful baptism of love at our first quarterly meeting in the grove. We had about twenty tents and wagons, in which the people lodged.

The last of May a camp-meeting was held in the neighborhood of what is called "the Forest Chapel." This was an old chapel in the forest, built by Mr. Demer, whom I have already noticed. Brothers Sharp, Hunter, Ireland, and others preached, and also myself. Solomon Sharp preached

four very impressive sermons. He was a mighty man in the tented grove, and had great power over the masses. One of his sermons was on the worth of the soul, and the danger of its loss. Sinners trembled, and who can wonder? Another was the contrast between the Law and the Gospel, John i, 17; another on the danger of looking back after having put his hand to the Gospel plow. Upward of twenty were converted, many shouted for joy, and over ten were sanctified. Meetings of this kind were new in this part of the country, and crowds came to attend them.

An incident occurred here worthy of note. Some of the sinners of a baser sort were disposed to interrupt the service. When the disturbance threatened to be serious, the Hon. George Clymer, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, then a lawyer, residing in Reading, arose in the congregation and addressed the assembly. He spoke of the struggles of the Revolution, of what our liberties cost, and the right our glorious Constitution gives to all to worship under their own vine and fig-tree. Then he said, "In vain have patriots bled and martyrs died to procure freedom if we cannot worship the God of our fathers according to our own conscience." His address had a most happy effect in restoring order. It was whispered round, "Who is that?" "The Hon. George Clymer," was the answer. It was the, only time I ever saw him or heard him. His conduct was so noble, for then we were a "sect everywhere spoken against," and no great honor could be obtained by defending us.

Mr. Clymer was a tall, fine-looking man. with a dark, expressive eye, a grave countenance, and hair of a kind of iron gray. He was a great financier, associated with Robert Morris in establishing a bank for the relief of his country. He was a member of Congress, and president of the Philadelphia Bank and of the Academy of Fine Arts. He was one of the great men of Pennsylvania, and of the nation, and for such a man to defend the Methodists under circumstances that I have described certainly was a noble act. The name of George Clymer has in my mind ever been associated with the Forest camp-meeting. Six years after he died, aged seventy-three years, just as old as his friend and compatriot Robert Morris was when he bid adieu to earth.

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Camp-Meeting At Wye

In July Bishop Asbury and Daniel Hitt made us a brief visit, as they were on their tour West.

On Sunday, July 26, the bishop preached, under the shade of some locust trees, near Columbia, on the east bank of the Susquehanna, from 2 Cor. v, 14, on the death of Jesus, and why he died for all. Daniel Hitt preached from 2 Cor. vi, 17, 18, on coming out from the world, etc. The next day I accompanied Bishop Asbury to Little York, and then bade him adieu, little thinking that the next year I would be his traveling companion.

On Wednesday I went with Brother Sharp and several friends to Wye camp-meeting, Queen Anne County, Maryland. On Friday night the campaign was opened by Solomon Sharp, from Mal. iii, 16-18, "Then they that feared the Lord spake one to another," etc., an admirable introduction. I preached on Jer. vi, 16, and John Chalmers on Matt. vi, 10, "Thy kingdom come." It

did come, not in word only, but in power. The work of revival went on all night. Many were converted, and the grove echoed with loud hallelujahs.

Sunday was a great day. Great crowds, great singing, great preaching, and great power under the word. Solomon Sharp preached in the morning from Jer. ix, 1, "O that my head were waters," etc.; Brother Ridgeway in the afternoon, on 1 Cor. xv, 34, "Awake to righteousness, and sin not," etc., a very awakening sermon; and William B. Lacy in the evening, on Luke xiv, 17. The slain of the Lord were many.

On Monday there was a novel scene. In the morning, John Chalmers preached with great effect. He was followed by his son, John Chalmers, Jr., who preached from Dan. vii, 18, "But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even for ever and ever," a sermon full of encouragement. The preacher was a noble son of a noble father. His youth then attracted great attention. He was called "little Jacky Chalmers." Many souls found the Lord this day.

On Tuesday morning Leonard Castle, of Baltimore, preached from 2 Cor. iv, 5, "For we preach not ourselves," etc., a sermon of uncommon beauty, eloquence, and power. Solomon Sharp followed, on Luke xxii, 26. Great unction attended the word; convictions and conversions were greatly multiplied. A brother was appointed to preach in the evening; but the work broke out so under the prayer offered at the stand, and such were the cries of distress, the shouts of triumph, that the preaching had to be dispensed with. But the work went on gloriously.

On Wednesday Leonard Castle preached again from Ezek. xxxiii, 5. This was a sermon full of alarm. Sinai's thunder could be heard, its lightnings seen. The people were awe-struck, and listened as if they were hearing an angel from heaven. I wrote: "Praise the Lord that mine eyes have ever been permitted to witness such displays of the power of God as I have seen this day." The work went on all night.

On Thursday morning a love-feast was held. The testimonies were clear. God spread his banner over us, and it was love. At three o'clock Brother Leonard Castle preached from 1 The. iv, 8, on the profitableness of godliness for two lives and two worlds. He was surpassingly eloquent, and the Lord worked powerfully.

On Friday Solomon Sharp and E. Larkins preached. The work went on with such power that it was concluded, to the joy of many, to continue the meeting over another Sabbath.

On Saturday Leonard Castle, Henry Boehm, and Henry White preached. It was a great day of the converting and sanctifying power of God. The work went on during the night.

Sunday was a day of wonders. Eight thousand people were on the ground. Brothers Sharp, Castle, and Alward White preached. Leonard Castle's text was: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The sermon was one of the most eloquent and impressive I have ever heard. The multitude on the ground looked astonished; it was visible in their countenances. If we would know

the number of conversions and sanctifications we must wait till we are permitted to search the records of heaven. But they were many.

On Monday morning we separated with tears and regrets. I wrote: "This was the greatest meeting I have ever attended. Almost every sinner on the ground was awed to reverence."

Over twenty sermons were preached by men who knew how to wield the sword of the Spirit. Solomon Sharp preached five sermons of rare power and excellence. The youthful and captivating Leonard Castle preached five times on the grandest themes that ever engaged the powers of a minister or the attention of a congregation. His sermons on that camp ground for years were subjects of profound admiration. [13] The old hero, John Chalmers, twice held forth; and Jacky, a counterpart of himself, once.

We tried to break into new ground. About ten miles from Wilmington was Sharpless' rolling mill. We got a foothold, and formed a society, and a church was afterward built in the neighborhood. When we first preached there some tried to mob us. They gathered around the door and tried to rush in and seize us. I was preaching, and Brother Hunter was with me. There was a strong man who stood at the door with a stone in his hand and took sides with us, and threatened to knock down the first man who touched us. So he frightened the rowdies, and we preached on unmolested. He was a large Irishman, and one reason he interested himself so much on our behalf was that Brother Hunter was an Irishman, and he was determined that his countryman should not be abused.

When on this circuit several years after I became acquainted with Abram Sharpless, the owner of the works. He was an orthodox Quaker, a man of wealth and great business talent. We put up with his foreman, and Mr. Sharpless furnished plenty of food for our horses. Mr. Sharpless when eighty years of age spoke to me of the great change that had taken place among his workmen. Of their sobriety and industry since the Gospel had been introduced among them he said that previous to the preaching there on seventh day his hands would be dissipated, and no better on first day. On second day he would have to send after them to get them to work, and then they were not worth much. He said it was very different now. All he had to do was to tell his people what he wanted done, and bow, and it was accomplished. I then asked him if we might not conclude that the influence of the Gospel had produced this great change. He heartily assented. This was acknowledging a great deal for an old Quaker.

In 1790 my old schoolmaster left Lancaster, and I did not know where he had gone. One Sabbath in July this year, while preaching in German in a barn in Likens' Valley, I saw an intelligent-looking man viewing me intently through his spectacles. I wondered who it was, and where I had seen him. Behold, it was my old schoolmaster, that I had not seen since I was his pupil eighteen years before. We greeted each other with tears, and talked of by-gone days and scenes. He was a Lutheran, and used to read the burial service at funerals when the minister was absent. He became a minister, and was pastor of a church west of the Susquehanna. I never saw him afterward, but I never can forget Henry Rossman, my old schoolmaster, to whom I am so deeply indebted, especially for my knowledge of the German language.

It was not till 1807 we got a permanent foothold in Lancaster. It was very hard soil for Methodism. Twice we made a beginning, but failed, and for several years the place was abandoned. We had no preaching there, only an occasional sermon.

The introduction of Methodism into Lancaster was providential. The translation of the Methodist Discipline into German had something to do with it. In 1807 I went to Lancaster to read the proof-sheets of this translation at the printer's. After I had read them, and was about to return home, it commenced raining hard, and I put up at a public house where I had often stopped. The Lutherans were there in great numbers to draw a lottery, the proceeds of which were to finish a church steeple. [14] A crowd had come together to see who was fortunate enough to obtain a prize. Feeling no interest in the result of the drawing, and annoyed by the noise and confusion of the people, I left the public house and took a walk through Lancaster to while away the time. While going along the street I met with a woman who had been a member of the Methodist Church in Germantown. She told me there was a man by the name of Philip Benedict in Lancaster who had been awakened at a camp-meeting, and he and his wife were seeking the Lord, and she advised me to call and see them, telling me where they lived. I went to their house, pointed them to Jesus, and prayed with them. As I was about leaving they said, "O that we could have Methodist preaching in Lancaster!" I told them they could have it. So I left an appointment to preach at his house. It became a permanent preaching place. In a little while I formed a class of six members: Philip Benedict and his wife, and four others. This was the nucleus of the society which remained permanent. I am thankful that I had the honor of planting the tree of Methodism in that city. Behold how many links there are in this singular chain; how many small causes to bring about such large results!

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17 -- DOCTOR ROMER AND THE GERMAN METHODIST DISCIPLINE

There are but few who know that the Methodist Discipline was translated into German fifty-seven years ago, and I am the only man living who knows all about it: by whom it was translated, who brought it through the press, etc. In Asbury's Journal we find, under date of Friday, August 30, 1810, "At Middletown, Penn. We here broke bread with Dr. Romer, a German, who has translated our Discipline for his countrymen." This brief record is all. There is not a historian of our Church that names the fact so full of historic interest. Mr. Asbury ever felt the deepest interest in the welfare of the Germans. When I commenced traveling with him in 1803, and went as far as Berlin, on the top of the Allegheny Mountains, the reader will remember he sent me back to Dauphin to preach to the Germans. Rev. John Lednum in his recent work, "Rise of Methodism in America," p. 241, has fallen into an error. In speaking of Peter Albright, [15] and the Albright Methodists, he says: "Dr. Romer of Middletown translated the Discipline into German for their use." This is a great mistake.

The Albrights were not regularly organized into a conference till 1807. The same year the Methodist Discipline was translated into German. Their whole membership at that time was only two hundred and twenty. It is not likely they would have had the Methodist Discipline translated for that small number. Furthermore, at their Conference of 1807 those associated with him requested Mr. Albright to draw up some "articles of faith and a discipline for the association, in

conformity with the Scriptures." Would they have made any such request if they had adopted the Methodist Discipline? Mr. Albright died six months after the conference, and therefore was unable to comply with their request. The association had not the name of "Albrights" until 1809, and in that year Rev. J. Miller drew up the articles of faith and discipline for them. Our Discipline was translated into German two years before, but not at their request, or for their use; they had no hand in it.

The facts are these: At the request of Bishop Asbury and the Philadelphia Conference I had the Methodist Discipline translated into German in 1807. I employed Dr. Romer, and aided him in the translation. We frequently compared notes, and consulted about certain terms. I also employed the printers and paid them, and examined all the proof-sheets, and attended to the distribution of the books after they were printed. I made a number of entries in my journal at that time which throw light on the subject: "June 30, 1807, I rode to Middletown and came to Dr. Romer's about sundown. The doctor has now translated our form of Discipline into the German language, which I expect soon will be published." This was in June, and some time was spent afterward in revising it, for it was not until September it went into the hands of the printer, as will be seen from the following extracts from my journal:

"September 1, I rode to Lancaster, and agreed with Henry and Benjamin Grimler, printers, to print fifteen hundred copies of our form of Discipline in German, then returned home to my parents in the afternoon." Again: "Monday, September 7, went to Lancaster, and saw the first proof-sheets of the Discipline." October 14: I was again in Lancaster, and the record says, "I stopped a while with the printers; the Discipline is about half done." From these extracts and others I might make, it will be seen what kind of a hand I had in publishing the first German Methodist Discipline in the new world. The Germans had an idea that the Methodists had no Discipline, and this was widely circulated to our injury, for it was extensively believed. This translation corrected the error. Then there was a prospect of a union between the Methodists and the United Brethren, and it was well to have the Discipline in their own language, so that they could understand our doctrines and our mode of Church government. It was also necessary for the Germans who were connected with our Church. The translation was an admirable one, and was very useful, correcting the errors that had been circulated about us, and enabling the Germans to read in their mother tongue our excellent Discipline. I sent several hundreds of them in a box to Cincinnati, to be distributed gratuitously among the Germans in the West; others were circulated about Pennsylvania. Bishop Asbury had some of them. I footed the bill, and the publication caused me some pecuniary loss. It might not have been so if I had continued to travel in Pennsylvania; but the following spring I commenced traveling with Bishop Asbury, and so could not well attend to the sale of the books. I do not complain, but I rejoice that I was permitted to do anything toward the translation of the Discipline into German at that early day. "I cast my bread upon the waters" expecting to "find it after many days," and I have not been disappointed. I found it long ago.

The reader would no doubt like to know more of the translator. I was intimately acquainted with Dr. Romer for years, having been often at his house, and often preached there. I was there in 1802, and in after years. He was a physician, and resided in Middletown, Penn. ten miles south-east of Harrisburg, and situated near the junction of Swatara (sweet arrow) and Susquehanna Rivers. Middletown was built upon the site of an ancient Indian village, and derived its name from being half way between Lancaster and Carlisle.

Dr. Romer was a native of Switzerland. He was educated for a Roman priest, but he became so disgusted with the conduct of a corrupt priesthood that instead of entering the sacred office he became skeptical. He acknowledged the existence of a God, but denied the authenticity of the Scriptures. He emigrated to this country and married here. The doctor was awakened, not by reading the arguments of able champions of revelation, nor by the eloquence of able ministers of the Gospel, but by that most powerful argument in favor of Christianity, a holy life. The great Teacher said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." It was the holy life and correct deportment of a widow lady by the name of Flanagan, who was a neighbor of Dr. Romer, which shook the foundations of his skepticism, and the whole superstructure fell to the ground. He had no argument against a holy life. Her example led him to abandon his skepticism, led him to Calvary, to the cross, to the Church, to heaven.

I was well acquainted with Mrs. Flanagan. She was a good woman, possessed a strong mind, and was keen and shrewd. She not only lived religion before the doctor, but was able "to give a reason for the hope that was in her with meekness and fear." Being convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, he sought and found the pearl of great price, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose doctrines he cordially believed, and whose discipline he approved and loved. This was about the year 1800. He was ever after the preachers' friend; his house was their home, and also one of our regular preaching places on the circuit. I made his house my home when on the Schuylkill District in 1814. He was a man of sterling integrity, and greatly esteemed for his many virtues. He was a profound Latin as well as German scholar; indeed he had a superior education in all respects; was eminent as an astronomer, and a good English scholar, though he always retained something of the German accent.

Dr. Romer did immense service for Methodism by his translation of the Discipline. Up to that time but little had been done by the Methodists for the Germans; but O what wonders since! The doctor wrote an admirable preface to the German Discipline, in which he gave a condensed view of our history, doctrines, and discipline. All honor to the man who did such noble service for the Germans; a work and labor of love, for he would not take a farthing for his labor.

Dr. Romer held fast his integrity until the end, and died a few years ago at Lewistown on the Juniata.

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18 -- GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1808

The Philadelphia Conference met this year in the city of brotherly love, on March 20. It was like one great love-feast from beginning to end. The preaching was of a high order, and many were converted. Twelve preachers were received on trial, among others Thomas Neal, long one of the honored fathers of the New Jersey Conference. Five were admitted into full connection; one of them was Charles Giles, so useful in Western New York.

Bishop Asbury was constantly in favor of breaking up new ground. The success of the previous year encouraged him to appoint an additional laborer to the field we had tried to cultivate. The bishop read the appointment thus: "Pennsylvania, William Hunter, William Colbert, and Henry Boehm."

"On the 26th of April, with Brothers William Hunter and William Colbert, I started for Baltimore to attend the General Conference. We rode on horseback, as was the custom in those days. On the 30th we arrived in Baltimore, and were appointed to John Fisher's at Oldtown.

The conference began the 1st of May. Bishop Asbury alone presided, as Dr. Coke was in Europe, and Bishop Whatcoat was dead. This was in many respects the most important Methodist ecclesiastical body that had ever assembled in America.

Previous to the session of this conference the Church had been like our nation under the articles of confederation; but subsequently we were like it after our constitution was formed.

There were one hundred and twenty-nine members representing seven conferences. All the elders were entitled to a seat in the conference, but many of them did not attend. The funeral of Harry Dorsey Gough was attended at seven o'clock the 6th of May. Mr. Gough resided in Baltimore in the winter, and at his splendid country residence, Perry Hall, in the summer. When his corpse was removed, to be taken into the country, Bishop Asbury and many members of the General Conference walked in the procession to the end of the city. The multitude was so great few of them got into the house. Bishop Asbury's prayer, before the body was removed, was one of the most powerful I had ever heard.

During the session of the conference there was much eloquent and powerful preaching. On Sunday, the 8th, George Pickering preached in the market-house, and three preachers exhorted after him, Joseph Totten, Francis Ward, and S. Budd. There was a mighty shaking among the people. This was early in the morning. At half past ten I heard William McKendree from, "Is there no balm in Gilead," etc.

This was the eloquent sermon that made him bishop. The late Dr. Bangs gives a graphic description of it. Slow in his commencement, he rose with his subject, till his audience were melted like wax before the fire. In the afternoon Rev. Stith Mead, from Virginia, preached at Oldtown. Bishop Asbury preached, in Eutaw Street, the opening sermon of the new chapel, from 2 Cor. iii, 12, "Seeing then we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech." The crowd was immense and the sermon characteristic.

There was not only preaching on Sunday, but three times every day in the Light Street Church, and every evening in the four other churches, namely: The Point, Oldtown, African, and the New Church, (Eutaw.) Several were converted during the week, but we saw no such scenes as occurred during the General Conference of 1800.

The Conference elected William McKendree bishop. There was great unanimity in regard to the choice, for on the first ballot he received ninety-five out of one hundred and twenty-eight votes.

Sunday the 15th was a great day. William McKendree, bishop elect, preached at seven o'clock in the Marsh market. My record says: "This was an awful time of the power and presence of the Lord." At ten o'clock Bishop Asbury, in Light Street Church, and the sheep were gloriously fed by the under shepherd. In the afternoon Jacob Gruber preached in German, at three o'clock, in Father Otterbein's church; Brother McKendree again at five, in the New Church; and John McClaskey at Light Street in the evening.

On Wednesday, the 18th, William McKendree was consecrated to the office and work of a bishop. Previous to the ordination Bishop Asbury preached from I The. iv, 16, "Take heed unto thyself," etc. Freeborn Garrettson, Philip Bruce, Jesse Lee, and Thomas Ware assisted Bishop Asbury in the ordination service, they being the oldest ministers present. The future life of Bishop McKendree, his efficient services for years, show the wisdom of the choice.

Sunday the 22d was a great day in Baltimore. George Pickering preached in the new church at six in the morning from Col. i, 28; at ten, Samuel Coates, in Oldtown, from Gen. xxiii, 14; at three, Jacob Gruber, at the African Church, from Psalm xxxiv, 6; at five, Ezekiel Cooper preached in Eutaw Street Church, from Matt. iii, 7, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to see the wrath to come?" He dwelt not only upon wrath -- divine wrath -- but particularly "wrath to come;" taking the sinner onward and showing that to all eternity it would be wrath to come! future wrath, increasing wrath. Jesse Lee preached in the evening at Light Street, from John v, 40. Thus ended this day of privileges, the last Sabbath of the General Conference in Baltimore in 1808.

I have given a description of the preaching, for this had not been done. Others have dwelt upon the doings of the General Conference during the week, and have said but little of what was done on Sunday. But to hear giants in the pulpit, these master workmen, was a privilege that afforded me consolation in after years.

It will be seen they preached early in the morning, and had five services a day. There was a great deal more preaching during the General Conference. I have simply named the men I heard.

The business of the conference was done in great harmony. There were masterly debates on the great questions of Church polity that came before them, but all was done in love. The members seemed to possess much of that "charity that thinketh no evil." They not only elected a superintendent, but made provision for a delegated General Conference, a measure that was much needed.

Bishop Asbury requested me to travel with him. On Monday, May 23, William Hunter, William Colbert, and myself, obtained leave of absence. It was necessary for me to go home to get ready to travel with Bishop Asbury, and I was to meet him at Perry Hall.

After my return home I went to Lancaster, and agreed with Messrs. Grimlers to print a pamphlet on the Characteristics of a true Methodist or Christian, and a sermon on, "Awake thou that sleepest," etc., in the German language. Bishop Asbury was anxious I should travel with him, especially on account of the Germans. He was so well pleased with the German discipline that I went to the same printers to get the German tracts printed. These we took with us and distributed

them, as will be seen by Asbury's journal. These tracts did immense good; they often went where the preacher could not go. These were the first Methodist tracts that were published in the German language; now they are abundant. I shall not be accused of egotism for thus showing that over half a century ago I was a humble pioneer in this blessed work.

As I part with my excellent colleagues, William Hunter and William Colbert, I would like to give an outline of them. Brother Hunter, a noble-hearted man and an able minister, was born in Ireland in 1755, and came to this country in 1790. He was intimately acquainted with the venerated Wesley, often heard him preach, and traveled extensively with him when he visited Ireland. After he left the Pennsylvania Mission he was presiding elder of Schuylkill District four years. He died in 1833.

William Colbert was a small man. He was genuine Methodist, a sound divine, and a great revivalist. Hundreds will rise up and call him blessed. He had a heart formed for friendship. He and my friend William Hunter died the same year.

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19 -- FIRST ANNUAL TOUR WITH BISHOP ASBURY, 1808

Bishop Asbury had a number of traveling companions: Edward Bailey, Hope Hull, Nicholas Snethen, Sylvester Hutchinson, Thomas Morrell, Jesse Lee, Daniel Hitt, Joseph Crawford, and others. Some were among our ablest men. Snethen Mr. Asbury called his "silver trumpet;" Hope Hull was a prince among orators; Morrell was dignified, wise in counsel; Hutchinson a son of thunder; Jesse Lee shrewd, ever knowing how and when to answer a fool according to his folly; but I have no space to notice the characteristics of each. After my term of service expired he had two others travel with him: John C. French, and John W. Bond, brother to the late Thomas E. Bond, so well known as the editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal.

The General Conference of 1800, on motion of Thomas Morrell, resolved "that Mr. Asbury be authorized to take with him an elder through any part or all his travels." Mr. Morrell had been the traveling companion of Mr. Asbury, and he knew how much the venerable patriarch needed one. Previously elders had traveled with him at his own request, but from that time it was done by the authority of the General Conference.

This year was an era in my ministerial life. I was no longer confined to a small circuit, but traveled with the bishop around his large diocese. Though my name in the Minutes for 1808 stands as Pennsylvania missionary, I was there only a few weeks previous to the General Conference; the rest of the year I was traveling with Bishop Asbury. My new field of labor was a splendid school for a young minister, and he must have been a dull scholar that did not learn important lessons. It enlarged my knowledge of the country, of the Church, and of her ministers.

The venerable Asbury was sixty-three years old when I began to travel with him. Having been greatly exposed, he was feeble, and suffered from many infirmities. I traveled with him much longer than any of his other companions, and have survived them all many years.

John Wesley Bond, who traveled with him last, has been dead forty-seven and Bishop Asbury fifty years.

By agreement I was to meet the bishop at Perry Hall, Md., on June 5, where he was to preach the funeral sermon of Harry Dorsey Gough, and then we were to proceed on our western tour. I took leave of my aged mother with tears, and my father accompanied me for some distance. On our way we came to a camp-meeting that commenced on June 3, near Salem Chapel, under the care of Dr. Chandler. Jesse Lee was at this camp-meeting in all his glory, and preached three powerful sermons.

On Monday morning I had a most affecting parting with my father. He loved me as Jacob did Joseph, for I was the son of his old age. I did not reach Perry Hall till June 7, two days later than I was expected, having lingered at the camp-meeting. I found Mrs. Gough in all the loneliness of widowhood. She treated me very kindly.

As I was not there at the time, I supposed the bishop would wait till I arrived; but when I reached Perry Hall I found he had left the day before. He never waited for any man, and he wanted no man to wait for him. His motto was, "The king's business requires haste."

Perry Hall was the most splendid mansion I had ever seen. There was beauty, elegance, and magnificence. It contrasted strangely with the little cottages and uncomfortable places where I had sometimes put up. Mr. Gough had inherited a large estate from England, and he built Perry Hall for his residence in the summer. It was twelve miles from Baltimore, on the Bel Air Road.

Mr. Gough was fortunate in his marriage. His wife, Prudence, was a sister of General Ridgeley, who was afterward governor of Maryland. She was rightly named, for she was a very prudent woman. Mrs. Gough was first awakened by hearing the Methodists preach, and her proud husband forbid her hearing them again. However, he went to hear Mr. Asbury more out of curiosity than anything else. The sword of the Spirit was very sharp that evening, and the proud sinner was cut to the heart. On the way home one said, "What a heap of nonsense we have heard tonight!" To his astonishment Mr. Gough replied, "No; we have heard the truth as it is in Jesus." He hastened home and said to his beloved Prudence, My dear, I shall never hinder you again from hearing the Methodists." This was joyful intelligence for her. They were both converted under Bishop Asbury, were his lifetime friends, lived holy lives, and died triumphant deaths. Rev. Thomas B. Sargent, married a descendant of this family.

The next day I overtook Bishop Asbury at James McCannon's at Pipe Creek. [16] We also went to visit the widow of Rev. Henry Willis, and his aged mother. The bishop kissed and encircled in his arms the six orphan children of his departed friend, and blessed them in the name of the Lord, and prayed with them. Henry Willis had died but a few weeks before, and this was Bishop Asbury's first visit to the lonely family after their bereavement. The bishop went out and wept at the new-made grave of his friend. Henry Willis was one of the noblest men of Methodism. He was universally beloved and universally lamented. [17]

While at Pipe Creek I saw the old log meeting house built by Robert Strawbridge, the first Methodist preaching house erected in Maryland. It was then in a dilapidated state, and used for a barn. What wonderful interests cluster around this humble edifice!

We commenced our tour westward. The roads were rough, the weather excessively hot, and the bishop very feeble, and yet on he would go, and at almost every stopping-place would preach. It was his element, his life; he could not live long without. He makes this mournful record: "I begin to fail." Dear old man! He had endured enough to kill many strong men, and now he makes the discovery that he has begun to fail. Old men are not generally willing to admit this; gray hairs are upon them, and they do not know it. What an era it is in a man's history when he is conscious he is failing!

After visiting a number of places and preaching every day we began to climb the Allegheny Mountains. It was a most tedious ride, especially for the aged and infirm bishop. Can we wonder he wrote thus: "I have suffered much. I am pained and sore, and poor Jane stumbled so often; but my limbs and my soul are safe. Glory! glory!"

We were thirty-nine hours crossing the mountains. Five years before I went with Mr. Asbury to the top of the Alleghenies, and then returned to preach to the Germans; but now I have crossed this nature's monument. It was seventy miles over the mountains by the crooked paths we had to travel. I wrote thus in my journal: "There were few houses, plenty of stones, rocks, and hills, and springs of water and brooks; but the best of all, the rock which cheered the Israelites in the wilderness was with us while traveling under the rays of the scorching sun. My soul, praise Jesus!" We passed over several mountain ridges of stupendous magnitude. The grandeur of the natural scenery was indeed a subject of admiration.

On the other side of the mountain we rested in the hospitable mansion of Jacob Murphy. On Sunday Mr. Asbury preached at Uniontown, Pa., on "Converting a sinner from the error of his way." This is said to be the place where the first conference was held west of the Alleghenies. Here also I preached at our host's from Prov. x, 28. The first ordination among the Methodists west of the mountains took place here.

The next day was the Fourth of July, and although the bishop and I were both patriotic, and lovers of freedom, we spent, as he expresses it, "a solitary Fourth of July" at Widow Henthorn's. The bishop always planned his work far ahead, and when he came to a conference he had but to carry out his plan. That day he drafted conference plans as far as Baltimore, and the next day, besides reading Thomas aKempis, he copied off a list of preachers for the western and southern conferences. It was method that enabled the great Asbury to accomplish so much.

The bishop writes: "Brother Boehm spoke to the people in English and German." Rheumatism troubled the old gentleman, and the incessant rain for four days kept him a prisoner, and he found the confinement irksome. Here we saw Edward Dromgoole, one of the early preachers. He joined at the third conference, 1775. He was now returning from the West, and he gave a flaming description of the camp-meetings that had been held there.

We journeyed on to Connellsville. Here we had a new house of worship, or rather a part of one. The bishop preached and dedicated the walls of the church, for at that time it was roofless. I held forth in German. This I did in almost every place. The next day we went to the splendid mansion of Colonel Mason, and were entertained like princes.

During this route the bishop suffered all but martyrdom. He was exceedingly lame, his feet being greatly inflamed, and he had been blistered; and yet he would press on amid the intense heat of July, that almost overcame him.

We met Asa Shinn, author of "Shinn on Salvation." He was a man of splendid talents; an excellent metaphysician. The bishop conversed with him about being removed to Baltimore. Mr. Shinn finally went off with the Reformers, and died deranged in an asylum. It is supposed his deep studying had much to do with unbalancing his mind; but at one time he was a mighty man in our Israel.

It was pitiful to see the old bishop hobbling on his crutches into church at Brownsville on Sabbath July 17. There, like his Master, he sat down and preached. His subject was God's design in sending his Son into the world.

The next day we rode to John Brightwell's. The bishop says: "I had an awfully severe ride. I am fairly arrested in my course. My knees and feet are so disabled that I am lifted to bed. I can neither ride, stand, nor walk." What a painful record! And what does the reader think of his companion, who had to lift the bishop out of bed, bathe his limbs, dress his blisters, and nurse him like a child. I left him for a while and went to fill his appointments, while the family kindly took care of him.

For a week there is no record made in his journal. He was unable to write a line. But I kept an account of each day. After filling several appointments during the week, I went to Pittsburgh to fill the appointment of the bishop there. I lodged at Brother Wrenshall's, a local preacher. He was an Englishman, of excellent education and fine mind. He preached a great deal, and preached well, and helped give tone and character to Methodism in that section.

There were but few Methodists in Pittsburgh, and they had no house of worship, so I preached in the Court-house to about a thousand people who had come out to hear the bishop and saw but a plain German youth from their own State. They listened with attention while I expounded Matt. v, 20. In the afternoon I preached in the jury-room, in German, to one hundred hearers, from Acts x, 35. Some felt the weight of truth. Thus for the benefit of the Germans in Pittsburgh I preached the Gospel in their own vernacular fifty-seven years ago. Then, at six o'clock, in Brother Wrenshall's door-yard, I preached "deliverance to the captives." This was my first visit to Pittsburgh, a place so full of historic interest. And here, for the first time, I beheld the Ohio. In after years I became very familiar with it by crossing it so frequently with the pioneer bishop.

Leaving Pittsburgh, I returned to see how the bishop was getting on. I was accompanied by Betsy Farley and her son-in-law. She was the daughter of Edward Bailey, an excellent man, and one of Bishop Asbury's traveling companions. He died in October, 1780, when on a tour with the bishop, and here, eighteen years afterward, was one of his daughters traveling many miles to see

the bishop to converse with him about her father. On Tuesday we reached Brother Brightwell's, the bishop's host, and to our great joy we found him much better.

Mr. Asbury makes this entry: "How am I honored! Thornton Fleming paid me a visit, and with him came Mrs. Hebert and a daughter of Edward Bailey of Amherst, Virginia. These dear souls came sixty miles to see me. I suppose I must get a four-wheeled carriage. Wednesday was a serious day, but prepare to move we must; pain and death are nothing when opposed to duty." This is a noble sentiment of a noble man.

I wrote thus in my journal: "Thursday, 28, past human expectation we started for West Liberty, crossed the Monongahela at Freeport, then to Mr. Thomas McFaddin's, Washington, a little before night, very wet on my part and very full of pain on the part of Father Asbury. The family were exceeding kind." Is it not marvelous that the old sick man should travel in the rain under such circumstances? What but love for the Church and for souls could have induced him?

On Friday we reached John Beck's. This was one of the homes that Bishop Asbury prized very highly. There was quite a society here, and John Beck was the class-leader. He has long since gone to Paradise, but his descendants are Methodists, and they have preserved the old chair in which Bishop Asbury used to sit, and the old chest on which James Quinn sat when he was converted; for this was his spiritual birthplace. It was a famous place in Methodism; one of its early strongholds in this part of the country. Mr. Beck was from Kent County, Maryland.

We left John Beck's and were entertained at Major Samuel McColloch's. He and his brother John were celebrated in the annals of Indian warfare. He it was who, when pursued by the Indians, made that terrible leap of three hundred feet down a precipice with his horse into the river, and thus mercifully escaped out of their murderous hands. The leap of General Putnam at Horseneck was nothing compared with this. He was an excellent member of the Methodist Church, and his house was one of the choice homes where the bishop and other preachers were made welcome. His father was originally from New Jersey, and one of the early pioneers of the West.

At Wheeling Bishop Asbury preached in the Courthouse from Hob. ii, 2, 3, on the great salvation and the danger of neglecting it. We had no house of worship there at that time. We were kindly entertained by Colonel Ebenezer Zane, one of the earliest settlers in the West. I was highly delighted, as well as the bishop, to hear Mr. Zane and his wife, (who was a sister of Samuel and John McColloch) relate the thrilling scenes through which they had passed, and their hair-breadth escapes from wild beasts and from the murderous savages. She "told us about the siege of the fort, and how she was engaged in running bullets which the men fired at the Indians who were thirsting for their blood. Mr. Zane was a great hunter, a man of noble deeds and noble daring, and his history, if fully written, would be equal to that of Daniel Boone of Kentucky.

Zanesville, Ohio, was named after Colonel Zane. He was not a Methodist, but a great friend to our people. Mrs. Zane joined the Methodists in 1785, under Wilson Lee. Her cabin was early opened for preaching, and she made the ministers very welcome. She was a Christian heroine, an honor to her sex and to the Church.

We left Wheeling and the Zane family, and entered Ohio. That State, so rich and flourishing now, was then in its infancy, being a child only six years old. To my great joy Bishop Asbury's health was improving, and we rode one hundred and thirteen miles to a camp-meeting at Rush Creek. Camp-meetings were numerous then, and attended with great success. They were not merely for visiting or pastime, but to save souls. Their character in some parts of the county has greatly changed. We had four sermons a day. On Sunday John Sale, then in his palmy days, preached early in the morning; Bishop Asbury followed at eleven; and I, at three o'clock, gave a sermon in English, and concluded in German. There was considerable of a move, many convicted crying for mercy. We then went to Chillicothe, and were the guests of Dr. Edward Tiffin.

On Thursday, August 11, in compliance with an invitation, we visited General Thomas Worthington, one of the candidates for governor. Dr. Tiffin married his sister Mary, a woman of remarkable sweetness and loveliness. The general was a very fine man, and was elected to the governorship. He resided in a splendid mansion called Mount Prospect Hall.

Mr. Asbury felt keenly the loss of the general's sister. He went to her grave and sighed there, and made the following record: "Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave. How mutely eloquent! Ah, the world knows little of my sorrows; little know how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss; but they all die in the Lord, and this shall comfort me. I delivered my soul here. May this dear family feel an answer to Mary Titan's prayers."

On our tour in 1811 we visited Governor Worthington, and he requested the bishop to write an appropriate inscription for the tombstone of his sister. He took his pen and wrote this: "And Mary hath chosen that good part that shall not be taken away from her." These words are upon the tombstone of that excellent woman. Who would not exclaim, "O that I could forever sit With Mary at the Master's feet! Be this my happy choice," etc.

On Friday, 12th, we attended a camp-meeting at Deer Creek. There were twenty-three preachers, traveling and local, and about two thousand people on the ground, and a multitude of tents; and some people put up in their covered wagons.

This camp-meeting was near White Brown's, and we were entertained by him. He was a noble man, a sterling Methodist. He was a nephew of Thomas White of Delaware. Asbury used to preach at White Brown's on the Peninsula in Maryland as early as 1779. He emigrated to Ohio in the early part of this century.

Mr. Asbury delighted to put up with his old friend, whom he had known in the East, and with whom he had had an unbroken friendship for nearly forty years.

Several sermons of great pathos and power were preached on the ground. One of the most remarkable was by Dr. Tiffin, ex-governor of Ohio, from "What is a man profited," etc. The doctor threw his whole soul into it as he dwelt upon the soul's immense value and its amazing loss, and the fact that nothing can compensate for such a loss. His appeals to the heart and conscience were almost irresistible. His voice was musical, his gestures were rapid, and his countenance expressed

all his tongue uttered. There was a mighty work among the people during the day, and it continued all night.

On Sunday morning John Sale, presiding elder of the Ohio District, preached from Psalm xlv, 13. He was an able preacher and a good disciplinarian. He had much natural dignity, and was remarkably courteous. He had a fine form, intelligent countenance, and a dark eye that was very expressive.

The bishop preached at eleven o'clock, and Dr. Monnett gave an eloquent discourse immediately after from Psalm cxviii, 15, 16, "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous," etc. In the evening Benjamin Lakin preached on Christian purity from 2 Cor. vii, 1. Over forty were converted beside the witnesses of perfect love.

Deer Creek was the first circuit traveled by Henry B. Bascom when he was a stripling.

On Tuesday the 16th we journeyed twenty-three miles to the edge of the prairies. We tarried at the "New Purchase" with a hospitable family named Wood, who had emigrated from Pennsylvania. [18] The next morning at six o'clock we were on our journey, and rode eighteen miles through the prairies. The bishop and I must have been talking about the prairies, for in our journals on that day we both make a similar record. He says: "The prairies have once been, I suppose, lakes of water; they furnish grand and beautiful views still." I wrote: "We rode through the prairies, which, from their appearance, must have been covered with large lakes or ponds; now they furnish extensive ranges for stock."

On Wednesday we passed through Xenia to Frederick Bonner's, at Little Miami. This was one of the great families of Methodism in the West, one of the bishop's excellent homes, and they looked for his annual visit as they would for an angel's. Here we rested one day. Brother Bonner was an early friend of Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, and knew him from the time he began to preach. He was a Methodist in Maryland before he emigrated to Ohio. John Sale married a daughter of Frederick Bonner.

The bishop was satisfied that he crossed the Allegheny Mountains at the wrong time of the year. He not only talked about it, but made this singular record: "I have more than once put the wrong foot foremost in my journeys to the West: the spring will not do because of wet and deep and dismal roads; the summer's extreme heat, and the small green flies, make disagreeable traveling. I make a decree, but not of the Medes and Persians, never in future to cross the mountains before the first of September, nor leave Carlisle before the first of October."

On Friday we were the guests of Rev. John Sale, who at one time had almost the whole state of Ohio for his district.

On Sunday the bishop preached at Xenia Courthouse on Col. i, 28, "Whom we preach." There were about five hundred to hear him. I tried to clinch the nail the bishop had been driving. We went to Peter Pelham's, another of the bishop's choice homes, where he delighted to rest his weary head. This was a most respectable family. They had emigrated to Ohio from Old Virginia.

This night we were very unfortunate, for our horses were lost and in the morning could not be found. Our appointments were out in advance, and the people must not be disappointed, so we borrowed horses and on we went to Samuel Hitt's, (brother of Daniel,) and then to Widow Smith's, where the bishop preached. By the time he had finished his discourse our horses were there. Brothers Sale and Pelham had gone in pursuit of them, found them, and then brought them to us.

On the 26th we went to the house of Rev. Philip Gatch, one of the bishop's famous homes. A camp-meeting was held there, and the bishop was delighted to greet many of his old friends whose society he greatly enjoyed. The meeting was attended by the mighty power of God, and over fifty were converted; but I was suffering so with inflammation in my eyes that I did not attend till Sabbath. I spoke to the crowd in German. I must have looked comical enough, for I had a blister behind each ear, and a bandage around my head and over my eyes. Immediately after my exhortation the bishop preached to two thousand people. On Monday evening I preached in German at Brother Gatch's house. The family were very kind to me, and I parted invoking the blessing of God to rest upon them.

These noble families I have mentioned emigrated from Virginia and Maryland, which were slave states, to Ohio, a free state. They abominated slavery and slave soil, and they emancipated their slaves before they left for Ohio. This I had from their own lips. All honor to their memory for their noble deeds! At that day we preached against holding human beings in bondage. I did it early on the Peninsula, as my journal will show.

On Friday, September 2, we reached Cincinnati, and were the guests of Brother Lines. This is a family given to hospitality, and therefore deserving of grateful remembrance. Cincinnati was first settled by emigrants from New England and New Jersey. At the time of our visit it was a small village of less than two thousand inhabitants. The first Methodist sermon in Cincinnati was preached in an upper room to twelve hearers, in 1804, by Rev. John Collins. The next who preached there was John Sale, who organized a society of eight persons, just as many as were in the ark. The first Methodist chapel was erected in 1806, and was built of stone. In this church the bishop and I both preached. He gave an admirable sermon in the morning from 2 Cor. v, 14, "For the love of Christ constraineth us," etc., and then called on me to preach immediately after in the German language. I did so from John i, 11, 12, "He came unto his own and his own received him not." This is believed to be the first sermon preached in Cincinnati in the German language; certainly it was the first Methodist sermon in that tongue. In the afternoon Brother Lakin preached from Luke xvi, 8; and I again in the evening, in English.

I made this record in my journal: "The house was crowded both day and night; there is a good prospect in this town for a revival of religion." This record was made fifty-seven years ago. Was it prophetic? How strange it sounds now to speak of "the Queen City of the West" as "this town." Bishop Asbury advised the society to enlarge their house of worship, and to invite the Western Conference to hold its next session there. They did so, and the invitation was accepted.

On Tuesday we left Cincinnati, accompanied by Brother and Sister Lakin. We put up in Lawrenceburgh, in the Indiana territory, with Elijah Sparks. He had moved from Maryland, and was a brother of Robert Sparks. Elijah was a local preacher and a lawyer. The Indiana territory was then one vast wilderness. The bishop said: "In this wild there may be twenty thousand souls

already. I feel for them." How would his great soul rejoice if he could return to that territory and see a rich populous state teeming with inhabitants and four flourishing annual conferences! In what Mr. Asbury called "that wild" there are now one million three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

In traveling the Indiana territory the next day, in thirty-three miles we passed only six houses. This will give an idea of the sparseness of the population at that time. "The wilderness and the solitary place has been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

We crossed the Ohio at the mouth of the Kentucky River in what Mr. Asbury most appropriately called a u crazy flat." With great difficulty we reached the other side. It was leaking, and like to have sunk with the bishop and all on board; but we were mercifully preserved.

* * *

The Western Conference

We had but seven conferences at that time. The Western Conference included all the vast tract of country lying west of the Alleghenies as far as it was settled with whites, with the exception of Monongahela District, which belonged to Baltimore Conference. It was a field that was widening and expanding every day.

The conference met on October 1 at Liberty Hill, Tenn., at Rev. Green Hill's. He was a local preacher, had emigrated from North Carolina, where Bishop Asbury had been well acquainted with him.

A conference was held at his house in North Carolina as early as 1785, and Dr. Coke and Asbury were both there. Another conference was held there in 1792, at which Bishop Asbury presided. He and his family emigrated to Tennessee when all was a wilderness, and they had to make their way through a cane-brake to the place where their house was located. Liberty Hill was twelve miles west of Nashville, and Nashville was then but a very small village. This was the first conference I attended with Bishop Asbury as his aid, and all I saw and heard were full of interest.

It was the first conference William McKendree attended as bishop. I saw him when he filled the Episcopal chair for the first time, and so I did Bishop Whatcoat. McKendree had left Baltimore at the close of the General Conference and gone West by the most direct route. He was one of the fathers of the Western Conference, where his influence was unbounded. The preachers gave the new bishop as well as the old one a hearty welcome.

There was a camp-meeting connected with the conference, and the preachers ate and slept in their tents. There were eighty ministers present, and there had been an increase of twenty-five hundred members during the year. It was a most pleasant conference, and the discussions were interesting.

There were noble men belonging to the conference: Learner Blackman, William Burke, John Sale, Jacob Young, and James Ward. These were the presiding elders, and they were on

districts that were large enough for conferences. There were present also Jesse Walker, the pioneer of Missouri. He was a young man then, only six years in the ministry. Samuel Parker, the Cicero of the West. He was a deacon. Peter Cartwright, young, strong, courageous; but he had not graduated to elders' orders. Twelve were admitted on trial, six ordained deacons, and ten elders, among whom was the eccentric James Axley.

The names of the districts now appear strange: Ohio District, John Sale, Presiding Elder; Kentucky District, William Burke; Mississippi District, Jacob Young.

Some of the appointments also sound still more strangely to our ears: Illinois, John Clingan; Missouri, Jesse Walker. What a foundation they were laying for the opening future! Noble, self-sacrificing men as earth ever saw or the Church was ever blessed with were these pioneers of the West. With a single exception, I believe they are now passed away. " Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"

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20 -- FIRST VISIT TO THE SOUTH

The next day after the Western Conference adjourned the two bishops and myself started for the South Carolina Conference, which was to meet in Liberty Chapel, Green County, Georgia, on December 6, 1808.

There was a novelty and variety about my present large field of labor which made it peculiarly interesting. I had been to what was then the West, (it would be difficult to tell where it is now,) and I was highly delighted, and now I was on my way to the sunny South. And I had the wisest and best companions in the world. This was the first tour which McKendree made with Bishop Asbury after his ordination to the Episcopal office. Everywhere the old and the new bishop were objects of interest, and their appearance hailed with joy.

On Monday we reached Dr. Henry Tooley's. This was a family of note, and their house one of the best of homes. Here we rested and refitted, and prepared 'to climb the mountains and to penetrate the Wilderness, for all this must be done before we could reach Georgia. On we went, preaching every evening, till on Saturday we fell in with a camp-meeting at Ohaver's.

On Sunday morning Brother Learner Blackman, Presiding Elder of Holston District, preached at sunrise, I preached at ten o'clock, and then Bishop McKendree gave one of his overwhelming discourses, after which I preached again in the German language. Bishop Asbury then preached with great liberty. We were at it five hours without intermission, during which time the people heard four sermons in English and one in German, and yet we were not through, for in the evening John Henninger preached, and Nathan Barnes exhorted. Thus ended this memorable day. It was a time of uncommon power, and many were converted. What would people think now of listening to six sermons in one day? How would they get along who can hardly endure one?

The next morning the bishops preached again: Bishop Asbury first, and Bishop McKendree immediately after him. I have written, "It was a solemn, searching time."

To benefit the Germans I took a little tour by myself, while the bishops went forward. Bishop Asbury makes this entry in his journal: "Henry Boehm has gone to Pigeon River to preach to the Dutch." I preached six times, and then rode on to overtake the bishops. After riding twenty miles I learned they were still far in the advance of me, and had gone on to Buncombe. On Thursday I hastened on to overtake them. I went over the lofty hills and mountains and solitary valleys along the banks of the French Broad. This is an astonishing river in its meanderings through beautiful valleys and mountain gorges, with overhanging rocks. Here nature is seen in her beauty and grandeur, and I wonderfully admired that day the works of nature as one scene after another broke on my delighted vision.

That night I lodged at Barnett's Station. [19] This was a public house, partly over the mountain, where multitudes of travelers put up. We carried our religion wherever we went, and always hoisted our colors. Bishop Asbury taught us, both by precept and example, to be valiant for the truth. So the travelers were called together, and I gave them an exhortation, and prayed with the family. All were civil, respectful, and attentive to what was said.

On Friday I rode to Buncombe, expecting to find the bishops there. Buncombe County is in the western part of North Carolina, joining Tennessee. It was nine days before I overtook them. On Monday, November 2, I found them at Samuel Edney's, [20] one of the bishop's choice homes. We were overjoyed to see each other.

It was a tremendous task to descend from the lofty mountain. The ascent was rough and fatiguing, but the descent still more difficult. On we went, the bishop preaching every day and several times on the Sabbath till we reached Waxhaw, South Carolina, famous for being the birthplace of Andrew Jackson. Here at this time Bishop Asbury ordained Robert Hancock, who was a respectable local preacher. There were many private ordinations of that kind in those days.

We arrived at Camden and put up with Samuel Matthis. On Sabbath morning Bishop Asbury preached from Ephes. v, 8, on walking as children of the light. At three I held forth from John i, 9, and in the evening Bishop McKendree preached from "worship God." Immediately after the first sermon Brother Jackson, who was the preacher, met the colored people, about three hundred in number, to whom I preached from Luke ix, 62, on putting the hand to the plow and looking back. The colored people are fond of figures; such a text suited them. I told them if a man was plowing and he should look back, he would make a very crooked furrow. A circle of smiles passed over their black faces when they heard this. A colored brother in a love-feast said, "I have put my hand to the Gospel plow, and I am determined to plow my furrow clean up to glory." Another, in relating his experience, said, "Bredren, I cannot exactly tell it, but when I was converted two suns rose dat morning sartin." This was a beautiful figure. He was converted just as the natural sun was rising, and that moment the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in its wings and shone into his dark soul, and he was all light in the Lord.

The next day we went to games Rembert's. Campmeeting began here on Wednesday, November 23. Bishop McKendree opened the campaign by preaching at seven o'clock from I Cor. xv, 4:8, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast," etc. A mighty man was Bishop McKendree on great occasions: they woke up the giant, and he put forth all his strength. In the

afternoon Bishop Asbury preached one of his massive sermons from "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people," etc. The next day there was preaching by James Jenkins, Morris Mathis, Bishop McKendree, and myself. I wrote in my journal: "The Lord was in his word through the day and evening. A general shout in the camp this evening; some powerfully converted."

On Friday there were five sermons, the preachers being Lovick Pierce, Bishop Asbury, Henry Boehm, James Jenkins, and I again at night. There were forty tents and cabins. It being very late in the season they had fireplaces in the tents, so the people kept very comfortable. The meeting was held late in the year, not only because the people were in the spirit of camp-meetings, but also to have the presence of two bishops. There was a cabin neatly fitted up with its chimney and fireplace for the bishops.

In regard to the result of this meeting Bishop Asbury says: "There was a powerful work among white saints and sinners, and the poor oppressed, neglected Africans." And Bishop Capers says: "The camp-meeting was one of the best I have ever known." I had attended four camp-meetings in the West, and this was the first in the South.

It was here I first saw the Southern preachers, and for the first time that beautiful and amiable youth, William Capers. He, as my readers know, became one of the strong men of the South. At this time he had not been licensed to preach; he had traveled as an exhorter, and at a quarterly conference held at this camp-meeting he was licensed to preach and also recommended to the Annual Conference. Two of William Capers' brothers, John and Gabriel, were here converted, and his father was reconciled with Bishop Asbury. Mr. Asbury used to preach at his father's house years before, but Mr. Hammett had prejudiced his mind against the bishop, and for seventeen years he had been estranged from him. But I prefer that William Capers tell his own story.

"At this camp-meeting I first saw Bishop Asbury. I was introduced to him immediately on his first coming to the camp-meeting, as I happened to be in the preachers' tent at the time of his arrival. I approached him timidly, and with a feeling of veneration; but, 'Ah,' said he, 'this is the baby; come and let me hug you,' meaning that I was the baby when he was last at my father's house. On my father's entering the tent, he rose hastily from his seat and met him with his arms extended, and they embraced each other with mutual emotion. It had been seventeen years since they had seen each other, and yet the bishop asked after Sally and Gabriel, as if it had been but a few months, and repeated, gleefully, 'I have got the baby!' It was evident no common friendship had subsisted between them; and how much happier had those years of estrangement been to my honored father if they had been passed in the fellowship he had been seduced to leave."

Mr. Capers well adds the following, worthy to be written in a conspicuous place: "I hate schism; I abhor it as the very track and trail of him who, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour." [21]

All the preachers who were at that camp-meeting in 1808 have gone the way whence they will not return, except Lovick Pierce and myself.

James Rembert, with whom we were staying, was a large man in body, and equally large in soul. He was very wealthy and very benevolent. He lived in a place called Rembert's Settlement; there was a church called Rembert's Chapel, and James Rembert was the honored patriarch. Bishop Asbury had been here to Rembert's Hall several times before, and always had a hearty welcome.

On Monday the 28th we left Rembert's Hall and started for Charleston. On our arrival we were the guests of Dr. William Phoebus, who was the stationed preacher. In former years I preached at his brother John's, on the eastern shore of Maryland. The doctor was a most eccentric genius. There was dignity about him, and yet he was peculiarly odd. He was, however, quite a philosopher, and did noble service for Methodism.

We remained in Charleston for several days, and both bishops preached almost daily. I also preached there several times. Never was I more delighted than with my visit to Charleston and the Charleston Methodists. There was a zeal and warmth among them I much admired. They not only lived in a warm climate, but had warm hearts. I wrote thus in my journal: "The Lord has a kind and loving people in this city. The prospects of Zion are very promising in this place." Wonders has God done for the Methodists in Charleston since I made this record. But alas, what a change has come over the city! How has the fine gold become dim! It was a sad day for them when secession was born, and they fired upon Fort Sumter and the old time-honored flag.

We were several days in reaching the seat of the South Carolina Conference, and crossed several rivers on the way. On Wednesday the 15th Bishop McKendree preached a very ingenious sermon on I Peter i, 13, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind," etc. He was perfectly original in his mode of illustration. He said the loins were the weakest part of the body, and therefore the necessity of strengthening them. We were to gird the weak places. He applied to diligent attention, watchfulness, etc. It was a striking discourse, impressive both in matter and manner.

On Saturday we reached Augusta in Georgia. This day we dined in the woods. It was nothing new; and the bishops were just as grateful over their dry morsel, and would ask a blessing as fervently over it as over some of the sumptuous dinners of the wealthy.

Bishop Asbury preached in Augusta in the morning, McKendree in the afternoon, and I in the evening. Mr. Asbury makes this mournful record: "Sunday, 18, my flesh sinks under labor. We are riding in a poor thirty-dollar chaise, in partnership; two bishops of us, but it must be confessed it tallies well with the weight of our purse: what bishops! Well, but we have great views, and we have great times, and the Western, Southern, and Virginia Conferences will have one thousand souls truly converted to God; and is this not an equivalent for a light purse? And are we not well paid for starving and for toil? Yes. Glory to God!" This record is characteristic of the sainted Asbury. The bishops rode in a carriage, and I on horseback, a kind of body-guard.

On Saturday the 24th we reached Liberty Chapel, near Milledgeville, the seat of the conference. It was held in the house where the bishops were entertained, commencing on Monday, December 26, 1808. The day before being Christmas, Bishop Asbury preached a sermon from John iii, 17, on the design of God in sending his Son into the world.

At the opening of the conference Bishop Asbury, in a very appropriate manner, introduced the new bishop to them. The preachers received him joyfully. Every member, one after another, went forward and gave the bishop his right hand, and bade him welcome. The scene was beautiful, and to Bishop McKendree it was as refreshing as the dews of heaven. Sixteen were received on trial, among others the excellent and eloquent William Capers. They are all dead. Nine deacons were ordained and six elders. There were nearly seventy preachers, and the sweetest spirit prevailed.

In connection with the conference they held a camp-meeting. I had never thought of attending a camp-meeting between Christmas and New Year's. I wrote thus: "My heart feels united to my southern brethren in the bonds of a peaceful Gospel. Peace and harmony continued throughout the progress of the conference; preaching, praying, exhortation, shouting, crying, rejoicing. There were about forty or fifty converted. There were quite a number of tents and fifteen cabins, and about a thousand people attended every day.

On the last day of the year a love-feast was held, and it was a precious time both with preachers and people. Bishop Asbury preached at noon from I Peter i, 10-12, "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired," etc. It was a masterly sermon, delivered to three thousand people. We had the sacrament in the evening. There was over three thousand increase in the South Carolina Conference during the year. It was a glorious year for the South.

There was a noble class of men in this conference who helped lay the foundation for the future prosperity of Methodism in the South, James Jenkins, Hilliard Judge, Lewis Myers, Daniel Asbury, and many others that we might name.

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21 -- NORTHERN TOUR -- VIRGINIA AND BALTIMORE CONFERENCES

On Monday, January 2, 1809, we left for the Virginia Conference. In crossing Cashaway Ferry we just escaped drowning, it was most providential. We were oft in perils on the land and on the water. Part of our journey was on a muddy road, through a forlorn-looking tract of marshy country. No wonder Bishop Asbury said in reference to it, "My limbs, my patience, and my faith have been put to a severe trial."

Fayetteville was one hundred and thirty miles from Camden, the route we took. "We had a cold, fatiguing ride, especially for Father Asbury, who certainly is astonishingly supported under almost incredible toil for a man upward of sixty-three, amid perpetual exertion Of body and mind and constant affliction." So I wrote fifty-five years ago, when I witnessed him in labors more abundant, and his martyr sufferings which he bore with a martyr spirit.

The Virginia Conference for 1809 met in Tarborough on February 1. This was my introduction to the Virginia Methodist preachers, and a fine body of men they were; and it was Bishop McKendree's first visit to them as superintendent. Virginia was dear to him as his native state and his spiritual birthplace, and the scenes of his early itinerant labors. There were eighty-four preachers present, and only three of them married. It was properly called the

"Bachelor" Conference. We also had bachelor bishops. Bishop Asbury was delighted with the appearance of the men. He said, "Many of them are the most elegant young men I have ever seen in features, body, and mind; they are manly, and yet meek."

I had an opportunity of hearing their great preachers, and seeing how they transacted business. Indeed, I was honored with preaching the first sermon at eleven o'clock the day the conference commenced. My text was Prov. xviii, 10. I felt as if I was talking before giants. Hilliard Judge, a visitor from South Carolina Conference, preached from Job xxi, 15, "What is the Almighty," etc. Jesse Lee followed with a powerful exhortation. The work of God revived, and souls were converted.

On Friday afternoon at three o'clock we enjoyed a rich treat. Bishop McKendree preached an ordination sermon from 2 The. ii, 15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God," etc. It was attended with great unction. Thirteen deacons were ordained, among them John Early, now one of the bishops of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church.

Jesse Lee preached on Sunday in the court-house one of his ingenious sermons from Deut. xxix, 99, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God," etc. He said if the Lord has been so kind as to intrust his secrets to any, those who revealed them treated the Lord unkindly. He left the "secret things" with God, where they belonged. Then he dwelt largely and forcibly upon "revealed" things: the subject of redemption as revealed to us by the prophets of the Old Testament and the evangelists and apostles of the new, and showed they belong to us with all their benefits, and are not confined to us, but extend to our children. There was a melting time under this sermon. In the afternoon Jesse Lee preached again from Heb. vii, 12, "For the priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change of the law." He gave us some fine thoughts on the necessity of the change of priesthood, and the necessity there was of a change in the ceremonial law, and the advantages of such a change. He was plain, practical, and powerful. There was a great stir among the people, and a number sought and found the Lord. In the evening Thomas L. Douglass preached a great sermon on the value of the human soul and the danger of its loss. He was one of the great men of Methodism, and at that time one of the pillars of the Virginia Conference.

On Monday I preached again from Matt. xi, 28, 29.

On Tuesday I heard Philip Bruce from Matt. v, 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A sweet sermon on Christian purity. He was a charming man as well as a charming preacher. He went through Virginia and Carolina like a flame of fire and of love.

We had a cold uncomfortable ride from Tarboro' to Harrisonburg, Va., the seat of the Baltimore Conference. We reached Norfolk on Saturday. Methodism was early introduced into this place by Robert Williams; indeed he was the Apostle of Methodism in Virginia. He arrived in this country before Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor. Mr. Pilmoor also did early service in this place to the cause of truth.

On Tuesday we reached Petersburg and stayed with Edward Lee, a brother of Jesse Lee, and father of Rev. Leroy M. Lee of the Virginia Conference.

We also stayed one night with a man by the name of Bradly, who had just been converted. There was something very singular about his conversion. He was home alone one Sabbath reading his prayer-book, when as sudden as lightning he was awakened, dropped his prayer-book, and fell on his knees and prayed without a book for the Lord to have mercy on his soul. Heaven heard his prayer and forgave him. He had a number of race-horses when converted. These he parted with at once, for old things had passed away and all things become new.

On Saturday we reached Richmond and stayed over the Sabbath, preaching there and at Manchester. We were glad to see our early friend, Archibald Foster, who had been a traveling preacher for several years. He was originally from Ireland. He married the daughter of old Mr. Hynson, the thunder of Hynson's Chapel, in Kent County, Maryland. I formed his acquaintance in 1802. His family was given to hospitality.

Methodism had to struggle hard for an existence in Richmond. It was long an up-hill business. The first society was formed in 1793. They early preached in the court-house, but were turned out on account of their noise. Then a noble woman by the name of Parrott fitted up a large room for preaching in her barn or stable. Here Asbury and McKendrick preached at an early day.

Thomas Lyell was stationed here in 1799, and he was unboundedly popular, and succeeded in building a church. This is the house in which Mr. Asbury preached his last sermon. Stith Mead was stationed at Richmond. He was one of the purest and most zealous men in our connection; a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He preached to the prisoners in the Penitentiary, and the word of God was quick and powerful; and there was a great revival, and he formed classes of the converted prisoners. They used to pray in their rooms and sing, and make the old walls ring with their shouts of praise. I went with him to the prison and we held divine service there. I was well pleased with the devotional appearance of the prisoners. One young man, after he professed religion, was pardoned by the Governor. Much good Mr. Mead did among the poor friendless prisoners; and no doubt Jesus will say to him, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me."

We left Richmond and pursued our journey, having the company of Bishop McKendree. On Tuesday we had a peculiar day: 1st. We rode forty-five miles without food for ourselves or our horses -- both man and beast fasted. 2d. Twice on that day we got lost in the woods, and wandered round and round to find our way out. Bishop McKendree preached in the evening. On Friday we passed within sight of Monticello, the famous seat of Thomas Jefferson. It occupied a lofty eminence, from which there was a most extensive prospect.

We crossed the Blue Ridge to Harrisonburgh. The roads were in a sad condition, and the snow was deep in crossing the mountain. I ruined a valuable horse on this route, and parted with him for a trifle when I reached Philadelphia. This county was early settled by Germans. It was this region my father visited in 1761, where he obtained new light, which he scattered with holy zeal. I traveled here with him in 1800.

The Baltimore Conference commenced its session on Thursday, March 2. Besides the business of the conference, which was done in great harmony, there was preaching three times a day; I preached in German. There were ten young men received on probation; among them was

Beverly Waugh, handsome young man, afterward book-agent and bishop; Joseph Frye, brother of Christopher; [22] and Simon Lauck, one of my father's spiritual sons; he was awakened in 1800 under a sermon my father preached in the Methodist church in Winchester.

We hastened on through Winchester and Harper's Ferry to Baltimore. This was always a favorite place with the bishop; it was the scene of his early labors, and the people were always kind to him. On Sunday he preached morning and evening in Light Street. The next day we attended a camp-meeting near Perry Hall. Bishop Asbury not being very well, preached in the camp-meeting chapel on "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, etc. He was deeply affected as he passed the grave of his late friend, Harry Gough, and said, "his image came up before him."

Onward we went to Delaware. March 27 found us at Barratt's Chapel. Father Asbury always thought much of the children of the earliest Methodists. We see it in regard to the children of Thomas White and Philip Barratt, the founder of Barratt's Chapel. At this time he said, "I have powerful feelings of sympathy for the children and the grand-children of that holy man in life and death, Philip Barratt." He then had the pleasure of baptizing some of his descendants. He was much rejoiced also to meet here his dear friends, Governor Bassett and his excellent wife, who went forty miles to see him. How strong the friendship that subsisted between them!

We had a cold uncomfortable ride for many days, and no wonder the old man of God wrote in such a melancholy strain: "I have suffered incredibly by the cold in the last one hundred and thirty miles: souls and their Saviour can reward me, and nothing else! Lord, remember Francis Asbury in all his labors and afflictions."

Friday was a joyful day to me, and not to me only, but to others, as will be seen by the following record made by Asbury: "I preached at Keagy's. Brother McKendree and Father Boehm met me once more, and we greatly rejoiced in God together." Abraham Keagy had married my only sister, Barbara. Bishop Asbury and my father never met without a thrill of delight. I had not seen my loved father for ten months, a longer time than I had ever been absent from him before, and he embraced me in his arms.

The third of April, 1809, the Philadelphia Conference met in St. George's, Philadelphia. Bishops McKendree and Asbury were both present. It was a privilege to see my brethren, "true yoke-fellows," after the absence of a year. There were eighty-four preachers present. Fourteen were received on trial, some of whom have since filled prominent stations in the Church, among whom were Stephen Martindale and Loring Grant. Fourteen were ordained deacons, one of whom was Peter P. Sandford. My early friend, Thomas Burch, was ordained elder, and also George Lane, long our book agent, a man of uncommon purity, and seven others.

It may be asked to whom I was amenable when I traveled with Bishop Asbury. I answer, To the Philadelphia Conference. It may be asked who represented me, as I had no presiding elder. I answer, Bishop Asbury. When the question was asked, "Is there anything against Henry Boehm?" the bishop was the only person who could answer it, for he was the only one who knew how I spent the year, and he would answer, with great gravity, "Nothing against Brother Boehm." It may

be asked how I was supported while I traveled with the bishop. I answer, I received it from the different conferences, just as the bishops did theirs. My salary was one hundred dollars.

At the adjournment of the conference Bishop McKendree went direct to Elizabethtown. Bishop Asbury and myself made a tour of twenty days through the lower and eastern part of New Jersey. He was everywhere hailed as an apostle. He had not been over this route in twenty-five years.

We started to go to Brother Blackman's, father of Learner Blackman. We were to have been there at three o'clock. Charles Reed was to have piloted us, but he did not come. We got lost in the pines, and we went round and round without making much progress. We arrived there two hours after the time, and found Charles Reed preaching. He ceased on our arrival, and the bishop commenced; but our long, tedious ride had perfectly unfitted him for preaching, and after saying a few words he suddenly stopped, and called out, "Henry, you must preach, for I cannot." Quick as thought these words came in my mind, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." I had extraordinary liberty, and all got happy, and among the rest the bishop, who then rose and gave a discourse of great power.

Here was the natural and spiritual birthplace of that distinguished minister of the Western Conference, Learner Blackman. The bishop made this record: "Learner Blackman has been raised up from small appearances possibly to very great consequences." There can be no doubt of this if he had not been drowned in the Ohio River.

Space would fail to tell of Absecom, Tuckerton, Waretown, Polhemus' Chapel, Squam River, and Shark River, where also the bishop preached. At the last place, as the men were fishing, and his congregation composed of women, he preached on Martha and Mary, Luke x, 41, 42, and adds, "Ah, how many Marthas are there, and how few Marys!" I might inquire, What kind of a world would we have if all the women were Marys? Has not injustice often been done to Martha? Do we not need a union of both Martha's zeal and Mary's love?

Sunday, April 30, we spent at Long Branch. Mr. Asbury preached, from Acts iii, 26, a sermon of great strength. This has become a famous watering-place. Hundreds resort here from Philadelphia and New York to spend the summer. Here the broad Atlantic Ocean is seen in her glory. Methodism has greatly prospered here.

We then went to Staten Island and put up with Rev. Joseph Totten. He was presiding elder of Jersey District, which included the whole of New Jersey and Staten Island. Methodism was early introduced on this beautiful island by Francis Asbury. It was always a favorite place with him. He preached here before he did in the city of New York. As he was on his way from Burlington to New York he came across a gentleman by the name of P. Vanpelt, who had heard him preach in Philadelphia, and he invited Mr. Asbury to go with him to Staten Island.

On Saturday, May 6, we went to Elizabethtown. In crossing the Narrows we saw for the first time a vessel moving without sails, and to us it was a great curiosity, neither Bishop Asbury nor myself ever having seen a steamboat before. We gazed upon it with wonderful interest, as the following extracts from our journals will show. The bishop wrote, "My attention was strongly

excited by the steamboat. This is, indeed, a great invention." My record reads thus: "At Elizabeth Point we saw a packet which goes by steam, a wheel on each side like a flutter wheel. The vessel is about eighty feet long, and travels one mile against wind and tide in about eighteen minutes." All this must sound strange to the reader who is familiar with steamboats, floating palaces, and steamships that plow the ocean, and bring continents into one neighborhood.

At Elizabethtown we stopped with Rev. Thomas Morrell, who lived there in a fine mansion. The bishop and Mr. Morrell were very intimate. They loved each other as brothers, and often corresponded. He considered Mr. Morrell wise in counsel. Mr. Morrell had been an officer under Washington during the Revolutionary War, and had been wounded in battle. He was also a bold soldier of the cross, and filled some very important appointments. He was then in deep mourning, having lost his excellent wife, the mother of the amiable and beloved Francis Asbury Morrell of the New Jersey Conference.

Methodism was introduced here as early as 1785 by John Haggarty. Here Rev. George G. Cookman made his earliest efforts in this country. Joseph Holdich in the early part of his ministry preached here, and here he found his excellent wife.

In the old Episcopal church Samuel Spraggs was rector. He preached in John Street Church, New York, during the whole of the Revolutionary war being then a minister in our Church. He died here, and had a tablet in the old church.

At Elizabethtown we met Bishop McKendree. He preached in the morning, and Bishop Asbury in the evening. Bishop McKendree and I went to Newark, where he preached from Prov. i, 23, "Turn you at my reproof," etc. Here we saw Rev. John Dew, and at his request I accompanied him to Belleville, four miles from Newark, a pretty little village on the Passaic, where I preached in the evening from 1 John i, 9.

Methodism was introduced in Belleville much earlier than in Newark, and a stone church built. John Dew was a local elder, a man of fine talent and sterling integrity. He was several times a member of the Legislature. Rev. Isaac N. Felch of the New Jersey Conference married his daughter.

Here the eloquent Nicholas Snethen used to tend a mill; here he was converted, and commenced his first public exercises. Here Peter P. Sandford was converted and went out into the itinerant work. This is enough to give this place a Methodistic celebrity.

In Newark we stopped at Richard Leycraft's. This was for some time the only home for Methodist itinerants in Newark. There was a very small class here, only three years old, and a little edifice was erected in Halsey Street. This is a mother of a numerous and thriving family. What a contrast between 1809 and the present, when we have ten churches in Newark, some of them the most beautiful in the country, among which are Central and Broad Street Churches. I little thought then that we should ever have a Newark Conference, and that I should be a member of it. The Methodists in Newark are among the most liberal and enterprising in America. Newark is a place of uncommon beauty, with splendid parks and lofty elms, and Broad Street is one of the finest in America.

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22 -- FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY -- NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES

On Monday, May 7, 1809, we left Newark for New York. Crossing the beautiful Passaic river, and then the Hackensack, we passed a singular elevation called Snake Hill, and then through Bergen, an old Dutch town almost as old as New York. From Bergen Hill we had a magnificent view of the beautiful bay of New York and of the city. For the first time I beheld the noble Hudson. At Powles Hook we crossed the river. There was no Jersey City then. The spot where that city now is appeared to be a kind of island of sand. There were scarcely any houses. Jersey City was not incorporated till 1820; now it has thirty thousand inhabitants, and we have four beautiful Methodist churches there.

Our place of entertainment in New York was John Mills', near the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway. He was an excellent man, an elder in the "Brick" Presbyterian church, (Dr. Spring's.) His wife was a charming woman, and belonged to the John Street Methodist church. They were wealthy, and left much property to their descendants. They both possessed catholic spirits, and theirs was a home for all Christian ministers.

In the evening I went for the first time to the old church in John Street, built by Philip Embury, called "Wesley Chapel," the first in the world named after Mr. Wesley. What thoughts crowded my mind as I entered this cradle of Methodism! What rich and hallowed associations duster around this original home of Methodism on this continent! I heard a sermon from James i, 77, on pure religion. The next evening, in the Bowery Church, I heard Samuel Cochrane preach from Rom. v, 1, on justification by faith. He had a powerful voice and was not afraid to use it.

On Tuesday morning at four o'clock we were alarmed with the cry of "Fire, fire, fire!" It was no false alarm; about thirty houses were burned. It was truly affecting to see parents and children and the aged and helpless turned out into the street, not knowing where to go. It was the first large fire I had ever witnessed.

May 10. The New York Conference commenced its session in John Street. This was the first time I ever beheld the men that composed this conference. This was Bishop McKendree's first visit as superintendent, and most heartily they welcomed him. There was great love and unanimity among the brethren. On Friday Bishop McKendree preached an ordination sermon that was much admired. His text was 9 Cor. v, 20, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ," etc. After the sermon Bishop Asbury ordained twelve deacons, among whom were William Swayze, a most blessed man, who did noble execution afterward in Ohio; Lewis Pease, distinguished for his zeal and eloquence; and Phineas Rice. When the case of the latter came up the conference voted that he was "too funny," and passed the resolution that Bishop McKendree should reprove him. The bishop did so. Years after Mr. Rice said, that as he had never been to conference before he supposed that this was the regular process that all young ministers went through, and therefore did not feel at all unpleasant.

At that time our conferences were held with closed doors, and local preachers and probationers were not permitted to be present until they were received into full membership.

Five were ordained elders; ten were received on trial, among others the excellent Coles Carpenter, Robert Hibbard, who was drowned in the St. Lawrence, Isaac Puffer, who was known as the traveling concordance, and the amiable Marvin Richardson. He is the only survivor, enjoying a green old age, as straight as he was fifty years ago. He resides at Poughkeepsie, greatly esteemed.

On Sabbath there was a great love-feast in the Hudson Church, now Duane. There were fourteen hundred guests at the feast. I wrote in my journal: "It was a blessed time; O my soul, never forget the gracious visitation this morning! Many cups were made to run over in loud acclamations to God and the Lamb." Bishop Asbury preached in the morning, in John Street, from Mark x, 23, and in Hudson Church in the afternoon, from Rev. ii, 10.

On Monday evening, by special request, I preached in German, in the English Lutheran Church, from Luke xix, 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Great attention and great solemnity. Twice more I preached during the week in the Bowery Church, (now Forsyth Street,) and in the English Lutheran school-house.

Here I saw for the first time the excellent but eccentric Billy Hibbard. When the roll was called the secretary read the name "William Hibbard." There was no response, and Bishop McKendree said, "Brother Hibbard, why don't you answer to your name and not keep the conference waiting?" "I will," said Mr. Hibbard, "when he calls my name." "Is not your name William?" "No, sir." "What is it?" said the bishop. "Billy," was the answer. "Billy!" said the bishop, with great emphasis; "that is a little boy's name." "I know it," said Mr. Hibbard; "I was a very little boy when my father gave it me." Then the conference was convulsed with laughter.

When his character was examined it was objected that he was practicing medicine. Bishop McKendree inquired, "Brother Hibbard, are you a physician?" "I am not," he replied; "I .simply give advice in critical cases." "What do you mean by that?" asked the bishop. "In critical cases," said Mr. Hibbard, "I always advise them to send for a physician."

There were one hundred and twenty preachers belonging to this conference. It began in peace and fellowship, which seemed to increase toward the close, and then a gracious shower of blessings descended on the preachers.

The trustees of the Methodist Church in New York were ever kind to Bishops Asbury and McKendree, and they took good care of their horses. As a part of the history of the times, and as a curiosity, and to show the generosity of the trustees, I transcribe an old bill that has been carefully preserved in good order fifty-five years: (Since the table in the original text that appeared below does not display in ASCII Text, I have arranged the items into a paragraph, separating them with double-dashes [--]. DVM)

* * *

1809. Bishop Asbury, To Peter Alexander Allaire, Dr. -- 20th May. To keeping 3 horses from 8th of May, on hay, at 4s ... ú7 4 O -- To 9 quarts oats per horse, per day for each horse, say 27 quarts per day, 324 quarts, at 4d ... 5 8 O -- To keeping 1 horse from 8th of May, on hay, at 4s ... 2 8 O -- To 78 quarts of oats, at 4d ... 1 6 O -- To bleeding bishop's horse, physic, fetching, etc. O 16 O -- Total ú17 2 O or \$42.75 -- Received payment from Mr. Abraham Russel, Peter, Alexir, Allaire.

* * *

Abraham Russel was a noble man; he was indeed a pillar in the Methodist temple. The three horses, one was Bishop Asbury's, the other Bishop McKendree's, the other mine. The bill was made out to Bishop Asbury. At another time Bishop McKendree paid for his horse-keeping. When the trustees heard of it they sent him an apology and refunded the money.

On Saturday we went to Tuckahoe, and were kindly entertained at one of the bishop's choicest homes, Bishop Sherwood's: Pages might be written concerning this most excellent family. Nowhere did the bishop find warmer hearts or meet with a kinder reception than in the Sherwood cottage. On Sabbath the bishop preached in the morning at Sherwood's Chapel. This old chapel still remains in all its glory, and has been a little improved.

The site was given by the Sherwoods; the ground was staked out by Bishop Asbury, and the plan of the church given by him. It is in a valley at the foot of a hill, and surrounded by beautiful locust trees. There is a burying-ground connected with it, where the early Methodists sleep.

In the afternoon we went to New Rochelle, and were the guests of Peter Bonnets, one of the oldest Methodists in that place. He was a descendant of the Huguenots, formerly an Episcopalian, and one of the first trustees of the Methodist Church in that place, which was organized in 1791.

Crossing the Byram River, which is the dividing line between New York and Connecticut, I found myself in the land of steady habits. We reached Norwalk, a place famous in the history of our country. It was burned in 1779 by Governor Tryon. It has an important position in the history of Methodism, for here in 1789 Jesse Lee first planted the tree of Methodism in New England, and now one hundred thousand Methodists in the Near England states sit under its shade and partake of its fruit with delight. Here resided Absalom Day. He was a potter. He lived at what was called the "Old Well." In this (Fairfield) county the first class was formed in New England, and the first Methodist house of worship built, and called "Lee's Chapel," in honor of Jesse Lee.

The bishop preached that evening at Brother Day's, from Rom. xvi, 24, the apostolic benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." The Methodists had no house of worship then in Norwalk. Many strong Methodist ministers were born in this county Nathan Bangs, Heman Bangs, William Thacher, and many others.

We passed on through Fairfield and Bridgeport to Stratford, where we stayed at Thaddeus Peck's, one of the bishop's old homes, then through Milford, one of the oldest towns in the state, to New Haven, the City of Elms, no doubt the most beautiful city in America; and here is Yale College, one of the oldest in the land. We were entertained here at Pember Jocelin's.

We journeyed on through beautiful towns to Saybrook, on the Connecticut. This received its name from Lords Say and Brook, who procured a large patent of land, of which this was a part. Here the famous "confession of faith" was drawn up in 1708 known as the "Saybrook Platform." There was much all along this route that was enchanting: riding most of the time in view of Long Island Sound, then crossing the rivers and beholding the harbors, then through neat and beautiful villages. It was the last of May, and the peach and other trees were in blossom. Everything looked beautiful: flowers blooming, birds singing, nature having put on her loveliest robes, and the air perfumed as if with sweet incense.

The bishop rode in a carriage and I on horseback. The weather or something else had such an effect upon the bishop's horse that day that twice he started to run away, and it was as much as he could do to hold him, so he took Henry's horse and rode on his back, and Henry rode in the chaise, and had no difficulty in managing the bishop's horse.

In the evening we reached New London, and put up with Mr. Douglass. The bishop preached at night to two hundred hearers from 1 John ii, 5; I preached next morning, at the early hour of five, to one hundred hearers, from Matt. v, 6; then we crossed the Thames in a flat-bottomed sail-boat. The wind being fair we were soon over. Journeying on, we entered Rhode Island, and crossed the beautiful Narraganset Bay to Newport. Here we were the guests of Samuel Merwin, the stationed minister. He was a noble man, then young and in his glory. He was all courtesy and attention; a Christian gentleman. The bishop preached at Newport on Sabbath morning and afternoon, and I in the evening.

On Monday we visited Fort Wolcott. Here the bishop preached to the soldiers from Isaiah iv, 6, 7. Then we went to the school and the hospital, talking and praying with the soldiers who were sick. I addressed a number, of German soldiers by themselves, then I gave them the Methodist German tracts, a pamphlet on "The Character of a Methodist," and the tract on "Awake Thou that Sleepest," etc. Among them was a young man named Shellenbueger, a native of Switzerland, who had been taken from his friends at eleven years of age by Napoleon Bonaparte, and then by the British; afterward he came to America, where he enlisted. He was very serious, and thankfully received the tracts.

Captain Beal had charge of the fort. He was a fine man, a Christian gentleman, a Methodist. The bishop greatly admired the order and discipline at the fort; indeed, he was an admirer of discipline everywhere, in the family and in the Church.

On we rode through various towns and villages, preaching Jesus, till Saturday, when we reached Boston, and were there entertained by Widow Lewis. We had but two chapels then in Boston, the "Old" and the "New." The bishop preached in both, and so did I. Elijah R. Sabin and Philip Munger were the stationed preachers in Boston, both good men and true.

The next day we went to Waltham, and were entertained by Abram Bemis. He possessed much of the spirit of Abram of old, who was given to hospitality, and who entertained strangers and sometimes angels. George Pickering married into this family. There were four generations living in that house: the great-grandfather, Abram Bemis, was in his ninety-second year; and the

oldest grandson, Asbury Pickering, was about twelve. This was one of the leading families of Methodism in New England. The bishop preached here from 2 Peter iii, 14.

The next day found us at Lynn, the cradle of Methodism in Massachusetts. The first Methodist chapel was built here; the first New England Conference was held here; and Enoch Mudge, the first native preacher in New England, was born here. We put up with Benjamin Johnson. The bishop preached on Thursday from Hab. ii, 3; and I the next morning at five o'clock from Psalm xxxiv, 8, "O taste and see," etc. I have had the honor of preaching in the oldest house of worship in Massachusetts, as well as the oldest on the Peninsula, and the oldest in America.

We passed through many important places: Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport, etc., to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This was my first introduction to the old Granite State. We put up at Friend Hutchins', and stayed over the Sabbath, the bishop preaching twice and I once.

On Monday we started for Monmouth, in the Province of Maine. (Maine was then attached to Massachusetts, and was not admitted into the Union till 1820.) We fell in with John Broadhead, George Pickering, and Elijah Metcalf, who were on their way to conference. They were most excellent company. We went as far as Saco Falls, and as Methodist homes were scarce we went on our own hook and put up at Moody's tavern. The day we reached Monmouth we stopped at a tavern, and the following scene is described by Rev. Ebenezer F. Newell: "After we had rested half an hour Bishop Asbury said, 'We must have prayers before we leave; I will go and give notice to the landlord, and some of you must pray.' I followed him to the bar-room to learn his way of proceeding in such a case. He said, Landlord, we are going to have prayers in our room, and if you or any of your family wish to attend we should be happy to have you.' 'Thank you, sir,' he replied; 'please wait until I speak not only to my family, but my neighbors.' Soon they flocked in; we sung and prayed, and melting mercy moved our hearts. When our bill was called for we were told there was no demand against us, and were requested to call again." [23] The course of the bishop surprised Brother Newell, but to me it was almost an every-day occurrence in traveling. It was Asbury's invariable custom. Even the night before, where we put up at the tavern, the bishop proposed having prayers; they objected, but he insisted upon it, so we had prayers both evening and morning.

On Thursday, June 16, 1809, the New England Conference commenced its session. Both Asbury and McKendree were present. This was Bishop McKendree's first visit to New England as superintendent, and everywhere he was regarded with peculiar interest. We put up with a Brother Derbin. There was peace and good order throughout the session from beginning to end. There was a campmeeting held in connection with the conference. I preached on the camp-ground to about eight hundred on Friday, from Matt. xi, 28, 29.

Doctor Stevens in his Memorials says: "McKendree was present, but we have no notice of the part he took in the proceedings." Perhaps I alone am left to supply the deficiency. First, he presided, with dignity, a part of the time. Secondly, he preached two never-to-be-forgotten sermons: the first on Saturday at noon, from Rom. vi, 22, "But now being made free from sin, ye become servants to God, and have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." The dignity, freedom, fruit, and end of a Christian were dwelt upon, after which Bishop Asbury ordained twenty-two deacons. At three o'clock John Broadhead preached from John iii, 1, "Behold

what manner of love," etc. Adopting love was his glorious theme, which he handled in a workmanlike manner.

Sunday was a high day in Monmouth; we had five sermons. At six in the morning Bishop McKendree preached from Rev. ii, 10, on fidelity unto death, and its reward. At ten Bishop Asbury preached in the grove to three thousand people, from Isaiah xlv, 23, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it," etc. He regarded it as an "open season." My impression is that Bishop McKendree ordained the elders after this discourse. This was their custom: one ordained the deacons, the other the elders. Then George Pickering preached from Luke xix, 5, on the talents given, and man's responsibility.

At half past two Martin Ruter preached from Job xix, 25, 26, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc. Job's knowledge of a living Redeemer and the resurrection of the body at the last day was his theme. These sermons were preached on the campground to crowds. There was great attention and solemnity, and much good was done. Several professed to be converted. At five o'clock I preached in the meeting-house from Prov. xviii, 10. Thus ended this memorable Sabbath.

There were noble men at this conference: two future bishops, Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding; also John Broadhead, Thomas Branch, Elijah Sabin, and many others. Eighteen were received on trial, among whom were George Gary, then a boy of fifteen, but he was a boy with a man's head; John Lindsay, whose praise is in the Church; and Edward Hyde of blessed memory. Joshua Taylor was at this conference, though I think he then held a local relation.

Here Bishops Asbury and McKendree separated for a season, taking different routes, expecting to meet at the Western Conference, if not before. Thence we went to Danville in Vermont. This was my introduction to the Green Mountain State. On Friday we accompanied Solomon Sins to the house of his mother, an excellent woman. I wrote, "We are weary, but not forsaken." We spent the Sabbath and preached in that neighborhood. In the evening I preached at Widow Sins'. and John W. Hardy and Solomon Sins exhorted. On Tuesday the bishop preached in the meetinghouse in Danville, while seated in a pew. No wonder the bishop admired the scenery during our late route and wrote: "We have passed many a fertile hill, and saw many fruitful vales, through which flowed noble rivers."

On Thursday we were at Montpelier, the capital of the state. The bishop admired the fine statehouse, and said "it was worthy of the seat of government of Vermont;" and the splendid hotel, which he said " was an appropriate appendage to the statehouse."

On Friday the bishop preached at Mr. Fuller's on Lake Champlain. Here he ordained Joseph Sampson an elder, and sent him as a missionary to his countrymen in Quebec. Sampson was a Canadian Frenchman, and talked broken English. In speaking of the Lamb of God he could not think of the word, so he said "God's mouton," the French word for sheep. He did not succeed in Canada, and afterward was a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and on my district. He was not a Samson physically or mentally or theologically. Becoming unsound in doctrine, and denying the divinity of Christ, he was expelled. He appealed to the General Conference, and the decision of the Philadelphia Conference was confirmed.

On Saturday we had the company of William Anson, presiding elder of Ashgrove District, who went with us through Vergennes to Bridport. I found Brother Anson a most genial man. He told me the Congregationalists were the "standing order" of ministers in Vermont, and all were taxed to support them. The Methodists having to support their own ministry thought it was not fair, so they petitioned the Legislature to have the law repealed. Their petitions were treated with contempt, and the inquiry was sneeringly made, "Who are the Methodists?" affecting to be ignorant of the existence of such a people. The Methodists in the state concluded that if this was the kind of treatment they were to receive it was time to show who they were; so they and their friends had an understanding, and at the election the next year there was, to the astonishment of many, a general turning over. The new governor and Legislature found out who the Methodists were, and the obnoxious law was repealed.

We tarried on Sunday night with Luther Chamberlin, who, I believe, was a relative of Pamerly Chamberlin, late of the New York Conference. Here we rested near the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, which was taken in 1775 by Colonel Ethan Allen of Vermont "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This was the first fortress captured in the war of the Revolution.

On Tuesday we traveled along Burgoyne's Road to Fort Edward. This was called Burgoyne's Road because he made it through the wilderness for the use of his army. Here the bishop preached in the store of Dr. Lawrence to a large and attentive congregation. He preached the next day at McCready's barn from Rom. viii, 1. Here were the ruins of an old fort built in 1755. Near here Jane McCrea met with her tragic end, being cruelly butchered by the Indians. Here Burgoyne's army waited six weeks for provisions, and thus lost the best part of the season, which seemed to be the beginning of his blunders. We have now at Fort Edward a splendid literary institute.

The next day we rode by Saratoga Lake to Ballston. Here the bishop preached in the bar-room of the tavern kept by General Clark, and he says "had life and liberty." It was not every minister that could adapt himself to every place in preaching like the bishop.

On Saturday we visited the springs at Ballston, very celebrated then for the medicinal qualities of the waters.

The same day we rode forty miles to Kingsbury. Here at a quarterly meeting we met Bishop McKendree with several preachers. On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached in a grove to a thousand people from Matt. xvii, 5. I preached immediately after from 1 John i, 9. The bishop says in his journal, "Brother Boehm closed a meeting of three hours' continuance."

The next morning we started with the two bishops for Cayuga Lake. For several days we traveled together. Bishop Asbury preached, Bishop McKendree exhorted, and I closed with prayer. We passed Utica and reached Cazenovia, where Bishop McKendree parted with us to go to Pittsburgh by Lake Erie, and we took another route, expecting to meet at the Western Conference. We went to Manlius Square and to Auburn. The bishop wrote, "No food or rest today."

We had quite a variety the next day: rain and mud and mud and rain. We rode six miles to Asa Cummins' cabin, a humble place twelve feet square, but a warm reception within. The next day found us on one of the head branches of the Susquehanna, which was greatly swollen with heavy rains, so it was considered reckless to attempt to cross. No wonder the bishop wrote, "We had an awful time on Thursday in the woods among rocks and trees, living and dead, prostrate, barring our way. When we thought the bitterness of death was passed, behold the back-water had covered the causeway." This was about two miles below Owego. We worked our passage round the Narrows with the utmost difficulty. However, we got safely through, to the astonishment of the people, particularly concerning our carriage. A gentleman by the name of Hathaway was very kind, and rendered us much assistance.

On Friday we rode to Tioga Point, Pennsylvania, to Dr. Hopkins'. The Susquehanna was so high we could not cross, so the bishop preached in the academy from "Seek ye the Lord," etc. Here he made this wonderful record, and who can read it without deep emotion? "Such roads, such rains, and such lodgings! Why should I stay in this land? I have no possessions or babes to bind me to the soil. What are called the comforts of life I rarely enjoy. The wish to live an hour such a life as this would be strange to so suffering, so toil-worn a wretch; but God is with me, and souls are my reward. I might fill pages with this week's wonder." Dr. Stevens, in his "Memorials," says, "It is a pity he didn't." Is it not wonderful that he recorded as much as he did under the circumstances? I hope my journal will supply in some measure the deficiency. I was not merely a spectator of the wonderful scenes he hints at, but an actor. In the daily sacrifices and toils and sufferings I shared. To the bishop's every-day martyr-like sufferings I was a witness, and it brings tears to my eyes now when I think of them. Our appointments were generally sent forward, and here, in consequence of heavy rains, swollen rivers, and muddy roads, we were eighty miles behind our Sabbath appointments. On Saturday, as the waters had abated, we crossed the Susquehanna, and rode to the mouth of Wyoming Creek, and put up at Stevens' tavern. On Sunday we attempted to reach the place where George Lane was preaching, but we missed it. We met with art accident. The bishop says, "Brother Boehm upset the sulky and broke the shaft." The only wonder is we did not upset twenty times where we did once. It was well I was in the sulky instead of the old bishop, or he might have fared hard. He might have had something worse than a "broken shaft:" a broken limb or a broken neck. This happened on Sunday; but we were traveling from necessity, not from choice. On Monday we went through the Narrows on the east side, not without considerable danger; then we crossed to the west side, dined at our friend Sutton's, and came to Widow Dennison's at Kingston. This is the place where Methodism was first introduced into Wyoming. My old colleague, Arming Owen, had the distinguished honor of being the pioneer.

This valley is far famed for its beauty. Campbell has immortalized it in song, and it is embalmed in history. At Kingston we have now a splendid seminary. The next morning we crossed to Wilkesbarre, a very fine place, the seat of justice for Luzerne County. We have now a Wyoming Conference. It did not look much like it then. This region is now the garden of Methodism. [24]

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The relation of my first annual tour with Asbury has convinced the reader that the office of a bishop was then no sinecure, and that his traveling companion had something more to do than play the gentleman. It indeed was toil, intense toil, as much so as soul and body could bear. During the tour I visited all the conferences, and preached the Gospel in fifteen states, and became acquainted with the great men of Methodism in the ministry and laity, East, West, North, and South.

Never was a mariner, after a perilous voyage, more rejoiced to get into harbor than we were to reach the old family mansion of my father. We arrived there on Friday, July 28, 1809, but both my parents were from home, therefore Mr. Asbury concluded he would go right on, and I got a friend to go with him a distance, while I went to see my parents. I could not bear the thought of being gone ten months without having an interview with them before I left. They were infirm and I might never see them again. I went to a camp-meeting near Morgantown, where I met my parents, and they embraced me with joy. I had been in seven different states besides the Province of Maine since I saw them.

Mr. Asbury wrote: "On Friday a thirty mile ride brought us to Martin Boehm's. Delightful rest! but it may not be so." The next morning found him on his way to Lancaster. At the camp-meeting I heard my father preach from Luke on the Gospel Supper. He preached in German; I immediately after in English.

Sabbath was a great day. James Smith preached in the morning on the peculiar doctrines of Methodism, in opposition to antinomianism; I at noon from Isaiah xxxii, 17; then Thomas Burch. The next day I went home with my parents, remained a few hours, and then bade them farewell till the next spring.

My next business was to overtake Mr. Asbury, who had gone on, waiting for no one. I did not overtake him till the third of August at James Hunter's, Fort Littleton. I found him in a sad plight. He was not able to stand, preach, kneel, or pray. He had needed both a traveling companion and a nurse. Suffering from rheumatism, he had applied several blisters to relieve him. He had put them on too strong, and the remedy was worse than the disease. Camp-meetings he still zealously engaged in, and said, "We must attend to them; they make our harvest times."

In crossing the Alleghenies we were in great danger, and came near being dashed in pieces, but were providentially preserved. Mr. Asbury wrote: "The hand of God was manifested today in saving man and horse from wreck; the danger appeared exceeding great." At Berlin the German Presbyterian minister caused the church-bell to be rung, and Mr. Asbury says: "Brother Boehm preached to them in high Dutch."

On Tuesday the 8th we rode thirty miles in a heavy mountain rain, and were dripping wet. We put up with a German. Mr. Asbury says: "We called a meeting, and our exercises were in German. We gave away religious tracts, German and English. We have disposed of many thousands of these; it is our duty to do "good in every possible way." We were pioneers in circulating tracts. The German tracts were those I had published in Lancaster. I "preached in the German language every day, and often in German and English at the same time. On Saturday we reached Pike Run camp-meeting. Here to our great joy we met Bishop McKendree.

On Sunday morning I preached at eight o'clock on the profitableness of godliness. Bishop Asbury preached at eleven, from 2 Cor. v, 20, on the dignity and employment of the ambassadors of Christ. The grove rang with his deep-toned voice. Bishop McKendree preached at two o'clock from Deut. xxx, 19, "I call heaven and earth to record," etc. I wrote: "The work of God is progressing mightily among sinners, mourners, backsliders, and believers."

The work went on until after midnight. It then began to rain, and continued until next day about noon, when I preached on Matt. xi, 28, 79, to the weary and heavy laden, for there were many such on the ground. At three o'clock Bishop McKendree preached again from 1 Cor. xiii, 13, on faith, hope, and charity. Such a time of power has seldom been witnessed. I wrote: "The cries of mourners, prayers, shouting, rejoicing, etc., were the uninterrupted exercises until after midnight. Some that were the companions of drunkards and persecutors in the first part of the meeting now swelled the number of mourners. Glory Hallelujah! The Lord's supper was administered on Tuesday, after which Bishop Asbury delivered a profitable lecture." He wrote: "It appears the bishops will hold a camp-meeting in every district. We are encouraged so to do. Great power was manifested here, and much good was done. I will not say how I felt or how near heaven." Bishop McKendree preached four times at this meeting.

On Wednesday the 6th to Brightwell's, Philip Smith's, and then en route for Pittsburgh. On Thursday the cross-bar of that old sulky broke and brought us up all standing. I do not wonder Jacob Gruber could not bear a sulky. He thought they were sulky enough.

On Friday evening we reached Pittsburgh, and stopped at Brother John Wrenshall's. I preached at Thomas Cooper's on Friday and Saturday evening. On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached at Brother Cooper's at eight o'clock from Titus ii, 11-14. At twelve I preached in German in the same house from Rom. x, 12. Some felt the force and spirituality of the word. I closed by giving the substance of the discourse in English. My heart was much enlarged.

Bishop Asbury being invited to preach in the elegant Presbyterian church, did so at three o'clock from 2 Cor. v, 11, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord we persuade men," etc. Five hundred listened to his solemn persuasions. At six I preached in Brother Wrenshall's yard to about three hundred attentive hearers from Heb. ii, 1.

On we journeyed to Zanesville, where I preached in the Court-house, as we had no house of worship there then. In New Lancaster I preached in German, and Robert Cloud exhorted after me. This is the man who was so useful in the East, and who was once under a cloud; but he was doing better, and the sun was once more shining upon him. He had a son, Caleb W. Cloud, a very good preacher, a member of the Western Conference.

We went to Chillicothe, and were made welcome at Dr. Edward Tiffin's; then to Deer Creek, at White Brown's. Here I saw Stephen Simmons, who used to travel our circuit in Lancaster County. He had located and married the daughter of White Brown. On Wednesday we reached Peter Pelham's. I preached in German almost every day through this part of Ohio.

On Saturday, September 23, we reached one of Bishop Asbury's best homes, that of one of his dearest friends, Philip Gatch. While the bishop rested there I took a tour among the Germans.

Some of them had not heard preaching in their own tongue since they left their native land. Tears flowed from many eyes, and they heard with delight the word of life. What has God wrought since among the Germans! [25]

On the 28th we reached Cincinnati, the seat of the Western Conference.

* * *

First Conference In Cincinnati

On Saturday, September 30, 1809, the Western Conference commenced its session in Cincinnati. This was the first conference held in what has since become the Queen City of the West. We were kindly entertained by Oliver Spencer. When a boy he was taken captive by the Indians, and his early history is full of wild romance and sober truth.

There were some splendid men at this conference, who were destined, under God, to lay the foundations of Methodism in what is now the mighty West. I heard some excellent preaching here. The evening before conference began I heard Miles Harper on "Set thine house in order," etc. He was one of their strong men. I preached on Saturday from John i, 11, 12, and Brother Lakin exhorted. The Lord was eminently nigh. Several souls professed to find the Lord in the pardon of their sins.

The Lord's day was a high day in Zion. We had four sermons. The first from Learner Blackman on Judges iii, 20, "I have a message from God unto thee." It was a message of light and truth and power. At noon Bishop McKendree preached on a favorite subject, Prov. i, 23, "Turn you at my reproof," etc. At three William Burke on 1 John i, 9, "If we confess our sins," etc. A mighty preacher was William Burke in his palmy days. He wielded a tremendous power in the pulpit, and in the conference he was then the master-spirit. In the evening Caleb W. Cloud preached from the same text I had taken the evening before. This was a day of feasting for my soul and many others.

On Monday James Quinn preached at noon from Heb. xxiv, 26 on Moses' choice and Moses' reward. A wonderful man was James Quinn when he got the baptism of power. I wrote, "The Lord is with us both in the conference and the congregation." On Tuesday at noon Bishop Asbury preached an ordination sermon from Titus ii, 7, 8, "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works." It was a most impressive discourse, and was owned of God. At noon on Wednesday Bishop McKendree preached on faith, hope, and charity. Our souls were richly fed with celestial manna. At night Daniel Hitt, the book agent, preached on "Pray for us, that the word of God may have free course," etc. On Thursday I preached at noon from Matt. v, 20; on Friday William Burke preached from Isaiah xl, 1, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God;" a sermon full of consolation. James Quinn preached at night.

On Saturday Samuel Parker preached at noon from 1 John i, 3, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you," etc. This was an eloquent discourse, delivered in the sweetest spirit, making a powerful impression. He presented some fine thoughts on our union with the

Father and the Son, and that all the divine attributes are engaged for our good; also the blessed effects of fellowship with the people of God.

On Sunday, the 8th, Bishop Asbury preached in the morning at nine, Learner Blackman in the afternoon at three, and Samuel Parker in the evening. The sermons were all good, .but Samuel Parker's excelled. His text was Phil. iii, 10, " That I may know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." Over fifty years have passed away since I heard him, and yet the image of the eloquent Parker is before me, and I remember with what overwhelming pathos he dwelt on the "fellowship of his sufferings." The word ran through the audience like electricity, tears flowed, and shouts were heard. It was a most appropriate sermon for the last before the conference adjourned. It prepared the ministers for the work of suffering with their Lord if they would reign with him.

Bishop Asbury then delivered to the Methodists in Cincinnati a farewell address, which was not only able and ingenious, but truly affecting. We had spent two Sabbaths there, and on the morrow were to take our departure. I heard fifteen sermons at this conference from the muster minds of the West, men who were giving tone and character to Methodism through all that vast region. The bishop does not name a text or theme that any of the ministers used at that conference; mine may be the only record there is. To the Methodists in Cincinnati, where so many conferences have since been held, it may be of interest to know the ministers who preached at the first conference there, and the texts they used on the occasion.

Seventeen were admitted on trial at this conference, among whom were Moses Crumn and William Winans. The latter became a giant in the south and south-west. Eight elders were ordained, among others Samuel Parker, John Collins, Miles Harper, and Peter Cartwright. These were mighty men. Peter Cartwright is the only one living. Three of the prominent ministers in this conference were from New Jersey: Parker, Blackman, and Collins. John Collins did wonders for Methodism in the West. His life, abounding with thrilling incidents, has been written by the late Judge McLean, to which I refer the reader.

Samuel Parker has been called the Cicero of the West. He was born in 1774, and early learned the business of a cabinet-maker. At the age of fourteen he gave his heart to the Saviour. In 1805 he joined the itinerancy, and after being in the work fifteen years, fell at his post. He volunteered to go to Mississippi, and died there of consumption in December, 1819, and was buried near Washington in that State. His name at the West will ever be fragrant. William Winans was deeply indebted to him, loving him as a father, for Mr. Parker was his counselor and friend, and gave him his first license to preach. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance; his face was very thin, and his countenance dull, till he became animated with the truths he preached. His voice was uncommonly melodious; it was soft, rich, sweet. He was a very superior singer; but it was as a pulpit orator he excelled, and will long be remembered.

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Episcopal Tour From Cincinnati To South Carolina Conference

With regret we bade farewell to our kind friends in Cincinnati and started for the South Carolina Conference, several of the preachers with us. We entered Kentucky on Tuesday, and at midnight the bishop called us up, and we traveled twenty-five miles to Mount Gerizim, where he had an appointment. Bishop McKendree here preached a sweet sermon from "Is it well with thee?" He used to inquire of his dying sister, Frances Moore, whom I knew very well, "Is it well with thee?" and when he was himself on his deathbed he exclaimed, "All is well." Bishop Asbury preached from "Suffer the word of exhortation," and then ordained a person.

On Thursday we reached Martin's meeting-house, called so from Major Martin, with whom we stayed; sometimes it was called "Ebenezer." Bishop Asbury preached from Psalm lxxxv, 1-9. The reader will recollect what I have said about the bishop liking a long text.

There had been considerable excitement among the local preachers in this part of the country on the subject of ordination. The bishops had a number of them convened here by previous appointment, and they held what Bishop Asbury called a "Conciliatory Conference."

The next day, at the same place, Bishop McKendree preached a characteristic sermon from "He that endureth to the end;" then I held forth, then Daniel Hitt, then Bishop Asbury. He says, "I embraced various subjects in my exhortation." It was a very able address on the qualifications and duties of ministers. We rode a number of miles the next morning before breakfast, and there Bishop McKendree left us for Cumberland, accompanied by Thomas Lasley, who was his traveling companion. [26] We forded the Kentucky and came to John Bennett's, a very fine man and family, having a meeting-house called after him. On Sabbath the bishop preached at Bennett's meeting-house on. John iii, 19, 20.

We left Kentucky and entered Tennessee, crossing rivers and climbing mountains. Can we wonder the bishop wrote: "My mind and body have had no small exercise in bringing my stiff-jointed horse over the rocks and rough and deep roads."

Crossing the French Broad, we reached Barnett's Tavern. The old landlord was very sick and like to die. The bishop, who was a physician when necessary, always carrying medicine with him, gave Mr. Barnett a dose that almost instantly relieved him, and he fell asleep. He was so thankful he would receive nothing for our entertainment. The bishop writes: "Eight times within nine years have I crossed these Alps." Well might he call those high mountains the Alps. Never can I forget the toils over those mountains, rocks, hills, stumps, trees, streams, awful roads, and dangerous passes.

We crossed to Buncombe, North Carolina, preaching every day. In South Carolina we attended a number of quarterly meetings with that excellent man of God, long since gone to his rest, Lewis

There were glorious revivals through the South this year, and the bishop's soul greatly rejoiced. He wrote: "Great news, great times in Georgia; rich and poor coming to Christ." Again: "The Methodists have great success on Camden District; surely there must be some good done; all are on fire, and I feel the flame! God is with preachers and people."

On Tuesday, November 21, we stayed with William Gassoway, a noble old preacher, universally esteemed. He joined as early as 1788. He was William Capers' first colleague. We had a very severe snow-storm. It was cold and chilly, and we reached Waxsaw and put up with Robert Hancock. Almost every prominent Methodist man had a meeting-house named after him: so we had a " Hancock Chapel." On Saturday I preached in this chapel on John xiii, 35, and Brother William Capers followed with a charming exhortation. The bishop preached the next day in the chapel. "The next day on the south side of the Catawba river, piloted by Brother William Capers, who is a promising young man about twenty." So I wrote over fifty years ago. We had a delightful interview with Capers at Robert Hancock's, as well as the privilege of traveling with him many days. William Capers, in his Autobiography, (pp. 113-115,) has described what took place at Robert Hancock's, and made such honorable mention of Bishop Asbury and his traveling companion that I transcribe it for my work now the writer is in his grave:

"At the close of the year 1809 Bishop Asbury passed through my circuit on his way to conference, and it was arranged for me to meet him at Waxsaw, (General Jackson's birthplace,) and attend him along a somewhat circuitous route to Camden. I met him at the house of that most estimable man and worthy local preacher, Robert Hancock, who had been more than a friend to me, even a father, from the beginning. The bishop was then accompanied by Rev. Henry Boehm as his traveling companion, so long afterward known in the Philadelphia Conference as one of the purest and best of Methodist ministers, and whose society I found to be as 'the dew of Hermon.' This was the last of my itinerant year on the Wateree Circuit; and as I have had quite enough of the disagreeable in my account of it, I will end the chapter (perhaps more to your liking) with an anecdote of my first night and last night on the trip with the bishop. I met him when a heavy snow had just fallen, and the northwest wind blowing hard made it extremely cold. The snow had not been expected, and our host was out of wood, so that we had to use what had been picked up from under the snow, and was damp and incombustible. Our bed-room was aloft, with a fireplace in it, and plenty of wood; but how to make the wood burn was the question. I had been at work blowing and blowing long before bed-time, till, to my mortification, the aged bishop came up, and there was still no fire to warm him. 'O Billy, sugar,' said he as he approached the fireplace, 'never mind it; give it up; we will get warm in bed.' And then stepping to his bed as if to ascertain the certainty of it, and lifting the bed-clothes, he continued, 'yes, yes, give it up, sugar; blankets are plenty.' So I gave it up, thinking the play of my pretty strong lungs might disturb his devotions, for he was instantly on his knees.

"Well, thought I, this is too bad. But how for the morning? Bishop Asbury rises at four -- two hours before day -- and what shall I do for a fire then? No light wood, and nothing dry. But it occurred to me that the coals put in the midst of the simmering wood might dry it sufficiently to keep fire and prepare it for kindling in the morning; so I gave it up. But then how might I be sure of waking early enough to kindle a fire at four o'clock? My usual hour had been six. And to meet this difficulty I concluded to wrap myself in my overcoat, and lie on the bed without using the bed-clothes. In this predicament I was not likely to over sleep myself on so cold a night; but there might be danger of my not knowing what hour it was when I happened to awake. Nap after nap was dreamed away as I lay shivering in the cold, till I thought it must be four o'clock; and then creeping softly to the chimney, and applying the breath of my live bellows, I held my watch to the reluctant coals to see the hour. I had just made it out, when the same soft accents saluted me: 'Go to bed, sugar, it is hardly three o'clock yet.'

"This may do for the first night, and the last was as follows: It had rained heavily through the night, and we slept near enough to the shingles for the benefit of the composing power of its pattering upon them. It was past four o'clock and the bishop was awake, but 'Billy sugar' lay fast asleep; so he whispered to Brother Boehm not to disturb me, and the fire was made. They were dressed, had had their devotions, and were at their books before I was awake. This seemed shockingly out of order, and my confusion was complete as, waking and springing out of bed, I saw them sitting before a blazing fire. I could scarcely say good-morning, and the bishop, as if he might have been offended at my neglect, affected not to hear it. Boehm, who knew him better, smiled pleasantly as I whispered in his ear, 'Why didn't you wake me?' The bishop seemed to hear this, and closing his book and turning to me with a look of downright mischief, had an anecdote for me. 'I was traveling,' said he, 'quite lately, and came to a circuit where we had one of our good boys. O, he was so good! and the weather was as cold as it was the other night at Brother Hancock's, and as I was Bishop Asbury, he got up in the bitter cold at three o'clock to make a fire for me; and what do you think? He slept last night till six.' And he tickled at it as if he might have been a boy himself. And this was that Bishop Asbury whom I have heard called austere, a man confessedly who never shed tears, and who seldom laughed, but whose sympathies were, nevertheless, as soft as a sanctified spirit might possess."

We next went to Camden and stayed with James Jenkins. Bishop Asbury baptized his daughter, Elizabeth Asbury Jenkins, perpetuating not only the bishop's name, but his mother's also. On Sunday at eleven Bishop Asbury preached at Camden from Rev. xxii, 14, on the blessedness of doing his commandment. I preached at three on Acts v, 2, after which the bishop addressed himself to the people of color. He was a great friend of the colored race, whom he called his "black sheep." I held forth in the evening from 1 Peter iv, 7. It was a day of marrow and fat things.

On Tuesday we went to Father Rembert's on Black River. On Wednesday the bishop preached to the Negroes of Henry Young, who were called together to hear him. We then had free access both to the master and the slave.

On Sunday there was a quarterly meeting at Rembert's for the Santee Circuit. I preached on Saturday, and John and James Capers exhorted. On Sunday the bishop preached from Matt. xiv, 35, then Joseph Tarpley and Lewis Hobbs exhorted. The meeting lasted five hours. At night I held forth on Heb. ii, 1.

On Monday we started for Charleston. The roads were muddy in the extreme, the rivers high, and we had swamps to go through; but Wednesday evening brought us to the goodly city.

On Tuesday of next week Bishop McKendree arrived with his traveling companion, Thomas Lasley. We had preaching nearly every night.

The South Carolina Conference commenced on Saturday, December 23. It was a very pleasant session. Preaching three times a day on Sunday, and in all the churches in the evening, and in the Bethel Church every morning at eleven. On Monday, being Christmas, I preached in Cumberland Church to a large audience on Luke ii, 15. Thomas Lasley exhorted. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

There were several conversions during the conference. The dosing scene was peculiarly affecting. On Friday, just before adjournment, the Lord's supper was administered. It was a most melting time. No wonder I wrote, "O my soul, never forget this melting, soul-animating time of the power of God." The excellent William Capers, with fifteen others, was received on trial; Joseph Travis, with a number of others, was ordained deacon; Lovick Pierce and his brother Reddick, and James Russell, with three more, were ordained elders.

* * * * *

24 -- TOUR TO VIRGINIA, BALTIMORE, AND PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCES

Again we turn our faces toward the North. The first night we were the guests of a brother of Bishop McKendree, who was overjoyed to see us, and treated us in a friendly manner.

We went to Newbern, N. C., and on Sunday had four sermons: Thomas Lasley preached at sunrise from Gen. xlix, 10, "The scepter shall not depart," etc.; Bishop Asbury at eleven from Heb. xii, 1, 2. The race, the witnesses, the judge, and the prize, were the topics he dwelt upon. At three Bishop McKendree from Jer. iv, 14, "O Jerusalem," etc. Brother Merritt at night from 1 The. ii, 22, "Flee youthful lusts," etc.

On Friday Bishop McKendree left us to go direct to Norfolk, and Bishop Asbury and I went out of our direct route to Edenton. We borrowed two horses, that our tired animals might rest, and arrived at Edenton after dark. Well might Mr. Asbury inquire, "Are we riding for life?" It was exceedingly cold, and I suffered severely. We stayed at William Hankins'. In the evening I walked to the church and preached, and in returning took a cold that had like to have cost me my life.

On Sabbath there was a tremendous snow-storm. So after all our pains the bishop preached to only six men and twelve women. In the evening I preached to the Africans. We never forgot these sable children.

During this route I suffered more than the martyrs. For a fortnight I had high fevers every night; and then riding all day in the cold, my sufferings were intolerable. I became so weak that I had to be helped on to my horse, and then, though I could hardly sit upon him, rode thirty and forty miles a day, with cold winds beating upon me.

Bishop Asbury describes our route: "My flesh complains of cold riding and the labor of preaching. May I be made perfect through sufferings! Saturday brought us through rain and snow, without eating or prayer, to William Birdsong's. On Monday, February 5, we wrought our solitary way through the woods to Alien's bridge. The Widow Pennington received us. Her husband is dead, she is sick, her children irreligious. O misery! O mercy!... We have passed like a mail through South and North Carolina. I solemnly sympathize with my dear Brother Boehm. He has suffered greatly in his journey; an awful cough and fevers. Lord, what is life?" From this I think the bishop doubted my recovery. My sufferings can never be told. The day we rode to Petersburg we stopped to rest in the woods, and I lay down upon a log, for I was too weak to sit up. The time

came to start, and I told the bishops (Bishop McKendree had now rejoined us) to go on and leave me there. I felt as if I would rather die on that log than go on. They were all attention and full of sympathy. Bishop McKendree prepared me a little medicine, and I drank it, and then ate a little. They lifted me from the log on to my horse, and in this plight I rode to Petersburg. When we arrived there, about sundown, I was so weak they had to lift me from my horse and carry me into the house. The ride was most tedious and painful. At Petersburg we found a kind home at Sister Harden's.

The Virginia Conference commenced its session in Petersburg on Thursday, February 8, 1810; but I was so sick that it was six days before I could go to the conference room. On Friday Bishop McKendree, seeing how ill I was, took me into his room, and was my nurse and physician. He administered medicine to me, and watched over me with all the kindness of a father. If I had been his only son he could not have treated me more tenderly. When he was under the necessity of being absent, his traveling companion, Thomas Lasley, continued with me, and was very attentive and kind. The family we put up with were all kindness and affection. What a debt of gratitude I owe them! "I was a stranger, and they took me in."

Under God I owe the preservation of my life to Bishop McKendree. Blessed man! I had often waited on him, for he was frequently an invalid. On his first Episcopal tour he was afflicted with asthma, and needed much attention, and it afforded me great pleasure when I could do anything to relieve him. Sometimes he could not lie down, and suffered exceedingly. And yet I have often thought his continental tours were a great benefit to him, and prolonged his life. The open air and the exercise on horseback did him good.

On Wednesday, the 14th, I was able to go to the conference room. Then I heard Bishop Asbury preach an ordination sermon from "Lo, I am with you always," etc. It was full of instruction and encouragement to Christian ministers. Immediately after the sermon Bishop McKendree ordained the elders. In the afternoon I heard a profitable sermon from Edward Dromgoole.

The next day at noon the conference adjourned, and immediately Bishop Asbury and I started for Richmond. I left Petersburg with a heart overwhelmed with gratitude. I wrote, "The Lord made use of Bishop McKendree in saving my life. May the Lord abundantly bless him; also this kind family."

Forward we went to Richmond, then to Fredericksburgh, through heavy rain and deep mud, not the best weather for an invalid. Here the bishop preached. Onward through Dumfries, one of the oldest places in Virginia. Bind, mud, mud! deeper, and still deeper, till we were in danger of being stuck.

At Alexandria the bishop preached from, "If any man speak," etc. We went thence to Georgetown to Henry Foxall's. Speaking of Washington city, the bishop exclaimed, "O what a world of bustle and show we have here!" If he thought so in 1810, what would he think if he could revisit Washington city in 1865?

Jesse Lee was then chaplain to the House of Representatives. I went with him to the capitol. He first prayed in the House of Representatives, and then we went to the Senate, and there

he offered prayer. He and the chaplain to the Senate took turns, praying alternate weeks in both houses. Lee was much respected as chaplain. His prayers at that time were short, fervent, and patriotic.

In coming north with Bishop Asbury in 1810, at the south of Washington we met John Randolph, that peculiar genius and unequalled orator of Roanoke. He was riding, and had his dogs with him in the carriage. He always thought much of his dogs, and took them with him to Washington. His complexion was very dark, and his eyes were black.

On Saturday, February 24, we reached Baltimore, and put up with Sister Dickins. Then I went to see my father, and he went with me to the Baltimore Conference. He loved to attend the conference, and wished another interview with his life-time friends, Bishops Asbury and Otterbein.

On Lord's day I heard my aged father preach in Otterbein's Church from 1 Cor. iv, 90, "For the kingdom of God is not in word," etc. Of course it was in German. At three o'clock my colleague, Jacob Gruber, preached in Otterbein's Church, from John v, 25, on the spiritual resurrection. It was a lovely sight to behold the venerable Otterbein, my aged father, and Newcomber, all together worshipping in such delightful harmony.

On Wednesday evening I preached at Otterbein's Church, on Matt. xi, 28, 29, in my mother tongue. My father concluded with an impressive exhortation and prayer. This was my father's last visit to Baltimore, his last interview with Otterbein, and the last time he ever attended an annual conference.

Twelve were received on trial at this conference; among them John Davis, long an ornament to the Baltimore Conference and a pillar in the temple of Methodism, and John W. Bond, the last traveling companion of Bishop Asbury. Among the elders ordained were Gerard Morgan, (father of N. J. B. and L. F. Morgan,) Job Guest, and Alfred Griffith, who has recently retired from the work. The bishop wrote thus: "If we want plenty of good eating and new suits of clothes, let us come to Baltimore; but we want souls." [27] This will give an idea of our entertainment in Baltimore.

The conference adjourned on Saturday, March 17, and Bishops Asbury and McKendree, and my father and Thomas Lasley, immediately left for Perry Hall, where Sister Gough treated us with the usual kindness.

On Monday we rode to Henry Watters' at Deer Creek. He was seventy-two years old when we were there. He was a brother of William Watters, and in this house William was born and converted. One of the earliest Methodist churches in Maryland was erected on the farm of Henry Watters. "It was in this chapel the famous conference was held in 1777, [28] when the English preachers, with the exception of Mr. Asbury, gave up the field, and returned to their native country. The old homestead is still in possession of the family of Henry Watters., the oldest son. He is a class-leader in the Church. What imperishable memories cluster around the sweet rural mansion where Pilmoor and Boardman, Coke and Asbury, so often lodged and prayed! [29]

This was Bishop Asbury's last visit to Deer Creek and to the Watters family. He was here the year after he arrived in America, namely, 1772, and often afterward, and had witnessed thrilling scenes. He wrote mournfully, in his journal, "I parted at Deer Creek (ah, when to meet again!) with aged Father Boehm and my ancient friend, Henry Watters." It was his last interview with his friend Watters. My father and the bishop met but once more.

I accompanied the bishop through the Peninsula before the session of the Philadelphia Conference. On Thursday, at Elkton, I heard Bishop McKendree and George Pickering preach. The latter was raising money for a church in Boston, so he came to the Peninsula, the garden of Methodism, for sympathy and funds. He found both, as the sequel will show. This was Bishop McKendree's first tour through the Peninsula. We went to Bohemia Manor, where there was preaching, and we were entertained by Richard Bassett.

We continued traveling and preaching every day. On Saturday at Friendship meeting-house. Sunday, at Smyrna, Bishop Asbury preached from 2 Chron. xxxii, 25, 26, "But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him," etc. George Pickering spoke afterward, and then a noble collection was taken for the Boston Chapel. Here Bishop Asbury wandered among the tombs, and his heart was affected as he looked at the graves of those he loved, and with whom he had worshipped years before.

On Monday we were at Dover, and the bishop preached in the chapel. Mournfully he wrote: "Most of my old friends in this quarter have fallen asleep." We went to Barratt's Chapel, where George Picketing preached on "By whom shall Jacob arise," etc.; then Bishop Asbury, on Heb. x, 38. We stayed with Andrew Barratt., son of Philip Barratt. Onward we went till we reached the Sound Chapel, and after the bishop preached we stopped with my old friend, Arthur Williams. We had ridden fourteen hundred and sixty-six miles on horseback since we left Charleston.

We went to Snow Hill. The bishop wrote: "Lodged at Samuel Porter's, the steward of the circuit; he is a solemn man in his appearance, as an official character ought to be." On Tuesday bishop McKendree preached at eleven at Captain Downing's, and Bishop Asbury at night.

On Wednesday, April 11, at Curtis' Chapel, and then went to Francis Waters., at Potato Neck. He was a sterling man and a sterling Methodist. He was the father of Francis Waters, and of the wife of Freeborn Garrettson., of Rhinebeck, N. Y. The bishop here wrote: "I rode to Francis Waters' at Potato Neck. They kept me busy: I must preach; I am senior; I have been long absent; some never expected to hear me again; possibly I may never come again. I am reminded that such and such I dandled in my lap. The rich, too, thirty years ago, would not let me approach them; now I visit and preach to them. And the Africans, dear affectionate souls, bond and free, I must preach to them."

Next day we preached at Potato Neck, and lodged with Lazarus Maddox. He was one of the best men I ever met with. On Monday Bishop Asbury preached at Ennalls' Chapel, and we dined with my early friend, the widow of Harry Ennalls. I have given but a part of this memorable tour through the Peninsula. Everywhere the bishops were hailed as holy apostles, everywhere they preached with power.

On Thursday, April 18, the Philadelphia Conference commenced its session in Easton, Maryland. Here the early Methodist ministers were persecuted. Joseph Hartly was imprisoned, but he felt the "word of God was not bound," and through the grates of his jail he "preached deliverance to the captives," and many were converted, and the persecutors liberated the prisoner for fear he would convert the whole county.

There was a camp-meeting connected with the conference. There was much feeling under a sermon preached by Bishop Asbury from I Peter ii, 21-23, on the example of Jesus. A number were converted on the camp-ground.

John Emory, afterward bishop, and Laurence Laurensen, were received on trial with others. This was one of the most harmonious conferences I have ever attended. Bishop Asbury was delighted, as will appear by the following: "What a grand and glorious time we have had! how kind and affectionate the people!" On Friday the conference adjourned. My appointment was read off thus: "Henry Boehm travels with Bishop Asbury."

On Saturday we went to Henry Down's at Tuckahoe. Bishop Asbury and he were bosom friends. We rode fifty miles this day to Dover, and Bishop McKendree preached in the evening. We stayed at Richard Bassett's. Bishop McKendree preached at Dover on Sunday, the 22d, at eleven, and Asbury immediately after. Then I went to Smyrna, and Bishop McKendree preached there. Have such laborious bishops been seen since the days of the apostles?

We went to Chester, where Bishop Asbury preached the funeral sermon of Mary Withey. Chester is the most ancient town and county seat in Pennsylvania. Very early William Penn was here, and Whitefield preached in this place to thousands. Here lived Mary Withey. She was a woman of superior talents, and kept one of the best public houses in America. As early as 1798 I was her guest with Dr. Chandler, and was often at her house in after years. Her husband during the Revolutionary War was for King George; she was for America, a decided Whig. Washington was often her guest, and she took great pains to entertain him well. Mr. Asbury early became acquainted with her, and in 1800 was at her house with Bishop Whatcoat, and he wrote thus:

"On Saturday we dined with Mary Withey, now raised above her doubts, and rejoicing in God. Through her instrumentality a small society is raised up in Chester, and she hath fed the Lord's prophets twenty-eight or more years."

What a splendid eulogy upon Mary! Now we have there a membership of over three hundred, a very pleasant station. What would the old landlady say if she could revisit Chester and contrast the present with the past?

Mr. Asbury went eighteen miles out of his way to preach the funeral sermon of Mary Withey. This he did in the Chester Church May 5, 1810. He makes the following interesting record: "She was awakened to a deep inquiry respecting the salvation of her soul while I officiated at her house in family prayer. This was in 1772, on my first journey to Maryland. She had lived twelve years a wife, forty-four years a widow, and for the last thirty years kept one of the best houses of entertainment on the continent. In her household management she had Martha's

anxieties, to which she added the spirit and humility of Mary. Her religious experience has been checkered by doubts and happy confidence. She slept in Jesus."

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Northern Tour To Pittsfield, New York Conference

We made a visit to Burlington, N. J., to James Sterling's. A whole volume might be written concerning this estimable man and his family. It is difficult now to appreciate the position they once occupied. James Sterling was a prince in our Israel.

Having the company of George Pickering we went to New Brunswick, where Bishop Asbury preached in the court-house to three hundred people. We had no house of worship, and there was but one family that entertained Methodist preachers. It was a family by the name of Poole, who made us very welcome. It was years after before we got much of a foothold in this beautiful place. Rev. Charles Pitman was the first stationed preacher, and he was favored with a glorious revival. He was then in his prime, and he helped to give character and stability to Methodism in New Brunswick. Now we have three flourishing Churches there.

The next day we went to New York and stayed with John Mills. Bishop Asbury preached in old John Street. He made this record in his journal: "We are in New York. Great times here. Two new houses within the year." [30] I preached in old John Street. This is the thirty-ninth year I have officiated within the walls. This house must come down, and something larger and better occupy its place."

It did not come down, however, till the venerable bishop was in his grave. It was not till May 13, 1817, the old walls were demolished after an appropriate address by Rev. Daniel Ostrander. Then it was not done without powerful opposition; but the energetic William Thacher succeeded in raising the necessary funds for the new edifice. Now the third church edifice occupies the site.

On Saturday we left New York and went to Sherwood Vales the next morning to White Plains, and the bishop preached from Heb. vi, 9, 10. Methodism was early introduced into White Plains, which is the county town of Westchester. Indeed this has been one of its strongholds. Here a memorable battle was fought during the Revolution, and here is "Washington's headquarters;" and in the very room Washington occupied the first Methodist sermon in the town was preached, and the first Methodist class formed. [31]

On Monday We left for Pittsfield, Mass. We reached Amenia, and put up with Father Ingraham. Amenia has been a stronghold for Methodism many years, and we have here an excellent seminary. Two annual conferences have been held here. The Ingrahams, the Hunts, and others have been strong pillars of Methodism in this place.

We passed on to Lenox, Mass., which is indeed a gem among the mountains, and then to Pittsfield. We put up during the conference at John Ward's. We have ridden from Charleston more

than two thousand miles. This would be but little by railroad or steamboat, but much to perform on horseback, as any one would find out .by trying it.

Here lived the excellent Robert Green, who was a Methodist preacher of the old stamp and brother of Lemuel. Methodism was introduced into Pittsfield in 1790. The first Methodist sermon was preached by Freeborn Garrettson. Rev. Robert Green formed the first society in this place. He was the main pillar of the society and ornament to the Church, and an honor to Methodism.

Both Bishop Asbury and McKendree were at the conference. On Saturday evening I heard Francis Ward preach. He was an excellent brother, a fine penman, and for several years secretary of the New York Conference. On Sabbath morning Bishop Asbury preached from Phil. iii, 17-21; Bishop McKendree in the afternoon.

Bishop McKendree presided at the conference most of the time. The brethren were not as familiar with his method as Bishop Asbury's, and at first it did not go very smoothly. He was more systematic; but they soon got used to his ways, and most highly esteemed him.

The conference lamented the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, Rev. John Wilson. He was a very pure spirit. He was book agent, and I used to do business with him and also correspond with him, as I attended to the interest of the Book Room. He was a Christian gentleman, an able preacher, a superior scholar, a good penman and accountant, and an able business man. He died suddenly of asthma in New York city, January 28, 1810. His brethren say such were his excellences that even envy itself must be turned into praise, and malice and hatred into veneration.

Half a century has made a great change in the members of the New York Conference. Of the eighty-four preachers who were present in 1810 but two remain, Laban Clark and Marvin Richardson. Fourteen were received on trial, among others Arnold Scolefield and Tobias Spicer.

The conference adjourned on Saturday, but the bishops and several of the ministers remained over Sabbath. We were the guests of the venerable Robert Green.

On Sabbath Daniel Hitt preached from "We have not received the spirit of bondage," etc.; and Bishop McKendree, in the Congregational Church, in the afternoon, from John viii, 31, 32, on Christian Freedom.

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25 -- NEW ENGLAND AND GENESEE CONFERENCES OF 1810

On Monday we left Pittsfield (the most beautiful inland town in the United States) for Winchester, New Hampshire, the seat of the New England Conference. We went over the perpetual hills and descended beautiful valleys, crossing the Connecticut River, and on Thursday reached Winchester, and were the welcome guests of Caleb Alexander. There was but one Methodist family in the village. He was a large-hearted man, and had petitioned to have the conference hold its session there, pledging himself they should be well entertained. His own house

and his neighbors' were filled, and he paid the board of others. He was a noble-hearted man, and the preachers were delighted with him and their entertainment.

Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present, and presided alternately at the conference. There was a general fast held by several of the conferences on Friday, and we religiously observed it till six o'clock in the evening. Bishop Asbury regularly observed his fasts whether ordered by conferences or not. It was his practice to abstain every Friday.

On Sunday, June 3, the bishop preached in the morning and I in the evening. He says: "I think my words pierced the hearts of some like a sword. I neither spared myself nor my hearers."

On Wednesday, June 6, the New England Conference for 1810 commenced in the Congregational meeting-house.

There was a camp-meeting held in connection with it, about three miles distant, and they had preaching there three times a day during its session.

On Sunday the 10th Bishop Asbury preached with life and energy; after which six deacons and twelve elders were ordained. There were about fifteen hundred persons present. Six sermons were preached that day.

On Monday morning, after the bishops had delivered their valedictory addresses, which were distinguished for appropriateness and pathos, Bishop Asbury read off the appointments of eighty-seven preachers, who all went cheerfully to their work in the spirit of their master.

We left Winchester and went to Waltham, and on the 16th Bishop Asbury, George Pickering, and myself went to Boston, and were the guests of Rev. Elijah Sabin, the stationed preacher. The new chapel was greatly in debt, and Brother Pickering had been south soliciting funds; and yet, such were the pressing wants of the Church, that while we were in Boston Bishop Asbury wrote five letters supplicating a collection for the new chapel, namely, to Baltimore, Georgetown, Alexandria, Norfolk, and Charleston, and I believe they all responded.

We visited Newport, and in the afternoon I went with Brother Daniel Webb (now the oldest effective preacher in the world) to Fort Wolcott. On Sunday the 24th we had preaching three times. The bishop preached to the soldiers at the fort.

On Monday we crossed the Narraganset Bay, and then went to Stonington, Conn. I do not wonder at its name, for the ground is literally covered with stones. We crossed the Thames. We found a home at friend Douglass', and the bishop preached in the evening.

Here for the first time Bishop Asbury saw a copy of Jesse Lee's History of Methodism. It made the bishop nervous, as will be seen by the record he made at the time in his journal: "It is better than I expected. He has not always presented me under the most honorable aspect. We are all liable to mistakes, and I am unmoved by his. I correct him in one fact. My compelled seclusion in the beginning of the war in the State of Delaware was in no wise a season of inactivity. On the contrary, except about two months of retirement from the direst necessity, it was the most active,

the most useful, the most afflictive part of my life. If I spent a few dumb Sabbaths, if I did not for a short time steal after dark, or through the gloom of the woods, as was my wont, from house to house to enforce that truth I, an only child, had left father and mother to proclaim, I shall not be blamed, I hope, when it is known my patron, good and respectable Thomas White, who promised me security and secrecy, was himself taken into custody by the light horse patrol. If such things happened to him what might I expect, a fugitive and an Englishman? In these many years we added eighteen hundred members to society, and laid a broad and deep foundation for the wonderful success Methodism has met with in that quarter. The children and the children's children of those who witnessed my labor and my sufferings in that day of peril and affliction now rise up by hundreds to bless me. Where are the witnesses themselves? Alas! there remain not five perhaps whom I could summon to attest the truth of this statement."

I do not think Mr. Lee meant to censure the bishop, [32] but others have, and I am thankful we have the bishop's explanations and his admirable defense.

One who has recently written says, " It was a question painfully revolved in the mind of Mr. Asbury whether or not he ought to have thus concealed himself from his enemies. It is certain that in this he was not imitating the Saviour, who went forth to meet Judas and his band in the garden; neither was he following the example of the apostles, who went forward in their work, although forbidden by the Jewish Council; nor did he exhibit the courage of Wesley in the days of mob violence in England, nor yet that of Abbott, Garrettson, and Hartley, who dared to meet their worst foes. It seems that his prudence prevailed over his faith." [33]

Does my friend Lednum mean to accuse Francis Asbury of cowardice? If he does, the bishop's explanation is a defense against all attacks until the end of time.

We left New London on Wednesday, June 27, and went to Hebron, riding six hours in the rain. The bishop seldom stopped for rain, even if it came in torrents. He preached in the evening.

The next day we rode to East Glastenbury, and put up with Jeremiah Stocking. He was one of the oldest and most distinguished local preachers in New England. His ministry extended over period of sixty years. He was the first to open his doors in that part of the country to receive the Methodist preachers; he was the father of the Methodist society in the town. He died in holy joy March 23, 1853, aged eighty-five, his wife and eight children following on in the path made smooth by his feet and wet by his tears. Brother Stocking wrote many interesting articles while Dr. Bond was editor, entitled " Sketches of my Life," and dated " Pilgrim's Tent, on the Banks of Jordan."

Saturday we rode through Hartford to Middletown amid a heavy thunder-storm. At Hartford we were like Noah's dove: had no place for the sole of our foot, and it was the day of small things at Middletown. We rode one hundred and eighty-six miles this week. We spent the Sabbath in Middletown, and were entertained at Brother Eggleston's. The bishop preached in the morning from 1 Cor. xv, 5-8; I preached at three o'clock from Acts iii, 19; the bishop again at six from " Behold, now is the accepted time," etc. There was a small congregation both morning and afternoon; but who hath despised the day of small things? Could the bishop have foreseen the growth of the Church in Hartford and Middletown, and especially that noble institution, the

Wesleyan University, which has been such a blessing to our Church, how would his great soul have thanked God and taken courage! Its first president, the seraphic Fisk, who sleeps in the beautiful cemetery on the hill, was then a youth of eighteen, and was not licensed to preach till eight years after; and Stephen Olin, of blessed memory, was then a lad in his father's house in Vermont, and it was not till twelve years after our visit to Middletown he became a Methodist minister.

The bishop had been at Middletown several times before. He was there as early as June, 1791. He preached in the meeting-house belonging to the Standing Order, and then after preaching rode a mile out of town to get lodging. Bishop Whatcoat was with him there in the month of May, 1803, and preached at five o'clock on Sunday in "the Separate Meeting-house." When he had finished his sermon the old women controverted his doctrine of sanctification.

On Monday we went to Burlington. The bishop preached, and he shaved very close. On through Goshen, next to Sharon, where we were the guests of Alpheus Jewett, a wealthy farmer. He was a large man, with much native dignity. He was the father of the late Rev. William Jewett.

Bishop Asbury preached at Brother Jewett's from Heb. iv, 11-16. Our meeting-house was a mile from the village, among a huge pile of rocks. Our fathers were not Solomons in regard to the sites of their churches. Now we have a neat brick church in the village.

Thursday, July 5, brought us to Amenia, and to Thomas Ingraham's, just where we were May 17; and think what a round we had taken in the intervening six weeks. One would have thought that the bishop might have rested a little from his incessant toil after he had attended the conference in Winchester; but no, he never thought of resting till he rested in Abraham's bosom, or of locating till in the neighborhood of the throne of God.

The next day he preached at John Row's meeting-house in Milan. The old man still lives, and has consecrated his money to God by building a church and parsonage. [34] Here we met Freeborn Garrettson and Daniel Hitt, and went with them to Rhinebeck.

On Monday, July 16, Bishop Asbury, Daniel Hitt, William Jewett, and I started for the Genesee Conference. William Jewett was then a youth of uncommon beauty and promise. We crossed the Hudson, passed through Kingston, (formerly Esopus, originally settled by the Huguenots,) then to Durham, over the mountains, to New Sharon, to a campmeeting under the charge of Henry Stead.

On Thursday we fired three guns in quick succession. Bishop Asbury preached first; then Daniel Hitt, without any intermission; and as soon as he sat down I preached in German. There was a good number of Germans present (many of them Lutherans) who were permitted to sit near the stand and hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. They were delighted. They had supposed the difference in the effect of Methodist preaching from that of their own ministers was in the language. They thought the English expressed the Gospel better. But when the power of God came upon the people, and tears flowed down many cheeks under German preaching, they were convinced the difference was not in the language, but in the manner of communication; the one

formal, the other spiritual. Quite a revival followed, and a number of preachers were raised up. This meeting was held near Cherry Valley.

We spent the Sabbath at Cazenovia. Bishop Asbury, Brother Hitt, and I, preached, and William Jewett exhorted. The services were held in Silas Blass' barn. It would have been a glorious vision of the future could Bishop Asbury have foreseen the future prosperity of Methodism in Cazenovia and the noble seminary of learning erected there.

On Monday we reached Daniel Dorsey's, at Lyons, about sunset. We had rode two hundred and sixty-one miles from Rhinebeck. Daniel Dorsey, a Methodist of the old stamp, was originally from Maryland, and a Methodist there. He had a large farm and a large heart. His house was a home where the weary itinerant delighted to rest. He was steward of the circuit and a local preacher.

* * *

Formation Of Genesee Conference

As Bishop Asbury was severely censured for organizing this conference, and as it produced much agitation at the time, so that several annual conferences and the General Conference of 1812 took action upon it, I will give a brief sketch of it, showing that what Bishop Asbury did was worthy of all praise, and that, like Mr. Wesley, he was far-seeing, and could plan for the future.

Previous to its formation, the preachers on the Susquehanna District, in Western New York, (eighteen in number,) belonged to the Philadelphia Conference, and it was a long distance to go to conference on horseback, which was then their usual mode of traveling; so also the preachers in Canada and Cayuga District, who belonged to New York Conference. Mr. Asbury believed there was a more excellent way for both preachers and people. Much time was lost, and the work on circuits suffered by the long absence of the preachers. Bishop Asbury, with almost prophet's eye, foresaw the growth and prosperity of Western New York; that it would be the garden of the Empire State, and the garden of Methodism.

In 1809, while the bishop and I were passing through the Genesee country, as we were riding along he said to me, " Henry, things do not go right here. There must be a Genesee Conference;" and then he went on to assign his reasons. The bishop then planned the conference and its boundaries in his own mind, and proceeded afterward to carry his purpose into effect. The new conference was composed of four districts, namely, Susquehanna, Cayuga, and Upper and Lower Canada, and it was to hold its first session in Lyons, Ontario County, July 20, 1810.

This act of the bishop gave great dissatisfaction to many of the preachers, not of the Genesee, but of other conferences. James Smith and Jesse Lee were greatly displeased. The former said "it gave evidence of the increasing infirmities of age in Bishop Asbury; that he was in his dotage," etc.; others considered it an unauthorized assumption of power; and some said "it was cruel, setting off these preachers to starve." I justified him, and said " I thought it one of the best official acts of the bishop, and that in a few years Genesee Conference would be one of the richest

in the Union." How far I was right may be easily seen. It certainly was the best thing that could have been done for the Methodists in Western New York. The plan originated with Bishop Asbury, who was better acquainted with the state of things in that part of the country than his colleague; but Bishop McKendree concurred in it, and therefore received his share of the censure. But very nobly some of the conferences vindicated the bishops, for most of them took action upon it. That the bishops were perfectly justifiable is evident from the fact that in 1796 a proviso had been inserted in the Discipline in these words: " Provided that the bishops shall have authority to appoint other yearly conferences in the interval of the General Conference, if a sufficiency of new circuits be anywhere formed for that purpose." This was re-enacted at each succeeding conference, with a slight change, until 1832; therefore the bishop's act was constitutional, and there was no reason to complain of " assumed powers," etc.

At the Virginia Conference of 1810 this important question was asked: "Whether the bishops had a right to form the eighth, or Genesee Conference?" The bishop had no difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative. It will be seen, however, that the "right" was questioned.

Bishop Asbury, after the first session of the Genesee Conference, makes the following record: " If the cry of 'want of order' came from God, the appointment of the Genesee Conference was one of the most judicious acts of the episcopacy. We stationed sixty-three preachers, and cured some till then incurable cases."

The New York Conference took action on the subject and nobly vindicated the bishops. I cannot withhold their preamble and resolutions, which do them so much honor, especially as they never have been published:

"Whereas, doubts have been entertained in the minds of some of our brethren respecting the constitutionality and necessity of the Genesee Conference. Our opinion being requested on the subject, after mature deliberation, we are of opinion that the constituting of that conference is perfectly conform. able to the spirit and letter of our form of discipline, and calculated to facilitate the work of God, and spread the Redeemer's kingdom, in the convincing, conviction, conversion, and establishing immortal souls in the precious truths of the blessed Gospel; and also we are of opinion that our venerable superintendents have acted judiciously therein, and entirely under the authority our discipline has vested in them, and therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Resolved, 1, That we consider the appointment of the Genesee Conference to be perfectly consistent with the spirit and letter of our form of discipline; and that the superintendents have assumed no illegitimate power, or forfeited any of the confidence reposed in them." Carried.

"Resolved, 2, That, considering the extent of the Philadelphia and New York Conferences, and the great increase of circuits since the bounds thereof were defined by the General Conference in 1800, which is about or fully double the number, we consider the appointment of the Genesee Conference proper and necessary for the good of the connection." Carried.

"Resolved, 3, That we therefore recommend or advise the continuation of that conference, and that we do pledge our mutual support to our bishops and superintendents therein." Carried.

At the General Conference of 1812 an address of several preachers of the Genesee Conference on the subject was presented by Bishop McKendree on the 6th of May. A committee of eight was appointed, one from each conference. Ezekiel Cooper was chairman. The next day, May the 7th, the chairman presented the following resolution: "Moved, that this General Conference do consider that the Genesee Annual Conference is a legally constituted and organized conference." It was carried unanimously.

The organization of the Genesee Conference was an era in the history of Methodism in Western New York. The first conference began on Friday. Both Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present. There was a camp-meeting held in connection with the conference. We had no meeting-house in Lyons then, and the conference was held in Captain Dorsey's granary. There were sixty-three preachers present, among them some noble men: Anning Owen, my old colleague, Benjamin Bidlack, and Gideon Draper. William Case, Ebenezer White, Seth Mattison, and others were indeed pillars in our Church.

A more harmonious conference I never attended. Everything augured well for the future prosperity of our Zion.

On Sunday Bishops Asbury and McKendree preached on the camp-ground. The word was quick and powerful.

On Wednesday about two o'clock the conference adjourned, and the preachers, after shaking hands and exchanging plans, separated for their various fields of labor, to preach, to suffer, or to die. Most of them are now resting in Abraham's bosom.

After dinner Bishop Asbury and I started on our journey. It was not his custom to tarry after conference adjourned. He moved right on, and often his horse was at the door and he was ready to commence his journey as soon as the benediction was pronounced. He thus avoided importunity, and no one could have his appointment changed if he desired to, for no one knew where to find the bishop.

We commenced our southern and Western tour. Such a doleful, fearful ride few bishops ever had, and it was one calculated to make the traveler rejoice when at the end of his journey. Asbury at that time, in consequence of infirmities, rode in a sulky and I on horseback. Sometimes I would ride before him and then in the rear. We would occasionally change when he was tired, or the roads very rough.

The first part of our journey was very pleasant. We had the company of Arming Owen, the apostle of Methodism in Wyoming, who was not only good company but a good guide. He went with us to Tioga Point, and then we parted with him reluctantly. Brother Owen went to Wyoming, and we took the route for Northumberland. We soon got lost in the wilderness, and needed a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide us. Then a fine gentleman, by the name of Coles, piloted us five miles, and helped us out of our difficulty.

We had been accustomed to muddy roads, rocks, hills, mountains, gulfs, rapids, dangerous streams, but this route excelled them all for difficulty and danger. We traveled several hours in the rain and gained nine miles. We came to Elder's Inn, where, though not a very desirable place, we were glad to put up. It poured all night. The next morning we proceeded through the solitary woods, that had been the abode of Indians, and where the wild beast still found a home, through deep mud, over huge rocks and lofty hills, down deep gullies, to where two branches of the Elk waters formed a junction. The current being so rapid we thought it not safe to venture over; but we soon perceived that the water was falling, and in about an hour and a half we passed over in safety.

Of this journey Bishop Asbury makes the following mournful record: "We must needs come the Northumberland road; it is an awful wilderness. Alas! Read and prayed in the woods. I leave the rest to God. In the last three days and a half we have ridden one hundred and forty miles. What mountains, hills, rocks, roots! Brother Boehm was thrown from the sulky, but providentially not a bone broken." This record needs no comment. It makes me weep when I look back and remember how patiently he suffered. I was suddenly thrown from the sulky and might have been killed, but as the bishop said I was providentially preserved, or I might have found a grave in the wilderness and left the poor infirm old man to have pursued his journey alone. The road was so rough that Father Asbury could not ride in the sulky; it jolted" and hurt him, so he and I exchanged, and he rode my horse and I in his vehicle. If he had been thrown out as I was he probably would have been killed. No bone of mine was broken, and yet the flesh was torn from my left leg so that I was a cripple for months. I suffered more than if it had been broken. Riding on horseback with that poor leg, no language can describe my suffering.

We will resume our narrative, for we are not yet out of the woods. When we reached the other side of the stream we fell in with a man by the name of John Brown. As it was dangerous for us to proceed, Mr. Brown kindly invited us to his cabin. No endangered mariner was ever more glad to get into harbor than we were to find a shelter, for houses in that wilderness were very "few and far between."

But the reader must not suppose Mr. Brown's cabin was dose at hand, and that all we had to do was to enter it. We had to cross the creek twice, and that with great difficulty and danger, and then tug our way up an exceedingly high mountain in the heart of the wilderness before we reached his cottage. When we arrived there we found he had no wife, nor children, nor housekeeper, He did his own cooking and washing. John Brown was a hermit. He was an Englishman who, for some reason, had chosen this secluded spot where he lived, four miles from any other dwelling. His cabin was pleasant, and he most cheerfully divided his coarse fare with us.

We felt much at home, and the after part of this day we were employed in reading, meditation, and prayer. We spent the Sabbath very differently from what we had generally done. It was what Mr. Asbury used to call a "dumb Sabbath." What added to the gloom, it rained all the day and night. By the fall out of the carriage the day before I was more injured than I thought for at first; my left leg was bruised and torn and much inflamed, and I was very lame.

But onward we must move. So on Monday, July 30, we began to descend the mountain, and our kind friend John Brown accompanied us to the shore of the creek, which we found considerably higher than the day before, being swollen by the rain. As it was dangerous to attempt to cross, we took the back track, our host inviting us to return to his cabin and stay till it was safe to proceed on our journey. He did everything he could to make us comfortable and happy. I have put up in palaces, but never felt more comfortable and grateful than in the humble cabin of John Brown.

As the storm had abated the next morning we bade a final adieu to our pleasant home in the wilderness, and began to descend the mountain; but our kind friend and benefactor would not permit us to go alone. He went with us five miles, in which distance we crossed the waters of the Elk seven times. John Brown's hospitality was worthy of patriarchal times. To us it was a heaven-send, for if we had been obliged to remain at a tavern during that time we stayed with him we should have been bankrupt, for Bishop Asbury and myself had only two dollars. I know, for I carried the purse.

With grateful hearts we bade adieu to the hermit, and proceeded on our perilous journey. After dining at Hill's Inn we crossed the stream, which was full of drift logs. The wheels were taken from our carriage, and they and the body placed in a canoe, in which we also got } and were rowed over by two men, while our horses were obliged to swim across. The stream was swollen and the waters rapid, but fortunately we all reached in safety the other shore; then we had to put on our wheels to get our sulky in order to prepare for our journey. I was lame and the bishop feeble. To add to the gloom, clouds gathered over us dark and heavy. It thundered and lightened, and the rain fell in torrents, and when we were over the stream to begin our journey we had to ascend a rough, high, craggy mountain; but as Mr. Asbury wrote, "God brought us in safety to Muddy Creek. Deep roads and swollen streams we had enough on our route to Northumberland on Wednesday."

Northumberland is a pleasant, quiet, romantic place on the Susquehanna. The distinguished Dr. Joseph Priestley spent the evening of life here, and died in 1804, aged seventy. He was a splendid scholar, and a great man; but how different his life, labors, and influence from that of the apostolic Asbury. They both were adopted citizens of America; both died at the age of seventy.

On Friday, after an unparalleled week of toil and suffering, we reached Middletown, Pa., and took dinner with our old friend Dr. Romer. A number of the neighbors heard of the bishop's arrival and came to see him, and urged him to preach; but he had only time to pray with them, and say "farewell." But it was very refreshing, after having for so long put up at miserable taverns, and been among strangers, and through such perils, to meet with so many familiar faces and kind friends.

In the afternoon we journeyed on to my father's, My aged parents embraced me with joy, while I felt "there is no place like home." Bishop Asbury and my father gave to each other the kiss of affection, and mutually encircled each other in their arms. That day we rode fifty miles. From Charleston to my father's house we had traveled two thousand two hundred and twenty-five miles. The bishop preached on Saturday evening at "Boehm's Chapel."

His letters were generally sent to the care of my father, and at his house he answered them, so he was generally busy with his pen after our arrival home. He found fifteen letters waiting this time, and he answered them all on Saturday.

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26 -- ANNUAL TOUR, 1810 -- WESTERN CONFERENCE

After an absence of months I remained at home one day and two nights, and the bishop said, "Henry, we must move." My father and sister and many others went with us to Lancaster, where, on the fifth of August, we had a great day. The bishop even felt an interest in this place, where we had such a hard time to obtain a foothold. He preached morning and evening, James Smith at three, and I immediately after him in German. The bishop rejoiced to see such a comfortable house of worship here, and wrote: "After forty years' labor we have a neat little chapel of our own."

"Good-bye," I said to my friends, and at noon on Monday we were at Columbia, where the bishop preached. I was lame, and the lameness was increasing; but I did not name it to my parents lest they should urge me to stay home, or worry about me when I was gone; therefore I bore my sufferings in silence. From Columbia we went to York. Methodism was introduced here in 1781 by Freeborn Garrettson. On Wednesday to Carlisle, where the bishop drew up a plan for a new meeting-house, and answered twenty letters.

The bishop preached in Shippensburgh from Gal. vi, 9, then we went to Chambersburgh. We had there a neat little chapel in the town, but the bishop preached in the court-house, as it would hold more people. Bishop Asbury made but two visits to this place, and I was with him on both occasions, the one in 1810, the other in 1811.

The next day our ride was terrible over three lofty mountains, and we were under the rays of an August sun, and I suffering almost martyrdom with my lame leg. James Hunter kindly escorted us to Fort Littleton, and took us to his own house, and treated us as if we were angels. The bishop says, "On Sunday, August 12, at Littleton Chapel, I preached, and we administered the sacrament; but as my aid was lame the labor fell on me. Though wearied and sore with traveling I enjoyed a gracious season."

I was so lame and in such misery that I was advised to remain at home; but lame or not lame, bright and early the next morning we were on our journey to Bloody Run, and though it rained, we reached it at three o'clock. After having changed our wet garments the bishop preached at four from Luke xlii, 19, and as soon as he had done I preached in German from John iii, 19, and at night I preached again in English from Acts x, 35, and Joshua Monroe exhorted. It was a time of power, and we had a shout in the camp.

We preached at Bomerdollar's tavern. There were seven of his family who professed to belong to the household of faith. It is not often there is as much salt in a public house. There is generally no room for the Saviour at the inn.

The roads next day were intolerable. The bishop said, "I enter my protest, as I have yearly for forty years, against this road." In the evening we reached Connellsville, in Fayette County, one hundred and thirty-four miles from Chambersburgh. It was so called from Zachariah Connell, who laid it out seventy years ago. Mr. Asbury must have felt a little sad when he wrote, "O what a life is this! My aid is lame, and I am obliged to drive." It will also be seen how the bishop employed his time, and how deeply he felt for the Germans, for he adds: "People call me by my name as they pass me on the road, and I hand them a religious tract in German or in English, or I call at a door for a glass of water, and leave a little pamphlet. How can I be useful? I am old and feeble and sick, and can do but little; and the poor Germans[they are as sheep without a shepherd."

On Saturday we reached Brownsville. This is where the old Redstone fort was. We then went to Pike Run camp-meeting, on Jacob Gruber's district, in Washington County. This county was the hotbed of the famous "Whisky Rebellion." There were one hundred tents and four or five hundred people encamped on the ground. Sunday was a high day. There were three thousand people in the grove. I opened the campaign in the morning by preaching from Acts x, 35 at eleven, and in the evening Bishop Asbury preached, and in the afternoon Jacob Gruber.

In reference to this meeting Bishop Asbury says, "There were very wicked people there, I learned, who desperately libeled Brother McKendree and the preachers, and committed other abominable offenses. On Monday I was called upon to preach in the morning. I took occasion to give a solemn warning to certain sons of Belial that they would be watched, and their names published. I felt much, but God was in the word." He was very pointed, and it had a good effect upon the sons of Belial.

Friday, August 26, brought us to Pittsburgh. Bishop Asbury visited this town as early as July, 1789. The population in 1786 was only five hundred. It was a little settlement when Mr. Asbury first visited it, and when we were there in 1810 there were only five thousand inhabitants. On his first visit he wrote: "I preached in the evening to a serious audience. This is a day of very small things. What can we hope? yet what can we fear? I felt great love to the people, and hope God will arise to help and bless them." He remained in Pittsburgh several days on that visit. He preached on Monday, and says the people were attentive; but, alas! they are far from God, and too near the savages in situation and manners." This must have been the introduction of Methodism in Pittsburgh.

More than a dozen years rolled away before Asbury visited Pittsburgh again; that was in August, 1803, the year I traveled with him almost to this place, and then returned. On Sunday, August 27, 1803, the bishop preached in the court-house in the morning from 1 Chron. vii, 14 to about four hundred people. He says, "I would have preached again, but the Episcopalians occupied the house. I come once in twelve years, but they could not consent to give way for me. It is time we had a house of our own. I think I have seen a lot which will answer to build upon."

We put up with John Wrenshall. On Sunday the bishop preached on the foundation of the new meeting-house at nine o'clock to about five hundred hearers. Text, Mark xi, 17, "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer," etc. I exhorted. At two o'clock I preached at Brother Cooper's house from 1 John iii, 1, "Behold what manner," etc. At five Asbury preached

again on the foundation of our Church to a thousand people. The bishop adds: " The society here is lively and increasing in numbers, and the prospect still is good in this borough."

On Monday morning we left Pittsburgh, piloted for a few miles by John Wrenshall.

The next day we reached John Book's. There I carved my name on a tree, with the date of our being there. The old tree may still be standing to witness that Henry Boehm was there the 30th of August, 1810, over fifty years ago; but where is our host, his family, and his guests? They have fallen; I am left alone. On we traveled to a camp-meeting at Little Kanawha. James Quin was presiding elder of rite district where it was held. We were the guests of Richard Lee, brother of Rev. Wilson Lee.

On Sabbath morning, at eight o'clock, I preached from Prov. xviii, 10. Bishop Asbury at eleven, from 1 The. iv, 16, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine," etc.; after which he ordained John Holmes to the office of an elder. There were a great many such ordinations wherever the bishop traveled. It accommodated those who could not go far to conference. At three James Quin gave us a powerful sermon from 2 Thess. i, 7-10, on the second coming of Jesus. I preached again in the evening.

On Monday morning the Lord's supper was administered; after which the bishop preached a profitable discourse on 1 Peter v, 7-9.

We left the encampment, and I preached at Brother Wolf's, in German, from Acts viii, 35. I had great liberty in speaking to a people who had not heard the Gospel in their mother tongue in ten or twelve years. Bishop Asbury held forth in English immediately after. James Quin continued with us several days, and he was most excellent company.

On Wednesday the bishop preached in the schoolhouse on a bluff opposite Blennerhassett's Island. I saw the beautiful island where Harman Blennerhassett and his beautiful wife dwelt in most surpassing loveliness, till a blight came over this terrestrial Eden and destroyed it. The reader must be familiar with the melancholy history of this most unfortunate family.

On Tuesday we crossed the Ohio into Belpre, and put up at Mr. Browning's. The lady of the house, who was from Old Connecticut, was delighted in entertaining a Methodist bishop. She conversed with him readily, and lamented the destitution of the West in regard to able preachers, and spoke of the elegant meeting-houses, pews, organs, singing, and the charming preachers of the East. "O bishop," said she, "you can't tell!" The bishop, delighted with her enthusiastic descriptions, exclaimed, "O yes, yes, Old Connecticut for all the world!"

A fine house and a high steeple,
A learned priest and a gay people."

After considerable further conversation she inquired, "Bishop, where do you live?" With the utmost solemnity, and with a countenance and tone that showed the deep emotion of his soul, he replied,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man."

The 'bishop preached in Belpre school-house from Luke xix, 10.

Colonel Putnam, son of Israel Putnam, who bearded the wolf in his den, and who also bearded the British lion, invited the bishop, Brother Quill, and myself to the house of Mr. Waldo, grandson of the old veteran. We had a hearty welcome and were treated like princes. In the evening six or eight gentlemen, revolutionary officers, with their ladies, were invited in, and we spent a most agreeable evening. The conversation was very entertaining and instructing, and the bishop took a very active part in it. But he would often manage to give the conversation a religious turn, to which the company would bow assent. The bishop prayed before the company retired. We lodged that night in a splendid ball-room. "Here," said the bishop, as he kneeled down, "they used to worship the devil; let us worship God."

Early next morning we bade adieu to our polite host and were on our way to Athens, and on Thursday we arrived at the camp-meeting near that town. We had now traveled five hundred and forty-two miles since we left my father's, and three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven miles since we left Charleston.

Much good was done at this camp-meeting. We had four sermons on Sunday, Bishop Asbury preaching twice. I preached in German.

Traveling on and preaching every night we reached Chillicothe, and put up with Dr. Tiffin. The bishop says, "I am happy to find him no longer in public life, but a private citizen, respectable and respected, and the work of God revived in his soul. I have preached to many souls in the late campmeetings. Lord, give thy word success. My own soul is humbled and purified. Glory be to God!"

The bishop preached in the evening from Rev. xvi, 15. On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached in Chillicothe, and baptized a whole family of Quaker descent. He dwelt upon the nature of the ordinance of baptism, and the duty it imposes upon parents. It was a rare thing for birthright Quakers to be brought over to the faith, for they are generally as unyielding as the oak; but we have noticed whoa they are really converted they make most excellent Methodists. This was the case with that bright and shining light, John Collins.

On Thursday we reached Cincinnati, and were entertained at Oliver Spencer's. On Friday evening I preached in German from John viii, 36 on being free indeed, and Bishop Asbury exhorted. The bishop was very happy in his remarks. He was always present when it was practicable to hear me preach in German. He had a great love for the Germans, and an imperfect knowledge of the German language. On Sabbath the bishop preached morning and evening, and I in the afternoon. It was a day of great consolation to many.

On Monday we visited several families, and prayed with them, and then in the evening Father Asbury met the society and gave them a pastoral address. It was his custom to meet classes

and to meet the societies, and give them good advice and wise suggestions, and in these family gatherings and family lectures the bishop often excelled himself.

Having spent four days in this goodly city we prepared for our departure. The bishop felt a peculiar affection for the people in Cincinnati, as may be seen from the following extract from his journal: "Sunday, 30, I preached morning and evening. It was a season of deep seriousness with the congregations. I felt an intimate communion with God, and a great love to the people, saints and poor sinners. Monday, met the society; Tuesday, we bade farewell to our affectionate friends in Cincinnati. The great river was covered with mist until nine o'clock, when the airy curtain rose slowly from the waters, gliding along in expanded and silent majesty."

We traveled in Kentucky, preaching every day. The bishop makes this singular record: "The Methodists are all for camp-meetings, the Baptists are for public baptizings. I am afraid this dipping with many is the ne plus ultra of Christian experience."

On Saturday we reached Joseph Ferguson's, and on Sunday spent the day at Ferguson's Chapel. Here Bishop McKendree, Learner Blackman, James Gwin, and Peter Cartwright overtook us, and our spirits were much refreshed. We had not seen Bishop McKendree since we parted with him at Lyons at the close of the Genesee Conference. He had returned by another route. Now the two bishops and the preachers started in company for the seat of the Western Conference.

Bishop Asbury's soul was delighted to hear of the enlargement of the borders of Zion, and he wrote in ecstasy: "We have an open door set wide to us in Mississippi. The preachers there sent but one messenger to conference; they could not spare more. They keep their ground like soldiers of Christ. Good news from the south. Great prospects within the bounds of the South Carolina Conference."

The Western Conference was held in the new chapel, Shelby County, Ky., commencing on November 1, 1810. The two bishops were present, and nearly a hundred preachers from their various fields of toil. The conference began, continued, and ended in peace.

I preached on Saturday, at early candle-light, from Matt. xi, 28, 29.

On Sabbath Bishop McKendree preached one of his mighty sermons, and Bishop Asbury exhorted with wonderful power. Then the elders and deacons were ordained. Fourteen were admitted into full membership and ordained deacons, among whom were William Winans and James Gwin. The latter was also ordained elder at this conference. He had been a local preacher years before he entered the traveling connection. John Crane and a number of others were ordained at the same time. Twenty-six were received on trial, among whom were John Strange and Michael Ellis, and other pure and noble spirits. J. B. Finley was continued on trial. There had been an increase of four thousand members in the Western Conference this year.

The bishops assigned fields of labor to ninety-five preachers, and then we parted to cultivate Immanuel's land.

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27 -- TOUR TO SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE

On Tuesday, October 9, we rode to Winchester, capital of Clarke County, Ky., and were the guests of Leroy Cote. The history of this brother is a peculiar one. He became a traveling preacher as early as 1777. His first appointment was to North Carolina with John Dickins and John King, one of the pioneers in that state. He was in Kent, Delaware, and on the Peninsula, Maryland, with Gill and Turmoil, and did noble service. In 1784 he was in Philadelphia. He was a member of the famous Christmas Conference in Baltimore, where the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1784. In 1785 we find in the Minutes the question, "Who is laid aside? Answer, Leroy Cole." This is all the light we have on the subject, and this is enough to make darkness visible. There might have been injustice done him, for soon after he was restored, and he was a traveling or local preacher for over fifty years. He early emigrated to the West, and settled near Lexington, Ky., where he was a farmer, beloved and respected. Mr. Asbury's visiting him and the friend. ship he exhibited shows he had confidence in him. He was a Virginian, born in 1749 converted in 1777, and the same year licensed to preach and entered the traveling ministry. He sustained a local relation when we visited him. He was afterward a member of the Kentucky Conference. He died in triumph February 6, 1830, aged eighty-one.

We remained two days at Leroy Coles', and the bishop preached on Thursday evening. On Saturday he preached at Abraham Cassell's, brother to Rev. Leonard Cassell of the Baltimore Conference, who died in 1808. Abraham had emigrated from Pipe Creek, Md.

On Sunday, at Nicholasville, the bishop preached, and I in the evening at Brother Cassell's on Matt. v, 20, and then gave them another discourse in German.

At Brother Cassell's the bishop heard sad intelligence of the death of Benjamin Swope. He had died the winter before. The bishop says, "My old acquaintance was a man of more than common mind and gifts, and might have been much more useful than I fear he was." Mr. Swope was a minister among "The United Brethren." Mr. Asbury became acquainted with him in 1771, and through him with the great Otterbein.

On Monday we visited an old minister, one of the pioneers of the West, and the bishop makes this melancholy record. I never read it without pain: "This has been an awful day to me. I visited Francis Poythress. 'If thou be he; but O how fallen!'"

Perhaps no record in his journals has been so little understood as this, and none more liable to be misinterpreted. Some have supposed that he had fallen like wretched apostates, who have made shipwreck of the faith; but it was not so, and the bishop would not willingly or knowingly have done the unfortunate brother injustice. My journal reads thus: "Monday 15, we went with Brother Harris to see Francis Poythress, one of our old preachers. He has been for ten years in a state of insanity, and is still in a distressed state of mind. We then returned to Brother Harris's." This is the record I made over fifty years ago, and it was italicized as the reader now sees it.

Francis Poythress was one of the leaders in our Israel. He was admitted into the traveling connection at the third conference, held in 1776, with Freeborn Garrettson, Joseph Hartley, Nicholas Watters, and others. He was a pioneer of the West. In 1790, John Tunnel dying, Francis Poythress was appointed elder at the West, having five large circuits on his district, and on them were Wilson Lee, James Haw, and Barnabas McHenry. We have not space to trace his history. His excessive labors shattered his system, and his body and intellect were both injured. About the year 1800 he became deranged, and a gloom settled down upon him not to be removed. When Asbury saw him he was shocked, contrasting his former look with his appearance then. He was then living with his sister, twelve miles below Lexington. Bishop Asbury never saw him more; death soon came to the relief of poor Francis Poythress, and none who knew him doubt but he is among the clear unclouded intellects of the upper and better world.

On Friday Bishops Asbury and McKendree, James Gwin, and myself started for Cumberland, Tennessee. Before we left an event occurred that pleased me much. Bishop Asbury sold our sulky and bought a horse. His object was to get through the wilderness to Georgia easier. The bishop remarked, "The reward of my toils is not to be found in this world." No, thou venerable man of God, but thou art finding it in the other, "for if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him."

At Springfield Hills Bishop McKendree preached an excellent sermon in the morning; I exhorted. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. McClelland preached from "The time is short." Bishop Asbury followed right after from "Now is the accepted time," and James Gwin exhorted after him.

On Thursday we reached the residence of James Gwin, near Fountain Head. Here we found a comfortable home. Mr. Gwin was one of the early pioneers in Tennessee, and with Andrew Jackson he fought the Cherokee Indians. General Jackson greatly admired him. He was chaplain in Jackson's army at the time of the battle of New Orleans. He was a noble man, and did noble service in the Western and Tennessee Conferences. Bishop McKendree and James Gwin were long intimate friends, and the latter named his son after the bishop. [35] There was a chapel not far from his house called "Gwin's Chapel."

On Friday I went to see Bishop McKendree's father; he was a venerable looking man of eighty-six years, and was like a patriarch in the family, greatly beloved. Also James McKendree, brother of the bishop, and his sister Frances. The family emigrated from Virginia. James was a sterling man. Frances was converted under John Easter as well as the bishop. Frances married Rev. Nathaniel Moore in 1815, and she died in peace January 1, 1895. The venerated father of the bishop died in holy joy in 1815. And here in Tennessee, many years after, at the house of his brother James, the bishop fell at his post, loaded with honors and covered with scars, shouting, "All is well." Here he was buried.

On Saturday and Sunday night I lodged with Bishop Asbury at James McKendree's. On Sunday morning Bishop Asbury preached at Gwin's Chapel, and the other part of the day at Fountain Head meeting-house. This was near where James McKendree lived.

Bishop Asbury seemed to be delighted to be rid of his sulky and on horseback again; for he says, "Since I am on horseback my fetters are gone; I meditate much more at ease." The advantages

of being on horseback he thus designates: "1. That I can better turn aside and visit the poor. 2. I shall save money to give away to the needy. 3. I can get along more difficult and intricate roads. And lastly, I can be more tender to my poor faithful beast." Surely these were weighty reasons.

On Monday the 19th the two bishops and myself started for South Carolina by way of Buncombe. We reached John McGee's, (father-in-law of Thomas L. Douglas,) about thirty-five miles from Fountain Head. We have rode one thousand one hundred and fifty-three miles since I left my father's, and four thousand one hundred and seventy-eight miles from Charleston.

Tuesday brought us to Dr. Tooley's. On Wednesday we started for the Holston settlements with Brother John McGee, crossing Cumberland River at Walton's Ferry. After days of hard toiling, on Saturday evening we reached Brother Winton's. On Sunday the 25th Bishop McKendree preached in the meeting-house on Matt. v, 3, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," etc. John McGee and I exhorted. Bishop Asbury preached at Brother Winton's in the evening.

For days we toiled on, and on Friday we took a new route over the mountains. We started about seven o'clock and crossed Big Creek with some difficulty, and not without danger, the water being deep and rapid and the bottom very rocky. After crossing we had to toil several hours over high mountains, and then came to Catahouche Creek; here on its banks in the woods we took a little bread and gave our horses some oats. The venerable bishops asked a blessing over our humble meal, and were as thankful as if seated at a well spread table in a parlor.

This was a deep and rapid stream. After we had refreshed both man and beast we prepared to cross. There was no bridge. Brother McGee rode through and we drove our horses after him, then the bishops and myself walked over the rapid stream on a tree, and were thankful to get across in safety. The next thing was to climb the Catoluche Mountain. No wonder the bishop wrote, "But O, the mountain, height after height, and five miles over;" and to add to our troubles, we got lost in the wilderness and crossed other streams, wandering hour after hour in the home of wild beasts. Seventeen miles we went through a dreary wilderness. We came to a gate which we entered and passed through the settlements on Jonathan's and Richland Creeks, and came in at Brother Jacob Shuck's at nine o'clock in the evening, long after dark, weary, cold, and hungry; but my soul was stayed on the Lord. Bishop Asbury characterizes this as "an awful day."

Bishop McKendree and Brother Magee went a few miles to attend a two days' meeting at Rev. Samuel Edney's, and we spent the Sabbath in Buncombe. Bishop Asbury preached for Rev. Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian minister, whom he loved exceedingly, not only for his catholic spirit, but his strong resemblance to Bishop Whatcoat both in regard to placidity and solemnity.

After crossing mountains and streams, a week from Monday 10th brought us to Rev. James Jenkins'. He had located some years before, and the bishop was delighted that he was going to re-enter the traveling connection. The bishop here received from the North the sad news of the death of his old friends Jesse Hollingsworth, Peter Hoffman, and John Bloodgood. The next day Brother Jenkins rode with us to Camden. Father Asbury met a class at night in Brother Mathis' room.

In regard to our late route Mr. Asbury wrote thus: "Great fatigue, my lame horse, and unknown roads where we lose ourselves, are small trials; but 'as thy days so shall thy strength be.'" He then wrote what is very complimentary to the inhabitants of Carolina, and contrasts strangely with some who would take the bishop's last cent for a little refreshment: "We are not, nor have we been lately, much among our own people; but it has made little difference in the article of expense. The generous Carolinians are polite and kind, and will not take our money."

On Friday the 14th we left Camden and rode to Father Rembert's. Brother William M. Kenneday, Brother Gilman, myself, and several others fixed the seats in the new meeting-house. We spent the Sabbath there. Father Asbury preached in the morning, and William hi. Kenneday followed him. I preached in the evening, and William Capers exhorted. Bishop Asbury was very much indisposed here for several days.

On Thursday we rode with quite a number of preachers to Columbia, the seat of the South Carolina Conference. It was held in the private mansion of Colonel Thomas Taylor, United States senator. He was not a Methodist, but was very friendly. He and his family were at Washington, and he gave up his whole house for the conference to be held there, and the preachers to remain in it. He gave two brethren, Wyth and Williamson, the privilege of moving into his house and entertaining the preachers.

The conference commenced on Saturday, December 32. After singing and prayer, Bishop Asbury addressed the conference in a most parental and affectionate manner, stating, among other things, that he was in the fiftieth year of his ministerial service and his fortieth in America, and that he could not endure such labors much longer. The brethren were deeply affected. The conference commenced and progressed in great harmony.

On Sunday morning at eight o'clock we had a social meeting, composed of traveling and local preachers, in the conference room. Several spoke of the dealing of God to their souls. It was a blessed privilege to listen to these warm-hearted southern brethren as they talked of Jesus and his love. Surely we sat together in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. To crown the whole, we had a pastoral address from Bishops Asbury and McKendree. It was a moving and a memorable time. At eleven Bishop Asbury preached from 2 Cor. iii, 12. Plainness of speech was dwelt upon with great effect. The congregation was immense, and there was great seriousness. At three Bishop McKendree preached from 2 Cor. v, 20, "Now, then, we are ambassadors. for Christ," etc. The sermon was masterly. No wonder I added, "The Lord was with us. Glory to the Saviour that such an unworthy creature as I am permitted to enjoy such a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord! Glorious Sabbath, never to be forgotten in time or eternity." On Monday at eleven I preached from John i, 11, 12. The Lord made the word a blessing to some souls.

Tuesday was Christmas day. In the morning James Russell preached at five o'clock from Mark i, 15. It was a great privilege to hear that original genius preach. I added under the sermon, "There was a shout in the camp. Glory! hallelujah!" The preachers in those days were up in the morning; they were not caught napping. Early as it was, long before the sun got out of bed, there were over three hundred hearers. At eleven o'clock Bishop Asbury ordained eleven promising men to the office of deacon, after which Jonathan Jackson preached on Rev. xiv, 6, 7.

Love and harmony seems to increase in our conference. Twenty preachers were admitted on trial, and there was about two thousand five hundred increase of members. The elders were ordained on Friday, the last day of the session, after Bishop Asbury had preached a sermon admirably adapted to the occasion from Heb. iii, 12, 14.

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28 -- VIRGINIA, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES

We left Columbia for Charleston on Saturday, December 30, accompanied by that noble man of God, Lewis Myers. We reached General Rumph's, on the Orangeburgh District, where we spent the Sabbath. He was a man of mark, a general of the Revolution, and a noble soldier in the Christian army. The general had two sons, Christian and Jacob Rumph, who were excellent men and superior preachers. Jacob was in the work only five years. He joined in 1808, and died in Charleston in 1813. His father was wealthy, and Jacob might have richly enjoyed the good things of this life, but he chose to endure the hardships of an itinerant ministry. His career was short, but brilliant; his end triumphant. I have noticed for a long lifetime that those families that early entertained the Lord's prophets were greatly blessed. The Lord put the broad seal of his approbation upon them, and this is strikingly illustrated in the family of General Rumph. The general was one of the first that welcomed Methodist ministers in that part of South Carolina. Bishop Asbury makes the following honorable record:

"God has repaid this family for its kindness to the poor followers of the Lord Jesus. There are four sons and three daughters, gracious souls. Two of the sons, Jacob and Christian, are preachers of the Gospel." This was the bishop's last interview with General Rumph. Before his next annual round the general was in the sepulcher.

We reached Charleston January 2, 1811, and spent several days there. The bishop preached several times. I attended to some important business for the Book Room, procuring drafts, etc. After several days' riding and preaching, on Monday 28 we crossed Cape Fear River at Governor Smith's Ferry. The bishop was oft in perils on the land, on the water, on the mountains, and in the woods. Of these he makes but little mention in his journal. One of the most fearful perils he had while I was with him was at this ferry. We started to cross with one ferryman instead of two. I was holding the bridles of our horses, standing between their heads. Another ferryman came up with a canoe. I warned him not to let it strike our boat; but he did not heed the caution, and his canoe struck our scow, which so frightened one horse that he sprang against the other and both went overboard. The bishop and myself were also in danger of being knocked overboard and drowned, as the water was very deep. The bishop was seated at the end of the scow with his staff in his hand. One of the horses struck the staff and broke it, and a little more and it might have broke his leg or knocked the feeble old man overboard. I held on to the reins of one, and he swam along the side of the scow; the other began to swim toward the shore, but seeing which way the other horse was swimming he turned round and passed us, and reached the opposite shore before we did. There he sunk in the mud, and his exertions to escape only sunk him deeper, and his case became more hopeless. The bishop looked very sad as he saw his favorite animal floundering in the mud. Just then an old colored woman, a slave, made her appearance, and she was full of sympathy. "O," said the bishop, "my horse is mired, and I am afraid we shall never be able to get

him out." "O yes, massa," said she, "you will, for we will call the colored people down from their quarters, and they Will lift him out bodily." At this the bishop laughed most heartily. But previous to sending for help I thought I would try what could be done. So I got a rail and put it under the horse's haunches, and he gave a spring and was soon out, to the bishop's great joy as well as my own.

The bishop's saddle-bags were fastened to his saddle, mine were not, and they floated down the stream. I felt much anxiety until I recovered them, as I had many dollars in them belonging to the Book Room. Our clothes, hooks, and manuscripts were all well soaked. We spent hours in drying them, and then started on our journey. Bishop Asbury was much alarmed, far more so than I had ever seen him. Our preservation and that of the horses was providential, and we had special cause for thanksgiving. [36]

The Virginia Conference commenced its session in Raleigh, N. C., on February 7, 1811. In 1810 the conference was held in Newbern, and the citizens of Raleigh sent an invitation to have the next session there, pledging themselves to entertain the preachers and their horses. We had a very small society at Raleigh, and the brethren considered the invitation providential, and accepted it. I know of no particular account of this memorable conference anywhere. It was held in the state-house, in the senate chamber, and we preached in the hall of the House of Representatives. There was preaching three times a day. C. H. Hines and Jesse Lee preached the first day. On Friday Bishop McKendree preached at eleven o'clock, and I at three. The work of conviction was going on, and a number were converted in the evening. Saturday was a day of the Lord's power. The work not only continued during the day, but till midnight.

On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached in the morning to a thousand people, and Thomas L. Douglass at three o'clock. Many embraced religion, and the interest continued to increase to the last. This was the greatest time I had seen for years at any conference for the display of saving power. Over fifty were converted and united with us, among whom were the Secretary of State and some of his family. This revival gave such an impetus to Methodism in Raleigh that they proceeded to build a church that year, and Methodism had a character and permanency that remains to this day. We put up with a kind family named Mears, who kept a public house. They shared in the blessings of the Gospel, for some of them experienced religion during the conference.

For three nights Bishop Asbury, Thomas L. Douglass, and myself lodged with our aged friend, Rev. William Glendenning, who came and insisted that we should put up with him. He was a Scotchman, a man of rather large stature, and had something of a brogue. He was one of our earliest preachers, having been received at the conference held in 1776, when there were only nineteen Methodist preachers in America. This made him to me an object of great interest. His first appointment was Brunswick, Virginia, with George Shadford, Edward Dromgoole, and Robert Williams. Mr. Glendenning was remarkably eccentric, if not a little "cracked." I knew him very early, having seen him at my father's house and heard him preach. He withdrew in 1785. He afterward joined the "Republican Methodists" under James O'Kelley, and preached among them; then he became a Unitarian, and built a church in Raleigh. We had a very pleasant time at his house.

He attended our conference and the preaching, and appeared interested in the revival scenes; but he would exclaim, "I do not like the government." There seemed to be a conflict in his own mind: he believed the work to be of God -- that souls were really converted; and yet he was so strongly prejudiced against our Church government that he could not see how heaven had set its seal of approbation upon such measures. At this time he was an old man. He ended his days in Raleigh. In 1814 Bishop Asbury visited Raleigh again, and writes: "After all allowance for drawbacks, we cannot tell all the good that was done by our conference in Raleigh in 1811."

I have noticed the conversion of the Secretary of State. His name was William Hill. He immediately joined the Methodist Church, and was baptized by Bishop Asbury. Such was the purity of his character that amid all the changes of party he held "the office of Secretary of State from 1811 till his death in 1857, a period of forty-six years. This is unparalleled. He was a class-leader and steward for many years, He was eighty-four when he died.

On the 28th of February we rode to William Watters'. He retired from the regular work in 1806, but his heart was always in it. He was now living in dignified retirement on his farm on the Virginia side of the Potomac, opposite Georgetown. He was the first traveling preacher raised up in America. Philip Gatch commenced nearly the same time. They were intimate, and in their declining years corresponded with each other, Mr. Watters was a stout man, of medium height, of very venerable and solemn appearance. Bishop Asbury and he were life-time friends. The bishop was acquainted with him before he was licensed to preach, and used to call him familiarly, "Billy Watters." When these aged men met on this occasion they embraced and saluted each other with "a holy kiss;" and the bishop, writing of this visit in his journal, speaks of him as "my dear old friend, William Watters." He was distinguished for humility, simplicity, and purity.

Few holier ministers has the Methodist Church ever had than William Watters. I rejoice that I was permitted to hear him preach and to be his guest; to eat at his table, to sit at his fireside, to enjoy his friendship and hospitality. His house was for years a regular preaching-place on the circuit. In 1833, at the age of eighty-two, he died in holy triumph. His name will go down to the end of time bearing the honored title of The First American Methodist Traveling Preacher.

William Watters rode with us about four miles, and then we went to Georgetown to Henry Foxall's. On Sunday the bishop preached in Washington city, in the new chapel, and at Georgetown. On the next Saturday Hamilton Jefferson, Dr. Hall, and James Smith overtook us, and we journeyed on together. On Wednesday we reached Pipe Creek, and Bishop Asbury preached next day at the Pipe Creek Chapel. I held forth at night on Acts x, 33. Thence we proceeded to Baltimore.

On Wednesday, March 11, 1811, the Baltimore Conference commenced its session in Light Street Church. The first evening I heard Gill Watt preach on "The preparation of the heart," etc.; Thursday, at eleven, Benedict Reynolds on "Who then can be saved?" There was a good work in the evening in Light Street Church -- sinners awakened and mourners comforted.

On Sunday morning I heard Jacob Gruber preach in German in Father Otterbein's Church. In the afternoon I preached also in German in the same place, from Gal. vi, 9; my dear old friend Newcomber exhorted.

The revival continued during the conference. Such a work during the session of a conference is delightful, and should always be expected. At this conference Beverly Waugh, Joseph Frye, James M. Hanson, and four others were admitted into full connection and ordained deacons.

On Thursday the conference adjourned, and I went with Bishop Asbury to see Mr. Otterbein. The interview between these ancient friends was most delightful. Then we went to Gatch's meetinghouse, and the bishop preached from Heb. xii, 15. The reader can see what a laborious man the bishop was when he remembers that after many days' close sitting in conference, and stationing so many men, instead of retiring for rest, that very day he preaches at Gatch's Chapel. He was the most laborious man I ever knew.

We had in company with us Brother James Paynter, Sister Gough, and Sister Dickins, both widows indeed. We went with them to Perry Hall.

On Friday the bishop preached in the camp-meeting chapel and I exhorted. We returned to Perry Hall. On Saturday we rode to the Fork Chapel, where the bishop preached and I exhorted. Here we parted with three widows, Gough, Dickins, and Cassell. The last was the widow of the eloquent Leonard Cassell, who fell asleep three years before.

I left the bishop and hastened to my father's, whom I had not seen since the summer before. To my great joy I found there Bishop McKendree and Robert Burch. On Friday, April 5, Bishop McKendree preached in Boehm's Chapel on Luke xii, 32. On Sunday Bishop McKendree, Robert Burch, and I preached in Lancaster. On Monday I rode with Bishop McKendree to Strasburgh, where he preached, and we tarried with my old friend Thomas Ware; thence to Souderburgh, where the bishop preached from Prov. xxiv, 30-34. I returned with him to Strasburgh.

Having rejoined Bishop Asbury, we went to Philadelphia, and put up with Alexander Cook. This was a very fine family. Their house was then a little out of town, but the city has now grown out to them. He was the father-in-law of Rev. John P. Durbin.

On Saturday the Philadelphia Conference commenced its session in St. George's Church. On Sunday I heard three sermons from Bishop McKendree, Stephen G. Roszell, and Bishop Asbury, all in St. George's. Thomas Burch and I lodged with my early friend, Dr. Chandler.

On Saturday 27 Bishop McKendree, having appointments for preaching ahead, left Bishop Asbury to finish the work of the conference. Ten preachers were admitted on trial, among whom were Joseph Lybrand. The conference adjourned on Monday. I wrote, "It seems the voice of Providence that I should keep on with Bishop Asbury."

On Wednesday we went to Germantown, and Bishop Asbury preached in the evening. Here he was visited by those distinguished physicians, Drs. Rush and Physic. It was my privilege to be present at the interview. Dr. Benjamin Rush, as a man, a patriot, a physician, and a scholar, occupied the first rank. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Bishop Asbury was delighted with their attentions, as will appear from the following entry in his journal:

"Wednesday, May 1, I ,preached in Germantown. Drs. Rush and Physic paid me a visit. How consoling it is to know that these great characters are men fearing God! I was much gratified, as I ever am, by their attentions, kindness, and charming conversation; indeed they have been of eminent use to me, and I acknowledge their services with gratitude."

The bishop had had several interviews with them before, but I believe this was the last. In less than two years Dr. Rush was in his grave. He died in Philadelphia, April 19, 1813, aged sixty-seven. Bishop Asbury lived only five years after. Dr. Physic, who was much younger than either, died in 1837, aged sixty-nine.

It was at this interview, as they were separating, the bishop inquired what he should pay for their professional services. They answered, "Nothing; only an interest in your prayers." Said Bishop Asbury, "As I do not like to be in debt we will pray now;" and he knelt down and offered a most impressive prayer that God would bless and reward them for their kindness to him. We were next to visit the New York Conference.

On May 18 we came to Powles Hook, and had to wait two hours for wind to cross the Hudson River. We went over then in sail-boats, and there was not wind enough to fill the sails. In this go-ahead, rushing age, when every one is in a hurry, what would a person think of being delayed at a ferry two hours? Now you cross every three minutes, as regular as clock-work.

We put up in New York at Sister Grice's. She was a widow, from Annapolis. She had a daughter who was also a widow, Mrs. Ann Tucker. They were milliners, and lived in William Street, and their house was an excellent home. Our old friend, Mrs. John Mills, where we put up last year, was dead.

The conference commenced its session in New York May 20, 1811. Both the bishops were present. There was nothing special except the election of delegates to the General Conference in 1812. The New York Conference was the first that elected its delegates. There was considerable excitement, and some electioneering. They elected thirteen. Freeborn Garrettson headed the delegation, and was followed by Daniel Ostrander, Aaron Hunt, William Phoebus, William Anson, Nathan Bangs, Laban Clark, Truman Bishop, Eben Smith, Henry Stead, Billy Hibbard, Seth Crowell, and Samuel Merwin. They are all gone years ago, except the venerable Laban Clark.

On Friday, May 31, the bishop preached at the "two-mile stone," as it was called, or "Bowery Village." It was considered out of the city. He preached in an academy in what is now St. Mark's Place. The society there was early organized. John and Gilbert Coutant were among the early members. This was the germ of what is now the Seventh Street Church, one of the most flourishing in New York.

We put up with George Suckley, a wealthy gentleman of the old school, who came over to America with Dr. Coke. We had the company of Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, Freeborn Garrettson, and Daniel Hitt. Brother Garrettson and Brother Suckley were intimate friends, and in 1827 Mr. Garrettson died at the house of his friend in New York.

Onward to Sherwood Vale, and spent the Sabbath there and at New Rochelle. Here Thomas Paine was buried, and has a monument. On Monday to Croton to General Van Cortland's. The governor was ninety-one years old, with clear mental faculties, and, best of all, happy in God his Saviour. The bishop preached at three o'clock on the prodigal's return.

On Friday, June 7, we reached George Ingraham's in Amenia. On Saturday I wrote thus: "This day I am thirty-six years old, and it is twelve years since I joined the Methodist connection. My much esteemed senior, Thomas Ware, asked me if I had 'a desire to join society.' I answered, 'If the society could venture on their part, I was willing to make the trial.' He then set down my name. It is ten years last January since I left my dear father and mother and relations, with small gifts and little Christian experience, and less in the ministry, not knowing much of men and things, and but little knowledge of the English tongue; and yet the people have generally received me in the character of an itinerant minister in different parts of our continent. This is indeed marvelous. It is the Lord's doing. My soul feels deeply humbled in love and gratitude before the Lord. Hallelujah! The sun shines bright, the meadows and fields are clothed with grass, wheat, etc.; all nature smiles. O for a trumpet's voice and the power of the Spirit! that Henry might successfully call souls to God." I have transcribed this from my journal that the reader might see the scrap of history it contains, and also the frame of mind I was in at that time when I was a houseless wanderer.

After spending the Sabbath at Amenia, we traveled through Hillsdale, Lenox, Pittsfield, Pownal, and Bennington, to Ashgrove. We stopped at Brother John Armitage's, and here we met Bishop McKendree and Elijah Chichester, who accompanied him to the New England Conference. Ashgrove, as the reader well knows, is Methodist classic ground.

On Wednesday we reached Barnard, Vermont, the seat of the New England Conference. We put up with Andrew Stevens. On Thursday, June 20, the session commenced. They had preaching every day. Elijah Hedding preached at eleven o'clock from Isaiah xl, 1, 2. It was a sermon full of consolation. On Friday there was a general fast that was observed by six conferences, and Bishop Asbury preached and ordained the deacons. It was a gracious time. The elders were ordained on Sunday afternoon after a sermon by Bishop McKendree.

On Tuesday, after a pleasant session, the Conference adjourned, and the preachers repaired with cheerfulness to their different fields of labor. Here also I witnessed the first election by this conference of delegates to the General Conference. Nine were chosen: George Picketing, Oliver Beale, Elijah Hedding, Joshua Soule, William Stevens, Asa Kent, Solomon Sins, Joel Winch, and Daniel Webb. They have been gone years ago, except Daniel Webb, who entered the traveling ministry sixty-seven years ago, and Joshua Soule.

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29 -- BISHOP ASBURY'S VISIT TO CANADA

For many years Bishop Asbury had an ardent desire to visit Canada. I was with the bishop in July, 1809, near Lake Champlain, where he ordained "Joseph Sampson, a native of Canada, and sent him to be a missionary to his countrymen." He adds, "The day of small things will be great;

but the day is not yet come, rather it is still afar off. Patience, my soul! Do I not feel for the lost sheep? Yea, verily." We had at that time two districts in Canada, and a little over two thousand members. The next year Joseph Sampson was presiding elder of Lower Canada District.

Mr. Asbury believed a bishop should travel through every part of his diocese, and as far as possible acquaint himself with every part of his work. When we were in Kentucky, in October, 1809, he wrote: "If spared, I shall see Canada before I die."

The foundation of a great work had been laid there by William Lozee, James Coleman, Darius Dunham, Joseph Sawyer, Hezekiah C. Wooster, Samuel Coate, Joseph Jewell, Elijah Woolsey, Nathan Bangs, and others, to whom the Methodists in Canada owe a debt of gratitude. Annually the bishop had heard of the state of the work there since he appointed William Lozee the first missionary in 1791.

Mr. Asbury selected the interval between the session of the New England and Genesee Conferences for his visit to Canada. Had he not gone then he would never have made the journey, for the war which commenced the next year between Great Britain and the United States would have prevented, and by the time war was over the bishop would have been too feeble to have undertaken it.

According to his usual custom the plan was laid beforehand, his guide selected, and his appointments sent forward. At Barnard, Vt., Bishop McKendree and he separated, to meet at Paris, N. Y., the seat of the Genesee Conference, and he and I started for Canada. An ordinary man would have sought an interval of rest; but the laborious Asbury, though old and infirm, never thought of repose till the heavenly land should unfold its boundless loveliness and welcome him to its rest and refreshment forever.

Our guide was Rev. Bela Smith, then preaching in Canada, on the Cornwall Circuit. We had a very severe time on our journey. We crossed Lake Champlain, and Mr. Asbury preached in a bar-room in Plattsburgh. The heat was intolerable. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were indescribable. They were enough to jolt a halo bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave.

We crossed the Chateaugay and Salmon Rivers, and on Monday, July 1, reached a large Indian village called St. Regis. The St. Regis River, a beautiful stream, here enters the grand old St. Lawrence. These Indians, and there were some thousands of them, were a nation composed of the fragments of several once powerful tribes, who had been gathered many years before by a Roman Catholic priest. A part of the Indians belonged to the United States and the rest to Canada. The St. Lawrence River is not the line that here separates the two countries. The Indians belonging to Canada live one side of the line, those belonging to the United States on the other. They were chiefly Roman Catholics, and had a large church, with its steeple and bell, and a parsonage, in which the priest lived, near the bank of the St. Lawrence. The church was built about the beginning of 1700. They are known as the St. Regis Indians.

In entering the village, as Mr. Asbury was leading his horse across a bridge made of poles, the animal got his feet between them and sunk into the mud and water. Away went the saddle-bags;

the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out; at the same time the horse made a leap and came out safe and sound.

The French have intermarried with these Indians. Since our visit we have had, and still have, a mission among them and a little church. But we have had no great success. The beads, crosses, etc., suit the Indians best, for they strike their senses.

We crossed the St. Lawrence in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together and put our horses in them, their fore feet in one canoe, their hind feet in another. It was a singular load: three canoes, three passengers, (the bishop, Bela Smith, and myself,) three horses, and four Indians. They were to take us over for three dollars. It was nearly three miles across to where we landed. It was late in the afternoon when we started, and we were a long time crossing, for some part was rough, especially the rapids, so we did not reach the other side till late in the evening. Then the Indians claimed an additional dollar. They said, "four men four dollar," intimating that three dollars could not be so easily divided among four. We cheerfully paid the additional dollar, and were full of gratitude for our crossing in safety. We might have shared the fate of Robert Hibbard, a preacher in Canada, who was drowned October 10, 1812, in the St. Lawrence, in crossing the ferry some distance below Montreal. His body was never found.

We arrived in Canada on July 1, 1811, landing at Cornwall," and about midnight we reached the hospitable dwelling of Evan Roy, who hailed the bishop's arrival with joy, and gave him and his companions a welcome worthy of patriarchal times.

We found it warm in Canada, and the bishop suffered greatly. Here Henry Ryan, presiding elder of Upper Canada, met us. The next day Bishop Asbury preached, and Brother Ryan and I exhorted.

The day after there was a love-feast, and the Lord's supper was administered, and the bishop preached. Aider meeting we rode up to the banks of the river, dined at Stephen Bailey's, and then went to Brother Glassford's. The bishop rode in Brother Glassford's small close carriage, which he called a "calash," and he inquired how they were to get out if they should upset. He had hardly asked the question before over went the carriage, and again the venerable bishop was upset; but fortunately no bones were broken; the saplings alongside of the road broke the fall, and he escaped uninjured.

On Thursday, July 4, we heard the firing on the other side of the river, celebrating the day. The war spirit was waking up in Canada as well as in the United States, and the people there answered by firing popguns by way of contempt. This woke up my patriotism, for I had always regarded the Fourth of July as the birthday of liberty, the Sabbath day of freedom.

On Friday the bishop preached in Matilda Chapel, in what was called the "German Settlement;" I followed him, preaching in German. We had a good time, and from appearances good was done. The bishop was delighted with the people. He wrote thus: "I was weak in body, yet greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people. My soul is much united to them. I

called upon Father Dulmage, and on Brother Hicks, a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodists in New York."

We tarried over night with David Breckenridge. He was a local deacon. He married and baptized a great many people, and attended many funerals. In 1804 he preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Heck, who died suddenly. She is said to have been a most estimable woman. She was the wife of Paul Heck, who was one of the first trustees of old John Street, and it is said she claimed to be the woman who stirred up Philip Embury to preach the Gospel. [37]

On Saturday we rode twelve miles before breakfast to Brother Boyce's, where we attended a quarterly meeting. The meeting was at Elizabethtown. I preached at noon on 1 Peter iii, 12. William Mitchel and Bela Smith exhorted. It was a time of power; many of God's people rejoiced, and some mourners found converting grace. On Sunday we had a glorious time in love-feast and at the Lord's supper. Bishop Asbury preached a thrilling sermon from Titus ii, 11, 12.

This was about sixty miles from Cornwall. The bishop greatly admired the country through which we rode. He says: " Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of a noble size, the cattle are well shaped and well looking, the crops are abundant on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed."

This extract not only shows the estimate the bishop formed of that part of Canada, but his habits of observation, extending not merely to the inhabitants, but to the soil, the crops, the timber, the cattle, both to their shape as well as size. The bishop passed through this world with his eyes open.

On Monday we proceeded with Henry Ryan and E. Cooper, a young man from Ireland, to Cannoughway Falls to Colonel Stone's. Father Asbury was very lame in his left foot with inflammatory rheumatism. He suffered like a martyr. On Tuesday we reached Brother Elias Dulmage's, a very kind family, and Bishop Asbury preached in the first town church on Heb. x, 38, 39; Brother Cooper and I exhorted. The bishop was so poorly he could not proceed on his journey, and was obliged to lie by and rest, that he might be able to attend the Genesee Conference at Paris. He remained at Brother Dulmage's, where he found a very kind home, and I went with Henry Ryan to his quarterly meeting in Fourth or Adolphus Town, by Bay of Quinte. We dined at Father Miller's, a native of Germany. On Friday we rode to Brother John Embury's, by Hay Bay. He was a nephew of Philip Embury, the apostle of American Methodism. He was awakened at the age of sixteen under his uncle's preaching in New York. The next day, Saturday, Ezekiel Cooper preached at eleven o'clock, and Henry Ryan and I exhorted.

On the Lord's day we had a glorious love-feast, and at the Lord's supper Jesus was made known to us in the breaking of bread. In a beautiful grove, under the shade of trees planted by God's own hand, I preached to two thousand people from Luke xix, 10, John Reynolds and Henry Ryan exhorted. The sparks flew and the fire fell. Henry Ryan was from Ireland. He was a powerful man in that day.

In order to get to the conference Brother Ryan and I were obliged, after this day of toil, to ride all night to meet the bishop. About eleven o'clock we reached Brother Miller's, where we

were refreshed. We slept for a while, and when it was time to start I had hard work to awake Brother Ryan, he was sleeping so soundly. At length he awoke, and we started, and wended our way through the dark, and just as the morning light made its appearance we reached Brother Dulmage's. The distance we rode that night was thirty-five miles.

To our great joy we found Father Asbury better. We found also that notwithstanding his lameness and indisposition the ruling passion was so strong that he could not keep quiet; but he had sent round and got a congregation, to whom he preached in the chapel. He also met the society and baptized two children.

We were in Canada just a fortnight, during which time we visited a number of important places: Cornwall, Matilda, Augusta, Kingston, and Elizabethtown. Everywhere the bishop was treated as the angel of the Churches. I was also in Adolphustown, Hay Bay Shore, and Bay of Quinte. In Adolphustown the first regularly organized class was formed in Canada, and at Hay Bay the first Methodist church in Canada was erected.

The bishop preached six times in Canada, besides numerous lectures which he delivered to societies.

Bela Smith piloted Mr. Asbury and myself in crossing Chateaugay woods from Plattsburgh to St. Regis, and crossed with us into Canada. In the woods there was a log across the road, and it was very muddy. I rolled the log out of the road so we could pass. Bela Smith said, "I believe you can do anything." "O yes," I said, "anything that is necessary to be done." Forty years afterward I met him in Forsyth Street Church at the New York Conference, and I asked him if he remembered Chateaugay woods. He said yes. And while we talked over the dangers we encountered in that perilous journey, and the sacrifices of the past, a young man listened to us, and with a significant look he tossed his head and said, "It is all Greek to me." I have no doubt but he would have thought so if he had had as much difficulty in translating it as some of us had; but a brighter day has dawned upon the Church, and I rejoice that the young men are now called to make no such sacrifices, and to bear no such burdens. Mr. Smith was an excellent man. After suffering much he died in holy triumph, and was buried in Durham, N. Y. His excellent wife, whose name was Merwin, a relative of Rev. Samuel Merwin, sleeps beside him. He had two sons, Thomas B. and J. W., who have caught his falling mantle, and are members of the New York Conference.

The bishop being anxious to get to the conference at Paris, left Kingston on Monday to cross Lake Ontario for Sackett's Harbor in an open sail-boat, dignified by the name of "packet." We commenced our voyage with a very heavy head wind, and were obliged to beat all the way. We could have crossed in a few hours if the wind had been fair. A tremendous storm overtook us; the wind blew like a hurricane, and it was so dark the captain did not know where he was. He intended to have anchored at a harbor in Grenadier Island, but we passed it without knowing it. The captain swore and cursed the wind when he found he could not reach the island before dark, and then I thought we were in danger. A female passenger reproved him, and inquired if he was not ashamed to swear so. He made no reply, but he swore no more that night.

After we passed the island we looked back, and beheld a large raft with a "fire upon it. When we saw the light we hailed those on the raft, and learned from them that we were near to

some dangerous rocks. We should no doubt have found a watery grave if we had not seen the light on that raft. They had come to anchor in consequence of the storm.

We turned our old scow round and came to anchor alongside of the raft on the north side of Fox Island. Henry Ryan and the rest of our company left the vessel and went on to the island, where there was a house of entertainment.

Bishop Asbury and I remained on the boat till morning. There was no cabin; it was an open boat, and the wind was howling, and the storm beating upon us. In order to make the bishop as comfortable as possible I made him a bed, covered him with the blankets we carried with us, and fixed the canvas over him like a tent, to keep off the wind and the rain. Then I laid down in the bottom of the boat, on some stones placed there for ballast, which I covered with some hay I procured at Kingston for our horses.

At midnight a sudden squall struck our frail bark; the canvas flapped and awoke and alarmed the bishop. He cried out, "Henry, Henry, the horses are going overboard." I quieted his fears by telling him that all was safe, that it was merely the flapping of the sail in the midnight winds. He then lay down again and was quiet till morning. The reader will remember that I had no sleep the night before, but traveled nearly forty miles; and on the lake it was difficult to sleep under the circumstances I have described. No shipwrecked mariner who had endured the darkness of a stormy night on the ocean was ever more rejoiced to see the light of the morning than ourselves. "Truly light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."

In the morning we went on to Fox Island and took our breakfast, which tasted good, as we lay down the night before supperless. Then we set sail for Sackett's Harbor, and arrived there about two in the afternoon in safety, after the perilous storm and tedious night, and we were never more glad to set our feet on terra firma.

We dined at Sackett's Harbor, and then set out in a thunder-shower toward the seat of conference. It was singular to see the feeble old bishop, who had such a rough passage across the lake, moving forward in a heavy rain, amid lightning and thunder, showing that in his estimation "the king's business required haste." In his journal he speaks of his sufferings: "My foot swelled, and was very painful." "I have passed a night in great pain and disquietude." Friday, "Sore, lame, and weary."

On Friday we reached Paris, where we met with Bishop McKendree, and the old veterans were overjoyed to meet each other. Bishop Asbury wrote: "My spirit rejoiced with dear Bishop McKendree; he nursed me as if I had been his own babe." We were kindly entertained at Brother Elijah Davis'.

It was a very pleasant and harmonious conference. On Thursday evening it adjourned, to meet the next July at Niagara, Canada.

Loring Grant, who still lives, an old veteran, and Isaac Puffer, known as chapter and verse; or as a traveling concordance, were ordained deacons. The latter has fallen asleep. Charles Giles, George Harman, and others were ordained elders. They elected their first delegates to General

Conference, William B. Lacy, Arming Owen, Timothy Lee, James Kelsey, Elijah Batchelor, and William Snow. It is singular they did not send one of their presiding elders, Gideon Draper, William Case, or Henry Ryan.

The next day Bishops Asbury and McKendree and myself set out for Wilkesbarre, accompanied by Gideon Draper, who was then a young man. Bishop Asbury carried his crutches with him, and his leg pained him so we were obliged to stop at a house and get some vinegar with which to alleviate his misery by bathing it.

We reached Kingston and put up with Elijah Shomakers. On Sunday morning the Methodists in Kingston had a rich treat: Bishop Asbury preached a sermon on the Pharisee and the publican in his own peculiar style; Bishop McKendree preached immediately after from I Cor. i, 23, 24, on preaching Christ crucified, and the effects of such preaching upon different hearers. At five o'clock Bishop Asbury preached at Wilksbarre from 2 Cor. vi, 1, 2, "We then as workers together," etc.

Bishop Asbury thus notices the labors of this Sabbath: "Sabbath, August 4:, 1811. -- Preached in the Methodistico-Presbyterian Church at Kingston. It was a time of freedom, and words were given me to speak, which were felt by preachers and people. I preached at Wilkesbarre and had a liberal season." We were invited to Judge Fell's, and were treated kindly.

On Friday, after intense suffering on the part of Bishop Asbury, we reached my father's. No wonder the bishop wrote: "My flesh is ready to think it something for a man of sixty-six, with a highly inflamed and painful foot, to ride nearly four hundred miles on a stumbling, starting horse, slipping or blundering over desperate roads, from Paris to this place, in twelve days."

We tarried here longer than usual, from the 9th to the 20th. Thus I had a fine opportunity for a final visit with my much loved father. On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached at Boehm's Chapel from Rom. viii, 11-18. It was the last time my father ever heard Bishop Asbury preach. I preached in the afternoon from 1 John i, 9; the last time my father ever heard his son Henry.

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30 -- FOURTH WESTERN AND SOUTHERN TOUR -- CONFERENCES OF 1811

On Tuesday, August 20, we took our solemn leave of my dear aged parents and friends. O how my heart was pierced with hearing my father say, as the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, "We shall not see each other again." How I gazed upon his patriarchal form, and wept as he embraced me, when I thought those arms will embrace me no more. Bishop Asbury said, "We hope to meet in glory." This was a word in season, and proved a cordial to my soul. My father's words were prophetic. Before we came round again the sun shone on his grave, and his spirit had returned to God.

We started West, and the tour was full of incident. We crossed again the rugged Alleghenies, and spent a Sabbath in Pittsburgh. We attended several camp-meetings. The first was in Ohio, fourteen miles above Zanesville, beginning on September 2. Bishops Asbury and

McKendree preached, and some others. There were thirteen hundred people, and a number were converted. The second camp-meeting we attended was on the 15th, one mile from Xenia. Bishop Asbury preached on Sunday, and after half an hour's intermission Bishop McKendree followed.

On the 21st we visited Rev. Philip Gatch. I wrote: "But dear Mother Gatch is gone to a better country, that is, a heavenly." She was a blessed woman.

On Friday we reached Cincinnati, where we spent three Sabbaths, and stopped at Oliver M. Spencer's. On Sunday the 29th Bishop Asbury and Learner Blackman preached.

On Tuesday, October 1, the Western Conference commenced its session. There was much weighty and critical business, but it was attended to with order, dispatch, and good feeling. On Sunday, October 6, Bishops Asbury and McKendree again preached. The conference lasted ten days, and one hundred ministers were appointed to fields of labor. The work was so widening and spreading that there were not workmen enough to supply the work: twenty-two additional laborers were needed. The following Sabbath the bishop delivered what he called "a farewell warning to preachers;" after which he met the society and then visited the sick.

At this session they made their first election of delegates to the General Conference. Learner Blackman, who was very popular, headed the list. He was brother-in-law of John Collins. I had known him since 1800, and was present when he was received at the Philadelphia Conference that year.

He traveled with Bishop Asbury and myself many hundred miles on his way to General Conference. He met with a sad end. He was drowned in the Ohio in crossing a ferry in 1815. The other delegates were Benjamin Lakin, James Quinn, Frederick Stier, John Sale, William Pattison, Isaac Quinn, William Houston, John Collins, Samuel Parker, James Axley, David Young, Thomas Stilwell.

On October 14 we started for the South Carolina Conference. We passed through Kentucky, everywhere preaching the word. The bishop wrote, "What a field is opened and opening daily in this new world!"

I will give a specimen of the lights and shadows of the itinerancy. Friday, about half an hour after dark, we came to Rock Castle Bridge, and wished for entertainment over night. The answer was, "All full." The bishop, sick and feeble as he was, and I, had to grope our way seven miles before there was another place at which we could put up. We both rejoiced when we reached, as we supposed, the end of our journey for that toilsome day. We inquired if they could entertain us. The answer was, "No admittance." On we went a mile further, and wished to tarry over night. The answer was, "No room." We began to despair. The hour was late. Then we came across a person who kindly conducted us through, the dark woods amid stumps and stones for several miles to the house of a kind friend, who exhibited a hospitality worthy of patriarchal times. We rode forty-seven miles that day. It was eleven at night when we arrived. We had had no dinner or supper, so they gave us a delicious meal that answered for both. This was at Waynesborough, and the family that so kindly entertained us was Colonel Milton's. We did not retire till midnight, and next morning at five o'clock we were again on our journey, and traveled on till on Friday, the

8th, we reached Athens, Ga., where we were kindly received by Hope Hull. On Tuesday Bishop Asbury preached at Bethel Chapel, and Hope Hull and I exhorted.

Hope Hull was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His name is one that will long live in the annals of Methodism as one of the pioneers of our Church in New England and the South. He had a fine intellectual face, and features that expressed determination. His hair, originally black, was then sprinkled with gray. He had a melodious voice, was a very superior preacher, and in eloquence few equaled him. In 1794 he traveled with Bishop Asbury, who greatly admired him as a man, as a preacher, and as an orator. He was a pioneer in the cause of education. He resided in Athens, Ga., and had much to do with the origin and prosperity of the University of Georgia, and was for a time president.

He was born in 1763, entered the traveling ministry in 1785, and died October 4, 1818. One inquired concerning his spiritual state when he was dying. He heroically replied, " God has laid me under marching orders, and I am ready to obey."

Everywhere in the South the bishop's visit was hailed with joy, and he preached almost every day.

The bishop and I went to Savannah and Augusta, and I preached in both places. I preached in German as well as English. Here I saw peach-trees in bloom, a great curiosity for December.

On the morning of December 16, about three o'clock, the house where we were was awfully shaken by an earthquake. This was repeated at eight o'clock as we were at our family devotions. Many people were much alarmed. The shock was felt very seriously in Columbia, so that some of the citizens ran out into the streets, supposing the houses would fall down.

We arrived at Camden, the seat of the conference, and were entertained by Samuel Mathis. The conference commenced on the twenty-first. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present, and we had good tidings from almost every part of the work.

On Sunday morning Bishop McKendree preached from John iii, 18, 19, "He that believeth on him is not condemned," etc. In the afternoon Bishop Asbury preached from 2 Chron. xlv, 7. On Thursday morning Learner Blackman preached from James v, 16. On Friday evening the conference adjourned. Such peace and love I have hardly ever seen in any conference. A goodly number were converted during the session.

There was a great increase during the year three thousand three hundred and eighty. The bishops were in fine spirits, full of hope in regard to the future. Twelve were received into full connection and ordained deacons. They elected the following to the first delegated General Conference: Lewis Myers, Lovick Pierce, Joseph Tarpley, Daniel Asbury, William M. Kennedy, Samuel Dunwoody, James E. Glenn, Hilliard Judge, and Joseph Travis.

Leaving Camden we went to Charleston, thence to Georgetown, where we stopped with William Wayne, nephew of General Anthony Wayne. He was born in Wilmington in 1736. He was awakened by reading the writings of John Wesley, and was converted in his forty-seventh year

under a sermon preached by Bishop Asbury in Georgetown. He and his wife joined in August, 1784, and this was the nucleus of the Methodist society in Georgetown.

The Virginia Conference was held in Richmond on February 30, 1813. This was the first time the conference had been held at the capital. On Sunday Bishop McKendree preached in the morning, and Dr. Jennings in the afternoon. On Wednesday Bishop Asbury preached from 2 The. ii, 1-7, on the faithfulness of ministers, their ability, their disentanglement from the world, their power of endurance, and their reward. Afterward he ordained the elders, and while he was performing the office in his solemn and impressive manner the work of revival broke out in the gallery, "rod quite a number were converted. I never before witnessed just such a scene in conference. I wrote: " O my soul, never forget the blessing received on this occasion."

The conference made its first election for delegates to the General Conference, choosing Jesse Lee, Philip Bruce, John Buxton, Thomas L. Douglass, James Boyd, Richard Lattimore, Charles Callaway, C. H. Hines, William Jean, and John Early.

While at Richmond I visited the ruins of the theater that was burned the night of December 11, 1811. Just before the conclusion of the play the scenery caught fire, and the whole building was almost instantly wrapped in flames. I saw the staircase where the people crowded down the steps to escape, and falling one upon another, perished in a heap. There was a general gloom in the city, and the people were clad in mourning.

On the site of the theater they erected a house of worship, which they called "Monumental Church." Indeed it was a monument of one of the saddest events that has occurred on our continent. It was an Episcopal church, and Bishop Moore was the rector. The remains of the unfortunate victims who perished were deposited in a marble urn, which stands in the front portico of the church, and therefore its name.

In the interval between the session of the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences, the bishop made a tour through the most interesting part of old Virginia. We went to James City, and he preached there; then to Williamsburgh, and on the 3d of March he preached in the venerable old State-house or capitol, in the afternoon, to a crowded audience; and I had the honor of holding forth in the evening from Heb. ii, 3, "How shall we escape," etc. We lodged at Brother Ratcliff's. This was the capital of Virginia before Richmond, and it is the oldest incorporated town in the state.

The old walls of the State-house in which we preached had echoed with the eloquence of Virginia's greatest men. Here Patrick Henry made his first grand speech; and in this old house Henry exclaimed, in tones of thunder, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third -- ("Treason!" cried the Speaker; "treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house) -- Henry exclaimed, "may profit by his example. If this be treason, make the most of it." It was in this edifice they returned thanks to George Washington for his services in the French and Indian war, and he rose to reply, and was so embarrassed he could say nothing; then the Speaker, Robinson, said, "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

We then went to Elizabeth City County and preached at Hampton, the county seat, ninety-six miles from Richmond. Hampton is distinguished for its antiquity; its site was visited by Captain John Smith previous to the settlement in Jamestown. Old Point Comfort, on which Fortress Monroe stands, is two miles and a half from Hampton.

The bishop preached every day, going miles out of our direct route, visiting and confirming the Churches during the interval between the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences,

On Friday, March 20, the Baltimore Conference commenced its session in Leesburgh, Virginia. There were twelve ordained deacons, among others Beverly Waugh, afterward book agent, then bishop; Joseph Frye, of blessed memory, and James M. Hanson. " They also elected their delegates to the first delegated conference, fifteen in number: Nelson Reed, Joseph Toy, Joshua Wells, Nicholas Snethen, Enoch George, Asa Shinn, Hamilton Jefferson, Jacob Gruber, Robert R. Roberts, William Ryland, Christopher Frye, James Smith, Robert Burch, Henry Smith, Andrew Hemphill. These were all men of mark; two afterward became bishops.

On Sabbath both Bishops Asbury and McKendree preached. Bishop Asbury ordained the deacons on Sunday, and the elders were ordained the next Wednesday, after an able sermon from Nicholas Snethen.

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31 -- DEATH, FUNERAL, AND CHARACTER OF REV. MARTIN BOEHM

A short time before the conference closed at Leesburgh Bishop Asbury said to me, "Henry, as soon as conference adjourns you must have the horses ready and we must go right to your father's." I reminded him of appointments he had sent on to Baltimore and through the eastern shore of Maryland. He said, "Never mind, we can get them filled; I tell you we must go right to your father's." We were then one hundred miles distant.

The reason of the sudden change in his plans I believed to be, the bishop had a presentiment or an impression that my father was dead. How else could we account for his abandoning a long list of appointments, changing his entire route, and hastening on to my father's?

When we reached Samuel Brinkley's, who lived about a mile from our old homestead, the mystery was solved; there we heard my father was dead. The aged Asbury wept, and I felt sad at the thought I should see him no more. I learned that he was taken sick the 17th of March, and on Monday the 23d he departed this life in great peace and triumph, so his mournful words proved true that "we should never see each other again."

The bishop makes this record: "Friday, a cold disagreeable ride brought us across the country to Samuel Brinkley's; here I received the first intelligence of the death of my dear old friend, Martin Boehm."

The next day, Saturday, we passed by his new-made grave to the old homestead, where I found my mother in all the sorrows of widowhood. The bishop writes thus: " Sabbath, April 5, I

preached at Boehm's Chapel the funeral sermon of Martin Boehm, and gave my audience some very interesting particulars of his life." His text was, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." Immense was the crowd; and the occasion was one of mournful interest. The bishop drew the character of his lifetime friend with great exactness, and also that of many of his contemporaries, particularly William Otterbein.

"Martin Boehm," he said, " was plain in dress and manners. When age had stamped its impress of reverence upon him he filled the mind with the noble idea of a patriarch. At the head of a family, a father, a neighbor, a friend, a companion, the prominent feature of his character was goodness; you felt that he was good. His mind was strong, and well stored with the learning necessary for one whose aim is to preach Christ with apostolic zeal and simplicity.

"Martin Boehm had frequent and severe conflicts in his own mind, produced by the necessity he felt himself under of offending his Mennonist brethren by the zeal and doctrines of his ministry. Some he gained, but most of them opposed him. He had difficulties also with 'The United Brethren.' It was late in life that he joined the Methodists, to whom long before his wife and children had attached themselves. The head of the house had two societies to pass through to arrive at the Methodists, and his meek and quiet spirit kept him back.

"In his ministry he did not make the Gospel a charge to any one; his reward was souls and glory.

"The virtue of hospitality was practiced by his family as a matter of course, and in following the impulses of their own generous natures the members of his household obeyed the oft-repeated charge of their head to open his doors to the homeless, that the weary might be solaced and the hungry fed. And what a family was here presented to an observant visitor! Here was order, quiet, occupation. The father, if not absent on a journey of five hundred miles in cold, hunger, and privation, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to his dispersed German brethren, might, by his conduct under his own roof, explain to a careful looker on the secret of a parent's success in rearing a family to the duties of piety, to the diligent and useful occupation of time, and to the uninterrupted exhibition of reflected and reciprocal love, esteem, and kindness in word and deed.

"If it is true, as generally believed, that the mother does much toward forming the character of her children, it will be readily allowed that Martin Boehm had an able help-meet in his pious wife. The offspring of this noble pair have done them honor. The son Jacob, immediately upon his marriage, took upon himself the management of the farm, that his excellent father might, 'without carefulness,' extend his labors more far and wide.

"A younger son, Henry, is a useful minister of the Methodist connection, having the advantage of being able to preach in English and German. We are willing to hope that the children of Martin Boehm, and his children's children to the third, fourth, and last generations, will have cause to thank God that his house for fifty years has been a house for the welcome reception of Gospel ministers, and one in which the worship of God has been uninterruptedly preserved and practiced. O ye children and grandchildren! O rising generation, who have so often heard the prayers of this man of God in the houses of your fathers! O ye Germans to whom he has long

preached the word of truth! Martin Boehm being dead yet speaketh. O hear his voice from the grave exhorting you to repent, to believe, to obey!" [38]

After the bishop had finished his impressive discourse, which was listened to with tears and sighs by a numerous auditory, he called on me to speak. I endeavored to do so, but when I stood in the pulpit where I had so often beheld my father, in the church that bore his name, with my venerable mother before me, tottering over the grave, my relatives all around me, where I could look out of the window into the burying-ground and see the new-made grave of my father, my eyes filled with tears, and I was so overcome that I could only utter, "Let silence speak."

The people were deeply affected all over the house. There was weeping from many eyes. My father was greatly beloved in life, and deeply lamented in death. I had heard the venerable Asbury often when he was great, and he was peculiarly great on funeral occasions, but then he far transcended himself.

He called upon Thomas Ware to make some observations. He had long known and loved my father, and his remarks were very touching and appropriate. The bishop then called upon Abram Keaggy, who had married my sister; but his feelings overcame him, and he sat down and wept, and thus we all wept together. [39] A spectator might have said, "Behold how they loved him."

My father was in his eighty-seventh year when he died, and had preached the Gospel fifty-five years.

It is a matter of deep regret that I am under the necessity of noticing a grave attack upon the character of my father and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made by the historians of the "United Brethren in Christ." [40]

The attack was first made thirty-nine years after my father was in the grave, and was repeated eleven years later. So half a century after my father's death I, an old man in my ninety-first year, am obliged to vindicate his character from those who profess to revere his memory, who eulogize him, who place him next to the great Otterbein. Beautiful garlands they bring with which to adorn their victim. These historians say:

In justice to his memory, to the Church in whose origin he was so intimately concerned, and to the truth of history, we must pause at the grave of this venerable patriarch to review an account of William Otterbein and Martin Boehm, which first appeared in the Methodist Magazine, volume vi, pp. 210-249. The sketch purports to have been furnished to Bishop Asbury a short time previous to his death, by his friend, F. Hollingsworth, the transcriber of the bishop's journal: it has also been embodied in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. Bangs, and may be found in volume ii, pp. 365-376. Here is the matter referred to:

"Martin Boehm, of whom we desire to speak, was born in November, 1725. As a professor of religion and minister of Christ, the labors and experience of his life may be pretty justly estimated by what we learn from himself, communicated in answers to certain questions propounded to him by his son Jacob, which we transcribe.

"Ques. Father, when were you put into the ministry! "

Ans. My ministerial labors began about the year 1756. Three years afterward, by nomination to the lot, I received full pastoral orders.

"Q. What was your religious experience during that time?

"A. I was sincere and strict in the religious duties of prayer in my family, in the congregation, and in the closet. I lived and preached according to the light I had: I was a servant and not a son; nor did I know any one, at that time, who would claim the birthright by adoption but Nancy Keaggy, my mother's sister; she was a woman of great piety and singular devotion to God.

"Q. By what means did you discover the nature and necessity of a real change of heart?

"A. By deep meditation upon the doctrine which I myself preached, of the fall of man, his sinful estate, and utter helplessness; I discovered and felt the want of Christ within, etc., etc.

"Q. Were your labors owned of the Lord in the awakening and conversion of souls?

"A. Yes; many were brought to the knowledge of the truth. But it was a strange work; and some of the Mennonist meeting-houses were closed against me. Nevertheless, I was received in other places. I now preached the Gospel spiritually and powerfully. Some years afterward I was excommunicated from the Mennonist church, on a charge truly enough advanced, of holding fellowship with other societies of a different language. I had invited the Methodists to my house, and they soon formed the society in my neighborhood, which exists to this day. My beloved wife, Eve, my children, and my cousin Keaggy's family, were among the first of its members. For myself, I felt my heart more greatly enlarged toward all religious persons and all denominations of Christians. Upward of thirty years ago I became acquainted with my greatly beloved brother, William Otterbein, and several other ministers, who about this time had been ejected from their churches as I had been from mine, because of their zeal, which was looked upon as an irregularity. We held many large meetings in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Virginia, which generally lasted three days. At these meetings hundreds were made the subjects of penitence and pardon. Being convinced of the necessity of order and discipline in the Church of God, and having no wish to be at the head of a separate body, I advised serious persons to join the Methodists, whose doctrine, discipline, and zeal suited, as I thought, an unlearned, sincere, and simple-hearted people. Several of the ministers with whom I labored continued to meet in a conference of the German United Brethren; but we felt difficulties arising from the want of that which the Methodists possessed. Age having overtaken me with some of its accompanying infirmities, I could not travel as I had formerly done. In 1802 I enrolled my name on a Methodist class-book, and I have found great comfort in meeting with my brethren. I can truly say my last days are my best days. My beloved Eve is traveling with me the same road, Zionward; my children, and most of my grandchildren, are made the partakers of the same grace. I am, this 12th of April, 1811, in my eighty-sixth year. Through the boundless goodness of God I am still able to visit the sick, and occasionally to preach in the neighborhood: to His name be all the glory in Christ Jesus."

After giving this quotation, Mr. Spayth observes:

The first remark we make on the foregoing is that, as Father Boehm spoke but little English at best, the foregoing questions and answers were neither written or spoken by him in English. It is true that he went to Virginia in 1761, but not as Jacob would have it understood, before he had experienced a change of heart, but after that event. As to the statement we have given of the cause of his going to Virginia, we are safe to vouchsafe for its correctness, for we had it from his own lips. For some reason, or by some means, the statement given by Jacob may be warped in the English version.

The second exception we take is to the idea conveyed in the statement that his name was enrolled on a Methodist class-book in 1802. That his name was placed on the class-book referred to is true, but the circumstances were as follows: A meeting-house had been built on his land principally by his aid and that of his German brethren. At this meeting-house the Methodists had formed a class previous to the year 1802, under the liberal construction of their rules, and hence with the free assent of Brother Boehm; but this liberality was some time after withdrawn, and the restrictive rule relating to class-meetings and love-feasts was insisted on, and even the venerable Boehm was not excepted. Here was a dilemma. To admit Brother Boehm, the preachers said, was in violation of an express disciplinary rule, and to deny him the privilege in his own meeting-house was hard; but the law is imperative and binding. Now comes the gist of the matter. Brother Boehm was entreated, for form's sake, at least, to allow his name to go on the class, nominally, as a private member, and all would be right. To this, for peace's sake, he consented, and nothing more.

How far the law of kindness, of Christian friendship, and hospitality, and of pure love had to stand aside in this case we leave to every one to say. As it was it did not give the Brethren a moment's concern, nor would we here have taken any notice of it at all had not the Methodist historian made it a subject" of record. In concluding this topic we remark that Brother Boehm's relation to the Brethren Church was unbroken from first to last, as has already been seen.

This our annual conference proceedings sufficiently show. Thus in 1800, in connection with Otterbein, he was elected bishop. He was prevented by sickness from attending the conference of 1801; attended conference in Maryland in 1802, was re-elected bishop in 1805, and attended the conference of 1809, which was the last this devoted servant of the Lord enjoyed with his brethren in the Church on earth. From this time to the time of his death, great age, with its accompanying infirmities, prevented him from attending an annual conference.

It is a duty I owe to my venerated father, to the memory of Bishop Asbury, and to the ministers that were in charge of the Church at Boehm's Chapel in 1809, that I should correct the misrepresentations contained in the history of the "United Brethren in Christ."

There was a mistake in the account in the Methodist Magazine, and copied in Bangs' history and the "History of the United Brethren." It says the questions were asked by Martin Boehm's son Jacob. It should have been Henry. I asked the questions, and wrote the answers. This was fifty-three years ago last March. I have the original copy with my father's signature, and the reader can see a fac-simile of his autograph. I asked the questions, and took down the answers at the request of Bishop Asbury, who wished the history of my father. The bishop had taken down

from the lips of Otterbein the answers giving his history. It was at my father's house where the questions were asked and the answers given. To the animadversions that have been made to my statement I make the following replies: 1. It is objected that my father did not understand English, and that he wrote neither the questions nor answers. He did understand English very well. He conversed very readily in English, and had quite a library of English works, which he read with great pleasure and profit; among others, Wesley's Sermons and Fletcher's Cheeks. These were great favorites with him.

As my father was aged and infirm I wrote the questions and answers. He fully understood them both, and it was voluntary on his part, and not the least influence was exerted over him. I carefully wrote every word of the answers from his mouth, and then read them Over to him, and he pronounced them correct, and then deliberately affixed his signature to them. My father was not one who would sign a document when he was ignorant of its contents, or that he knew to be untrue.

At that time neither Bishop Asbury or myself supposed it would ever be a matter of controversy. It was not obtained for any such object, or to prove my father was a Methodist, but simply to obtain his history correctly.

2. Another error is this: that his son had warped the statement. This is both uncharitable and unjust. It was not enough to hint that I took advantage of my father's ignorance of the English language, but now I am accused of warping what he said. I would as soon have cut off my right hand. If I had been guilty of an act so mean, so unjust to my father, and so false to others, I should have despised myself all the rest of my life. The insinuation has not the semblance of truth. Those answers were not warped; there was no false coloring, but sober truth. I took them down from his lips as he answered in honest simplicity, and in the same spirit I wrote them down.

3. This historian speaks of Boehm's Chapel being built on Martin Boehm's land, principally by him and his German brethren, and then the Methodists denying him the privilege of his own meeting-house, etc. Now all this is a mistake. It was not built upon my father's land, but upon that of my brother Jacob, who gave the site for the church. Nor was it built principally by my father and "the German Brethren." I suppose he means by this the United Brethren. As a body they had nothing to do with it. My father gave something, and so might some of them; but it was built for the Methodists, and principally by the Methodists. It was not my father's church any more than it was mine, and it is sheer nonsense to talk of the cruelty of shutting him out of his own church. No such thing ever did or could take place, simply from the fact that he never owned any church, and therefore the thing was impossible. It was built for a Methodist church, the plan was furnished by a Methodist minister, and it was deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the lapse of seventy years it is still a Methodist Episcopal Church, and their ministers still preach in it.

4. Another error is accusing the Methodists at Boehm's Chapel of double dealing. In the first place "forming a class under a liberal construction of their rules," so that Father Boehm, not a member, could attend a class, and then "withdrawing such liberal construction," and bringing it to bear on Father Boehm, so he was excluded from the class-meeting and love-feast. Any one acquainted with the Methodist Discipline knows that no such thing could take place. No individual Methodist society makes and unmakes terms of membership. We have a Discipline, and the terms are fixed by the General Conference. We are not independent bodies to make rules for ourselves.

Furthermore, I was there at the time, and know that no such thing ever took place. William Hunter then had charge of the circuit, an honest man as ever came from the land of Erin. He was an outspoken man, open as the light of day, and incapable of duplicity.

But to "the gist of the matter." Father Boehm, says this writer, was entreated, "for form's sake," to have his name go on to the class book nominally. So, according to this statement, he never joined the Methodists, he was only a "nominal member." Here the Methodists are accused of deception, and my aged father of complicity with them: they pretending that he was a member, and he allowing his name to be entered as a member, all the while knowing that he was not one. My father would never have stooped to such meanness. He did not consider himself a nominal, but a real member of the Methodist Church. He was not only a member of the class, and used to meet in it, but he was a member of the Quarterly Conference; he used to meet and take a part there, by virtue of his office, as a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was an ordained minister and used to administer the ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

But it is said "he was entreated to do this for peace' sake." For whose peace? My father was not so easily persuaded to do a wrong action for the sake of peace. He always preferred purity to peace: "First pure, then peaceable."

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32 -- THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST -- SKETCH OF OTTERBEIN, ETC.

"The United Brethren in Christ" have often been confounded with the Moravians. They had gone by the name of "United Brethren" ever since Mr. Otterbein took my father in his arms and exclaimed, "We are brethren;" and at the conference in 1800 they added the words, "in Christ."

There was a great effort made to unite the Methodists and the United Brethren, who were often called "German Methodists." The Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences not only corresponded with them, but delegates from both Churches were ordered to devise a plan of union. This was kept up for years. In 1813 William Hunter and myself were appointed delegates to them. This was the last of fraternal letters or fraternal delegates. Terms of union were agreed upon, and it promised well for a time, but before long there was dissatisfaction on both sides. So the United Brethren took their course and we ours, each doing our own work in our own way.

The United Brethren had class-meetings, but did not, like the Methodists, make them a test of membership. They had love-feasts also, but lacked discipline. William Otterbein recommended their adopting the Methodist discipline. They had at that time no regular organization, but were composed of persons belonging to different denominations. They recorded the name of their ministers but not of the membership. At their conference in 1802 a proposal to record the names of members as well as ministers was voted down. When they began to "number Israel" I cannot say.

In their Minutes for 1800 they named Henry Boehm one of their ministers; but I did not belong to them, and at that time had no license to preach. It was not till 1815 they had a regular discipline. Their doctrines are the same as the Methodists', but they differ in practice. They wash each other's feet; they are opposed to masonry and all secret societies; they always abominated

slavery and would never tolerate it. They have bishops, Annual and General Conferences, traveling and local preachers. They have a large publishing house in Dayton, Ohio, and print two newspapers, one in German, the other in English. At their General Conference in May, 1861, they reported 5,166 preaching places, 3,900 classes, 94,443 members, 499 itinerant and 4:17 local preachers, and 15,130 Sabbath scholars.

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Rev. William P. Otterbein

The relation of Mr. Otterbein to Bishop Asbury and my father was such as to require more than a passing notice. They were united by a threefold cord stronger than death, and lasting as their existence. They never met without complying with the apostolic injunction: " Salute one another with a holy kiss."

Mr. Otterbein was one of the fathers of the "United Brethren in Christ." He assisted in ordaining Francis Asbury bishop, and was ever a friend of the Methodists. There are but few living who knew him. I heard him preach frequently, have seen him at my father's and at great meetings, have been his guest, and preached for him in Baltimore.

He was born in Nassau, Prussia, June 4, 1726. His education was of a superior order. In 1752 he emigrated to this country, and settled in Lancaster. Mr. Asbury and he became acquainted through Benjamin Swope, one of the German preachers, the year the apostle of Methodism came to America. Mr. Asbury wrote to Mr. Otterbein urging him to come to Baltimore, and he did so in 1774, and organized the "Evangelical Reformed Church" out of the ruins of another completely demoralized.

In sentiment they were like the Methodists, and somewhat in practice. Their constitution read thus: "No preacher can stay among us who teacheth the doctrines of predestination or the impossibility of falling from grace, or who holdeth them as doctrinal points." They were genuine Arminians. No preacher could remain who did not strictly attend class-meetings.

Mr. Otterbein's church was built on Howard's Hill. My father and he first met at Isaac Long's, a few miles from Lancaster. Various denominations had been invited to meet there, and my father preached the first sermon, which was attended with peculiar unction, and when he had finished, Mr. Otterbein arose and encircled him in his arms, and exclaimed, " We are brethren." Shout after shout went up, and tears flowed freely from many eyes, the scene was so Pentecostal. Such was the origin of the United Brethren. Mr. Otterbein used to itinerate, and hold great union meetings generally in groves, barns, or church-yards, for houses of worship were generally closed against him.

I first saw Mr. Otterbein and heard him preach in 1798. It was at my father's, where a three days' meeting was held. I heard him in 1800 at their conference, from Rev. iii, 7. It was a masterly sermon, and the effect was overwhelming. His sermons were scripturally rich, and were delivered with unusual energy. He was a great expounder of the word, giving the meaning of the inspired writer. His voice had lost its musical notes, and was harsh and husky.

Bishop Asbury speaks of him as the "great Otterbein." There was no man for whom he had a higher regard, none whose death he lamented more deeply. In person he was tall, being six feet high, with a noble frame and a commanding appearance: He had a thoughtful, open countenance, full of benignity, a dark-bluish eye that was very expressive. In reading the lessons he used spectacles, which he would take off and hold in his left hand while speaking. He had a high forehead, a double chin, with a beautiful dimple in the center. His locks were gray, his dress parsonic.

He married the sister of the distinguished Dr. Handall, a man of profound learning and deep piety.

I was at his house the last evening Mr. Asbury and he ever spent together. This was April 22, 1813. The bishop says, "I gave an evening to the great Otterbein." Mr. Otterbein was one year younger than my father, and nineteen years older than Mr. Asbury. Sir. Otterbein was useful in life, and triumphant in death. His last words were, "The conflict is over; lay me down upon the pillow, and be still." His friends complied with his request. During that stillness angels whispered, "Sister spirit, come away." Gladly he obeyed the summons, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

On Thursday, April 24, 1814, in Mr. Otterbein's chapel, Bishop Asbury preached his funeral discourse. He says, "Solemnity marked the silent meeting in the German church, where were assembled the members of our conference, and many of the clergy of the city. Forty years have I known tiffs retiring, modest man of God, towering majestically above his fellows in learning, wisdom, and grace, yet seeking to be known only of God and the people of God. He had been sixty years a minister, fifty years a converted one." He was buried in the ground connected with his church.

I knew others of the fathers of the United Brethren Church. George Adam Guething was the most eloquent. He was truly an Apollos. He was born in Germany, and emigrated to this country when he was seventeen. He taught school in winter, and quarried stone and dug wells in summer. He became a splendid preacher. I heard him at my father's, and at other places. In 1800 I was his guest with my father. He lived in Washington County, Md. Over sixty years ago I heard him preach from Jer. xvii, 7, 8, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," etc. This beautiful text, which reminds us of the first psalm, just suited the genius of Guething, who preached a sermon of rare beauty and excellence. He was the spiritual father of Rev. Henry Smith, late of the Baltimore Conference, who was converted under a powerful sermon which he preached at Antietam. Mr. Guething died in 1812, the same year as my father. He made a visit to Father Otterbein, was taken sick, started for home, and died before he reached it. His death was one of exceeding triumph. He was very quiet for a while, when he suddenly exclaimed, "I feel as though my end had come. Hark! hark! who spoke? whose voice is that I hear? Light, light, what golden light! Now all is dark again. Please help me out of bed." He said, "Let us sing, 'Come, thou long expected moment,'" etc. He knelt and offered prayer. He was helped into bed, folded his hands across his bosom, and in fifteen minutes the angel of death had done his work. Thus triumphantly died my father's friend, the most splendid orator among the United Brethren in Christ, aged seventy-two years, of which he had spent forty in the ministry.

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33 -- PHILADELPHIA. AND GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1812

I will now resume my narrative. Notwithstanding the recent death of my father, and the loneliness of my widowed mother, three days was all the time we could spend at the old homestead after months of absence. As for rest we knew not what it meant, unless it was on horseback. Mr. Asbury acted as if a voice was ringing in his ear, constantly saying, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." His motto was, "Labor here, rest hereafter."

The next Sabbath Mr. Asbury preached near Valley Forge at Isaac Anderson's. He had been a Methodist for over thirty years, was several times a member of the State Legislature, and was honored with a seat in Congress.

The Philadelphia Conference began on Saturday, April 18. Bishop Asbury, feeble as he was, preached four times during the session, namely, at St. George's, St. Thomas's, Union Chapel, and Ebenezer. The deacons were ordained on Wednesday, and the elders on Thursday by Bishop Asbury, Bishop McKendree being sick.

This was the first time this conference elected delegates to the General Conference. They sent fourteen: Ezekiel Cooper, John McClaskey, Thomas F. Sargent, Stephen G. Roszell, Thomas Ware, Richard Sneath, Thomas Boring, David Bartine, John Walker, George Wolley, James Bateman, Thomas Burch, Michael Coate, and Asa Smith. Several of them, like McClaskey, Sargent, and Roszell, were physically as well as mentally great men. Long since they have all been gathered to their fathers. The conference adjourned on the 26th, after a very peaceful and profitable session.

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General Conference Of 1812

On Friday, May 1, 1812, in the city of New York, there was a great gathering in "Wesley Chapel," John Street. The cradle of American Methodism was an appropriate place in which to hold the "first delegated General Conference" of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were there, and ninety representatives from eight Annual Conferences. It was the first Bishop McKendree attended after his election to the episcopacy, and the last at which the venerable Bishop Asbury was present. Before the next session he was in Abraham's bosom.

No account has hitherto been published of the opening services of this conference, nor is there any record in the journal. The first day was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Bishop Asbury preached at eleven o'clock from Matt. xvii, 19-21, a text admirably adapted to the occasion. No man ever understood adaptation in preaching better than Francis Asbury. Fasting was regularly observed by the Wesley's and by our fathers in the ministry. Alas, though enjoined in our general rules, it is now almost obsolete.

On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached in the morning at the Bowery (now Forsyth Street) Church, in the evening in the Fourth Street (now Allen Street) Church. The Spirit of God accompanied the word to many souls. On Monday the 4th it not only rained, but snowed: rather late in the season for snow-storms. On Tuesday night I preached in Hudson (now Duane) Church on John i, 11, 12.

On next Sunday, the 10th, Bishop Asbury preached in the morning in the African Church. The colored people had a great time under the word. The bishop was always a great friend to colored people, and they always had the highest regard for him. In the evening he preached in the Hudson Church. A good and gracious time in both places.

On Thursday evening I preached in John Street, from Matt. xi, 28, with some comfort.

On Sunday the 17th I heard Bishop Asbury preach in Sands Street, Brooklyn, from Isaiah 52:1, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion," etc. I wrote in my journal, "A solemn, awful time." The bishop said it was an "elegant house." What would he say now to our elegant houses if he could revisit our churches? In the afternoon I heard Joshua Marsden in John Street, on "wisdom." He was a member of the English Wesleyan Conference, and had been for some years in Nova Scotia. He had come to New York to return to England, but the breaking out of the war between England and America prevented him, and therefore he was employed to preach in New York. He was a good preacher, a great admirer of Bishop Asbury, and has given one of the best descriptions of the bishop's personal appearance and character I ever read. He had also no common gift as a poet. Some of his pieces, especially a sonnet, "What is Time," are much admired. [41]

I need not give an account of the doings of the General Conference, which the reader can find in the printed journals. I have dwelt on things hitherto unrecorded. The presiding elder question was debated, whether they should be appointed by the bishop or elected by the conference; also the ordination of local preachers. Asa Shinn and Jesse Lee were here opposed to each other, and it was like the wrestling of giants. Lee contended the local preachers could not perform their ordination vows while in a local condition. Mr. Shinn shrewdly replied that the same form of ordination required an "elder to rule well his own family;" that Brother Lee had promised to perform this duty twenty years before, and yet he had never done it -- he was a delinquent, and should keep his own vows, etc. This retort was effective. The conference was perfectly convulsed with laughter at the expense of the old bachelor, who sat down shaking his great sides and enjoying it as well as others. From that time he gave up his opposition.

On the 22d the conference adjourned, to meet in Baltimore May 1, 1816. Where are now those delegates that met in New York in May, 1812? Of the ninety strong men who were there eighty-four are dead, and six only survive: Laban Clark, Joshua Soule, Daniel Webb, Lovick Pierce, Joseph Travis, and John Early.

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At the close of the General Conference Mr. Asbury and I left for Albany. On the way we made Governor Van Cortland a visit at Croton. I wrote: "We found the aged father in the possession of his faculties, and he loves to hear of the prosperity of Zion." He resided in the old Manor-house, near the mouth of the Croton River. The governor was very rich, having inherited a large part of Cortland Manor. The house was famous for its antiquity, and for the distinguished guests that had been entertained there, among whom were Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, and Whitefield, who preached from the piazza to the multitudes who thronged to hear him. It was a stopping place of Bishop Asbury, Garrettson, Moriarty, Hibbard, Hutchinson, and others of the early Methodist fathers.

Governor Pierre Van Cortland was the first lieutenant-governor of New York, and was re-elected eighteen times. He was the president of the convention that formed and adopted the constitution of the State of New York. In the City Hall in New York is a fine marble bust of him. He was very tall, and of a commanding appearance. He wore breeches, and silver shoe-buckles.

The governor was a Methodist, and gave the land for a church and burying-ground. It was erected upon a hill, and commands a splendid view of the Hudson. The old building remains, a relic of former days. He married Joanna Livingston. They were both pure spirits. Their daughter, Mrs. Van Wick, was a gifted woman, a shouting Methodist, who would exhort with great effect. His daughter, Mrs. Gerard Beekman, was also a Methodist, and her son, Dr. Stephen Beekman, at whose house Rev. John Summerfield died in Hew York on June 30, 1825.

Bishop Asbury greatly admired the old governor, and said he resembled General Russel of Kentucky, who married the sister of Patrick Henry. The governor, full of years and of honors, died on May 1, 1814, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

The next year, on May 13, the bishop in making his last tour through his diocese went to the old mansion, and found its inhabitant gone. He mournfully wrote: "The dear, aged man, Governor Van Cortland, has gone to his rest, having attained his ninetieth year and upward." He was buried in his family cemetery, on a beautiful elevation a short distance from the old Manor-house. On his marble tomb his portrait is drawn in full. It concludes thus: "The simplicity of his private life was that of an ancient patriarch. He died a bright witness of that perfect love which casteth out the fear of death," etc.

His son Philip was an illustrious man. He was brigadier-general during the [Revolutionary War, and distinguished himself in several battles, and especially at Yorktown, where the crowning battle of the Revolution was fought. He was the intimate friend of Lafayette, whom it is said he strikingly resembled, and he made the tour of the country with him in 1824. He was very friendly to the Methodists, and attended their meetings; and when the minister failed to come, he would read a chapter from the Bible. Great camp-meetings were held upon his land, and multitudes were converted there. He died in 1831, and Noble W. Thomas preached his funeral sermon.

From Croton we went to Rev. Freeborn Garrettson's at Rhinebeck. The bishop delighted to visit that model household. Fifty years later, long after the death of Father Garrettson and his amiable wife, I went to the old homestead. It stood as in the days when Bishop Asbury and I were there, but where were its inmates? Melancholy reflections came over me when I thought of the

changes that had taken place; but I was kindly entertained by their daughter Mary, as well as their nephew, Freeborn Garrettson, whose friends I knew and those of his wife when I traveled on the Peninsula half a century ago.

We tarried a short time at Poughkeepsie, where Methodism was then very feeble. In the winter of 1861 I spent several weeks there, and was glad to find three flourishing Churches, besides a German Church. In the latter I was permitted to preach in my own vernacular, which I had not done for years.

On Thursday, June 4, 1812, the New York Conference commenced its session in Albany. Eleven were received on trial, among them William Ross, Tobias Spicer, and Theodosius Clark. Mr. Clark is the only one remaining. Fourteen remained on trial, including J. B. Matthias, Benjamin Griffen, John B. Stratten, and Samuel Luckey. The latter is the only one living, except Hawley Sanford, who located years ago. He is the father of Rev. A. K. Sanford of the New York Conference. This was my last visit to the noble New York Conference with Bishop Asbury. I attended its session at Poughkeepsie in 1861, and looked in vain for the men I saw in 1812. But four remained: Marvin Richardson, Phineas Rice, Benjamin Griffen, and Theodosius Clark. Rice and Griffen have since departed.

Leaving Albany, we rode on horseback to Boston, and were the guests of our old friend Otheman, father of Rev. B. Otheman, of New England Conference, and grandfather of Rev. E. B. Otheman, of New York Conference, and of the late Mrs. Stevens, wife of Rev. Abel Stevens.

On June 20, 1812, the New England Conference began in Lynn. Both Asbury and McKendree were present. On Sunday I preached at five in the morning, Bishop McKendree at ten, and Bishop Asbury at three in the afternoon. The session was exceedingly harmonious. The announcement that war was declared by the United States against Great Britain produced the most intense excitement. Of the eighty-four preachers present all are gone except Joshua Soule and Daniel Webb.

Leaving Lynn, the bishop went to the Genesee Conference. We stopped in Troy, and Bishop Asbury held forth from "If any man speak," etc. We heard Nathan Bangs on "Being made free from sin," etc. It was the first time I ever heard him. Samuel Merwin, then stationed in Albany, accompanied us for a little distance. He was a noble looking man.

The Genesee Conference was to have been held in Niagara, Upper Canada, but the war prevented, and it was changed to Lyons.

The 28th of July it commenced in Daniel Dorsey's store-house or granary. Here the ordinations were performed. I am told the venerable old building is still standing. There was a camp-meeting held in connection with the conference. I preached in German from Isaiah iii, 10, 11.

We missed the preachers from Canada. There was an increase of six hundred on two districts. We could not hear from Canada. This was my last visit to the Genesee Conference. What has God done for Methodism in Western New York since that day!

We left for my mother's passing through the valley of Wyoming, and arrived at the old mansion the 11th of August. Bishop Asbury wept for his old friend, and I for my father.

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35 -- MY LAST TOUR WITH BISHOP ASBURY

On Monday, August 17, we started on the last tour I made with the bishop. The next Monday we went to Pipe Creek and attended a camp-meeting there. Then we started West, and the bishop remarked, "There was a strange medley of preachers, drovers, beasts on four legs, and beasts made by whisky on two, traveling on the turnpike at one time."

In eight months we had traveled six thousand miles and attended nine conferences and ten campmeetings.

On Friday, September 18, we went to Rush Creek camp-meeting. We tarried with Edward Teel, a Methodist of the old stamp, nearly eighty years old. Mr. Asbury and he had been friends over forty years. He was the father-in-law of Rev. James Quin. The bishop at this time was very feeble, and required much care and constant nursing.

We reached Chillicothe, and were the guests of Rev. Thomas S. Hines, a local preacher. He was a good writer, and capital at sketching. He wrote those sketches on Western Methodism that appeared in the Methodist Magazine and in the Christian Advocate, over the signature of Theophilus Arminius. He was the intimate friend of Rev. William Beauchamp, and wrote his memoir. He was the soil of Dr. S. Hines, whom Bishop Asbury mentions, who put a blister plaster on the back of his wife's head to draw her Methodism out of her. She bore it with such meekness and patience that it led to the awakening and conversion of her husband. I was acquainted with the old doctor, who was a very singular but interesting man.

He related the circumstance of his trying to extract his wife's Methodism by so harsh a remedy to the bishop and myself, and he cried, and said, "what a fool I was to do so." The doctor was a surgeon in the British army under Genera] Wolfe, and was present at the Plains of Abraham where Wolfe fell at Quebec, and Captain Webb lost an eye. The doctor and his family emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky when it was one vast wilderness. He was formerly a deist, but became a Methodist. He and his estimable wife were pillars in the temple of Western Methodism. She was a noble woman, and had a superior mind. She gave a reason of the hope within her, silenced infidels, and carried the war into the enemy's camp.

The Western Conference began at Chillicothe October 1, 1812. Friday was a day of fasting. At eleven Bishop Asbury preached from Acts xiii, 1, 2, "And they ministered to the Lord, and fasted," etc. The bishop preached three times, and labored with apostolic zeal. He ordained twelve deacons and twelve elders. He made this entry in his journal: "Upon the last day my strength failed. I want sleep, sleep, sleep; for three hours I lay undisturbed in bed, to which I had stolen on Wednesday, but they called me up to read off the stations. I have considerable fever, but we must move."

The bishop and I went to Cincinnati, where we spent the Sabbath, and both preached. This was my last visit to this place till forty-seven years after. Thence we traveled to Kentucky. At Lexington the bishop heard a local preacher, at whose father's house he had preached in 1780. At Frankfort he preached in the chamber of the House of Representatives, and found among his hearers a man who was his companion through the wilderness twenty-three years before.

At Nashville, Tennessee, we saw a daughter of General Russel, Widow Bowen and her three daughters, who were all Methodists. We lodged with the jailor, but he kindly let us out. The bishop pleasantly said we were "prisoners of hope." He preached in the new church on the Sabbath, and wrote, " This is a Pentecostal day to my soul. Hail, all hail, eternal glory!"

The Tennessee Conference met near James Quin's at Fountain Head, November 9, 1812. It was held at Brother House's, that we might have the meetinghouse to preach in. Both the bishops preached, and I had the privilege also. Forty deacons and ten elders were ordained, and there was an increase of eight thousand within its bounds. This was the first session of the Tennessee Conference. Up to that time we had had in the West only the grand old Western Conference.

The formation of the Tennessee Conference was a new era in Western Methodism, and paved the way for the formation of future conferences. Bishop Asbury was anxious to form a Mississippi Conference, and makes this record: "We shall have gone entirely round the United States in forty years; but there will be other states! God will raise up men to make and meet conferences in them also, if we remain faithful as a people." How true his predictions concerning other states and other conferences: states have been more than doubled, and conferences have multiplied till, North and South, we have nearly a hundred. And God has raised up the men and furnished the means to carry on this glorious work.

During conference I was the honored guest of James McKendree, father of the bishop. He was happy in God and bound for heaven. This was my last visit to the venerated patriarch.

A number of preachers started with the bishops on our Southern tour. The eccentric James Axley was with us, and he was most excellent company. At night we were entertained by Rev. John Magee, the father of camp-meetings in America and the father-in-law of Rev. Thomas L. Douglass. On Wednesday Bishop Asbury baptized six children. Then we crossed the French Broad and forded the Big Pigeon. It was nothing for us to ford rivers.

On Sunday Bishop McKendree preached a characteristic sermon, James Axley exhorted, and I followed. In those days we gave them sermon upon sermon, exhortation upon exhortation.

On December 17 we reached Charleston, and our bishops were received as angels from God. During the route over the mountains Bishop Asbury suffered exceedingly from cold. We had to ford deep streams, and dined frequently in the woods. We stopped at one place where a gentleman offered Bishop Asbury brandy and the Bible. He took the Bible, and let the brandy alone. In his journal he says: "I cannot easily describe the pain under which I shrink and writhe. The weather is cold, and I have constant pleuritic twinges in the side. In cold, in hunger, and in want of clothing, mine are apostolic sufferings." I witnessed his intense suffering, and in a measure

shared them. How I rejoice that the mountains are crossed for the last time, but never can I forget the toils, the struggles, the privations the bishop endured for the Church of God.

The conference was pleasant, and lasted one week. My visits to Charleston were always refreshing. The southern preachers I ardently loved, and the Charleston Methodists. What a bond of union then bound the North and the South together! O for the return of those days of peace and union and confidence! then my old heart would rejoice, and I would say, "Lord, lettest now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Our northern route was exceedingly irksome and tedious, not merely on account of the weather, which was very raw and cold, but of the severe illness of Bishop Asbury. Never was he more feeble, never less able to travel, and yet he would go on. There was only one thing that could stop him -- the pale horse and his rider.

We left Charleston the last day of 1812. Father Asbury having lost the use of one of his feet by rheumatism, I had to carry him in my arms and place him in his sulky, and then to take him out and carry him into a church or private dwelling, and he would sit and preach. At Fayetteville I carried him into the church, and he preached from Zech. ix, 12, "the stronghold." After the sermon he ordained three persons. He had one blister on him, and I carried him to our host and he put on three more. He traveled in great misery.

On the twenty-fourth, at Wilmington, I carried him into church, and he preached in the morning, and then met the society; and that not being enough for a sick, old, infirm bishop, he would preach again in the evening. After that he was in such misery that a poultice was applied to mitigate his pain.

The next day we rode twenty-four miles. The bishop's feet were so swollen he could not wear a shoe. Almost any other man would have been in bed, but he loved his work better than his life. His record on that day is, "I have a fever and swelled feet." The next day, "I suffer violent pain in my right foot;" and yet he says, "I have filled all my appointments, and answered the letters received." Who else would have thus persevered amid pain and anguish, dying by inches to accomplish so much work?

On February 4: the bishop was as tickled as a little child. Why? Because he was able once more to put on his leather shoes. And he exclaimed, "O the sufferings I have endured, patiently I hope!" He did suffer most excruciatingly, but patience in him had its perfect work. On our way to Newbern the bishop preached every day, sometimes at considerable length. One service, ordination and all, lasted two hours. The bishop said, "I gained a fever and a clear conscience by my labors." I would rather have had the clear conscience without the fever; but he often forgot himself in his anxiety to benefit others.

On Monday, February 8, we reached Newbern, N. C. The bishop writes, "I am in Newbern on crutches." The Virginia Conference was held in a school-room. Both Asbury and McKendree were present. There was some excellent preaching from Stith Mead, Thomas L. Douglass, and the two bishops.

Jesse Lee preached from Acts xvii, 6, "These that have turned the world upside down," etc. His propositions were, 1. That originally the moral worm was right side up. 2. Sin had turned it wrong side up. 3. It was the design of the Gospel and the business of the ministry to restore it to its original position. The next morning nearly everything about the town looked ridiculous, being upside down. Wagons, boats, signs, gates, almost everything was bottom side upward. Some of the inhabitants were vexed, and some laughed; while the authors of the mischief enjoyed the fun, and laid it to the preacher, who they said had come to turn the town over that it might be right side up.

Of the conference Bishop Asbury says: "We had great order, great union, and dispatch in business. The increase here in membership this year is seven hundred; but ah, deaths and locations!" There were in the Virginia Conference this year no less than thirteen locations. No wonder the bishop groaned over such defections.

We reached Georgetown and were the guests of Henry Foxall. [42] Here the bishop received an invitation from the British Conference to visit them, and promising to meet the expenses of his journey, which was very gratifying to him. He also had a call from Rev. William Watters, now aged and feeble. "This was the last time I ever saw him.

We went to Annapolis and thence to Baltimore. We tarried all night with our aged friend, Father Otterbein. Bishop Asbury says, "I gave an evening to the great Otterbein. I found him placid and happy in God." That was an evening I shall ever remember; two noble souls met, and their conversation was rich and full of instruction. They had met frequently before; this was their last interview on earth -- long ago they met in heaven.

Baltimore Conference commenced on the 24th. Jacob Gruber and I preached, in German, on Sunday in Otterbein's Church. Bishop Asbury preached twice. At this conference Beverly Waugh, James M. Hanson, and others were ordained elders. On leaving Baltimore we took a tour through a part of the Peninsula.

The Philadelphia Conference assembled in Philadelphia on April 24, 1813. Both bishops were present. Bishop McKendree preached at the Union from James iv, 10; Bishop Asbury in St. George's from Rom. i, 16.

At the conference in 1813 I ceased to travel with Bishop Asbury as his "help-meet." I had been with Bishop Asbury since 1808. He thought I was needed among the Germans, and that I ought to be near my mother, who was living within the bounds of Schuylkill District, to which he appointed me.

When my character was examined the question was asked, "Is there anything against Henry Boehm?" "Nothing," said the bishop, "against Brother Boehm." He then rose and said, in his nervous and emphatic manner, "For five years he has been my constant companion. He served me as a son; he served me as a brother; he served me as a servant; he served me as a slave." His earnest, emphatic manner caused some to smile and many to weep. Dr. Thomas F. Sargent laughed and said, "The bishop has given you quite a character." Without egotism, I may say I always retained the bishop's confidence. This is evident from the fact that six weeks after we parted he appointed me one of the executors of his last will and testament.

While with Mr. Asbury I attended to the financial affairs of the Book Room at conferences. This was during the war, when there was great trouble in remitting funds. John Wilson, book agent, died in 1810, and Daniel Hitt, the other agent, had to attend to the business at home. It was a greater task to attend to such complex business, to collect funds and remit drafts, than many would suppose. This brought me into a more intimate acquaintance with all the preachers North and South, East and West.

On the journals of the General Conference of 1812 the reader will find the following: "L. Myers moved that this conference express their gratitude to Brother Henry Boehm for his services to the connection in collecting and remitting moneys belonging thereunto, and that they vote him some compensation as an acknowledgment of their gratitude." Their "thanks" were voted, but no "compensation." Thanks are cheap. I saved the Book Room thousands of dollars. I was sub-agent. Daniel Hitt could not go, and to have sent a special agent would have involved much expense. I have never received any compensation, and never desired any.

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36 -- SCHUYLKILL DISTRICT, 1813-14

The office of presiding elder was new to me, and I felt my responsibility. Philadelphia, Wilmington, and seven circuits composed my district. Several of the circuits I had previously traveled, and my old friends hailed me with joy. It included my native place and Boehm's Chapel, and I was near my old mother, who was bending under the infirmities of age. Several of the preachers had been my colleagues, and were my personal friends, and I could not but feel at home with them. There were noble men on my district, among them two future bishops, Robert R. Roberts and John Emory. The other presiding elders were Peter Vannest, Michael Coate, and John McClaskey. Peter Vannest had heard John Wesley, and he used to say, "Brethren, remain by the old landmarks. These very eyes have seen John Wesley, and these hands have handled him." While the others died early he lived to an extreme old age, beloved by all who knew him, and died in holy triumph in Pemberton, New Jersey.

My home on the district was with Robert R. Roberts, in Philadelphia. I was a single man, and he had no children. He invited me to make his house my home.

On the 31st of July Bishop Asbury and John C. French, who traveled with him, came to the old homestead while I was there. The bishop spent the Sabbath and preached in Boehm's Chapel in the morning from Titus ii, 2-10. The text was a sermon in itself: advice to "aged men," to "aged women," to "young women," to "young men," to "servants," etc. The bishop says in his journal, "Happily we met It. Boehm, who had appointed a meeting at Boehm's Chapel." He had been on his northern and eastern tour, and he was exceedingly fatigued, and he wrote, "Rest man and beast." They both needed it. For three days he was employed in answering letters. He also wrote on my father's old desk a valedictory to the Church, to be read by Bishop McKendree to the General Conference when he was gathered to his fathers. It contained his views of the primitive Church government and ordination, and abounded in wise counsels and suggestions. He knew he could not

live much longer, and he left his thoughts on these weighty subjects for the benefit of others when he rested from his labors.

Soon after I held a camp-meeting on the banks of the Sweet Arrow, in Dauphin County. Many were converted at this meeting; among others the daughter of the distinguished Joseph Priestley.

The Schuylkill District was about one hundred miles square, and yet, after traveling with Bishop Asbury around his large diocese, such is the power of habit, I felt as if I was confined to a small space; therefore I sometimes left my district and visited other fields of labor. I attended a camp-meeting on the Chesapeake District, on land that belonged to Thomas White, Bishop Asbury's early friend.

On Tuesday, April 5, 1814, I went to Philadelphia, and met our aged and Venerable Bishops Asbury and McKendree. On Wednesday our conference commenced its session. All went on harmoniously. Bishop McKendree preached at St. George's a most melting sermon. Bishop Asbury preached in the morning at the Union, on "Will ye also go away?" etc.; in the afternoon at St. George's, from Rom. ii, 21. On Wednesday Bishop McKendree preached an ordination sermon from 2 Cor. v, 20, and then he ordained eleven to the office of elder. This was a gracious conference. Bishop Asbury says in his journal: "The Philadelphia Conference progressed in great peace and Gospel order. We had crowded houses day and night. We doubt not but that souls have been convinced, converted, comforted, and sanctified by the ministration of the word." There was but little change on my district among the preachers; but, alas! there was a change in the presiding elderships before the year was out. Two of them were transferred to heaven.

John McClaskey, of Chesapeake District, fell at his post, covered with scars and loaded with honors, on September 2, 1814. I have had occasion to speak of him several times. He was the spiritual son of "Daddy Abbott," and preached his funeral sermon by his particular request. He was a noble presiding officer. His strong constitution suffered from yellow fever in New York in 1800, and then the death of his only son, who was going to be married, and who died from a mistake his physician made in giving him medicine, almost crushed his heart. His end was triumphant.

Michael Coate, of West Jersey District, died the first of August. I had known him for years, as well as his brother Samuel. He was distinguished for strength of mind and soundness of judgment, and especially for the meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of God, is of great price. The last time he preached was on the multitude John saw before the throne, Rev. viii, 9, and soon he went to join them. He was born in 1767, and converted, died, and was buried in Burlington County, N. J. The death of two such men in one year was a great loss to our conference and the Church.

Immediately after the adjournment of conference I made a very pleasant tour with Bishop McKendree. We first went to Germantown, and he preached there. On Sunday he preached at the new church in Holmesburgh, from Rom. i, 16. Then we rode to Trenton and went with Peter Vannest to the Bethel, where the bishop preached; then to Hopewell, now called Pennington. The bishop preached there, and we put up with an old Methodist by the name of Bunn. His descendants

are numerous, and they are all Methodists. Methodism was introduced here early by Captain Webb. We have now there a noble seminary and a flourishing Church. Thence went to Asbury, and Bishop McKendree preached in the morning on the parable of the "Unjust steward," and in the afternoon from Isaiah xxxii, 17. On Monday we parted with the bishop, he going on to attend the New York Conference, and I returning to my district. On reaching home I heard that Bishop Asbury was sick at Brother Sale Coate's, a brother of Michael and Samuel Coate, at Lumberton, New Jersey, On the 3d of May I went there and found him so very low he was scarcely able to breathe. The next day he appeared a little better. On Friday and Saturday his difficulty of breathing was so great that we frequently looked for his departure. On Sunday I wrote, "Bishop Asbury is very low, but expectorates freely; no material change, only that he gradually decreases in strength." On Monday, about one o'clock A.M., there appeared an evident change for the better. In answer to prayer, he was remarkably comforted with the presence and power of the Lord. He continued in a convalescent state until Friday morning, when we thought he would have expired; his hands and feet were cold. Through the whole of his affliction his conversation was about the great and deep things of God; the Church of God on earth, and the many glorified saints who are reaping the rewards of the heavenly world. For ten nights in succession I sat up and watched with him; the last night he seemed to be carried out of himself: all of his conversation was relative to God, Christ, and the great work of redemption. On the 18th I wrote: "Bishop Asbury seems to be much better, so that he can now lie upon his pillow and sleep, which he had not been able to do in three weeks, except a few minutes at a time. The prospect of his recovering is somewhat flattering."

Such is the record I made fifty years ago. John W. Bond was then the bishop's traveling companion, and was all kindness and attention, but he had been with the bishop but a few weeks. There was enough for two or three of us to do at Brother Coate's while the bishop was so dangerously ill. The family were exceedingly kind, and did all in their power to make him comfortable. I remained with them sixteen days and nights in succession. He never fully recovered from that sickness, and he was physically unfit to go round his diocese again. It was a living death, a perpetual martyrdom. For three months the dear old man kept no record in his journal. On resuming it he wrote:

"I return to my journal after an interval of twelve weeks. I have been ill indeed, but medicine, nursing, and kindness, under God, have been so far effectual, that I have recovered strength enough to sit in my little covered wagon, into which they lift me. I have clambered over the rude mountains, passing through York and Chambersburgh to Greensburgh. Tuesday, July 19, I would not be loved to death, and so came down from my sick room and took the road, weak enough. Attention constant, and kindness unceasing, have pursued me to this place, and my strength increases daily. I look back upon a martyr's life of toil and privation and pain, and I am ready for a martyr's death. The purity of my intentions; my diligence in the labors to which God has been pleased to call me; the unknown sufferings I have endured; what "are all these? The merit, atonement, and righteousness of Christ alone make my plea. My friends in Philadelphia gave me a little light four-wheel carriage; but God and the Baltimore Conference gave me a richer present -- they gave me John Wesley Bond for a traveling companion; has he his equal on earth for excellences of every kind as an aid? I groan one minute with pain, and shout glory the next."

In August I had a delightful interview at Middletown with my friend Dr. Romer, who translated the Methodist Discipline into German. On the 31st of March I went with John Emory to

visit the sick and pray with them. He was not only a superior man and preacher, but an excellent pastor. Though a great student, it did not prevent his attending to his pastoral work. He was very popular. I had often visited his father, Judge Emory, and I knew his spiritual father, John Chalmers. John Emory was afterward book agent, a clear-headed business man, a delegate to the Wesleyan Conference; elected bishop in 1832, and was thrown from his carriage and killed December 6, 1835. I baptized his son, Robert Emory. He was a beautiful infant when I laid on his head the consecrated waters of baptism. When he grew up to manhood, and was president of Dickinson College, I looked upon him and thought of his excellent father and mother, and of the time I baptized him in the name of the Trinity. He, too, has fallen asleep.

On April 12, to my great joy, I met Bishop McKendree at Radner's. On the next day, which was appointed by the general government for public thanksgiving for the restoration of peace, he preached a most appropriate sermon. The bishop was full of patriotism, and with a national subject he was perfectly at home. He was the intimate friend and a great admirer of General Jackson, and related many characteristic anecdotes concerning him.

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37 -- CHESAPEAKE DISTRICT -- GOVERNOR BASSETT'S DEATH AND CHARACTER

The conference met in Philadelphia on April 20, 1815. Bishop Asbury was so exceedingly ill that the laboring oar fell upon Bishop McKendree. Bishop Asbury visited the conference room once only and then was obliged to retire. Alas! when he departed his venerable form and whitened locks disappeared, to be seen in that body no more. He always had a high regard for the Philadelphia Conference. It was in Philadelphia he preached his first sermon in America, and was "received as an angel from God." He was at the first conference in Philadelphia in 1773, when there were ten traveling preachers in America, and he had attended it for thirty-two years.

On Friday I went with Bishop McKendree to visit Bishop Asbury. He was feeble in body but strong in God, and his wrinkled countenance brightened at the prospect of soon seeing "the King in his beauty." McKendree prayed with his venerable colleague, who was hovering between two worlds.

I was appointed to Chesapeake District. It may appear strange I did not remain on the Schuylkill District. John McClaskey, who was on the Chesapeake District, died the preceding year; it was proposed to appoint Robert R. Roberts, but he feared that going down on the Peninsula would injure his health. I had spent some years there and got acclimated, and it was thought I could stand it better, and therefore he was appointed to the Schuylkill District and I to the Chesapeake. Being a single man, it was not much trouble for me to move, and I was glad to accommodate my excellent friend, who had furnished me with a kind home for two years in Philadelphia.

I entered upon my pleasant field of labor with joy. Over much of the ground I had traveled before, and there were many old friends to welcome me. My district was a noble one, including some of the best circuits on the Peninsula.

On the 16th of May, in company with Robert R. Roberts and Ezekiel Cooper, I went to visit Governor Bassett at Bohemia Manor. He was ill in body, but happy in God. We had a delightful interview, and found him ripening for the other world. How beautiful is religion in old age! "The hoary head" is indeed a crown of glory, being found in "the way of righteousness."

The 31st of June I was at Father Henry Downs'. He it was that imprisoned Thomas S. Chew, and was converted by his prisoner. I mingled with the fathers, who were familiar with Methodism almost from its origin in America, both ministers and laymen. Such laymen as Father Downs, whose history has all the charms of romance and all the power of truth, did much toward establishing Methodism in its infancy on the Peninsula.

On the Fourth of July I visited my mother at the old family mansion. I had not been home more than fifteen minutes when, to my great joy, Bishop Asbury unexpectedly arrived. He came from the New England and other Conferences with Rev. J. W. Bond, and was much better than when I saw him last. The bishop was glad to see me, as will appear by the following extract from his journal: "Happy at Mother Boehm's. A pleasing Providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry in a few moments before."

He remained two days. He had visited that old home for the pilgrim for thirty-five years, and received hearty welcomes from my father when alive, and from my mother in her widowhood. He had completed his last Episcopal tour, and my aged mother and the bishop bade one another adieu for the last time. I went with him to Lancaster, and then was reluctant to leave him, and so I went a little further, for I had an impression I should see his face no more. He gave me much excellent advice, and cautioned me to take good care of my health, as I was then traveling in a region of country not considered very healthy. He then embraced me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom, gave me his last kiss and his benediction. He rode on while I lingered and gazed till his venerable form was beyond my vision. I felt a veneration for Bishop Asbury I never had for any other human being, and loved him as I loved my own dear father.

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Governor Bassett

Governor Bassett died in the summer of 1815. He should ever have a prominent place in the annals of early American Methodism. At this remote period it is almost impossible to have a correct idea of the position he once occupied, and the influence he exerted in favor of Methodism.

Some have entertained the idea that Methodism was adapted only to the low and the ignorant, for the common people; but this is a mistake. In its early days in America some of the loftiest families embraced it with joy. Among the most distinguished was Richard Bassett. He was an eminent lawyer, a judge, Governor of Delaware, a member of the old Congress in 1787 and a senator under the new constitution. He was a delegate from Delaware to the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and his name is enrolled on that account with those of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris. and other distinguished patriots and statesmen.

Mr. Bassett was rich. He inherited six thousand acres of land, much of it near the Bohemia River. He had three homes, residing part of the time in Dover, and then in Bohemia and Wilmington. I have been entertained at them all.

Before he was converted he was a very fashionable man, and moved in the highest circles in society. He had his good things in this life. But when converted he was as humble and teachable as a little child. In person he was a stout-built man, of medium height, and looked as if he was made for service. His countenance was full of benignity, and his eye was very expressive. He was a man of superior judgment, a safe counselor. I used to ask his advice, and he gave it most cheerfully, and I always found it judicious. His voice was very strong and musical, and at camp and quarterly meetings he thrilled the people. He was distinguished for benevolence, and given to hospitality. He has entertained over a hundred at one time. His heart was as large as his mansion.

His first wife did not live long. She left an amiable daughter, who was married to the Hon. James A. Bayard, who was a commissioner to form a treaty of peace with England. With her father I visited Mrs. Bayard while her husband was absent in Europe.

The governor was a Methodist of the old stamp. He admired all its peculiarities; loved to worship in the groves, and had several camp-meetings on his own grounds. He was one of the sweet singers of our Israel. He delighted to hear the colored people sing; there was no sweeter music to him. He held fast his integrity to the end. I often saw him in age and feebleness extreme. Though princely rich, he lived plainly, without display or extravagance.

His large possessions were in Bohemia, Cecil County, Maryland. It was called Bohemia from Augustus Hermon, a Bohemian, who obtained a grant for eighteen thousand acres of land. Richard Bassett became heir to a part of this immense estate. He died in 1815, and his life-time friend, Ezekiel Cooper, preached his funeral sermon. He was buried in a vault he had prepared in a beautiful locust grove on the banks of the Bohemia River. There sleep his family and the Bayards. The venerable old mansion, distinguished for its antiquity, for the splendid paintings that adorned its walls, for the hospitality that reigned there, and as the home of Bishop Asbury and the old pioneers of Methodism, was burned down a few years ago, and, like the owner, has passed away.

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38 -- GENERAL CONFERENCE -- ASBURY'S FUNERAL, ETC.

The conference which was held in Philadelphia April 18, 1816, was a gloomy one. There was no bishop to preside, Asbury being dead, and McKendree sick. During this conference Ezekiel Cooper preached a sermon on the life and character of Bishop Asbury, that afterward made a book called "Cooper on Asbury."

Rev. R. R. Roberts was elected president. He filled the office with ease and dignity, and we passed harmoniously through the business of the session. Several delegates from the eastern conferences, who were on their way to attend the General Conference at Baltimore, were present,

and admired the manner in which Brother Roberts conducted the business of the conference, and this led to his nomination and election as bishop.

No Ordination took place at this conference in consequence of the absence of the bishop. The delegates elected to the General Conference were R. R. Roberts, L. McCombs, S. Sharp, J. Totten, J. Walker, S. Hill, S. Martindale, A. Smith, It. Boehm, J. Emory, W. Bishop, and J. Sharpley. I was reappointed presiding elder of Chesapeake District.

The second delegated General Conference met in the Light Street Church, Baltimore, May 1, 1816. There was a feeling of sadness caused by the absence of Bishop Asbury. Bishop McKendree was present, but very feeble. After the organization, on the first day an address was presented from the male members of the Church in Baltimore asking the privilege of removing the remains of Bishop Asbury from the place where they had been buried to Baltimore. Their request was granted, and Rev. John W. Bond was desired to superintend their removal. Five members of the General Conference were appointed to act in concert with the Baltimore brethren: Philip Bruce, Nelson Reed, Freeborn Garrettson, Lewis Myers, and George Pickering.

The conference passed a vote of thanks to George Arnold of Spottsylvania, at whose house the bishop died, for his attention to our venerable father during his illness, and requesting permission to have the bishop's remains removed from his family burying-ground to Baltimore. Mr. Arnold granted the request, and on the 9th of May the body arrived, and was placed at the house of William Hawkins. The fact being announced to the conference by Stephen G. Roszel, they resolved to attend his funeral the next morning, and appointed Henry Stead, William Case, Seth Mattison, and myself to sit up with the corpse during the night. Never shall I forget that night; thought was busy in reviewing the past; the whole life of Bishop Asbury, particularly the five years I was with him, passed before me in review like a panorama. Five times that night, in imagination, I went with the bishop around his large diocese, over the mountains and valleys. I thought of his self-denial, his deadness to the world; of his intense labors, his enlarged benevolence, his sympathy for the suffering, of the hundreds of sermons I had heard him preach, the prayers I had heard him offer; the many times I had slept with him; how often I had carried him in my arms. Where are the great and good men that watched with me that night? Long ago they have met the bishop "where they can die no more, but are equal to the angels of God."

At ten o'clock next morning the funeral services took place. There was an immense gathering at Light Street, where the bishop's remains had been placed. They were removed in solemn procession to the Eutaw Church. At the head of this procession were Bishop McKendree and William Black of Nova Scotia. Bishop Asbury having no relatives in this country, John W. Bond and myself, his surviving traveling companions, were selected to follow his remains as chief mourners. Indeed we both felt to exclaim, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." The members of the conference followed, with several ministers of other denominations and a vast throng of citizens.

Bishop McKendree pronounced a funeral oration full of melting pathos, and the remains of the deceased, embalmed by the tears of multitudes, were deposited in a vault under the recess of the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Church. Upon beautiful marble was inscribed an appropriate epitaph, to tell the "stranger where the dust of the noble Asbury sleeps.

On the Sunday following the obsequies of Bishop Asbury, funeral sermons were preached in all our churches in Baltimore. I was appointed to preach in the late Father Otterbein's church. My text was Rev. xiv, 13. I gave a sketch of the bishop's life, character, labors, and success, and his peaceful end; of the relation that subsisted between their late venerated pastor, William Otterbein, Bishop Asbury, and Martin Boehm, and how they were reunited in the bright world above.

Bishop Asbury, at the request of Bishop McKendree and the Genesee Conference, wrote a valedictory to be read after he was gone. This he left among his papers. That important document was written at my mother's, on my father's old desk, the first week in August, 1813. I was present when he wrote it, and he talked with me on various points.

On the second day of May this valedictory address was read to the General Conference after some introductory remarks by Bishop McKendree. It was the last message of the lamented Asbury, the final counsel of a father to his children, and it was listened to with breathless attention. It was replete with wise sayings and appropriate suggestions. It advocated a divine call to the ministry and opposed men-made ministers; cautioned against the tendency to locality, and dwelt upon the importance of the itinerancy; directed them to guard against two orders of ministers, one for the country the other for cities. Among other counsels was this, worthy to be written in letters of gold, "Preserve a noble independence on all occasions; be the willing servants of slaves, but slaves to none."

Two months after I left Mr. Asbury as his traveling companion he made his will in Winchester, New Hampshire, as the following record in his journal will show: "June 6, 1813. Knowing the uncertainty of the tenure of life I have made my will, appointing Bishop McKendree, Daniel Hitt, and Henry Boehm my executors. If I do not in the mean time spend it, I shall leave when I die an estate of two thousand dollars, I believe. I give it all to the Book Room. This money, and somewhat more, I have inherited from dear departed Methodist friends in the state of Maryland, who died childless; besides some legacies I have never taken. Let all return and continue to aid the cause of piety."

The bishop's will was recorded in Baltimore; and during the General Conference in 1816, Bishop McKendree, Daniel Hitt, and I went to the proper authorities and were qualified to act as executors.

In regard to the money, a lady in Baltimore had given him near two thousand dollars, and I advised him to put it out upon interest. He did so, or he would have got rid of it. He was very uneasy when he had money until it was gone. It seemed to burn in his pocket until he was relieved.

He left a Bible to every child that had been named after him. He left eighty dollars a year to Mrs. Elizabeth Dickins, widow of our first book agent. Her name was Yancey, and she was from North Carolina. She was a charming woman, worthy to have been the wife of that great and good man, John Dickins. She continued to receive this annuity till her death in 1835.

Most of the business of distributing the Bibles fell on me, and I gave more than four hundred to children that had been named Francis Asbury. There were probably a thousand children named after him at the time, but many of the parents would know nothing of the will, for we had then no Methodist papers to give the information. His will gave a Bible to all the children who had been named after him up to his death. [43] I made a final settlement with Rev. John Emery when he was book agent. Daniel Hitt died in 1825, Bishop McKendree in 1835. I have survived Daniel Hitt forty years, Bishop McKendree thirty years, and Bishop Asbury forty-nine years.

There was a vast amount of business done at the General Conference of 1816, and it was more methodical than formerly. John Emory, for the first time, was a member of the General Conference, and he distinguished himself at once by his clear head and capacity for business.

I was placed on two important committees, "Temporal Economy" and "Slavery." The other members of that on slavery were William Phoebus, Charles Virgin, Abner Chase, Charles Holliday, Samuel Sellers, Daniel Asbury, C. H. Hines, and Beverly Waugh. We were directed "to examine into the subject of slavery and report." On this question, which has vexed ecclesiastical and national councils from the beginning, the committee brought in a report, of which the following is a part: "After mature deliberation, they are of the opinion that under the present existing circumstances in relation to slavery little can be done to abolish a practice so contrary to the principles of moral justice. They are sorry to say that the evil appears to be past remedy, and they are led to deplore the destructive consequences which have already accrued and are yet likely to result therefrom?" They recommended the insertion of the following clause in the Discipline: "Therefore no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church hereafter where the laws of the state in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom." The report was adopted by the conference.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the conferences elected two bishops, Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts, the former having fifty-seven and the latter fifty-five votes out of one hundred and six that were cast.

On Friday they were ordained, after Bishop McKendree had preached an admirable sermon on "The great commission," from Mark xvi, 15, 16. In the ordination he was assisted by Philip Bruce of Virginia, Dr. Phoebus of New York, and Nelson Reed of Baltimore, they being the three oldest elders present.

I was present at the ordination of Bishops Whatcoat, Coke, and Asbury, in 1800; at the ordination of McKendree in 1808, and that of George and Roberts in 1816. I had the honor of voting for the last three, and never had cause to regret it. These ordinations were all held in the same church, namely, Light Street, Baltimore. After the adjournment of the conference I returned to my district, and was diligent in cultivating Immanuel's land.

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As I traveled with Bishop Asbury longer than any other man, and knew him more intimately than any who survive, it will be expected that I notice his character and habits more fully than in the preceding chapters. Hundreds of questions have been asked me respecting his appearance, size, dress, personal character, etc.

Bishop Asbury was five feet nine inches high, weighed one hundred and fifty-one pounds, erect in person, and of a very commanding appearance. His features were rugged, but his countenance was intelligent, though time and care had furrowed it deep with wrinkles. His nose was prominent, his mouth large, as if made on purpose to talk, and his eyes of a bluish cast, and so keen that it seemed as if he could look right through a person. He had a fine forehead, indicative of no ordinary brain, and beautiful white locks, which hung about his brow and shoulders, and added to his venerable appearance. There was as much native dignity about him as any man I ever knew. He seemed born to sway others. There was an austerity about his looks that was forbidding to those who were unacquainted with him.

In dress he was a pattern of neatness and plainness. He could have passed for a Quaker had it not been for the color of his garments, which were black when I traveled with him. He formerly wore gray clothes. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, a frock coat, which was generally buttoned up to the neck, with straight collar. He wore breeches or small clothes, with leggings. Sometimes he wore shoe-buckles. Indeed all the preachers, and I among the number, wore breeches and leggings till 1810, and then several left them off, which Bishop Asbury heartily disapproved.

Bishop Asbury had great administrative ability. He was wise and far-seeing, and kept his work planned and mapped out beforehand. The mass of the appointments were arranged before conference, so that but few changes needed to be made. He often talked to me freely about the appointments of the preachers, and sometimes consulted me. I used to transcribe them for him before they were read out. The preachers tormented me to know where they were going; but I was silent, for secret things belonged to the bishop, revealed things to the preachers.

He had an almost intuitive knowledge of men. He would sit in conference and look from under his dark and heavy eyebrows, reading the countenances and studying the character and constitution of the preachers. He also kept a record of his observations upon men for his own private use. The bishop not only read men for the sake of the Church, but for their own sakes. He would say to me, "Henry, Brother A or B has been too long in the rice plantation, or on the Peninsula; he looks pale, health begins to decline; he must go up to the high lands." The preacher would be removed and know not the cause, and the next year come to conference with health improved and constitution invigorated, and not know to whom he was indebted for the change; for the bishop assigned few reasons, and made but few explanations for his conduct.

It has been supposed that he was an inferior preacher, though superior as a governor. But this is a mistake. I have heard him over fifteen hundred times. His sermons were scripturally rich. He was a well-instructed scribe, "bringing out of his treasury things new and old." He was a good expounder of the word of God, giving the meaning of the writer, the mind of the Spirit. He was wise in his selection of texts. There was a rich variety in his sermons. No tedious sameness; no repeating old stale truths. He could be a son of thunder or consolation. There was variety both in

matter and manner. He was great at camp-meetings, on funeral occasions, and at ordinations. I have heard him preach fifty ordination sermons, and they were among the most impressive I have ever heard.

In preaching he depended, like the fathers, much on the divine influence. He knew it was "not by might or power, but by the Spirit of the Lord." He once took hold of the arm of Rev. Samuel Thomas, when he rose in the pulpit to preach, and whispered to him, "Feel for the power, feel for the power, brother." He often felt for the power himself, and when he obtained it he was a kind of moral Samson. When he did not he was like Samson shorn of his strength.

Speaking of his preaching in his journal, he characterized it according to the influence that accompanied the word. He would say "he was much assisted;" at another time, "had some life;" again, "found himself much shut up," "had some liberty in speaking," "I was assisted in preaching," "had enlargement of heart," "I had the presence of God in speaking," "had an open time," "a flat time," "but little liberty," "I had not freedom," "had a feeling time," "I had great assistance," "I had some light in preaching," "had but little life in speaking," "had a melting time."

I am a witness to the struggles, the sighs, the tears, the prayers of Bishop Asbury for divine influence, that he might wield with success the sword of the Spirit.

The bishop was peculiar in adapting his subjects to times and circumstances. When with him in Kentucky in 1810 there was a great drought, and Father Asbury preached from, "If the Lord shut up the heavens that it rain not," etc. Again, when showers were descending, he preached from, "As the rain cometh down from heaven," etc. To a company of women, he preached on the "duties of women professing godliness," or "Mary has chosen that good part." To soldiers, "And the soldiers came and inquired, And what shall we do?" etc. Preaching in a court-house, where there were lawyers and judges, and where one man had just been sentenced to death, he dwelt upon the solemnities of the final judgment -- the court from which there was no appeal -- from "knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men," etc. At a certain place where he was expected they announced him in the newspapers to preach on a special subject. He knew nothing of it before his arrival, and that was just before the service commenced. To their astonishment he read this text, "I speak not by commandment, but by reason of the forwardness of others, and to prove the sincerity of your love." I was often startled, when I heard him read his text and announce his theme, at his power of adaptation.

The bishop's lectures in families were full of instruction. He would dwell upon the domestic relations, that of husband and wife, parents and children, and the duties they owed to each other; on their deportment to each other and to their neighbors, and the duty of exemplifying the Christian character throughout; on family prayer, order, and cleanliness, which he always recommended as "next to godliness." Indeed the bishop was "instant in season and out of season." Like his Master, he "went about doing good," and lost no opportunity to benefit his race. I am sure he will get one blessing if no other: "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

In his public exercises -- in preaching, in administering the ordinances, in ordaining -- there was a peculiar solemnity. Those who heard him never forgot it. But sometimes in private circles he would unbend, and relate amusing incidents and laugh most heartily. He said "if he was

as grave as Bishop McKendree he should live but a short time." He would often indulge in a vein of innocent pleasantries. When engaged in business or study, however, he did not like to be interrupted, and he would sometimes appear a little short; and we cannot wonder when we remember the many interruptions to which he was subject.

He was fond of singing. He had a full base or organ-like voice, and would often set the tune in public worship, for choristers and choirs were scarce in those days; but if the people did not sing scientifically they sang in the spirit. The bishop sang as he walked the floor, and this he often did when in deep meditation. He was a great admirer of Charles Wesley's hymns, and not only loved to sing them, but esteemed them highly as a body of divinity.

He diligently read the Bible. He was in the practice of reading on the Sabbath the message to the seven Churches of Asia. He said it was revealed and written on the Lord's day, and it gave excellent counsel to the Churches. Stimulated by his example, I have been in the practice of doing the same thing for over fifty years: He was one of the best readers of the Scriptures I ever heard. There was solemnity and dignity in his manner, and correctness in his emphasis and accents.

He was often very laconic in his replies. In 1808, while traveling with him, in company with John Sale, in Ohio, we were just entering the prairies when we met a gentleman who abruptly inquired of the bishop, "Where are you from?" Mr. Asbury replied, "From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or almost any place you please." This was literally true. The man looked astonished and rode on, while Brother Sale and I smiled, but neither spoke, and the bishop was silent, and onward we pursued our journey.

He was a great redeemer of time. He knew its value, its brevity, its relation to eternity, therefore he kept that rule in the Discipline, "Be diligent; never be triflingly employed." He was a great scholar considering he was a self-taught man. He read Hebrew, and his Hebrew Bible was his constant companion. The bishop read a great many books while I was with him. The moment we were in the house, after having laid aside his saddle-bags and greeted the family, then he began to read and write.

Asbury studied medicine, which was a necessity both for his own benefit and that of others. He traveled in unsettled parts of the country, where the people were often sick, and medical aid at a great distance. He was often very successful in removing pain and healing diseases; sometimes he would doctor the landlords where we were entertained, for which he received many thanks.

He was remarkable for his temperate habits. One day a lady set a brandy bottle on the table, and he gave her a gentle reproof. Said she, "Bishop, it is good in its place." He removed it from the table and placed it in an old-fashioned cupboard, and closing the door, said, "Now it is in its place; let it remain there." Although a man of great courage, there were, he said, "two classes of men that he was afraid of: crazy men and drunken ones."

As we traveled on horseback we had to be careful not to be overburdened. The bishop used to say that the equipment of a Methodist minister consisted of a horse, saddle and bridle, one suit of clothes, a watch, a pocket Bible, and a hymn book. Anything else would be an incumbrance. I assure the reader our saddle-bags were stuffed full of clothing, medicine, books, journal, etc.; it

was astonishing how much we could crowd into them. He used to say, "Henry, we must study what we can do without." My old saddle-bags, on which I rode so many thousand miles with the bishop, I have carefully preserved. I think us much of them as the returned soldier does of his arms, which he has no more use for, but which remind him of former battles and victories. It used to be said that "Methodist ministers kept house in their saddle-bags."

Mr. Asbury's powers of endurance were great. If they had not been he would have fallen long before he did. Winter's cold and summer's heat he could endure. He was not afraid to set out in a storm, but would say, "Let us journey on, we are neither sugar nor salt; there is no danger of our melting." And yet I have no doubt but these exposures did his feeble constitution a vast injury.

He married a great many. Multitudes were baptized by him. In 1811, when traveling with him near Xenia, Ohio, we were kindly entertained by a family named Simpson, and Bishop Asbury baptized a little infant and called him Matthew. I little thought that infant, when grown to manhood, would become a bishop. His fame is now world-wide, and his praise in all our Churches. He dedicated many churches. Some were completed, some half done, and some had not the roof on. Some of them were called after his name. He did not approve of this, and called it folly; neither did Mr. Wesley like to have any building named after him. He drew up many plans for houses of worship, and in some instances secured sites for them. He was ever intent on good; and very solicitous that we should "stretch ourselves beyond ourselves."

The bishop was very fond of children, and they of him. They would run to meet him and then receive his blessing; they gathered around his knees and listened to his conversation. He would sometimes place them on his knee, and teach them the following lesson:

"Learn to read, and learn to pray;
Learn to work, and learn to obey."

Then he would show the benefit of learning these lessons. "Learn to read, to make you wise; learn to pray, to make you good; learn to work, to get your living; learn to obey, that you may be obeyed." One day we were approaching a house, and a little boy saw us coming. He ran in and said, "Mother, I want my face washed and a clean apron on, for Bishop Asbury is coming, and I am sure he will hug me up." The bishop loved to hug the children to his heart, which always beat with such pure affection toward them. In this respect he strikingly resembled his Master, and was a fine model for ministers to follow.

His conversational powers were great. He was full of interesting anecdotes, and could entertain people for hours. He could make himself at home in a splendid mansion or in the humblest cottage. His powers of observation were great; nothing escaped the notice of his piercing eye. He would refer to incidents that occurred when he passed through certain places such a year, and the changes that had taken place during his absence.

At times he appeared unsociable, for his mind was engrossed with his work. When traveling from Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1809, we came near pond. As we rode along nothing had been said for some time by either of us. The frogs were croaking, but as they heard the sound of our horses' feet they were still. I said, "Mr. Asbury, you see the very frogs respect us, for

they manifest it by their silence." Mr. Asbury laughed, and said, "O Henry, you are full of pleasantries." And the reverie being broken, he was very sociable as we rode along, and his conversation was full of interest. My object was to break the spell, and I succeeded.

He was very fond of horses, which he generally petted, and had names for them. One he sold to Bishop Whatcoat he called "Brunswick." Another was "Jane;" she was as fleet as a deer. Another was "Fox;" he was as cunning as his namesake, and a most beautiful animal. He took the bishop over the ground with great ease and rapidity; but he had one prominent failing, he would get frightened occasionally and start and run, and as the bishop did not consider him safe he disposed of him. The horses frequently broke down by such extensive traveling, and the bishop parted with them with a sigh, and sometimes with a tear. When we parted with one in Wyoming the bishop said, "He whinnied after us; it went right through my heart." The bishop was a good rider, and he looked well on horseback. When we remember how many thousands of miles he traveled on horseback annually we cannot wonder at this, if there is any truth in that old adage, "practice makes perfect." He always preferred riding on horseback, but there were times when he was so infirm he was obliged to ride in a buggy.

Bishop Asbury had his favorite stopping places where he felt the most at home: among others, at Governor Bassett's, of Dover, Delaware; Mrs. Dickins', Baltimore; Harry Gough's, Perry Hall; Mrs. Mills', Widow Grice's, and George Suckley's, New York City; Bishop Sherwood's, Governor Van Cortland's, Freeborn Garrettson's, Rhinebeck; Father Bemis', at Waltham; Father and Mother Boehm's; John Renshall's and Thomas Cooper's, Pittsburgh; further west, Dr. Tiffin's, Governor Worthington's, Philip Gatch's, Peter Pelham's, White Brown's; in the South, General Rumph's, James Rembert's, and others. Many others might be named, but space fails. These homes were indeed the pilgrim's rest. They were like an oasis in the desert. What hearty greetings and welcomes have I seen the bishop receive. But the reader must not infer he always put up in palaces. Cottages, log-houses, huts, dirt, filth, fleas, bed-bugs, hard beds, hard fare, these the bishop was familiar with, and so was his traveling companion.

The bishop was often in perils: perils on the land, perils on the water, perils among false brethren. I have often wondered that he was not suddenly removed when I think of the many hairbreadth escapes he had. We often rode at night over rough stony roads and stumps, where it was exceedingly dangerous; sometimes on the side of a mountain near a river, under such circumstances that a few feet, or even a few inches, would have been sudden destruction; sometimes when it was so dark I had to go before to feel the way and lead the horse. Several times he was in danger by his horses running away, or by their sudden starting, then by the upsetting of his carriage. This happened several times and in dangerous places, and yet he was almost miraculously preserved; not a bone was broken. He was often in danger in crossing the rivers and streams, to say nothing of swimming horses or crossing over on logs and trees, where, if he fell off, he would be greatly injured, but particularly in crossing the ferries. He often crossed in "old flats," and "scows," and canoes, with horses, and sometimes wagons. Many of these boats were old and leaky, and sometimes poorly manned, and at other times unmanageable. We often waited for hours, and even days, at a ferry. The streams would be swollen and dangerous, and we had to wait till the water fell. When we remember that the bishop crossed the highest mountains, the widest and most rapid rivers, at all seasons of the year, we can estimate the danger to which he was exposed. Twice he was in great danger of being drowned. But he hardly mentions the perils to

which he was exposed. None of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.

Bishop Asbury has been represented as rough, unfeeling, harsh, and stoical. Those who make such assertions are entirely ignorant of his character, and do great injustice to one of the noblest men that ever blessed the Church or the world. I grant he had rather a rough exterior, that he was sometimes stern; but under that roughness and sternness of manner beat a heart as feeling as ever dwelt in human bosom. The bishop was "born to command," and he had a commanding way with him; but he was as far from being a tyrant as possible, and yet I have heard him accused of tyranny by those who never knew him. If he injured the feelings of a brother he would encircle him in his arms and ask his forgiveness. Here was true manliness, genuine greatness, real dignity. This I have known him to do to a brother when convinced he was in error.

Bishop Asbury stoical! See his sympathy for the suffering. Look at him with his mite subscription -- always heading it himself -- to raise money for necessitous cases among the preachers; see him wandering among the tombs and weeping at the graves of his friends; visiting the widow and the fatherless and weeping with them, and commending the one to the widow's husband, the other to the orphan's father. He used frequently to mention his mother, and as he did so the tear would fill his blue eye. At one time he thought of her coming to America, but concluded it would not be best. His correspondence with her was very frequent. Out of his small salary he sent money to supply the wants of his parents before his father died, and then afterward to his mother when she was left a widow. In a letter to his mother he says, "My salary is £14: 10s. sterling, [sixty-four dollars.] I have sold my watch and library, and would sell my shirt before you should want." He added, "The contents of a small saddlebag will do for me, and one coat a year." He also made arrangement with Richard Whatcoat that if he died first Mr. Whatcoat was to see the wants of Mrs. Asbury supplied. What an example of filial regard!

There are many reasons why he did not marry he has assigned them in his journal; but he always believed every man should support one woman. He maintained his mother while she lived, and then the widow of John Dickins. He not only supported Mrs. Dickins while he lived, but left provision in his will that she be paid eighty dollars a year till her death. This sum I paid her annually, as his executor, till she died.

It is needless to say that Bishop Asbury was a true patriot. Though he loved the land of his birth, yet he loved most ardently the land of his adoption. He showed this by remaining here when the other English preachers returned home. He loved [George] Washington and the constitution of this country. When I was with him in Canada he said to me, "England always had the wrong foot foremost in regard to America." This country is under great obligations to Francis Asbury: he accomplished for her a mighty work, and yet not one of our historians name him.

The bishop was well known on most of the great thoroughfares in the country, and to most of the landlords and public houses. They seemed to reverence his age, his office, and his character. On one of his western tours we came to a small tavern where there was quite a gathering. The company were noisy and profane, and it seemed as if we should get no sleep that night. When the hour came at which the bishop wished to retire, he went to the landlord and proposed having

prayer. The landlord said, "My house is at your service, sir." Then the bishop said, "Gentlemen, we are going to have prayer, and should be happy if you would join us." His manner, as well as his patriarchal appearance, pleased them; and after prayer they soon retired, and left us to sleep sweetly till morning undisturbed. This had a better effect than severe reproof. Indeed it was reproof of the most effectual kind.

The bishop was a man of universal philanthropy. Wherever there was a door open for doing good he entered it. Passing through Ohio, we came to a place where the cow of a widow woman was about to be sold for debt. The bishop's heart was touched, and he was determined the widow's cow should not be sold. He said, "It must not be;" and giving something himself, he solicited money from others who were present, till in a few minutes sufficient was raised to satisfy the claim against her. The widow expressed her gratitude not only with words but tears as she started to drive her cow home. I have named this to show what kind of a heart beat in his bosom; that, like his Master, he went about doing good.

His benevolence was unbounded; selfishness had no place in his soul. He would divide his last dollar with a Methodist preacher. He had considerable money given him. Brother Rembert, at Black River settlement, South Carolina, frequently gave him one hundred dollars, and others gave him considerable sums. He was restless till it was gone, so anxious was he to do good with it. I was the treasurer. He would give most of it away at the next conference for the most necessitous cases, reserving only enough for our traveling expenses.

Bishop Asbury felt a deep interest in the welfare of the preachers, many of whom in those days received but a miserable pittance for their support. While I was with him he started the "mite subscription." For this he collected during his tours and carried the money to the conference, to be distributed among the most necessitous cases. His last "mite subscription" list is now before me. The preface, which is printed, sets forth that "some of the annual conferences pay but thirty-one dollars to the unmarried and sixty-two to the married preachers, and the children are generally excluded from receiving anything in the settlement." Can we wonder that under such circumstances so many of our early preachers located, and their services were in great measure lost to the Church? This document is dated April 1, 1815, and signed Francis Asbury. His name and that of his last traveling companion are found in the list of subscribers, which contains the autographs of some of the prominent men and women of Methodism in that day, as well as many persons who were not connected with our Church. Among others are those of Richard Channing Moore, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia; General Pierre Van Cortlandt, of New York; Governors Worthington and Tiffin, of Ohio. The latest names on the list were from Richmond, Virginia, where the bishop preached his last sermon. [44]

Of the moneys he collected that year he paid to the New York Conference \$135.99, and the receipt is in the book of the conference stewards, signed Samuel Merwin, Phineas Rice, and Thomas Drummond. The receipt of \$50.27 from the mite subscription, and the donation of one hundred dollars, which was paid over by J. W. Bond, is acknowledged by Daniel Filmore, John Lindsay, and Jacob Sanborn, stewards of the New England Conference, on June 2, 1815. A note is added, that the New England Conference "not being able to raise the salaries of the preachers," paid "only thirty-one dollars to the single and sixty-two to the married preachers, and children in proportion."

Marcus Lindsey, John Dew, and Thomas D. Porter, of the Ohio Conference, acknowledged the receipt of \$192 from the mite subscription this year. They also record "that all the children of the married traveling preachers who received nothing from the districts or circuits, received ten dollars apiece from Bishop Asbury's mite Subscription." The salaries in this conference were better than in the East, for the single preachers received sixty-nine dollars and the married one hundred and thirty-eight. The stewards of Tennessee Conference gave, on October 27, their receipt for \$267.06 "from the mite subscription," and added that the married preachers received one hundred and ten dollars and the single fifty-five; and that the mite subscription for the benefit of the children, being one hundred dollars, enabled them to give ten dollars to each child. According to this, all the children of Methodist preachers in the Tennessee Conference in 1815 numbered but ten.

The last receipt is that of the Virginia Conference, for the sum of \$95.31. This conference met in January, 1816, and was the last that Bishop Asbury attended. He was then reduced almost to a skeleton, and in about two months after he ended both his labor and his life.

Thank God, a brighter day has since dawned on the Church; and though our ministers have even now no superabundance of this world's goods, it is at least no longer needful that our bishops should beg from house to house to collect "mites" that the preachers might be able to keep soul and body together.

The bishop had commenced his "mite subscription" for the next year with enlarged views. The prelude, which is dated January 1, 1816, and signed Francis Asbury, sets forth that the design was not only to equalize the salaries of the preachers, to relieve the most necessitous, and to provide for the children, but also "to enable us to send out German, French, and Spanish missionaries." This was two years before the formation of our Missionary Society. Like John Wesley, Bishop Asbury was constantly in advance of his age.

For five years I not only traveled with the venerable Asbury, but slept with him. [45] When he was quite ill I would wrap myself in my blanket and lie down on the floor beside the bed and watch till I heard him call "Henry," and then I would rise and minister to his wants. Being so feeble he needed a great deal of attention. Many times have I taken him from his horse and carried him in my arms into private houses and meeting-houses, where he would sit down, and expound the word of life to the astonishment of all who heard him. I also carried him from the houses and placed him upon his horse. He often preached sitting down, not so much in imitation of his Lord, but because he was unable to stand up.

Bishop Asbury possessed more deadness to the world, more of a self-sacrificing spirit, more of the spirit of prayer, [46] of Christian enterprise, of labor, and of benevolence, than any other man I ever knew. He was the most unselfish being I was ever acquainted with. Bishop Whatcoat I loved, Bishop McKendree I admired, Bishop Asbury I venerated.

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During the summer of 1816 I held several campmeetings that were greatly honored of God. The fourth was in Hillsborough, Maryland. It commenced the 22d of August. Jesse Lee preached the second sermon from 1 Peter ii, 5, on the lively stones and the spiritual house. I wrote: "He preached with life and power, and many of the people were much refreshed and built up in the faith of the Gospel." Some of his illustrations were very quaint. He said, "If you cannot be a stone in the building you may be a nail to hold on a shingle." He preached again on "Grow in grace." In announcing his subject he said, "In the last verse of the last chapter of the last Epistle of Peter you may find my text, and this may be my last sermon." And so it proved. That voice which had rung through so many groves, offering salvation to the lost, was then heard for the last time. He who introduced camp-meetings into the East fell at one of them sword in hand. He had been taken sick the day before, and he suffered much while delivering this his last message. After preaching he was removed to the house of Brother Henry D. Sellers, brother-in-law of Bishop Emory. [47] Brother Sellers and his wife were at this time summoned to Baltimore to see a son who was very sick. They reluctantly left home when Brother Lee was so ill, but yielded to the prior claims of a dying son. They left word to have everything possible done for the comfort of the sick man. While absent they buried their son, and when they returned home found Jesse Lee in his grave.

The camp-meeting was one of great power and interest. God honored his word, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord. On Tuesday we parted till we pitch our tents in the groves of Paradise. Then I went to attend to our beloved Brother Lee.

Before he left Annapolis Mr. Lee knocked off a little skin from his leg. He thought nothing of it at the time, but it became inflamed, and he had quite a fever. He grew worse and worse till mortification took place, and death came to his relief. On Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, while we were praying with him, the room was filled with glory. He was graciously visited by the Lord, and broke out in ecstasies, "Glory, Glory, Jesus reigns! heaven is just before me!"

The next day he was "filled with the Spirit," so that he shouted the praises of God. He had said but little during the early part of his sickness; but now heaven was opened and glory revealed. All present were deeply affected, and felt it a hallowed place. He suffered intensely, but grace triumphed over pain of body.

On Wednesday strong symptoms of dissolution appeared, and the doctor was frank and told him he might not live twelve hours. This did not at all alarm him. He shouted aloud the praises of God, and deliberately set his house in order. He wished me to write to his brother Ned, and tell him he "died happy." He also said, "Give my respects to Bishop McKendree; tell him that I die in love with all the preachers, and that he lives in my heart." Then he bade all present farewell and requested us to pray. We did so. It was a solemn hour and place. On Thursday he lost the power of speech, but retained his reason and gave signs that all was well. In the evening, at half past seven, the great and good man fell asleep.

I watched over him nearly two weeks; he would not allow me to leave him. I went down stairs to shave one day, and he was very uneasy, and sent two or three messengers for me before I could finish. He had an idea that no other person could do as well for him, therefore he constantly looked for me. I hardly took off my clothes day or night for nearly two weeks, he needed such

constant attention. The family being absent, the great care fell upon me. He said to me, "Brother Boehm, when I die I wish you to close my eyes." I did so. I placed the muffler about his face and laid him out, and put his shroud upon him. I helped place him in his coffin, then committed his remains to the grave, and performed the funeral service. We buried him in the family burying-ground of Father Henry Downs.

Two days after, while I was absent, some brethren came from Baltimore and disinterred the remains and removed them to that city, and laid him to rest in the old Methodist burying-ground. He was taken sick the 24th of August, and died the 12th of September, 1816.

I complied with his dying request, sending his final messages to those he loved. I wrote to his brother Edward, (father of Rev. Leroy M. Lee,) who lived at Petersburg, and gave him the particulars of Jesse's illness and death. I also wrote to Bishop McKendree, giving him the message of the dying minister as well as the particulars of his last sickness and death. This account was given in Jesse Lee's obituary in the Minutes, with my name connected with it. In Dr. Bangs' History of Methodism, and Leroy M. Lee's life of his uncle, my name is omitted. They could have had no correct description of his last days and hours unless I had furnished it.

I must conclude this chapter by noticing his character. My own opinion is that injustice has been done to the name and fame of Jesse Lee. I was acquainted with him for many years. He was at my father's in 1799. I saw him at the General Conference of 1800, 1808, and 1812; also at the Annual Conferences and at camp-meetings. Mr. Lee was one of the most efficient and useful men we ever had. Like Paul, he was "in labors more abundant."

He was shrewd, witty, and ready at repartee. There are those who think he was nothing but a bundle of fun; that this was the element in which he moved; and that he considered a rich joke a means of grace. Such have altogether mistaken his character. Mr. Lee had a rich vein of spiritual wit, he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, he knew how to answer a fool according to his folly; but he made his wit subservient to the cause of truth and to silence cavilers. He had "higher excellences than wit, holier instincts than mirth." He made great sacrifices, and devoted his life to the promotion of the cause of truth.

Jesse Lee was an excellent preacher. I must have heard him thirty times. He exhibited great wisdom in the selection of his texts. In General and Annual Conferences he was a prominent man. He was an able debater, and those who encountered him found they were grappling with a giant. At the General Conference of 1800 he came near being elected bishop. He was worthy of the Episcopal office, and doubtless would have filled it with honor to himself and benefit to the Church. Some one told him he would have been elected if he had been sufficiently grave. Said he, "Would it not have been premature to assume the gravity of the office previous to my election?"

As the apostle of Methodism in the East he can never be forgotten. He was the pioneer of a noble army of Methodist preachers who have revolutionized New England and New England theology. All over its hills and valleys he has written his name in characters that will be read by succeeding generations until the end of time. As the first historian of American Methodism he will ever be remembered. His work is valuable as a repository of facts to which his successors have all been largely indebted. He achieved many triumphs, but the greatest of all was his victory over "the last enemy."

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

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41 -- CHESAPEAKE DISTRICT -- TOURS WITH BISHOPS GEORGE AND MCKENDREE

At the conference held in Philadelphia in April, 1817, I was appointed presiding elder of Chesapeake District.

It was my privilege to take short tours with other bishops besides Asbury. Bishop McKendree was always a great friend of mine, and at his request I went with him several times to visit the Churches.

On the 30th of June we went to Wilmington, Delaware; from that to Chestertown, where he preached on Sunday from Jer. v, 25. At Centerville he preached from Isaiah lxvi, 3-5, "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man," etc. It was a most singular text, but he showed himself a workman in its exposition. He dwelt upon man's agency and his responsibility, thus clearing the eternal throne and justifying the ways of God to man. Both Asbury and McKendree frequently took long texts. Their preaching was generally of the expository kind; they never took a text for a motto. From thence we went to Baltimore, and visited the Churches, and I heard him preach in Light Street, Oldtown, and Eutaw. After spending fifteen days with the bishop, I returned to my district and held several camp-meetings. The first was in Camden, in July. The converts were numerous, and at the close of the meeting I baptized one hundred. In those days we not only cut down the grain, but we shocked up immediately. Three meetings at other places followed in quick succession, so that we held four campmeetings in less than a month.

In October, at the request of Bishop George, I took a ministerial tour with him. He preached on Thursday at Salem from Isaiah xl, 31, on waiting on the Lord and its advantages; a theme that well suited him. On Friday he preached at Asbury Chapel, and on Saturday at Union, from Psalm xxxiv, 19, on the afflictions of the righteous and their deliverance. It was a sermon full of consolation. On Sunday he preached from Matt. xxv, 59, on the measure of man's responsibility, and the next day on watching, from Luke xxi, 36; on Tuesday in Wesley Chapel, Dover, from John ii, 17; on Wednesday at Barratt's Chapel, from 1 Peter i, 5; on Thursday at Milford, from 1 Peter iii, 15; on Sunday at Johnstown, from I Cor. vi, 19, 20; on Monday at Concord, from John xii, 26; and on Tuesday at the Line Chapel, from 2 Cor. vi, 2.

Then we went to Snow Hill and were the guests of Samuel Porter, father of John S. Porter. Bishop George preached here on Sunday from Eph. iii, 20, 21, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly," etc. This glorious doxology he expounded in a manner delightfully sweet. Thence we went to Potato Neck and put up with Francis Waters, father of Dr. Waters, and Mrs. Freeborn Garrettson, of Rhinebeck. At Princess Anne the bishop preached on "patient continuance in we[" doing;" and on Sunday, at Salisbury, from 1 John v, 4, on Faith and its victories. Thence

we went to Cambridge, where we both preached, and were kindly entertained by Dr. Edward White. At Easton, the bishop preached on "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and next day, at the Trappe, from 1 Thess. v, 6, "Therefore let us not sleep," etc. On Saturday and Sunday we held a quarterly meeting at St. Michael's. We had a charming love-feast, after which the bishop preached from John v, 6, "Wilt thou be made whole?" On Tuesday he preached at Centerville from John v, 36.

Next Saturday we held a quarterly meeting at Hynson's Chapel. There was a serious difficulty between some of the official men and the society about temporal matters. There had been a trial before a committee, which resulted very unsatisfactorily, and they had appealed to the Quarterly Conference, and if its decision did not please them they threatened to go to law. The bishop, who was a great peacemaker, got the parties together and reasoned with them. He wept, and so did they.

There were mutual confessions, and they asked forgiveness of each other. The difficulty from which we had so much to fear was settled honorably and forever. His visit to that part of the Peninsula was made a great blessing, for "Zion became a quiet habitation." On Sunday morning we had a lovefeast indeed, after which the bishop preached from Hosea xiv, 9, "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things," etc.

Reluctantly I parted with the much-loved superintendent after spending six weeks with him, enjoying his society every day and listening to twenty sermons from him, besides exhortations and lectures in societies and families. I traveled with him through the heart of the Peninsula, and was with him from the 25th of October till the 5th of December. It was his first tour through the Peninsula, and everywhere he was hailed with joy as a worthy successor of the apostolic Asbury.

Bishop George was a short, stout man. His chest was large, and this enabled him to speak so easily. His face was bronzed, owing to exposure; but it was intelligent, and expressive of benignity. His dress was plain and careless, and his hair was coarse and thick and parted in the middle. He had quite a patriarchal appearance. His voice was peculiar for strength and melody. As a preacher, he was surpassingly eloquent. He had unusual power over his audience, and he took them captive at his will. At times he was perfectly irresistible. He was well acquainted with the springs of the human heart, and knew how to touch them. I must have heard him preach fifty times. It is probable there is not a man living who has heard him as often as myself.

As a presiding officer he did not excel. He had not the administrative talents of Asbury, McKendree, or Roberts. He was a good companion where he was well acquainted, full of anecdotes; but he was diffident and avoided company, and had a perfect abhorrence of being questioned. He was very powerful in prayer. He would rise in the night, and putting his cloak around him, spend whole hours on his knees wrestling with the angel of the covenant.

He would never permit any to take his likeness; he said "he did not like to have his image sold for three cents when he was dead and gone." He died suddenly at Staunton, Virginia, August 33, 1838. It is as true of him as of the patriarch whose name he bore, he "walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

This year, 1818, was in many respects the most memorable year of my life. Not believing in the celibacy of the clergy, on the 15th of January I was married to Sarah Hill, the step-daughter of Thomas Dodson. He resided in Kent County, Maryland, below Chestertown. He had been a traveling preacher for some years, but had located. She was a most estimable woman, and I found her a helpmeet indeed. We had four children, who are all living. My wife died in holy, triumph the 26th of August, 1853, and was buried in the church-yard at Woodrow, Staten Island, where I expect soon to sleep myself. Her memoir was written by Rev. Joseph Holdich, who had been well acquainted with her from the time he entered the traveling connection in 1822 to the close of her pilgrimage.

On the 22d of April, 1818, our conference was held in Philadelphia. Bishops George and Roberts were both present. I was reappointed to the Chesapeake District. It was a year of great prosperity. I have a record of every day. We had powerful camp and quarterly meetings, which were greatly honored of God, and multitudes were converted. I traveled this year two thousand six hundred miles to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

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42 -- DELAWARE DISTRICT, 1819-21 -- THOMAS AND EDWARD WHITE -- JOSHUA THOMAS -- CIRCUITS

In 1819 our conference commenced its session in Philadelphia on the 19th of April. Bishop Roberts presided. Bishop McKendree was too ill to attend. During the session Bishop Roberts dedicated the Ebenezer Church.

I was appointed to the Delaware District. William Bishop was my predecessor. He was an odd, eccentric man, the Billy Hibbard of the Philadelphia Conference. When he rose to speak in conference the brethren would smile in advance, expecting some strokes of wit or shrewd expression. In representing a brother on his district he said, "He appears to be tired of everything but rest." The character of the brother was so well known, and he hit so capital, that the whole conference was convulsed with laughter. However, he was a good preacher, and, notwithstanding his eccentricities, had the confidence of his superintendents and of his brethren in the ministry.

Delaware District included much of the ground I had traveled years before. Many camp-meetings were held this year. I can name but one. It was held on the Tangier Islands the last week of August. I went with Francis Watters in his boat. We preached one sermon, and then we had the most awful storm I ever beheld. The island was bleak, the waves dashed against it, and the winds blew over it. The tents were blown down and trees were prostrated; the water rose to a prodigious height, and we feared the island would be submerged. Notwithstanding the storm, many were converted to God.

In 1820 our conference was held in Smyrna, Delaware, commencing on April 15. Bishop George presided. On Sunday he preached an ordination sermon from Phil. iii, 13, 14, on the course Paul pursued to obtain the prize. The unction of the mighty one rested on him and his audience.

Four were received into full connection: Charles Pitman, James Long, Samuel Grace, and William Wright. Brother Long was a simple-hearted Irishman, who preached the pure Gospel. Charles Pitman had a noble frame, a massive brow, an expressive eye, and a voice as deep-toned as an organ. No man ever did more for Methodism in new Jersey than he. Bishop Hedding, no mean judge, considered him the greatest pulpit orator he had ever heard.

We held several camp-meetings this year. One was at the Tangier Islands. The weather was fine, contrasting agreeably with the terrible storm we had the year before.

In April, 1821, our conference met in Milford, Delaware, where I was residing. Bishop George, Freeborn Garrettson, and Ezekiel Cooper were my guests. When dining one day Mr. Garrettson inquired, "Where did you find this little woman?" speaking of Mrs. Boehm. I answered, "On the Eastern Shore of Maryland." He smiled and seemed to be much pleased, as it was the scene of his early trials and triumphs.

I was reappointed to the Delaware District. We this year held another camp-meeting on the Tangier Islands, which was even more successful than the preceding ones.

Thomas and Edward White are names very dear to American Methodists. Thomas has a conspicuous place in the early annals of our Church, while Edward's name is scarcely known, and yet he was in Christ before his uncle, and was the cause of his uniting with the Methodists.

Dr. Edward White formerly lived in Kent County, Maryland, near his Uncle Thomas, but he removed to Cambridge, Maryland, in 1799. I became acquainted with in 1800, and for years his house was my home. He was my physician in sickness, my counselor in perplexity, my faithful friend. Bishop Asbury loved him tenderly, called him "Dear Edward White," and says "he had known and followed the Methodists since 1778." He was much beloved and esteemed, a pillar in our Church, and his house was a home for all the bishops and all the ministers of Jesus. He was a large fleshy man, with a good understanding and an intelligent countenance. His wife was a most estimable woman.

He was the means of leading Joseph Everett to the Methodists. Everett joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1781, and was a mighty man in our Israel. He went from Dr. White's to travel, and when he broke down he returned to the doctor's to spend the evening of life and to die. There I used to see the old soldier and hear him talk of former conflicts and triumphs. His first circuit was Dorchester, and in Dorchester he died.

The last time I was at Dr. White's was in 1822. He was then "in age and feebleness extreme." The strong man was bowing himself. He went years ago to join Asbury and Everett and his Uncle Thomas, "where no friend goes out or enemy comes in."

Joshua Thomas resided on one of the Tangier Islands, (a group in Chesapeake Bay,) and was called "The Parson of the Islands." He was a local preacher, a man of great notoriety and influence, especially among the Islanders. I was acquainted with him several years, having been to his island home and sailed with him in his boat, which he called "The Methodist."

I often met Jaim at camp and quarterly meetings, and heard him preach and exhort and relate his Christian experience with great effect. He was perfectly artless, a child of nature. He never tried to be anybody but Joshua Thomas.

During the war with England, in 1815, twelve thousand British soldiers encamped on Joshua's island. Both the officers and men admired him, and called him "Parson Thomas."

He raised vegetables on the Island and fished in the waters of the Chesapeake. He had an impediment in his speech. He told me that when the British fleet lay in the Bay the officers sent for him on board the admiral's ship. They had heard he stuttered when talking on worldly business and not when he was preaching, and they did not believe this could be possible. He did not know why they had sent for him, but he obeyed the summons and was taken on board the admiral's ship and into the cabin, where he saw the officers of several ships. They said they wished him to preach to them. He was perfectly astonished, but believing it his duty to be "instant in season and out of season," he took his text and commenced his discourse. He was a little embarrassed at first, and stated that he was unlearned and they were men of cultivated minds; but as he proceeded he gathered confidence and strength, and preached to them just as he would have done to the sinners on the islands. He showed them that notwithstanding their learning, talents, and position, if they neglected the condition of salvation they would be lost and damned with common sinners, and find one common hell. He did not stutter once while he delivered his faithful message, and the officers listened to him with great attention.

At the conclusion of the discourse one of the officers inquired, "Parson Thomas, can you tell us for what reason President Madison declared war against England?" Then he stuttered exceedingly, and it was some time before he could get the answer out. He began, "Tut -- tut -- tut -- tut -- tut -- tut -- tut -- tut," and after various efforts said, "I was not in his cabinet, and therefore I cannot answer."

The following incidents will still further illustrate his influence with the British officers. Some of the soldiers were cutting down some large pine trees which furnished a beautiful shade, under which large camp-meetings had been held. Parson Thomas went to the commanding officer, told him what the soldiers were doing, and expostulated against it. He said that grove was their house of worship, and to destroy the trees was to destroy God's house His appeal was irresistible. The trees were spared, and for years the grove continued to be a place of worship.

Just before the British made their attack on Baltimore, Parson Thomas, at their request, preached to them on the island. He was as true a patriot as Joshua of old, whose name he bore. He gave the following account of the sermon he preached: The old camp-ground was the center of the British camp. The soldiers were drawn up in solid column under the pine trees. Mr. Thomas occupied a stand; all the Soldiers were before him, and on his right and left were the British officers." He determined to clear his skirts of their blood; if they wished to hear him they should have a faithful warning. He did not know but his plainness might give offense and cause him to fall a sacrifice. Singing and prayer, however, quieted his fears, and put his soul in frame for the occasion. He faithfully warned the British of the unholiness of their cause, of the wickedness of killing their fellow-men. He told them he had heard they were going to Baltimore to take that city; but, said he, "you cannot take Baltimore; if you attempt to you will not succeed; and you had better

prepare to die." Both officers and soldiers were very attentive. They admired his patriotism, his honesty, his simplicity. Soon after that memorable meeting the British made their attack on Baltimore, and Parson Thomas' prediction was fulfilled to the letter.

As he saw the British returning, Parson Thomas went down to the shore to meet them, and the first inquiry he made of the officers was, " Have you taken Baltimore?" They mournfully answered, " No. It turned out just as you told us the Sunday before we left. The battle was bloody. Hundreds of our men were slain, our general also; and all the time we were fighting in the field we thought of what you told us, 'You cannot take Baltimore.' "

Here we see the true character of the man. Though he did not possess the talents, he had the boldness of Luther or John Knox; and such was his good common sense and his simplicity of character that he retained the confidence of the British while they continued on the island.

I must abridge my narrative or it will swell to volumes. In 1823 I was on Lancaster Circuit. Joseph Holdich was my colleague. It was his first circuit. He was young but studious, and then gave promise of the future man. My mother died in November of that year, and was buried beside my father. I was returned to the circuit the following year.

In 1824-5 I was upon old Chester Circuit; in 1826-7, Strasburgh; in 1828-9, Burlington Circuit, N. J. Rev. Charles Pitman was my presiding elder. He was then in the days of his glory. In 1830-31 I was at Pemberton; in 1832 at Bargaintown; in 1833, at Tuckerton; in 1834, New Egypt; in 1835-6 I had the whole of Staten Island for my circuit. For fourteen years I was on circuits after I left the districts. I have a full record of men, and thrilling scenes, and glorious revivals, but have not space even to name my colleagues or their characteristics.

Methodism was introduced into Staten Island very early by Francis Asbury, before he preached in New York. I was with him on the island in 1809. When I was stationed on Staten Island there were two hundred and seventy-eight members; now there are one thousand one hundred and forty-nine, and instead of one preacher we have seven. Having been many years in the work, at the close of the two years on Staten Island I took a supernumerary relation. I bought me a little place on the island, where I lived for many years, till death invaded my dwelling and laid my loved one low. In 1837 the Philadelphia Conference was divided and I fell into the New Jersey, and then by a subsequent division into the Newark Conference.

I have preached in all parts of the island; have married many, and buried many of the dead. In great harmony I have lived with all the friends of Jesus. I was a member of the General Conference in 1832, and was present at the memorable conference in 1844 when our Church was divided. I had much to do with laying the foundation of German Methodism in New York. By both preachers and the laity I have ever been treated with the utmost kindness. Many of them I should like to notice but have no space, but their names are in the book of life.

* * * * *

Many years had passed away since I had seen the home of my childhood, and my advanced age admonish me that I must do so soon or never. On February 15, 1856, I left my home on Staten Island and went to Pemberton, N. J. For four years Pemberton was my residence. I was glad to see my old friends, and preached for them twice. Thence I went to Mount Holly, a place of rare beauty. Here lived my old friend, Judge Monroe, father of Rev. Samuel Y. Monroe.

Reaching Camden, I found it greatly changed since I first saw it. Then there was only a ferry-house, now a large city with three flourishing Methodist Churches. A few years ago I preached the half century sermon of the introduction of Methodism in Camden. By request it was published,

I hastened on to Lancaster, where I was heartily welcomed by John Boehm's widow. He was my nephew, and yet we were about the same age, were converted at the same time, and were life-time friends. He did much for Methodism in Lancaster and Lancaster County. I spent several weeks in the vicinity visiting old friends and preaching the Gospel. There was quite a contrast to the state of things in 1805, when I preached there on a butcher's block in the market.

To my great joy I found Philip Benedict and his wife living. It was in their house I formed the first class in 1807. We talked over the early struggles and triumphs of Methodism in Lancaster. He was eighty-four years old, his wife about the same age. The Church in Lancaster is greatly indebted to this old patriarch and his excellent wife.

I went to Little Britain, twenty-two miles from Lancaster, celebrated as the birthplace of Robert Fulton. The old homestead where he was born was still standing. What gave it additional interest to me was, that there, in 1814, I formed the first Methodist class in the town. We have now a fine society and a beautiful church edifice.

I went to Columbia, and was the guest of Abraham Brunner, son of Owen. Here I met Alfred Cookman, who had married into the family, and his children are the fifth generation that I have preached to in this family. I went to the old Boehm's Chapel and the old house where I was born. My eye lighted upon the place in the gallery where in 1798 I gave my heart to God. Well did I exclaim,

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God," etc.

What sermons had I heard in that chapel! The venerable forms of Asbury, Whatcoat, McKendree, and others I had heard preach came up before me. It was Easter Sabbath, and I preached on the resurrection of Jesus. It was forty-four years that day since my father died. From the window I could see his grave and those of my mother and the other loved ones. My mind went forward to the time when the sleepers should awake at the sound of the trump and rise to life immortal.

My feelings well nigh overcame me. The friends of my youth were gone. There were none of my name remaining in that neighborhood. Generations had passed away, new ones had risen that knew me not. I wandered among the tombs in the old burying ground, then bade adieu to the old

grave-yard, to the old chapel, to the old homestead, hallowed by so many pleasing recollections, exclaiming,

"Farewell to the home of my birth,
To the scenes which I cannot but love,
To the nearest and dearest on earth,
Till we meet in the mansions above."

On my return I visited the Philadelphia Conference, then sitting in Trinity Church, Philadelphia. I had not attended it for twenty years, and had long desired to see it once more. Bishop Waugh presided, and at his request I made an address. I contrasted the past with the present. I told them not one remained who had belonged to the conference when I joined it. I always loved the Philadelphia Conference: within its bounds I was born, converted, licensed to preach, and ordained; with them I had spent my youth and the prime of my manhood; here I had toiled the hardest and had the greatest success; here were the scenes of my trials and triumphs, and within its bounds I was married and my children born. I never belonged to any other, the New Jersey and Newark Conferences being portions of the Philadelphia Conference when I joined it. I bade farewell to the Philadelphia brethren and returned to my island home after an absence of two months.

On my return home I attended the New Jersey Conference in Broad Street Chapel, Newark. How strangely this magnificent edifice contrasted with Boehm's Chapel! and what a change in Newark since I visited it with Bishop Asbury in 1809, when we had no house of worship there, and Richard Leaycraft, who had moved from New York, was the only one to entertain the itinerants!

Having relatives in Ohio whom I had not seen for nearly half a century, I concluded, though over fourscore, to visit them. In January, 1859, I went to Baltimore, where I had not been for forty-two years. We received a hearty welcome from Dr. Roberts, the distinguished Methodist antiquarian and father of the Methodist Historical Society. Multitudes are the relics he has preserved, which will enrich the history of our Church in future years.

Most of my old friends in Baltimore were dead; only a few recognized me. I went to Mount Olivet Cemetery, where sleep the remains of Bishops Asbury, George, Emory, and Waugh. Standing by the grave of the first the image of the patriarch came up before me, and I vainly attempted to keep back the tears that rolled down my cheeks. The other bishops also I had known intimately. Two of them were much younger than myself, and I was present when they were received into the conference.

My next visit was to "Pilgrim's Rest," to see my old friend and brother, Rev. Henry Smith. We had known each other half a century. He was one of the purest and best men that I ever knew. I had a charming visit with him, and when reviewing the past we lived over a great many years in a few hours. He was over ninety, and had been in the ministry sixty-five years. We prayed and wept together, and then we parted to meet in the "Pilgrim's Rest" on the other side of Jordan. He has since entered there.

Leaving Baltimore for Ohio, we crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and then went over the Alleghenies. Rushing over in the cars was very different from the slow manner Bishop Asbury and I crawled over them forty-seven years before. I could not help wondering what the bishop would think if he could return and go over them as we do now, the contrast is so great in ease, comfort, and saving of time. Towns, cities, and states have been born since that time we went to Zanesville.

Cincinnati was so changed that I could scarcely recognize in the Queen City of the West the little village I had visited nearly fifty years before; but when I beheld the Licking River everything came to my mind, and I began to feel quite at home. When with Bishop Asbury we put up with Brother Lines, all excellent local preacher. I was pleased to see two of his daughters, Mrs. Widow Smith and the wife of Doctor Phillips. Edward Sargent, son of my old friend, Rev. Thomas F. Sargent, married a daughter of Widow Smith. In the society of these friends I took great delight.

Not only had the city grown immensely, but Methodism also. At the time of my former visit there was only one Methodist church edifice, "The Stone Chapel;" that had given way to a noble structure, "Wesley Chapel," and had become also the mother of a large and healthy family of children, most of them named after bishops or other prominent ministers, as Asbury Chapel, McKendree, Morris, Raper, Christie, Finlay, etc. Then the large Book Concern with its Western Christian Advocate, ladies' Repository, and other widely circulated publications. But what filled me with the greatest delight, and made my old soul rejoice with exceeding joy, was to behold what God had done for the Germans. I found four German Methodist Churches in Cincinnati, with several hundred members; also a German newspaper, the Christian Apologist, one of the most able papers I have ever read, and edited by that great and good man, Dr. Cast, and a long list of books and tracts in the German language. What a change since 1807, when I had the Methodist Discipline translated into German, and 1808, when I preached the first Methodist sermon in German in Cincinnati, and when Bishop Asbury and I had two tracts printed in the German language, that we scattered over the mountains and valleys as we rode round his large diocese!

A German love-feast was held in order that I might hear in my mother tongue the wonderful work that God had wrought. Several hundred were present, including members from all the German churches. Their testimonies were thrilling, and their singing exquisite. They sung as Mr. Wesley said, "lustily." At the conclusion of a glorious lovefeast, Dr. Nast said, "We will sing Martin Luther's Hymn, tune Old Hundred," and then they sung as I never heard it before that good old doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc.

I had a delightful interview with Judge McLean, one of our noblest men, a spiritual son of John Collins. He remembered hearing me preach in Lebanon in 1810. It was with deep regret that I afterward heard of his death. He left a pure record both as a man and a statesman.

I went to Dayton, which was a small place when I was there before, but has now thirty thousand inhabitants. The "United Brethren in Christ" have a publishing house here. When I entered their building and looked upon the wall I saw a portrait of my father. I had not seen it in fifty years, nor did I know it had been preserved, or that there was an image of him in existence. There he was with his German visage, his gray locks and venerable beard. It was a very good likeness, painted by a German artist for my nephew, Martin Boehm, who carried it West when he removed to Ohio.

At his death it was presented to "The United Brethren in Christ," who were glad to get such a relic to adorn the walls of their publishing house. Here also I saw an excellent likeness of Father Otterbein.

I visited my relative, Samuel Binkley, who formerly lived near my father's. Here a cane was presented to me that I highly prize on account of its historic associations, for it originally belonged to Father Otterbein, who gave it to Bishop Asbury, and the bishop gave it to my father.

After my return home I again visited the West, and spent a year in Cincinnati. I preached before the conference in Xenia, and was present at the marriage of General Grant's sister in Covington, Kentucky, to a German preacher stationed in Cincinnati.

In May, 1800, I was present at the General Conference in Baltimore; in May, 1864, I attended the General Conference in Union Church, Philadelphia. With perhaps two exceptions, Drs. C. Elliott and G. Peck, all the delegates to the latter body were born during the intervening period; and the senior bishop, Thomas A. Morris, was, in 1800, a prattling boy of five years. I rejoiced that God had raised up so many strong men to be pillars in the Church. Some were from the further West, California, Oregon, and regions which in my early days were almost a terror incognito, and were uninhabited except by wandering tribes of Indians. The bishops and members seemed to regard me as an old Methodist patriarch, and honored me with a seat on the platform.

The nation was then struggling for life, having to contend both with open enemies and secret foes. But a more loyal body than the men who represented the Church in that conference never assembled. What interested me most, however, was the fraternal interchange of delegates between our General Conference and that of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which was sitting in Philadelphia at the same time. The colored delegates were received by our conference on May 13, and delivered addresses that would have done honor to men of any land. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and the Union Church rang with shouts of applause. At the conclusion of one of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed I was honored with delivering an address, of which the following report appeared in the Daily Advocate of May 14:

"Mr. President, I thought it was but proper that I should express some of my feelings and recollections as appropriate to this occasion. It fell to my lot to have charge of this district in 1813 and 1814. It was then called the Schuylkill District, and embraced the whole region between the Delaware and the Susquehanna Rivers, including Wilmington, and north by the mountains. During that period Robert R. Roberts, afterward Bishop Roberts, was stationed at St. George's, and John Emory, afterward Bishop Emory, at this church. During these two years, in either 1813 or 1814, he would not be positive which, the separation of the colored brethren took place. There was some friction between the founder of the present African Methodist Episcopal Church and us, and they drew off. But it was prudently managed, and they passed quietly off. We feared then that it was an unfortunate change; but I confess to you that my heart has been touched. I have been very much affected in hearing our colored brethren testify here, and state their influence and progress. I admire the providence of God in this instance. We then considered it an unfortunate case; but God has overruled it, and I hope he will continue to overrule it and superintend it, and that it will react and spread its evangelizing and saving influence south and south-west, and all over the world. God grant that this may be the case. [Numerous responses of Amen.] I thought it would be appropriate

for me to express my feelings thus, and I rejoice and give glory to God for his goodness and his power."

"The venerable patriarch sat down with swimming eyes, while many in the audience wept with sympathy and joy. It is certainly a singular coincidence that the man who was the Church officer charged with the administration of the Discipline upon this district when the founders of the African Methodist Episcopal Church withdrew from our connection, previous to organizing their own, should, after a period of at least fifty years, be present to witness the first fraternal reception of their official representatives by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that assembled in the Union Church, Philadelphia, the very scene of the events of half a century ago."

I cannot refrain from referring to the amazing growth of our Church since the period when I joined it. We had then in America two hundred and sixty-six traveling preachers, and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty members. Church edifices were scarce, and parsonages comparatively unknown. We had no colleges or seminaries; no Biblical Institutes, no periodicals, and were almost without a literature; indeed wholly so, except a Hymn Book, Discipline, and a few tracts and other small publications. Now we have nearly seven thousand traveling preachers, and more than nine hundred thousand church members, (besides those in the South,) with over ten thousand church edifices, and nearly three thousand parsonages. Our numerous colleges and other institutions of learning, and the extended operations of our Book Concerns in the East and the West, bear witness to the success with which we have labored in the cause of education and religious literature.

In some matters I cannot but think that, as Church, we have retrograded. The people and preachers in that day were patterns of plainness; we conform more to the world, and have lost much of the spirit of self-denial they possessed. Our fathers paid great attention to Church discipline, and their preaching was more direct; they aimed at the heart, and looked for more immediate results than we of the present day.

But if there are some things to lament, there is much that calls for gratitude. If we remain true to Methodism, "walking by the same rule and minding the same things" our fathers did, then our future will be grand and glorious as the past, and the result such as to meet the expectations of the most ardent among us.

And now, having seen what great things God has done for us as a Church, and the salvation which he has wrought out for us as a nation in the overthrow of the great rebellion, I feel like saying with Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." On this side the river I patiently wait till the Master shall bid me pass over Jordan and rejoin the sainted Asbury and other of my fellow-laborers and companions in tribulation who have preceded me to the climes of bliss.

"My old companions in distress
I haste again to see,
And eager long for my release
And full felicity:

Even now by faith I join my hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

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44 -- HISTORY AND NATURE OF FATHER BOEHM'S REMINISCENCES -- THE LAST TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE

Father Boehm's valuable life, has been marvelously prolonged to such a very old age that he is now regarded everywhere, in Europe and America, as the patriarch of Methodism, and so many interests cluster around the aged veteran that we add a few chapters to his Reminiscences.

There are several classes of men. There are those who live wholly in the past, others live wholly in the present, mid others wholly in the future. These are all in the wrong.

The man who lives with an eye on the past, the present, and the future; who looks backward, and forward, and around him; who makes the past tell on the present, the present on the future -- he is the live man; he understands the true philosophy of life; he will accomplish the most good, and secure the greatest happiness. The inspired penman says: "Inquire, I pray thee, of the former age. and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers: for we are but of yesterday, and know nothing:) ... shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart?" The reader will readily see why we add a few chapters to the original volume. "Boehm's Reminiscences, Historical and Biographical," is one of the richest volumes in Methodist literature. It is remarkable, first, for the antiquity of its contents, taking us back to the origin of American Methodism: second, for its originality; the old gentleman drew upon his own resources; there has never been any thing like it, and it is doubtful whether there ever will be again; in it he testifies what he has seen and heard, and he has seen much, for he has lived a great many years: third, for the description he gives of men and things, and the simplicity of its style: fourth, for its facts; he never gives wings to his imagination i on the contrary, he deals in sober history and truthful biography. Had it been written in another style it would not have been his, for he is a plain, matter-of-fact man; he stated truth in its simplest form, without any embellishment.

In his volume there are no false colorings, no exaggerations; it is true to nature and true to life. All honor to the truthful veteran who introduces to us so many of the heroes of Methodism, whose names and fame are immortal! He presents before his readers Robert Strawbridge, the apostle of Methodism in Maryland; Dr. Thomas Coke, the founder of modern missions, whose heart was large enough to hold four continents, and who found a grave in the Indian Ocean; what a graphic description he gives of Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism to New England, and the first historian of American Methodism! We hear him preach his last sermons, and these were delivered in God's great cathedral -- nature's magnificent temple; we are taken into the chamber of the dying saint; we see Father Boehm wetting the parched lips of the dying hero, smoothing his pillow of agony, speaking words of cheer; we see him kneel down by his bedside and commend the dying one to Him who is "the resurrection and the life;" we hear a shout of joy from the dying one; we see him as his breath grows shorter bud shorter, till he heaves one long, deep-drawn sigh, and all

is over; we see Boehm with his own hands dose his eyes and put the muffler around his face; we see the open grave, and Father Boehm laying him quietly to rest. Sleepless nights, restless days, watching, waiting, trembling, hoping, till all was over. What affection, what care, what solicitude, what unwavering faith, what ardent love!

He introduces us to Bishop Whatcoat, that seraphic man. We have a description of his person, of his preaching, of his last sickness, and his triumphant death. He gives the best description of Bishop Asbury ever written; and no man ever knew him better, for he was with him in the closest intimacy for five years. We have a description of his person, his dress. We have Asbury in the family, Asbury in the pulpit, Asbury in the conferences, Asbury among friends, Asbury among strangers, Asbury among the children. He describes so vividly the bishop's sermons and exhortations we imagine we see and are listening to the great apostle of American Methodism. O how graphic is Boehm's description of Bishop Asbury!

In regard to the volume, let me say, it was prepared with the greatest care. For years we were employed on it at different intervals. We took his own journals and read them carefully; then we read Asbury's journals to refresh his mind; then we questioned him concerning men and places, and in regard to General and Annual Conferences. We took down, from his "own lips," anecdotes and incidents till we were sure there was not one left. The work was complete; it was finished; the stock was exhausted. Not an original idea but we had obtained, not an anecdote but we have recorded it. We never stopped pumping till the water was out of the well. There is no chance to glean over the fields we passed over, for we not only gathered the grain, but we gleaned as we went along. We never could get the old veteran to say what he did not distinctly remember. We might ask him over and over again, "Did not such a thing take place? Were you not there?" "I do not remember," was the emphatic answer. After the chapters were written we read them over to him, and he appended the following to each:--

"This chapter is correct. -- Henry Boehm."

Note. -- Each chapter was dated at the place where it was written. Some were written in New York, others in Harlem, still others in Yonkers, Poughkeepsie, and other places.

It is ten years since the first edition of this volume was published. Since that time Father Boehm has enjoyed a peaceful old age. He has visited an Annual Conference occasionally, where he has been an object of great attention.

He visited his own Conference, Philadelphia, which he joined in 1801, and his visit was as welcome as if he had been an angel from heaven. Its members hung upon the lips of the old Methodist patriarch in silent wonder as he described the fathers who had fallen asleep, and the early days and scenes in which he was such a prominent actor, and then drew a contrast between the past and present, showing how Methodism had advanced. He was an object of great interest at the great Centenary Meeting in the city of New York, at Cooper Institute, in October 1866, Daniel Ross, presiding, Rev. Thomas Sewall, delivered one of the most eloquent addresses I ever listened to. The venerable Boehm was on the platform, and his appearance gave additional charm to the intensely interesting meeting. In the midst of his address, replete with beauty, abounding in historical reminiscences, the speaker turned to Father Boehm, and delivered a personal address to

him. He said: "We thank you, venerable father, for lingering so long among us to cheer us by your presence, your example, and for giving us so many interesting reminiscences of the past. Thou art a representative of the former age of Methodism -- thou art a splendid representative of the fathers. Venerable man, friend of Coke and Asbury, Whatcoat and McKendree, we thank you for your presence here; you are the great link that connects the past with the present."

After invoking many blessings on his head, and a glorious future, he concluded his address of beauty, eloquence, and power, one that will not soon be forgotten.)Cow his voice is silent in death.

Father Boehm has of late years led such a quiet life that there are few additional reminiscences, or anecdotes to record. He is a grand specimen of religion in old age. His days glide on, calm and peaceful as a summer evening. The autumn of life is peculiarly beautiful in him. It is charming to see grace thrive, when nature decays; while the outer man is perishing, to see the inner man renewed day by day in vigor, in knowledge, and in joy. It is delightful to see his fading eye brighten at the promise, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be;" to see his aged, wrinkled countenance glow with seraphic beauty.

Happy, happy old man! splendid specimen of the venerated fathers. He has "fought the good fight," he has "kept the faith," and will soon "finish his course." The past, the present, and the future smile upon him. It will soon be said concerning him:--

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last."

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45 -- ENTRANCE UPON MY ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR

The following description of the celebration of Father Boehm's entrance upon his one hundredth year appeared in the Christian Advocate, and was copied into many religious journals, not only in America but also in Europe, showing the intense interest that clusters around the hero of a hundred years and the hero of a hundred battles:--

Father Henry Boehm, the old Methodist patriarch, entered upon his one hundredth year June 8, 1874, and the wonderful event was celebrated on Tuesday in Jersey City, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Emley. A number of friends honored him with their presence. It was to the old patriarch quite a surprise. A good supper was provided, with abundance of the delicacies of the season. There was a centenary cake, having on it the figures 1775 and 1874. Flowers of rare beauty and odor were presented to him, and he made a most appropriate reply. On one of the floral offerings, beautifully inwrought in green, were these figures, "99." The patriarch's wrinkled countenance was wreathed with smiles; he looked as placid as a summer's evening, and seemed to have "renewed his youth like the eagle's."

J. B. Wakeley was spokesman for the occasion, and delivered the following congratulatory address. He concluded by dwelling upon the character and labors of Bishop Asbury, and surprised Father Boehm by presenting him with a beautiful likeness of the bishop. Father Boehm took it, looked at it, and said, "Well done!" and then he made a characteristic reply. It was one of those rare occasions that seldom occur in one's life-time, and can never be forgotten.

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Address To Father Boehm

Venerable Patriarch: This is an auspicious day and a joyful occasion that has summoned us together; we have met to celebrate the almost one hundredth anniversary of your birthday. Ninety-nine years ago, the eighth day of June, in the town of Conestoga, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a child was born, and they called him "Henry." Few of those who then looked upon that little infant suspected that he would live to celebrate his one hundredth birthday. Venerable man! with your whitened leeks, your wrinkled face, you stand before us a representative of the past; you connect us with ages and generations long since passed away.

We congratulate you on having been born in June, not only the loveliest month of the year, but also the birth-month of many distinguished statesmen and holy ministers of the Gospel. Your father, Martin Boehm, the friend of Bishop Asbury and of the "great Otterbein," was a noble man, and your mother a noble woman. What a eulogium did Bishop Asbury, in preaching your father's funeral sermon, pronounce on him!

We congratulate you on having been born so early. You are older than our Republic -- even than the Methodist Episcopal Church, in its present organic form. When you were born the Declaration of Independence was not written. George Washington was then forty-three years old, a man comparatively unknown to fame; Henry Clay was not born till two years after; and Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun not till seven years after. The year of your birth was fourteen years before that in which Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, nine years before the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, sixteen years before the death of John Wesley, and thirteen years before that of Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of our Methodist Israel. Then Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston, now imperial cities, were the merest villages. States as large as empires have been born during your life-time, and kingly cities have sprung into existence. "The wilderness and the solitary place " have been made glad, and "the desert" has rejoiced and blossomed "as the rose."

There were then no steamboats, no railroads, no telegraphs even on the land, to say nothing of ocean telegraphs. Now we travel by steam, do our correspondence by lightning, and take life-like portraits by sunbeams. We whisper here, and they hear us in London, and answer back; and we cross the Atlantic with the regularity of a ferry-boat.

How the world has moved since you came on the stage of action! Continents have been explored, oceans and islands then unknown have been visited, the source of the Nile has been discovered, Egypt's hieroglyphics have been deciphered, and Nineveh has had a resurrection! Wonderfully has the world advanced in art, in science, in discoveries, since you were born. It has

made more advancement during your life-time of ninety-nine years than in any thousand years previous. The world moves; on its lofty banner "Progress" is written in capital letters. Compare the world as you saw it first, and as you behold it now, and how wonderful the change! The world has also made advances ill morals and in religious enterprises. You were born forty-four years before we had a Missionary Society, (it not being organized till 1819,) and thirty-one years before the American Bible Society had a being.

We congratulate you on having witnessed the growth, not only of our country, but also of that of American Methodism, until now it numbers its millions. We congratulate you on having lived under all the Presidents, from Washington to Grant, and on having lived and known all the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from the first down to the last. We congratulate you on having known the pioneers and founders of American Methodism: Robert Strawbridge, the apostle of Methodism in Maryland; William Watters, the first native Methodist preacher; and Philip Gatch, and Benjamin Abbott, and Bishop Richard Whatcoat, who died on your circuit, (Delaware,) where you heard his dying testimony. You knew Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism in New England, the first historian of American Methodism. You heard his last sermons at a camp-meeting, where he was taken sick and died in 1816; you heard his dying testimony, closed his eyes, and laid him quietly to rest. We congratulate you on having heard the great orators and preachers of early Methodism: Nicholas Snethen, Asbury's "silver trumpet;" Hope Hull, the silver-tongued; Samuel Parker, the Cicero of the West; Leonard Castle, the Summerfield of the Baltimore Conference; Henry Willis, Wilson Lee, and others.

We congratulate you on having been acquainted with the fathers of the fathers of American Methodism. Strange as it may seem, you knew the father of Bishop McKendree, James McKendree, and have been his guest. You were acquainted with the father of Henry Smith, who for a while was the oldest Methodist minister in the world. You knew Judge Emery, the father of Bishop Emery; and the father of Dr. Shadrick Bostwick, whom Bishop Hedding called a "glorious man." How this takes us back to the former age!

We congratulate you on having attended so many General and Annual Conferences, where you became acquainted with the great preachers of early Methodism. You attended the General Conference in Baltimore in 1800, where you dined with Dr. Coke, heard him preach, witnessed the election and ordination of Richard Whatcoat, and the wonderful revival of religion, such as has never occurred at any other General Conference; then the one in 1808, where you beheld the ordination of Bishop McKendree; you were also at the first delegated General Conference, held in the city of New York in 1812.

We congratulate you on attending so many camp-meetings in different States, "for the groves were God's first temples," and also on being acquainted with John McGee, the founder of camp-meetings in America. What a privilege to attend these meetings, and hear such sons of thunder as Bishops Asbury and McKendree, Dr. Chandler, John Chalmers, John McClaskey, Solomon Sharp, and hundreds of others, immortal names that cannot die! We congratulate you on being acquainted with the great laymen and women who helped to give character and stability to early Methodism.

We congratulate you on preaching in so many of the early chapels of American Methodism. How those humble chapels contrast with the beautiful edifices that are now being erected all over the land!

We congratulate you on being the intimate friend and traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, the great apostle of American Methodism. For five years you accompanied him around his large diocese; you climbed the mountains with him; you forded the rivers; you nursed him when sick; you carried him in your "runs; and such confidence did he repose in you that he made you one of the executors of his Last will and testament.

We thank you for your "Reminiscences, Historical and Biographical," which contain the purest history and the truest biography; in which you give us the best portraiture of Bishop Asbury that has ever been given. The Church will thank you for those "Reminiscences" when the sun shines on your grave. We congratulate you for being such an itinerant; on having traveled over one hundred thousand miles on horseback to preach the Gospel -- more than sufficient to circumnavigate the globe four times. We congratulate you on having been so happy in your domestic relations. You had one of the best of wives; "her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." You have been blessed with kind children. Your daughter Elizabeth has been remarkably affectionate and attentive, which must have been a great consolation to you as time has shaken you by the hand, and the shadows of the evening are gathering around you. We congratulate you for having kept up with the times, and for feeling an interest in every thing that is going on both in Church and State; for not only living, but being a live man. We rejoice that you have been no croaker; that you made no invidious comparisons between the present and the former times. You have never inquired, "Why were the former times better than the present?"

We thank you not only for living so long, but for living so well. Your age is wonderful! Remember how much longer you have lived than many whom the world called old men. Washington was considered old when he died, and you are thirty-two years older than was he. John Wesley is spoken of as aged, but you are eleven years older than was John Wesley. Charles Wesley was also considered old, but you are nineteen years older. Bishop Asbury was considered old -- you are twenty-eight years older than was Bishop Asbury, thirty-two years older than was Bishop McKendree, and forty-one years older than was Jesse Lee, when they severally ended their lives.

We congratulate you on having been so long in the ministry -- seventy-three years; you are today the oldest Methodist minister in America, if not in the world. Sir, all who were in the ministerial work when you commenced have yielded to the conqueror of conquerors! "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" You can say as one of old, "And I only am left alone to tell thee." You stand alone, occupying a position no man ever has, no man ever can. You have seen what no other eyes can ever see; you have heard what no other ears can ever hear. Yours has been a wonderful life, as well as a long one; you are a history in yourself; you are a splendid representative of the former generation of Methodist ministers.

We congratulate you on having kept your garments so clean. For over seventy years they have asked in conference: "Is there any thing against Henry Boehm?" The answer has always been, "Nothing against Henry Boehm."

Your hoary head is a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. May your sun go down without a cloud, to rise in fairer heavens, and the twilight of your evening melt away into the twilight of the morning of an eternal day! May you be found among the number who, "having been wise," and "turned many to righteousness," shall shine in brilliancy that is cloudless and eternal! May you, when the voyage of life is o'er, meet Wesley, Asbury, McKendree, and the multitude who have gone before, where

"...all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death."

* * * * *

46 -- INTERESTING PUBLIC SERVICE AT THE NEWARK ANNUAL CONFERENCE -- FATHER BOEHM'S CENTENNIAL SERMON

Although Father Boehm had not quite completed his one hundredth year at the time of the annual session of the Newark Conference, in the spring of 1875, the members of the Conference earnestly desired to hear him preach his centennial sermon. Accordingly a very interesting and unique religious service was held in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Jersey City, on Friday morning, April 2. At an early hour the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds of people vainly sought admission within its walls. Among those present were Bishops Janes, Ames, Bowman, Harris, and Wiley. A great number of preachers from other neighboring Conferences were also present. After the regular order of business of the Conference was finished, Bishop Bowman requested Bishop Janes to preside at the centennial services.

The hymn commencing "A charge to keep I have" was sung, after which Rev. J. B. Wakeley, offered prayer.

* * *

Opening Address Of Bishop Janes

Bishop Janes said:--

It has already been intimated in the prayer that this is an unusual occasion. It is one of those occurrences where extremes meet. We have been paying our tribute to the character and memory of the youthful ministers who died in the service of the Church and in the work of the pastorate. We expect to hear from the oldest minister of our Church. I hope it may not be his final message. I hope he may live to speak to us yet many times more before he shall close his glorious career on earth. Nevertheless, I presume none of us have ever heard a centennial sermon, and none of us, in all probability, will ever hear another one. The occasion, therefore, is novel, and I will add it is instructive and impressive. I have seen the longest rivers, the highest mountains, and the grandest cataracts of our wonderful country, but in all that I have seen of the beauty and grandeur of nature, I

have never looked upon a physical object with so much interest as I look upon this human form here this morning. A human body so fearfully and wonderfully made, with so many and such delicate connections, performing so many offices, subject to so much exposure, to have been preserved for so many years in its healthfulness and in all its beauty, is to me the most wonderful physical object I have ever beheld. And then, it has been all this while the tabernacle of a rational spirit, the instrument by which that spirit has performed its wonderful works and secured its wonderful results. Well may we say with the poet this morning:

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

I have stood in the presence of kings and nobles, of scholars and divines in other countries, but I never have felt in all my experience such an interest and so profound a reverence as I feel in the presence of our revered and beloved father in God, this aged servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. I revere him for his personal worth, his strictly moral youth. Converted to God in his early manhood, his life has been one of strict consistency and of great purity from that time until the present. It is forty-three years this month since I made his personal acquaintance; and, having been intimate with him from that time till now, I say in this presence I have never known a fellow-man in whom there was so little moral infirmity even as in this our father before us today. I venerate him for his associations. He was associated with those names that are dearest to us in our Church history -- Asbury, Whatcoat, McKendree, Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garrettson, and Nathan Bangs; names that we hold in the highest regard; they were his associates. And then he has been associated with a great multitude of godly men and women who have composed our Church from that early period until now. What fellowships he has enjoyed!

And I revere him for his works. He was in the early councils of the Church. He helped to form the polity of our Church; he has seen its wonderful workings until this hour, and he has really witnessed the planting and growth of this branch of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ until this present time. His ministry has been one of great excellence and of great usefulness, and his example one of great power and of great benefit. We cannot any of us look upon him but with the highest regard and with the greatest reverence, and even with awe. Considering the length of time when Enoch walked with God, which men then lived, and the length of human life now, he has walked with God as long as Enoch walked with God. And having been in these associations to which I have referred, having been in this holy ministry all of the nineteenth century -- for I believe that is the fact -- and having been living all these years in fellowship with the divine and the spiritual and the eternal, how sacred and grand and glorious is his character. It will be an era in my history to hear from him this morning, and I think it will be an incident in the life of every one here which they will carry with them in remembrance to eternity. I pray that God may aid him in this effort, and that God may sanctify this occasion to the religious profiting of all of us who are permitted to enjoy it, both in the laity and in the ministry. Before Father Boehm speaks to you, the pastor of this Church will read the credentials that he has received, giving the dates of his Offices.

Rev. John Atkinson read as follows:--

"To whom it may concern: This is to authorize Henry Boehm to exercise the office of a preacher and travel Dorchester Circuit. Thomas Ware. January 5, 1800."

The document is excellently preserved.

"To whom it may concern: This is to authorize Henry Boehm to exercise the office of exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Given on the 16th of June, 1800, by Thomas Ware, Presiding Elder."

Brother Atkinson then spoke as follows:--

He was authorized to preach on the presiding elder's own authority, and sent to travel a circuit on January 5, 1800; and after the case came before the Quarterly Conference, he was licensed to exhort and travel the circuit. This [showing the parchment] is his ordination parchment of deacon. It reads a little differently from our parchments of today, though very little. It is signed by Richard Whatcoat, and is dated at Dock Creek, Del., May 4, 1803. This [showing the parchment] is his parchment as elder, and reads thus: "Ordained elder by Francis Asbury on the 5th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five. Done at the Philadelphia Conference, held at Chestertown. -- Francis Asbury."

I have been requested by Father Boehm to state that two weeks ago he was very ill, and it was feared that he would not recover. I was sent for in haste on that day to see him. I had great fears that he would not be able to be here. God lifts raised him up, and he is here to speak to us as he was requested to do at the last session of our Conference.

The audience rose en masse in token of respect to the venerable apostle of Methodism, which added greatly to the impressiveness of the scene.

* * *

Father Boehm's Sermon

Rev. Henry Boehm then proceeded, amid profound silence, to speak as follows:--

My Dear Brethren: I feel very dependent. I hope you will offer me up in prayer before the Lord that he may graciously assist me once more in proclaiming the precious truth. The passage of Scripture to which I invite your attention you will find recorded in Nahum, the first chapter and seventh verse: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him."

There is a little difference in the German in this text. The beginning in the German reads, "Der Herr ist gietig," the Lord is munificent, freely distributing his blessings and goodness. Now, then, to say that a person is munificent presupposes that he is good, and goodness produces munificence. O what a wonderful mercy-seat we have the privilege of approaching unto! The Lord is munificent in distributing his blessings, in showering down his goodness and mercy upon us. The Lord, then, is good. He is good in his mercy. Benevolence, kindness, long suffering, tender mercy, flow out through the mercy of God manifested to a fallen world. Yes, brethren, but for the goodness of the Lord where should we be? His goodness and mercy have spared us to the present

period, and we have the privilege now of approaching to the mercy-seat in the name of Jesus Christ.

The Lord is a stronghold a strong tower, a strong fortification. He that entereth and dwelleth in this stronghold is safe in time of trouble, in time of distress, in time of need. God is present and ready to supply our wants, he is all-sufficient according to our need. He knoweth them that trust in him. He owns them. He acknowledges them to be his subjects, and to be influenced by his Holy Spirit. Yes, brethren, the Lord knows them; he dwells with them as such who trust in him, who walk in the light of his countenance.

O blessed be the name of the Lord that he knows the heart and he looks upon the mind, the immortal mind! If we sincerely look to him he owns and acknowledges us as his own. He knoweth them that trust in him. Bless the Lord! O, the goodness of God -- his mercy and long suffering! I bless God for his goodness that I realized in early life. Religion made my soul happy then. It kept me from evil; it directed me in the path of humble submission to the will of God, and it now in old age makes me feel lively. It supports and comforts me, and when I look forward to death I do not stop there. I look beyond it, and then it is all light., all peace, and joy, and triumph.

O, glory be to God for his mercy and goodness in our privilege this day to meet together for his worship, for his services, and for his praise! Blessed be the name of the Lord! When I look at the changes -- how population has extended, how Methodism has followed up -- I am astonished. In 1809 I passed, with Bishop Asbury, through here from Newark and crossed over to New York, and there was no town here then at all -- nothing but a ferry-house. What a change! Now there are several thousand inhabitants, and the best of all is the Lord is among the people, and many are happy in his salvation and rejoice in his gracious presence.

Blessed be the name of the Lord! O what wonders hath God wrought! Newark was then a small town. There were two rows of houses, I think, in Newark in 1809. Now it has spread out into a large town. O may the Gospel go on in its power and glory, that multitudes may bow to the scepter of the Redeemer! and finally may we meet in heaven to rejoice in the Lord for ever and ever! Amen.

The congregation united in singing,

"My latest sun is sinking fast."

* * *

Remarks Of Bishop Janes

Dear Friends: You will all of you remember the text, and the sermon; and the preacher. The text is one of the most sweet and precious in the Holy Bible; the exposition of it has been clear and forcible, though brief. To my mind the sermon has two especial excellences: one is, it was preached, and not read! and the other is that it was brief, and the preacher stopped when he got done -- a beautiful example to us in those two respects, and I propose to profit by them. One of the most remarkable things in the character and history of our Father Boehm is that he has not reached

his second childhood. He is just as manly as he ever has been, in any period of his past history, and his mental powers are preserved to him in their strength, in their harmony, and in their adaptation to the office and work in which he has spent his long and holy life. His physical strength is lessened. The great probability is that we shall not have his presence at a conference where most of us will be gathered again in this world. He may attend other annual conferences with us, but the most of this congregation, and probably some of these ministers, will not be present; and it seems to us fitting that he should now give us his benediction, and a few farewell words.

In 1832 Bishop McKendree came this side of the mountains for the last time. He preached the sermon when I was ordained deacon. Bishop Hedding ordained me, but he preached the sermon. He was then quite as feeble as Brother Boehm is now. He went from the Philadelphia Conference at Wilmington to the General Conference which was held in Philadelphia. He assisted to some extent in the services of that session. A little before its close, feeling his infirmities and desiring to escape the excitement of the close of the conference, he took occasion to bid the conference farewell.

He was assisted to the platform, where the Bishops, secretaries, and representatives of other conferences were sitting, and he stood before them in all his patriarchal character, lifted up his hands, and simply said to that General Conference of ministers, "Little children, love one another," bowed, and left the platform, the conference rising as he retired, went to his home in Nashville, and very soon died. Now if Father Boehm can say no more words than those, let us have his benediction this morning.

* * *

Father Boehm's Benediction

Father Boehm responded thus:--

My Beloved Brethren: It is very probable this is the last time I shall be with you at an annual conference. If it is, I hope we shall meet up yonder when we go. I now take my leave of you, and ask the Lord to bless you, and bless you abundantly. May this year be a great year in the Newark Conference, as well as throughout the land and throughout the world! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all ever more. Amen.

The patriarch spoke distinctly throughout, and was heard without difficulty in all parts of the church.

* * *

Address Of Dr. Deems

Dr. Deems was introduced and spoke as follows:--

Mr. President, Fathers And Brethren, And Mothers And Sisters: I have come over to Jersey City this morning or, a little private anniversary of my own. I am not a hundred years old by a good deal, but I have always really expected and hoped for the last twenty-five years of my ministry to preach on my one hundredth birthday, and I intend, God willing, to do it yet. Fathers and brethren, it is just thirty-five years ago when you were good enough, without seeing me, to take me into this conference as a preacher. It was a great; peril, but you took the risks. I had preached on a circuit in New Jersey one year before I ever saw this confers nee. Then I saw this body thirty-four years ago in the city of Newark, and saw it to love it. At that time your Bishop Janes was Secretary' of the American Bible Society; and somehow he seemed to have been born a bishop, because, ever since I knew any thing about him, he has been sending men all about the world. He picked me up off the hills of Warren County, and sent me down into North Carolina as Agent of the American Bible Society; and I have never seen the Newark Conference since until today.

"What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love."

It is a peculiarly happy circumstance that after these thirty-five years of ministry, in which I have been called to so many various positions in the Church of God, in the Methodist Church and elsewhere in the general work of Christianity, that I come back to meet your conference under the presidency of an old college-mate, always beloved from the days of our youth until now, beloved over the storm of war, beloved over the field of blood; and it is a happy thing that now I can be presented to you by Bishop Janes, who, having picked me up and sent me away, I determined that day, God willing, to help to make bishop; I fell to work among the southern delegations when they were going up to the General Conference, and when they came back they turned to me and said, "Well, we have made your friend bishop;" and the accounts were square.

Now we owe nothing to one another, bishop, but to love one another, and now we will see who will pray best, quickest, fastest, richest, and be like our Lord, who is munificent. I thank God that I am a preacher of the Gospel of the Son of God. I thank God that with my advancing years I do love the work of preaching and of the pastorate. I do thank God that every week, more and more, without distinction of sect or nationality or other difference, I do more and more deeply love all that call and profess themselves Christians. I have no right to detain you, Mr. President, fathers, and brethren, any further with remarks of my own.

Father Boehm hath seemed to come to say, " farewell." I have come to say, Hail, brethren, hail! O, my brethren, life is full of these hails and farewells; but, blessed be God! every time there is a "farewell" spoken it is followed by a " hail." As soon as Father Boehm shall say, "Farewell, farewell," to all these bishops, old and young, on earth, how quickly thereafter he will say, "All hail! all hail!" to the blessed bishops that have gone before him into the skies I When I started this morning I told my family why I was coming; and it is a rare thing for me to leave my work. I started with a sense of joyousness and pleasure, but while I have been sitting at the foot of this pulpit I had a sense of awe and humiliation.

Since I saw you last, brethren, I have had great opportunities, I have had great positions of usefulness; I have had troops of friends; I have had all that heart in this world could wish; I have had a perfect domestic circle; I have two children in heaven—one about to enter the ministry and taken up above. I have four children upon earth; they are all communicants of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, and two Sundays ago one of them preached his first sermon. I have had great opportunities, but as I sat today at the foot of this pulpit I have felt so humiliated that I have done so little for the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Brethren, I have written much, I have spoken much, and I want to tell you now that as I sat on this solemn occasion in which Father Boehm was preaching this centenarian sermon that I have this morning profoundly regretted all the time and all the talent that I have spent in any department of literature, or science, or public life which did not more and more qualify me to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. I count it loss, and, by God's grace, no more of my time shall be thus lost. We have but one work -- to save souls; and I have no doubt that the hundred years looks very short to Father Boehm now. Brethren, the time is short, and we shall soon be in eternity. God grant that all the atmosphere of our lives may be so spent in his service that we shall finish our course with joy, and this ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus. Then, whatever else will be unfinished, we shall have made a rounded and triumphant life, I thank you for your great kindness.

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Address Of J. B. Wakeley

Rev. J. B. Wakeley was requested to address the conference, and responded by saying:--

I indorse all that Bishop Juries said concerning our venerable and venerated father. I honor every gray hair upon that head, [turning to Father Boehm,] and believe one of the purest spirits ever formed by the Almighty dwells in that body. I have spent years, with him; I am talking about what I know. I have known his inner life; and while I have been sitting here I have been thinking about that wonderful saying of the psalmist, blessing the Lord for forgiving our iniquities, healing all our diseases, keeping our eyes from tears and our feet from falling, satisfying our mouth with good things, and renewing ore' youth like the eagle's. I heard an old lady say in love-feast one time, "I was left a poor widow with seven children; I did not know what would become of them or me either. God has been a husband to me and a father to my fatherless children. They are all converted. Now look at me. Time has shaken me by the hand; the strong man begins to bow himself; those that look out of the windows are darkened; the keepers of the house tremble; the grinders are ceasing because they are few, I have an old, feeble body, but, glory to God! I have a young soul."

Here, continued Dr. Wakeley, pointing to Father Boehm, "is a young soul." Well, now, then, just think, just throw your mind back and remember you have heard a man preach that was born before the Republic was born, when we were colonies dependent on Great Britain, long before Washington was inaugurated President, having lived under every President from Washington down to Grant.

Here is a man who was born before the Methodist Episcopal Church existed; here is a man who heard Robert Strawbridge preach at his father's house, who founded Methodism in Maryland, and was very near contemporary with Philip Embury. He heard Benjamin Abbott, that son of thunder, at his father's house; and the people fell like dead men around him when the old man was preaching, for he always called for power when he preached. Well, just think that he was with Bishop Whatcoat when he was dying, and in his last days and hours ministered to his wants. Just think that he was with Jesse Lee in 1816, the first historian of Methodism, closed his eyes, and laid him quietly at rest.

Think of his traveling one hundred thousand miles on horseback to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Think of his being five years the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury. Think of his living to see our Republic growing, till States have become as large as empires, and conference after conference has multiplied until the Atlantic speaks to the Pacific, and the Pacific answers back -- deep answers unto deep. He has seen Annual Conferences established in India, in China, and in Germany, the land of Luther and the Reformation. I want you to understand that Father Boehm is not an old man who is disgusted with life, finding fault with the present age and Comparing it invidiously with the former. No; he has kept up with the times; he reads the newspapers and knows what is going on in the Church and what is going on in the State. He has been a live man until this hour. I heard old Uncle Billy Hibbard say, "I want you to understand that Billy Hibbard don't mean to die while he lives." I assure you that you have listened today to the most marvelous man in the Methodist Episcopal Church, if not in the world's history. O, think of a hundred years past! There were no railroads, nor steamboats, nor telegraphs, nor any thing of that kind when Father Boehm was a boy. [Turning to the patriarch,] Did you cross in an old scow from Jersey City to New York the first time?

Father Boehm. Yes.

Dr. Wakeley. There were no horse-boats or ferry-boats then?

Father Boehm. No.

Dr. Wakeley. Somebody, a colored man, I believe, used to come down on the New York side and blow a horn, telling them that the boat was going over. That is the way they traveled then. O, how the world has moved since then!

Where are those to whom he preached in the different States? Where are the bishops that he knew? O how many have passed on to the other side of the river with whom our venerable father worshipped in the dwellings and in the churches! I thought while I listened here today of that beautiful sentiment of Charles Wesley, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." Voltaire said, "Christianity is in its twilight." He was correct, but he mistook the time of day. It was not the twilight of the evening that precedes the darkness of the night, but the twilight of the morning that precedes the brilliancy of an eternal day.

Father Boehm may die, but the work will go on, and on, and on until the last soul and daughter of Adam hears the story of the manger, the garden, and the Cross. I gave him a little advice fifteen years ago; I hope he has profited by it. I said, "Father Boehm, make up your mind to

live to be a hundred years old." He said he would try. "You might as well do it," said I. Well, now, then, here he is, born the eighth of June, 1775. Think how the world has moved forward. A hundred years past -- a hundred years to come! Where will we be a hundred years to come? Long before that our venerable father will be on the other side of the river. O that his last song on earth may be, "My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever!" He has given us his blessing, and now we will give him our benediction.

May the blessing of him whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow rest upon him; may God guide him a little longer by his counsel and afterward receive him to glory! O, how many you will meet up yonder that you knew here! A hundred years to come and all these bishops will be with Asbury, McKendree, and George. A hundred years to come and we will be walking with Jesus in white. A hundred years to come and we will be listening to the song of redemption before the throne. Good John Bunyan described the white-robed multitude, and he says: "Which .when I saw them, I wished myself among them." O, we shall soon be there, and I tell you it will be sweet to meet at Jesus' feet those we love! It is said that Charles Wesley, when he met his old friends as we have met today, would always give out those two verses of his:--

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

So may we meet where we can die no more. I want to get to that world where they cannot die from disease, for nobody is sick; where they cannot die from old age, for nobody grows old; where they cannot die from care for there are no careworn cheeks. "Neither can they die any more," says Jesus. They are under a divine restraint to live forever -- immortal as Gabriel, immortal as the "King eternal, immortal, invisible." They are equal to the angels of God in dignity, in purity, in felicity, and in immortality. There I hope to meet you, old patriarch of Methodism, and all these people who are here, where we can see with our own eyes the King in his beauty, and we will crown him Lord of all.

A Brother. "I want Brother Wakeley to advise Father Boehm to live a little longer, to see the celebration of the birthday of the nation."

The meeting was brought to a close by Bishop Ames, who pronounced the benediction.

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47 -- ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD -- SPECIAL CENTENNIAL SERVICE

On Tuesday, June 8, 1875, Father Boehm completed the one hundredth year of his age. The event was publicly celebrated on that day in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Jersey City,

under the auspices of a committee of the Newark Conference, to which the reverend centenarian belongs. Of course the church was crowded, and, as was the case at the preliminary service held in April, the building could not accommodate all who sought admission. Among the ministers present were the venerable Dr. John S. Porter, Rev. Bartholomew Weed, Rev. Father Reynolds; Presiding Elders Vanhorne and Brice, of the Newark Conference; President John F. Hurst, Prof. John Miley, Prof. H. A. Buttz, and Prof. Kidder, of Drew Theological Seminary; Rev. Jacob Todd, Rev. Dr. Foss, Rev. Dr. Dashiell, Rev. Geo. L. Taylor, Rev. Dr. De Puy, Rev. Dr. Bartine, Rev. J. M. Freeman, Rev. John Atkinson, and other members of the Newark, New Jersey, Philadelphia, New York, New York East, and other Conferences.

Among the audience was the mother of President Grant, who had come to town expressly to attend the services. A large and finely executed photographic portrait of Father Boehm hung in front of the pulpit. The venerable patriarch himself entered the church, attended by his physician, Dr. Walter Hadden, and took his place in the pulpit beside several of his ministerial brethren. He was in excellent condition, and remained throughout the service, which was three and a half hours in duration, without showing any signs of fatigue. Rev. R. Vanhorne presided.

The proceedings were opened by the quartet choir singing the following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. Thomas H. Smith:--

God of our patriarch friend,
We raise our hearts to thee
Whose love and mercy never end
To all eternity.

Thy kindly care appears;
It challenges our praise;
Extending through a hundred years --
A hundred years of grace.

We praise thee for a life
So useful, Christlike, pure:
A life of manly Christian strife
Thy glory to secure.

Now crown his hoary age
With blessings all divine;
And may his life through every page
Still bright and brighter shine.

And to his latest day
Be peace and honor given,
Until he gently glides away
To sing thy praise in heaven.

After a comprehensive and impressive prayer by Rev. Bartholomew Weed, Rev. Father Reynolds read the Twenty-third Psalm. Then the choir sang the following hymn, composed for the occasion by Fanny Crosby:--

Thou Rock on which our Church is built,
And shall forever stand,
On him, its oldest watchman, now
Thy blessing, Lord, command.

Behold this vet'ran of the cross,
Our aged pilgrim sire,
And let the ardor of the past
Once more his soul inspire.

Well has he fought, and long has trod
The strait and narrow way;
The circle of his life completes
A hundred years today.

Dear Saviour, bear him in thine arms
While he on earth shall stay;
And with his years may blessings come
A hundredfold today.

So may we live, that we at last
May sing thy praise with him,
Where hearts shall never fail with time,
Nor eyes with age grow dim.

Father Boehm then arose, and amid profound silence and in a clear voice, which was heard distinctly throughout the church, spoke as follows:--

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Father Boehm's Remarks

I rejoice to meet you here today, my brethren in the Lord. I rejoice that I am privileged to see the wonderful progress of the work of the Lord through our land. I rejoice that I am permitted to see such an assemblage here today. The first time I passed through this place there was no town here. That was in 1809, with the venerable Bishop Asbury. There were sand-banks, and so on, here then, but no houses -- except the ferry-house, I think. Blessed be God for his wonderful work throughout our land! Yes, where we passed through wildernesses and solitary places, they are now inhabited, and churches have arisen, where a numerous and enlightened people worship and praise the Lord. Thanks be to his name! I cannot speak very long. I will commit the subject of my experience and travels to my "venerable" Brother Atkinson, who will read you some facts appropriate to this occasion.

Rev. John Atkinson, on rising to read the autobiographical sketch, referring to the mirth occasioned by the centenarian's jocose allusion, said: "Father Boehm understands that this is a festive occasion, and these good people like a little good cheer." He then read the following:

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SKETCH OF FATHER BOEHM'S LIFE

I was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on June 8, 1775, one hundred years ago this day. I was one year a subject of King George, as it was not until I had attained that age that the American people renounced their "allegiance to the British Government by proclaiming the Declaration of Independence. The noise of the battles of Concord and Lexington had scarcely died away when I drew my first breath, so that my history includes nearly the whole of the period of the Revolutionary War.

I was a contemporary of the fathers and founders of the Republic, and have lived under the administration of all the Presidents of the United States. I clearly remember the days of Washington's presidency, and I cast my first vote for his successor, John Adams, in 1796. I lived through almost a quarter of the last century, and have lived thus far through the present one, and I have witnessed with my own eyes the rise, progress, and present grand development of the United States of America.

The changes and progress of the country within my recollection have been so vast and overwhelming I scarcely know how to speak of them. When I became a man there was only thirteen States. Early in this century Ohio became a member of the Federal Union, and then the star of our empire moved westward until it shone upon the waves of the Pacific Ocean. I witnessed the system of slavery in the Southern States, and I have been permitted to see it swept from the land, and the banner of impartial freedom waving triumphantly over every State. Bless the Lord!

I well remember the days when the steamboat was unknown, and the railroad unthought of. The winds of heaven wafted our commerce, and horses furnished our swiftest means of travel by land. I, myself, have traveled over a hundred thousand miles on horseback.

I have witnessed the progress of the nation in population and wealth to a degree that seems incredible to have been attained in one man's life-time. I have seen the increase of the oldest cities, and the founding and wonderful growth of newer ones. I have observed the advancement of our people from a comparatively rude and pioneer condition to their present high status of intelligence, wealth, and refinement.

When, in 1809, I first stood upon the site of the city in which we are this day assembled, I think there were no buildings upon it except the ferry-house and the barn-houses which here and there dotted it. Today its streets and buildings cover a territory many miles in circumference, and its population exceeds one hundred thousand souls. Then the city of New York only reached to Canal Street, and Brooklyn was a very small town. Cincinnati had then only commenced its history, and Chicago was yet to be.

I have seen wonderful progress in the religious world in my time. I was born nine years after the introduction of Methodism in New York by Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, and nine years before the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the election of its first bishops, Coke and Asbury. When my life began there were, probably, scarcely a half score of Methodist houses of worship on this continent, and there were only 3,148 members and 19 traveling preachers.

When I commenced my public life Methodism was small, both numerically and financially. There were very few commodious churches except in the large cities, such as St. George's, in Philadelphia, Light Street, in Baltimore, and John Street, in New York.

Our best churches of that day were very inferior compared with those of the present. Our meetings were mostly held, at the time I began to preach, in private houses, in barns, and wherever we could obtain shelter. There was much opposition shown toward us, and I have had stones hurled at me while preaching.

I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1797, in Boehm's Chapel, being at that time twenty-two years of age. My father, Martin Boehm, was many years a minister among the United Brethren, and was a bishop in that Church. He was for a long time a warm personal friend of Bishop Asbury, and toward the close of his life he united with our Church. Boehm's Chapel is still standing in good condition, and is now the church of the neighborhood where it stands. My father's influence contributed much toward its erection. Bishop Whatcoat furnished the plan of the edifice. It was built in 1791, was the first Methodist church in Lancaster County, and it was one of the early fortresses of American Methodism.

I was licensed to preach January 6, 1800, by Rev. Thomas Ware, who was then presiding elder on the Chesapeake District, and who at the same time appointed me to travel Dorchester Circuit, on the eastern shore of Maryland. Therefore I was never a local preacher, though I have been a witness of the great usefulness of that numerous and honored class of Gospel heralds, whose unremunerated and zealous labors have done so much for the evangelization of this nation. In the days of my effective ministry the local ministry was an indispensable adjunct of our itinerant system.

About four months after I was licensed to preach I attended the General Conference of 1800, in Baltimore. I was present at Richard Whatcoat's ordination as bishop, in the presence of that body, in Light Street Church, and heard Dr. Coke's sermon on that occasion. I also was a witness of, and participant in, the wonderful revival which prevailed in Baltimore during that General Conference. People fell under the mighty influence that rested upon them as they walked the streets.

After the General Conference closed I attended the Philadelphia Conference at Smyrna, (then Duck Creek,) where the revival work went forward with great power. It extended, in fact, over the whole Peninsula. When I traveled Annapessex Circuit, in 1801, with William Colbert, we received eight hundred persons into the Church in that Circuit alone.

Methodism was very prosperous on the Peninsula in that day, and included among its members many of the first people of that section. Dr. White, Harry Ennalls, Governor Bassett, of Delaware, an eminent lawyer; a judge, and a member of Congress in 1787, Dr. Sellers, and others, gave influence and strength to the denomination in those early times. The social position of our Church has hardly been relatively higher anywhere in this country, at any time in its history, than it was in the Peninsula in the beginning of this century.

That region furnished many of our best and most successful preachers in the days when there were giants among us, for truly there were giants in those days. Among the great men of that period was Dr. Chandler, a man of commanding intellect, of large executive capacity, a powerful preacher, a mighty evangelist, greatly successful in winning souls. Jesse Lee, one of the Church's noblest and brightest names, was then in his ripe maturity, and lost the bishopric by only one vote at the first General Conference I attended. I was with him in his last hours, heard his rapturous and triumphant utterances as he met his final foe, and, at his own request, I closed his eyes after the great soul departed. William Colbert, one of my early colleagues was a man of low stature, but of high usefulness, indefatigable in labor, and among the first in success.

That portion of my life in which I was the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury has probably the most public interest, because I was in that capacity the representative of the denomination at large, and was the most intimate and daily associate of a man, the purity and greatness of whose character, and the vastness and value of whose work, must forever place him among the foremost servants of God and mankind.

Bishop Asbury chose me to be his traveling companion in the spring of 1808 -- which choice the Philadelphia Conference ratified -- and I ceased traveling with him at the conference of 1813, when he appointed me presiding elder of the Schuylkill District, which comprised the whole territory from Wilmington to Stroudsburch, between the Susquehanna and the Delaware. My first tour with Bishop Asbury was from a point between Baltimore and Fredericktown, Maryland -- a spot historic in Methodism, where Strawbridge built his log church; thence westward. We crossed the Allegheny Mountains on our way, and the ascent occupied thirty-nine hours.

I have since crossed the Alleghenies several times in express trains in a much shorter time. I had previously accompanied Asbury to the Alleghenies in 1803, where I left him to pursue his westward journey, while I returned to my work. Having passed the mountains, we made our way to Wheeling; thence through Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee; thence pursued a southerly course, visiting the conferences in the Southern States.

During the western portion of this tour we visited the territory of Indiana, which was a vast wilderness. We traveled in it thirty-six miles, and saw in all that distance only six human habitations. Among the noted and worthy laymen whose acquaintance I formed, and by whom I was entertained on this my first journey with Bishop Asbury, were Governor Tiffin and Governor Worthington, both of Ohio, who were exemplary and devoted members and representatives of our Church. During our progress through Tennessee we were joined by Bishop McKendree, who had just been elected a bishop at Baltimore, and who was on his first Episcopal tour. He accompanied us through the South, presiding with Asbury over the Southern conferences.

I became acquainted with the Southern Methodist preachers at that time. Lovick Pierce, but a few years my junior, was then conspicuous for the purity and beauty of his character, and his popular talents as a preacher, and he yet lingers, with me, behind our beloved early coloborers who have gone on before. William Capers, beautiful in person and eloquent in speech, was at that time received on trial by the conference. He was afterward one of the most distinguished men in our connection, and became a bishop of the Church South after we were divided.

The Southern Methodists at that time were remarkable for their spiritual fervor, and Christian friendliness and hospitality. There were among them many noble examples of the great virtues produced by our faith. I learned to love the South, and I have now fond memories of my friends whom I once cherished there.

I knew the South when there was but one Methodism in America. I wept when, in 1844, we were rent asunder, and now, as I stand amid the thronging memories of a century, I plead and pray that Methodism, North and South, may become one again. I am, in some sense, at least, a representative of the fathers of the Church -- of the preachers and bishops who toiled and sacrificed to lay strong the foundations of our beautiful Zion, and I am sure I do not misrepresent them when, in their name, and as almost their sole survivor, I plead for a united Methodism throughout this great land. This desire and prayer leaps strong and warm out of my heart, which, after beating for a hundred years, still beats as true and strong as ever for the welfare of the Church to which its best love and zeal have been given.

During this first tour with Bishop Asbury I saw the Virginia Conference. it was composed of a fine body of men. There was one striking fact connected with it. Of the eighty-four members of the body, the two bishops, and the traveling companion of the bishops, all were bachelors except three. Our early preachers were compelled to deny themselves largely of the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, in order that they might do the work of evangelists and make full proof of their ministry. At this time I made the acquaintance of, and was entertained by, Edward Lee, at Petersburg, Va. He was a brother of Jesse Lee, and father of Rev. Dr. Leroy M. Lee, now, and for a long time, u distinguished representative of Southern Methodism.

From the Virginia Conference we proceeded over the Blue Ridge to Harrisonburgh, where we attended the Baltimore Conference; thence to the Philadelphia Conference, in St. George's, Philadelphia, Bishops Asbury and McKendree alternately presiding. Though attending nil the conferences, I was a member of this conference, and was home again with my brethren. When my name was mailed in conference the brethren said: "None but the bishop can tell whether there is any thing against Brother Boehm." The bishop rose and said, with much gravity: "Nothing against Brother Boehm." This conference has given many noble and, illustrious ministers and laymen to the Church.

After the Philadelphia Conference, we proceeded onward through New Jersey, which Bishop Asbury had not visited for twenty-five years, and we missed our way in the Pines, and reaching a church where the bishop had an appointment to preach, we found that, as a result of our delay, the services had been commenced by the preacher in charge of the circuit. The house was crowded. Bishop Asbury immediately entered the pulpit, and, after talking a brief time, he stepped backward and said: "I cannot preach; Henry, you must getup and preach." I immediately arose, and

the passage came to my mind, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." If the passage had not come to my mind I should have been dumb, but as it was I preached from it, and had a good time. After I finished the bishop arose and delivered a warm exhortation. This was in the coast region of South Jersey in 1809.

Proceeding toward New York, we were joined by Bishop McKendree again at Elizabeth, and at Elizabethport we saw for the first time a steamboat. It excited our curiosity. We passed on to Paulus' Hook, now Jersey City. Here for the first time I saw the noble Hudson, and crossed it to New York, where we met the conference in John Street Church. Bishop McKendree was then first introduced to the New York Conference. I traveled many hundreds of miles with McKendree during my five years' sojournings with Asbury, and heard him preach, probably, at least a hundred times. He was a very powerful preacher. He often preached great sermons, and seldom preached a poor one.

From the New York Conference we proceeded to New England, attending the only conference, in that section, after which we proceeded again on our western and southern tour. But it is impossible for me on this occasion to recount the many scenes and events I witnessed during my long journeys with that great man, whose memory is ever green in my heart.

It was my office to attend upon and minister to him for five years. I frequently lifted him upon his horse, and helped him to alight. I gave him medicine when he was sick, and watched with him at night. It was nay privilege to attend Bishop Whatcoat in his last illness, at Governor Bassett's, in Delaware, in 1806. I have been personally acquainted with all our bishops, from Coke to Peek, but to none have I been so endeared as to Bishop Asbury. I guarded him in his journeys when it was unsafe for him to be without a companion, and I shared with him the perils of the wilderness.

In North Carolina, coming on from Wilmington toward Newbern, Bishop Asbury's horse became frightened and ran away. He was in the sulky, and I was on horseback. I suffered great apprehension of mind, not knowing what to do. I did not dare to pursue after him lest I should increase the horse's fright, and so add to the bishop's peril. I began to pray, and if ever I prayed I prayed then, that God would deliver the bishop from the destruction with which he was threatened. Suddenly the horse stopped, and became quiet and docile, and I rode up to the bishop, and found him in much trepidation, but safe and thankful.

"The Lord is good: a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." As I attended and guarded and nursed Asbury, so am I attended, nursed, and tenderly cared for by my beloved daughter in my weakness and age. My hope is bright, and I expect soon to meet my colaborers on high.

The last of my dear friends who have preceded me was Rev. Wakeley, my intimate associate for many years. He was to me a true and loving friend. He was with me on my last birthday, and participated in the service when I preached my centennial sermon at the last session of the Newark Conference. He then expected to be here today; but he is not here -- he has gone on before. I shall see him soon, and Asbury, and others dear to me,

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Rev. J. M. Freeman then read the following letter from Bishop Asbury to Rev. Joseph Totten, New Brunswick, N. J., written in 1811, to which were added a few lines by Father Boehm:--

* * *

Letter From Bishop Asbury

Martin Boehm's, Aug. 10, 1811

My Dear Brother: We have need of great grace to make and keep us what we ought to be as Christian race and Gospel ministers. Alas for poor... They are well kept whom the Lord keepeth, and they only. I have been looking many years for a general spread, not only of Methodism, but religion, in Jersey. There, I fear, we shall grow so like other societies that there will be but little difference. I have this morning opened about a dozen letters from the South -- growing prospects still; living and dying witnesses; camp-meetings moving on; thirty or forty souls coming out, boldly declaring what the Lord hath done for them.

It is of consequence to have scaffolding -- I mean houses -- for the service of God. I have many times felt with Eli for the ark of God in forty years, when I view our prosperity -- 200,000 members; two or three millions of annual hearers; between 2,000 and 3,000 local and traveling preachers; that we minute almost 700 in eight conferences. Satan, the world, carnal Churches -- more so than ourselves -- envy us, and wish our fall; but let us watch, and fast, and pray. The Lord will direct. Children and great grandchildren may forget old fathers.

I shall keep close to children whether the ship should be in storm, or calm, or fresh breeze; near the helm, if permitted, or before the mast. I cannot leave them or cast them off. Let my traveling so many thousand miles in pain, in lameness, in hunger, in thirst, in all seasons, witness, that I wish to stand clear of a party or policy. I must speak and write as a plain open man, as you have always found me. Your request to know the names of the delegates is what any one in your standing might reasonably wish, and the names are on the cover of my Characteristic Book. Brother Boehm knoweth the delegates; he may give them in this letter. I may be censured if I do it; nothing is hid. I conclude. Let us be plain, peaceable, praying men; the Lord will direct us all.

I hope for the best. You will recollect how restless two young men were in the last General Conference. It was but a little while they had to feel the rod or staff of the bishops.

I am most affectionately, as ever, yours,
F. Asbury.

Following is Father Boehm's postscript to the above:--

At My Father's, Aug. 11.

Dear Brother: Through a kind and gracious Providence my life and peace are perpetuated to the present moment. I desire to exercise greater confidence in the Lord as regards myself and the Church of God.

H. Boehm.

Rev. Abraham J. Palmer read some letters which had been received by the committee in charge of the centennial celebration, among which were the following:--

* * *

Letter From Bishop Janes

New York, May 8, 1875
Rev. A. J. Palmer

Dear Sir: I thank the committee for inviting me to be present at the one hundredth birthday of Rev. Henry Boehm. I should regard it as a very high honor, and it would be a very great pleasure, to participate in the services of that very unusual occasion were it practicable for me to do so consistently with engagements made previous to the reception of your invitation. My engagements in the West will not allow me to return in time to enjoy the occasion. Permit me, through you, to extend to Father Boehm my warm congratulations and affectionate greetings. I am sure one who has lived so long and intimately with God on earth will live with him forever in heaven. May all who unite in celebrating his centennial share with him his immortality!

Yours in Christian love,
E. S. Janes.

* * *

Letter From Bishop Bowman

Chicago, June 1, 1875

Dear Father Boehm: As neither my colleagues nor myself can be present at your centennial anniversary, we beg to assure you that our absence does not in the least indicate any loss of respect or affection for you. Your pure Christian character and holy life, as well as your long and valuable services to the Church, have given you a warm place in our hearts. We are glad and thankful that a kind Providence has spared you to us so long, and that you are permitted to enjoy so comfortable and happy an old age. It would give us great pleasure to be present on the occasion referred to, and participate in the interesting and memorable services connected with it. But as other duties will not allow this, we hereby send our hearty congratulations and Christian greetings, and most devoutly pray that God's blessings may abound toward you, and that, when the end shall have come, the light

of your cheerful and beautiful life may, without a cloud or a shadow, melt away into the glory of heaven.

Yours affectionately,
Thomas Bowman,
By order of the Board of Bishops.

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Letter From Bishop Simpson

Philadelphia, June 7, 1875.

Dear Brother Palmer: I regret that I cannot be present at Father Boehm's anniversary. At our recent meeting I was appointed to hold the German Conference and to visit our missions in Italy and Scandinavia, and I expect to sail this week. Please present to Father Boehm my sincere congratulations that God has spared him so long to the Church and the world. Few men have seen their hundredth anniversary. Very few ministers have ever approximated such an age. His experience, too, has been so rich and joyous. He has seen .the Church of his youth rise from infancy to maturity. He has witnessed the development of all its agencies, and the enlargement of its borders. We rejoice still to have his presence with us, and his blessing upon us. May his last days be unusually full of gracious enjoyments, and may he finally be crowned in holy triumph in our Father's kingdom. With thanks to the committee for their courtesy, and with regret at my unavoidable absence,

I am yours, truly,
M. Simpson.

* * *

Letter From Samuel Pettit

Rev. Henry Boehm
Piqua, O., June 5, 1875.

My Dear Brother: I see by the "Western Advocate" that you expect to celebrate your hundredth anniversary, which will be next Tuesday, and I should be glad were it in my power to meet you on that occasion. But as this cannot be, I must praise the Lord, and shake hands with you in my heart. In 1822 I stopped at your house in Lancaster, Pa., on my way to Reading, where Methodism was soon after planted in that wicked town. which was on your circuit, and where you were likely to be drowned by swimming the Schuylkill to get to your appointment there, and where your books and clothes were well soaked in the water, and where I took you to my house and had you dried and comforted as best I could. It was in 1822 that you gave me my first license, which I still have to look at.

It was also in 1822, at Churchtown campmeeting, that you took into Society Ellen Righter, who has been my wife over fifty years, and who has never been too tired to rise up and make the preachers comfortable at our house, and who is known to most of the preachers of the Cincinnati Conference, and whose praise is in all the Churches.

You will remember Brother Kimber, who was my fellowlaborer at Reading in the Church, and helped greatly in the work of the Lord. He still lives in Urbana, Ohio, and he and I are now both in our seventy-ninth year, and, by the grace of God, walking by the same rule, and minding the same thing. I thank my God for my acquaintance with you, and for the long life with which my heavenly Father has favored you., and pray that your sun may grow brighter and broader at its setting, and bring a pleasing day in glory.

Samuel Pettit

P. S. -- If you ever feel like writing me a line I should be very happy to receive it. You will remember that I met you about ten years ago at your friend's below Dayton, where we spent two or three days together. I may write to you some day again, if I know your post-office. -- S. P.

* * *

Letter From Aaron Wood
Williamsport, Ind., June 4, 1875.
A. J. Palmer, Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sir: Please read the following at your meeting on the 8th, as my congratulating contribution fro' the occasion. In 1811 Asbury and Boehm came to my father's, in the State of Ohio. (See "Asbury's Journal," vol. iii, page 317.) I was then nine years old, and received from the bishop a catechism. Boehm will remember the visit. But there is a fact that I give of importance, learned from my mother. Her maiden name was Mary Con, of York, Pa., and when a child, under the preaching and teaching of Martin Boehm gave her heart to her Saviour. I am the oldest of five sons of that mother, and am now seventy-three, and in the fifty-third year of my itinerancy. I have met H. Boehm in New York, in Xenia, and Philadelphia, and he will remember

Yours, respectfully,
Aaron Wood

Reflections on the extent of personal influence:--

1. Martin Boehm, the Mennonite from Germany.
2. Mary Con Wood, the Methodist mother of preachers.
3. A. Wood, a young preacher in Indiana, preaching in a cabin in Knox County.
4. Isaac Owen, brought to Christ, and made missionary to California.

And who knows but four more would reach around the world? If God leaves me here in this sound body twenty-seven years more, I may learn the names of persons who, from Owen in China, and so on around to Bohemia or Bulgaria, carried the same Gospel which has saved me. Glory be to God! Amen. -- A. W.

A communication from Dwight Williams, of Cazenovia, N. Y., inclosed the following letters from Father Boehm and Bishop Asbury to Rev. Robert Birch, a member of the East Genesee Conference at the time of his death, which occurred about twenty-two years ago. Both letters were originally written upon the same sheet of paper.

* * *

Father Boehm's Letter

Camden, S. C., Dec. 23, 1811

My Very Dear Brother: I received yours a few days ago, and was made glad with its contents, particularly on finding that you enjoyed good health of body, and, above all, are warring a good warfare. It is so: great and good men may sometimes be at least the accidental cause of leading us into inexpedient steps, and if such a step or steps should be of such a nature and relation that we cannot step backward for life, it behooves us to consider well, especially as itinerant ministers of the ever blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ. The rewards of grace and glory are suspended on self-denial and taking up the cross. But, my dear brother, how liable we are to lose sight of the spiritual prize I for it must be received by faith. My mind is satisfied that nothing can reconcile a young man to move on as though he cared for nothing of a temporal or domestic nature but the power of grace, and the perpetual exercise of the same.

No doubt you would be glad to hear some account of our tour. We traveled extensively through the State of Ohio previous to the Western Conference, at which we had a good time, both in conference and in the congregations. Some conversions. Things were very promising as to the perpetuation of peace, order, and discipline among preachers and people. Upward of three thousand increase. One hundred and one preachers stationed. From there we traveled rapidly to the west of Georgia, over into the New Purchase, down to Savannah, back to Augusta, Columbia, to this town -- upward of eleven hundred miles since we left Cincinnati.

There has been a gracious work of God, in many parts, within the bounds of this conference. The increase, in all probability, will be considerable. It would do you good to see the peace, order, and love which appear to be prominent features of this conference.

My health is as usual, and I have reason to believe that my soul is advancing in humility and love. O, why is not my whole soul swallowed up in the goodness of God! May the great Head of the Church be your wisdom, comfort, and strength! Father Asbury has lately been considerably afflicted with rheumatic touch in one of his knees; but is at present nearly well.

I am, dear brother, yours, etc.,
H. Boehm.

* * *

Bishop Asbury's Letter
Camden, S. C, Dec. 23, 1811

My Dear Son: O what graces and grace we need to conduct ourselves as sons of God, without rebuke! Great grace we need to guide men of murmuring minds, and called, justified, sanctified, ministers of Jesus. This year with us is begun in the West and Southern conferences. The day of God, the day of glory, is begun. Near seven thousand added this year, besides the numbers triumphantly gone to join the Church above. Thus the wastage is more filled up. These two conferences would be a great field for the poor supernumerary superintendent, but we must wander through the new world.

We have recommended the first Friday in May as a day of humiliation and fasting, that if we must have some radical changes, (as some say,) and the transfer of some of the appointing power to the principal officers in our Church government, the change may be of God, and not of men, who have partially for years been their own bishops. Pray; watch; flee youthful desires; follow after every grace.

Yours, etc.,
Francis Asbury

Rev. John S. Porter, then came forward, and turning to the patriarch, said:--

I have great pleasure, Father Boehm, to meet you again in the presence of this large assembly. I suppose there is no person present, perhaps, who has so continuous a recollection of you for so long a term of years as myself. I do not recollect the time, but I doubt not you do, when in my infancy, at the request of my now departed and sainted parents, you baptized me in the name of the Holy Trinity. When you came to the Delaware District, which, I think, was in 1820 -- '19 or '20 --

Father Boehm -- Thereabouts.

Rev. Porter -- I was then a member of the Church, a lad about or nearly fifteen years of age, and I recollect it was you who gave me the first book I ever felt sufficient interest in to read from the beginning to the end. I suppose that book of religious letters is now out of print, but I recollect my heart was warmed in reading those letters directed to Bishop Asbury, I think chiefly from laborers in different parts of the field. From that time it has been my privilege to know your personal history as to age and service in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I think what Bishop Asbury said when he was called upon to say whether there was any tiring against Henry Boehm, may well have been said from year to year from that time till now. God be praised, by whose grace you have been thus preserved!

Your brethren, sir, desire to present to you some substantial token of their respect for you, their interest in you, and their affection for you in the evening of your life; and although it was not

so determined by the Newark Conference, yet the Newark Conference was pleased to appoint a committee to take this matter in charge -- the celebration of your centennial-and they have been pleased to issue circulars and to obtain from different quarters something of what Kossuth, I believe, used to call "material aid." I have something from those who love you to present to you on this occasion, and I am happy to say that one hundred and fifty dollars of this subscription comes from the Philadelphia brethren. I was present at their preachers' meeting, and when I told them we were going to celebrate your centennial, and suggested that they take the matter in hand, (for I thought they would consider it a privilege to participate in this celebration,) they very cordially appointed a committee of three to represent them here, and they also have collected that amount of money, and those three brethren -- Brothers Todd, Chaplain, and Robinson, together with Brother Fernley, have come here to show their interest in this matter.

It is not possible for us to say, Father Boehm, how much the amount of this testimonial will yet be. I have just been told, however, that a friend will make it up to the sum of five hundred dollars, and I have no doubt there are other friends who desire to add to it, and I hope it will not stop at that figure. I know that other friends will be glad, when the subject is presented to them, to participate in the movement. I hope, so far as the "material aid " is concerned, that it may be of comfort to you -- not that the sum is so considerable, but that you cannot, I know you cannot, but feel in your heart to rejoice that God raises up these friends for you. With this substantial token of our regard for you [handing Father Boehm a purse] I close my remarks, rejoicing that it is my privilege to sit at your feet, and hoping to join you in the heavenly land.

Father Boehm was asked if he desired to reply in person, and he said that instead of speaking himself he had selected Professor Buttz to represent him.

Rev. Henry A. Buttz, who then appeared in a double representative capacity -- being called upon to speak for Father Boehm and also for the young men of the Newark Conference -- spoke as follows:--

* * *

Address Of Henry A. Buttz

Dr. Porter: Little did Father Boehm suppose, when he took you in his arms and baptized you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that you would greet him on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth with this token of the appreciation of his younger brethren.

I am requested by Father Boehm to return through you, to all who have taken part in this occasion, whether from the Philadelphia, New York, or other conferences, and particularly to the members of the Newark Conference, with which he has been connected during these later years of his life, his thanks for this renewed testimonial of affection.

All these brethren have a warm place in his heart. He looks upon them not as his brethren only, but with all the tenderness with which a father looks upon his sons, and with a heart whose warmth a hundred years have not chilled he returns you his gratitude. He receives this gift for the evidence it gives of your confidence and esteem.

Father Boehm gives thanks to God today that although he has been preaching the Gospel since the year 1800 with an average salary of less than two hundred dollars a year, and in many instances he has given that to the Church of Christ, yet now, standing at the end of a century, he can confirm by experience the truth of the Divine promise to the righteous: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." For one hundred years he has not wanted any good thing. Loving hearts have cared for him, and gentle hands have ministered to him, through all these years until this hour. If it were proper, it would be the wish of Father Boehm that I should express on this occasion, to those of his own immediate circle who have cared for him so long, his high appreciation of their love, or, to use his own words, they have been to him "better than good." But this is a sacred precinct within which I dare not intrude. Let it suffice to say, that although for many years he has had no son of his own, Providence has so arranged that he has not felt the lack, and he has not wanted for the loving attentions either of son or daughter.

It is well known to those intimate with Father Boehm that he has always had a deep interest in young men, especially in young ministers. In the true spirit of the fathers he has hailed with joy every institution which proposed their improvement. It is his desire that when he can no longer preach the Gospel himself, he may preach it through others, so that he may still speak for Christ on earth when he has passed to heaven. I am commissioned by Father Boehm to say, also, that he gratefully receives this gift of his brethren; that he will deposit it where it may be at hand in ease of need; and hoping, as he does, that he may never need it, having always had his wants supplied in the past, it is his purpose in that event, and also that of those most intimately connected with him, that this shall be employed as a fund to aid young men in preparing for the ministry in Drew Theological Seminary.

Again, in Father Boehm's behalf, I thank you, and give to you, in his name, his centennial blessing, in the language of the patriarch Jacob to his son Joseph: "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth."

But, venerable father, I have another mission besides the one with which you have so kindly honored me. The purse is but an incident in the exercises of this occasion. We are here also to greet you on this the one hundredth anniversary of your birth, to assure you of our love and confidence, to pray unitedly for the continuance of your health and strength, and to hear from your lips such words as you may choose to speak, and to receive your blessing. I am asked to extend to you, on this your centennial anniversary, the cordial salutations of the younger members of the Newark Conference. I despair of being able in any adequate sense to represent them. Their voices are so many, and their sympathies with this occasion are so deep, that I can scarcely attempt, much less hope to accomplish, such a task. Whatever the difference in the respective ages of those who are gathered here, we are alike in this, that by the side of you, Father Boehm, we are all young men today. I seem to myself like a sapling addressing an oak that has withstood the storms of a century; like a child, scarcely able to speak, addressing an ancestor whose life began so long ago as to make his history bear, almost, the aspect of mythology.

We congratulate you on having lived to be one hundred years old; an age to which we young men can scarcely hope to attain. I say hope to attain, for we do not depreciate the grandeur and glory of old age, especially when, like yours, it is found in the way of righteousness. I have been informed that there is a statistician in England who denies that men live to be so old. If he were here today we would point him to you, and show that in America it does occur. You have lived one hundred years -- twelve hundred months -- thirty-six thousand foul" hundred days -- eight hundred and seventy-six thousand hours, and minutes almost innumerable. But time is rightly measured not so much by the minutes on the dial, as by the work achieved and the events that have transpired. It has been well said that many of the greatest events of modern times have taken place during your life. Your centennial comes in the midst of American centennials, and no history of our country will be complete without your name.

It is not merely to the hundred years that you have lived that we pay our tribute today, but to the fact that you have lived them so well. We pay our homage to a century of character -- to the Christian virtues which have adorned your active life -- a century in which, neither by word or deed, have you brought a stain upon the Church with which you have been identified, or upon the Christ whose Gospel you have proclaimed.

On the 31st of August, 1799, Bishop Asbury wrote in his journal: " I had a comfortable time at Boehm's Church Martin Boehm is upon wings and springs since the Lord has blessed his grandchildren. His son Henry is greatly led out in public exercises." This was the bishop's earliest public testimonial to your Christian character.

In the year 1809, in the Philadelphia Conference, after you had been Bishop Asbury's traveling companion for one year, the question was asked, "Is there any thing against Henry Boehm?" and the bishop gravely answered, "Nothing against Brother Boehm." Again, in 1813, after five years' traveling with him, the bishop returned the same answer to the same question, and added, referring to you, "For five years he has been my constant companion. He served me as a son; he served me as a brother; he served me as a servant; he served me as a slave." At the last session of the Newark Conference, in your hundredth year, the same question was asked, and the answer was, " Nothing against Father Boehm."

I am sure, sir, if you should live a hundred years more the same answer would be given. And when, at last, you shall be called to enter the better world, the answer will still be, "Nothing against Henry Boehm; " not because of any merit of your own, but because you have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and because you have " fought the good fight, you have finished your course, you have kept the faith."

I have wondered that art has never paid that tribute to age to which it is entitled. Art has embalmed the human frame in its grandest physical vigor, and it fairly revels in the flowers of youthful beauty. Even the muscles of Hercules have been preserved by the sculptor's chisel or the painter's brush, but so far as my own observation has gone, (and I confess it has not been extensive,) I have seen but little of art in the embalmmnt of the proportions of old men. But the men whom the world would recall from the past in hours of conflict are not the physically strong, but the ripe, intellectually noble old men. It is not Hercules, but Nestor. You remember that the greatest of epics written by the greatest of poets opens with a quarrel between Agamemnon and

Achilles, the rival Grecian chieftains, in the midst of which an old man, Nestor by name, who had lived through two generations, and was now ruling over the third, and whose words are described as "sweeter than honey," arose and demanded a hearing by the rival chiefs by declaring his age and contemporaries:--

"In times past I lived with men -- and they despised me not--
Ablar in counsel, greater than yourselves;
Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see...
The mightiest they among the sons of men:
The mightiest they, and of the forest beasts
Strove with the mightiest, and their rage subdued.
With them I played my part; with them, not one
Would dare to fight, of mortals now on earth.
Yet they my counsels heard, my voice obeyed;
And hear ye also -- for my words are wise."

And it is of the old man, and not of the warrior, that the poet adds:--

"O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee!"

You, sir, are older than Nestor of Homeric fame. Three generations have fully passed while you have lived, and you are now dwelling among the fourth. You have seen the seventh generation in your own family. How much more should your words be heard, and your portrait preserved! We take your portrait today, not in verse, not in marble, not on canvas, but on the tablets of our hearts, and we will preserve it there while life and memory last, as an inspiration and joy.

We congratulate you, also, because you have lived in the heroic age of the Church to which we belong. You have been an actor in the great religious movements which led to the firm establishment of our Church. You were born nine years after its introduction into America: you have seen all our great institutions rise and flourish: you have helped to fight; the great battles of Methodism.

You have had great contemporaries, who will be more fully named by others. It is a great thing to live in a great age with great men, and to bear your part among them. Your history has been almost identical with American Methodism. I had almost said your history is American Methodism. You have seen our bishops ordained. You yourself were ordained by Whatcoat, who was ordained by Wesley, and are in the true apostolic succession. You have helped them in their work, you have smoothed their passage to the tomb; you helped to lay Whatcoat in the grave.

On the 4th of July, 1815, you went home to visit your mother. Bishop Asbury, referring to that visit, wrote in his journal: "Happy at Mother Boehm's. A pleasing Providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry in a few moments before." After a two days' visit with him there in the old home, where he had been a visitor for thirty years, and when, after his last Episcopal tour, he had bid your aged mother good-bye, you accompanied him to Lancaster, when he embraced you

in his arms, pressed you to his bosom, gave you his last kiss and benediction, and you gazed on him till he was lost from your view. The parting is not forever. You shall see him again in the land where there are no separations.

You can now look upon a Church whose missions encircle the globe, founded not only on great institutions of benevolence and learning, but on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone -- a sure pledge that her history and triumphs have but just begun.

I have no doubt it would be pleasing for you to know, on this your centennial anniversary, how the younger members of our Conference feel on vital matters pertaining to the Church of your and their choice, and in which you have been a minister for three quarters of a century. I think I may safely say that they are loyal to the great doctrines of the Bible as maintained by the Church during the hundred years you have lived. They maintain the Bible as the only infallible standard of Christian faith and practice. They believe and preach the doctrines of depravity, atonement, regeneration, witness of the Spirit, adoption, sanctification, eternal salvation for the finally holy, and eternal punishment for the finally impenitent. While they hold with tenacity to the doctrines of their own Church, they are not narrow or bigoted, but with broad Christian hearts they repeat the Apostle's Creed with the whole Church of Christ, and gladly co-operate with Christians of every name for the salvation of men. They hold fast to the great working forces of the Church as they have inherited them from you and your colaborers. They believe in revivals of religion having their inspiration in God's Spirit, the class and prayer meeting, and the recognized instrumentalities of the Church for carrying on her work. If they criticize, it is not to destroy, but to maintain and upbuild the Church of their choice. They believe that the great mission of the Church is the one announced by our fathers, "To spread scriptural holiness over these lands." Whatever differences may exist among them on definitions, I believe they are one in carrying out the spirit of her early mission, which, I trust, will continue to be her mission until the world shall be redeemed to God. They do not fear, but welcome, the highest culture and the deepest, broadest learning, but they would make it all tributary to the spread of scriptural holiness.

They are loyal to the fathers of the Church; they reverence our old men; they are proud of them; they would as soon be seen striking a blow at their own earthly parents as at the fathers of Methodism; they hold them highly in esteem for their characters' sake, for the work's sake, for the Church's sake to which they have given their best days and their noblest powers. Every gray hair on your head, and every wrinkle on that time-scarred brow, they love and reverence. They are marks of beauty which they would not exchange for the brightest bloom of youth. In the esteem they hold you, they desire to express that which they hold toward all their fathers in the ministry. But in your presence, and in view of the exercises that are to follow, I dare not detain you. Your example forbids me to speak longer. To you may fitly be applied the epigrammatic eulogy once applied to the philosopher and patriot of America, Benjamin Franklin: "He never spoke a word too soon, he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much, he never failed to speak the right word at the right season."

And now, venerable father, accept again our heartiest congratulations. We do not say today, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" for our Elijah is not yet going. We trust the time is yet distant ere you depart for heaven. Though, like Paul, to depart

and be with Christ is better for you, yet for you to abide in the flesh is more needful for us. When the time comes, you will die grandly and serenely, as an old man and a Christian should die. Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, said: "Young men seem to me to die just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water; whereas old men die as the exhausted fire goes out -- spontaneously -- without the exertion of any force: and as fruits, when they are green, are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe or mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youths -- maturity from old men; a state which to me, indeed, is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death the more I seem, as it were, to be getting sight of land, and at length, after a long voyage, to be coming into harbor." But Cicero lived but sixty-three years, and old Cato, into whose mouth he put these words, is represented as but eighty-four; but, sir, they were boys by the side of you. You have lived a hundred years! You are a Christian, to(), and a bright vision is before you. As the traveler in a region of mountains ascends a distant summit, and when he has reached it finds another before him and ascends that, and another, and another, and each time finds that the topmost point is still distant, so you climbed to childhood, then to youth, then to manhood, then to middle age, then to old age, and since then you have been climbing through steps for which our language has no single word, until now you have reached an age when we can call you our centenarian, and soon you will reach the summit, when you will greet, not the distant peaks of earth, but the mountains of glory, where you shall go on forever, and, with Paul, exclaim with rapture, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Rev. Jacob Todd, A. M., of the Philadelphia Conference, delivered the following address:-

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Dr. Todd's Address

Our venerable Father Boehm belongs to the whole Methodist Episcopal Church, and not to any particular locality. We think of him as the friend and companion of Asbury, the apostle of American Methodism, and, in consequence, feel that the whole country can lay claim to him. We could not localize him if we would, and would not if we could.

I do not know that any particular credit attaches to locality because a great and good man was born there, for the simple reason that he could not help it. The Hibernian who was born in the country said he could have been born in the city just as well if he had desired, but that he preferred the country. Perhaps if Father Boehm had been consulted he would have preferred the city. But although the place of our birth is purely accidental, there is a mystic cord which binds our hearts to our childhood home through life, such as links us to no other spot on earth. Representing the Philadelphia Conference, within whose bounds our venerated father was born, I, with my fellow-committeemen, Drs. Chaplain and Robinson, feel that our claim is not less, if it be not more, than that of any others present. Usually upon festive occasions the children come back from abroad to the paternal home to do honor to the parents. That order is reversed today. We come from the old homestead to seek out our Father Boehm, who has gone abroad, and offer him the congratulations of the Philadelphia Conference upon the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday.

There have been some changes at home since he left: there are more farms in Lancaster County now, and less woods; there are more villages, towns, and cities, and less country. Those who were boys then are tottering upon staffs now. There are many, many more mounds in the grave-yard. The little societies which met in barns and school-houses then, and were called Methodists in derision, have since built themselves houses of worship, and are now a strong and respected Church in the community. The old house, around which in boyhood he played, is gone; but the springs sparkle just the same, and the brooks bubble and flow on as of yore; the sky stretches its big arch overhead, and the stars twinkle, and the sun's huge disk of burnished gold dazzles, just the same as they did a hundred years ago. The old German Bibles are growing scarce, but English Bibles in greater numbers have taken their places, and the precious truths of God's revelation remain the same through all languages. The same doctrines are preached, the same hymns are sung, the same experiences are related, and the same prayers are offered, as when he in boyhood first attended a Methodist meeting. Men and their works have all changed; but God, and nature, and the religion of Jesus, are the same yesterday, today, and forever.

And Father Boehm has changed some, too, since he left home. He is the youngest man for his years that ever I knew, but still I notice that time has made some deep furrows in his cheeks, and the frost has settled in his hair. That stalwart form which, in other years, bore Bishop Asbury up many a hill and over many a stream, is bent and feeble now; and his voice, which used to ring out loud and clear as he delivered his Gospel message among the mountains of Pennsylvania, now shows signs of faltering and trembling. But these changes are only on the outside; time has not been able to alter him at the core. His memory still is good; his mind is clear; his heart is just as warm, and his faith as strong, as they were in the days long past and gone. The "outward man" may perish, "yet the inward man is renewed day by day." God's own image, over which time has no control, is stamped within him, and there are no wrinkles in his soul.

A hundred years have rolled away since he first opened his eyes upon the light of a day in June. It does not seem so long a time in this age of crowding events; yet it takes us back to when the fever of the Revolution was in the blood of our ancestors. The musketry of Concord and Lexington was still echoing in the air when Father Boehm was born; and he was in his cradle when the Declaration of Independence was signed. His childhood heard the tramp of Continental soldiers, and the guns of Valley Forge and Germantown sounded in his youthful ears. American Methodism was only a child of nine years old, and was still unweaned from its mother, when he was born. Why, nineteen such men, the one born upon the day on which the other died, would take us back beyond the birth of Christ! This one life spans a continent of history, arches over the graves of three generations, and bridges a chasm of forgetfulness a hundred years wide; so that over it the memories of long ago can travel down to us.

But a man's life cannot be measured by the number of seasons that come and go. Some men live more in ten years than others do in fifty. Our lives are measured not by clock-ticks, but by heart-throbs. The excitements of the times, the rush of events, and the activities of the mind, determine a man's age more than the roll of years. Father Boehm has lived longer than Methuselah, if we reckon time in this way. Within his life-time the application of steam to mechanical purposes has taken place. Instead of the clink on the anvil, which he heard in boyhood, now the heavy thud of the steam trip-hammer shakes the earth; and the old Conestoga wagons of earlier days have almost disappeared from the turnpike, and, instead, the iron horse now tosses his smoky main, and

snorts and rushes like the wind through mountains, over valleys; and across the plain. It had taken Methuselah not less than a week -- possibly a whole month -- to come from Philadelphia to New York. Father Boehm has lived in an age when men breakfast in Philadelphia, dine in New York, and sup again at home. Within the last century the lightning has been harnessed and made to do man's bidding. By means of the telegraph men are talking across continents and, under oceans with each other, as though they stood face to face. Messages are sent and answers received in an hour, which would have required months or years a century ago. He has lived in an age of books and newspapers. Printing was known and practiced long before his time, but never in the world's history has the press groaned beneath its burden of publications as it has during his life-time. The newspaper has been born in this country -- not in the sense of being created out of nothing, but in the sense of being transformed and unfolded into new being. It existed before, but it was only a grub then. " It has taken on wings since, and is a different thing altogether. Had the great fire in Chicago occurred a hundred years ago, the city would have been rebuilt before news of its destruction had reached the more remote sections of the country. Now, men see in the morning newspaper, before they get to business, the world's, photograph as it looked at sunset last night. These wonderful facilities for intercommunication have quickened thought, have aroused energy, have stimulated activity. Every thing goes by express now; haste! is the watchword of this age. In an old colonial paper published in Connecticut there is a notice to this effect: The vessel which was to have sailed from New London for England on next Wednesday will postpone her departure for two weeks longer on account of one of the passengers not being able to get ready before." Now, if he is two minutes late the plank is drawn, and he is left behind.

If we would measure Father Boehm's life-time aright we must not forget that he has lived for a century in an age when men talk by lightning, travel by steam, write with a printing-press, and move by the second. He has lived through the best hundred years this world ever saw; he has lived more than the man who was contemporary with both Adam and Noah; there is more of history and religion crystallized in his memory than could have entered into any one experience in any age before. The length of that life is wonderful -- but its breadth amazes and overwhelms me!

But it is not so much Father Boehm's extreme age, nor yet his wide and varied experience, which calls forth our homage today. Old age is honorable, and I always take off my hat before gray hairs. I am no advocate for relic worship; and yet there is something in a moss-covered building, in an old mildewed book, or in the ruins of an ancient city, which irresistibly calls forth my veneration. I cannot help uncovering my head and walking with muffled footsteps in the presence of hoary antiquity. By just as much more as a man is greater and better than a hook or a building, do I venerate the face seamed and scarred, and the head bleached white with many year's. But I have seen older men than Father Boehm. It was my privilege not long ago to see a man die, and afterward to bury him, who was two years the senior of the patriarch of this occasion. There are centenarians today living in almost every State in the Union. the return of whose birthday calls forth no such public expression of affection and honor. Father Boehm's age would command our respect if he had no other claim upon our attention; but that alone had never called tiffs concourse of people together from so many and such distant places.

We cannot help paying deference to knowledge, no matter whether it be acquired through books or experience, or both together. Knowledge is power, and it is a power which makes itself respected every-where. The man who stands before us as a kind of mental reservoir, into which

the experiences, observations, and studies of a hundred years have poured their ceaseless streams, is king by virtue of his knowledge; he wears a crown which none will dispute, and holds a scepter before which all will bow. We look upon Father Boehm as an incarnate, living volume of history; his life is a cyclopedia of one nineteenth of the Christian era; he is the embodiment of all the precious memories of Methodism. We value, cherish, and honor him for his ripe experience and well-stored mind. But not for his age and wisdom atone, nor chiefly for these, do the Church and community value his life and treasure his memory. Goodness is better than age -- is better than knowledge. It is the sunshine which gilds the mountain of years, and which ripens into sweetness the fruits of experience which grow on the sides of that mountain. The Church has sent her representatives here today to emphasize the proverb that "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

We forget every thing else while we remember vividly that Father Boehm, though a hundred years old, has a moral character upon which suspicion has never dared to breathe, and that beneath that wrinkled face the religion of Jesus dwells in all the sweetness, freshness, innocence, and simplicity of early childhood. We have come together today to offer thanksgiving to God, and congratulations to each other, for this life of a hundred years without one spot or stain. His moral and religious life stands out upon his Christian profession like a white lily upon a field of snow. My hand shall not attempt to paint so pure a picture. "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, and throw perfume over the violet, or seek with taper light the beautiful eye of heaven to garnish, were wasteful and ridiculous excess." Were this whole world at Father Boehm's disposal, with its wealth and its wisdom, he could not from all its stores bestow a richer dowry upon the Church of his love than the record of his own simple, humble, true, and untarnished life.

Rev. George Lansing Taylor read the following original hexameter ode, composed by him for Father Boehm's centennial. Before reading the poem he said, in a good-humored way:--

"I ought to make a remark for the benefit of the least bookish of my hearers, and I will do it in the form of a story. I have heard the anecdote of a young lady fresh from boarding school, who, in a conversation on the subject of poetry, sagely remarked that Shakespeare was not poetry, because it did not rhyme. For the benefit of some members of the same family as that young lady who may yet be living I would insist that the world still continues to call Shakespeare poetry in spite of the absence of rhyme; and if my hearers will listen attentively to catch the swing of the long hexameter line they may find rhythm in what I have to read to them, if not rhyme."

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THE HEROIC AGE -- HENRY BOEHM (1775-1875)

By George Lansing Taylor

Where are our hero fathers; the prophets, do they live forever?--
Where are the spirits and forms sublime in the ages departed,
Forms that loom now, gigantic, as men seen through mists on the hilltops,
Loom through the vista of years, majestic as gods in their stature,
Towering above us in labors that shame our puny endeavors,
Mighty in godlike virtues, in sufferings like to the martyrs,

Like them in poverty, hardship, loneliness, exile, and anguish;
Like them in fortitude, valiant as knights in the ages heroic;
Lofty and ardent of soul as Godfrey, or Bertrand, or Bayard:
Glorying in toils apostolic, in matchless intent and achievement;
Flaming with ardor seraphic, and scorning earth's honors for heaven's,
Such were our hero fathers and founders, the Methodist preachers.

Honor, all honor today to the men, and their labors and triumphs,
Labors that shaped a new world, and triumphs that echoed through heaven.
Rude was the wild. they traversed, a continent virgin and pathless,
Peopled by bold, strong races, and States new-rising from darkness;
An unformed chaos of men from the ends of the earth flung together,
Cast on this shore untrodden like drift cast up by the sea-surf.
Men of all lands, all tongues, all ranks, all creeds and opinions,
Mingled as quartz and feldspar and hornblende are mingled in granite;
Mingled by fiery fusion to make the bed-rock of a nation.

Fierce were the forces that fought in the furnace where freedom was molded.
Tyranny kindled the flame, but Liberty fann'd it and fed it;
Fed it with fire from the skies, and fuel of hearts self-devoted,
Till the rude mass, undigested, refractory, stubborn, chaotic,
Blended at last in a Union of hearts and of States in firm compact,
Welded in blood and fire, cemented for ages of ages.

Not alone valor heroic, or Liberty's warm aspirations,
Not alone wisdom and state-craft, secured and cemented that union.
Lo! from the throne of Jehovah, and borne by the children of Wesley,
Came a new message divine to the dying faith of the people.
Not in the outworn phrases of long-dead creeds and confessions,
Not in the garb sacerdotal, with lifeless liturgical echoes,
Not in an unknown tongue, with a wafer Christ, or his image,
Came as an angel of light the new evangel of freedom.
Free grace alike upon all, and freedom in all to receive it,
Pardon of sin, and its witness inborn in the souls of God's children,
Full salvation on earth, and fitness for death and for heaven:
Such was the glad new song the new evangel was singing;
Such was the message from God that wrought, while the forge-fires of freedom
Glowed, and the hammers of war fell fast, as on iron at welding--
Wrought, like the flux on the iron, that purifies, softens, dissolves it,
Melting the parts into one, as the stroke of the hammer unites them.
So did the glad outpouring of grace blend the hearts of the people,
Crying, "What God hath joined let not man's strifes put asunder!"

So wrought the mighty revival, and mighty men wrought in its labors,
Giants on earth in those days, and men of renown in the old-time,
Deathless their memory still, and deathless their toils and their triumphs.

Where is that conquering host, that thundering legion of heroes,
Men girt with lightnings celestial, and each one a match for a thousand;--
Turning the world upside down, and storming the gates of perdition--
Where are they now, with their preaching, their praying, and singing seraphic?
Gone! all gone from the earth, swept on like an angel procession,
Bursting awhile on men's eyes, entrancing the earth with their splendor,

Then, through the white-cloud screen, melting into the glory eternal.
So passeth one generation away, pursued by another,
Fading like leaves with the years, while the earth abideth forever.
Gone! but not all; for lo! one lingers yet living among us,
One of that dauntless host that of old shook the earth with their thunder.
Hail to the snow-crowned veteran, comrade and partner with heroes!
Hail to the patriarch hoary, survivor of thousands and millions!
Hail to the oak that has stood while the forest was crashing around it,
Stood, and still stands, on the mountain where first as a sapling it flourished,
Grappling the rocks with its roots and with gnarled arms baffling the tempests,
Gray with a century's mosses that stream like the beard of a druid,
Ghostly and bare at the top, green below, and sound to the heart-core!
Hail to the hero revered, whose long years stretch on, and still onward,
Passing the threescore and ten, the limit appointed to mortals,
Passing the frosty fourscore, in vigor erect and unbroken,
Shod as with iron and brass, and marching with tramp adamantine
On through the deserts of life, where the bones of youth's caravans whiten,
On to the century's end, to the year that begins a new hundred!
Battled-scarred, time-scarred, and sere, like a storm-beaten crag, thunder-rifted,
Still in our midst stands the hero, like Nestor of old, sung by Homer;
Nestor, the Pylian sage, who had ruled over three generations:
So stands Boehm, the revered, today 'mid the children of Wesley,
Children and children's children of dead generations who loved him,
Heard from his lips the glad tidings, believed, and passed shouting to glory!
Heard him who stands here today, last link of the ages departed!

Backward, roll backward, ye years that have drifted like autumn leaves o'er him,
Bear him in mem'ry once more to the home and the scenes of his childhood.
Bear him once more to the farm of his sires in dear old Conestoga,
Nigh where the broad Susquehanna rolls on to the bay and the ocean,
Bid Pennsylvania's mountains lift up their blue ridges around him,
Laurel Hill, Blue Ridge, Blue Mountains, stern warders of virtue and freedom,
Bid the far-known and far-honored old homestead fling wide its broad portal,
Once more to welcome the feet that have journeyed so oft to that threshold.
Rise from the dust where ye slumber, ye forms that of yore thronged that mansion,
Join the bright circle, long broken, and move once more, living, before us!

Hail, Martin Boehm, sire and sage evangelist, bishop, and farmer,
Honored in each and by all, a prince among men stamped by nature.

Born of the strong, patient race of the Alps and the old Palatinate;--
Calvinist, Pietist, Mennonite, Methodist last and completest;--
Friend and copartner with Otterbein, Asbury's helper and brother,
Such was the patriarch sire of that home by the broad Susquehanna.

Oft there illustrious Asbury rested from toils superhuman,
Worn with the long, long march that yearly encircled a continent,
Worn yet flaming with zeal apostolic, with love archangelic,
Faith that grasped a new world, and the ardor celestial that won it.
There was his heart's best home. There oft great Otterbein halted,
Scholar, apostle, and saint, by Asbury loved as a brother;
Sage in counsel, and mighty in prayer as Elijah on Carmel;
Founder and head. of a people, a godly, fraternal communion.

Hail, Boehm's Chapel! the temple of limestone, strong and enduring.
Sprung from the preaching of Strawbridge, the thundergust sermons of Abbott;
Planned by the hallowing hand of Whatcoat, the humble and holy;
Still stands the relic of years and heroes departed forever!
Where are the trumpet-like voices that pealed there the sound of salvation;
Asbury, Otterbein, Boehm, and Goeting, Ware, Colbert, and Chandler,
Garrettson, Lee, and McKendree, and he who still living, there heard them;
Heard in his youth and believed, and joined the great host of the preachers.
There, too, rose Jewell and Miller, with Sneath, and the Mitchells and Hunters.

There rose the Burches, and Best and Aiken, names honored and cherished.
There sleep the forms of the fallen, whose spirits soared thence to their crowning.
Lo! youthful Henry, called forth by the Church and the Lord of the harvest--
Called to proclaim the great message, sublimest announcement to mortals--
Speeds on his life-long way, as a herald of mercy to thousands,
Speeds with his mother's sweet kiss, and his patriarch sire's benediction.
Down on the old Eastern shore 'twixt the broad Chesapeake and the ocean,
Where the Peninsula's sands and the dark cypress swamps spread around him;
Where the strange tongue of the red man still haunts all the lands and the waters;
"Where blind bigotry's rage in its rudeness had buffeted angels;
There, in the year eighteen hundred, in Dorchester County and Circuit,
Rang forth a voice like John's in the wilderness preaching repentance.
Not as one beating the air, in an empty pulpit-gymnastic,
Cried the young herald his message 'mid struggles and sorrows of spirit.
Hundreds, awaked at the story, repented in anguish and mourning.
Hundreds in new-found mercy exulted, and shouted salvation.
Bloomed then the desert, a garden, the dark cypress swamps, like cathedrals,
Rang with the praise of the Lord till ocean in thunder responded,
Hail the Peninsula! cradle and birthplace of prophets and heroes!
Bostwick, and Bayer, and Beauchamp, McCombs, and Cooper, and Phoebus,
Martindale, silver-tongued Hull, sage Lawrenson, Emery gifted,
Leaders of Israel's hosts, and wise master-builders in Zion.

Up, thence, to old Annamessex, to Kent, and Northampton, and Bristol,
Up from the sands to the mountains, from youth to the glory of manhood,
Pressed the evangelist onward, proclaiming free grace and salvation.
Mighty the word in those days, and mighty the Spirit's outpourings,
Falling on camp-meeting, conference, prophets and people together;
Falling like Pentecost whirlwinds on awe-struck thousands assembled;
Sweeping from circuit to circuit, till States were ablaze with its glory!

So o'er the prairie in autumn the fire-ocean dashes its surges;
So over pine-clad mountains roars onward the vast conflagration!
Lo, through the length of the land, from Maine to the Gulf, in his circuits,
Asbury moves like a flame, with Boehm his companion and helper.
Not as a servant but friend, a counselor, brother, he journeyed,
True as Achates renowned, who of old voyaged with pious
Aeneas, Loyal as valiant Patroclus, beloved by the godlike Achilles.
Onward from circuit to circuit, from city to city, unresting,
Toiled the great founder and builder, the care of the Churches upon him.
On through the rich cultured East, the bright sunny South, and the center,
O'er Alleghenian wilds, Tennessee, rough Kentucky, Ohio;
Rivers unbridged, and mountains untraversed, the home of the pantiler;
Plunging through forest and flood, nor halting for frost or for freshet;
Heeding nor terror nor tempest, all climates and seasons defying,
On, as by heaven's inspiration, the tramp of their marching resounded.

What was the strong lure that drew them with force unresisted, undying,
Stronger than sorrow or pain? Did golden dreams glitter before them?
Empire? or honors? or fame, whose trump thrills the world with its echoes?
Nay I None, nor all, of all these; but a mightier spell, and diviner,
Bore them on wing and aflame, as it bore the rapt seraphs from glory,
"Warbling o'er Bethlehem's slumbers the gush of a rapture immortal!
Souls, souls of men, of the poor, the friendless, the erring, the outcast.
These were their hire and their treasure, as erst of the Master who taught them.
These, won from death, their reward, and the joy of all heaven beholding;
These were their sheaves, which the Lord of the harvest with blessing accepted.

Still grows the toil of that harvest, and still swells the joy of its reaping,
Reaped and resown evermore in endless perennial springing;
Sown like a handful of corn, but waving like Lebanon's glory;--
Sown with weeping, but reaped 'mid anthems of rapture angelic,
While this hoar harvester leans on his staff, and beholds, and rejoices.
Lo! from the rock-bound shores of the East to the vast Mississippi,
On over river, and prairie, and mountain, and desert, and snow range,
Rolls in grandeur the march of a mighty and marvelous empire.
Hark! In its van, and before it, through solitudes ancient and boundless,
Blown by a thousand heralds, the trump of the new-born evangel

Wakens the wilds where nations extinct have pined for the dawning;
Dawning of morn everlasting, the sunburst for oncoming millions!

On over earth, as it rolls, in the golden sheen of the sunlight,
Swells now the glad new song, the harmonious anthem celestial.
Where the winged caravan, harnessed with fire and thunder, is flying;
Where, at the magic of commerce, old ocean shrinks to a ferry;
Where thought whispers with lightning, and belts the globe in a heart-beat;
Where strange tongues babble on through continents old, or untraversed;
Where, round the sea-girdled islands, the waves dash music eternal;
Where o'er all earth man wanders, sorrowing, sinning, immortal--
There shines Columbia's glory, and their lies the parish of Wesley;
There the great, harvests of freedom and God wait the sower and reaper.

Lo, now, the harvester, bowed with the fierce, long heat of the noonday,
Weary with wielding the sickle, and bent with the sheaves he has gathered,
Walks through the low slant beams of the sunset, and toils tow'rd the garner.
Four times the distance that circles this planet those footsteps have measured,
Through a long century's day, but the twilight at last is descending.
Shadows of sunset have faded. Through vistas of opal and amber,
Gates beyond gates open upward, of hyacinth, sardine, and jasper,
Softly unbarred, to the inmost, the gate of one pearl, like a rose-bud
Cleft through the core, and turned outward on hinges of gold! Lo, unfolding,
Noiseless it swings, like a curtain, and rosy wings poise and sail earthward,
Rosy bands reach toward the harvester, tenderly lifting his burden,
Tenderly lifting his feet till they thrill on threshold of glory,
Till the bent term blooms and glows, and the white head dazzles like Hermon's
Crowned with his sun-smitten snows, -- as this with the throne-flash eternal!
Harvester, Farewell! from earth -- and Hail! from the elders of heaven!

Cyrus D. Foss then responded to the request for some remarks.

* * *

Address By Rev. Foss

One of the most distinguished advocates in this country is said to have remarked concerning the almost interminable speech of the counsel on the other side: "My learned friend seems to have feared that it would be impossible for him to make his speech immortal without making it eternal." Now I am very sure that this meeting is in no such peril as that. Each particular part of these proceedings has been quite too short for its abundant merit, and the meeting itself will be all too short to enable us to utter the feeling of all our hearts. But we may be sure that the memory of this meeting will last, and that three quarters of a century hence -- and it may be even farther off than that -- when there shall be fifteen millions of Methodist communicants on this continent by the blessing of God, this meeting may be remembered by some of the youth here today, and it will go down in permanent form in the Methodist records. I will not extend the time of the

meeting long, lest I should impose upon your patience; I will not occupy half the number of minutes that the chairman of the committee has requested me to speak.

We have been very eloquently told how grandly full of history this last century has been, and how much more this honored life, which in its earthly form shall soon pass away, contains than the life of any man who has lived in any century before this. I recall the sentiment of Bishop Kingsley, who was asked early in the history of our civil war how old he was, and he promptly answered, "One hundred and forty-six." "Why," said his questioner, "how do you make that out?" "Well," he replied, "I was forty-six years old when the war began, and I have lived a hundred years since." Now reckoning upon that principle, which is the just one, our venerable Father Boehm might well claim to be a thousand years of age today. You have heard in the eloquent address of our brother from Philadelphia some account of the wonderful progress we have made within the last century.

He did not tell you what I will add, namely, that since this godly man began to preach the Gospel there have been ten times as many copies of the word of God put into circulation as were circulated before in all the centuries since Moses wrote the Pentateuch; and that within the same space of time there has been a great deal more done in extending the Gospel into the regions beyond, in obedience to that inspiring "Go!" which the Lord Jesus put at the back of his apostles before he ascended into heaven, than in all the other ages before. What a century that makes of the one in which we live! Of this work, by the blessing of God, our honored guest is no small part: and more, that sublime temple, in which he stands so tall and strong a column, the temple of Methodism, is no small part.

My dear friends, I stand here not to attempt what now would be impossible -- any thing further in the line of the touching, delicate, and eloquent personalities which have been so fitly spoken here today, and which have thrilled our hearts with delight. I cannot pluck another flower from anywhere to adorn the wreath that these brethren have woven for this godly man. I will say a few words concerning that grand system of religious revival and propagandism which he helped to build when it was weak, and which gathers us here today. And what is it -- this great religious system, so mighty for the world's evangelization, by God's blessing? If I had an hour to speak here on this occasion, I would say that the secret of the wonderful success of Methodism is to be sought, in part, in its doctrinal system, in part in its ecclesiastical peculiarities, and still more largely in its religious experience.

Concerning the first of these points, I could not summarize our doctrinal teachings, speaking in this impromptu way, half so well as they have just been stated in the poem. Of course our fathers adhered to all the great truths which the Church had held through all time, but they lopped away some of the errors, and were commissioned by God not to add any new truth, (for the truth was perfect when the canon of Scripture was closed,) but to re-emphasize some of the old and forgotten verities; and so when they went forth into regions in England and America where the dry rot of religious thinking, which men call theology, had misled the minds of the people and had dulled their sensibilities -- when they went forth preaching to all men that they were really in peril of eternal death, and that there was offered to them in the Gospel, by their lips, salvation -- a present salvation, a conscious salvation, a full salvation -- no wonder they found a hearing.

That was the proclamation that these men everywhere made; and these important truths, hidden in the creeds before, or at least not brought out, held up as flaming torches before the faces of men, needed only to be so presented to light up the dull eye and warm the frozen heart of the world.

Not only in the emphasis which they laid on these truths did our fathers do a grand work for the world. We had also important ecclesiastical peculiarities. The first of these that arrested the attention of men seventy-five years ago in America, and one hundred and twenty-five years ago in England, was our itinerant ministry. The preacher did not stand still in one place and wait for the people to come to him, but went to them with the offer of the Gospel of the Son of God, because he felt within him the pressure of that almighty "Go!" of the Lord Jesus Christ, which impelled him on to preach the word with power.

After a man's attention had been arrested by Methodism, the next thing was to invite him to the class-meeting. The preacher, seeing the tears streaming down his face, and going to him after the sermon, would ask him -- not "Do you believe the Thirty-nine Articles?" nor "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" -- but he would simply say, "Do you desire to flee from the wrath, to come, and to be saved from your sins?" and if he said "Yes," he would be told, "Here is Brother Jones, a class leader, go to his class next Thursday night." The people also found that a man who wielded the hammer on the anvil from Monday to Saturday went forth on Sunday and preached the Gospel.

So there was a lay ministry, and that was another peculiarity of the ecclesiastical polity of our Church. Concerning these and all the rest I will simply say, that the grand peculiarity of all was, that it was not a man-made system, devised in the brain of John Wesley or any body else, but simply a leading forth, under the providence of God, and by the hand of God, of godly men to bless and save the world. There is not a single peculiarity of Methodism that was not a child of Providence. John Wesley never intended one of them. So we are followers of Wesley when we follow God. To him who would follow the path in which John Wesley trod, if Wesley were alive today he would say, "God is our leader, follow him." And yet in doing this I am persuaded that we should wisely heed the sentiments of that eloquent utterance of Bishop Asbury in the letter that has just now been read to us. Let us hope, and pray, and beseech, clinging to the very horns of the altar, that every change made in the policy of this grandly successful Church may be manifestly "made by God and not by men, who have long been trying to be their own bishops."

After all, as it seems to me, the greatest thing in Methodism, from the beginning until now, has been its religious experience. Why, my dear sir, God's way of making any great truth effective is not by writing it in the Bible, but on the fleshly tables of men's hearts. There is not a single one of those old verities which are vital to our faith but has been in the world, but has been in the Book, for almost nineteen centuries; and yet the Dark Ages passed over the world for all that. Pardon of sin, salvation through faith alone, was already within the Book of God; but the people did not heed it until God put it in the heart of Martin Luther, and when he told it the world believed him, and hence the Reformation.

And so in the time of the Wesleys, and in the time of their followers in England and America, the power of God was made manifest through their experience. It was not simply the

ecclesiastical peculiarities that they held to, it was not simply the doctrines they taught; it was those doctrines set on fire in their hearts that made people learn the lesson, and that alone.

My dear friends, there is not a single truth of Christianity which has not been in some age of the world buried, and buried out of sight; and every such truth, when exhumed, has been exhumed in this way: God has taken it and put it into the living soul of a living man, and it has possessed him, and then he has gone forth and declared it, and men have believed him. Look at the old truth of the universality of the offer of the Gospel. The great commission should have taught this to the Apostle Peter. But long after that you find him bidding away from the Gentiles, not holding to their company, until God set him right at last by a vision from heaven, and he came forth and said what one would have thought his personal experience with Jesus should have taught him long before:-- Peter came forth and declared, as though he had found something new, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." And away down the ages, until a century ago, the Church was possessed by the same Jewish bigotry. It is within the life-time not only of our venerable patriarch, but of others here today, that at a meeting of ministers the question, "Will any young minister suggest to us a subject for discussion?" was asked, and up rose William Carey and said: "Mr. Chairman, I suggest for discussion this theme, 'The duty of the Christian Church to evangelize the heathen world,'" and the old gray-haired moderator, Dr. Ryland, said: "Sit down, young man, sit down; when God gets ready to convert the heathen he will do it without your help or mine." But the great truth was hidden in the hearts of William Carey, Adoniram Judson, and Thomas Coke, and they went forth and proclaimed it, and the world is beginning to believe it.

So with the knowledge of sins forgiven; by the witness of the Spirit Methodism has done much to make this precious experience the common heritage of the Evangelical Church of today. A century and a half ago I doubt if there were ten men in all England who dared to say they believed that doctrine. When Benjamin Abbott was past thirty years of age, he had never heard a man say he knew his sins forgiven; and when he proclaimed it as his experience a deacon told him it was a dangerous heresy, and every man who held it ought to be put to death. And that within this century! But, my dear friends, after fifteen years of such service of God as few men have ever rendered -- after fifteen years of such apostolic zeal for the relief of the poor, and the religious instruction of prisoners, and the bringing to morality and decency of the lowest of the sinful, as few men have ever passed through -- a young man of Lincoln College, Oxford, at the age of thirty-three or thirty-four, hearing a Moravian read from one of Luther's Commentaries about justification by faith alone, says that in that meeting, about half past eight o'clock in the evening, his heart was "strangely warmed;" and then Methodism was born. If it had not been for that strange warming of John Wesley's heart we would not be here today. It was the vitalization, in the experience of the Methodists, of the old, forgotten doctrine that made them mighty, and sent forth this "great religious movement," as Stevens so well calls it, "of the eighteenth century."

I must not multiply words, sir. It is my prayer that in all the changes of our Church polity we may "make haste slowly;" that in all matters of Christian doctrine we may follow the word of God, and may have the truth interpreted to us as it was to Wesley, by the illuminating light of the Spirit, and that the great power of Methodism may ever be the power of its scriptural, personal, joyous experience.

Rev. David W. Bartine delivered the closing address.

* * *

Dr. Bartine's Address

I feel weary at this moment with the journeyings of a hundred years -- with the reasonings, the preaching, and the toil of a hundred years. And I presume that this congregation is weary too -- weary for once with perfect delight in the enjoyment of an entertainment that we shall never forget, with a pleasure that will thrill our hearts till our feet touch the cold waters of Jordan. I am one of Father Boehm's boys, and I delight in the privilege afforded me today, at the closing moments of these profoundly interesting services, to say so. When I was a little babe, (of course I don't remember the circumstance, but my friends remember it,) Father Boehm, in company with Bishop Asbury, came to my father's house. (My father, you know, was one of the old pioneers, a plain, grand old man, a hero through and through, who met the heresies to which my brother referred awhile ago and helped to conquer them.)

Well, they came to my father's house, and the bishop baptized me, as Father Boehm remembers and has often told me; and that put me in the succession, and I am as perfectly in the apostolic succession today as any man in America or in the world -- not simply because the old bishop baptized me, but, my friends, afterward God converted me in the old-fashioned Methodist style.

I learned the great principles of this wondrous Church in the company of such learned men as these, (pointing to Father Boehm,) sitting at their feet, listening to their words, and being taught in the schools of which they were the prophets. And I glory today that I feel like clinging to the good old-fashioned Methodist style.

In the year 183'2, when I was a boy -- and I suppose as we sometimes say, in cant phrase, somewhat "green" -- I received a message from this venerable father inviting me to attend a camp-meeting; and those meetings were real camp-meetings; the people went there to pray all the time, and to look for the baptism of the Holy Ghost; I went, trembling, fearing, feeling utterly disqualified for the work I had entered on, and which I believe God called me to undertake; and I shall never forget the kindly greeting this precious father gave me as I entered those grounds. He took all the fear from my heart and greeted me with a cordiality I have never forgotten; he said a few kindly, loving, simple words, that strengthened ray heart through and through, and from that day to this I have been blessed and honored with the friendship of this venerable man of God.

If I had time today I should like to give a number of reminiscences which I could present, but the time has passed so rapidly that the close of these interesting services is necessarily near at hand. And before we separate this afternoon let us congratulate ourselves that we still have preserved among us such a grand specimen of the Methodism of the olden time. Dr. Foss presented us with some very interesting thoughts upon this subject, and that is one of the points I intended to present. But every one who has spoken today has stolen some of my thunders, so that I am compelled to manufacture thunder as I go along; and I find that its manufacture is not so easy a matter when others have used your material so freely as have these brethren who preceded me today.

But let me say to you, my friends, that we are not to treat lightly an example such as we find in this venerable man. Concentrated in him is Methodism in its simplest form, in its purest characteristics -- Methodism as I pray God it may go down to the ages of the future. And I want it to be distinctly understood that I am not a believer in this modern idea that we are going easily to improve the system of Methodism which this venerable man helped to found. It may be tampered with, its success might be interfered with; but it is not a very easy thing to mend it. I am willing to be led, as my fathers were, where God shall lead; but I want to see the footprints of God where I put my feet, I want to see divine providence indicating the way in all the wondrous march of this form of Christianity.

There is one thing most assuredly a fact, and that is, that our system of itinerancy cannot well be improved. I do not know what Bishop Asbury would say today upon this interesting subject: whether it is the true philosophy to so change our ministerial arrangements as to continue a man in one or two appointments during a life-time, and still call it an itinerancy. I want to say, that though I would not be an "old foggy," you will find it a hard thing to improve in this direction that system which has shaken the world. And the question with me is, whether, with all the improvement that is claimed for it, it is shaking the world today as it shook it when this venerable father, with heroic purpose and earnest voice, led on his combined forces on his grand old districts? The world did shake then; hell did shake then; the powers of unbelief and heresy did shake then, as the hosts of God marched on from battle to battle, and from victory to victory.

A great many well-polished shafts were then hurled by these men of bluntest speech, with both force and effect, at the heart of the foe; and it is a question worthy of consideration whether, after all our advancement in learning and literature, and every thing of that sort -- after all our boasted improvement -- there is that real, old, divine unction that shook the dead Churches, and awakened the sleeping multitudes to a realization of their need of the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ?

I am reminded of all that, and of the simple effort and simple prayer that took hold of the citadel of death and Satan, and through the high and hidden things of the Gospel saved men by leading them to Christ: In Father Boehm's early and later days, when persons would come to the altar to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, and it was fashionable to kneel and to throw themselves prostrate upon their faces, they would cry mightily to God and struggle hard for his mercy, and earnest people gathered around them with tears, and finally with songs of joy; and it was not the fashion then to pass around the altar and say, "Sister, do you feel any better?" "Brother, do you think you have found peace?" No; that was not the way. The common way was to pray on until the baptism of the Holy Ghost fell upon them, and without prompting they declared what God had done for their souls. Now there are some little points like that which I don't think we can improve upon -- some points which, if we could retain them in all our efforts to do good, would be better for the Church and the world. The very kind of testimony that this venerable patriarch and his compeers were in the habit of bearing to the world is what still needs to be borne. We should never speak hesitatingly upon the one great subject, "That God for Christ's sake has pardoned all my sins." They called it heresy then, they call it heresy now; but it was and it is a blessed truth that Jesus Christ had then, as he has now, power on earth to forgive sins, to change the heart, and make a man to know it.

And then that other doctrine which has not been referred to: it was a doctrine of Methodism -- I have heard this venerable servant of God preach it, (for I have heard him preach many a time, heard sweet and precious words from his lips,) the fire of the Holy Ghost within him, the divine unction resting upon him, while he would tell us of the power of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all unrighteousness -- it was a doctrine of Methodism that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. And that precious truth still lives, one of the most beautiful trees of God's garden. The religion of Jesus Christ found man dead, polluted, corrupted, and that tree has so grown that today multitudes are plucking from it the ripe and rich and luscious fruits of living Christianity. All hail to that patriarch who, sitting in his tent door, watches to see how the battle is going! All hail to his heart as it fills today with the ancient fire, and flames with the ancient divine patriotism!

I think there was something said about my closing these services. I am very sorry Bishop Simpson is not here. We had hoped to reach the climax of these services in the closing speech of the excellent bishop. But following all the splendid oratory that has thundered in your ears today, it is a difficult matter for a small piece of artillery like me to do much on such an occasion as the present. I do honestly feel, my brethren, that I am in a very embarrassing position. Just look at it. Here is a man (Dr. Foss) whom they almost made a bishop at the last General Conference; here is a man (Dr. Todd) whom I found in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and sent him on his way as worthy to be one of the successors of this grand old patriarch; and here is a distinguished Professor, (Prof. Buttz,) just fresh from college, with his laurels thick upon him, a man beloved by every one who knows him. That these brethren have spoken, and spoken so well, only adds to my embarrassment.

As one of the brethren said, we are not here to cry, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" O no; we are not even where Joash was when he heard of Elisha's illness, and came down to weep over him and cry, "My father, my father," etc. But I will tell you where we are. You know it is Christianity that sanctifies the soul, the baptism of love which photographs the image of the Eternal upon the human affections, and extracts the sting from death. Now it seems to me when Father Boehm shall pass away there will not be any death in it. He has been under the experience and power of this saving faith so long, that every thing in that line comes as a matter of course, and after a little while, when his days are numbered, it won't be dying, but going up in a chariot of fire into heaven. It has seemed to me all the morning as though we were taking the last three miles' walk that Elijah and Elisha took after they got over Jordan. You remember that last three miles' walk, perhaps the most delightful incident in the history of the prophet Elijah. Perhaps we are taking that walk this morning -- that last three miles' walk. You know Elijah had said -- and perhaps we may imagine Father Boehm saying the same this morning -- "Tarry here, I pray thee: while I go over Jordan," and the answer was, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." No, Father Boehm, these hearts cling to you today with all the ardor of youth, and they mean to cling to you until your spirit shall ascend to be forever at rest with God the Saviour. These last three miles -- have they not been very pleasant today, my brethren, as we talked over the old patriarch's history, as we talked over the glory that looms up in the future?

Have we not rejoiced in it? It has been glorious -- this last three miles' walk! And it may be (though some of us may pass away before him, as the sainted Wakeley went from this pulpit and

from the company of his brethren, so unexpectedly and so gloriously to his eternal rest) that many here may receive what Elisha did, a double portion of his spirit at the translation of our Elijah. "Ask," said the prophet, "what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." I know Father Boehm's heart would ask that question if he knew the day of his departure was near at hand; and I know the response of each heart here would be like that of Elisha, "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." O God, give us a double portion of the spirit of the fathers -- their spirit of sacrifice, their spirit of love, their spirit of simplicity, their spirit of holy earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge, their spirit of consecration to their blessed work; and that divine unction that shall make every minister in our Church a power and every member of our Church a power, thus presenting the banded forces of our Methodism moving on in one solid column against the hosts of this wicked world! That is what we want. May God grant the speedy dawning of that day!

Meanwhile, brothers and friends, the old bark is approaching the haven; the hoary head crowned with glory proclaims the beaming forth of the light of heaven; that venerable countenance is illuminated today with a supernatural light; as the bark approaches the haven he is striking his topmast and furling his sails, and after a little while he will drop his anchor in the waters that are never troubled, amid scenes and under skies that are never overcast with clouds. The old pilgrim rests today on the top of his staff. O, I am so thankful that a beautiful, calm twilight is shining softly upon his soul as he approaches "that bourne whence no traveler returns" -- to that river which, as Payson says, has become a rivulet to him, over which he shall step at any moment when God shall permit! God grant that there may be no shadow on Father Boehm's life in this world, and if it please God, that he may be permitted to remain among us longer yet as a living example. For we have a century of history, of ecclesiastical policy, and of preaching Christ with saving power, all concentrated in this venerable old man, a monument that stands firm amid passing years, and throws its light upon the traveler to the world of spirits, and the home of the good and the pure.

The quartet choir then sang the closing centennial hymn, written by Fanny Crosby:--

Eternal, ever-present Lord,
We lift our grateful hearts to thee,
In praise for what our ears have heard,
And what our eyes this moment see.

'Tis by thy providential care
That he, whose name we all revere,
Is with us in thy house of prayer,
And celebrates his hundredth year.

As thou on Israel's tents of old
Didst bid the cloudy pillar shine,
To us, thy chosen, now unfold
Its light and majesty divine.

And as we leave this hallowed place
Thy benediction we implore
To him, our sire; O grant thy grace,

And keep us all for evermore.

We may not meet again as now;
But when a few more days have passed,
In thine own kingdom may we bow,
And each receive a crown at last.

It was announced that, by advice of his physician, Father Boehm would have to dispense with all congratulatory hand-shaking, a single exception, however, being made in favor of the mother of President Grant. The services were closed with the benediction, pronounced by Father Boehm.

* * *

Evening Reception

From eight o'clock till ten, on the evening of the same day, the parlors of Father Boehm's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Emley, at 59 Wayne Street, Jersey City, were thronged with a goodly company of friends, who came to spend the last hours of the day with the venerable centenarian.

Among others, there were present Rev. Dr. J. S. Porter of Burlington, N. J.; Rev. Dr. D. W. Bartine and wife of Morristown; Rev. R. Vanhorne, Presiding Elder of the Jersey City District, and wife; Rev. John Atkinson, of the Trinity Church, and wife; Rev. J. L. G. McKown, of the Hedding Church, and with and daughter; Rev. A. J. Palmer, of the Waverly Church, and wife; Mr. and Mrs. Dusenbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. Hopping, Prof. Martin, David Taylor, H. N. Ege, S. Sterling, and Dr. Walter Haddon, Father Boehm's physician.

They were most delightful hours, those two, and they will live long in the memory of the happy people present.

The "hero" of the hour was happy as his guests, and received their congratulations with thankfulness to God. His strength seemed remarkable, for he had participated in the prolonged services of the morning, yet seemed in no way weary till a late hour at night. After an hour's conversation presentations were the order, and many beautiful mementos of the love of his friends were given to Father Boehm. The gift of his son-in-law was a magnificent marble clock. Several superb bouquets and baskets of flowers were presented to him by other friends. Dr. Porter, in behalf of his daughter, handed him a huge cake, elegantly frosted, and lettered "One Century," saying that he (Dr. Porter) remembered that Father Boehm used to be fond of cake and cream when he was a visitor at his house many years ago. Then Dr. McKown, in a neat little speech, presented him with a picture, the "Rock of Ages," from loving friends.

Perhaps the most unique souvenir of all was a chest of tea, containing four choice kinds of that commodity, and bearing in printed letters the inscription, "Father Boehm's Centennial Tea," which had been sent all the way from China as a present by Rev. S. L. Baldwin. Rev. A. g. Palmer read a letter from Brother Baldwin, which accompanied the tea, in which the writer expressed his

pleasure in having been united for years with Father Boehm in conference relations, (both are members of the Newark Conference,) his congratulations, and his gratitude to God for the long and pure life with which the venerable Father had been blessed. This token of love from the other side of the world was highly appreciated, and a "drawing" of the tea was presented to each of the guests of the hour.

One year before that evening Dr. J. B. Wakeley had presented Father Boehm with a picture of Bishop Asbury, since which time the giver, who was a dear friend of the recipient, has "fallen asleep in Jesus." So, with great fitness, Rev. J. Atkinson presented Father Boehm with an elegant portrait of Dr. Wakeley, which was received in silence, but with appreciation.

Thus with presents and congratulations the evening passed. When it was ten o'clock Father Boehm rose, and in a clear, full voice, sang a little German song which he had learned ninety-five years before from his German teacher, a Hessian soldier, whom Washington captured at Trenton. Then, last of all, when the hour of parting came, the venerable man of God pronounced the benediction upon the company ere they separated.

Thus ended the exercises, public and private, on the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the Rev. Henry Boehm.

The words oftenest upon his lips throughout the day were echoed by all, "The Lord be praised!"

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48 -- CENTENNIAL SERMON AND OTHER SERVICES IN JOHN STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK

On the morning of Sunday, June 27, 1875, Father Boehm preached his centennial sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church in John Street. It was a notable event, and among the congregation memory and imagination were both busy with the associations and thoughts suggested by it. When he preached what was called his centennial sermon before the Newark Conference, in the preceding April, he had not quite completed his one hundred years; but now he was a genuine centenarian, and the interest of the occasion was heightened by the place in which he preached his real centennial sermon. His first visit to the old church, which stood on the present site in John Street, was made in company with Bishop Asbury on the 7th of May, 1809, of which he wrote: "What thoughts crowded my mind as I entered this cradle of Methodism! What rich and hallowed associations cluster around this original home of Methodism on this continent!"

But to those who were present at the services in question, as well as to the venerable centenarian who revisited the place after so long a period, the occasion was one of singular and peculiar interest. Here was the oldest Methodist minister of the world preaching in the oldest Methodist church -- an event which may well be called unique, an incident seldom seen, even once in a century.

The church was crowded. Among the clergymen present were Bishop Janes; Rev. N. G. Cheney, pastor of the church; Rev. Dr. Reid, Missionary Secretary; Rev. Dr. De Puy, Rev. Dr. Holdich, Rev. Mr. Dikeman, and Rev. Dr. Dean, of East Tennessee. After a voluntary on the organ the congregation joined in singing

"From all that dwell below the skies."

Dr. Holdich led in prayer. During the preliminary devotional services Father Boehm, accompanied by some of his most intimate friends, entered the church and took a seat in the pulpit beside Bishop Janes. Our senior bishop looked to be in the bloom of youth beside the venerable centenarian. The tender and affectionate manner in which the bishop assisted him in the service suggested the most touching attention of son to sire. After singing the hymn commencing,

"When all thy mercies, O my God,"

the whole congregation showed their respect for Father Boehm by rising as he came forward to begin his sermon. Opening the Bible, he announced his text, and in a clear voice spoke fluently as follows, amid the profoundest silence:--

* * *

Father Boehm's Sermon

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." -- Rev, iii, 20.

We have set before us in this passage an astounding condescension. The Great Being condescends to come and stand at the door of our hearts and knock, and wait for an entrance. This is indeed a wonderful condescension; for here it is set before us that the blessed Jesus, who has all power in heaven and in earth, condescends to come down to dependent, sinful beings, and wait at the door for voluntary entrance. "I stand at the door and knock."

This refers, no doubt, to the impression made upon the mind, the sensibilities aroused with fear and with hope. This sets before us the working of the gracious influences upon the heart of man, and they wait for a voluntary entrance. The Lord condescends to knock, and this knocking implies a call -- "If any man hear my voice, and open the door." Jesus will not break the door; he will not enter by forcible means. There must be voluntary consent on the part of the subject, who must invite the Holy Spirit to come in with his gracious influence and divine power. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice" -- that is, attentively hear my voice -- "if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in." "I will turn out all that is contrary to the divine influence. I will sup with him. I will, in its gracious manifestations, enjoy the divine favor; and I will, as it were, partake of the blessings that I have provided." What condescension! "I will sup with him as though he had prepared all the feast." Jesus provides all that is necessary, and then he condescends to say, "I will sup with him, and he with me."

Glory to God in the highest for his manifestations, for his goodness, for his mercy and long-suffering, extending unto us! O, the goodness of God in sparing us, in giving us this opportunity for another call, another gracious touch, another divine influence! O, that our hearts may be opened, and may this be a day long to be remembered, a day of mercy and power in the salvation of many thousands of precious souls! Blessed be God for his divine mercy and goodness! I rejoice that the enjoyment of the favor of God, the love of God, is something that does not get old. It is ever new, it is ever precious. It is as precious to my soul this day as it was many years ago. In the days of my youth the Lord manifested himself unto my soul and led me to see the evil that I should shun, and his grace was sufficient to lead me on; and, bless the Lord! now in advanced years it is the source of comfort, the source of joy and hope to me. Yes! Look beyond and what do we see? A bright and heavenly day, a glorious day, awaits us beyond this vale of tears.

May God in his infinite mercy add his blessing, and may his name be glorified in the salvation of many precious souls! O what a change has occurred since I was first at this place-not the same church edifice, but a church was in this place-in 1809 with the venerable Bishop Asbury, and many other brethren who have gone home to their reward! Bless the Lord that he has still a people here to serve him! O, may their numbers increase many fold, and may thy name, O Lord, be glorified here in the salvation of hundreds of precious souls! Amen.

When Father Boehm had resumed his seat Bishop Janes added the following remarks:--

* * *

Bishop Janes' Address

Elderly people usually appreciate aged men and aged things. They usually see in them interest, and have for them veneration, and perceive that there must be in them some strength, some power, some excellence which sustains them. Younger persons are more taken with new things, and those that perhaps have more of show, more that excites present admiration. And this is not unphilosophical. Our experiences would naturally lead to this difference of feeling and of regard.

No one, however, can contemplate the spectacle that we have before us this morning without the conviction to which I have referred -- that there must be something in the constitution and character and life of our dear father that has contributed to his great longevity. The British fortress of Gibraltar has stood through so many continental wars because of its great strength, because it was impregnable to all the military powers and forces that were known and employed in those wars. Those very ancient cathedrals in the Old World that have stood for centuries, and today look as if they were likely to stand for centuries more, convince us that they were built with great care and with great strength, or they could not have stood so long the exposure to the elements and the influence of time. If you go to the mountain side and look upon the oak that has stood there as long as our father has lived, and that has battled all the storms of a century and is still strong, and covered with foliage and beauty, we know that there must have been perfect soundness in the tree, and that there must have been great strength in its roots, or it could not have thus lived, and grown, and still possessed such beauty in its old age. If there had been the least defect in the tree that defect would have been seen in its increasing decay long before this. And if you go into an orchard and look upon a tree that has given fruitage to two generations, and perhaps

is being covered with moss -- some of its topmost boughs may be leafless, and perhaps sapless -- and you see it is still bearing fruit in its old age, you know that tree was a sound one, and had been cared for; and because of its perfectness, and because of the care it has received, it has reached this great age, has been so fruitful and has benefited so many, and given pleasure to such multitudes.

The same is true of this individual who has lived one hundred years. He must have inherited a good constitution, and during his youth he must have avoided all excesses, and during his manhood also he must have been, in the language of Scripture, "temperate in all things." There can have been indulged no consuming lust, no excessive indulgence. There can have been indulged no appetite to excess, but all these bodily appetites, and passions, and lusts, have been held in abeyance. He has kept his body under. He has governed himself in all his physical habits, and in all his physical enjoyments and exercises; otherwise this "harp of a thousand strings" would not have been kept in such perfect tune so long. More than this: his mind has been under government, controlled by right principles and by proper motives.

There has been no consuming ambition, no burning desire for wealth, that consumes the vitality both of body and soul. And when the secrets of human life are understood we shall find how many of those sudden deaths, and of those suicides, have resulted in consequence of this terrible ambition to be rich. And equally corroding, and consuming, and destroying, is the desire for honor. I do not refer now merely to that extended fame after which the soldier and the statesman and the poet aspire. Those little ambitions which exist here among us, in our families, in our social circle -- to excel one another in our condition and surroundings in life, in the furniture of our houses, and the style of our living -- those petty ambitions in families are just as corroding and destroying as are those grander ambitions to which I have referred. And, in order to such a life as our father has lived, and such an age as he has reached, and such an evening as he enjoys, a good conscience is an absolute prerequisite. There is not one of us here today who believes if he had had a reproaching conscience, one that disturbed his hours during the day, and prevented rest at night, that he would enjoy this tranquil, serene, beautiful old age. One single cause of remorse would destroy all this beauty and blessing that crowns his life.

Now I make these remarks in order that we may learn wisdom from his example, that the youth who are here may see the importance of the strictest bodily habits -- eating, drinking, sleeping, all bodily exercises, and especially the avoiding of all bodily excesses, and all unlawful lusts, and passions, and appetites. Avoid them as you would death and hell, for they are the cause of destruction both in this world and in the world to come.

We also call your attention to that source of strength and power which has so greatly influenced the character, and governed the life, and made perfect the experience, of our venerable brother. As he has told us, he was converted to God in his youth. He gave his heart to the Saviour in his early manhood, and he has had through all these years the peace of God, a tranquil soul. O what a treasure! How rich a boon religion gives in this life! How sweet the experience which grace imparts! In this governing, controlling, harmonizing power of religion we have one of the greatest means of bodily comfort as well as sources of spiritual delight and joy. And having lived in all good conscience -- for I can say that of him; I have been with him by day and by night; in the sanctuary, and on the camp ground, and in almost all the varied circumstances in which itinerant

ministers are placed; I have been thrown intimately with him at times -- and I am prepared to say that he has lived in all good conscience until this day. He has its sure reward, perfect peace, now. Would God that were true of all!

O that these young people would appreciate the great blessing of a good conscience, that gives us serenity, tranquillity, joy, peace, hope in all conditions, and in all periods of life! A good conscience I O, as you would be blessed living and blessed dying, I charge you in no case, under no temptations, allow yourselves to do that which conscience condemns. Of all the terrors to be avoided in this world or the world to come remorse is the most terrible. And I beseech you be so watchful, so circumspect, so guarded in all your ways, in all your doings, as to escape from this terrible calamity.

But if any one here today has this troubled conscience, let me point him to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world. There is forgiveness with God. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Here bring your guilty conscience, here bring your sinful heart. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock:" saith the Saviour: "if any man" -- a guilty man, an unholy person -- will "open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Fellowship shall be restored between him and his God.

And let us who feel that we are the disciples of the Saviour, that we have the religion which has done so much for our brother, and enabled him to do so much for his fellow-men-let us who stand, take heed lest we fall. O, how many mighty have been slain! What evidences have we of the frailty of men -- even Christian men -- and how fitting and appropriate are the admonitions of Christianity to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation; and how much need have we to say daily to our heavenly Father, "Lead us not into temptation." Let not our providential circumstances be such as to afford temptation; let not our spiritual adversaries approach so as to be permitted to make their foul suggestions that we fall from our steadfastness and into sin, and bring reproach upon Jesus, and upon ourselves a gloomy and miserable old age -- even though we should be saved "as if by fire." Let us take the admonition, and though we cannot live as long as our dear father, let us live as long as we can, and let us live to good purpose.

We might just as well be in our graves as above the ground, provided we are not useful, and useful to others. The one great motive for earthly life is usefulness; and I repeat, we might as well be in the grave as above the ground if we are not living to a purpose, if we are not glorifying God, honoring our Maker, and doing good to our fellow-men.

Now let us not only heed the very gracious language of the text this morning, (and I am sure none of us will ever forget it, or forget where we heard it preached from, or by whom, nor shall we forget the simple, plain, and touching sermon that was delivered to us from it,) but let us not only heed it and come to God for personal and present fellowship and fruition, but let us take the lesson which his example furnishes us of temperance and carefulness in life, of devotion to God, of maintaining such a spirit as secures us peace, that we may be enabled to do our duty with joy, consolation, and success, and come down to the evening of life with a sweet spirit, with a calm mind, with a joyous heart, and with a hope full of immortality. May God give us all His blessing, and whether we live shorter or longer upon earth, grant that we may live for evermore in heaven, with all the good and glorified through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Dr. J. Morrison Reid, Missionary Secretary, had been requested to make some remarks, but declined, thinking it better not to prolong the services by delivering an address.

Bishop Janes, after announcing that fact, made merely a passing allusion to this happy meeting in sweet Christian fellowship of the oldest Methodist Church Society with the oldest Methodist Pastor in America, and, in conclusion, pronounced this benediction on the people and the pastor: "May the presence of God always abide with this people. And [turning to Father Boehm] may the presence of God always abide with you, our dear father! Not only in life, but when you come down to the valley of the shadow of death, may you have our God with you, his rod and his staff comforting you; and when your eyes shall have closed upon the scenes of earth, may you be translated to the beatitudes of heaven, through Jesus Christ. And through Jesus Christ, with the help of the Holy Ghost, we will meet you there, and share with you that endless felicity in the presence and beatitudes of God."

The seventeenth Hymn ("Before Jehovah's awful throne") was then sung by the congregation, together with the doxology, and Father Boehm pronounced the benediction. The congregation, by request, remained seated until the venerable man of God had passed out of the church to return to his home in Jersey City.

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ENDNOTES

1 This is an Indian name, and is so called from the Conestoga Creek, a beautiful stream that empties into the Susquehanna. The Conestoga Indians were once numerous and powerful.

2 Not Owen, as Lednum and Stevens say. See Minutes, and Quarterly Review, article by Dr. Hamilton.

3 Life of Abbott, p. 100.

4 He was the elder who traveled through the district, as well as stationed preacher.

5 See Life and Times of Jesse Lee, p. 366

6 After the death of Harry Ennalls his excellent widow married Robert Carmann at Pipe Creek, and in after years I put up with them when I traveled with Bishop Asbury.

7 He joined the conference in 1789, and died in 1808. Bishop Asbury loved him, and deeply lamented his death.

8 He was an old preacher; joined in 1788, and died in 1827.

9 Since this was written my old friends Joshua Wells and Henry Smith have fallen asleep.

10 See Arminian Magazine for 1808, p. 373.

11 Ten years later the funeral sermon of Bishop Asbury was preached from the same text by Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, in Philadelphia.

12 Lawrence Laurensen became one of the strong men of the Philadelphia Conference, and all over the Peninsula his name is as "ointment poured forth."

13 Leonard Castle was the Summerfield of the Baltimore Conference. He was converted in a prayer-meeting at Pipe Creek. In after years I knew his relations there and his brother in Tennessee. His race was short but brilliant. He was only eighteen when he entered the ministry, and, after traveling six years, he died of yellow fever in Baltimore on September 21, 1808. He had a splendid intellect and great oratorical powers. His brethren in the Minutes speak of him "as a happy model of pulpit simplicity, eloquence, and piety." They also say, "This astonishing genius is gone from the thousands of our Israel to the Paradise of God." He married the daughter of Rev. Ephraim Chambers. I saw her in all the loneliness of early widowhood. She was the friend of Mrs. Gough, and I used to meet her at Perry Hall.

14 Years ago various denominations built churches in this way, and thought nothing of this religious gambling. They said the end sanctified the means. The state legislature would grant them the privilege.

15 His name was not Peter, but Jacob.

16 He formerly lived in Baltimore. He was a tailor, and Rev. Will. Jam Thacher learned his trade of him.

17 I was with the bishop at Mrs. Willis' at other times. "When there in 1811 the bishop exclaimed, "Henry Willis! Ah, when shall I look upon thy like again?" Behold how he loved him.

18 At the Cincinnati Conference of 1863 I saw Rev. Aaron Wood of Indiana Conference. He was converted a fortnight before the bishop and I were at his father's in 1808. We talked over the scenes of the past, and he remembered our visit. He has been over forty years a traveling preacher. The interview I had with him was most refreshing. P also had the pleasure of seeing him at the General Conference in Philadelphia in May, 1864. He offered the concluding prayer when that body separated. He married for his first wife the daughter of the celebrated William Beauchamp.

19 Barnett kept a public house. He was an early settler in the country. He was quite a character. Famous as the first man in that part of the country who owned a vehicle with four wheels.

20 Samuel Edney was a noble man, a genuine Methodist, given to hospitality. He joined the conference in 1791, and located in 1794. The bishop and he were great friends. He has a son, Dr. Edney, living in New York, a member of the Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

21 Autobiography, p. 90.

22 The Fries were originally from Winchester, and were of German descent.

23 Stevens' Memorials of Methodism, vol. ii, p. 443.

24 With great pleasure I call the attention of the reader to Dr. George Peck's excellent works "Wyoming" and "Early Methodism" for full information concerning this far-famed valley.

25 Fifty-two years afterward, when in this part of Ohio, I met with several Germans who heard me preach in their language in 1809.

26 He was a good preacher and a pleasant man. I traveled with him many miles. He joined in 1804, and located in 1838.

27 Journal, vol. iii, p. 332.

28 The reader will find an account of that memorable conference in Asbury's Journal, vol. i, p. 244.

29 Rev. William Hamilton, in Sprague's Annals: vol. iii, p. 332.

30 They were Allen Street and Greenwich Village, now Bedford Street. Few churches have been more honored of God, or a greater blessing to man, than these two, and they still enjoy great prosperity.

31 The old house still remains, with Washington's table and chair which he used at the time of the Revolution.

32 See Lee's History of Methodism, p. 64.

33 Lednum's Rise of Methodism in America, p. 210.

34 He has died since I made the record.

35 He proved a degenerate son of his worthy sire, being the William M. Gwin who was senator from California, and afterward implicated with the southern rebels, now seeking his fortune in Mexico.

36 The bishop, in his journal, fell into a little error in relating this scene; but I have described it just as it occurred, and though over half a century has passed away since that morning we crossed Cape Fear River, I recollect with minuteness all the circumstances as if they took place yesterday. It was one of those occurrences not easily effaced from the memory.

37 Paul and Hannah Hick of New York informed Dr. Bangs and others it was Paul Heck's mother in New York that stirred up Philip Embury to preach the Gospel. No one denied it for many years. The controversy is a singular one, to say the least of it.

38 This was found among the papers of Bishop Asbury by the transcriber of his journals, Francis Hollingsworth, and published in the Methodist Magazine of 1823. Dr. Bangs copied it in his history, vol. ii, p. 365.

39 Mr. Keaggy was an estimable man, and his house was one of the bishop's homes. He was a local preacher, and very useful. He was the father of Dr. John Keaggy of Philadelphia, long and favorably known in the literary world.

40 See "History of the United Brethren in Christ," by Rev. H. G. Spayth, published in 1851; also "History of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ," by John Lawrence, where the same is copied from Mr. Spayth's History. Concerning Mr. Spayth's History, Mr. Lawrence says it "is indispensable to a proper understanding of the rise of the United Brethren in Christ; and the Church in all time to come will be indebted to him for the most valuable contributions to her early history." Vol., i, p. 6.

41 Bishop Asbury notices him at the New York Conference of 1813. He says, "Bishop McKendree preached. It appeared as if a ray of divine glory rested upon him. His subject was 'Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.' The appearance, manner, and preaching of Bishop McKendree produced a very powerful effect on Joshua Marsden, a British missionary." Mr. Marsden returned to Europe after the war, did good service, and died in holy triumph. His end, as described by his affectionate daughter who witnessed it, was very triumphant.

42 Henry Foxall was an Englishman, and was well acquainted with Bishop Asbury's mother. He was converted in Ireland while there on business, and soon afterward came to this country. He had a foundry in Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill, near where the Fairmount water works now are, and another at Georgetown. I have been in both, and at the latter saw them casting cannon for the government. I was present when his only daughter was married by Bishop Asbury to a Mr. McKenne. I was well acquainted with Mr. Foxall, and the bishop and he were like two brothers. He gave the site for, and built, the new church called "The Foundry." He gave it that name for two reasons: first, in remembrance of Mr. Wesley's first chapel in London, which was so called; and second, because his own business was that of a founder. He possessed great business talent and acquired considerable wealth. He was distinguished for humility, liberality, and hospitality. He died while on a visit to England in 1823, at the age of sixty-eight. He left five thousand dollars to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England, and five thousand to the "Chartered Fund" for the relief of worn-out preachers, of which he was one of the early trustees.

43 There are many who supposed Mr. Asbury had made provision to give a Bible to all the children that should be named after him; and therefore, up to 1861, forty-five years after the bishop was in his grave, applications were made to the Book Room for Bibles by parents whose children were named Francis Asbury.

44 Thinking it would gratify some of my readers, I give the names of some of the subscribers in this list: Bishop McKendree, his father, James McKendree, and his sister; my mother, Eve Boehm, and my sister Barbara, wife of Dr. Keaggy; Francis Hollingsworth, (the transcriber of Asbury's Journal,) and Mary his wife; Revs. W. Beauchamp, Samuel Parker, (spiritual father of Rev. W. Winans,) H. B. Bascom, (then but two years in the ministry and eighteen years old,) Jacob Young,

James B. Finley, and John Collins, (the spiritual father of Judge McLean;) the Revs. James Quinn, John Sale, Thomas S. Hinde, (once well known as "Theophilus Arminius,") William Burke, (an eloquent preacher, and one of the pioneers of Methodism in the West,) James Gwin, James Axley, (noted for his eccentricities and excellences,) and their wives; Revs. Thomas L. Douglass, (an intimate friend of McKendree, and who preached his funeral sermon,) John. McGee, (Father of camp-meetings in tiffs country,) Jesse Walker, (pioneer of Methodism in Missouri,) and Peter Cartwright. These were chiefly from the West. Of southern preachers there were James Jenkins, Daniel Asbury, William Capers, James B. Glenn, S. Dunwoody, Lewis Myers, Alexander Talley, W. M. Kennedy, Hilliard Judge, and Edward Drumgoole, with seven of his family Among the subscribers north and east we find the names of Freeborn Garrettson, his wife and daughter; Revs. S. Merwin, W. Phoebus, W. Ross, W. Jewett, W. Anson, Elijah Woolsey, Heman Bangs, Arnold Schofield, Smith Arnold, Philip Munger, Asa Kent, George Pickering, Solomon Sins, (first publisher of Zion's Herald,) Daniel Filmore, Martin Rater, (who found a grave in Texas,) Joel Ketchum, and Ebenezer Newell. Of the laity in this region we find the names of John Armitage, John Baker, (in whose house the conference was held at Ashgrove in 1803,) James Sterling and his wife, of Burlington, N. J.; John Paradise, (the portrait painter,) W. B. Skidmore, J. B. Oakley, and Grace Shotwell. The amounts subscribed would be thought very small nowadays. Some gave a dollar, but most of them much less. Some of the distinguished preachers I have named gave but twenty-five cents. It was as much as they were able to give, so scanty were their means.

45 I traveled forty thousand miles with Bishop Asbury, and since I entered the itinerancy I have traveled on horseback over one hundred thousand miles, more than four times the circumference of the earth.

46 He was literally a man of prayer. He prayed much in secret, and this accounts for his power in prayer in public. He was in the habit of presenting each conference and the preachers by name before the Lord.

47 He had married two sisters of John Emery, Susan and Margaret. He married the youngest first. They were very amiable. I was well acquainted with them for years. John Emory married a sister of Mr. Sellers. She was his first wife and the mother of Robert. Dr. Sellers removed to Pittsburgh, and recently died there. He was a grandson of Henry Downs.

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THE END