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EARLY M. E. CHURCH PREACHERS
(Volume 1)

Compiled and Edited
By Duane V. Maxey

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CONTENTS

Caleb Pedicord

9
William Phoebus

10
Francis Poythress

11
Jesse Walker

12
Thomas Ware

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INTRODUCTION

Although I have inserted some of my own wording here and there, I do not claim to be the author of these sketches -- only the compiler and editor. I have borrowed freely from various writers whose early American Methodist histories and biographies are in our HDM Digital Library, and I have also often freely intermingled and mixed together portions of text from different authors so as to present one, cohesive sketch of a preacher. It is my hope that the material in these compiled sketches of early M. E Church preachers will stimulate an interest in reading entirely the Early American Methodist publications in the HDM Digital Library. If you have not already done so, why not begin soon to read through these works? You will find therein many items that will not only be a source of personal inspiration, but that will as well provide you with good illustrative material for your Christian work. For the benefit of those who may wish to begin reading through them, at the end of this file I have placed a listing of other publications in the HDM Library pertinent to Early American Methodism. -- DVM

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Part 1
EZEKIEL COOPER

Ezekiel Cooper was one of the representative men of Methodism, and was particularly prominent by his superior abilities in the pulpits of New York and Philadelphia. Like Wells and Pickering, he became one of the founders of the Church in New England, and he lived long enough to attain the distinction of being the oldest member of any Methodist conference in the western hemisphere, and only one survived in the old world who had preceded him.

Ezekiel Cooper was born in Caroline County, Md., February 22, 1763. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary army. Freeborn Garrettson came into the neighborhood and proposed to preach. The soldiers were at that time upon duty; they were drawn up in front of the house, and formed into a hollow square, while Garrettson stood in the center and addressed them. During his

sermon his attention was attracted by the thoughtful aspect of a boy leaning upon a gate, and apparently absorbed in the discourse. That boy became the distinguished evangelist, Ezekiel Cooper.

He commenced his itinerant ministry in 1785, on Long Island Circuit. In 1786 he traveled East Jersey Circuit. There were then but ten Methodist preachers in the entire state, and only about twelve hundred members; but when he died New Jersey had become an annual conference, with one hundred and forty preachers, and more than thirty thousand members. After 1785 he traveled successively Trenton, N.J., Baltimore, Annapolis, Md., (two years,) and Alexandria, D. C., Circuits. We miss him in the Minutes of 1792, but in 1793 he reappears in them as presiding elder of Boston District, which comprehended the whole Methodist field in the eastern portion of New England, taking in the province of Maine, and extending to the mouth of the Providence River.

The preached Word through Ezekiel Cooper was in great power, and often characterized by profound theological exposition, such as interested New England taste by its logical acumen, while it smote the conscience by its hortative force. He left the East in one year, and labored at Brooklyn and New York. He spent four years in Philadelphia and Wilmington, two at each respectively, and in 1799 took charge of the book business of the Church as "editor and general agent." His abilities for this office were soon shown to be of the highest order. He gave to the "Book Concern" that impulse and organization which has rendered it the largest publishing establishment in the new world.

After managing the interests of the Book Concern with admirable success for six years, during which its capital stock had risen from almost nothing to forty-five thousand dollars, Ezekiel Cooper resumed his itinerant labors, and continued them in Brooklyn, New York city, Wilmington, Del., Baltimore, etc., for eight years, when he located. He remained in the latter relation during eight years, when he re-entered the effective ranks, but was soon afterward placed on the supernumerary list in the Philadelphia Conference. He continued, however, for many years to perform extensive service, traversing many circuits, visiting the Churches, and part of the time superintending a district. During the latter part of his life he resided in Philadelphia.

The personal appearance of Ezekiel Cooper embodied the finest ideal of age, intelligence, and tranquil piety. His frame was tall and slight, his locks white with years, his forehead high and prominent, and his features expressive of reflection and serenity. A wen had been enlarging on his neck from his childhood, but without detracting from the peculiarly elevated and characteristic expression of his face. He was considered by his ministerial associates a "living encyclopedia" in respect not only to theology, but most other departments of knowledge, and his large and accurate information was only surpassed by the range and soundness of his judgment. He sustained a pre-eminent position in the Church during most of its history.

One of his brethren, who followed him to the grave, wrote: "After becoming superannuated he labored extensively in the work, preaching at camp-meetings, quarterly-meetings, and other occasions, with great power and success. He continued to preach occasionally, till near the close of life, with general acceptability and profit to the people.

"His sickness was rather short, nor could I learn that his sufferings were very severe. When asked respecting his state of mind, he invariably answered, 'Calm and peaceful.' On one occasion, after having been engaged in prayer some time, he broke out in praise, and shouted, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' for about a dozen times. On a subsequent occasion his joy was greatly ecstatic, and he praised God aloud. For a few days before he died he said little, but was calm and peaceful, till on Sunday, the 21st of February, 1847, the weary wheels of life stood still at last, and he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"He was a man of respectable connections, with a mind disciplined in early life, of great logical and argumentative powers, fully stored by reading and observation, and a most powerful antagonist to those who would encounter him. In the defense and publication of truth he never shrank or faltered, and as he was a companion and fellow-laborer with Jesse Lee in New England, he was often called upon to contend against the errors of the times both in public and private. He fell in his Master's service, and entered upon his reward, aged eighty-four years, and in the sixty-second of his ministry."

"He became one of the most able pulpit orators of his day. At times an irresistible pathos accompanied his preaching, and, in the forest worship, audiences of ten thousand would be so enchanted by his discourses that the most profound attention, interest, and solemnity prevailed. In public debate he possessed powers almost unequaled, and he seldom advocated a measure that did not prevail. He always treated his opponents with great respect, and the preachers called him Lycurgus, from his great knowledge and wisdom.

"He became very frugal and saving, which was probably caused by his long life of celibacy; but this frugality did not seem to arise from an avaricious spirit, for he was liberal to the poor, especially poor widows. His estate was valued at fifty thousand dollars, and the part left to benevolent objects, it is said, failed of its good mission in consequence of an imperfect codicil...

"He published but little, except his long sermons on the death of Bishop Asbury and John Dickens. They are biographically valuable, but his talent as a preacher very evidently exceeded his ability as an author. He lived to see the population of our country multiply from three to twenty millions, and the membership of his Church increase from fifteen thousand to more than a million. When he entered the ministry (1784) there were only eighty-three ministers in all the conferences; at his death they had increased to five thousand."

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Part 2
JOHN COOPER

John Cooper apparently lived in Tuckeyhoe Neck prior to his joining the Methodists. His father was extreme in his opposition to John affiliating with the Methodists, and used cruel means to turn him away from them. His father may also have been involved in trying to sway others to oppose Methodism in that part of the country. Lednum wrote:

"Methodism was not established in Tuckeyhoe Neck without opposition. The father of Mr. John Cooper, who was possessed of a considerable landed estate, endeavored to buy off his son by telling him that "he would make a gentleman of him by bestowing his lands upon him if he would refrain from the Methodists; but if he united with them he might expect to be disinherited." The son met these propositions by saying, "I intend to be a Methodist and a gentleman, too." Nevertheless, John took up his cross, joined the Methodists and eventually became an itinerant preacher.

John Cooper was admitted into the itinerancy in 1775, and he was that same year the colleague of Philip Gatch, (one of the two first native Methodist preachers of America,) on Kent circuit, Maryland. Gatch learned something of the persecutions that Cooper suffered, and related another cruel act perpetrated against him by his father:-- John Cooper was a man "who," Gatch says, "had suffered much persecution," for as has been recorded, his family violently opposed him for becoming a Methodist, and his father, detecting him on His knees, at prayer, threw a shovel of hot coals upon him, and expelled him from his house."

John Cooper was made one of the society which was formed in 1776 or 1777, in Tuckeyhoe Neck. He married a Miss Conner, who was brought to the Lord under the ministry of Caleb Pedicord. She, too, became a Methodist against the wish of her family, who, to keep her from going to Methodist meeting, locked up her best apparel. She, nevertheless, went to meeting in her ordinary clothes, which so mortified them that they unlocked her wardrobe and yielded to her in this matter.

Prior to joining the itinerancy, John Cooper was an early local preacher, and assisted in spreading Methodism through Caroline County. He used to relate, with others, a strange phenomenon which was often seen in the evening meetings, during a great revival, which was going on in Tuckeyhoe Neck, when Methodism was in its infancy in that neighborhood. An unaccountable light, resembling flame, was often seen hovering over the heads of the Methodists, when engaged in prayer and class meetings. It was seen several times, by many people, brooding over different persons. This phenomenon produced not only awe in the minds of the beholders, but it was a witness to the divinity of the work, and led the unconverted to venerate the Methodists. Cooper's son, William, said, "I often sat and trembled when my father, mother, and others were conversing about this, with other strange appearances of those times."

John Cooper introduced Methodism into several places in Delaware. As early as 1777, he established preaching at Friend Reynear Williams', east of the present town of Milford.. He also labored in Maryland, Philadelphia, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, and Western Pennsylvania. John Cooper and Samuel Breese were the first regular preachers sent to the Redstone country, whither they went in 1784.

The Redstone Circuit, in Pennsylvania, was the first circuit formed beyond the Allegheny Mountain. General Braddock opened the first road through this wilderness, when he broke up his camp at Fort Cumberland, in Maryland, in 1755, and marched over the Allegheny, at the head of his army, to attack the French and Indians at Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburgh; in which expedition he lost his life. This road, in many places, is yet distinctly visible, and for many miles pursues the same course nearly as that occupied by the present National Road. The first emigrants that settled

beyond the Allegheny would, for good reason, avail themselves of this, the only road in this wilderness. Hence the first settlements made by the whites in this region were along this road.

What was called the "Redstone Settlement" was, we believe, in Fayette county. Methodism had crossed the Allegheny as early as 1781. Three years after, a circuit is formed and appears on the Minutes, with John Cooper and Samuel Breeze were stationed on it.

Cooper died in 1789. Stevens wrote: "... we find him at last, the first appointed standard bearer of the Church beyond the Pennsylvania Alleghenies, the first regularly appointed one in the valley of the Mississippi ... Alas, that we must say so little of such a man And yet, how much does that little mean! ... The Minutes, with their then usual laconicism, gave him, evidently by the pen of Asbury, two sentences, but these were full of significance:-- "John Cooper, fifteen years in the work; quiet, inoffensive, and blameless; a man of affliction, subject to dejection, sorrow, and suffering; often in want, but too modest to complain till observed and relieved by his friends. He died in peace!"

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Part 3
JOHN DICKENS

John Dickens was a native of Great Britain, born and educated in the city of London. At what time he emigrated to this country is not stated; but it appears that in 1774 he was made a partaker of divine grace, and united himself to the Methodist society in Virginia. In 1777 he was admitted into the traveling ministry, and itinerated extensively though Virginia and North Carolina in the time of the Revolutionary war. For some cause he located in 1781, but two years after was readmitted into the conference, and was stationed in the city of New York, where he labored for several years acceptably and usefully. When the Book Room was established in the city of Philadelphia in 1789, he was appointed to its superintendence, and he managed its concerns with great skill and fidelity until his demise. For this station he was eminently qualified, not only on account of his strict fidelity, his theological attainments, and thorough acquaintance with the economy of Methodism, but also from his literary acquirements. His knowledge of the sciences was considerable, and besides his own language, he was familiar with the Latin and Greek. And, though not brilliant in his conceptions nor splendid as a preacher, he was of sound judgment, a close and conclusive reasoner, a plain, pointed, and successful preacher, always adapting, as nearly as might be, his discourses to the condition and circumstances of his hearers.

As an evidence of the soundness of his views as a divine, may be mentioned the fact that the "Short Scriptural Catechism," which has been published for many years at our Book Room, was the production of his pen. And whatever may be said in behalf of others which have been since issued from the press, this is among the most excellent of them all, and should never be superseded by those of less intrinsic merit. It contains in fact a body of divinity in a few words, selected from the Holy Scriptures, arranged in due order, in the very phraseology in "which the Holy Ghost teacheth."

The accuracy and fidelity with which he discharged his duties as an editor, and also as a financier and bookkeeper -- for in each of these capacities did he serve while superintending the Book Concern in Philadelphia -- may be seen and appreciated by an inspection of the books of the establishment, by a recurrence to the manner in which it prospered in his hands, and the typographical correctness with which the books were executed.

An interesting historic matter in which John Dickens had a role involved President George Washington. After General Washington had been inaugurated president of the United States, the M. E. Conference unanimously approved, and warmly recommended that President Washington be presented with a written address of support, etc. from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury, were appointed to draw up the address. It was finished that day, and read to the conference, who evinced great satisfaction in its recital. John Dickens was one of two who were delegated to wait on the president with a copy of the address, and to request him to appoint a day and hour when he would receive the bishops, one of whom was to read it to him, and receive his answer. It was concluded that although Dr. Coke was the senior bishop, yet not being an American citizen, there would be an impropriety in his presenting and reading the address; the duty devolved of course on Bishop Asbury. After being presented with a copy of the address, President Washington appointed the fourth succeeding day, at twelve o'clock, to receive the bishops. They went at the appointed hour, accompanied by John Dickens and Thomas Morrell. Mr. Asbury, with great self-possession, read the address in an impressive manner, and the president read his reply with fluency and animation.

In the relations of husband and parent John Dickens sustained the purity and dignity of his station, mixing in all his deportment the tenderness of the warmest affection with the attributes essential to maintain his authority as the head of a family. In the relation of a father ever attentive to the best interests of his children, he devoted himself to their education, to training their minds to moral and religious duties, and to restraining them from those vices which corrupt the mind, and lay the foundation for present and future misery.

The state of his mind may be seen by the following extract of a letter which he wrote to Bishop Asbury a short time before his death. The reader will recollect that the yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia with awful and destructive violence, sweeping into eternity thousands of his fellow-beings, while others, to escape from this devouring plague, were flying into various parts of the country. Notwithstanding these alarming aspects in the heavens and the earth around him, John Dickens remained, as a faithful sentinel, at his post, giving warning to the impenitent, and counsel and consolation to the trembling and dying believer. In the midst of these things, he says to Bishop Asbury:--

"My much-esteemed Friend and Brother -- I sit down to write as in the jaws of death. Whether Providence may permit me to see your face again in the flesh I know not; but if not, I hope, though abundant mercy, we shall meet in the presence of God. I am fully conscious that I am an unprofitable, a very unprofitable servant; but I think my heart condemns me not, and therefore I have confidence in God. Perhaps I might have left the city, as most of my friends and brethren have done; but when I thought of such a thing, my mind recurred to that Providence which has done so much for me, a poor worm, that I was afraid of indulging any distrust. So I commit myself and family into the hands of God, for life or death."

Having passed through the malignant fever of 1793 and 1797, he fell in the third visitation of the yellow fever. Soon after writing the above, he was seized with the raging epidemic, and on the 27th of September, 1798, he took his departure to a better world, in the fifty-second year of his age. During his sickness, which he contracted while visiting the abodes of wretchedness and administering the consolations of the gospel to the dying, he was saved from those awful agitations of body and mind which are usually the accompaniments of this fatal disease, and with great tranquillity of mind he entered into his Master's joy. From the testimony of his bereaved widow it appears that he said to her, on the first day of his illness, --

"I am very ill; but I entreat you in the most earnest manner, not to be the least discomposed or uneasy. Tell the children, I beg them not to be uneasy, for divine wisdom cannot err. Glory be to God! I can rejoice in his will, whether for life or death. I know all is well! Glory be to Jesus! I hang upon three. Glory be to thee, O, my God! I have made it my constant business, in my feeble manner, to please thee -- and now, O God, thou dost comfort me."

In this happy frame of mind did he meet the last enemy on his first approaches. Then clasping his hands together, he joyfully exclaimed, "Glory be to God! Glory! Glory be to God! My soul now enjoys such sweet communion with him, that I would not give it for all the world. Glory be to Jesus! O, glory be to God! I have not felt so much for seven years. Love him! Trust him! Praise him!"

Bishop Asbury bears the following testimony to the character of Mr. Dickens:-- "For piety, probity, profitable preaching, holy living, Christian education of his children, secret closet prayer, I doubt whether his superior is to be found either in Europe or America."

John Dickens' daughter Elizabeth died of the same disease the day before his death. They were interred in the cemetery of St. George's, in Crown street. But when the ground was built upon some years since, the remains of many of the dead were put in a large vault under the basement entry of St. George's Church; and whatever was found of the mortal part of this good man and his daughter, after dwelling about forty years in the narrow house, was put into this vault, while his headstone, with its inscription, is in the burying ground of this church in Coates street.

Mr. Dickens death greatly affected Mr. Asbury, who remarked when he heard it at Mr. Sterlings, in Burlington, "He was in person and affection another Thomas White to me for years past: I feared death would divide us soon."

Mr. Dickens married Miss Elizabeth Yancey, near Halifax, North Carolina. She was in every respect a helpmeet for him. She survived him until 1835, when she ended her days in Baltimore, at the house of her son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Baker, who thus describes her meetness for heaven:--

"With lamp well trimmed and burning bright,
And loins begirt around,
In waiting posture long she stood,
To hear the welcome sound.

Born from above, and thither bent,
And longing for the skies,
How sweet the voice that charmed her ear,
And softly said, 'Arise!' "

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Part 4
EDWARD DROMGOOLE

Methodist historians have spelled this man's last name at least three different ways: Drumgole, Drumgoole, and Dromgoole. I am not at all sure which of these spellings is correct, but in this sketch I have opted go use the latter:-- Dromgoole.

Edward Dromgoole was a native of Ireland, near the town of Sligo, where he became acquainted with the Methodists in the beginning of the year 1770. He had been raised a Papist, but as soon as he heard the followers of Mr. Wesley preach he was convinced of the necessity of salvation, and began to read his Bible -- joined society, -- and resolved to read his recantation publicly in the church, which procured him the displeasure of some of his relatives.

In May 1770 he sailed for America, and landed in Baltimore, from whence he went to Fredericktown. Having a letter directed to Mr. Strawbridge, in the fall of this year he heard him preach, and importuned him to come to Fredericktown that he might hear the truth and be saved. One Sunday evening while he was praying in great distress of soul, the Lord visited him with his salvation. In 1773 he began to preach. In the beginning of 1774 he was employed as a traveling preacher on Frederick Circuit and at the Conference of 1774 he was stationed on Baltimore Circuit.

In the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Edward Dromgoole promptly took the oath of allegiance before his friend, Robert Jones, magistrate in Sussex County, Va., and ever afterward carried with him a certificate of the fact, so that he traveled wherever he wished entirely unmolested by the American patrol. When the Declaration of Independence was made he read the instrument from the court-house steps to a large company in Halifax County, Va., and exhibited his attachment to his adopted country in every proper way.

Prior to the Christmas Conference of 1784, Edward Dromgoole wrote to John Wesley, advising him that it would be best that Francis Asbury continue as the general superintendent in America:

"The preachers at present are united to Mr. Asbury, and esteem him very highly in love for his works' sake, and earnestly desire his continuance on the continent during his long life; and to act as he does at present, to wit, to superintend the whole work and go through all the circuits once a year. He is now well acquainted with the country, with the preachers and people, and has a large share in the affections of both; therefore they would not willingly part with him, or submit to any other to act in his place, until they have good proof of his integrity."

Edward Dromgoole was regarded as belonging to the traveling connection until 1786, when he desisted. His labors were confined chiefly to Virginia (where he settled near North Carolina, probably in Brunswick county), and in North Carolina. After he located, he continued to be a faithful and much respected preacher. In 1815 Mr. Asbury ordained him an Elder, at which time he must have been nearly seventy years old. He died in 1835 at the age of eighty-three. Two of his sons, Edward and Thomas, were local Deacons in the M. E. Church.

General George C. Dromgoole, a member of Congress, was also his son, and was said to be one of the most eloquent speakers in that body; and he possessed considerable character as a statesman. It would be gratifying if evidence induced the belief that he was as religious in heart and in life as his father, and as most of his father's family were.

Dr. Atkinson, in his "Centennial History of Methodism," feels called upon to rebut the statement that Edward Dromgoole united in his old age with the Reformers of 1827-30, and adduces a letter from one of his sons to this effect. It is, no doubt, technically correct that he never withdrew from the old Church, but there is evidence that he attended and preached at a Reform campmeeting in Virginia, and that a son was a minister of the new Church, two conditions which can be accounted for on the supposition only that his sympathies were with the Reformers. [I think that the "Reformers" mentioned in the preceding may have been those who formed the Protestant Methodist Church. -- DVM]

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Part 5
GEORGE DOUGHARTY

George Dougharty is a name never to be forgotten in the early annals of Southern Methodism. He was ungainly, tall, slight, with but one eye, and slovenly in his dress, yet such was the power of his piety and the originality of his mind, that his preaching was overwhelming at times.

He applied himself to his own cultivation even to exhaustion, reading Hebrew fluently, and was a strong friend of education. Though six feet tall, he was of frail structure, and yet won for himself the distinction of being without equal in his day among his brethren.

We know little of his early life, except that he was born in South Carolina, "reared in Newberry District, near Lexington line," and "used to cut ranging timber on the Idisto River." He was early converted, and "came into our neighborhood," says one of his fellow-itinerants, "and taught a school; in every crowd where the Methodist schoolmaster appeared he was a mark for the finger of scorn;" but he maintained his integrity, applied himself to study, and was at last discovered and summoned out to preach, by an itinerant on the neighboring Rush River Circuit, who took him to the South Carolina Conference, where he began his regular ministerial career in 1798. His ministry lasted only nine years, and the list of his appointments is not a long one, but his influence was very great. His entire ministry was in the State of South Carolina.

By application and perseverance he took a stand in the front rank of the South Carolina band of pioneers, marshaling the armies of the sacramental host from the sea shore to the Blue Ridge. His intellect was of lofty tone, his logical powers remarkable, and his eloquence at times absolutely irresistible. An example is recorded, which occurred at one of those mixed woods-meetings which the primitive condition of the people rendered common in that day, and at which all sorts of theological speculations came into collision.

He had been appointed to follow, without intermission, a preacher of another sect, who dealt out lustily opinions which, according to Methodism, were dangerous heresies. Dougharty, on rising, struck directly at these errors; his argumentation became ignited with his feelings, his voice rose till it echoed in thunder peals over the throng and through the forest. Dropping polemics, he applied his reasoning in overwhelming exhortation, urging compliance with the conditions of salvation. The power of God came down, and one universal cry was heard through all that vast concourse. Some fell prostrate on the ground, others rising to flee from the scene fell by the way. Dougharty, turning round on the stand to the heretical preacher, dropped on his knees before him, and in the most solemn manner, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, begged him, in God's name, never again to preach the doctrines he had advanced that day. The scene was overwhelming, and beggars all description.

One of our best authorities in the South, who often heard him preach, says:

"His mind seemed to me, in its relation to the tabernacle which it inhabited, like some mighty engine that makes the timbers of the vessel it is propelling tremble. So interested was he in the study of the Hebrew, that I remember reading to him in our English Bible, while he read in his Hebrew Bible, until I observed the powerful workings of his mind had completely exhausted him. He was far in advance of the period in which he lived, in his estimate and advocacy of education.

"As early as 1803 he was laboring in his native state for the establishment of an academy, to be under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was about six feet in stature, his shoulders a little stooping, his knees bending slightly forward, his walk tottering, and, in his general appearance, a very personification of frailty. He had lost one eye after he reached manhood by smallpox; and the natural beauty of a fair face had been otherwise dreadfully marred by the ravages of the same malady. His hair was very thin, and he wore it rather long, as was the custom of itinerant preachers in his day.

"His costume, like that of his brethren generally, was a straight coat, long vest, and knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, sometimes long, fair-topped boots, fastened by a modest strap to one of the knee buttons to keep the boots genteelly up. And in those days it was a beautiful clerical dress, where the wearer was a person of good taste and genteel habits. But in these little accomplishments Dougharty was sadly wanting; indeed, I would say that his negligence was so great as to form a positive fault.

"Notwithstanding his bodily weakness he preached almost daily, and often twice in a day, riding large circuits or districts, as his appointment might be, for seven or eight years successively. It seemed as if his great mind and warm heart infused into his feeble frame a preternatural life and energy. His sermons were frequently long, and always characterized by a glow that seemed akin to

inspiration. His supremacy as a preacher in his day was never disputed, to my knowledge, by any competent witness. I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that George Dougharty had no equal in his day among his brethren."

A very serious affair occurred in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1801 and 1802 George Dougharty and John Harper were stationed in that city. Hearing that Mr. Harper had received some pamphlets from the north, containing resolutions to memorialize the legislature against slavery, notwithstanding the offensive documents were burned in presence of the mayor of the city, a lawless mob collected to avenge themselves on the person of Mr. Harper. He, however, providentially escaping from their fury, they seized on Mr. Dougharty, dragged him though the street to the pump, and having placed his head under the spout, commenced pumping water upon him, and in all probability they would have drowned him had not a heroic Methodist woman interfered, stopping up the mouth of the pump with her shawl. She held the mob abashed by her remonstrances till a courageous citizen threw himself into their midst with a drawn sword, rescued their victim, and led him to a place of shelter.

Dougharty never recovered from this inhuman treatment, but lingered with consumption till the South Carolina Conference of 1807, when his voice was last heard, at that conference, proposing and advocating a resolution, that any preacher who should desert his appointment "through fear in times of sickness or danger," should never again be employed by the Conference, a requisition necessary in that region of epidemics. He "spoke," says the old Minutes, "to the case with amazing argument and energy, and carried his cause like a dying general in victory."

He died at the home of Joshua Wells on the 23d day of March, 1807, in Wilmington, N. C., where he was appropriately "buried in the African Church." Joshua Wells, under whose roof he expired, says "He spoke of death and eternity with an engaging, feeling, sweet composure, and manifested an indescribable confidence, love, and hope, while he said, 'The goodness and love of God to me are great and marvelous, as I go down the dreadful declivity of death.' His understanding was unimpaired; and so perfect was his tranquillity, that his true greatness was probably never seen or known until that trying period."

His ministerial brethren commemorated him in their Minutes as "a great preacher," of "an exceedingly capacious" mind, having "a fund of knowledge," and as "totally dead to the world, and indefatigable in labor and study." They pronounce him the right character "if they wanted a guide, a pillar, or a man to stand in the gap."

The lady who rescued Dougharty from the mob was Mrs. Martha Kingsley. "The wetting she received at the pump from the heartless ruffians was the cause of her premature death. Like Dougharty, she was of a consumptive habit, and the cold acquired that wintry night never left her, and she and Dougharty died about the same time.

Bangs says that "of all those concerned in this persecution not one prospered. Most of them died miserable deaths, an one of them acknowledged that God's curse lighted upon him for his conduct in this affair."

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Part 6
JOSEPH EVERETT

This cameo was created from the writings of John Lednum, Nathan Bangs, and Abel Stevens.

Joseph Everett was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He was a native of Queen Anns county, Maryland, and was born June 17, 1732. He was long known in the Middle States as one of the veterans of Methodism; a man of unique character, of exhaustless energy, profoundest piety, and extraordinary success. He has been called "the roughest-spoken preacher that ever stood in the itinerant ranks;" and the style of an autobiographic sketch of his life has been cited as an example of his rude but direct and strenuous language in the pulpit.

He describes himself as having been one of Bunyan's "biggest Jerusalem sinners." "As to religion," he says, speaking of his early life, "we had none, but called ourselves of the Church of England. We went to church, and heard dead morality, delivered by a blind, avaricious minister. My nature was a fit soil for the devil's seed to take root and grow in. I learned to swear, to tell lies, and vent my angry passions. I was often uneasy, afraid to die, and felt a weight of guilt that caused me to resolve to do better. I never heard one Gospel sermon until I was grown up.

"In this state of wickedness I lived till I was married. I chose a companion that was as willing to go to the devil as I was; it would have puzzled a philosopher to determine which of us loved sin most. Thus I went on until the Whitefieldites came about. I went to hear them, and saw myself in the way to hell; and was taught that I must be born again, and know my sins forgiven. I began to fall out with my sins, to read the Bible, to pray in secret, and likewise in my family.

"Thus I went on for nearly two years. The minister that I heard taught that Christ died for a certain number, and not one of them would be lost; that all the rest of mankind would be damned and sent to hell; that the elect must persevere and go to heaven. The Lord knows what I suffered by it. I was no stranger to persecution, as I reproved sin. By this time I was thought to be a great Christian; but, as yet, was a stranger to the knowledge of sins forgiven.

"In 1763 I went into a chamber to seek that blessing. I was on my knees but a few moments before the Lord shed his love abroad in my heart, and I felt I had redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. I was so simple that I thought there was no sin in my heart. But in a short time the enemy of my soul began to work upon the unrenewed part of my nature, and I felt pride, self-will, and anger.

"Our minister told us that though we might know our sins forgiven, it was impossible to live without sin. Thus the devil found out a scheme that answered his purpose. He baited his hook, and I swallowed it. I still went to hear preaching, and prayed in my family, but my conscience told me that I was a hypocrite. My principle was, 'that there was no falling from justifying grace,' and indeed it was impossible for me to fall, for I had shamefully fallen already.

"The brethren began to look very coldly at me, and as I grew worse they disowned me, saying I had never been converted; and for months I never went to meeting. Thus I went on to please my master, the devil. My conscience giving me no rest, I took the method that Cain took to stifle his: he by the noises of axes and hammers in building cities; I by the hurry of business and the clash of wicked company, and often by drinking. I continued in this state until the commencement of the war between Great Britain and America; and then became a warm Whig, and repaired to the muster-field to learn the use of arms, and turned out a volunteer. When I had acted my part at camp, I returned home.

"By this time there was a people called Methodists that had come into the place where I lived, telling the people that everybody might be saved. This doctrine I did not believe, and thinking they were not sent of God, I determined to oppose them. I continued to persecute them, but, like the rest of the devil's children, always behind their backs, or at a distance. I went one evening to hear one exhort, but did not like to hear the people make such a noise, though I liked a noise in a tavern.

"About the 14th of March, 1778, a woman persuaded me to go to Mr. White's, to hear preaching. I went, and heard Mr. Asbury. As the discourse was practical, and not doctrinal, I could find no fault with it, unless because it was delivered by a Methodist preacher, which is too much the case in this polite age, among the rich and the great, -- the honorable children of the devil.

"My prejudice subsided, and a way was opened for conviction. The human soul is like a castle, that we cannot get into without a key. Let the key be lost, and the door continues shut. I once had the key, but the devil had got it from me. I began to feel the returns of God's grace to revisit my soul. The eyes of the people began to be upon me. My old companions looked very coolly at me; and the Methodists had their eyes on me, no doubt for good; especially my friend [Dr.] Edward White.

"He frequently asked me home with him, and conversed with me on Methodism. Knowing I was Calvinistic, he furnished me with the writings of Mr. Wesley and Fletcher. I once heard him say, 'If Christ died for all, all are salvable; and they that are lost are lost by their own fault;' which gave me more insight into the scheme of redemption than ever I got before by all the reading and hearing I had practiced.

"I was more and more engaged to save my soul. In retiring to pray, it seemed that I could hear the friend say, 'What! are you praying again? you had better quit; after a while you will tire, and leave off as you did before.' I went forward in the way of duty, and on the 5th day of April, 1778, the Lord set my soul once more at liberty. I read Mr. Wesley on Perfection, but the mist of Calvinism was not wiped from my mind; it had taught me that temptations are sins. I could not distinguish between sins and infirmities; and hardly believe that any Antinomian can. I began to feel the necessity of joining the Society, which I did, in order to grow in grace.

"I began to speak to my acquaintance about their souls, and sometimes to preach, and found that some were wrought upon. In family prayer, sometimes, the power of the Lord would descend in such a manner as to cause the people to mourn and cry. Nor would they be able to rise from the

floor for half a night. My exercises about preaching were so great that I have awaked from sleep and found myself preaching.

"While I was in the way to hell I lived, for the most part of my time, without labor; now I earned my bread by the labor of my hands, and studied divinity at the plow, ax, or hoe. At last I disclosed my mind (on the subject of preaching) to my friend Edward White. At this time that man of God, C. B. Pedicord, was riding the circuit. He sent for me to meet him, at an appointment near Mr. White's, and asked me to give an exhortation, and then gave me a certificate to exhort.

"The 1st of October, 1780, I went to Dorset Circuit, and had seals to my ministry. I stayed four weeks, and returned to secure my crop. By this time the devil, by his emissaries, had put it into the heart of my wife to prevent my traveling. She made a great noise, which gave me much trouble. I might as well have undertaken to reason with a stone. Till now she had some faint desire to save her soul; but this banished all from her heart. I returned to Dorset, and stayed till February, 1781, when I was sent to Somerset Circuit to labor in Annamessex. My labors were abundantly blessed; many found peace with God, and some large Societies were formed."

In November, 1781, Mr. Everett was sent to West Jersey with James O. Cromwell. Here his labors were blest, and many seals were set to his ministry. At the Conference of 1782 he says, "I was appointed to East Jersey, with that man of God, John Tunnell, whom I loved as another self." While preaching here his hard blows had stirred the ire of the people about Germantown, and the mob was after him with clubs; but, finding that he was legally qualified to preach, they retreated. The success of the Methodists alarmed the priests, both Dutch and English, and this seemed to be the cause of his persecution.

"In November of this year I was appointed to Philadelphia Circuit with John Tunnell, and Nelson Reed. Here our labors were blessed, That part of the Circuit that profited least by our ministry was the city of Philadelphia. The reason was, one said I am of Paul; another, I am of Apollos; and another, I am of Cephas. Where this is the case there are very few to follow Christ. They are like weathercocks, which can never be kept at one point."

A daughter of Mr. Abraham Supplee, now living in Philadelphia, in her eighty-third year, having been a Methodist for more than sixty years, whose name is Smith, remembers to have heard Mr. Everett commence one of his discourses in 1782, by saying to the irreligious, among his hearers, "It is just six weeks since I was here last, and some of you are six weeks nearer hell than you were then."

In 1783 he says: "At the Conference I was appointed, with John Coleman and Michael Ellis, to travel Baltimore Circuit, where the Lord still blessed his word. By this time I got to see into the Bible in a deeper manner than ever; so that it seemed like another, a new book to me. By this time the Lord had heard and answered my prayers, in the conversion of my wife, which lightened my burden. She saw that she had been fighting against God, in treating me wrongly.

"From Baltimore I went in the fall of 1783, to take charge of Frederick Circuit, having Richard Swift and David Abbott with me."

"At the Conference of 1784, I was appointed to Fairfax Circuit, where I continued to labor until the Christmas Conference, when the Methodists became a Church. From this Conference I was stationed in Berkley Circuit, where many souls were awakened and converted."

In 1804, Joseph Everett received a superannuated relation, but still bearing his pointed testimony for God as long as he was able to speak in his name, and manifesting to the last an unshaken confidence in God, and an unabated attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the church of his choice.

For about thirty years it may be said that he thundered the truth through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. The Conference, in recording his death, said that wherever he traveled he "proclaimed the thunders of Sinai against the wicked, and the terrors of the Lord against the ungodly. Few men in the ministry were ever more zealous and laborious; he was bold, undaunted, and persevering, and the Lord prospered him and gave him seals to his ministry. For some years during its existence, Joseph Everett acted as chaplain to Cokesbury College. He was abundant in labors as long as his strength endured. His manner and usefulness are well known to thousands. He feared the face of no man. He spent his time, his talents; his all, in the service of the connection."

Down to 1809 did this "strong man armed," though wielding the most unpolished weapons, fight "the good fight," almost everywhere with victory; and he fell at his post at last with shouts of triumph.

The name of Joseph Everett deserves to be enrolled among the early veterans of the cross of Christ. He joined the ranks of Methodism in its infancy in this country, and contributed largely to fix it on that broad basis on which it has since stood unshaken amid the storms and billows with which it had to contend.

It would, indeed, seem that the Methodist preachers of those days were so imbued with the spirit of their Master, and so entirely absorbed in their peculiar work, that they thought of little else but saving souls from death. And so deeply penetrated were they with the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," that their rebukes to the sinner were sometimes tremendously awful, and fearfully pointed and solemn. This was peculiarly so with Mr. Everett. His whole soul seemed to be thrown into his subject whenever he preached, and his warnings and entreaties were enough to melt the stoutest heart, while he wound the cord of truth so tightly around the sinner's conscience as to make him writhe and tremble under the wounds it inflicted.

But he left him not here to welter in his blood. He presented to his troubled mind the "sin-atoning Victim," as a "balm for every wound," and as now ready, to "appoint to him the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The rich promises of the gospel to penitent sinners dropped from his lips like honey descending from the honey-comb, and when believingly received by such, he rejoiced over them as a father rejoices over a returning prodigal, while with the happy believer he participated in all the fullness of perfect love.

The closing scene of his life is recorded as "very remarkable." He died in 1809, in his seventy-eighth year, under the roof of his friend Dr. [Edward] White, where he had often found an

asylum. About midnight he awoke from a tranquil slumber, and "immediately his devout and pious soul entered into an uncommon ecstasy of joy; with exclamations of adoration, in raptures, he shouted for twenty-five minutes, 'Glory! glory! glory!' and then ceased to shout and ceased to breathe at once."

"It is worthy of notice that he started as a traveling preacher from the house of Dr. White, and at Dr. White's house he died. He set out to travel in the month of October, and in the month of October he died. The first circuit he traveled was Dorchester, and in Dorchester he died."

"Thus," say his brethren, "ended the warfare and sufferings of our venerable father and brother in Christ, Joseph Everett; who, like an old soldier worn out in the service, had borne the burden and heat of the day with firmness and perseverance. He endured the trials, hardships, and sufferings of many perilous and fatiguing campaigns; but now the warfare is past, the victory is gained, and the scene is closed in triumphant shouts."

In the December 17, 1809 entry in his Journal Asbury notes Joseph Everett's passing thus: "Father Everett has gone in glory to glory."

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Part 7
BILLY HIBBARD

A memorable character entered the ministerial ranks in 1798, Billy Hibbard, still familiar to the Church by his extraordinary wit, his devoted life, and useful labors. When his name was called in the Conference as William Hibbard, he gave no response. The bishop asked him if this was not his name. "No, sir," he replied. "What is it, then?" rejoined the bishop. "It is Billy Hibbard." "Why," said the bishop, with a smile, "that is a little boy's name." "I was a very little boy when my father gave it to me," replied Hibbard. "The Conference was convulsed with laughter," says Boehm, for many of them knew him. When his character was examined, as was customary, it was objected to him that he practiced medicine. "Are you a physician, Brother Hibbard?" inquired the bishop. "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 Hibbard, "I always advise them to send for a physician."

His humor seemed not to interfere with, but to enhance his usefulness. It attracted hearers which perhaps nothing else could bring within his influence. His meetings were usually thronged. A tenacious Quaker hung about him, charmed with his conversation, but not venturing to attend his preaching, objecting that the custom of "Friends" required him to wear his hat in the congregation. Hibbard sent him a hearty invitation to come and wear his hat, or two of them if he wished, offering to lend him his own for the purpose if the good man would accept it. He could resist the charm no longer, went, and became a zealous Methodist, and a useful class-leader.

Hibbard was born in Norwich, Conn., February 24, 1771, of parents who observed the early religious strictness of that commonwealth, and trained him in the doctrines of the Puritan faith. In very early life, his singularly constituted mind became absorbed in religious meditation;

and notwithstanding a constitutional and exuberant flow of humor, he was plunged in profound melancholy. He needed more benign views of theology than his education afforded him. "I read the Scriptures," he says, "with great attention, and in private I would weep and mourn for my sins. I had some fears that I should not find mercy at last: nevertheless, I prayed heartily that the Lord would spare my life until I could completely repent. At one time I felt encouraged, that if I were faithful, I should repent enough by the time I was thirty years old. Now the most of my nights I spent in weeping; my pillow and my shirt-collar were often wet with tears, and I would rise early to wash my face, for fear some one would discover that I had been crying, and ask me what was the matter." This mental agony increased fearfully, till it became a parallel almost to that under which the sturdy spirit of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress suffered. Not comprehending the doctrine of "justification by faith," he was engaged in a vain endeavor to wash away his sins by the tears of repentance alone; but, as he attempted to estimate the number and enormity of his offenses, an almost hopeless period seemed necessary for the task. "I began to conclude," he writes, "that I should not get through my repentance until I was fifty or sixty years old." As he ruminated over the dreary catalogue, he sunk into utter despair. "I found," he says, "to my unspeakable grief and dismay, that I was altogether unholy in my nature; my sins had corrupted every part, so that there was nothing in me that was good; I was a complete sink of sin and iniquity. I looked to see if there was no way to escape; if God could not be just and have mercy on me; but no, my sins were of that nature that they had made my nature sinful. I cried out when alone, 'O wretch that I am! I undone forever! all my hopes of obtaining mercy, and getting to heaven at last, are gone, and gone forever! and it is all just and right with God.' Still, it is a little mercy to me that I am not killed and damned outright; I may live here a while, but then, at last, I must be damned; and to pray for myself will do no good; there is no mercy for me; I can do nothing that will make amends for my sins; they are past, and cannot be recalled. O wretch that I am! I have undone myself, and am undone forever!"

Such was in those days the experience of many an anxious mind, misguided by a theology the metaphysics of which obscure the clearest and most gracious light of the divine promises. Such despondence must soon terminate in insanity, or a favorable reaction. Happily for young Hibbard, the latter was the case with him. On a Sabbath day, the quiet beauties of which looked more "dismal than a shroud," he read in his Bible of "the sufferings of Christ, and had an impression to go into secret and pray." His anguish followed him to his closet; but the impressions of the truths he had been reading were vivid. They embodied themselves, as in a vision, to his troubled mind; and he saw, as it were, "Jesus Christ at the right hand of God," looking down upon him with compassion. His despair gave way to faith; "and now," he writes, "I could see the justice of God in showing mercy to me for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ; and not only to me, but to all that would come to him, forsaking their sins, and believing that his death and suffering were the only satisfactory sacrifice for sin. I felt a sudden sense of the impropriety of my offer to be damned for the good of others, though I had no condemnation for it; but the love of God in Christ, and of Christ in God, so completely overcame me that I was all in tears, crying Glory! glory! glory! Beholding the glory of God by faith was a rapturous sight! But soon it was suggested that I must open my eyes on creation; and feeling an ardent desire for company to encourage me in this worship of God, it appeared that, on opening my eyes, I should see some. I opened my eyes, therefore, while on my knees; and behold! all nature was praising God. The sun and firmament, the trees, birds and beasts, all appeared glowing with the glory of God. I leaped from my kneeling posture, clapped my hands, and cried Glory! glory! glory! heaven and earth are full of thy glory!"

Such was Hibbard's experience at twelve years of age, and such is an example of the ordinary experience of the early Methodists, indeed, of most earnest minds. It is characterized by much feeling, and distorted and often despondent views of the divine method of human recovery, but also by profound scrupulousness, conscientious estimates of sin, and, at last, by transforming faith in Christ.

This happy state of mind continued till it was interrupted by the dogma of pre-reprobation, which was suggested to his meditations by the speculations of his neighbors; for it was then tenaciously held as an essential doctrine of the popular faith. From this terrible fallacy he at last recovered, but not till he had passed through sore mental conflicts, and received, as he supposed, special illuminations of the Spirit on the subject. He at this time anticipated vividly the doctrines of Methodism, and waited prayerfully till their promulgation should reach his neighborhood. Several years, however, elapsed before a Methodist itinerant appeared there; and during this interval he had been induced, by the example of Christians around him, and the opinions of the pastor of the village where he now resided -- who approved of dancing -- to attend balls, and to plunge into all the youthful gayeties of the vicinity. He lost the devout and peaceful frame of mind which he had attained through such an ordeal of mental suffering.

He continued in this backslidden state for some time, when, at last, a Methodist evangelist reached the village. His mind was reawakened by the new preaching, and, passing through another inward conflict, similar to that already described, he emerged into a still clearer light, and settled habits of piety, embracing heartily the doctrines of the new sect, though, as he had removed to Norway, Conn., and there were no Methodists within twenty miles of him, he did not yet join their communion. While waiting their arrival in the place of his new residence he felt impressed with the anticipation that it might be his duty to join their humble ministry, and preach the great truths which sustained his own soul. He resolved to begin by "exhorting," and held occasional social services in the houses of his neighbors. After two or three of these meetings he found that many persons were awakened, and thirteen professed to be converted. Removing from Norway to Hinsdale, he had more access to the Methodists, and now cast in his lot with them. Providential encouragements to devote himself more entirely to religious labors occurred. His wife, who had disliked somewhat his sturdy religious seriousness, became converted. He was induced, by peculiar circumstances, to discourse for the first time from a text at a tavern, and found afterward that an old man was converted under the sermon, who, in a few months, died in hope. His stepmother was led by his guidance into the way of life. "She never had a witness of her acceptance with God," he says," but now stated to me her distress of mind. And we sat up all night to weep and talk and pray together, and it pleased God to make her strong in faith and joyful in hope. It was about two o'clock in the night when the Lord made her soul to rejoice in God her Saviour. Then we were so happy we wanted no sleep, but only to rejoice in the Lord. Thus we spent all the night. Glory to God! this season was sweet to my soul." He now labored more abundantly, and resolved to enter the itinerant ministry; but he desponded under the consciousness of his defects. "My way was open," he writes, "but my weakness almost discouraged me at times, for I had not then heard the good effect my weak sermons had, so that I began to grow gloomy and discouraged, until I attended the quarterly meeting in Pittsfield. At the prayer-meeting in the evening it was proposed to have a local preacher deliver us a sermon. He was a stranger to me; and as he appeared to be a solemn, gracious, good man, I was much pleased with the hope of a good time; but when he commenced his discourse, I perceived he was a weak brother. And as he

progressed I was confirmed that he was very weak; and before he was done I concluded that he was weaker than I was; and surely, I thought, if I were as weak as he was, I would never attempt to preach again. Well, our meeting closed, and I went to my lodgings with a sad heart, to think no good was done that night. But next morning, to my surprise, I heard that five persons who heard our weak brother the night before were converted. I said nothing; but hid my face in my hands, and thought, truly these are thy marvelous works, O Lord! Thou dost make use of things which are not to bring to naught things that are. Well, I must take courage, and if I cannot shine in gifts, let me shine in humility, and adorn myself in a meek and quiet frame of mind, which is an ornament, in the sight of God, of great price."

I have been the more minute in these quotations, because they present an interesting illustration of the power and working of the religious sentiment, under divine influence, in a robust but untutored mind. This process of spiritual experience resulted in the development of a beautiful moral character, full of religious sympathy, of affectionateness, of devout simplicity, and sanctified zeal; a zeal that labored mightily, and endured most formidable hardships throughout a ministerial career of most half a century.

In 1797 he was directed by the presiding elder to labor on Pittsfield Circuit, Mass., which he traveled till the spring of 1798. He was then transferred to Granville Circuit, Mass., until the Granville Conference of 1798, when he joined the regular itinerant ministry, and was appointed to Dutchess Circuit, N.Y. While on the Pittsfield and Granville Circuits his labors were remarkably successful; more than one hundred persons were awakened; not a little persecution beset his course; but he became confirmed in his devotion to the work of the ministry. In 1799 he was sent to Cambridge Circuit, which was chiefly in New York, but comprehended also several Vermont towns. He began now to experience some of the privations of the early itinerancy. He had to remove his family, including three children, one hundred and fifty miles, among entire strangers, and without money to support them. During the preceding nine months he had received but eighty-four dollars, and for twenty months his salary had been one hundred and thirty-three dollars. Nearly all his own property had been expended. His thoughts under these accumulating trials, recorded in his own simple language, afford an interesting illustration of his character. "I looked at my call to this work to be of God. And I said in my heart, and to my dear wife, to God I will look for support. My wife encouraged me to suffer with patience. She often said, 'If we can do our duty to God here, and be a means of saving some souls, and get to heaven at last, all our sufferings will work together for our good.' Ah, thought I, you are a dear soul; what husband would not want to live at home, and enjoy the society of such a wife! But the Lord calls me to leave wife and children, and for his sake I give up all."

He passed over his circuit, preaching daily, witnessing the conversion of souls, and seeking a home for his family; but finding none for many weeks, he writes: "Well, thought I, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not even a log-house. I am now tasting of my Master's fare. He suffered this for the good of souls; and O what an honor, that I may suffer a little with my Master! So I went on cheerful, trusting in the Lord. We had refreshing seasons; many were awakened, and, I trust, converted. Our circuit at that time was five hundred miles around it, and for me to preach, as I did, sixty-three sermons in four weeks, and travel five hundred miles, was too hard. But I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me; for as my day was, so was my strength."

Such were the trials of the primitive preachers, trials which, as we have elsewhere remarked, either drove them from the field, or made them heroes; their successors may well blush to repine at their more fortunate lot. About three hundred persons were converted during his travels on Cambridge Circuit. The indomitable Henry Ryan shared its labors, and they pushed the battle to the gates." Violent persecutions opposed them; Hibbard writes: "Brother Ryan was in good health and high spirits for this great work. The persecution in Thurman's Patent, where we had lived, was truly grievous. Many young people that experienced religion were turned out of doors by their parents. Some of them were whipped cruelly. Two young women were so whipped by their father that the blood ran down from their backs to their feet, and he then turned them out of doors, and they walked fifteen miles to a Methodist society. When they recovered of their wounds, some of our sisters informed me that they had many scars, some five inches long. Their two young brothers, one fourteen, and the other twelve years old, had both experienced religion, through the instrumentality of the Methodists, and suffered in like manner. It astonished me that a father of ten children, eight of whom had experienced religion, should drive six from his house, and whip these two boys, for no other crime, in reality, than because they worshipped God with the Methodists."

These persecuted children agreed to visit and pray with their enraged parent together at a given time. "With hearts all engaged in prayer for their father, they entered his house, and, in the most affectionate manner, made known to him their tender regard for his precious soul. The power of God rested on them, insomuch that the old man was not able to answer them. He threw himself upon the bed, and made a howling noise, while they prayed. The poor old man could not arise from it. Something rendered him helpless, insomuch that he was not able to whip his boys any more for worshipping God. He lived in this helpless state eight years afterward. From this time the persecution began to cease in this part of the circuit."

At the New York Conference of 1800 Hibbard was appointed to Granville Circuit, Mass. His subsequent circuits were, 1801, Long Island; 1802, Dutchess and Columbia, N.Y.; 1803-4, Dutchess; 1805-6, Croton, N. Y., with a congenial colleague, the quaint John Finnegan; 1807-8, New Rochelle, N. Y. In 1809 he reentered New England, and was the colleague of Isaac Candee on Redding Circuit. Their labors were unusually successful; extensive reformations prevailed, and about three hundred persons were converted. In 1810 he was on Courtland Circuit, N.Y., with Ezekiel Canfield, and 1811-12 at Rhinebeck, N.Y. At the Conference of 1813 he was again returned to New England, and appointed to Pittsfield Circuit, Mass. He was sent to this circuit also in 1814, but with the understanding that he should accept a chaplaincy in the army if an opportunity occurred. He did so, and as war then raged on the northern frontier, he was appointed to a regiment, and was with the troops some time in the neighborhood of Boston. "Not long after I returned home," he says, "I had the satisfaction to hear of forty-three, who were in our regiment, that had experienced religion, and joined our society."

In 1815 he was sent to Litchfield Circuit, Conn., and labored with more than even his usual success. About six hundred persons, it is estimated, were converted; and as many joined the Congregational Churches; an impulse was given to the cause of God in every direction through the region of the circuit. In 1810-17 he labored on Granville Circuit; 1818, Chatham, N. Y.; 1819-20, New York city, with Aaron Hunt, Samuel Merwin, Laban Clark, and Tobias Spicer; 1821, Petersburgh, N.Y.; 1822, Dalton, N.Y. Having ruptured a blood-vessel while preaching in New

York city, his health had declined so far by this time that he was compelled to retire into the ranks of the "superannuated or worn-out preachers," where he remained three years, but we find him again in the field in 1826, when he was appointed to Petersburgh; 1827-8, to Salisbury; and 1829, to Tyringham.

Being still subject to inflammation of the lungs, and worn out with infirmities and years, he now returned to the superannuated ranks, where he continued till his death. He had labored in the Church about fifty years, devotedly and successfully. He died in 1844, in great peace, and in the forty-sixth year of his itinerant ministry. "When asked by a son in the gospel, how he felt in view of death," he replied, "My mind is calm as a summer eve;" and when again asked if death had any terror, he answered, "No, surely!"

Methodism, while adapted to all classes, had peculiar adaptations to the unlettered and neglected masses. Its simple doctrines were intelligible to their comprehension, and its energetic economy reached them in whatever recesses of obscurity. At the same time its living agents were a providential counterpart to these adaptations. Many of its preachers seemed to have been raised up exclusively for the poor and illiterate, and the peculiarities which might have interfered with their usefulness in higher spheres secured them greater success among men of lowly life. Hibbard was an example of this remark. His memoirs abound in striking instances of the power of his ministry; even his humor, sanctified as it was, had its good agency; the hardest and the rudest characters yielded to his influence.

It would not be deemed compatible with the dignity of history to narrate some of the incidents of his humble memoirs; but as my pages aim at the best possible illustration of the primitive character and influence of Methodism, I insert an instance which exemplifies his influence over an untutored family. It is an account of the testimony of a converted German, given in a love-feast, about the present period.

Hibbard writes: "He said,

[To avoid quotes inside of quotes inside of quotes, I have treated this quotation as coming directly from the converted German, and I have placed a left bracket at the beginning of each paragraph below, and a right bracket at the end of the entire quotation. -- DVM]

[Mine dear brethren, I want to tell you some mine experience. When the Metodists first came into these parts I tot I was doing bery well, for mine wife and I had two sons, Ned and Jim, and we had a good farm that Neddy and I could work bery well, so I let Jim go out to work about fourteen miles off from home. But de Metodists come into our parts, and Neddy went to dare meeting, and he got converted, and I tot we should all be undone; so I told Ned he must not go to dese Metodist meetings, for so much praying and so much going to meeting would ruin us all. But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul."

["But," I said, "you must do de work too." So I gave him a hard stint on dey day of dare meeting; but he work so hard dat he got his stint done, and went to de meeting after all. While I set on my stoop and smoked mine pipe, I see him go over de hill to de Metodist meeting, and I said to my wife Elizabet, "We shall be undone, for our Ned will go to dese meetings," and she said, "What

can we do?" "Well," I said, "den I will stint him harder," and so I did several times when de meeting come. But Neddy worked hard, and sometimes he got some boys to help him, so dat he would go off to de meeting while I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. I could see Ned go over de hill.

[I said one day, "O mine Got! what can I do? dis boy will go to dese meetings, after all I can do." So when Ned come home, I said, "Ned, you must leave off going to dese meetings, or I will send for Jim to come home, and turn you away." But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul!" "Well, den, I will send for Jim." So I sent for Jim; and when he come home, den I heard he had been to the Metodist meeting, where he had lived, and he was converted too. And Ned and Jim both said, "O, fader, we must serve de Lord, and save our souls!"

[But I said to mine wife, "Dese Metodists must be wrong; dey will undo us all, for dey have got Ned and Jim both. I wish you would go to dare meeting, and you can see what is wrong; but Ned and Jim can't see it."

[So de next meeting day de old woman went wid Ned and Jim, but I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. But I said to mineself, "I guess dese Metodists have got dare match, to get de old woman, and she will see what's wrong." So I smoked mine pipe, and looked to see dem come back. By and by I see dem coming; and when dey come near, I see de tears run down mine wife's face. Den I said, "O mine Got, dey have got de old woman too!" I tot I am undone, for dey have got Ned and Jim, and de old woman; and when dey come on de stoop, mine wife said, "O we must not speak against dis people, for dey are de people of Got."

[But I said nothing, for I had not been to any of de meetings, so I was in great trouble. But in a few days after I heard dat dere was a missionary going to preach a little ways off; so I tot I would go, for I tot it would not hurt anybody to go to his meeting; and I went wid Ned and Jim and mine wife, and he preached; but dare was noting done till after de meeting was over, and den dare was two young men in de toder room dat sung and prayed so good as anybody, and dey prayed for dar old fader too. And many cried, and I tot dey prayed bery well.

[After dis I was going out of de door to go home, and a woman said to me, "Mr. _____, you must be a happy man, to have two such young men as dem dat prayed." I said, "Was dat Ned and Jim? She said, "Yes." O, I felt so mad to tink dey had prayed for me, and exposed me before all de people! But I said noting, but went home; and I went right to bed. But now mine mind was more troubled dan ever before, for I began to tink how wicked I was to stint poor Neddy so hard, and try to hinder him from saving his soul; but I said noting, and mine wife said noting;.

[So I tried to go sleep; but as soon as I shut mine eyes I could see Neddy going over de hill to go to his meeting after he had done his hard stint, so tired and weary. Den I felt worse and worse; and by and by I groaned out, and mine wife axt me what's de matter. I said, "I believe I am dying." She said, "Shall I call up Ned and Jim?" I said, "Yes." And Jim come to de bed, and said, "O fader, what is de matter?" I said, I believe I am dying." And he said, "Fader, shall I pray for you?" I said, O yes, and Neddy too. And glory be to Got! I believe he heard prayer; for toe I felt my sins like a mountain load to sink me down to hell, I cried, "O Got, have mercy on me, a poor sinner!" and by and by I feel someting run all over me, and split mine heart all to pieces; and I felt

so humble and so loving, dat I rejoice and praise Got; and now I am resolved to serve Got wit Ned and Jim, and mine wife, and dese Metodists.]

Hibbard was a very genial mind, humorous, amiable, without learning, yet abounding in intelligence, fond of anecdote, and exceedingly happy in telling one; surprisingly apt in laconic remarks, richly endowed with the spirit of piety, ever ready for religious conversation, a thorough lover of his country, and staunchly republican in his politics; a tireless laborer in the pulpit, and one of the most useful men in our early annals. His love and devotion to the Church were enthusiastic. He died soon after its division by the separation of the Methodists Episcopal Church South, and, it is said, that event broke his spirit, and hastened his death.

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Part 8
CALEB PEDICORD

The session of 1777 began on the 20th of May, at a "preaching house," say the Minutes, "near Deer Creek, in Harford County, Md." It was the "preaching house" of John Watters, at this time one of the chief rural centers of Methodism in the state.

Fourteen preachers were received on trial, and eight admitted to membership. Among the former was Caleb B. Pedicord, one of the saintliest men of his age. His personal appearance is remembered as peculiarly interesting; his aspect was beautiful in its combined expression of intelligence, moral refinement, and pathos. His voice in both singing and preaching, had a dissolving power of tenderness. Marvels are told of the quiet, pathetic force of his sermons. He was a native of the Western Shore of Maryland. The Petticords or Pedicords, for the name is written two or three ways, were in Frederick county, Md., where Robert Strawbridge opened his mission in America as early as 1760.

Thus Caleb Pedicord was probably an early convert of Strawbridge, and it was in Frederick County, where was also his first appointment by the Conference. He continued in the itinerancy till his death, traveling and preaching with great popularity in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, and Virginia.

The Conference for the Northern Stations was held at Judge White's, April 28, 1779, and Caleb Pedicord was one of the preachers who attended. In the Minutes, Mr. Asbury stands for Delaware, having for his colleagues, C. B. Pedicord, Freeborn Garrettson, Lewis Alfree, and Micaijah Debruler.

While laboring on the Peninsula, Pedicord had such strong evidence of God's watchful care over his children. He went to bed at a certain house one night, but could not sleep, though he tried again and again. At last he was obliged to rise, and going down stairs with the man of the house, they found the house on fire.

In 1780, Mr. Pedicord followed Freeborn Garrettson in Dorchester county. Pedicord's gentle, yet commanding, character could not protect him from the persecutions of the times: "Soon

after he came into the county, one of the violent enemies of Methodism met him, and finding that he was one of the preachers, beat him on the road until the blood ran down his face. He went to the house of a friend, and while they were washing his stripes, the brother of the persecutor rode up, and learning that the preacher had been wounded by his brother, he said, I will go after him and chastise him. So saying he galloped away, and overtook and beat him, until he promised never to meddle with another Methodist preacher."

Pedicord could not approve such a vindication, but he might well rejoice afterward over one of those striking coincidences which so often attended the labors and sufferings of the early itinerants, for both these brothers were subsequently seen sitting, "in their right minds," in the communion of the persecuted Methodists. Pedicord bore the scars of his wounds to his grave.

Pedicord's labors in New Jersey, in 1781, were greatly successful. He found Abbott in his new home, on Lower Penn's Neck, where the honest evangelist was much perplexed and dejected at his own comparatively slight success. "I had preached again and again," says Abbott, "and all to no purpose. I found there a set of as hardened sinners as were out of hell." Gladly, therefore, did he welcome Pedicord, hoping for a word of consolation in his discouragement.

Pedicord was so distressed by Abbott's statements that he could not eat his breakfast, but retired to his chamber to pray. After some time he reappeared with a cheerful aspect. "Be not discouraged," he cried to his host, "these people will yet hunger and thirst after the word of God." In a few months "there was a great work going on in this Neck. This prophet of the Lord had such access to him as made him confident that the Lord would work."

A memorable instance of Caleb Pedicord's usefulness occurred on the highway to an appointment at Mount Holly. He was an excellent singer, and while riding slowly along he was singing,

"I cannot, I cannot forbear,
These passionate longings for home;
O! when shall my Spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?"

A young soldier of the Revolution, wandering in a neighboring forest, heard him, and "was deeply touched not only with the melody of his voice, which was among the best he ever heard, but with the words, especially the last couplet."

"After he ceased," writes the listener, "I went out and followed him a great distance, hoping he would begin again. He, however, stopped at the house of a Methodist and dismounted. I then concluded he must be a Methodist Preacher, and would probably preach that evening." That evening the youthful soldier heard him, and Caleb B. Pedicord thus became "the spiritual father" of Thomas Ware, one of the most pure minded and successful of early Methodist itinerants -- for fifty years a founder of the denomination from New Jersey to Tennessee, from Massachusetts to the Carolinas, and, by his pen, the best contributor to its early history.

Pedicord's fine insight could perceive the pure worth of his young disciple, and recommended Thomas Ware to Francis Asbury. After having made this recommendation, Pedicord, was sent, in September, 1783, to fill a vacancy on Dover Circuit.

As soon as Mr. Pedicord heard that Thomas Ware had become a traveling preacher, he addressed the following letter to him:--

"Dear Tommy, -- Brother Asbury made me glad, when he informed me you had consented to come down to the Peninsula, in the character of a licentiate, to spend some time on Dover Circuit, and then come to me. You have kept in faithful memory my earnest advice, to study deeply the sacred pages, therein to learn the sum of good Heaven kindly, though conditionally, wills to man. This you have done, and it has eventuated as I hoped; you have learned that He who claims all souls as His, and wills them to be saved, does sometimes, from the common walks of life, choose men who have learned of Him to be lowly in heart, and bids them go and invite the world to the great supper. The Lord is, at this time, carrying on a great and glorious work, chiefly by young men like yourself. O, come and share in the happy toil, and in the great reward! Mark me! though seven winters have now passed over me, and much of the way dreary enough, yet God has been with me, and kept me in the way I went, and often whispered, Thou art mine, and all I have is thine. He has, moreover, given me sons, and daughters, too, born not of the flesh, but of God; and who can estimate the joy I have in one destined, I hope, to fill my place in the itinerant ranks when I am gone! Who, then, will say, that mine was not a happy lot? 'Tis well you have made haste; much more than I can express, have I wished you in the ranks before mine eyes have closed in death, and on all below.

"It is true, in becoming an itinerant, you will have to sacrifice all means of acquiring property, all domestic ease and happiness, and must be content with food and raiment. Nor are the hardships and perils less appalling than those you have witnessed in our war for independence; for it is a fact known to you already, in part, that the professing world, with the clergy at their head, are arrayed against us. But thanks be to God, we know that Jesus died, and rose, and revived, that he might be the Lord of the dead and living, and in receiving Christ by faith, we felt a courage commensurate with that which animated the disciples, when Jesus spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye,' &c.

"It was to the whole bench of the apostles that the charge was given, so they understood it; hence, they all became itinerants; why, then, is not the whole world evangelized? Are the clergy blameless in this matter? So thought not Wesley; so thinks not Asbury, his coadjutor. The clergy have long since abandoned this apostolic plan; they have doubtless deemed it more than could be expected of them, therein to copy the apostolic example.

"When Asbury pressed me to become an itinerant, I said, God has called me to preach, and woe unto me if I preach not; but I had no conviction that he had called me to itinerate. 'No conviction, my son, said he to me, sternly, that ye should follow the direction of him who commissioned you to preach? has the charge given to the disciples -"Go and evangelize the world," been revoked? Is the world evangelized?' He said no more. I looked at the world; it was not evangelized. I looked at the clergy, and thought of the rebut received from some of them who were thought the most pious, when smitten with penitential grief, and ardently desirous to know

what I must do to be saved, and thought who hath said, 'The hireling careth not for the sheep, because he is a hireling.'

"The world must be evangelized; it should long since have been so, and would have been so, had all who professed to be ministers of Christ been such as were the first gospel preachers and professors; for who can contend with Him who is Lord of lords and King of kings, when they that are with him in the character of ministers and members are called, and chosen, and faithful? Here, the drama ends not; but the time, we think, is near -- even at the door. Nothing can kill the itinerant spirit which Wesley has inspired. It has lived through the Revolutionary war, and will live through all future time. Christendom will become more enlightened -- will feel a divine impulse, and a way will be cast up, on which itinerants may swiftly move, and in sufficient numbers to teach all nations the commands of God."

It would seem that Mr. Pedicord looked up the vista of the future with the eye of a prophet, when he spoke of "A way cast up, on which itinerants might swiftly move," and saw in the dim distance, the great facilities of travel that have since been realized. Who, at this day, can write a better letter than Mr. Pedicord?

Thus, not long before his death, did Caleb Pedicord in this prophetic letter call out his "son in the Gospel" to bear forward the standard which was about to fall from his own trembling hand, and to verify, to no small extent, his sanguine predictions. "The fruit of his ministry in New Jersey was visible for at least half a century after he had passed to his reward, and the effects of his labors are probably felt to this day."

Caleb Pedicord's name appears in the Minutes for the first time in 1784, and in that year he was reappointed to Talbot. This is one of the first instances we meet with, of a preacher being appointed two consecutive years to the same field of labor at that early period of Methodism. The practice had been to change ever six months. It was the policy of Mr. Asbury at that time, to distribute his well tried preachers throughout the work, with whom he corresponded; and who were his substitutes in his absence, to exercise a subordinate supervision over both preachers and people. At this time, Mr. Pedicord was in the South for this purpose.

In 1785 the Minutes record the decease of Pedicord in one sentence: "A man of sorrows, and, like his Master, acquainted with grief; but a man dead to the world, and much devoted to God." He was the first that fell in the itinerant field after the Episcopal organization of the Church.

Of Tunnell, Gill, and Pedicord, once so deservedly eminent, but now so slightly known, Thomas Ware says that next to Asbury, "in the estimation of many stood the placid Tunnell, the philosophic Gill, and the pathetic Pedicord. It would be difficult to determine to which of these primitive missionaries, as men of eminent talents and usefulness, the preference should be given. Tunnell and Gill were both defective in physical strength. Pedicord was a man of much refined sensibility. They were all the children of nature, not of art; but especially Tunnell and Pedicord.

"Pedicord was a man of fine manly form, and his countenance indicated intelligence and much tender sensibility. His voice was soft and remarkably plaintive, and he possessed the rare talent to touch and move his audience at once. I have seen the tear start and the head fall before he

had uttered three sentences, which were generally sententious. Nor did he raise expectations to disappoint them. Like Tunnell, he arose as he advanced in his subject; and if he could not, with him, bind his audience with chains, he could draw them after him with a silken cord. Never was a man more tenderly beloved in our part of the country than he; and if the decision of their relative claims devolved on me, I should say there was none like Pedicord. But he was my spiritual father. Besides these, I might mention perhaps twenty others of nearly equal standing; and a number of them, perhaps, the superiors of those I have mentioned, in some respects. It is a pity that so few of this class of primitive American Methodist preachers have left any written memorial of themselves and their early labors."

"Caleb B. Pedicord was instrumental in bringing many souls to God; he was constitutionally subject to dejection, which sometimes led him to doubt his call to preach, and induced him to think of returning home. I remember a speech he made in a Love-feast, (during the sitting of the Conference at Baltimore,) which moved the whole assembly. He rose up, bathed in tears, and said: 'My friends, I have labored under heavy trials the past year. I was afraid that I was doing no good, and that I was not called to preach; but shortly before I left my circuit I went to a house where I met an aged Negro woman, who told me that what I had said to her, when I was there on a former occasion, had been the means of awakening her, and of bringing her to God. "I bless the Lord," said she, "that ever I saw you; for I am now happy in God my Saviour!" O how greatly did this encourage me! for I thought it was better to gain one soul to Christ than to acquire all the riches of the world. And now I am encouraged to go forward in the good work; and, God being my helper, I will spend the remainder of my days wholly in his service!' After this he served the Church several years, and then went home to glory.

In 1798, when Asbury was so broken down with affliction as to be obliged to give up traveling, for a while he spent the time among his Virginia brethren, Saunders, Selby, Pelham, Myrick, and Drumgole. While in this condition his sympathy led him to say, "I feel for those who have had to groan out a wretched life dependent on others -- as Pedicord, Gill, Tunnel, and others whose names I do not now recollect; but their names are written in the book of life, and their souls are in the glory of God." The wretchedness of life of these good men consisted in their sufferings of body, not in the unhappiness of their souls, which were connected with the source of infinite bliss through Christ, which turned their pain into pleasure, and made life or death gain to them.

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Part 9
WILLIAM PHOEBUS

William Phoebus was also a native of Maryland, and was born in Somerset county, in the month of August, 1754. Though the exact time and means of his conversion are unknown to us, yet it appears from the record that he was brought to the knowledge of the truth in the early days of Methodism, became a member of its society and in 1783 he was admitted on trial in the traveling ministry. His first appointment was on Frederick circuit and in 1784 he attended the Christmas conference, when the Church was organized under the superintendence of Coke and Asbury, and the direction of Wesley.

After this he traveled in various places, sometimes contending with the hardships and difficulties of the new settlements in Green Briar, and other places no less rugged and destitute, where he accredited himself as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," fighting the battles of the Lord, and conquering souls by the power of gospel truth. In this good work he continued until the year 1798, when he located, and entered upon the practice of physic, in the city of New York, preaching, in the mean time, generally every Sabbath, in the pulpits, with good effect.

He continued in this local sphere of action until 1806, when he was readmitted into the New York conference, and was stationed in the city of Albany. Thence he was removed in 1808 to Charleston South Carolina, and in 1811 was returned to the city of New York. From that time he continued to fill various stations until the year 1821, when he was returned a supernumerary, and in 1824 a superannuated preacher, in which relation he continued until his death, which occurred at his residence, in the city of New York, November 9, 1831.

Though a man of great integrity of character, and strongly attached to the Church of his choice, and a lover of the itinerancy, he pleaded the necessity of the circumstances in which he was placed for his partial locations. Having entered into the marriage state about the year 1791, while traveling on Long Island, he soon found, as he thought, such difficulties besetting his path as an itinerant minister, as to justify him in restricting the sphere of his ministerial labors, that he might more effectually provide for himself and his own household. These difficulties arose out of a want of adequate means of support, the lack of parsonages to accommodate his family, and the being dissatisfied, whether with or without reason, as he frequently affirmed with the office of presiding elder. Though it is believed that most of those who took this step did it unadvisedly, yet it is manifest that they had many arguments in its justification, arising out of the causes already enumerated; and the Church by this neglect toward her servants, incurred a fearful responsibility from which, however, she has been for some time endeavoring to relieve herself by a more liberal course in this respect.

Dr. Phoebus, for so he was called from his having been in the practice of physic, had acquired a large stock of useful information from his various studies and general intercourse with mankind. He lacked, however, that systematic arrangement of knowledge, which characterizes a mind that has been more early imbued with classical studies, and was therefore distinguished by certain eccentricities in his public administrations, conveying instruction more by detached sentences than by a chain of consecutive reasoning, or discoursing in a regular didactic manner. His style, however, was plain and perspicuous, his manner solemn and impressive, and he evinced on all occasions a mind familiar with the holy Scriptures, and deeply devoted to his work. He delighted much in the study of old authors, in examining the primitive records of the church, in analyzing the different modern systems of church order and government, and comparing them one with another, and with the primitive model. Having formed some acquaintance with the original languages in which the Scriptures of truth were written, he was extremely fond of deciphering the radical import of the sacred text, and thence sifting out the exact scope and design of the writer.

His veneration for antiquity led him, we think, into the error of undervaluing the discoveries of modern days and of treating with too much neglect the improvements in the various departments of science and of theological knowledge. Hence a criticism by Clarke, or Benson, or even Wesley, whom he venerated as the greatest of modern divines, was not treated by Dr.

Phoebus with half the deference as if it were made by some of the older divines, such as Poole, Henry, or Gill and the reasoning of a Reid or a Stewart would be rejected if contradicted by Locke. He never could pardon Dr. Adam Clarke for his ingenious speculations on the character of the serpent, or for his rejection of the eternal Sonship of Jesus Christ and the antipathy he imbibed against this learned, pious, and useful commentator, seemed to unfit him for a due appreciation of his merits in other respects, as one of the most profound expositors of God's sacred word. He, indeed, claimed the liberty of thinking for himself on all subjects, and perhaps in the exercise of this noble independence of mind, the birthright of every intelligent being, he sometimes manifested too little deference to others for his own benefit. Hence an air of dogmatism obtruded itself in the social circle which wounded the feelings of others, without exalting, in their estimation, the value of his own aphorisms and opinions.

He was a great admirer of Baxter. From his voluminous and pious writings he had treasured up many sayings, with which he endeavored to fortify his own positions, whenever assailed by an opponent; while Wesley and Fletcher furnished him with argument, in time of need, to defend experimental, practical, and polemical divinity. Being thus furnished with knowledge from various sources, and having a fund of anecdote at command, which he had treasured up from various reading and extensive intercourse with mankind, his conversation was always instructive and lively, and his judgment on topics of importance was listened to with becoming deference, by his friends in the ministry, as well as by others who sought his instructions. And those who were intimate with him were generally careful how they provoked a controversy on those subjects with which he was familiar, lest they might be reduced to a mortifying defeat in entering the lists with one who well understood how to foil an adversary, or who could not easily brook a contradiction.

He held in suitable contempt those artificial decorations with which some young men were wont to adorn themselves, and all those tricks of oratory by which they attempted to gain a momentary and popular applause. Being asked by a friend "how it was that some preachers who seemed to have not much weight of character, and but a slender title to the merits ascribed to them by their fond admirers, gained so much attention," he replied with an air of contempt not easily forgotten or imitated, "... If I were to pull off my old boot, and throw it up into the air, and cry, hurrah hurrah! I should soon collect around me a more numerous crowd than any man in the city."

He had a deep insight into the human character, and hence was not easily imposed upon by the artful and designing. This enabled him to manage difficulties which occurred between brethren in the Church to great advantage, and to bring them to an amicable adjustment. In regard to all such things he was "the wise man who keepeth the matter till afterward," never uttering his opinions to the disparagement of either party before the subject of dispute had been fully investigated.

It cannot be said that he was a popular preacher, in the common acceptation of that term, though he certainly commanded the respectful attention of the more weighty part of the community. A reason for his want of general popularity may be found rather in the dry and monotonous manner of his preaching than in the want of the depth and solidity of his matter. He often dealt, both in his private conversation and public addresses, in pointed apothegms [a terse saying or maxim] and short enigmas, not easily comprehended by the mass and often perplexing even those who were among the more thoughtful and deeply read.

As an instance of his enigmatical manner of speaking, the following may be mentioned:-- At the conference of 1823, when addressing his brethren on the improbability of his being able to serve the Church much longer, he remarked, that "the lease of his house had expired, and therefore he could not tell how soon he might be called to remove, as he was not certain that he could procure a renewal of his lease for any particular length of time; hence he could not pledge himself for any special service in the ministry."

On hearing this, an aged minister, and one by no means deficient in mental sagacity, said to the writer of this, I thought the doctor owned the house in which he lives but it seems he was under a mistake, as he says that the time of his lease is run out." To this it was replied, "You do not understand him. He speaks in parables. He is now threescore years and ten, the common age God has allotted to man, and, therefore, cannot calculate on living much longer at most, and even that little time must be considered as an act of God's grace, over and above what he usually grants to men." This, indeed, was his meaning from his own subsequent explanation.

These remarks apply to him more appropriately at an advanced stage of his ministry than in his younger days, as it is asserted by those who heard him at that period that he was ardent, vigorous and often very fluent in his addresses to the multitude, deep and searching in his appeals to the conscience. He was certainly successful in those days in enlarging the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He always manifested the deepest reverence whenever the name of the Supreme Being was introduced in conversation. At all times, when he had occasion to mention the name of the Saviour of the world, he would do it by a gentle inclination of the head, and if covered, by lifting the hat, and coupling with it the qualifying term, adorable thus, "the adorable" Saviour, or, "The adorable" Jesus -- thereby acknowledging the divinity of his character, and his profound reverence for his supreme Godhead. Indeed, all his discourses were richly interlarded with the names, the offices, the atoning merits, and the interceding work of Jesus Christ making him, as he justly ought, the alpha and omega of all his sermons, and as the only foundation of man's hope, and medium of access and reconciliation to God. He thus very properly considered the "adorable" Jesus as " the light of the world," the divine "Sun" whose effulgence reflected light upon the types and shadows, the sacrifices and prophecies of the Old dispensation, and whose rays penetrated the gloom of moral darkness, and opened up to the sinner the only sure path to immortality and eternal life.

Though this certainly was not a peculiarity of Dr. Phoebus, as every true minister of the gospel must make "Jesus Christ and him crucified," the beginning and ending of his discourses, and the only medium of reconciliation to God, yet in the doctor it seemed ever to be his peculiar delight and his studied aim to hold up Christ most prominently before his hearers, in all the glories of his character, and in all the endearing relations he held to God and man as the REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

The position which he occupied sometimes exposed him to the shafts of enemies. His apparent eccentricities provoked the ridicule of some, while his good sense, varied knowledge, and equanimity of temper, enabled him to repel their assaults with good effect, and to bear the sneering scoffs of fools with exemplary patience. And though on some occasions he may have returned the repartee with an air of severity calculated to provoke the feeling of hostility, yet he

knew well how to disarm an adversary by the gentler rebukes of love, and the blandishments of fraternal regards. In all these respects the fear and love of God were eminently exemplified, and the dignity of the Christian minister generally maintained.

Dr. Phoebus lived to a good old age. After having served the Church as a minister for about forty-eight years, eight of which as a located preacher, he fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, in the midst of his friends, and in the full hope of eternal life. He retained his mental faculties to the last, and on his dying bed discoursed in an edifying manner upon the merits of Jesus Christ, and the prospect he had, through him, of everlasting life. Patience in suffering, and submission to the divine will, were remarkably exemplified in the midst of his bodily pains, while he gradually and peacefully sunk into the arms of death. A short time before he died, he quoted the words of St. James, "Let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing," and commented upon them with much apparent pleasure, and with great clearness of apprehension, exhibiting, at the same time, a lively exposition of the meaning of those expressive words in his struggles with his last enemy.

Having thus filled up the measure of his days, "as a ripe shock of corn," he was gathered into the garner of God, to enjoy the rewards of his labors and sufferings in the world above.

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Part 10
FRANCIS POYTHRESS

Francis Poythress was one of the itinerant heroes of early Methodism; and though his last years were darkened by clouds, he was recalled by aged Methodists with vivid interest. In his youth before his conversion, he was a Virginian of large estate, but of dissipated habits. The conversations and rebukes of a lady of high social position arrested him in his perilous course. He returned from her house confounded, penitent, and determined to reform his morals. He betook himself to his neglected Bible, and soon saw that his only effectual reformation could be by a religious life. He searched for a competent living guide, but, such was the condition of the English Church around him that he could find none. Hearing at last of the devoted Devereaux Jarratt, he hastened to his parish, and was entertained some time under his hospitable roof for instruction. There he found pardon and peace about the year 1772.

It was not long before he began to co-operate with Jarratt in his public labors and the extraordinary scenes of religions interest which prevailed through all that region. Thus, before the arrival of the Methodist itinerants in Virginia, Francis Poythress had become an evangelist. When they appeared, he learned with delight their doctrines and methods of labor, and joining them, became a giant in their ranks.

In 1775 he began his travels, under the authority of a quarterly meeting of Brunswick circuit, and the present year, appears, for the first time, on the roll of the Conference. Henceforth, in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, he was to be a representative man of the struggling cause. In 1783 he bore its standard across the Alleghenies to the waters of the

Youghiogheny. From 1786 he served it, with preeminent success, for twelve years as a presiding elder. Asbury nominated him for the episcopate.

"From the first," says one of the best antiquarian authorities of the Church, "he performed all the work of a Methodist preacher with fidelity and success, and for twenty-six years his name appears without a blot upon the official records of the Church among his brethren. Most of the time he filled every office, except that of superintendent, and was designated for that place by Bishop Asbury, in a letter addressed to the Conference at Wilbraham, in 1797. The preachers refused to comply with the request, simply upon the ground that it was not competent, in a yearly Conference, to elect bishops.

"Poythress, in a word, was to Methodism generally, and to the southwest particularly, what Jesse Lee was to New England -- an apostle. His name stands in the Minutes of 1802 for the last time among the elders, but without an appointment, after which it disappears, and we hear no more of him until we are roused from our anxious thoughts concerning his probable fate by the startling announcement of Bishop Asbury."

This "startling announcement" is an allusion of Asbury's Journals, as late as 1810, when the bishop, traveling in the wilderness of Kentucky, discovers the once "strong man armed," broken and prostrated, not by apostasy, as was sometimes surmised, but by insanity. A relieving light breaks over his last days with the realization of this sad fact. Hitherto a chief representative man, a giant among his greatest compeers, in the western arena, Poythress had broken down, physically and mentally, under his superabundant labors.

Few of the early itinerants did more to lay the foundations of the Church both east and west of the Mountains. He was one of the most zealous laborers for its educational interests, and fell a martyr to his devotion to that cause. He was the chief founder of the first Methodist seminary in the West -- the Bethel Academy in Jessamine County, Ky. Its edifice was a large brick structure of two stories, and it had incurred a considerable debt, which weighed down his noble mind till it sunk in ruins. All efforts of himself, Valentine Cook, and other co-laborers, to retrieve the institution failed, and Poythress lingered a wreck like his favorite project.

At the session of the Western Conference, held at Bethel in 1802, an intimation was recorded in its journals of his "critical state of unaccountability." His name was ordered to be "left off the General Minutes;" but the Conference expressed itself as "tenderly concerned for his support and welfare, and therefore resolved that his name shall stand on our Journal" and "further, that his name should be perpetuated on the Journal of this Conference."

Accordingly his name, after remaining among the elders during 1802 and 1803, but nowhere else, disappears from the Minutes. This fact, together with a hasty allusion to him in Asbury's Journals, as late as 1810, gave the unfortunate impression that he apostatized. Asbury's brief, unqualified allusions to other men are often liable to such misinterpretation.

Fortunately for our own feelings, as well as for the reputation of this great and good man, a living witness of Asbury's interview with him has unveiled the mystery, and shed a clear though saddened light on his grave, after doubt if not reproach has hung for half a century over his memory

in much of our literature. Henry Boehm was the traveling companion of Asbury in the West at the time of Asbury's unfortunate record. Boehm says:

"On Monday we visited an old minister [Francis Poythress], 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 is 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 a year in a state of insanity, and is still in a distressed of mind.' 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 Tunnell 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 that he is among the clear unclouded intellects of the upper and better world."

His old friend, Judge Scott, has paid a befitting tribute to his memory:

"Poythress was grave in his deportment and chaste in his conversation, constant in his private devotions and faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties. We have no recollection of his having ever disappointed a congregation, unless prevented by sickness or disease. As often as practicable he visited from house to house, instructed and prayed in the family.

"He was unwearied in his efforts to unite the traveling and local ministry as a band of brothers, so that their united efforts might be exerted in furthering the cause of God. As the weight of all the Churches in his district rested upon him, he sensibly felt the responsibility of his station, and put forth his utmost efforts to discharge, with fidelity, the important trusts which had been confided to him. The education of the rising generation he deemed to be intimately connected with the interests of the Church, and the result of that conviction was the erection of Bethel Academy.

"He was about five feet eight or nine inches in height, and heavily built. His muscles were large, and when in the prime of life, he was a man of more than ordinary muscular strength. He

dressed plain and neat. When we first saw him, we suppose, he had passed his sixtieth year. His muscles were quite flaccid, eyes sunken in his head, hair gray, turned back, hanging down on his shoulders; complexion dark, and countenance grave, inclining to melancholy. His step was, however, firm, and his general appearance such as to command respect. He possessed high, honorable feelings, and a deep sense of moral obligations. In general, he was an excellent disciplinarian.

"Among the eight pioneers of Methodism in Kentucky and Tennessee in the year 1788, the name of Francis Poythress stands pre-eminent. By these intrepid heroes of the cross the foundation of Methodism was laid in those states, on which others have since built, and others are now building. Their names ought to be held in grateful remembrance by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth; but among all, we are inclined to the opinion, there is not one of them to whom the members of our Church, in those states, owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Francis Poythress."

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Part 11
JESSE WALKER

A notable character appeared on the scene in 1806, a man whose name was identified for years with the westward progress of Methodism. Jesse Walker was a native of North Carolina, but early emigrated to Tennessee. He became a member of the Western Conference in 1802, and traveled circuits in Tennessee and Kentucky for about four years, before his indomitable spirit led him forth to pioneer the Church through Illinois and Missouri. His ministry in these first years was preparatory for the great work of his ensuing life. Few men in Kentucky or Tennessee equaled him in labor or hardships. One of his contemporaries says:

"He was a character perfectly unique; he had no duplicate. He was to the Church what Daniel Boone was to the early settler, always first, always ahead of everybody else, preceding all others long enough to be the pilot of the new-comer.

"He is found first in Davidson County, Tenn. He lived within about three miles of the then village of Nashville, and was at that time a man of family, poor, and, to a considerable extent, without education. He was admitted on trial in 1802, and appointed to the Red River Circuit. But the Minutes, in his case, are no guide, from the fact that he was sent by the bishops and presiding elders in every direction where new work was to be cut out.

"His natural vigor was almost superhuman. He did not seem to require food and rest as other men. No day's journey was long enough to tire him; no fare too poor for him to live on. To him, in traveling, roads and paths were useless things -- he blazed out his own course. No way was too bad for him. If his horse could not carry him he led him, and when his horse could not follow, he would leave him, and take it on foot; and if night and a cabin did not come together, he would pass the night alone in the wilderness, which with him was no uncommon occurrence.

"Looking up the frontier settler was his chief delight; and he found his way through hill and brake as by instinct -- he was never lost; and, as Bishop McKendree once said of him, in addressing an annual Conference, he never complained.

"As the Church moved West and North it seemed to bear Walker before it. Every time you could hear from him he was still farther on; and when the settlements of the white man seemed to take shape and form, he was next heard of among the Indian tribes of the Northwest."

His appointment to Illinois in 1806 was a mission to the whole territory. The region between Kentucky and the interior of this new field was yet a wilderness, and difficult to travel. McKendree, the presiding elder, set out, therefore, with his pioneer itinerant, to assist him on the way. They journeyed on horseback, sleeping in the woods on their saddle blankets, and cooking their meals under trees. One authority who knew them both said:

"It was a time of much rain, the channels were full to overflowing, and no less than seven times their horses swam the rapid streams with their riders and baggage; but the travelers, by carrying their saddle bags on their shoulders, kept their Bibles and part of their clothes above the water. This was truly a perilous business. At night they had opportunity not only of drying their wet clothes and taking rest, but of prayer and Christian converse. In due time they reached their destination safely. McKendree remained a few weeks, visited the principal neighborhoods, aided in forming a plan of appointments for the mission, and the new settlers received them with much favor.

"Walker, alone in the territory, moved over it courageously, till the winter compelled him to suspend his circuit plan, and commence operating from house to house, or rather from cabin to cabin, passing none without calling and delivering the gospel message. He was guided by the indications of Providence, and took shelter for the night wherever he could obtain it, so as to resume his labor early the next day, and he continued this course of toil till about the close of the winter. The result was a general revival with the opening spring, when the people were able to reassemble, and he to resume his regular plan.

"Shortly after this a young preacher was sent to his relief, and, being thus reinforced, he determined to include in the plan of the summer's campaign a camp-meeting, which was the more proper, because the people had no convenient place for worship but the forest. The site selected was near a beautiful spring of pure water.

"All friends of the enterprise were invited to meet upon the spot, on a certain day, with axes, saws, augers, and hammers for the work of preparation. The ground was cleared, and dedicated by prayer as a place of public worship. Walker took the lead of the preparatory work, and tents, seats, and pulpit were all arranged before the congregation assembled. It was the first experiment of the kind in that country; but it worked well.

"After the public services commenced there was no dispute among preacher or people as to the choice of pulpit orators. The senior preached, and the junior exhorted; then the junior preached, and the senior exhorted; and so on through the meeting of several days and nights, the intervals between sermon being occupied with prayer and praise. The meeting did not close till, as

Walker expressed it, 'the last stick of timber was used up,' meaning, till the last sinner left on the ground was converted. The impulse which the work received from that camp-meeting was such that it extended through most of the settlements embraced in the mission, which was constantly enlarging its borders as the people moved into the territory.

"Walker visited one neighborhood near the Illinois river, containing some sixty or seventy souls. They all came to hear him; and; having preached three successive days, he read the General Rules, and proposed that as many of them as desired to unite to serve God, according to the Bible, should come forward and make it known. The most prominent man among them rose to his feet, and said, 'Sir, I trust we will all unite here with you to serve God;' then walked forward, and all the rest followed. As the result of his first year's experiment in Illinois, two hundred and eighteen Church members were reported in the printed Minutes."

His next field was Missouri, and he continued to travel thenceforward, alternately in each territory, down to 1812, when, as presiding elder, he took command of all the Methodist interests of both; both appertaining to the Tennessee Conference. He had charge of districts in one or the other till 1819, when he was appointed Conference missionary, that he might range about "breaking up new ground," a work for which he was singularly fitted, and in which he persisted for years.

Walker was a great sufferer as well as a great laborer in these fields. "I think it was in the fall of 1819," says Peter Cartwright, "that our beloved old Brother Walker, who had traveled all his life, or nearly so, came over to our Tennessee Conference, which sat in Nashville, to see us; but O how weather-beaten and war-worn was he! -- almost, if not altogether, without decent apparel to appear among us. We soon made a collection, and had him a decent suit of clothes to put on; and never shall I forget the blushing modesty and thankfulness with which he accepted that suit, and never did I and others have a stronger verification of our Lord's words, 'That it is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

Though Jesse Walker was not the first Methodist itinerant in Missouri, he ranks as the principal founder of the denomination there. No obstruction could withstand his assaults. As pioneer, circuit preacher, presiding elder, he drove all opposition before him, and inspirited his co-laborers with his own energy, so that Methodism effectively superseded the original Roman Catholic predominance in that country.

In 1820 he resolved to plant its standard in St. Louis, the Romish metropolis, where the itinerants had "never found rest for the soles of their feet." "He commenced laying the train," says his friend Morris, "at Conference, appointed a time to open the campaign and begin the siege, and engaged two young preachers of undoubted courage, such as he believed would stand by him 'to the bitter end,' to meet him at a given time and place, and to aid him in the difficult enterprise.

"Punctual to their engagement, they all met, and proceeded to the city together. When they reached it the territorial legislature was in session there, and every public place appeared to be full. The missionaries preferred private lodgings, but could obtain none. Some people laughed at them, and others cursed them to their face. Thus embarrassed at every point, they rode into the public square, and held a consultation on their horses. The prospect was gloomy enough, and every avenue seemed closed against them. The young preachers expressed strong doubts as to their being

in the path of duty. Their leader tried to encourage them, but in vain. They thought that if the Lord had any work for them there to do, there would surely be some way to get to it. They thought it best immediately to return to the place from which they had come; and, though their elder brother entreated them not to leave him, they deliberately shook off the dust of their feet for a testimony against the wicked city, and, taking leave of Walker, rode off, and left him sitting on his horse.

"Perhaps that hour brought with it more of the feeling of despondency to Jesse Walker than he ever experienced in any other hour of his eventful life; and, stung with disappointment, he said in his haste, 'I will go to the state of Mississippi, and hunt up the lost sheep of the house of Israel;' and immediately turned his horse in that direction, and with a sorrowful heart rode off alone.

"Having proceeded about eighteen miles he came to a halt, and entered into a soliloquy on this wise: 'Was I ever defeated before in this blessed work? Never. Did any one ever trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and get confounded? No; and, by the grace of God, I will go back and take St. Louis.'

"Then, reversing his course, without seeking either rest or refreshment for man or beast, he immediately retraced his steps to the city, and, with some difficulty, obtained lodgings in an indifferent inn, where he paid at the highest rate for everything. Next morning he commenced a survey of the city and its inhabitants. He met with some members of the territorial legislature, who knew him, and said, 'Why, Father Walker, what has brought you here?' his answer was, 'I have come to take St. Louis.'

"They thought it a hopeless undertaking, and, to convince him that it was so, remarked that the inhabitants were mostly Catholics and infidels, very dissipated and wicked, and that there was no probability that a Methodist preacher could obtain any access to them, and seriously advised him to abandon the enterprise and return to his family, then residing in Illinois. But to all such expressions Walker returned one answer: 'I have come, in the name of Christ, to take St. Louis, and, by the grace of God, I will do it.'

"His first public experiment was in a temporary place of worship occupied by a handful of Baptists. There were, however, but few present. Nothing special occurred, and he obtained leave to preach again. During the second effort there were strong indications of religious excitement, and the Baptists actually closed their doors against him.

"He next found a large but unfinished dwelling-house, and succeeded in renting it, as it was, for ten dollars a month. Passing by the public square he saw some old benches stacked away at the end of the courthouse, which had been recently refitted with new ones. These he obtained from the commissioner, had them put on a dray, and removed to his hired house, borrowed tools, and repaired with his own hands such as were broken, and fitted up his largest room for a place of worship.

"After completing his arrangements he commenced preaching regularly twice on the Sabbath, and occasionally in the evenings between the Sabbaths. At the same time he gave notice that if there were any poor parents who wished their children taught to spell and read he would

teach them five days in a week without fee or reward, and if there were any who wished their servants to learn he would teach them on the same terms in the evenings.

"In order to be always on the spot, and to render his expenses as light as possible, he took up his abode in his own hired house. The chapel room was soon filled with hearers, and the school with children. In the mean time he went to visit his family, and returned with a horseload of provisions and bedding, determined to remain there and push the work till something was accomplished. Very soon a work of grace commenced.

"About this time an event occurred that seemed at first to be against the success of his mission, but which eventuated in its favor. The hired house changed hands, and he was notified to vacate it in a short time. Immediately he conceived a plan for building a small frame chapel, and, without knowing where the funds were to come from he put the work under contract. A citizen, owning land across the Mississippi, gave him leave to take the lumber from his forest as a donation. Soon the chapel was raised and covered.

"The vestrymen of a small Episcopal church, then without a minister, made him a present of their old Bible and cushion. They also gave him their pews, which he accepted on condition of their being free; and, having unscrewed the shutters, and laid them by, he lost no time in transferring the open pews to his new chapel. New friends came to his relief in meeting his contracts. The chapel was finished, and opened for public worship, and was well filled.

"The revival received a fresh impulse, and, as the result of the first year's experiment, he reported to Conference a snug little chapel erected and paid for, a flourishing school, and seventy Church members in St. Louis. Of course he was regularly appointed the next year to that mission station, but without any missionary appropriation, and he considered it an honorable appointment. Thus 'Father Walker,' as every one about 'the city called him, succeeded in taking St. Louis, which, as he expressed it, 'had been the very stronghold of devilism.'

"Some idea of the changes which had been there effected for the better, may be inferred from the fact that the Missouri Conference held its session in that city October 24, 1822, when William Beauchamp was appointed successor of the indefatigable Walker. St. Louis, now a large and flourishing city, is well supplied with churches and a churchgoing people."

Having effectually broken the way open for Methodism in Missouri, during sixteen years, Walker, eager for pioneer adventures, went, in 1823, to the Indian tribes up the Mississippi, where he labored till 1830, when the hero of so many fields was esteemed the man for other new work, and was appointed to the extreme North, to Chicago Mission, "where he succeeded," says Peter Cartwright, "in planting Methodism in that then infant city. In 1831 he was sent to the Des Plaines Mission, and organized many small societies in the young and rising country."

In 1832 there was a Chicago District formed, mostly of missionary ground. Walker was superintendent of this district, and missionary to Chicago town; and although he was stricken in years, and well-nigh worn out, having spent a comparatively long life on the frontiers, yet the veteran had the respect and admiration of the whole community, and in 1835 was continued in the City Missionary Station. This year closed his active itinerant life.

"He had," says Cartwright, "done effective service as a traveling preacher for more than thirty years, and had lived poor, and suffered much; had won thousands of souls over to Christ, and firmly planted Methodism for thousands of miles on our frontier border. In 1834 he asked for and obtained a superannuated relation, in which he lived till the fifth of October, 1835, and then left the world in holy triumph. He was the first minister who, by the authority of the Methodist Church, gave me my first permit to exhort. We have fought side by side for many years, we have suffered hunger and want together, we have often wept and prayed and preached together; I hope we shall sing and shout together in heaven." He died, "in confident hope of a blessed immortality," in 1835.

Jesse Walker was five feet seven inches tall, of slender but vigorous frame, sallow complexion, light hair, prominent cheeks, small blue eyes, a generous and cheerful expression; and dressed always in drab-colored clothes, of the plainest Quaker fashion, with a light-colored beaver hat, "nearly as large as a ladies' parasol." He had extraordinary aptness to win the confidence and sympathy of "backwoodsmen;" his friendships were most hearty, his courage equal to any test, his piety thorough, his talents as a preacher moderate. His great talent was his great character.

Robert Paine, Bishop McKendree's biographer described Jesse Walker:

"Among the many correspondents of the Bishop during 1825, he received one letter from his old friend and colaborer Jesse Walker, dated Sangamon, Ill., May 18, 1825. Mr. Walker was a rare character. He joined the Tennessee Conference in 1802 and traveled under Bishop McKendree as his presiding elder for several years. His literary education was quite limited, and he was a married man. Bishop McKendree was an excellent judge of men, and soon selected him to take the van of the pioneer army of preachers in the West; and the result vindicated his wisdom.

"Jesse Walker was a brave, self-reliant, zealous Christian minister. He feared only God, and his great purpose was to be good and useful. The poor, the frontier settlements, where women and children endured the hardships of isolation from society and were exposed to the tomahawk, the scalping knife, and, what was worse, to the torture of fathers and sons and the captivity of wives and daughters, excited his sympathies; and the poor pagan Indians themselves, often as 'much sinned against as sinning,' aroused his Christian zeal. He may have had also an inclination for adventure and an instinctive passion for a roving life among the grand old forests and the wide, flowering prairies of the West.

"But his ruling passion was to preach Christ 'in the regions beyond.' For this kind of life he was admirably adapted physically, intellectually, and morally. To a constitution of iron -- a strong, compact frame, capable of great endurance -- was added a calm, shrewd mind of fine common sense, and a wonderful aptitude to adapt himself to his circumstances, and thus gain the confidence and exert a controlling influence over the rude settlers of the backwoods and the more wary and suspicious Indians. Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri were the fields of his labor.

"He planted the gospel in St. Louis and by his personal effort built the first Methodist church there. He has been styled the Daniel Boone of the Church, but he was more; his impulses

were holier, his motives and ends were nobler. He had a tender and manly love for his wife, and an occasional visit to his home was relished as a religious holiday. His family enjoyed the narratives of his travels and toils and entered into his feelings and plans for the good of souls.

"From his letter to the Bishop, now before us, we learn he had established missions among the Indians at Fort Clarke and Chicago and was about to go farther northwest to other tribes. He survived Bishop McKendree only eight months, and died calmly at home in Illinois, saying: 'God has been with me from the time of my conversion, and is still with me.'

"Few preachers have equaled him in enduring hardness as a good soldier or been so useful as a missionary on the frontiers and among the wild Indians.

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Part 12
THOMAS WARE

Thomas Ware was born December 19, 1758 in Greenwich, Gloucester County, N. J. Through the influence and ministry of Caleb Pedicord he was converted; had an interview with Asbury, and was sent to a circuit in 1783. Thus, in Thomas Ware, the itinerancy made one of its most important acquisitions that year. He was a man of admirable character, an able and faithful laborer, who lived far into the 19th Century [the 1800s], and left the best written autobiography yet produced by the Early American Methodist ministry. Not a few of the noblest Methodist evangelists, of the 18th Century, whose names were fast passing into oblivion, through the paucity of early M. E. records, have been rescued, for all time, to the history of the Church, by his affectionate and skillful delineations.

Ware had the inestimable advantage of a pious parentage. His father, especially, he says, was a Methodist before the Methodists were known in that part of the country; the only person there "who professed to know that his sins were forgiven." "His whole deportment tended," He adds, "to fix in me a habit of serious reflection on the subject of religion, and his triumphant death made an impression on my mind that time could not obliterate." His mother educated him strictly in the faith of Calvinism.

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he responded to the call of his country, and entered the army. Though he had not yet made profession of a religious life, he began his new career with manly and even devout sentiments. "Some of my reflections," he says, after he had entered the field, "I can never forget while memory lasts. The cause I held to be just. On this point I had no misgivings. But whether we should be able to sustain our ground appeared to me a much more doubtful question. There must be, I was sure, much hard fighting and many valuable lives sacrificed to gain the boon of our independence, if we should succeed at last. And what will they gain, thought I, who shall fall in the struggle? The thanks of their country? No; they will be forgotten. But then the principles for which we were contending appeared to me worth risking life for. With the views I entertained of the justness of our cause in the sight of heaven I could not doubt, and resolved for one on liberty or death."

[In the preceding, he seems to re-echo the sentiment of Patrick Henry -- an interesting thought when we consider that later on Ware was present on the occasion when Patrick Henry's sister was converted. -- DVM]

"'But there is a hereafter,' was suggested to my mind. True, thought I, but I will do the best I can, and trust in God. And so it was, that as a soldier in the army, I was more devout than when at home; and I prayed until a confidence sprang up within me that I should return to my home and friends in safety, or not be cut off without time to make my peace with God." He was resolutely temperate in the camp, pouring upon the ground the strong drink given with his rations. He continued in the service till dismissed, as an invalid, suffering from "camp fever," which "cost him several years of the prime of his life."

He had leisure now for deeper reflections. "My physical powers," he says, "were paralyzed by protracted affliction, and my conscience, though greatly darkened, had yet some influence to restrain me from licentious freedom in wickedness. But how easily is man blinded by the deceitfulness of sin? When reason, always proud, silences conscience by a too hasty decision against its dictates, what is man? A steed broken loose, bounding over hill and dale, gamboling in the wilderness, and on the barren waste. Thus was it with me, fool that I was. But the horrifying profaneness of scoffing infidels, with whom I came in contact, so shocked my feelings that I sped my way back, or rather turned aside, and sought an asylum from my woes in gloomy solitude. I was now for several months little better than a maniac. I delighted in nothing so much as being alone. To wander in retired places, and indulge in the reveries of my own mind, or among the works of God, with which I was surrounded, sometimes cherishing the delightful thought that I had an interest in the great Parent of all, and was an object of his pity, accorded most with my state of feeling. And on such occasions I was sometimes melted to tears."

It was while in this state of mind that he observed Pedicord riding into Mount Holly, as we have seen, singing a hymn which singularly accorded with his anxious feelings. He followed the itinerant a "great distance," fascinated by the pathos of his voice, and that night heard him preach.

Having been taught by his Calvinistic mother, the idea of a universal atonement whereby all can be saved was apparently a new discovery for Thomas Ware. "Soon," He writes, "was I convinced that all men were redeemed and might be saved, and saved now, from the guilt, practice, and love of sin. With this I was greatly affected, and could hardly refrain from exclaiming aloud, 'This is the best intelligence I ever heard.' When the meeting closed I hastened to my lodgings, retired to my room, fell upon my knees before God, and spent much of the night in penitential tears. Pedicord returned again to our village. I hastened to see him, and tell him all that was in my heart. He shed tears over me, and prayed. I was dissolved in tears. He prayed again. My soul was filled with unutterable delight. He now rejoiced over me as a son, 'an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ.' I felt and knew that I was made free. And, as I had been firm in my attachment to the cause of civil freedom, I hoped that I should be enabled to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free."

He joined the Methodists, and fearlessly defended them among his associates. "It was strange," he says, to see with what amazement many listened while told them what the Lord had done for me. Some wept bitterly, confessed their ignorance of such a state, and pronounced me

happy, while others thought me mad; and on the Methodists, not on me, laid all the blame of what they conceived to be my derangement." He was made a Class Leader, and, not long after, an Exhorter. He possessed lively faculties, readiness of speech, and a pathos which gave him "the eloquence of tears." His brethren admonished him that it was his duty to preach, but he shrunk from the thought.

About this time Asbury arrived at Pemberton, four miles from Mount Holly, and sent for him. The interview was so strikingly characteristic, of both the interlocutors, that it deserves to be cited.

"I had not been introduced to him," writes Ware, "nor did he know me. On entering his room he fixed his discriminating eye upon me, and seemed to be examining me from head to foot as I approached him. He reached me his hand, and said, 'This, I suppose, is Brother Ware; or, shall I say, Pedicord the younger.'

"I replied, 'My name is Ware, sir, and I claim some affinity to the Wesleyan family, and Mr. Pedicord as my spiritual father.' 'You then revere the father of the Methodists?' said he. 'I do,' I replied, 'greatly; the first time I heard his name mentioned it was said of him, by way of reproach, that he had brought shame upon the Christian world by preaching up free will. Free will, said I, and what would you have him preach? bound will? He might as well go with the Roman saint and preach to the fish, as preach to men without a will. From that time I resolved to hear the Methodists, against whom I had been so much prejudiced.'

"'Sit down,' said Mr. Asbury, 'I have somewhat to say unto thee. Have all men since the fall been possessed of free will?' I replied that I considered they had since the promise made to Adam, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. 'Can man then turn himself and live?' said he. 'So thought Ezekiel,' I replied, 'when he said, "Turn yourselves and live;" ' remarking, as I understood it, that he can receive the testimony which God has given of his Son; and thus, through grace, receive power to become a child of God.

"'Are all men accountable to God?' he still further inquired. I replied, 'The almighty Jesus says, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his works shall be." ' 'On what do you found the doctrine of universal accountability?' he added. 'On the doctrine of universal grace: "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men," ' etc., was my reply.

"He then looked at me very sternly, and said: 'What is this I hear of you? It is said you have disturbed the peaceful inhabitants of Holly, by rudely entering into a house where a large number of young people were assembled for innocent amusement, and when welcomed by the company and politely invited to be seated, you refused, and proceeded to address them in such a way that some became alarmed and withdrew, and the rest soon followed.'

"To this I answered: 'My zeal in this affair may have carried me too far. But I knew them to be generally my friends and well-wishers, and felt to do as the man out of whom Christ cast a legion of devils was directed, namely, to go and show my friends how great things God had done for me. It is true, when I entered the room, some appeared delighted to see me, and heartily

welcomed me; but those who knew me best appeared sad. And when invited to take a glass and be seated, I told them I must be excused, for I had not come to spend the evening with them, but to invite them to spend it with me. "You know me," I said, "and how delighted I have often been in your company, and with the amusements in which you have met to indulge. But I cannot now go with you. My conscience will not permit me to do so. But as none of your consciences, I am persuaded, forbid your going with me, I have come to invite you to go with me and hear the excellent Mr. Pedicord preach his farewell sermon. Pardon me, my friends, I am constrained to tell you, the Lord has done great things for me through the instrumentality of this good man."

"'The circle was not very large. Not a word of, reply was made to what I said. Some were affected, and soon left after I withdrew. But I never knew that any one of the party was offended.' Asbury listened to this simple explanation of the matter attentively, but without relaxing the sternness of his look, or making any reply to it. He then branched off to another subject. 'Was it not bold and adventurous,' said he, 'for so young a Methodist to fill, for a whole week, without license or consultation, the appointments of such a preacher as George Mair?' I replied that Mr. Mair was suddenly called from the circuit by sickness in his family, and I saw that he was deeply afflicted, not only on account of the distress his family were suffering, but especially because of the disappointments it must occasion, on a part of the circuit, where there was a good work going on; that some of these appointments were new, and there was no one to hold, any meeting with the people whatever; that I was therefore induced, soon after he was gone, to resolve on going to some of these places and telling those, who might come out, the cause of the preacher's absence; and that if I was sometimes constrained to exhort these people, without a formal license, it was with fear and trembling, and generally very short, unless when the tears of the people caused me to forget that I was on unauthorized ground.

"He still said nothing, either by way of reproof or commendation, more than the manner of his introducing the subjects might seem to imply. And being under an impression that his remarks were designed to mortify me, for my course in the matter of the ball, and in taking the circuit in the absence of Mr. Mair, I said, 'Mr. Asbury, if the person who informed you against me had told me of my errors I would have acknowledged them.' Here he stopped me by clasping me in his arms, and saying in an affectionate tone: 'You are altogether mistaken, my son; it was your friend Pedicord who told me of your pious deeds, and advised that you should be sent to Dover Circuit, saying that he would be responsible that no harm, but good, would result from it.'

"He then told me that I must go down to the peninsula, and take the Dover Circuit, which had but one preacher on it; that I could tell the people, if I pleased, that I did not come in the capacity of a preacher, but only to assist in keeping up the appointments until another could be sent; and that he would give me a testimonial to introduce me; but if they did not cordially receive me, he said I might return, and he would see me compensated for my time and expenses. Here I was caught, and how could I decline? If, when my zeal prompted me to take a circuit, in the absence of a preacher, for one week, I had found favor in the sight of the people, so as to occasion my being recommended to Asbury in this way, how could I refuse when he requested me to go and assist in keeping up the appointments on a circuit which needed aid, being now regularly licensed to exhort, until a preacher could be sent to it? So I told him, if he insisted on it, I would go and do the best I could; but I feared I should do more harm than good, and be unhappy in consequence of not being in my place."

Thus was Thomas Ware sent forth, in 1783, to begin his long and successful career. His reception on Dover Circuit was so cordial and hospitable, that he always recalled it with grateful interest. "I was made," he says, "to forget that I was among strangers. The simplicity, urbanity, and fervent piety of the Methodists were such that, after visiting a Society once, it seemed long before I was to return to it again. Some of the members were wealthy, and in the higher circles of life; but they were not ashamed to bear the cross. Among these there were some, particularly a number of females, distinguished for piety and zeal, such as I had never before witnessed. The lady of Counselor Bassett, and her two sisters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Ward, possessed an uncommon degree of the true missionary spirit, and greatly aided the young preachers, by whom, principally, the Lord was carrying on his work on that favored shore. To these might be added others, and especially the wife of Judge White, who was a mother in Israel. I had the happiness of receiving many young people into society. In Class-meetings I felt much at home, and frequently our rejoicing in the Lord was great. In my public exercises I was sometimes greatly embarrassed, when tears came to my relief, which was often the case; and there are few who can resist the eloquence of tears. In the mean time I prayed and read and wrote much. My Bible was my chief book. After having been blessed in attempting to preach, I ventured, formally, to take a text; but not until advised, by some whom I considered competent judges, that my gift was rather to preach than to exhort."

His amenity and talents procured him general respect but he sometimes encountered the trials which were then common to the itinerancy. He was invited to preach in a Protestant Episcopal Church on his circuit. "I had gone through a part of the morning service," he writes, "and was still in the desk, where I gave out my text; but, before I had finished my introductory remarks, three men came marching into the church, in Indian file, and halted just before the desk. The foremost one announced himself as a vestryman, and ordered me out of the desk and the church, or, he said, he would compel me to go out. Finding I did not comply, he seized me by the collar and dragged me from the desk. On seeing this, a giant of a man, near by, seized him, in like manner, and, raising his huge fist, told him if he did not let me go he would knock him down." Ware's assailant took the warning, and retreated with his companions.

Thomas Ware made a good beginning on Dover Circuit, and his long ministerial life verified the promise of his first year.

The name of Mr. Thomas Ware appears in the Minutes of 1784, for the first time. Mr. Ware had spent half of the preceding Conference year in the work. In December of 1784, young Ware attended the Christmas Conference at which the M. E. Church was organized. He says: "It was the first I attended. There was quite a number of preachers present. Although there were but few on whose heads time had begun to snow, yet several of them appeared to be wayworn and weather-beaten into premature old age. I doubt whether there ever has been a Conference among us in which an equal number could be found, in proportion to the whole, so dead to the world, and so gifted and enterprising as were present at that of 1784. They had much to suffer at that early period of our history, and especially during the Revolutionary struggle."

At the Christmas Conference, Ware was stationed on Kent Circuit, in Maryland where, following the Conference, he resumed his labors on the Maryland Peninsula -- the garden of

Methodism. "There were many," he says, "a very many, on this favored shore, who had been wakened and converted to God through the instrumentality of the Methodist preachers, and especially that of Joseph Cromwell, who, though he could not write his name, preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and with an authority that few could withstand. By his labors thousands, of all classes and conditions in society, had been brought into the fold, and were walking worthy of their profession." Other laborers besides Cromwell had reaped there the richest harvests -- the most historical evangelists of early Methodism. Ware received Coke there, as we have seen, both before and after the General Conference.

In 1785 Thomas Ware was prostrated by sickness, but was appointed to Salem Circuit, N. J., with Phoebus and Sparks -- a circuit whose territory is now supplied by scores of preachers. Here he had the satisfaction of laboring among his kindred, and among his converts were two of his own sisters. Methodism had found its way into this section before him, chiefly by Abbott's labors. The war which had just terminated had raged in the upper part of New Jersey; but here its effects were less felt. Ware reviewed at the close of his labors here with gratitude the two years which had passed since the organization of the Church. "Our harmony," he says, "continued the same as it was before, while our labor had been crowned with much greater success, in consequence of having the ordinances of God duly administered among us. In these two years we admitted thirty-four preachers, and had an accession of three thousand eight hundred and three members. We also greatly enlarged our borders, extending our labors to Georgia at the south, and the great valley of the Mississippi at the west."

In 1786 he was appointed to Long Island, but supplying his appointments, for a time, by local preachers, he extended his labors to other parts of the state. He went to New Rochelle, where the war had utterly extinguished the Methodist Society formed by Asbury. There was not now a single known Methodist east of the Hudson River above New York city. He reached Bedford, where a Mr. Eames introduced him to his wife as a Methodist preacher, and said, "You know I told you God would send the Methodist preachers among us, when I dreamed that I saw Mr. Wesley riding through the country with his Bible open in his hand."

After spending a short time with this family, during which he preached repeatedly and formed a class, he set out on his return to New Rochelle, but was overtaken by one of the most extraordinary snowstorms he ever witnessed. He was driven to the necessity of putting up at an inn, where he was detained for a week. The landlady was deeply impressed the first time he spoke to her on the subject of religion; but the innkeeper himself; though civil, appeared to be out of his reach. Both of them were very fond of singing; and as Ware's voice was good, they seemed much delighted with some spiritual songs which he sung for them.

On the third night of this tremendous storm, while sitting around the cheerful fire, listening to the howling of the wind, and the beating of snow and hail against the windows, he perceived that his host and hostess were pensive; so he sung them one of his favorite pieces, with which they were much affected. He then kneeled down to pray; and they, for the first time, fell upon their knees. After prayer he retired, leaving them both in tears. "After thirty years I was again," he says, "appointed to Long Island, where my host visited me. 'Father Ware,' he said, 'I am happy to see you once more. Have you forgotten the snowstorm which brought you and salvation to my house?' The

family had been saved." Ware did good service during this year, not only on Long Island, but in much of the neighboring country.

We find Ware the next year, 1787, sounding the alarm amid the Holston Mountains, and down among the frontier settlements of Tennessee. Many were his adventures, his perils, and victories there. He suffered from want of the common necessaries of life, from the severity of the winter and mountain storms, from savage Indians, and scarcely less savage white settlers. He wandered often, lost in the forests of the mountains, slept in the woods, preached in log-cabins or the open air, for there were as yet no chapels, however humble, in regions which were hundreds of miles in extent; but he and his few fellow-itinerants were there fortifying the frontier camp of Methodism, whence it was to commence its advance, as "an army with banners," over all the immense valley of the Mississippi, and its way to the Rocky Mountains and to the shores of the Pacific.

"There were many," he says in this region, "both of those who had taken the Lord for their portion and these who as yet had not, who manifested a desire to have him the God of their children, and therefore presented them to be baptized. Of the latter class the hearts of the parents were usually touched when their children were dedicated to God in accordance with his own institution. Sometimes the scene was truly affecting, when the thought was impressed upon the minds of parents that their children, according to the declaration of the Saviour, belonged to the kingdom of heaven, while they did not. I cannot but regret that I did not keep a record of the number of these lambs of Christ's flock which I have held in my arms and dedicated to him. I doubt if any traveling preacher could produce a more extended list. For a time I attempted this task; but in Holston, Clinch, French Broad, and New River, there were so many children presented for baptism that I found it difficult, and gave it up."

In 1789 Ware accompanied Asbury back over the Blue Ridge into North Carolina, and attended a Conference, at McKnight's Church, on the 11th of April. It was one of the most interesting sessions he had ever witnessed. Great grace rested on both preacher and people, and much good resulted. Thus we find him in another remote section of the continent. By the Conference he was appointed to Caswell Circuit, N. C.

At the close of the session he set out for his field of labor, poorly clad and nearly penniless, "but happy in God." In the Holston country there had been but little money, and clothing was very dear. His coat was worn through at the elbows, and he had not a whole under garment left; and as for boots, he had none. "But," he says, "my health was good, and I was finely mounted. I could have sold my horse for sufficient to purchase another to answer my purpose, and clothe myself decently; but he had borne me safely through so many dangers, and once, at least, by his instinctive sagacity, rescued me from perishing, that I had resolved that nothing but death should separate us. This, however, soon occurred; for in a few days this noble animal, my sole property in the would at that time, sickened and died. So there I was, an entire stranger, several hundred miles from home, without horse, decent clothing, or funds. But I was not without friends. A good brother with whom I stayed gave me a horse for four weeks on trial, and I determined to go to Newberg and try my credit for clothing."

The Methodist itinerants were, however, men of absolute faith, and expected God to provide for them. Ware passed on and called at the house of a gentleman by the name of Howe, who, though not a Methodist, was friendly to the denomination. His inquiries about the western country led to the disclosure of the preacher's destitute condition, with which he was touched. He pressed the itinerant to spend a few days with him, but the latter told him time was a talent with which God had intrusted him, and as it was all he could call his own, he must hasten on to his work.

"Earthly treasures I had none," writes the suffering evangelist, "and had abandoned all means of acquiring them. But a heavenly inheritance I hoped, with increasing zeal and activity, to seek throughout my life. I then informed him of my business to Newbern, where I knew no person. After I had mounted and left this gentleman he called me back, saying he had a store in Newbern, and wished me to hand a letter which he gave me to his clerk. Little did I think, at the time, that it contained directions to his clerk to let me have what I might want out of the store to the amount of twenty-five dollars, for which he would never afterward allow me to pay him a single cent. Thus did the Lord provide!"

He labored mightily on this circuit, and here again he found the urgent necessity of the sacraments among the people, and administered them to the eager crowds with the deepest emotion. Not a few affecting scenes occurred in these solemnities. In one place he says, "In the time of the Revolutionary War their ministers had left them, and they had long been without the form of religion. At their request I went to preach to them and baptize their children, and I found them ripe for the Gospel. The sight of so many children brought to be dedicated to God in baptism, for there were scores of them, deeply interested me. I addressed the parents, who were much affected, and their cries so increased my sensibility that, for a time, my power of speech was wholly suspended. I could not, by any exertion I could make, articulate the name of the child. This was observed, and occasioned great excitement of feeling among the people. But when I had so recovered as to be able to proceed, many were melted into tears. After the meeting was concluded many followed me to the house where I went to lodge.

"At night, although no appointment had been given out, the house was filled with people, and I could not decline preaching to them. In the midst of my discourse the mother of the family got down upon her knees, and such was her state of feeling that, in that attitude, she made her way to the table, where I was standing, and begged me to pray for her. In a few moments the whole congregation was in commotion. I continued to pray and exhort till midnight. The work advanced, and in six weeks we had in this place a Society of eighty members, mostly heads of families. This event I have always deemed a divine sanction of infant baptism. If I ever witnessed a work of God among any people I witnessed it here, and it evidently commenced with the baptizing of infant children."

His second year in this part of the country was on a district comprising eight circuits, some of which extended into Virginia. His word was in demonstration and power throughout his vast field. "At one of our quarterly meetings on New River," he writes, "a religious concern was waked up in many, which pervaded a large district of country, and suspended for many weeks almost all worldly concerns. In one family, where I passed many happy days, there were thirty who claimed to be born again, twelve of whom were whites, the fruits of that meeting. This was the family of

Gen. Bryan, who was a barrister at law, a professed deist. The general was awakened and converted at this meeting. He became a distinguished patron of Methodism, and died happy, lifting his arm in token of victory when his tongue failed to articulate words."

This quarterly meeting was indeed a memorable occasion. "On Saturday many people attended, and great power was manifested during the public exercises. On Sunday morning the love-feast was appointed to commence at eight o'clock. By seven the house was nearly full, and many were prostrate on the floor, and the surrounding grove was made vocal by the prayers and hymns of multitudes as they were approaching the place. When the house was filled, those who could not get in were engaged in some religious exercise without, and numbers were slain under the trees. A son of Col. Taylor, of Tar River, went about among the people, praising God, and telling them what the Lord had done for his soul; and wherever he came they were melted into tears. His appearance was sufficient to disarm the most stouthearted of them.

"As to preaching, it was out of the question; nor did there appear to be any need of it, for all seemed to yield to the gracious influence, and with melting hearts to say, 'This is the work of God.' Something like this had been witnessed under the ministry of Boardman, King, and others. All who were the real friends of experimental religion agreed that it behooved us to let the Lord work in his own way."

Ware won the hearts of the people by his natural amiability, as well as by his Christian devotion, and thereby encountered some temptations. He made his escape homeward from North Carolina in haste from one of these perils that might have changed the whole tenor of his remaining life. A little before he was called to bid a final adieu to this state, he was confined, by indisposition, at the house of a very aged couple, who had no children. They had lived in good repute as Christians, and declared themselves such until the baptizing in the woods. On that memorable day they were brought to see themselves sinners, without any well-grounded hope. They were the first who offered themselves for membership in the new Society, and they continued to adorn their profession by well-ordered lives.

They had given him many demonstrations of their affectionate regard, but until this visit he had not known the extent of it. Being in possession of a farm and mill, with other property, and advanced in life, they desired him to write their will. He objected as not understanding the form which might be requisite. They said the document would be simple, and might be easily drawn. It was to provide, that, on condition of his remaining with them through their short stay in this world, all they had should be his. "This, he says, "presented a strong inducement to exchange a life of poverty and toil for one of affluence and ease. Had I accepted the offer, my history would doubtless have been very different from what it is. But I could not do it with a good conscience, so I bid them and North Carolina adieu forever, and returned to see my friends in New Jersey."

He had now been absent from the North about six years, amid scenes of severe privation and romantic adventure. Having reached the Philadelphia Conference of 1791, and received an appointment in Delaware, he reviewed with devout gratitude the prosperity of the Church since its Episcopal organization. "Great," he affirms, "had been its harmony and success. It had received in these years an accession of sixty-seven traveling preachers, and sixty-four thousand and thirty-nine members. In almost every part of the United States the enemies of the Lord were overcome by

thousands, for the work was of God, and who can contend with the King of kings, while the instruments he has chosen to carry on his work are faithful?"

In 1792 Thomas Ware was sent to Staten Island. After spending a part of 1792 on Staten Island Circuit, then reaching far into New Jersey, he was appointed presiding elder on the Susquehanna District, Pennsylvania. During his ministry, Ware was to serve as Presiding Elder on various districts, for sixteen years, a longer time, in regular succession, than it had fallen to the lot of any other man.

The Susquehanna District was a vast and rugged field, comprising six large circuits. Between two of these circuits, Flanders and Wyoming, he says "the way on the Susquehanna was dreary enough; and from thence to Tioga all but impassable, especially in winter. The first time I attempted this tour in the winter, when I came to the mountain through which the river passes, the road being full of ice, it was impossible to keep it; so I had no alternative but to turn back and take the ice in the river. I was afterward told that it was believed no person had ever passed the dangerous defile in this way before. In several places there were chasms in the ice of several feet in width running nearly across the river, occasioned by the waters falling until the ice, resting upon the ridges of rocks underneath, was broken. Over these my horse had to leap. But a greater danger arose from the wearing of the ice by the current below, so that in some places it was plainly to be seen. Protected by a kind Providence, however, I passed safely through. At this time none seemed to care for those poor people in the wilderness except the Methodists."

And yet the self-sacrificing evangelists who were bringing to them the Gospel, had to bear not only the hardships of the wilderness, but no little hostility and persecution. They broke their way effectively, how ever, into all those mountainous regions, and have left their shining trails almost everywhere among them.

In 1793 Ware took charge of Garrettson's great field, or, at least, the northern part of it, then called the Albany District. "It was," he writes, "immensely large, and the country principally new. Accommodations for the preachers were, for the most part, poor, and the means of their support extremely limited."

While passing through one of the circuits, soon after he came on the district, he called at the preacher's house, who happened at that time to be at home. It was near noon, and he, of course, must dine there. The poor itinerant had a wife and seven children; and their bill of fare was one blackberry pie, with rye crust, without either butter or lard to shorten it. After they had dined, and Ware was about to depart, he put a few dollars into the hands of his suffering brother, who, on receiving them, sat down and wept so heartily that Ware could not avoid weeping with him.

"The Lord was with us," he adds, "in a very glorious manner, at some of our quarterly meetings, during the first quarter; and there appeared to be a general expectation that he would do still greater things for us throughout the vast field we had to cultivate. Here, as in Tennessee, there were multitudes of people wholly destitute of the Gospel, until it was brought to them by the Methodists."

There were many small settlements without any religious provisions whatever till the itinerants reached them. They flew from one to another, preaching continually, and in our day we see the results of their labors and sufferings in prosperous Churches, studding all the "parts of four states" which, says Ware, were "embraced in my district." He had a corps of indomitable men under his command, such as Hezekiah C. Wooster, Elijah Woolsey, Aaron Hunt, James Coleman, Shadrach Bostwick, John Finnegan, and many others -- men who could not fail to awaken a sensation of public interest, favorable or hostile, wherever they appeared. Through incredible labors and sufferings they were now laying the broad foundations of Methodism along most of the extent of the Hudson.

"Here," writes Ware, "I experienced, for the first time in my life, what Milton means by 'joint-racking rheums.'" "Although most of the preachers on the district were young in years, or the ministry, or both, and a heavy tide of opposition bore down upon us, yet under the direction of our divine Guide we were enabled to stem the torrent; and at the end of each year we found that we had gained a little, and had acquired some more strength and skill to use the weapons of our spiritual warfare. At some of our quarterly meetings the sacred influence was so evidently present that it neutralized all opposition, and we seemed, as the boatman descending the Mohawk in time of flood, to have nothing to do but to guide the helm."

We have already noticed the extraordinary rise of Methodism in the Wyoming, Cumberland, and Tioga regions, and the outspread of the Hudson River District, by Garrettson and Ware's itinerants, to those then remote fields -- the labors of Anning Owen, Nathaniel B. Mills, and William Colbert. Ware's trials among the Tioga wilds were fully shared by his associates.

As we have seen, during the ecclesiastical year 1793-94, Thomas Ware was on a district which comprehended several New England appointments. He refers to the species of trials I have described as frequent in the Eastern States at that time. "It was common," he remarks, "for the Methodist preachers, when they preached in new places, and often in their regular appointments; to be attacked by some disputant on the subject of doctrines, sometimes by ministers, but more frequently by students in divinity or loquacious and controversial laymen. And so far as my experience on this district extended, I discovered much rancor and bitterness mingled with these disputes. I am obliged to say that, during the three years of my labors in this section, I found not so much as one friendly clergyman. There may have been such; but all with whom I conversed, or whose sentiments I knew, were violent in their opposition to us; and the rough manner in which I was usually treated by them, rendered me unwilling to come in contact with them. But when it so happened that we must try our strength, I found no difficulty in defending the cause I had espoused, for a foe despised has a great advantage. And when a man has a system which is clearly scriptural, he needs only a little plain common sense and self-possession to maintain his ground, though a host of learned theologians should unite against him. In Granville and Pittsfield the current of opposition was very strong against us."

Hope Hull had labored in this region under Ware, and evidently understood the best way of managing these troubles. Ware says, "I knew and almost envied him his talents. I thought, indeed, if I possessed his qualifications I could be instrumental in saving thousands where, with my own, I could gain one."

In 1796 Thomas Ware was sent to the Philadelphia District, which extended from Wilmington, Del., to the Seneca Lake, N. Y. "A glorious religious excitement," he writes, "commenced on Strasburgh and Chester Circuits, which spread through the whole peninsula, exceeding anything I have ever witnessed. This revival embraced all classes, governor, judges, lawyers, and statesmen, old and young, rich and poor, including many of the African race, who adorned their profession by a well-ordered life, and some of them by a triumphant death. For Strasburgh Circuit I felt a particular interest, as it had now become the place of my residence. Many of the children of the early Methodists were nearly grown up, and but few of them professed religion, and some who had long prayed for a revival had become almost discouraged. Such was the state of things on this circuit when I prevailed on Bishop Asbury to appoint Dr. Chandler to it, as the most likely, in my estimation, to be useful in stirring up the people.

"Dr. Chandler, at the time I obtained his consent to travel, was reading medicine with Dr. Rush. He had been for some time a licensed preacher. He was gifted, enterprising, and every way well qualified for the itinerant work; and in that capacity I thought he would be most likely to be useful. I had a very particular friendship for him, as I had long known him and his habits, which I believed were such as would render him eminently successful in the work of saving souls, if he would give himself up wholly to the service of the Church. I accordingly communicated with him on the subject, but he pleaded his engagements with Dr. Rush as a barrier against his going out into the field.

"I accordingly waited on the venerable Rush, and expressed to him my views respecting the duty of Chandler, who perfectly agreed with me in the matter, and cheerfully released him from his engagements, and he entered with all his soul into the work."

"At the commencement of the second quarter," continues Ware, "Dr. Chandler began covenanting with the people. He obtained a pledge from them to abstain wholly from the use of ardent spirits, and to meet him at the throne of grace three times a day, namely, at sunrise, at noon, and at the going down of the sun, to pray for a revival of the work of God on the circuit, and especially that he would visit them and give them some token for good at their next quarterly meeting. As the time of the meeting approached he pressed them to come out without fail, and expressed a belief that the Lord would do great things for us.

"Soon after he commenced this course there were evident indications that the work was beginning to revive, and many, with the preacher, began to predict that something great would be done at the quarterly meeting. On Saturday many people attended. I opened the meeting by singing, and then attempted to pray; but in two minutes my voice was drowned in the general cry throughout the house, which continued all that day and night, and indeed for the greater part of three days. A great number professed to be converted, who stood fast and adorned their profession; but the best of all was, many who had lost their first love repented, and did their first works, and God restored them to his favor.

"Cecil Circuit had been added to the Philadelphia District. The quarterly meeting on this circuit was at hand, and I urged Dr. Chandler to attend it. He came with a number of the warmhearted members from his circuit. Some twenty or thirty professed to receive an evidence of the remission of their sins, and united with the Church. From this the fire began to spread to the

South, and soon the whole peninsula was in a flame of revival. At the North also the influence was felt. Sparks were kindled in Middletown, Northumberland, Wilkesbarre, and quite up in the Genesee and Lake country in Western New York.

"In 1800 I was appointed to a district on the peninsula. There were in this district ten circuits, twenty traveling preachers, and about nine thousand members. This I deemed one of the most important charges I ever filled. The scenes which I witnessed at Smyrna, Dover, Milford, Centerville, Easton, and many other places, I have not ability to describe. During the times of revival in these places thousands of all ranks were drawn to the meetings, and spent days together in acts of devotion, apparently forgetful of their temporal concerns. In this way the work continued to extend until it became general. Here, as in Tennessee, I hesitated not to call at any house when I wanted refreshment or a night's entertainment. The candle of the Lord shone brilliantly about my path, and my cup was oftentimes full to overflowing."

At a Conference held this year at Smyrna, Del., he says, "there were persons present from almost all parts of the Eastern Shore, who witnessed the general excitement and gracious influence from the beginning to the end of the Conference, during which time hundreds were converted to God. These returned home, revived in their spirits, and wondering at what they had seen, and heard, and felt; and through the instrumentality of some of these the fires of revival were kindled up in their neighborhoods before the preachers arrived. At the close of this Conference one hundred persons were received on trial in the Church."

Ware had charge of Bassett's protracted meeting, and "there were few of the principal houses in Dover in which there were not some converted during it; and more than once the whole night was employed, both in the church and private houses, in prayer for penitents, and in rejoicing with those who had obtained an evidence of pardon, or were reclaimed from their backslidings." So profound was the interest all over his district, that he says, "we knew not what to do with the thousands who attended the quarterly meetings. Sometimes we were forced to resort to the woods, and even to hold our love-feasts in the grove. Our membership increased rapidly." He spent the remainder of the period [1796 - 1804] in arduous labors on the Philadelphia and Jersey Districts.

Thomas Ware, worn by protracted labors in the hardest fields of the Church, continued to travel down to 1809. Part of the time he was in New Jersey District, comprehending the whole state, and part in Philadelphia, where his health failed, and compelled him to retire till 1811. In that year he was again at work at Lancaster, till the General Conference of 1812. At that Conference he was to the Book Concern, where, during four years, he did valuable service for the publishing interests of the Church -- 1812-1816.

From 1816 to 1825 Thomas Ware was again abroad as an itinerant, but in the latter year was compelled by age to retreat into the "ineffective ranks," after forty years of service in almost all parts of the country accessible in his times. He died March 11, 1842 in Salem New Jersey.

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THE END