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GEORGE WASHINGTON IVEY
Circuit-Rider of Knightly Soul

From: Men of the Burning Heart (Ivey -- Dow -- Doub)
By Marion Timothy Plyler and Alva Washington Plyler

Commercial Printing Co. Raleigh, N. C.

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PICTURES OF THE IVEYS

Pictures of George Washington Ivey and Selena Neal Ivey are included with this publication as: hdm0788a.jpg and hdm0788b.jpg.

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DEDICATED

To The Itinerant Methodist Preachers Of North Carolina

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PREFACE

[HDM readers are referred to: hdm0841.tex -- Lorenzo Dow, Gospel Ranger and hdm0842.tex -- Peter Doub, Sturdy Itinerant, for the other portions of "Men of the Burning Heart."]

The life-story of Ivey, Dow, and Doub must be of continued interest and value to all who appreciate heroic and unselfish service in men whose hearts burn with a master passion for God and humanity.

Though separated in time and place and strikingly unlike in personal characteristics and temperament, these men responded to one common impulse. Each one is somewhat typical of a class. George Washington Ivey holds a high place among the golden-hearted who have spent their lives in the obscurity of the country circuit; Lorenzo Dow rides well to the front of those gospel messengers whose long journeys carried them to the borders of human habitation; Peter Doub shines as a star of the first magnitude among the sturdy Methodist itinerants in an age that cared little for men in soft raiment. A prophet's message and a preacher's conscience kept each to his distinctive task on the long, unbroken journey. Hearts aflame could not rest.

The study of the Circuit-Rider of Knightly Soul and of the Sturdy Itinerant has been made by Marion Timothy Plyler. The story of the life and wanderings of The Gospel Ranger has been told by Alva Washington Plyler. Although most of the sketch of Peter Doub appeared in the Methodist Quarterly Review, it is thought worthy of a place with the records of these other men of God who with unflagging zeal served so well their generation.

June, 1918

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01 -- THE IVEY ANCESTRY

For a full half century among the plain yeomanry of Western North Carolina, moved a brave yet gentle circuit rider with body of oak and heart of gold, known to thousands at his death as "Uncle Ivey," but known to us as George Washington Ivey. Without a break and without a stain, that strong body and knightly soul passed through fifty-two years of devoted service filled with heroic deeds and heaven-born aspiration. No road was too rough, no day was too cold, and no congregation was too small to keep back this itinerant Methodist preacher; and he went with a cruse of well beaten oil. But better still, at all times, George Washington Ivey was so genuine and true that men trusted him without reserve and received him again and again as a man sent from God. The common people heard him gladly, and quoted his words long after he had passed on. Even unto this day, in places where he labored, St. Paul is not quoted so often as he.

A body built for strength, nearly six feet in height, slightly stooped and weighing about two hundred pounds; a large, full, square-built face, with high arched forehead and deep-set eyes, a

wide mouth, and a ruddy countenance, betokening health and fine vigor, differentiated George Washington Ivey from the crowd. Once he moved and spoke his individuality became the more pronounced. The tones of his voice and the unexpected turn of a phrase caught the ear. Soon the impact of his personality left men feeling that he was in a class all his own. The odd melted away into the unique, and the unique became the effective. Often one sally of his wit would puncture a sham; and one thrust of his rapier would leave an antagonist prostrate by the way.

Calm, unafraid and apart, this strong, resolute and purposeful servant of God, filled with good cheer and fine courage, kept the unbroken rounds of a rough and trying itinerant career. Though often much alone, he was not alone, for the Divine Companion journeyed with him.

Elijah, like Melchizedek "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life," lived a life of protest against a corrupt civilization. Suddenly, noiselessly, and almost as unexpected as an apparition, he came from "east of the Jordan" and startled the crowd by his uncompromising words of rebuke for both King and people. In no way was Elijah an organic part of the life of the nation or one with the spirit of his times. As much may be said of this modern man of God who often reminded men of Elijah. All appearances tended to set George Washington Ivey apart in unusual isolation. He cared so little for parade of ancestral achievements, shrank so from public acclaim, put such a slight estimate upon position, lived in such intimate fellowship with God, and delivered his message so unafraid of the face of man, that, at times, he seemed free from all forces of the past or influences of the present. Seemingly alone, along the quiet and obscure ways of the world, free from all constraint save from the fires that burned within, our devoted and devout itinerant pressed on with an awful sense of a message from God. A preacher's conscience urged him and a Christian's consecration sustained him as he went. Men would pass him on the highway feeling that they had met a messenger of another world, only to be convinced of the correctness of their surmise, if, perchance, they heard him once when the divine afflatus was upon him. Apart, in marvelous isolation, this knightly souled circuit-rider lived and had his being.

This was true, and yet it was not true, but so it seemed to men who knew not intimately this high-souled Methodist preacher. Few more transparent characters could he found, and none more genuinely human. The average man came to know him in a most intimate way and appreciated the sympathetic concern shown, while the thoughtful discerned the vital relationship sustained by George Washington Ivey to all about him. He owed much to the generations gone and proved to be a strikingly fine product of the people among whom he spent so many devoted years. Forces potential met in him and formative influences shaped and fashioned his career. These will appear as we go along. Oftentimes conclusions will be given in general terms without any attempt to give an exhaustive statement of the facts upon which these are based, and in some instances a positive statement of personal virtues may seem to be an unsupported superlative. But aside from a wealth of tradition and allowing for the color incident to personal esteem, enough facts have been gathered to disclose the unusual type of man with which we have to do.

George Washington Ivey, son of Benjamin Ivey and Mary Shankle, came of a good, substantial stock and grew to manhood among a sturdy, industrious, God-fearing people. Inevitably, both heredity and environment had much to do with the making of the man. These, along with a unique personality, render possible the life story before us.

The Iveys can trace their ancestral name back to the Norman name, "St. Ivo" in France. They went across to England with William the Conqueror, and afterwards were known as Iveys, Ives, Iversons, etc.. The Ivey crest and coat of arms have a place in the books and are in possession of some members of the family.

James Ivey was a member of the first board of aldermen of Norfolk, Virginia, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. From that day the Iveys have been in America, most of them in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. In the first census (1790) of the fifty-five families of Iveys mentioned, all, save one in Maryland and one in Pennsylvania, were in Virginia and the Carolinas -- thirteen in Virginia, twenty-eight in North Carolina, and twelve in South Carolina.

Among the worthies of early American Methodism, the name of Richard Ivey appears in the "Minutes" for the first time in 1778. A native of Sussex County, Virginia, born years before the Revolution, he was evidently a descendant of the Iveys who came with the early settlers to the Colony of Virginia. Richard Ivey spent seventeen or eighteen years in the itinerant work and traveled extensively through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Jesse Lee says he was "a man of quick and solid parts and preached with a good degree of animation." A little before his death, 1795, Richard Ivey returned to his home in Sussex and was making ready "to settle himself" when the call came. The rather frail man who had spent much of his life in the saddle on the wilderness trail, being Elder in the Yadkin Valley in 1785, was not permitted to enjoy the rest sought in the region of childhood's happy hours. Rich in grace and useful in saving souls, the faithful itinerant found his "settled" habitation in the "house not made with hands."

The earliest land grant to an Ivey in North Carolina for which any record remains, is to Thomas Ivey, of Craven County, December 1, 1744; and to Henry Ivey, of Edgecombe, November 27, 1744. But the Iveys were in eastern North Carolina before this. John Ivey was on the jury list of Pasquotank in 1740; and Ludford Ivey witnessed the will of Joseph Alford, of Albemarle, North Carolina, December 8, 1689. Now when we remember that as to settlement in the early days, Albemarle and Eastern Virginia were practically one and the same, the presumption is in favor of one common ancestry for the families spreading out into the new territory of the up-country.

By the time of the American Revolution, the Iveys were playing no mean part in North Carolina. Jacob Ivey, David Ivey, Reuben Ivey, Elisha Ivey, and Henry Ivey served in the North Carolina line. Curtis Ivey was promoted to lieutenant February 1, 1779; later, he filled positions of trust, in 1788 being a member of the Convention at Hillsborough.

Owing to the decided indifference toward anything English and the little care given to the preservation of family records, we have not been able to follow the Ivey line back of the Revolution, though the presumption is in favor of one common ancestry in the settlement about Norfolk.

In the report of the first census (1790), Benjamin Ivey, of Randolph County, North Carolina, had a family of eight. This Benjamin Ivey is buried in an old country burying ground near Farmer's, Randolph County, North Carolina. Of his children we know the names of four: Kinchen;

Rebecca, who married Thomas Kerns; Benjamin, who settled in Stanly (Montgomery); and Isaac, who migrated to Louisiana and died there.

An interesting incident tending to afford a glimpse of the conditions then, so far as intercourse between different sections of the country is concerned, comes in the account that remains of the effort to settle the estate of Isaac Ivey who had located in Louisiana and died in possession of considerable money and land. This was along towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Benjamin Ivey, in company with his nephew, Dr. A. J. Shankle, son of Lovi Shankle, made the trip on horseback, and were gone six months. We are not told how much time they spent in disposing of the property of Isaac Ivey, who died without issue, but we do know that a trip then from Montgomery County, North Carolina, to Louisiana was looked upon as a journey into a far country. Benjamin Ivey so regarded it when he went to settle his brother's estate.

Benjamin Ivey, of Stanly (Montgomery), born in 1800, married Mary Shankle, daughter of George Shankle, and spent his days in Stanly. Three sons and four daughters filled with joy and a sense of obligation the home of Benjamin Ivey. Elizabeth, the oldest, married Martin Carter, of Mount Pleasant; Sarah joined her future with Rev. L. A. Whitlock, of Stanly, an honored local preacher; Mary listened to the wooing of A. Simpson, of Salisbury, North Carolina, as did her sister, Annie, to Moses Dry, of Cabarrus County, North Carolina. Isaac Tyson, the youngest, died in the Civil War; John Reese left a large family in Stanly to cherish his memory, and George Washington went out to spend and he spent as an itinerant Methodist preacher.

Benjamin Ivey, strong of body, weighing more than two hundred pounds, devoted to his church, being an exhorter in a day when the office counted for something, an esteemed and well-to-do citizen, owner of a few slaves (as was his father before him), closed a useful life in 1858, honored and respected by a large circle.

All that has come down to us about old Zoar Church and the men who were looked upon as leaders three-quarters of a century ago, leads us to the conviction that Benjamin Ivey's devotion to his Lord and his love for the Methodist Church did not belong to the formal or the superficial. The rugged exhorter and staunch citizen left too deep and lasting an impress upon the generations following to have been other than the most genuine. The life lived, the spirit displayed, and the devotion cherished by his son, George Washington, from sun to sun through so many unbroken years, bore the marks of having been born in the blood. Blood will tell, or what is history for; and heroic deeds have their place, or why should we build monuments?

John Reese Ivey, another son of Benjamin Ivey, must have been an ardent Methodist, and therefore a Christian of some service. Henry Capers, Robert Wightman, and William Martin, the names given three of his sous, would indicate a remarkable fondness for naming his children after Methodist celebrities.

Mary Shankle, daughter of George Shankle, and the wife of Benjamin Ivey, belonged to a robust, prosperous family. George Shankle was born in North Carolina in 1754, of German parentage, and served in the War of the Revolution.

The records of the Bureau of Pensions show that George Shankle served as a private eight months in the Revolutionary struggle. This was in the year 1777, under three different Captains, John Randal, Isaac Metendon, and Buckner Kimbal. He also served as a minute man at various times from the beginning to the close of the Revolution. At the time of enlistment he was a resident of Anson County (Montgomery County), North Carolina. The pension was allowed January 7, 1833.

We may be sure that George Shankle gave no half-hearted service to the cause in which he was enlisted. The men in this section of the country put their whole soul into the fight for freedom and national independence. The spirit of Mecklenburg was in the air. A full century after the Revolution the citizens of Piedmont Carolina would point out to their children certain trees regarded as ancient landmarks upon which Tories were hanged. The traditions of his family keep alive the assurance that Buckner Kimbal, one of the captains under whom George Shankle served, was the most notorious Tory fighter in all that region. What must have been the spirit abroad in the heat of the conflict?

Two of the sons of George Shankle, Henry and Levi, spent their years as faithful servants of their day and generation. Levi was an honored local preacher in the Methodist Church, and was often heard at old Zoar. Both of these, esteemed and honored for their lives of probity and influence, lived well into the last century. Counted among the well-to-do, the Shankles made their contribution to the life of Stanly.

So, when Benjamin Ivey and Mary Shankle met and married, two vigorous life currents joined to blend into one stream of influence across the years. Though many of the dates incident to the family happenings have escaped the chronicler, we need not be ignorant of the main currents of events. In the eternal order and certain as the inevitable are the outflow from such a wellspring.

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02 -- THE PIONEERS OF THE FOOTHILLS

The American pioneer, whether of the foothills or of the wide extended plains, is of perennial interest because of the marvelous impress he has left upon the land of his sojourn. A wealth of romance and numerous legends have gathered about the goings of his feet from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colony of Roanoke" to the later achievement of the hardy pioneers in the search for western gold. Such a spirit of adventure and eager desire to conquer unknown lands must necessarily win the admiration of all who cherish daring enterprise and glory in heroic deeds. They have left a noble heritage and transmitted a potent influence to the generations following With this in mind all later estimates should be made in any effort to sum up the forces and influences entering into the sum total of life. Oftentimes, we forget our debt to the past and prove unmindful of the legacies left us. Much of the best we know came to us out of the long gone past. Our social, civic and religious institutions are not of recent origin, and many of the finest products known to us as a people are deeply rooted in the past. Both the individual and the group are bound by this law. The strength of the wolf and the strength of the pack today must be estimated in the light of the strength of the wolf and of the pack yesterday. Our yesterdays and our tomorrows are organically related.

How important then in summing up the content of the present that due regard he had for that which has gone before! History is evermore reminding us that God demands the past of us, and that the present should be interpreted only in the light of the past. The more instructive should become this effort to set forth the character of the men who settled these lands which furnish the background for the life and labors of one to the manner born.

No proper estimate can be made of George Washington Ivey without holding well in mind the character of the people among whom he grew to manhood and the sort of folks to whom he ministered for a full half a century. For the best of his life was spent in behalf of a type found in Western North Carolina, scarcely to be duplicated under the shining sun.

Both the character of the country and the qualities of its inhabitants contributed to the making of a noble breed. Not the nobility of crowns and coronets, but the royalty of character and high integrity held sway among this people who believed that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

The first settlements along the Atlantic Seaboard antedated by nearly one hundred years the main influx of 6 settlers to the Piedmont section of North Carolina. The earliest land grant, that from the Chief of the Yeopim Indians to George Durant in Albemarle, bears date 1662. In 1663, Sir William Berkeley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia, visited the province and appointed William Drummond Governor of the Colony of Carolina. On the Cape Fear in 1664, the first colonists disembarked, but their efforts met with no permanent success. In the course of time, however, the migrations from Virginia and the inflow from across the water sent the population up the rivers and across the country towards the setting sun. But with the close of the Proprietary government in 1729 the population of North Carolina did not exceed ten thousand souls, most of which were scattered along the coast.

In 1730 the Colonial government passed to the crown. North Carolina then became a Royal Province and population increased, trade extended, and the country continued to develop, but it was not until about 1750 that the Piedmont section began to feel the tide of immigration running full and strong. At that time the real conquest of the foothill country began and the effective forces of historic importance entered the State. So, this region holds more than a passing interest for us since here lies the background of our life's story. More than this, the seeds sown through the years in those fertile lands by a free, industrious and determined people have produced a harvest rich and full. In the early days they felled the forests, built log cabins, plowed the fields, fought for freedom, and defied the world. The ruddy currents which were made rich and strong in the stern struggles necessary to subdue a new country ran full after the passing of pioneer times and revolutionary conflicts, making possible the aftertimes.

The pioneers found in the wide, rolling, well-watered valleys of the Upper Cape Fear, of the Yadkin and of the Catawba, and along their numerous tributaries, a wild, luxuriant, native flora, the habitat of the red man and the wild animals. The heavy growth of pine, oak, hickory, poplar, gum, and numerous other trees, made a clearing in the woods no child's play. Tough muscles, strong backs, and brave hearts were needed to fell the trees, to keep back the Indians and to subdue the wild beasts.

Deer, brown bear, buffalo, wildcats, panthers and beavers roamed the forests and harassed the scattered pioneers. The early settlers waged a relentless war on wild animals. As late as 1774 in Lincoln County, there was audited in favor of various individuals forty-nine "wolf scalp tickets." The compensation allowed by the county for killing a wolf was a pound, a young wolf, ten shillings, a wildcat, five shillings.

Into this land, from Germany, England, Scotland and Wales, and from Virginia and Pennsylvania, came the people to subdue this promising heath and make it their own. By far the larger portion of those who came were Germans and Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania. Along about 1750, the migration was in full swing from Lancaster, York and adjacent counties. They came in swarms by "hundreds of wagons from the northward."

The cause of this migration of the Scotch-Irish to North Carolina is given by Williamson (Vol. 11, p. 71) to be: "Land could not be obtained in Pennsylvania without much difficulty, for the Proprietors of the Province purchased the soil by small parcels from the natives, and their lands were soon taken up." In those early times no one ventured to cross the Alleghenies for the purpose of settling, so naturally they moved southward where the lands were cheap and the soil inviting.

With all the elements for making permanent settlements they came. The Bible, the school-teacher, and the minister formed an important part of the company. But these were not all by any manner of means. Every available article possible for home or farm was stowed away with utmost care in the capacious wagons before the caravans moved. This movement towards the South was a fit forerunner of the later migrations across the plains towards the setting sun.

With the women and children on bedding in the wagons and every able-bodied person on foot to drive the cattle, sheep and hogs, they moved by easy stages along the roads of the Cumberland and the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia as they passed on into the valleys of the Yadkin and the Catawba in North Carolina, there to contribute their full share in building a commonwealth. Along this same route some of their descendants passed on another mission at a later day. Colonel W. L. Saunders (Colonial Records IV, Prefatory Note) pays them this tribute:

Remembering the route that General Lee took when he went into Pennsylvania on the memorable Gettysburg campaign, it will be seen that very many of his North Carolina boys, both of German and Scotch-Irish descent, in following their great leader, visited the homes of their ancestors, and went thither by the very route by which they came away. To Lancaster and York counties in Pennsylvania, North Carolina owes more of her population than to any other part of the known world, and really there was never a better population than they and their descendants -- never better citizens, and certainly never better soldiers.

The Scotch-Irish were stern and virile, noted for their hatred of sham and pretense, the foe of oppression and tyranny, subject to no king but God and conscience. The German settlers were industrious and economical, lovers of home and of rural life, tenacious of custom and slow to change. These were set down side by side, and both were liberty-loving and God-fearing, a people

among whom labor was dignified and honorable in a time when hard labor and unresting toil was the lot of life.

These pioneers found the best lands, upon which they built log houses destined later to give place to the more pretentious homes located near the spring below which was the spring-house for keeping cool the abundant supply of milk and butter. Horses, cattle, sheep, chickens and ducks, with plenty of grain and forage for every purpose, could be found among the thrifty Germans and the close calculating Scotch-Irish. Each community of these industrious and economical settlers of simple tastes and few wants possessed all the elements necessary to the life of the people; but national characteristics were manifest and distinct tendencies appeared in the developing life of the colony.

The German pioneer took little interest in polities, having been deprived of political experience under the pure despotism known to him in the Old World, so he directed his energies along lines industrial. The industry and frugality displayed on the farm soon became manifest in manufacturing enterprises. Before the close of the first year in Wachovia, the Germans had in operation a flour mill, a carpenter's shop, a pottery, a blacksmith's shop, a tannery, and a cooperage. In 1718, Michael Schenck built the first cotton mill in North Carolina. This venture in Lincolnton, by one whose name discloses his nationality, was the forerunner of the marvelous development of the cotton mill industry not yet complete though North Carolina now holds second place among the States of the American Union in the manufacture of cotton.

On the other hand, though diligent in business and careful to conserve material interests, the Scotch-Irish gave themselves to political questions and issues of public concern. Naturally, then, in the political and military movements of the colonial times, they were found filling the civil offices and leading in the political assemblies, while the German pioneers kept the even tenor of their way close to the soil and faithful to the shop. Both, however, gave due attention to the elements essential to life under pioneer conditions. Conservation of natural resources, agitations in the labor market and combinations of capital did not concern them since conditions in the wilderness forced each community to be a miniature world in which all the problems of land, labor and capital were confined to narrow circles. Though the ends of the earth did not meet in their crossroads market-place, the ends of life's endeavor had to be met by the resources gathered and treasures conserved in each individual center. Even articles of slight value in the world-markets were passed on to the generations following. Furnishings of the home and fixtures of the farm passed by gift and bequest from father to son hedged about with all the security afforded by the sanctity of the law.

The wills of a people not only indicate the personal holdings of the individual, but often prove more illuminating than pages setting forth the social and economic conditions of the times. Individual idiosyncrasies also are disclosed.

A few items from the will of Thomas Beatty (1787), whose father, John Beatty, came with the pioneers about 1750 and was the first white man to settle west of the Catawba, will indicate the various holdings of a well-to-do of that day. A glimpse of the times also may be gained from the following bequest: "944 acres of land, ten Negroes, seventeen horses, sixty-six cattle, eighteen hogs, thirteen sheep, thirty-four geese, five ducks, lot of poultry, five pewter dishes, one pewter

basin, sixteen pewter plates, twenty-four pewter spoons, one pewter tankard, one crank and two pet-hooks, one Dutch oven, and griddle and frying pan, one dough trough, one chest, two spinning wheels, and one big wheel, three pairs of cards, cotton, wool, and tow, one check reel, one weaving loom, twenty-three spools, few spooling cotton, five reeds for weaving, nine sickles, one foot adze, one thorn hack, one hackle, two iron wedges, two bleeding lances, one hair sifter, three gimlets, thirteen bushels of flax seed, six bushels buckwheat, one slide, two bells and collars, 750 clap board nails, four pair half-worn horse shoes, one redding comb, one fine-toothed comb, three coats and one great coat, two jackets, one pair buckskin breeches, one pair trousers, three hats and two linen shirts." The foregoing enumeration contains about one-fourth of the articles named in the will.

Derrick Ramsour came into the same section about the same time that John Beatty settled west of the Catawba and took it into his head in 1774 to convey to his two surviving sons, Jacob and David, the property of which he was possessed. His will shows forth more than the character of his individual holdings or the social life of the times. The old pioneer takes no chances with family ties. The gossamer threads of filial affection did not count with the man who was accustomed to rely on sterner stuff. Though "impelled by natural love and affection" to convey his property to his beloved sons, he had a care to see that other bonds than "natural love and affection" should provide against the contingencies of the future.

The bond in the sum of one thousand pounds proclamation money provided that the sons named should pay unto him for his support every year during his natural life "fifteen pounds proclamation money, twenty bushels clean, sound wheat, twenty-five bushels Indian corn, fifty-two pounds of good butter, four hundred weight of good wholesome beef, one-sixth of the net profit of the fruit trees, thirty pounds sugar, three pounds Bohea tea, two pounds coffee, twelve gallons of whiskey, four bushels of malt, one bushel of salt."

These two sons, Jacob and David, also agreed under the bond to erect "A commodious and convenient residence for him, the same Derrick Ramsour, in order to live with a sufficient store and store-room, and furnish the same with the necessary furniture sufficient for his accommodation, which building is to be erected on such a part of the premises as he, the said Derrick Ramsour, pitches upon."

It was also stipulated that these sons, held by filial affection and under a bond of one thousand dollars proclamation money, should find for him, the said Derrick Ramsour, "one good feather bed and decent and necessary furniture, and find and provide for him sufficient firewood, ready hauled to his dwelling, to be cut a foot length as often as occasion or necessity shall require; and also to supply him with a gentle riding-horse, saddle and bridle to carry him wheresoever he may require to go, together with a sufficient and necessary stock of wearing apparel, both woolen and linen, warm and decent, and becoming one of his circumstances to wear, together with the proper food and washing during his natural life."

Softness and self-indulgence and a careless round of easy-going expenditures were unknown to these early settlers of the foothills of the Carolinas. Even their amusements gathered about utilitarian considerations. Shuckings, rollings, raisings, quiltings, spinning and all such into which the individuals of both sexes were drawn, on occasion, furnished opportunity for festivities

of one sort and another. In the autumn time, the men displayed their skill with the rifle at the shooting-match, when a turkey or a quarter of beef would he the prize for the best shot. So important and well known a custom did this become that "at shooting-match time" became a method of reckoning time.

How much the legends and traditions and presences belonging to the unseen world had to do with the ancestors of these peoples who came out of the north country, and to what extent life was shaped in the hard conditions of the primeval forests, peopled with the nymphs of the woods will never be known; but we do know that the German farmers were close observers of signs and seasons and firm believers in the efficacy of the moon and in the signs of the Zodiac. Certain seeds must be planted on the "increase" of the moon, others on the "decrease." Meat should be killed on the "increase" so as to prevent shrinkage. Potatoes, turnips, and all vegetables which grew in the ground should not be planted at the same time as those which grow above the ground, such as cabbage and beans. Certainly, all did not agree as to which should be planted on the "increase" and on the "decrease," but that did not invalidate the proposition contained in the premises.

Hidden sayings known only to a few who would not disclose the secret, and occasional incantations possessed rare virtue for some. One champion turnip grower was said to use an incantation of virtue in casting the seed, resulting in a fourfold quantity. Each time he threw a a hand he used the following:

Some for the pug,
Some for the fly;
Some for the debil,
And in comes I!

From this life lived and the modes of thoughts cherished by these hardy pioneers of the foothills came the later order. In any estimate of the aftertimes, due consideration and special regard must be had for German conservatism and Scotch tenacity, both of which entered into the social and industrial and religious order in which George Washington Ivey spent his youth and the major portion of his later years.

Without an effort to be exhaustive, evidences may be cited of the stirring of a new life in North Carolina during the three decades (1830-1860) prior to the Civil War. The leadership of Calvin H. Wiley ushered in a new day for the public schools and the beginning of Wake Forest and Davidson and Trinity gave the denominational college a place hitherto unknown. The establishment of institutions for the deaf and dumb and for the blind told of a finer humanitarian spirit, and the organization of the Baptist State Convention and of the North Carolina Conference indicated a sense of religions unity and a desire for increased effectiveness in doing the work so urgent. Efforts at manufacturing, increased activity in gold mining and soil surveys, and the organization of a State Agricultural Society gave promise of industrial advance. The development of railroads-- the first being chartered in 1833 -- of plank-roads, of mountain roads, and of navigation companies looked to better transportation facilities. Still, the provisions for ministering to the general life of the people were woefully inadequate. Though by the middle of the year 1848, the South, by its own energies had erected a telegraph line from Baltimore to Montgomery via Petersburg, Raleigh, Charleston and Macon, the telegraph counted for practically nothing, and the

railroad amounted to little more than a prophecy in 1850 -- the year young George Washington Ivey joined the South Carolina Conference.

In the entire first half of the nineteenth century, therefore, North Carolina knew well the hard conditions of life and much of the pioneer spirit. The ancient order held sway and the old conditions fettered the efforts of the more enterprising in life and progressive in thought, especially in the more secluded sections such as Montgomery and Stanly counties where the hills slept and the Yadkin rolled its waters to the sea as in the days when the pioneers awoke the echoes as they set the slughorn to their lips and blew the challenge.

So, in the early days of the subject of this sketch, railroads were not yet, and the shallow streams did not permit of boats. Wagons were the only means of communication with the older sections of the coast towns, such as Norfolk, Fayetteville and Charleston. Life was lived largely independent of the world at large. Utterly impossible, therefore, would it be to estimate properly George Washington Ivey apart from the very warp and woof of this life. To be a citizen of the world at home under any sky, living aloof from the people of his time, little identified with any special spot of earth could not be with one such as he, so genuinely one with the rural life of Western North Carolina. Birth, breeding, temperament and labor made him an organic part of the people among whom he spent his many fruitful years. Every fiber of his being, all the processes of his mind, and the movements of his body accorded well with the motto of the Old North State: esse quam videri. A genuineness free from gloss and pretense marked all the goings of his feet, and made effective appeal to those who knew him best.

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03 -- CIRCUIT-RIDERS OF HEROIC MOLD

No just and adequate estimate of the real contribution of the Methodist circuit-rider to American life can ever be made. The efforts of these men were so largely spent in the obscure and the out-of-the-way places, and their record is so wholly unwritten and so absent from the annals of the nation that the world will never know. But enough of their doings have been recognized and the harvest of their sowings is so abundant that we are beginning to build monuments to their memory and to erect statutes in honor of the men on horseback.

The spirit cherished, the example set, and the traditions left by the early circuit-riders have proven to be a rich legacy for all American Methodism. In every nook and corner of the land from the Atlantic Seaboard to the far away Pacific has this heritage been cherished, but nowhere has it proven of more force and done quite so much in giving shape and color to later achievements as in the wide stretch of country covered in the long career of George Washington Ivey, who grew up in the valley of the Yadkin. The traditions of the former days have come down to the present generation, the examples of those early heroes are still used to rebuke the softness and self-complacency of present-day itinerants, and the call comes over and over again for a return to the spirit of the fathers. Young Ivey grew to manhood in a region rich with the spirit and the traditions of the Methodist seed-sowers since the days of Francis Asbury and, in a most effective way, did he reincarnate these and make them live again among a people not unmindful of the brave days of old.

The whole source of the Yadkin and of the Pedee, as it is known in South Carolina, was covered in the early days by the Yadkin, the Salisbury and the Pedee circuits. The Yadkin Circuit, formed in 1780, extended from the Blue Ridge to the South Carolina line. The Salisbury Circuit was severed from the Yadkin in 1783. The Pedee Circuit appears in the minutes for the first time in 1786, and it embraced the lower Yadkin and Pedee valleys, though the preachers of this circuit ranged as far north as Salisbury. So, this Montgomery section of the State knew of the labors of all those early pioneers who were appointed to these early wide-extended circuits in the days when the itinerants knew no limits in their labors save the extent of human habitation.

Jesse Lee and Isaac Smith were on the Salisbury circuit in 1784; Joshua Hartley and Hope Hull in 1785, with Richard Ivey, Elder. In 1786, Jeremiah Maston and Hope Hull were on the Pedee, with Beverly Allen, Elder. Others such as Henry Ringham, Reuben Ellis, and Daniel Asbury, of whom the world was not worthy, could be mentioned; but these are enough to indicate the character of the early Methodist seed-sowers in the valley of the Yadkin, making possible the rich, full harvest of these last times.

Three of the names among the many of the Methodist pioneers who scattered the gospel seeds along the by-ways and in the backwoods of Western Carolina may be considered somewhat typical. These are Beverly Allen, with an inevitably early ending of his career; Jesse Lee, destined to fill a notable place in Methodist history, and Daniel Asbury, who through his descendants, as well as by his labors, made the future his debtor. These differed widely in the life lived and in the work done and in the record left, whereby they became typical, and, certainly, one like Beverly Allen did not set an example to be followed; still men of this mold rebuke with fine scorn and fierce indignation selfish ease and lagging enthusiasm.

With mingled emotions of admiration and pity for the brilliant young preacher of striking appearance and unusual popularity, do we mention the name of Beverly Allen. He could win his way wherever he went and gain a hearing among all. He managed to carry on an extended correspondence with Mr. Wesley, and for a brief time did an excellent work, but like not a few others, he proved apostate and went out into the night. Though energetic, a man of ideals and amazingly popular, his career could have none other than a tragic ending. Being without poise or patience, unduly self-centered and overflowing with egotism, chafing under restraint and neglectful of the work assigned him, the crash came. He broke with church regulations, later discarded ethical demands, and finally lifted his hand in defiance against the officer of the law.

This man organized the first society in Salisbury, the next year laid the foundations of Methodism in the valley of the Cape Fear, then along the Pedee in 1785, and through the later years of that eventful decade preached to the multitudes that flocked about him in South Carolina and Georgia.

A glimpse of Allen in the early days of his meteoric career is given us by a charter member of the Salisbury Society, and it also affords some idea of how little the Methodists were known in 1783.

Soon after my return to Salisbury, at the close of the war, it was announced that there would be preaching in a schoolhouse by a new kind of people, called Methodists. I knew nothing about that people, either good or bad, but rejoiced at the prospect of hearing the gospel. I went early expecting to see a minister resembling the old parsons; but judge of my surprise, when instead of a stout, good looking, finely dressed gentleman with gown and surplice, in silk stockings and silver buckles, in walked a slender, delicate young man, dressed in homespun, cotton jeans. Though plainly attired, I perceived in his countenance unusual solemnity and goodness.

Another type of man and character of different mold meets us in Jesse Lee. "Apostle of Methodism to New England," the first Methodist historian, a bishop in all the essential elements of his being, having barely escaped election to this high office, Jesse Lee lives as one of the great men of his day, and the receding years detract nothing from the reputation he has sustained for more than a century. Of courtly bearing and commanding presence, abounding in wit and richly endowed with a wide range of intellectual gifts, he was accustomed to a cordial welcome in any circle. New England, however, gave him a cold reception. On the Salisbury Circuit, then more extensive than several Presiding Elders' districts of today, Jesse Lee met with fine success and became an inspiration to those who came after him.

Of ready wit and fine at repartee, enjoying this in others as well as in himself, many stories continue the rounds illustrating this characteristic of the versatile Lee who could always take care of himself. He is said to have enjoyed the following at his expense:

He, with some other preachers, came up to a farmhouse about dinner time. It was the harvest season. The gentleman of the house had some of his neighbors helping him cut wheat that day and, a bountiful dinner had been prepared for the harvest hands. But the hungry preachers were seated at the table first, and did full justice to the dinner prepared for the harvesters. When the men from the wheat-fields got to the table there was a look of disappointment in their faces, but one of them with much gravity asked a blessing "Oh Lord, look down on us poor sinners, for the preachers have come and eat up our dinners."

Daniel Asbury differed from Allen and Lee. He was a genuine pioneer of heroic mold with the burning fires in his soul. Few have had a better discipline or a finer spirit for the making of a pioneer circuit-rider than did Daniel Asbury.

Rev. A. W. Plyler in "The Early Circuit-Riders" gives this brief summary of his experiences:

At the age of sixteen, Daniel Asbury went from his childhood home in Fairfax County, Virginia, to Kentucky, where he was captured by a band of Shawnee Indians and carried to the far west. After five weary years in captivity, subjected to the hardships and deprivations of savage life, he escaped and hastened on the long, dangerous journey to his Virginia home, where even his mother failed to recognize her lost son, whom she mourned as dead.

By this time the Methodist pioneers had entered the neighborhood of his father's home. Through their instrumentality Daniel was converted and became a Methodist preacher. In 1786 he joined the itinerant ranks and after a year each on the Amelia and Halifax circuits, was sent as a

missionary along the banks of the French Broad River, Daniel Asbury was the first circuit rider to enter the wild solitudes of those beautiful mountains.

At that time the white settlers were few. Only two years before in 1786, John Weaver, the father of Jacob and Montreville Weaver, and the first settler on Reims Creek, had reached his new home in that delightful valley. When Daniel Asbury traveled among those mountains, all the men in that section of the type of John Weaver could have been counted on the fingers of two hands. The majority of the people were as rough and wild as the savage tribes among whom they dwelt. As a consequence, Daniel Asbury suffered innumerable hardships. The chronicler tells us, "He was often forced to subsist solely on cucumbers, or a piece of cold bread, without the luxury of a bowl of milk or a cup of coffee. His ordinary diet was fried bacon and corn bread, his bed clapboards laid on poles supported by rude forks driven into the earthen floor of a log cabin."

By the time Daniel Asbury in 1789 reached his new field west of the Catawba River, his personal experiences with pioneer and savage life had been such that the petty persecutions encountered in the foothills of North Carolina did not disturb him in the least. But the man who had defied the Indian's tomahawk and luckily escaped the scalping knife of the savage, fell an early victim to Cupid's arrows.

The young circuit-rider, as was the custom in those days with those who married, located and made his home in the neighborhood of Rehoboth, the first Methodist Church erected in North Carolina west of the Catawba River. But during these years in the local relation Daniel Asbury was a power for God, in the planting of Methodism in all that foothill country. After nine years he again entered the itinerant ranks and continued actively in the work until age and feebleness necessitated his retirement. At that time, too feeble to attend conference, in his last letter to the Conference at Fayetteville in 1824, he is dreaming of being allowed to do missionary work in the Catawba District..

Men of this stripe lived in example and were cherished in the traditions of Methodism, and these must be weighed and measured in estimating the forces that made the man whom we are considering.

Randalls is probably the earliest preaching place in the Montgomery section. Asbury makes mention of Randalls. So does Jesse Lee, in his journal, mention John Randall's and also C. Ledbetter's. Three miles from this ancient preaching-place near the Yadkin is Zoar, the church of the Iveys and the Shankles. In the early days, a log meeting-house -- supplanted twice by buildings of later date -- became the gathering place of the Methodists in this section of Stanly.

We may be sure, then, that Zoar in those far-off days was rich with the traditions of the doings of Asbury and Lee, of Allen and Hope Hull, of whom Doctor Coke speaks in admiration, saying, "Mr. Hull is young, but is indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of souls." Yea, more than the early impress of these distinguished itinerants was left in this region, for in this field labored many men of might following the organization of Episcopal Methodism in Baltimore in 1785.

True, the heroic labors of the early Methodist preachers do not tell the whole story in this region so indelibly marked by the footprints of the circuit-riders who went everywhere preaching and singing and calling sinners to repentance. Before the zealous gospel-rangers on horseback came were the Presbyterians, who established schools and churches, and, also, the Germans with their Bibles and hymn books and catechisms, who held fast to the religion of their fathers. These established themselves at certain centers and did a pioneer work for religion and education. But they did not, however, keep pace with the people who spread abroad wherever land could be had and opportunity offered. Consequently in wide stretches of the country educational facilities were poor, gospel privileges few, and the Bible largely an unknown book.

Almost every man of any means had a whiskey still, all classes drank, and the usual degradation followed. People were ignorant, superstitious and given over to viscous living. Too often they were left to themselves only to sink lower in their ignorance, superstition and crime.

Rev. Brantley York (1805-1891), the blind preacher-teacher, a real circuit-rider in education as he went into the villages and into the backwoods of North Carolina and beyond, in churches and in log cabins, organizing and teaching his grammar classes that youth and age might know the principles of the mother tongue, gives in his Autobiography a glimpse of the social and moral and religions conditions known to him in the days of his youth. The communities portrayed become the more interesting because they are typical of the times.

Of Bush Creek neighborhood in Randolph County in which the first twelve years of his life were passed, he records the following:

There were few or no educated persons in that community, and not only were they ignorant, but exceedingly superstitious. Superstition has frequently been termed the twin sister of ignorance, but I am strongly inclined to think that she is rather the daughter than the sister. There may be ignorant persons not superstitious, but the superstitious are almost invariably ignorant.

The people of this neighborhood believed in witchcraft, ghost-seeing, haunted houses and fortune-telling. They attributed wonderful, if not supernatural powers, to creatures of their imaginations -- witches. They believed that a witch could transform herself into any animal she chose, whether beast or bird. They also attributed to a witch the power to creep through a key-hole; by the magic of a certain bridle, called the witch's bridle, she could change any person on whom she could place it, into a horse; and then what is more remarkable, both could come out through a key-hole, and, being mounted, she could ride this remarkable horse wherever she chose, nor could such an animal assume its identity till the bridle was removed.

From this superstitious belief in witches arose a class of impostors, called witch-doctors. They made the people believe by certain mysterious operations, that they could break the witchcraft and thus relieve the unfortunate ones from the influence of the much dreaded witch; and, in order to be sure of their pay for these machinations, they pretended they could do nothing without being paid a certain amount of silver.

The people also believed that a witch or wizard was proof against leaden balls shot from a rifle, but could not stand before a silver bullet. They believed moreover that these witches could

put spells on guns, so that the object aimed at could never be hit while such spells remained unbroken, but for all these evils they had some remedy, for they believed that there were some persons among them who possessed the peculiar art of breaking these spells.

When the neighbors came together, the most prominent topic of conversation was relating some remarkable witch tales, ghost stories and conjurations of various kinds; and so interesting were these stories that the conversation often continued to a very late hour at night. Often have I sat and listened to these stories till it seemed to me that each hair upon my head resembled a quill of a porcupine. I was afraid to go out of doors, afraid to go to bed alone, and almost afraid of my own shadow.

There were persons who professed to be fortune tellers, and as people are generally anxious to know their future destiny, they were willing to pay these impostors for unfolding to them the future. They could tell a young man the color of the hair, eyes, skin, and many other minutiae of the girl who was to be his wife, and describe with much exactness the kind of man each girl would have for a husband. When it was known where one of these fortune tellers would operate, the house would generally be crowded throughout the day -- so anxious were the people to know what neither themselves nor the fortune teller could know. I recollect on one occasion an old, yellow man, by the name of Bass, professing to be a Portuguese, called at my father's. He claimed not only to be a great fortune teller, but he could also unfold the mystery of finding stolen or lost property; besides, he professed the peculiar power of breaking all spells and witchcraft with which persons or animals might be afflicted. The news having spread through the community, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and the whole day was spent in fortune telling, breaking witchcraft, and removing spells. Late in the evening, when he had disposed of most of the cases, my parents brought me up to have my fortune told. I did all I could to prevent it, but yet I was compelled to submit, and the old man took up his parable, with considerable pomp and gravity, and said, "This is no ordinary boy, he will be a ringleader, but a leader to all kinds of wickedness, such as card-playing, horse-racing, and every species of gambling, and finally," said he, "he will end his ignominious career on the gallows." Poor consolation to my parents and friends to know my destiny. This was a source of vexation to me as long as I remained in my father's family; for whenever I did anything mischievous or wrong, I would hear the stereotyped expression, "There, old Bass's predictions are coming true."

Later, the York family moved to the northern part of Randolph where Trinity College more than a quarter of a century later began its wonderful work. At that time (1820), the conditions were anything but favorable for establishing an educational institution whose motto is Eruditio et Religio; but education and religion does its transforming work. This man, who, during seventy busy years preached and lectured more than eight thousand times and had under his tuition more than fifteen thousand pupils, saw a marvelous transformation in his own community. The prospect was by no means pleasing or filled with promise, according to the Autobiography:

I have never known any community or neighborhood more completely demoralized than was this. Very few of the heads of the families made any pretensions to religion or morality and the light of those that did appeared to be under a bushel; for I never heard a blessing asked at the table or a prayer offered in any family, either by night or morning. Preaching was seldom, prayer-meetings never, nor was there any such thing as Sunday School. Sabbaths were desecrated,

for the young people would frequently assemble together on Sunday to play at cards or to engage in some game of diversion. Books were circulated among them which were of the most vulgar and demoralizing character, and eagerly read, especially by the young men and large boys. Though a preacher lived in the neighborhood, and also an exhorter, however religious they may have been personally, they, like Eli of old, utterly failed to restrain their children. Few and feeble were the checks to the downward course of the youth of both sexes. The Athenians in the days of Saint Paul were not perhaps more truly devoted to the worship of idols than were the young people of this neighborhood to the worship of the god of pleasure; for they held weekly two dance frolics, on Wednesday and Friday nights, and as all came who chose without regard to character or morality, it may be safely inferred that these frolics were very disorderly and demoralizing. But a change came, and the cause of the change was not a little remarkable. Some minister preached on Sunday previous to the Wednesday night dance, and Miss Ester Morgan, who was an expert in dancing, was convicted. But she concealed her state of mind even from her father, who was a member of the church, and also an exhorter. The Wednesday night dance came on, when several young men called at Mr. Morgan's to gallant the girls to the frolic. Miss Ester, however, manifested an unwillingness to go, but being importuned and pressed, she consented and went.

The party having assembled and ready to commence, the young men began to select their partners, but Miss Ester refused to dance with any. This doubtless was surprising to all, but when they commenced their exercise and the music began, she dropped upon her knees and began praying aloud. This was to the party as a clap of thunder in a clear sky, and perhaps, if an earthquake had shaken the house, the alarm would not have been greater, for a greater part of them left the house and fled as for life. The fiddler fled for home and some two or three with him, and one that was with him made the following statement to me: "We went over fences and through cornfields, taking the nearest way for home, and as I heard the blades of corn cracking behind me, I felt certain the Devil was right after me, and on reaching the door of the house, we didn't wait for any one to open, but broke down the door and jumped into bed and covered up head and ears without pulling shoes, hat, coat or a rag of clothes off, and were almost afraid to breathe, lest the Devil should hear us in our concealment." Only a few had courage enough to stand their ground. These sent for the young lady's father and some other members of the church and so the dance frolic was turned into a prayer-meeting, and just before day the young lady was converted.

So dance frolics ended and prayer-meetings began. A revival of religion spread over all that community, and nearly all the young people of both sexes professed religion and joined the church.

Religion flourished and schools revived, for they generally go hand in hand. This neighborhood (the neighborhood of Trinity College), has for more than a half century been distinguished for religion, morality and learning.

The religious apathy and social demoralization found in North Carolina following the Revolution resulted from more than a hundred years of religious indifference and neglect As early as 1672, George Fox:, founder of the Quakers, visited the colony in the Albemarle section; in Pasquotank, now Camden, 1727, the first Baptist Church was organized; in 1758, Rev. Alexander Craighead, the first minister in all that beautiful section between the Yadkin and the Catawba, accepted a call to Rocky River Presbyterian Church; and, from the first, missionaries were sent

over from England who made spasmodic efforts to evangelize; but all the efforts of the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and of the Lutherans among the Germans proved wonderfully inadequate. The masses of the people were wicked and indifferent, and those in high life did little more than patronize religion. Consequently, ignorance, superstition and crime held high carnival while the belief in goblins and ghosts and spooks filled with terror the hypersensitive and the dread of witches made life a burden.

Into these conditions and among this people who, in many communities, were without schools and some of whose children had not seen a preacher or a schoolteacher, came the early Methodist circuit-riders preaching present pardon and full salvation for every child of Adam without money and without price. That all may be saved and that when a man is saved he will know it found glad utterance and wickedness, without regard to rank or station, received fiercest denunciation. Criticized by Churchman, Calvinist and Quaker, with their message of free salvation for all, they rode on, and they continue to ride.

Strange, indeed, sounded those earnest, scriptural appeals made to conscience by the Methodist circuit-riders. The people flocked by the thousand to hear them; some would scoff, others would remain to pray. Private houses, barns, schoolhouses and the groves became the gathering places for the multitudes to hear these men who, in the face of calm indifference and actual opposition, showed such extraordinary faith and heroic undertakings, such untiring labors and dauntless hardihood. The stirring messages in song and sermon, and the shouts and the testimony of the saved caught the ear of many and filled the land with eager expectation. The doings of those days left their impress, and the spirit of the times and the traditions of the early victories have not become a spent force. The advocates of the old-time camp meeting days and the men who glorify the doings of the years gone can yet be found through all Western North Carolina. Truly, the first half of the nineteenth century proved to be through all that country the palmy days for the old-time Methodist preacher and his colaborers, found among the men mighty in prayer and exhortation.

So, it may be said with the assurance of certitude that forces and influences and traditions arising out of heredity and environment and the incidents of the decades lay back of and gave significance to the wonderful career of the young Carolinian of so pure a stock who joined the South Carolina Conference at Wadesboro in 1850.

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04 -- ON THE UNBROKEN JOURNEY

The effort in the previous chapters to indicate the quality of the Ivey ancestry and the setting out in some detail the character of the foothill pioneers, as well as emphasizing the nature of the religious forces at work, finds justification in the very nature of the situation. The whole is so organically related and so genetically vital a part of the later product that no proper estimate can be made of this itinerant on the unbroken journey apart from these elemental forces.

In the brief survey of the striking character of the country and the notable quality of the people for a hundred years before young Ivey reached his majority, enough has appeared to

indicate the shaping quality of such an environment. The life-currents from across the water found channels along which flowed the stream of the later years. In a most real way had the abundant life of this vigorous and resolute Carolinian been touched by the hand of English, German, Scotch and Irish. Quickened by the enthusiasm of the devoted followers of John Wesley and fashioned in the matrix of the most genuine rural life, the unsophisticated young countryman began the unbroken journey.

One more indifferent to the glamour that might gather along a hereditary line and more unconcerned about the honor that arises out of life's relationships could not be found. Mr. Ivey gave no attention to pedigree and cared naught for position. The titles and emoluments of earth did not disturb this child of a King. Moreover, this unconcern so consummate in its neglect of all family records and personal estimates has proven to be a serious handicap in this effort at character portrayal.

The early years of George Washington Ivey have not been marked with carefully set milestones. No detailed account of the boy's conversion is available. With his father an exhorter, sought for as assistant in revivals because he was mighty in prayer, and his uncle, Levi Shankle, a local preacher of influence, we may be sure at early impressions were made and an early surrender secured; and that the boy in youth joined old Zoar. Would we knew how much the early traditions of Jesse Lee and of Hope Hull, and the prayers and exhortations of his sacred kin, had to do with securing that direct and familiar way, George Washington Ivey had of talking with his Heavenly Father.

Following the usual rounds of a country boy in those days, working on the farm in season and attending the country schools a few months in winter, young Ivey grew to manhood. Like unto so many others, regrets were his because of the want of early advantages; though letters written soon after he joined conference show that he wrote well and expressed himself with point and accuracy.

Benjamin Ivey owned slaves, the names of Black Betty, Rufus, Mile, Lloyd, Wyatt, and Ned having come down to us, but this did not relieve his children from the obligation to do full work. The conditions on the small farms were different from that on the big plantations of the South, so we may be sure that George with the other children, made good use of those years at home on the farm. Deprived of High School and College, no little compensation came in the recurrent calls to do his part in the midst of growing plants and maturing grain. Hard work in the open, reinforced by a virile heredity, secured for him a sound mind in a strong body. Added to this was the practical knowledge gained in meeting the varied demands on a farm, to say nothing of the wide range of information gathered by the stocky, red-faced boy among the birds and beasts and reptiles in the woods along the Yadkin. All this did much to fit him for a notable career among the plain people of North Carolina. With fine intuition knew he the thoughts and feelings of the average man, and with consummate skill could this circuit-rider drive home a truth by some apt incident of his own observation.

Any one who once heard "Uncle Ivey" tell of the man so pressed for time that God and religious duties had no place could not forget. A member of his church did not have time to go to meeting. When the "big meeting" was on he continued to plow near the church; when importuned to

come out to the meeting, the man insisted that he did not have time to go to preaching. The devoted and faithful pastor pleaded with him and urged that he give God a little time; but to no purpose, for he could not afford it. "What do you think happened," said Uncle Ivey, with a startled look of surprise and unexpected astonishment, "before six months, that man actually took time on a pretty day, the first of the week, in the busiest time of the year, when he was behind with his work, yes, he actually took time, (would you have thought it?) to lie down and die."

From the country home, still standing, six miles southeast of Albemarle, N. C., in which George Washington Ivey first faced the morning of life's day, to the honored grave on the hillside, sloping to the sunrise, at Lenoir, N. C., lie seventy-four notable years. Fifty-two of them, without a break, were spent on circuits. In 1900, he missed one appointment, the first on account of sickness in thirty-four years. Up to the last, that fine business enterprise and fervent evangelistic zeal, so noble, through all the years, knew no abatement, attested by the forty-three added to the church and the hitherto unknown record of the circuit's paying out in full on missions. A Sir Galahad was he among the noble and heroic men on horseback who have borne the burden and heat of the day on the country circuits of our Methodism. This knightly soul, who allowed nothing to stay his steps or to divert his course, rides well to the front in the ranks of the true successors of Francis Asbury.

To follow, even in skeleton outline, a man for fifty-two years on the road would carry us beyond the limits allowed. Doings by decades can scarcely find a place in this narrative. We would, however, make brief note of the first ten years of George Washington Ivey in the South Carolina Conference (1850-1860), for these seem to be the years in which he was finding himself as an itinerant Methodist preacher, and most unconsciously setting the pace for the after decades.

Our young circuit-rider served as Junior preacher, Union, 1851; Edgefield, 1852; Waterloo, 1853; Pendleton, 1855; as Preacher in Charge, McDowell, 1854; Monroe, 1856-57; Morganton, 1858-59; Marion, S. C., 1860. During this, his first decade, prior to the Civil War, he was ordained Deacon, January 9, 1853, by Bishop Capers; and Elder, November --, 1854, by Bishop Pierce. On November 7, 1855, he married Selina R. Neal of McDowell. These dates indicate the years the young preacher was assigned to labor with his seniors and then allowed to try his apprenticed hand on tasks of his own as he does the work of the Conference Course and starts on the "long walk" with the gracious and helpful companion of all his after years.

A letter, the last before his marriage, written to the bride-elect two weeks before the coming event, is phrased with characteristic reserve but filled with a tender and loving devotion.

Another letter, dated Monroe, North Carolina, December 24, 1855, written to his young wife at Albemarle, North Carolina, tells of his first round on the Monroe Circuit. This missive breathes the tenderest love and intimates the painful sacrifice of separation from his bride of six weeks, as he foregoes the pleasures of the Christmas time and the fellowship with his "home folks" in a loyal effort to do the work assigned him. But these demands, domestic and festive, did not constrain this young circuit-rider to loiter in the path of duty or, for a pretense personal, to neglect a round on his circuit. Strikingly significant becomes this incident in the golden glow of his life's sunset.

One need not overtax the imagination to form some general conception of the hard, exacting labor of the modest, untrained young preacher on these big circuits in a day when all were expected to endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross. Doubtless, his abiding interest in young preachers and his consideration for them continued to reinforce the memory of his own experiences in those trying years.

"My first work," writes Rev. R. M. Hoyle of the Western North Carolina Conference, "after being received on trial was Columbus Mission; Brother Ivey was on the Rutherford Circuit, my nearest neighbor. The District was large and I did not often see my Presiding Elder; but I carried all my problems to "Uncle Ivey," who always had a solution and the right solution for all the problems that presented themselves in the life of a preacher. Two years later, I was on the South Fork Circuit; Brother Ivey was on the Newton Circuit, ten miles away, so again my adviser was near and I used him as before. It was a real pleasure to him to help a boy who needed help."

One more incident out of many may be given illustrative of this helpful trait of "Uncle Ivey." Rev. T. A. Boon, who went to heaven in 1911, bears this testimony: "He touched my life at the threshold of my young manhood with a magic wand of a few words that have largely shaped my course of life. The few words spoken in a tender 'Good-bye' one morning more than fifty years ago, abide with me to this moment."

During the period of the Civil War, George Washington Ivey served Lincolton 1861-62; Shelby, 1863-65. Rev. S. M. Davis of the Western North Carolina Conference, then a boy, remembers the "large, well-fed, itinerant mule" which their preacher drove. He adds: "Brother Ivey was a noble boy with the other boys." Further testimony from the same source is "He was always a most welcomed visitor in our home and in the Cleveland homes because his visits were of the best pastoral type, giving pleasure and spiritual profit to all the family."

The memory of boyhood days when "Uncle Ivey" was on the Stateville Circuit corroborates the testimony given. Life's sun had then passed its zenith but none of his attractiveness for an eager, alert boy had gone. His deft touch made simple incidents both ludicrous and amusing and all too short the hours for the boys who must needs hie away to bed, though they went with sides aching from excessive laughter. In an evening, when at his best, enough fun would gather about this quick-witted itinerant to make a racy volume could the elusive touches and rare wit have found place on the printed page.

One experience or incident would call for another as the hours ran away. The bare outline of one or two still fresh in memory will illustrate: The road had been long and rough and weary. Between deep gulleys, over hills and across streams, the good, trusty steed jogged on. Yielding to an old habit of crouching down in the seat of his sulky, the weary circuit-rider settled himself for a doze. Semi-conscious, oblivious to all save when a wheel dropped into a rut or tilted over a stone, the somnolent traveler continued his journey. Finally, no one knows how long, life became a blank. "The next thing I knew," with that indescribable tone and air of his, said he, "I was in the bottom of a deep gulley, the sulky on top of me and the horse on his back with feet in the air, unable to get up."

"This experience taught me a lesson," continued "Uncle Ivey" as he illustrated: One hot, sultry afternoon as a big country dinner was taking effect, his eyes grew heavy. Passing a newly built house on the roadside with a work-bench in the yard and shavings knee deep all around, the thought occurred to him that now is the time and the place. So he turned aside, tied his horse to a tree, crawled under the bench and lay down for a good, quiet nap. Just then the thought struck him, "Some one will see me in this fix and go off and tell it that old man Ivey was asleep in the shavings under a work-bench, sleeping off a drunk." At once every wink of sleep left him and nothing remained but to resume his journey, but he went resolved "never to be caught in suspicious places."

Through the years we have cherished the feeling that the primal motive in the turn given the incident was to teach a needed lesson in a day when grog-shops were at every crossroads and drunken men often down by the roadside.

In season and out of season, this minister of the Gospel and lover of his fellow-men did the work assigned him. He would reprove, rebuke and exhort in the most apostolic fashion and with all the tact at his command try to lead men into a better way. Once in a little group of men he used the chimney of a new dwelling to reprove a member of his church for profane speech. He said to the offending brother: "What would you think, if on passing this house on tomorrow morning, you would see props against the chimney apparently holding it up?" "I would think the job shoddy and that the chimney would fall," replied the man. "I think your conclusion correct," asserted the preacher and pastor. "Now, what would be my conclusion and the conclusion of these brethren if, after you had told us a plain, pleasing story or some unexpected news, you would use ugly words and swear it was so?"

Never did the Master by wayside and on mountainside show a devotion to his mission and enjoy a fellowship with his Father other than that displayed by this devoted disciple who in times of peace and in days of war, remained true to the one work of his life. Would that we had fuller details of what he passed through in the days of the Civil War.

Only those who passed through the great Civil War can begin to know the sufferings of the people of the South. Many families had every male member in the army with no other means of support but their labor. The women were left to plow the fields and gather what harvest they could. Along with the direct tax came the tax in kind which bore heaviest upon the people and proved to be the most unpopular. By January, 1864, 3,000,000 pounds of bacon, 75,000 tons of hay and fodder, 70,000 bushels of wheat, to say nothing of other produce valued at $150,000, had been collected from the people of North Carolina.

The lack of transportation facilities often left one section to suffer because supplies could not be transported to places where they were most needed. In many places, the crops were good and food abundant, while in others the people were on the verge of starvation. An equitable distribution of the existing resources would have given no little relief to a suffering people.

The impressment and foraging by detachments of Confederate troops, the bringing in of large numbers of horses which were turned out to rest and fatten, and the exchanging of worn-out horses for good ones by the troops as they passed through worked untold hardship, particularly, in

the western part of the State. In one of his letters of protest, Governor Vance wrote: "If God Almighty had in store yet another plague for the Egyptians, worse than all others, I am sure it must have been a regiment or so of half-armed, half-disciplined Confederate cavalry."

Wherever the invading armies touched, the country was stripped bare of everything of value that could be carried away and oftentimes, as along the line of Sherman's march, the holdings of the citizens were wantonly destroyed. The fields lay waste with no one to till them and no resources to restore them. A heroic and self-sacrificing people were left to struggle and to suffer.

In The Last Ninety Days of the War, Mrs. Spencer testifies, "In North Carolina, families of the highest respectability and refinement lived for months on cornbread, sorghum and peas. Meat was seldom on the table, tea and coffee never; dried apples and peaches were a luxury. Children went barefoot through the winter, and ladies made their own shoes and wove their own homespuns; carpets were cut into blankets, and window curtains and sheets were torn up for hospital use; soldiers' socks were knit day and night, while for home service, clothes were turned twice and patches were patched again."

Of the pitiable social and economic condition of the freedmen, of the prostrate economic condition of the State, when every bank was forced into liquidation after the repudiation of the war debt, and of the fearful nightmare of crime and violence during Reconstruction days, we need not write more than to say that no section escaped and no industry or calling went free. The ministers of the Gospel not only knew the pinch of poverty with the rest, but also had to contend with the bitterness and the hate engendered by Civil War and kept alive by the ruthlessness shown towards the vanquished.

The four years (1866-1869) immediately following the war and in the very heat of Reconstruction times find our itinerant in the vigor of a lusty manhood serving the first of three quadrenniums in and around Lenoir. This, in all probability, was the brightest spot in all of his itinerant journeyings and came nearer being home to the family which knew no settled habitation.

The impressions made on a boy at Blair's schoolhouse, now Cedar Valley Church, by the new preacher, his first year on the Lenoir Circuit, are recalled by Rev. H. M. Blair, Editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate: "The school let out for church service. Soon the new preacher rode up, strong, vigorous, ruddy, in manhood's prime, wearing leggings extending well above the knees, he dismounted and tied his fine horse. After shaking hands with those standing around, with saddlebags on his arm, he walked in and announced a hymn. The tones of the voice and the manner of the man seemed strange to the boy; but before the service closed the new preacher had won, not only the boy, but the entire congregation. The grip tightened with the years."

Another of the same circuit, who also joined the church under this popular preacher, was Rev. D. H. Tuttle of the North Carolina Conference. Note his striking words: "With him punctuality was proverbial. 'Uncle Ivey' was there when he said he would be there, both in personal and public appointments. He did not stand around before or after preaching. With saddle bags on his arm, he walked from horse to pulpit, speaking courteously and shaking hands with those near and others who came to him. After preaching he mingled more freely with the people,

inquiring after the sick and infirm. Soon he was off to dinner with some member of the congregation, sometimes to a well-to-do home, sometimes to a poor one."

Much the same record was made and a like character sustained the thirty-two years following these first two decades mentioned. The average periods of service became longer. 1870-72, Morganton; 1873-76, Lenoir; 1877-80, Rock Springs; 1881, Clinton; 1882, Rutherfordton; 1883-85; Newton; 1886-87, Iredell; 1888-89, Statesville; 1890, Leesburg; 1891-94, Newton; 1895-9 7, Rutherfordton; 1898-01, Lenoir; 1902, Caldwell, his last. The more than half a century spent on circuits without a break was largely given to the region of the foothills of North Carolina, as becomes evident in this long list of appointments. But these dates do not contain the history of those toilsome days and months and years. That record is nowhere save in the achieves on high. The prayers and sermons and exhortations at camp-meetings, in little country churches, and out under the open heavens can never be gathered and given a place in any story, though they live on in lives made better and in the songs of the redeemed around the throne.

Experiences, ludicrous and humorous and, at times, pathetic, live in the traditions all along the meandering journey made by this indefatigable servant of Him who came with the more abundant life. One should not be allowed to perish.

In 1872 or 1873, Bishop Doggett visited Morganton on some connectional business of the church. The good Methodist people of Morganton persuaded him to stay over for a few days longer and preach for them at Mount Pleasant Camp Meeting, four miles from town. This he did to the delight of all, and expectation was keyed to a high pitch. A preacher with the standing of the celebrated Doggett did not come that way often. The message of his coming ran out across the hills far beyond the limits of Burke. The crowd on Sunday was immense and the eagerness to hear widespread. It was a high day at Mount Pleasant.

Tented on the ground was a man by the name of Erwin Coffey, and, in the language of "Uncle Ivey," "he was a great man to shout." Furthermore, in speaking of the man's shouting, "Uncle Ivey" said: "He had the strangest voice you ever heard. It would make the blood curdle in your veins to listen to him, and you would willingly give him a nickel to hush, if he would take it and hush."

On Sunday morning, knowing the character of the day before them with an unusual crowd and the marvelous preacher of the hour, "Uncle Ivey" took the old shouting brother to one side and asked to be allowed to make one request of him, which was readily agreed to. "Brother Coffey," said he, "you know how much you enjoy shouting, and when I preach you can shout just as much as you please, it doesn't affect me in the least; but the Bishop is going to preach today and I thought I would ask you to restrain your feelings all you can, for you might throw him off his line of thought."

By and by, the Bishop entered the stand, went through the usual preliminaries of the camp-meeting occasions, and then announced for his text, "Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones." Not many minutes had passed that Sunday morning hour at Mount Pleasant before it was plainly evident to all who knew that the good Bishop was at his best and they were destined to be lifted to the mountain top of vision that day. As the Bishop warmed up, with animated form and flashing eye,

the crowd was lost in the sweep of the occasion and the marvelous message of the preacher. "I concluded," said "Uncle Ivey," "to cut my eye and see how Brother Coffey was taking it; and when I looked around he was just swelling up like a pair of bellows."

Bishop Doggett continued to grow grander in his descriptions and in the sweep of feeling as the theme developed under the guidance of this master of the hour. Men had never heard it on this wise even from Doggett. Brother Coffey clutched the bench on which he sat with both his hands and held fast as the bellows heaved and the Bishop preached. "I kept my eye on Brother Coffey," continued "Uncle Ivey," "as the sermon reached its climax in a most graphic description; and I saw him when he grabbed his old beaver and shot out from under the arbor, and as he passed through the opening of the line of tents he let her fly (that peculiar voice of his), followed by the dogs of the tent holders mingling their barking with the shouting of the man with the strange voice." Brother Ivey was accustomed to add, "I never saw such a sight in all my life and the funniest part about it was that nobody understood it but myself. One thing I learned, never again to tell a man not to shout." To pass successfully through the Civil War, to endure the orgies of Reconstruction with all its misgivings and hate, and never to waver in the midst of all the hard times known in the South proved too much for many. These untoward conditions so widespread made exacting demands of a circuit-rider with a big family to rear. Often receiving less than $600 a year, the marvel of so many was how well "Uncle Ivey" got on. Perhaps Brother Tuttle states the secret: "'Let nothing be lost' was a life motto with him. Money, time, strength, anything of any measure of value was carefully saved and put to use. He was an example of economy. On no other basis could he have laid up enough to educate his sons and daughters."

Economy, industry, skill and good sense aided him in the secular side of life. The same principles that made him a successful preacher, pastor, friend and Christian worker entered into all earthly affairs with George Washington Ivey. He did not partition his life off into compartments. All life was a sacred obligation to him. In all things, he was in copartnership with God and in every way looked for God's blessings upon the efforts of his hands.

This faithful and industrious circuit-rider could do more than preach and pray and exhort, though few could do either of these quite so well as he. His versatility was marked. He could cook, were the family sick; mend shoes, did it become necessary; repair the parsonage, if the occasion demanded; and put the premises in shape, wherever he set his hand to the work. He always had a good garden, counting it needed economy to have a fine horse, a good cow, and the best garden in the community. He loved his garden and corn patch, and usually beat his neighbors to snap beans, roasting ears and tomatoes. he was industrious and a hard worker and never shirked the hardest part of any job in hand.

Naturally, a man so industrious, so genuine, so given to doing the hard and difficult tasks had a contempt for certain people who make a marvelous pretense and promise of performance. In a sermon he said: "The religion of some folks reminds me of a corn-stalk fire. While ablaze it makes you think it will burn the world down, but go to the place ten minutes later and you can't find a spark." This characterization is about as apt as that at another time when he said some members of the church reminded him of a wheelbarrow: "The only way you can get them to go is to get behind them and push them along."

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05 -- INCIDENTS AND ELEMENTS PERSONAL

The two men in North Carolina Methodism most alive in the traditions of the average man are William Closs and George W. Ivey. The one labored more largely in the east and the other in the west. In many respects, most unlike, they had some things in common. Both passed their three score years and ten and each rounded out practically a half century in the itinerant ministry, living in close touch with the average man and giving themselves without reserve to the one work of preaching the gospel. Neither left any writings of his own and not much that had been written by others remains of value in the way of character portrayal. But they have left a marvelous increment of tradition as to their lives and labors, and numerous stories abound illustrating the wise, the witty and the humorous in their careers.

It has been said that owing to his natural diffidence, Dr. Closs seemed to be unsocial and unapproachable and strangers regarded him as stern and austere. Mr. Ivey never left this impression. Though naturally diffident and somewhat reserved, no barrier hedged him about and none ever felt aloof in his presence. All classes came to feel that they knew him so intimately and so thoroughly that nothing lay hidden to isolate the life or to break the bonds of good fellowship. In the crowd, he talked little but all were anxious to get his every observation. So much good sense and fine humor often found expression in a sentence that none cared to let it slip. A group of preachers usually did the talking until "Uncle Ivey" volunteered an opinion; then all lent willing ears. A fresh and unexpected turn to the conversation or an apt sentence big with suggestiveness was expected. Here is one that fits well:

Rev. W. M. Robey of the North Carolina Conference filled a large place in his day and had quite a reputation as a preacher. In his younger days he was highly imaginative and at times indulged in over-wrought figures of speech. One occasion has become notable. It was at Mount Pleasant Camp Ground in Burke along in the seventies in the presence of a great company with a number of preachers in attendance. In the course of the sermon, the preacher with vivid description and telling rhetoric told of the final day when time should be no more. He described, in picturesque phrase, the mighty angel as he stood with his feet on the top of the Rockies with one wing touching the Atlantic and the other dipping in the Pacific as he pronounced the doom of the world.

The service ended, the crowd scattered, and the preachers were chatting in their tent as Brother Ivey sat pensive, looking into the fireplace where one had kindled a small blaze to take away the chillness of the mountain air. After a time, not having spoken or entered into the conversation of the preachers, he raised his head and drew a full breath as he smacked his lips together and observed, "Brethren, wasn't Robey's angel a whopper?"

"Uncle Ivey" came to be a standing denial of the old proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun." As a matter of fact, one of his own incidents cast a doubt in his own mind as to the validity of the ancient proverb. It runs thus: Passing one Monday along a mountain road on his return from his Sunday appointment, he chanced upon a company of people in a little country meeting-house holding a revival. He concluded to stop and see how the meeting was getting on. Up

at the front bench, they had half-a-dozen penitents down nearly prostrate on the floor with about a dozen gathered around them singing. One, the leader of the singing, stood reared back, head tilted, beating time vigorously with his right hand while the rest joined in singing the notes do, re, me, fa, so, la, si, do. "Solomon said," "Uncle Ivey" would observe with marked gravity, "that there is nothing new under the sun, but I feel pretty sure Solomon was mistaken. Solomon never saw anything like that."

Such an effort seemed the more ludicrous and incongruous to this wise old circuit-rider who was an expert in a revival meeting and thoroughly at home in a camp meeting. By no manner of means, an expert measured by the standards of the modern evangelist with his retinue of "workers" and unseemly parade of the spectacular, but an expert in his fellowship with God and in his ability to secure genuine repentance and abiding faith in Jesus Christ. His preaching was in the demonstration of the Spirit and his prayers -- well, did any ever forget them?

One of the old preachers writes: "I saw much of him. My first recollection of him reaches back to the old camp-meetings. There I first heard him preach to the great congregations when I was but a boy. It was there I heard him talk to the mourners and pray for them, and whatever may lead others to think there was nothing in all that, I know my own soul is richer and stronger today because of these prayers. I heard him talk with the preachers in their tent and I well remember how interested all were in what he had to say."

Oh! these were the unforgettable days of old! On those camp-meeting occasions, the righteous and the wicked, the rich and the poor met together and there learned that the Lord is the maker of them all; and they also had pressed home upon heart and conscience that ultimately all must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Awful anguish took hold of the souls of many. One who ever heard that clear, ringing voice of "Uncle Ivey" as it swept out through the trees on a summer night leading the congregation in a prayer overwhelming in its intensity, could never forget; and with difficulty could one escape the conviction of the reality of the spirit world. A message like that which came into the seers of old possessed him and he gave it utterance with flaming soul and enraptured face.

A man with common sense in abundance and with a mind remarkable for its grasp and penetration, having much of the old prophetic fire burning in his bones and a sense of God manifest whenever he opened his mouth in prayer, could not be other than a remarkable preacher. No one ever thought of him for parade when the banners were flying, but when it came to finding one who could bring a message from God that would send men away feeling that they had been in the presence of God, the debate soon ended. Those after the substantials soon found them when Preacher Ivey stood up to preach.

Dr. E. L. Stamey, who was Junior Preacher on the Newton Circuit, delights to bear witness after years of maturing thought.

He was one of the greatest preachers that I ever heard. I thought so then when I was with him on the Newton Circuit, and I have never changed my mind in this regard. I have heard all our great preachers, but none of them have surpassed in real power and effectiveness the subject of this reference. This is saying a great deal, but I believe it is true. His sermons on "Moses," "The

Honor of Christian Service," "Self-Examination," and "Quench Not the Spirit," should, in my opinion, rank among the great, the very great sermons it is ever the privilege of one to hear. He was a great preacher, measured by any true standard for a preacher.

He was a great revivalist. He could not only preach great sermons, but he could exhort sinners to repentance, and many will there be to rise up and call him blessed in the other world. There were but few backsliders among his converts, for he preached the true gospel, and insisted on people getting religion in the true way; in other words, he did not count conversions unless there was a distinct work of grace that made the sinner a new creature." A mere shake of the hand, or a mere confession of Christ, was not enough in his opinion. He wanted to see men and women come to the "mourner's bench," and stay and pray until they received the witness of the Spirit and could so testify to others. I was with him in some glorious revivals, and shall never forget what a power he was in bringing men to Christ.

Many times during great revivals I have heard him say he wanted to cross over at last at the "old ford, where Joshua crossed," when he entered the Promised Land. On one occasion, during one of our meetings and, at a time, when sinners were being converted and saints were rejoicing, he stood up in the audience and said he had never shouted in his life, but that he felt so good that he could "hardly keep from shuffling his feet a little," and at another time, I heard him say he was "going to say glory if it split the skies."

In this portrayal of George Washington Ivey, it must be growing increasingly evident that he did not belong to the common run of mortals, nor did he move on a dead level with the mass of Methodist preachers. He did not belong to the crowd and was not willing to keep company with those lost in the commonplace. Certain incidents in his life set him apart and fill us with a desire for more of his tribe. To think that he should protest with eager haste against having the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him and that he should positively refuse to consider a good station offered him passes all understanding. The old saying attributed to Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun went out of date about that time.

Not that he was seeking after notoriety by being odd, or that he was making a show of rejecting all honors -- for he did represent his conference in the General Conference at Memphis in May, 1894, fully appreciative of the honor and diligent in the discharge of duty -- but from a sense of unworthiness and insufficiency did he positively push aside the crown. In speaking to one of his most intimate personal friends about the degree of D.D. offered him, he said, "It might spoil me; it certainly would cause more to be expected from me -- more, perhaps, than I could deliver." So he declined with thanks and would not rest until the authorities assured him that the matter had been dropped. As to the station, we will let his Presiding Elder, Rev. H. M. Hoyle, state the case:

In 1896, I think it was, his eyes failed, but he went on filling his appointments as before. The roads were rough and his fine horse was full of life. Sister Ivey was uneasy, as were many of us who knew the case, fearing some mishap on the rough roads, but he feared nothing.

I talked it over with Aunt Ivey and told her that I thought I could arrange for him. At his fourth Quarterly Conference, just before conference, I laid the matter before him and told him I had a station that would pay him more than he was getting there and that the people had asked for him

and would be delighted to have him live with them. I called his attention to the fact Sister Ivey and his friends were anxious that he have a charge where he would not be exposed at least while his sight was so deficient. He heard all I had to say, and his reply was in these words, near as I recall: "I love those people up there, but don't send me to a station. I never did that kind of work. I might not succeed in that class of work. Just let me finish my work on the circuit where I began!" I, for a little while, tried to change his mind, but his mind was fully made up, so all I could do was to yield.

A perennial fountain of humor and a ready wit made "Uncle Ivey" attractive and at times wonderfully effective. As is too often the case, this characteristic did not mar his character nor render ludicrous his efforts. His rare good sense and genuine Christian instincts saved him from perpetrating untimely jests or of sinking to the level of a buffoon. He was too prudent and considerate in word and deed to be guilty of rash, foolish or ill-advised speech. Due consideration preceded the words of his mouth. Somehow, there was an element of finality about many of his observations -- not much remained to be said. His approach to a discussion from a new angle often ended the argument, so far as he was concerned, and, at times, to the satisfaction of all. Some brethren were discussing the right or wrong of women's preaching. After displaying much eloquence and dispensing no little wisdom, without conviction or change of heart, they appealed to "Uncle Ivey" for his opinion. He gave it in a sentence: "Brethren, I don't know, but there is one thing I do know -- I know I was not called to stop them."

Dr. Long of Statesville, North Carolina, a leading physician of Iredell, in the closing decades of the nineteenth century and a notable admirer of "Uncle Ivey," enjoyed telling of the trade that failed. Both the humor of the situation and the unique turn of the trade appealed to the shrewd and observant citizen and honored physician who for years enjoyed the study of human nature and delighted in recounting incidents out of the ordinary. This one made special appeal.

"I shall never forget the day," the old doctor would begin, "as I was sitting in front of my office on Broad Street, when an ungainly, crimped-up, tallow-faced, dirt-eating countryman came along leading at the other end of a plow-line a little, runty, scrawny, woods cow. He stopped in the middle of the street and whined out in thin, piping voice, 'Doc, does you want to buy a good milk cow?'

"No, I don't need a cow of any sort just now," replied the doctor as he scrutinized with curious gaze the proffered animal worth on the market certainly not more than ten or twelve dollars.

"Say, kin youse tell me anybody what does?" continued the eager countryman.

"No, I don't believe I can," replied the interested practitioner.

But after a moment or two, on second thought, he added, "Yes, some one told me, the other day, that Rev. Mr. Ivey, the Methodist preacher living over on Depothill, wanted to buy a fine milk cow."

Just then as his man was moving to leave, Dr. Long caught sight of Mr. Ivey and exclaimed, "Hold on, there, a moment. There goes Mr. Ivey now across the lot back of Wallace Brothers' store. Be quick and hurry up and you will catch him."

With urgent step and fresh anticipation, the cow-trader started across the lot. The imminent colloquy promised too interesting an episode for this citizen philosopher to let slip, so he followed along behind to hear the trade.

As the seeker and the sought met, the countryman accosted the minister after this fashion, "I's hearn yense want'n a good cow. I's got a good un to sell."

With a quizzical look in his eye as he glanced at the object of sale and at the vendor, "Uncle Ivey" inquired with mock gravity, "How much milk will she give?"

This query struck a responsive chord, for now was the time to exhibit the quality of his goods. The qualities of the animal on exhibition were set out in surprising detail, couched in the quaint idioms of certain North Carolina English. A remarkable and unexpected degree of animation was displayed by the would-be trader as he recounted bow his cow had suffered from neglect. She had not been fed or milked with any regularity she had run down in appearance, and had failed in her milk until she would not give more than two gallons and a half a day. But if she was fed and milked regularly and looked after as she ought to be, she would give "four gallons a day easy."

"Uncle Ivey" heard the marvelous story and listened to the assurance of "four gallons a day easy" without any show of incredulity or tendency to question veracity. No interrogations followed and no reply was made save that he quietly affirmed with uplifted palm, as he turned aside, "That's all right, that's all right, I don't want her, we can't use more than a gallon and a half a day at our house."

The day never came when Doctor Long would not chuckle as he thought of the incident and the strange and unexpected look of astonishment on the tallow-faced trader, with the runty cow at the end of a plow-line, who overdid the matter in boosting his "good milk cow."

This Methodist preacher who lived up to the reputation sustained by the early circuit-riders as to the knowledge of a good horse also had a fine working knowledge of a cow as well as of folks. His advice to Sister Sheets has become almost a classic in cow-lore. It seems that the good woman, wanting in a knowledge of the care of her milk cow upon which she was so dependent, allowed the poor dumb brute to show every appearance of having the hollow-horn or of having been subjected to the wiles of the witches. In her desperation she sent for the preacher to come and see the cow. Some tell it that she sent for the good man to come and pray that the good Lord who has a special concern for widows would heal her cow. So well grounded is this belief that two preachers in the preacher's tent at a camp meeting fell into an argument as to whether the Lord might not heal a cow as well as a man. Any way, all seem to agree that "Uncle Ivey" made the proper diagnosis and prescribed an excellent remedy. "Well, Sister Sheets, I think she needs a little meal."

This knowledge of cattle and horses extended along many practical lines of life and a like knowledge of human nature proved valuable in dealing with people in a long and varied career. They knew him so well and trusted him so fully that all kinds of questions came up for settlement.

Once a friend of his, a widower, wanted to marry a certain woman, but before doing so he desired to know something about his intended bride. Brother Ivey had been the pastor of both parties, so the man went and inquired of his pastor if he knew----. "I certainly do," replied the preacher. "What kind of a woman is she?" continued the anxious suitor. "She had one of the best mothers I ever knew," came the response. Thus, the colloquy ended without the pastor bringing an accusation against the "intended" of his friend, but for some reason the banns were never proclaimed.

The more one investigates the record made along the shining track left by the goings of this itinerant Methodist preacher, the more convincing becomes the evidence that he was one of the really great circuit preachers of our Southern Methodism. The testimony of Rev. Joseph Parker, for forty-one years a member of the South Carolina Conference and a close itinerant friend of Mr. Ivey, his conference colleague, said: "George Washington Ivey is one of the strongest preachers of the Conference and a man of more common sense than most of us."

Out in the country away from the pres-reporters and the eminence gained in the busy centers where the multitudes go by, this man spent his days and delivered his messages. Only the favored who gathered in the country churches and schoolhouses really knew the force of this man of God who always came with a message from God. Rev. S. M. Davis tells of driving into Morganton one week-day in the Spring of 1871. Six miles out of town in an oak grove were horses and buggies gathered, indicating a public service of some kind. He turned aside, tied his horse and went into the little schoolhouse where the people were gathered for divine service. He says: "I found Brother Ivey ready to announce his text. To those plain, sensible farmers he preached a great sermon, worthy of any place or any occasion." And, too, this was a special schoolhouse appointment added to the work demanded of the pastor on the then big and heavy work of the Morganton Circuit.

The work done on the Morganton Circuit in the days of Reconstruction was most constructive and remains to this good day. One incident will illustrate the character of the work done and the impression that remains. Rev. M. D. Giles bears witness:

I was converted under his ministry at Obeth Church, in the bounds of the old Morganton Circuit, Burke County, 1869. That night he preached from the following text: How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. I Kings 18:2. The sermon preached from this text was the greatest sermon I ever heard because it saved my soul from sin. The Holy Spirit in that blessed sermon took hold of my tottering and wavering religious walk and led me out of the form of godliness to the mercy seat, where I found the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The spirit and weight of that sermon led me to Christ.

The experience enjoyed by the young man of the hills that night in the little country church among the mountains could be duplicated over and over again and the humorous incidents recited add zest along the stretch of the years. Some years before he died, "Uncle Ivey" asked Brother

Giles if he remembered what happened the night he was converted." "I told him," says Giles, "I remembered my happiness, my joy, and his text." Then "Uncle Ivey" related the incident: "They had tallow candles. I took hold of the charred wick and threw it as I thought out of danger; but it fell on the back of a man who had recently been married. It burned through his coat and other clothing, and when the fire touched the skin he began jumping, and he jumped and jumped until his friends smothered the fire. The man said all he hated about it was the burning of a hole in his new coat, and I think it was simply a seer-sucker coat."

The ludicrous, the laughable, the oddities of men never escaped the notice of this earnest and devoted servant of the Master even when about his Master's business. That little incident at family prayers has been mutilated so much in the telling that one is not sure of the correct version. If memory can be relied on, his narrative runs thus: "I was visiting a family in my flock, not very religious and certainly not much given to prayer, unless it was done in the closet. Before I left the house I suggested that we have prayer. We were on the piazza. A vicious looking little dog became alarmed somewhat or, at least, was disturbed by the unusual proceedings going on. As I was reading, the little dog came up on the piazza and took his position in front of me and continued his barking, all the while looking me in the face. Once I had finished the reading and had called the family to prayer I kneeled down in front of my chair and began to pray. This seemed to strike new terror to the already disturbed dog and also added new energy to his nervous barks as he jumped up on the bottom of my chair and took a fresh start. I opened my eyes about that time and took good aim at his throat, grabbed him, and cut off his wind. When I got through with the prayer and turned him loose he was glad enough to go and not to be heard from again."

With the jest or shrewd observation often went a pungent saying one did not care to forget. Among the many, Rev. M. D. Giles is authority for one that should not perish. It so well shows up the absurdity of much sermonizing that it should point a moral, if not adorn a tale. Here is the story:

A sister denomination in Lenoir, North Carolina, had invited a young divine to come and preach them a trial sermon. He took for his text: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isa. 1:3.) The young minister gave an elaborate description of the many uses of the ox. He said: "You can draw great logs with him and carry many burdens upon him, and when he is old and worn out, you can fatten and make beef out of him; and you can make mattresses of his hair, leather of his hide, combs of his horns, glue of his hoofs, and you can lubricate machinery with the tallow taken from his meat, etc." Rev. W. L. Sherrill of the Western North Carolina Conference, was at that time stationed in Lenoir, Brother Ivey on the Circuit, and they both heard the sermon. Next morning Brother Sherrill met up with Brother Ivey, and asked, "Brother Ivey, how did you like the sermon last night ?" Brother Ivey answered, "Well, he had a great many good things to tell us about the old ox, but in my humble judgment he left out the best part, he never said a word about the tripe."

A volume is needed to record the numerous incidents and anecdotes, ludicrous, humorous and pathetic, told of "Uncle Ivey." Many of these were recited by himself at his own expense and enjoyed to the full, as when he would tell of the good, simple-minded, illiterate old brother who came up after the sermon and said, "Brother Ivey, I sure did like your sermon today. You made it so plain and thin I could see through it."

Most of these stories have been repeated so often that one cannot he sure of the original edition free from all revisions and annotations. But they are all based on fact and the many versions attest high admiration and affectionate good will bestowed by a great people upon a noble, true and godly man. What Abraham Lincoln is to the American people and Zebulon Baird Vance is to the State of North Carolina, as the traditional source and the abiding center of striking incident and anecdote, George Washington Ivey is to the Methodist people of Western North Carolina. They will not willingly let his memory perish or the unique character of his personality die.

Why this wonderful hold on all classes of all the people secured by this Methodist circuit-rider and, better still, how did he continue to grip them as with hoops of steel? He did not lift up his voice in the concourse and seemed wholly unconcerned about the plaudits of the crowd. The humble Nazarene never more surely sought to escape popular applause than did this lowly follower of Him who went about doing good.

At least, three notable elements impressed all who came to know and estimate this man of God.

1. A strong, rugged, genuine manhood overshadowed all he did. His candor, his earnestness, his consistency impressed all. His persistent purity of life and prudent piety in all his religious conduct convinced every one that a consistent, conscientious Christian man bore the vessels of the Lord and broke the bread of life to the people. No barrier hedged him from the folks and no ecclesiastical vestments concealed him from public scrutiny. "Uncle Ivey" was willing to be known through and through, so the people came to know him intimately and to trust him without reserve.

2. A wonderfully fine endowment of common sense and real mental strength commanded respect. This vigorous, penetrating mind and sound judgment saved him from the perils of the superficial and the erratic. Who ever heard "Uncle Ivey" make a foolish or rash statement in the pulpit or out of it, unless one should consider rash some striking declaration in the pulpit when shouting happy, as with face illumined, breast heaving and heart swelling with joy, he exclaimed, "Brother Stamey, I would say glory to God if it split the sky." That was the ecstatic fervor of the Hebrew prophet with the burning fire shut up in his bones. If that he rashness, make the most of it.

3. The fine point to his observations and the sound sense underlying his humor, without any pride of opinion or undue parade of self, made effective appeal to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Moreover, the good humored way in which he referred to certain well-known limitations, pleased and amused; as in his reference to singing: "I can do about all Christian duties but sing, and if I get to heaven and there is no one there but the Lord and me, and the Lord wants any singing done, He will have to raise the tune."

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06 -- LIFE'S BEST LEGACY

Though discounted in the general estimate of the world because of his eagerness for the dollar, the average American remains at heart an idealist, and, in his truer and better moments, admits that life's best legacy to the world cannot be estimated in statistical tables. The richest bequests find no mention in the records of the Probate Court and are not measured by the abundance of things which one possesses. Moreover, the delicate and intangible elements of character are not tested by the gross standards of material things. Easier would it be to weigh the perfume of flowers or the transcend ant glory at the close of a perfect day than to sum up the ultimate results of a life lived in fine fidelity before God and man.

In the common lot of the world, the days of a man are so few and his richest accumulations are so poor that they apart and of themselves count for naught in the sum of things. Only in the light of life's relations, with due regard for life's contributions, does the individual become a factor able to aid in putting the world forward. Consequently, the final concern in the estimate of a man is not how much "stuff" has he left behind but how well has he filled his place in the realm of eternal realties. For in the long run and in the final estimate, every man must be judged by the permanent legacy left to posterity. Somehow history has never shown a disposition to keep alive the names of the numerous celebrities gone save of those who in some way have rendered a service to humanity and have continued to prove a blessing to the world.

The best contribution made by this itinerant Methodist preacher, whose life has been passed under review, may be stated in the following terms: (1) the example of an upright life; (2) the power of his prayer-life; (3) and the success attained in his family-life.

The sterling qualities of personal character give color and significance to all that emanated in word or deed from this transparent soul through the long years of his earthly pilgrimage, and these must be held to the front in any and all estimates of his life and labors. In this continued emphasis, however, upon the potency of personal integrity and individual character every precaution has been taken to avoid leaving the impression that Mr. Ivey ever minified the preaching of the word or estimated lightly the official acts of the ministry. Indeed, fidelity to his work and devotion to his people were the passion of his life. His well-known habit of meeting every appointment even though sometimes he preached to empty pews would occasion comment. To such comment, he would make some such reply as this: "It is my business to preach and the Lord's business to furnish the congregation."

On a cold, rainy, disagreeable day the old circuit-rider, true to the habits of his life, drove through the mud and slush to fill his appointments. Nobody was there. The preacher soliloquized: "This is my regular appointment; I have prepared my sermon; and I ought to preach." Whereupon, he opened the church door, went in and after prayer, began his sermon. Presently a man with his rifle, passing by and hearing the preaching, went in and remained through the service. Commenting later on the incident, "Uncle Ivey" was accustomed to say, "The congregation was not large, but it was very orderly and attentive, and on the whole we had a pretty good service."

On another occasion, this preacher who was not to be stopped for want of a proper hearing was half way through his discourse before any one came in. In a humorous way he would justify this effort on empty benches by saying, "I had a new sermon on which I wished to practice a little."

These are extreme cases to be sure, yet useful in illustrating the fidelity of this man of God to the one work of his life. One other incident may be allowed because of its approach from another angle and the significance it hears. Passing over all the details, some of which made this the more aggravating, the main points are these: After many years of economy and wise management, "Uncle Ivey" had laid by $1,200. This was loaned to a man who failed in business and made an assignment involving many creditors and thousand of dollars. He had been trusted and honored, holding positions of influence in civil and religious life, but, in the end, turned out to be a fraud, guilty of embezzlement and the misappropriation of funds. Mr. Ivey coming in from the country where he was engaged in a meeting learned from a friend of the imminent collapse and was advised to look out for his funds. Had he remained at home the next day, he could in all probability have saved his earnings, but instead he went to his meeting and his savings went down in the collapse. Such conduct as this borders on the heroic and tells of a man who could swear to his own hurt and change not.

Naturally, then, in this delineation, stress has been placed more upon the man than upon the minister, for back of the sermon must be a wealth of personality or else the message will be nothing more than sounding brass. Both of these, the man and the message, were present when George Washington Ivey had an appointment to preach. Sometimes, he would go in through the window and preach one of his best sermons to an audience of two or three; then again, the house and the yard would be full, but always a telling message. In the words of one already quoted: "Uncle Ivey" was a genuinely great preacher -- not in the style of the 'eloquent orator,' but in unique originality, forceful earnestness, well selected words, doctrinal integrity, and permanent results."

At a session of the Statesville District Conference in Mooresville, North Carolina, on Friday, the 18th day of July, 1902, at 11 o'clock, Rev. G. W. Ivey preached. This was his last sermon before a Conference of his Church or a representative gathering of his brethren. The memory of that hallowed hour and the heavenly radiance is with me still. His physical eye was dim, but his spiritual vision proved to be wonderfully acute. The Life and Labors of St. Paul was the theme. A fine brief summary of the Apostle's career, a more detailed discussion of his teachings, a vivid picture of his trials and triumphs, and a practical application with telling point and force, made this a really great sermon. Not great, perhaps, measured by the standards of pulpit eloquence and the demands of literary canons, but great in gospel truth, personal force and assurance of victory. The tender illuminating touches dealing with his own personal experiences rendered the sermon unforgettable, especially for those acquainted with his more than half-century of loyal, unselfish service, sacrifice and suffering. Personal potency, shot through with gospel fervor backed by heroic doings, spoke that day.

A haunting sense of failure has attended this endeavor to properly delineate the subject before us. The clumsiness of language and the insufficiency of words become apparent in any effort to present a man who had such marked elusive and intangible elements. We miss the tones of his voice and that nameless something about his personality that sets him apart. More than this, the one secret of his power has not been mentioned save by implication. Only those who had the most intimate knowledge knew the abiding secret of this man so at home with the Apostle to the Gentiles that one would have thought that he had been with Paul in the third heaven.

In the prayer life, therefore, of this preacher of righteousness, as of every other man of God who has counted for such, is to be found the real source of power and the abiding inspiration that sent this White Knight of the itinerancy on his many conquests. His son, Thomas Neal, who has many of the noble traits of the father, can best disclose the secret: "Looking back over my father's life, I find myself most powerfully impressed with what might be called the prayer element in that life. The simplicity of his faith in God as a superintending personality and as a loving Father was never marred by any of those complex questions which are sometimes allowed to shadow the spiritual vision. He knew the Bible as few men know it. He believed it to be the Word of God, and he threw himself as trustfully upon its promises as a child throws itself upon its mother's bosom. It was not strange then that prayer became a vital part of his daily life. It was not held in reserve for spectacular occasions when spiritual circumstances became congested in critical experiences, or when the big waves of trouble and sorrow naturally drove the soul to the protecting shores of faith. Prayer with him was not only a daily exercise, but his daily life as natural as were the duties that belong to daily experiences.

"I would not pull the curtain," continues the son, "and expose to the unsympathetic gaze those daily seasons of communion with God which were held sacred by him, but I must be somewhat definite. No noon passed that had not found him keeping his daily private engagement with his Father. No twilight came that did not find him enfolded somewhere within the shadows and keeping that engagement. Precious to me is the memory of those far off days when after the frugal supper of the parsonage, I saw him absenting himself for a season in a retired room. We children early learned that he had gone aside to talk with God. This was seen by the subdued look on his face as he would call the family to prayer. He would never allow any circumstance, unless it was exceptional and extreme, to prevent this family worship both morning and evening. He was as true and faithful in the exercise of this priestly duty and privilege as any man I ever knew. We children, doubtless, thought at times that he was somewhat rigid in calling us in every time and under all circumstances, but we do not think so now. That faith and devotion explains to us now that they were but the natural factors of a life truly 'hid with Christ in God.' They have served to explain the victory of that life which was a constant struggle and which only those Methodist itinerants with a large family to support in a time when the land was prostrate and the powers of darkness were on every side can fully understand."

After all, a man's finest success and most lasting achievement is with his family. No other failure is comparable to a collapse here. This man who walked before God in all fidelity, sincerity and good conscience secured the lasting gratitude of the future in the contribution passed on from his home. As the goings of Abraham could he traced by the smoke of his altar fires, so the humble parsonage homes of Western Carolina were marked by the long line of altars erected by this servant of God; and his children, steadied by his example and enriched by his prayers, remain to bless the world.

At this time any extended notice or attempt to estimate the family which remains would be wholly out of place, but it will doubtless prove of interest in the years to come to transcribe the record of the family as it am pears in the Bible of the dear mother, who went to heaven from Statesville, N. C., July 27, 1914.

William Parsons Ivey was born August 23, 1856. He and Mamie Sherrill were married May 25, 1887, by Rev. G. W. Ivey, and he died in Lenoir, N. C., June 29, 1912.

Clara Marinda Ivey was born August 24, 1858, and died in Leasburg, N. C., May 7, 1890.

Thomas Neal Ivey was born May 22, 1860. He and Nora Dowd were married August 7, 1883, by Dr. O. F. Gregory.

Mary Rebecca Ivey was born April 19, 1862, and died in Shelby, N. C., August 23, 1862.

Joseph Benjamin Ivey was born June 7, 1864. He and Emma M. Gantt were married February 2, 1893, by Rev. D. P. Tate.

Harriet Moore Ivey was born May 7, 1866. On October 15, 1890, she and James II. White, of Statesville, N. C., were married by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Emma Lou Ivey was born March 19, 1868. On September 18, 1887, she and George M. Foard, of Olin, N. C., were married by Rev. D. G. Caldwell.

George Franks Ivey was born June 24, 1870. He and Edith Blanche Sherrill were married June 14, 1899, by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Lizzie Brown Ivey was born September 16, 1872, and died in Lenoir May, 1874.

Eugene Claywell Ivey was born June 28, 1874. He and Annie Vasseur were married October 25, 1911, by Rev. T. N. Ivey.

The records show that Mary Rebecca and Lizzie Brown died in childhood. Clara Marinda and William Parsons passed away after reaching maturity, the latter being a prominent physician of Lenoir. Six of the family remain, an honor to the name they hear. Thomas Neal edits the Christian Advocate of Nashville, Tennessee. Joseph Benjamin, of Charlotte, a merchant; George Franks, of Hickory, manufacturer of school desks, and Eugene Claywell, of Lenoir, an electrician, are each to the front in their fields of endeavor. Not one whit behind the sons are the two daughters, Harriet Moore White, of Greensboro, and Emma Lou Foard, of Statesville, North Carolina. To the white-souled circuit-rider and his genuine helpmeet these sons and daughters owe a debt they are realizing more and more since the old familiar faces are no more with them, and they are coming to appreciate the demands once they thought exacting. The clearer vision gained by experience and distance discloses to them the value of the rigid rounds of their early days.

Rather than an effort to portray the man in the home and to set forth the impression he made on the young, we will let Dr. Edward Leigh Pell, of Richmond, Virginia, speak out of his experience:

As I began a moment ago to recall "Uncle Ivey," as he appeared to me in my childhood days, my mind went back to the pictures of Old Testament heroes, which we children used to wonder over in the big Family Bible we had in our home in those wondering days. That was not

unnatural. It would have been strange if I had not often gotten him mixed with those Old Testament heroes, for it seems to me he was always behaving like them. He did not do the terrible things they did, but he was always doing hard things and brave things. You could see that he was not afraid of anybody in the world, but it did look sometimes as if he were afraid of having an easy time. He never seemed to know what an easy chair on the front porch was for. We were living next door and I have searched my memory in vain to find a picture of "Uncle Ivey" lolling about and enjoying himself after a hard week's work. He always had a big circuit and no man worked harder when he was away at his appointments, but when he came back, I may be mistaken, but it seems to me you could always tell when he had just returned home by an unusual burst of sound coming from the direction of the wood-pile. He liked to do hard things. He just lusted for hardship. And he found it. Of no man of his time could it be more truly said that he endured hardship "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

I said he was always doing brave things. He was as brave as Elijah. A boy would have had a hard time of growing up a coward in sight of "Uncle Ivey's" home. His moral courage filled the atmosphere. He no more shrank from duty than he shrank from labor. He would no more violate his conscience than he would commit murder. He could feel as deeply as any man I ever knew, yet he never hesitated to crucify his feelings for duty's sake. If he had been a surgeon, I am sure he would have operated on his own child, rather than shift the responsibility on any one else, though he knew that the first stroke of his knife would cut his own heart in two. He could do the bravest thing a father ever did; he could come home to his family after a long absence and while his heart was yet full of tenderness towards his children, he could, if duty required, punish every one of them for any serious lapse of conduct while he was away. I don't think that he ever had to punish them all at one time, but he could have done it. And he could have done it as righteously as a prophet of old, without the aid of anger and solely from a sense of responsibility to his God and a sense of obligation to his children.

I suppose a sentimental modernist would have called him a hard father, for he did not spare the rod of his feeling to spoil the child; but I believe it is generally admitted that the sentimental modernist has not thus far scored any conspicuous success in bringing up his children, and if any man in America ever brought up a family more successfully than "Uncle Ivey," I have never heard of it. He had no foolish illusions about children. He believed that God gave him his children to be made into men for the Kingdom of God. If we should ever set up at Washington an honor roll of Americans who have achieved signal success as fathers (and I don't see why we should not do it), the list might not be a very long one, but I am sure "Uncle Ivey's" name would be very near the top.

Of course, the glory of it all does not belong to him alone. Mother was there. But the world has sung the glory of mother so much, it is time we were giving father his share. In after years, when I came to know him again, I was old enough to see farther into the depths of his heart, and while the image of Elijah was still there it was almost transparent and I could look through it to the image of Him of whom Elijah was the forerunner. And ever afterwards, though his face was still as strong as a giant's, "Uncle Ivey" made me think of Jesus. There was a tenderness in it in spite of its strength, like the tenderness of a little child and when it lighted up --

By the way, did anybody ever see a human countenance light up as "Uncle Ivey's" always did when he began to talk about the Master and tell how he expected to see him one day face to face?

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07 -- ON THE LAST ROUND

From the cross-country ride of the callow youth to join the South Carolina Conference at Wadesboro to the last round on a mountain circuit at the foot of the Blue Ridge is a long journey. In miles the road is short, but in years -- from 1850 to 1902 -- the way is long and full of change. Changes of world import had crept across the world as distance measured by months shriveled to days and as hermit nations ceased to be. Old things had passed away, and all things were becoming new. America, reunited after a notable civil conflict, had become a world power of first magnitude, and American Christianity had gained a new sense of obligation to the peoples of all lands.

But this new proclamation in a new day was no strange doctrine or unheard of experience for a man who through the years had cherished such clear views of the gospel. The old circuit-rider had lived in too intelligent and intimate fellowship with Paul to need a new gospel in the midst of a changing order. In the old gospel of the burning heart, gloried this untiring itinerant, who, by day and by night, in summer's heat and winter's cold, would press on preaching the gospel that is the power of God to every one that believeth. At a district conference towards the close of the vacation season, he told of his twenty-two years without a holiday, and the success he had enjoyed the past hot summer in which he had held six revival meetings "while some of the brethren were cooling off."

No one knew the art of restoration and the advantage of needed repairs and used them to better advantage than did this practical conservator who in the school of necessity had learned well the lessons of economy in dealing with the limited supply of life's necessities. One familiar hour of a personal nature, his Presiding Elder asked him how long had he owned those various accoutrements incident to his life on the road, to which he replied: "I have owned that buggy twenty-two years, that saddle thirty-six years, and those saddlebags fifty-three years." Of that sulky, so well known in the traditions and about which hung so many reminiscences of his later years, a romance could be written and a marvelous story told.

Moreover, along with these cherished objects, the intimate personal experiences of many full years held a sacred place and at times were used with telling effect. In a sermon before a crowded house in which were many who had known him through the years in and around Lenoir, N. C., a telling climax was reached as with illumined face and streaming eyes and quivering voice, he assured his former parishioners that the same fire still burned in the old man's bones. In less time than one can tell it that congregation went into tears; his voice broke and he sat down. For them more than a volume was pressed into a sentence as the marvelous record of the years flashed before them.

To the very last that fresh and unexpected turn or unlooked for word in the midst of a situation out of the ordinary remained with this notable preacher. His good common sense, fine spirit and ready wit would save the day. Rev. J. E. Thompson, his last Presiding Elder, was with him behind a fine, spirited horse on a mountain road. Though weakened in body and suffering from impaired eyesight, "Uncle Ivey," with the sensitiveness indicative of the unconscious approach of age, insisted on driving -- in fact would listen to nothing else -and clung to the reins. The horse startled, gave a jump, the buggy tilted and he was gone. Presently, the driver was in a ditch, with his companion on top of him. The younger and more active man picked himself up and inquired after the under man. Not much satisfaction could be gained and serious apprehensions of internal injuries arose, leading to the fear that the old circuit-rider had ended his journey beside a mountain road. When once raised up and the dirt was brushed off, "Uncle Ivey" asked for some water. Taking a quarterly conference blank, the Presiding Elder hurried to a near-by stream, improvised a cup and returned with the water. Just then all serious apprehensions vanished as the normal man was disclosed through this characteristic observation: "Well, the Psalmist tells us, 'An horse is a vain thing for safety.'"

The finest things of the spirit remained with him to the last. In like manner, the same care and diligence in looking after tiresome detail followed "Uncle Ivey" to the close of life's busy day. In many of the little straggling country churches only the careful handling of the small contributor would bring up the collections. Any one who happened to be present at one of these most difficult points on a last Sunday of the year could not forget. To hear him call the names of all who had subscribed and note how he urged each to bring the dime or the quarter or the fifty cents (rarely the dollar) and put it on the table before he called the next name gave assurance that no one would be allowed to escape. This task finished, he would hurry on to the next church to carry on the work. Dealing in the small things, among the plain yeomanry in a time of dire poverty, he spent much of his life; but otherwise did it prove when he broke the bread of life to a hungry people, for his sermons were on great themes and his prayers in high fellowship with the eternal world. Faithful in the few things, he was able to deal with the "many things" in a fashion that caused men to wonder and still the wonder grows. His life and influence is being multiplied in the lives of many made better.

But the journey had been long and rough and the hardships many these fifty-two years of journeying up and down the land. Through winter's cold and summer's heat, with scarcely a holiday, the devoted man of God with the burning heart kept pressing on, unwilling to take a rest, though friends insisted that he should put off the harness and tarry beside the road. They felt that he ought to remain with them and shed the heavenly radiance among them as a benign benediction. But God said, "It is enough." The time had come for the old circuit-rider to turn his face homeward. He attended his fourth Quarterly Conference at Grace Chapel, November 1, 2, in his usual health, having met every appointment for the year. On Sunday at the close of the communion service, he led the congregation in an unusual prayer, even for him. He seemed, says his Presiding Elder, to be within the gates of the city and talking with God, and all were wonderfully lifted by the prayer of such spiritual fervor. After the services, he joined the crowd in the grove for dinner, and then went to Ebenezer to preach a funeral at three o'clock in the afternoon. He had been preaching about twenty minutes from the text, "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life" (Tim. 6:12), when the call came. With raised hand, he said, "Eternal life is ----" but the sentence was never finished. Friends carried him, unconscious, from the pulpit to a house near by, and on the following

Tuesday he was removed to the parsonage at Granite Falls. Time intervened sufficient for the family to gather and he with him in his last moments. Friday morning, November 7, 1902, the forty-seventh anniversary of his marriage, he passed up to enjoy that eternal life of which he had spoken with such assurance for so many years. Just as the dawn crept across the hills of Western Carolina, he was gone. Battalions of angels, better than any Bunyan ever dreamed of must have gathered over the mountains that triumphant morning. The old circuit-rider was going home and there was sunshine everywhere.

Tennyson tells us that as King Arthur passed, Sir Bedevere groaned, "The King is gone"; but when this knightly-souled circuit-rider passed many felt that he had gone to be more than king among the uncrowned followers of Francis Asbury who, unlike the knights of old, that went to redress human wrongs, have ridden forth to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.

With simple rites, conducted by the Presiding Elder and brother ministers, they laid him to rest in the cemetery at Lenoir. Friends by the hundreds who loved him tenderly, gathered to show their devotion and to talk of his virtues. They buried him in the golden afternoon on a hill facing the sunrise. How truly significant! The close of a perfect day; the promise of the day yet to be.

If one could measure the circle of influence exerted by the men whom George Washington Ivey has sent into the ministry, to say nothing of the thousands made better, it would be easy to demonstrate the truth of any suggestion of a larger day and ampler life. Rev. E. W. Fox, a younger member of the Western North Carolina Conference, testifies that he heard more of "Uncle Ivey" on Newton Circuit than of all who had gone before on that work. Men did not forget one so genuine and in such fine fellowship with God. Though gone, he still rides with the men in whom the message is as a fire shut up in their bones. The old circuit-rider is no longer confined to the country places of Western Carolina. His going forth is from the heavens and his circuit extends to the ends of the earth. For George Washington Ivey the grave was but the gateway to victory.

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THE END