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## **LAST WORDS AND OLD-TIME MEMORIES**

**By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis**

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### **PREFACE**

I have no apology to offer for publishing another good book. "Good books," says John Milton, "are the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life. They garner up the wisdom and piety of one generation, and preserve it for after-generations. They form a spiritual telegraph between the past and the present, along whose wires the sanctified thoughts and emotions of Isaiah and Paul, and other good men, may speed to out hearts to quicken our faith and fire our zeal. Without them the scholar and the divine are like the mechanic without his tools; with them, the mechanic may become the scholar and the divine. They constitute the great store-house of truth for the world."

Rev. Dr. E. Wentworth, after looking over the "General Minutes for 1875," truthfully remarks: "In looking over the accounts given of the last hours of these departed ministerial brethren we may say, without undue boasting, 'Our preachers die well.' Some went suddenly, some in great pain, and some sunk into unconsciousness and so passed quietly away. But in every instance where there opportunities for testimony to the power of religion to save in the dying hour it was freely, often triumphantly, given. It refreshes our hearts to look over this precious death-roll. In this fast and fastidious age religious obituaries are regarded as stale reading even by church-members. Few styles of reading are more edifying than biography; and obituary is only condensed biography. Religious obituary, like religious obituary, is profitable reading, enjoyed by thousands, and useful both to mind and heart.

Last words-words spoken in the presence of death, eternity, and a nearness to God,-are a treasured legacy to survivors. Of the poorest and meanest son of Adam, even of the criminal on the gallows, it is eagerly asked, 'How did he die?' 'What were his dying words?' What wonder, then, that Christians prize the dying testimonies of the saints, and that there is a wide-spread desire, quite beyond the circle of actual acquaintance, to learn how our departed fellow-mortals wrestled with the grim destroyer!"

I am glad to say that the reader will find that question satisfactorily answered in these precious records by the dying testimony and last words of more than three hundred and twenty-five ministers of the gospel and several well-known laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I hope that as a church we never forget that for the vantage-ground we are now permitted to enjoy we are deeply indebted to instrumentalities long since passed away.

I have not attempted in this volume a descriptive view of the adventurous scenes of the Christian pioneers of Methodism in the East, West, North, or South, but simply to record the glorious truth that after having "waxed valiant in fight" they died in great peace, or with swelling notes of triumph in their last hours.

In examining the means of the unprecedented success of the first Methodist preachers in the country, I have arrived at the conclusion that while they always aimed directly at the salvation of souls, their success may be chiefly ascribed to their great simplicity and earnestness of manner in preaching the gospel. There was nothing studied, formal, or artificial. The vast concerns of eternity were felt to hang upon the hour; and like judicious husbandmen they aimed at securing the fruit of their labor at once, and in due season.

I have no fear but that my humble effort will be appreciated by my brethren in the ministry, to whom this volume is affectionately dedicated.

Maxwell Pierson Gaddis.  
Oakwood, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 10, 1880.

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## INTRODUCTION

O Death, what hast thou done! How hast thou laid waste the fairest fields of human delights! How hast thou covered the world with the monuments of thy woe! Thou hast left no home unblighted in all the centuries. Thou ravenoust still. All faces turn pale at thy approach; and every heart stands still when thou comest. In they train go thick-veiled mourners. Thy captives go into darkness, and return not again. Tears and entreaties move thee not, nor the prayers and sobs of stricken millions. Thou respects not age, nor the mother's love, nor the bride's joy, nor the infant's innocence, nor the young man's hope, nor any earthly dignity. Thou relents not. Buy know, thou, that there is One mightier than thou. In one moment he will rob thee of all thy glory. He will empty thy prisons; thy captives shall come again. We have heard of him, and we defy thee. Ghostly tyrant, we hurl back thy terrors. Yea, we bid thee do thy worst, and thou shall not make us afraid; for our Redeemer liveth. Herein we recite how the frail and weak have wrenched the victory from thy hand; how they have mocked thy terrors and triumphed; how, because of One who went with them, they have gone shouting through thy dominions.

The last utterances of dying saint are always treasured with interest by loving friends, and possess a certain value for all. Among the multitudes of memories that must forever be precious,

these will forever be the most precious. Having solaced the sad moments of parting, they still linger to permanently mitigate the griefs of separation. We retain them as precious pledges of reunion-as souvenirs until we strike glad hands again in brighter times. They are our wand, our guerdons, our signals, with which we chase away fear and cheer the loneliness of our journey.

The happy thought came to the author and compiler of this volume to collect in a convenient and readable form a considerable number of such sayings and ministers and the wives of ministers, persons well and widely known, and of other persons, who were favored with special comforts in their last moments.

The gleaming is from so wide a field that but few persons can turn to the contents without finding some name that will awaken sympathetic and pleasing memories.

If it is true that it is by the life we are to judge and appreciate men, and also that many of the noblest and purest are least noticeable in their deaths,--and we accept both statements,--it is no less true that those who most triumph, as a rule, triumph because of special grace experienced while they were in health, and as the culmination of wise and well-spent lives.

To live well is to die well, though no word be spoken and no sign be given. Still, let us praise God that some are permitted to send back victorious words from the valley and shadow while crossing.

When we think of death, and all that death means, we wonder how it is possible to die with any composure; much more that we should go with rejoicing. How can it be explained that the pastor should resign his flock, the mother her child, the loving husband or wife the cherished companion, and go with singing and shoutings out into the dark of death,--dark to mortal vision, and impenetrable to sense and reason alike, --if it be not that supernatural help is vouchsafed in the critical moment? Mere nature may be dumb and silent from impotence, may show no sign, may go sullen, like the galley-slave, to his task, or the prisoner to his dungeon-cell; but that a soul should go with delight and gladness is the wonder of wonders. It implies more than mere blind faith, more that fond imagination, more that self-kindled, groundless hopes. Death robs of too much precious wealth, blasts too much tender affection, is too sad a chapter in human experience not to utterly destroy us, were it not that somehow there comes to us light from beyond. In the awful wreck there is a Presence. An unseen hand upholds us. Faith, inspired by an infinite and loving friend, lends its realizing light. The valley becomes luminous. Other wealth is described beyond; other friends open their arms for us. The whole aspect of the case is changed. That which just before seemed untouched, now seems gain. Blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Randolph S. Foster  
Boston, Massachusetts  
August 1, 1880

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ABOUT THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION

This digital publication consists of accounts by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis of the "Last Words" spoken by dying Methodist Ministers and Laborers, or of "Old Time Memories" about them. Was it not John Wesley who said of dying Methodists, "Our people die well." This book is a testimony to that fact, and will no doubt prove to be a blessing to many who read it, and an inspiration to emulate the parting of those whose accounts are herein given, so as to "die the death of the righteous" that their "last end may be like theirs."

It might be of interest to some readers also that I have done extensive rearrangement of the body text, placing all of the accounts in alphabetical order by the last name of the subject. In addition, I changed the subject headings from a (First-name Last-name) order to a (Last-name First-name) order. Further, I took the liberty to change the spelling of one subject's name, by reason of the fact that the literal meaning of his name denoted him to be a very repulsive person, utterly different from his actual character, and because it is unlikely that the altered spelling of his name will do any injustice to his memory at this distance in time.

In accordance with what I frequently do, I have stripped the titles from the initial name-listings of the subjects. While all should follow the Bible admonition to give "honor to whom honor is due," and while there are many legitimate uses of titles in today's professional world, it is my belief that there is too much flaunting of flattering titles and letters today where it is nothing more than an exhibition of carnal pride -- and, at the same time, there is too little attention paid to the following Scriptural example: "Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man" (Job 32:21). There is some sober truth in the statement, "Death is the great equalizer," and there is nothing of real value added to these accounts by knowing whether the individual was "somebody" in the world or church. But there is great value in reading their dying testimonies when death approached and absolutely nothing mattered but their relationship with God.

Finally, I created a Table of Contents corresponding with the Last-name First-name order of the newly arranged body text, but the TOC listings are in lower case. To locate a subject account in the body text using the FIND or SEARCH function of your text program, type in the LAST-NAME of the subject in UPPER CASE, since all of the body text subject listings are in upper case. -- DVM

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## A

AMES, EDWARD RAYMOND -- Edward Raymond Ames was born in Amesville, Athens County, Ohio, May 20, 1806, and died in Baltimore, in April, 1879. He was of stout, brave, Puritan blood. His grandfather was one of a church in Trenton, Massachusetts, and he died at Valley Forge, in 1778. The spirit, the strength, and the patriotism of that grandfather were repeated in the grandson.

Bishop Ames was educated in the Ohio University; and during his student-life he united with the church, in August, 1827. After leaving the university he engaged for some time in teaching, and entered the traveling ministry in the Illinois Conference in 1830. At the formation of the Indiana Conference, in 1832, he became one of its members, and spent his active pastoral life in the State of Indiana, with the exception of two years spent in St. Louis. After filling important stations and acting as presiding elder he was in 1840 elected missionary secretary, his work being chiefly in the West. He traveled extensively, visiting the Indian missions along the northern lakes and on the western frontier, and aiding in establishing schools among the Indian tribes west of Arkansas. From 1844 to 1852 he was a stationed preacher or presiding elder in Indiana. In 1848 he was elected president of the Indiana Asbury University; but he declined the position, preferring to remain in the more active ministerial work. He was a delegate to the general conferences of 1840, 1844, and 1852. In the latter year he was elected bishop. He traveled extensively through all the states and territories, first visiting the Pacific coast, in 1852-53. He was a firm and ardent supporter of the union during the civil war. Though offered positions of influence, he declined them, that he might be free for ecclesiastical duties. He was a man of broad views, an eloquent preacher, an able and skillful presiding officer, and strong advocate of all church-interests. His health was impaired for several years; but he continued in his work until a few weeks before his death.

Dr. Fowler said of him: "Surely we can afford to pay great honor to such a one as Bishop Ames. In his religious life he did not type in the ordinary fashion. He handled a camp-meeting, or a prayer-meeting, or a class-meeting, or any meeting for spiritual growth and action, as he handled a conference on a new territory, or a new problem, to see how much might come out of it to build up the church. His spiritual life and faith are probably to be put in that supreme statement. When asked if he was confident in the Lord he replied, 'Of course I am. I can stand it better than the Lord can to have it fail.' His was a great faith, that worked on day and night in a realm almost untouched and unaffected by his emotional and sentimental nature; a faith that could say without doubt, 'I am ready to be put to bed in the darkness as well as in the light, if that shall please the great Father.'

We have not time to do justice to so great a man." It is enough for us that through the centuries to come, when pilgrims make their way to the Monumental City, and seek for the spot where Francis Asbury was consecrated to the work of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, they will not leave that city until they have also bowed at the spot where Bishop Ames slumbers; for the great statesman of American Methodism slumbers in the very cradle of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country.

\* \* \*

ANSLEY, SAMUEL -- Samuel Ansley, one of the oldest ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, finished his work and has gone to his reward. He died at his residence, in Pike County, Georgia, April 23, 1837.

Father Ansley was born February 22, 1765, in the State of New Jersey, soon after which his parents moved to Georgia. In the year 1786 he experienced religion, two years after which time he received license to preach. In 1790 he commenced his itinerant ministry in the Virginia Annual Conference, and continued his labors as a traveling preacher until the year 1809, when he located. In 1833 he was received again into the Georgia Conference, and granted a superannuated relation, which he sustained until the Lord removed him to his inheritance in heaven.

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B

BAKER, THOMAS -- Thomas Baker was born in Monongahela County, Va., on the 6th of December 1808. He became a subject of converting grace on the 20th of March, 1828. Soon after his conversion he felt it to be his duty to call sinners to repentance, and was licensed to preach the gospel, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in July, 1832. In 1840 he ended his ministerial and earthly career. For this event, however, he felt himself prepared. His language was, "I am safe. Whichever way it may terminate, I feel that I am safe. If I am called away now, God will take me to himself." On several occasions, as he advanced toward life's closing scene, he became exceedingly happy, calling upon those around him to unite in singing the praises of God. At one time on being asked what he wished to have sung, he replied, " Sing anything; but sing about Jesus in heaven." A short time before his spirit took its flight he said, " Oh, what a sight of heaven have I had! My soul is so happy, my poor body can hardly contain it." Thus passed away our beloved brother, on the 4th day of April 1845.

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BANGS, STEPHEN BEEKMAN -- Stephen Beekman Bangs, son of Rev. Heman Bangs. He was converted in his thirteenth year; died March 20, 1846. The closing scene of his life was marked by the presence and power of God. Seeing the light of the evening sun, which fell upon the wall before him, he said, "The sun is setting; mine is rising." I a moment he said, "I go from this bed to a crown." Then folding his arms across his breast, his last words were, " Now I am going to glory."

\* \* \*

BOUCHER, JOSHUA -- Joshua Boucher was born in Lee County, Virginia, April 2, 1797. The family removed thence to Tennessee, and in 1815 had its residence in Warren County, in that state. In the fall of 1818 he was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference. In a letter to his friend, Rec. R. Brandriff, written in 1869, he refers to this, saying, "I went to my work weeping and praying most of the way. I asked God to give me favor with the people, and to bless my feeble labors among them." At the close of the year he was transferred to the Mississippi Conference, in which he labored four years, traveling successively, Alabama, Cedar Creek, and Tuscaloosa

circuits. He then spent one year on Tuscaloosa Station; and at its close he asked for and obtained a location. His labors had been great and successful. The circuits were large, the rides long, and preaching an every-day duty. He did not locate because the work was laborious, the support meager, the accommodations often uncomfortable; but, in his own emphatic words, it was "to get out of the hell of slavery."

In the spring of 1827 he removed to Ohio, and at the earliest opportunity united with the Ohio Conference. Prior to the General Conference of 1836 the agitation of the question of slavery in the church was begun, and subsequent to that conference was continued with increased zeal and organization of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on strictly antislavery principles. The antecedents of Brother Boucher, and his avowed antislavery sentiments, led him to sympathize with this movement; and in the fall of 1843 he withdrew from the Ohio Conference, in order to connect himself with it. He then reunited with the Cincinnati Conference, in 1867.

During his sickness his confidence in the Lord remained unshaken, and almost daily remarked, "I am only waiting, waiting to go home." The day before he died he awoke to perfect consciousness, expressed his devout thankfulness for freedom from pain, and observed to his children, whom he fully recognized, "I shall soon be with your mother in heaven." To a friend who came in he exclaimed, "All is well. I will soon know as I am known." Thus closed the life of Joshua Boucher, on the evening of November 22, 1873, at Kingston, Caldwell County, Missouri, in the seventy-seventh year of his age and the fifty-fifth of his ministry.

\* \* \*

BROCKUNIER, S. J. -- S. J. Brockunier was born in Pennsylvania June 12, 1795, and died in Bloomingdale, Ohio, July 22, 1867. When near his end and gasped for breath he said, "Soon the toilsome strife be o'er," etc. To one he said, "My district, my circuit, and my station are reduced to the narrow compass of an old narrow arm chair, but through all my afflictions my trust has been in the 'Rock of Ages.'" In ecstasy he cried out, "Thoughts of heaven, the sun-bright clime; yes, yes, home, home, home; that is the joy that is the triumph, to find all in heaven." Grand old warrior, how well he fell asleep. " Like some grand river widening to the sea, Calmly, silently, and deep, life joined eternity."

\* \* \*

BROWN, DAVID -- David Brown was born in February, 1760, in the County of Down, Ireland; came from thence, recommended as a local preacher, entered the itinerant connection in 1794, and finished his course on the 5th of September, 1803. There have been few, even among the best of men, who have lived so generally beloved, and died so regretted as this holy man. His unaffected piety commanded esteem. Discord fled before him, for the God of peace was with him, and a uniting harmony brooded over the face of the circuit. His last words were, " The Lord's will be done; my anchor is cast within the veil." He died at Ash Grove, on Cambridge Circuit, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

\* \* \*

BRUCE, PHILIP -- Philip Bruce, a Methodist Episcopal minister, was born in North Carolina -- descendant of the Huguenots, and a soldier of the Revolution. He died in Giles County, Tenn., May 10, 1826. Near the close of his life he said, "Indeed my work is well-nigh done, and I am waiting in glorious expectation for my change." At the time of his death he was the oldest traveling preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, except Freeborn Garrettson.

\* \* \*

BRYAN, JAMES MADISON -- James Madison Bryan was born in slavery, at New Berne, North Carolina, and died January 2, 1876, in Louisiana. He prayed aloud, saying, "O Lord, I have lived here long enough; my work is done; my strength is gone; I have enjoyed and suffered much; now be pleased to take me up to live with thee forever." And then he said, " My son, Cornelius, go down to St. James, wind up the business, and get my reports ready for conference. I shall not be alive when you get back; but meet me in heaven. My dear wife, my hour has come, and I am glad; my suffering will soon be over." He then closed his eyes and said, "My way is clear; there is no veil between me and my God; heaven is in sight; I am now passing over Jordan;" and with folded hands on his bosom he entered heaven.

\* \* \*

BUDD, THOMAS -- Thomas Budd, a native of New Mills, Burlington County, New Jersey, was born February 19, 1783, and about the year 1800 was converted to God and attached himself to the Methodist Church. He was received as a traveling preacher at the Philadelphia Conference in 1803. He possessed in a large measure the grand principle of ministerial oratory -- the power of the Holy Ghost. His last illness was a continued scene of severe affliction, great patience, and much Divine consolation. With the deepest humility, modesty, and triumph, he said, " I love fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I love kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life. "He sat in his chair till a few moments before he died, and then desired to be laid on the bed. Then he desired to be put on his knees, in which position he expired on the 17th day of June, 1810, with all that tranquillity and holy triumph which the consideration of a life devoted to God, a sense of the Divine presence, and a prospect of an eternal weight of glory are calculated to inspire.

\* \* \*

BUNTING, JABEZ -- Jabez Bunting was born at Manchester, May 13, 1779, and died June 16, 1858. He was converted when about sixteen years of age. To Jabez Bunting is the Wesleyan Missionary Society indebted for its organization. His last years were spent in great suffering. His feelings were depressed, but his faith prevailed. He was heard to say, "Perfect peace;" and his very last words were, " Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

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C

CALDWELL, ASBURY -- Asbury Caldwell was a native of Paris, Maine. Being converted to God in early life, and furnishing satisfactory evidence of a divine call to the ministry, he entered the traveling connection in 1832, and continued an approved member of the Maine Annual Conference till his death. He died a martyr to his work. His heart was formed for friendship, and expanded with benevolence; his religious feelings were eminently catholic, cordially embracing all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. He lived a witness of entire sanctification. He was an able and successful minister of the New Testament, and few were ever favored with more ecstatic views upon the bed of death.

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CALDWELL, MERRITT -- Merritt Caldwell was born in Oxford, Maine, November 29, 1806. "It will be enough," he said to me the day before he died, "if I get to heaven and see Jesus." For some time prior to his death he would occasionally break out in accents of praise to God, "Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest! Glory to Jesus!" These expressions he would repeat with an emphasis and power known to but few, except to the dying. About two hours before his death a scene came on of absorbing interest. He cast his eyes toward his hands and said to his mother, with a sweet expression of countenance, "Mother, the crisis is at hand." Afterward, when a mortal pang seized him, he remarked, "This is no ordinary pain;" and requested his wife to be called. As she entered the room he reached his hand to her and gave her a parting salutation. Seeing his little daughter he said, "Let the little creature come and kiss me." He then remained silent a short time, with extreme suffering, but soon said, "My trust is in God; that is the amount of it." After a short pause he said, "The will of the Lord be done;" and again, very audibly, "Through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

On May 29th he wrote the last letter to his little daughter, -- how Mrs. Dr. Ridgaway, -- little more than a week before he went up higher. In this he says: "I feel that I am gradually approaching my house not made with hands, and feel that it will be glorious to exchange earth for heaven. I have committed all my family to God, and he will do his part in the care of them -- of you, my dear daughter; only do your part to take care of yourself."

On May 30th, the day of the month being mentioned, he said, "I may live to see the summer, to see the earth spread with green and clothed with beauty, but I wonder when I shall again see decay. I reckon there is no decay in heaven. If there are green leaves there they never fall; there shall be no death there."

On May 31st he said, "I have strength equal to my day in every circumstance." This he repeated often. Looking at his swelled feet, and addressing Mrs. Caldwell, he said, "This looks pleasant. It is as strange to me as it is to you; yet I like to look at it." After a pause he continued, "Surely, you will not lie down on your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me all along, and will, I trust, sustain me to the end. And when you visit the spot where I lie do even not choose a sad and mournful hour."

On June 1st he said, "One symptom after another assures me that I am approaching my end. I have been graciously saved from extreme sufferings. It may be I shall go down to death without

them; but I think nothing of that. God knows what is best." He then added, "I find an additional sweetness in the name of Jesus," and repeated,

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
And bids our sorrows cease."

Again he remarked, "I have given up nearly every care to others. The world goes on almost without a thought or care from me." Hearing it remarked that the cares of earth would soon cease with us, although they now press upon us for a little time, he replied, "Oh yes; I would not exchange. I have not viewed it in this light before. Oh, no; I would not exchange conditions with any of you. I am now wholly the Lord's, and he is mine. Glory to God! Praise the Lord!"

June 3d, to a lady who called to see him he said, "Mrs. Caldwell told me today that I had been here twelve weeks. They have been weeks of great suffering, yet I believe in all this I can say with Job, 'I have not sinned nor charged God foolishly.'"

June 4th, suffering great oppression, he said, "I feel, in my extreme debility, just like lying down and sleeping in Jesus. I shall sleep in Jesus. He is my trust." To a brother, raising him up in bed he remarked, "I am very languid." The doctor replied, "Yes; but while your outward man perisheth, your inward man is renewed day by day." "Oh, yes," said he, "when my mind returns from its wanderings, and fixes itself on Christ, there it rests." At another time he remarked to the doctor, "Faith is a great thing. It enables me to stand on the dividing-line between the two worlds without trembling."

June 6th, as some one was fanning him he said to his mother, "Mother, I have temptation to murmuring or impatience. On the contrary, I feel, as the fan is brushing by me, that the heavenly breezes are passing over me." His mother responded, "Glory to God! I shouted glory to God when you were converted; but then I rejoiced with trembling, now I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And could I but rejoice when I see my son breathing his life away into the light of heaven?" Again, speaking of dying, he remarked, "This is not dying. It is the consummation of life. A little while, and it will be life eternal."

One trial more awaited him. He must taste, at least, of the cup of his dying Lord. All had been bright and cheerful heretofore; but now the cloud must be seen in the distance which Christ felt, when he exclaimed, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" Suddenly, with an expression of deep anxiety, he said, "Mother, pray for me, that my faith fail not -- that I may not be overcome by temptation." The family united in earnest prayer; and as strong supplications went up in the darkness of death he responded with great fervor; and at the mention of the name of Jesus, he would repeat it again and again, saying, "Jesus is my trust!" When prayer was ended, he said to those who were watching with intense solicitude his last moments, "I seem to have lost my landmarks." And again he struggled mightily in prayer, like one contending for the last victory, repeating and resting upon his only hope -- the name of Jesus. He looked to that name as the only star in the midst of a midnight gloom. The family again knelt in prayer by his bedside, till suddenly victory came, and broke forth from the dying man as though he stood upon the suburbs of heaven. "Glory to God!" he shouted; "glory to God! I shall be saved! Glory to God! I shall live in heaven! Why was it that I was left? All was dark, and I began to fear I should die a sad specimen of a

Christian." His mother replied, "It was permitted for a trial of your faith; but you will come forth as gold. God will not forsake his children." He replied with great emphasis, "But what if I had not been a Christian?"

But Death was now doing his last work. The dark veil was in a few moments to hide him from mortality; but not till he had a brighter view of heaven. In a few minutes he raised his head, and waving his right hand, already cold in death, he shouted. "Glory to God! glory to God! glory to God! Glory to Jesus! He is my trust! he is my trust! he is my strength! Glory to Jesus! Mourn not for me! Jesus lives -- I shall live also! I shall be saved! Glory to God! Glory to Jesus! glory to Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

'Jesus the name that charms our fears,  
And bids our sorrows cease.'

Jesus is my life! Jesus! Glory to Jesus!" Feebly, now taking the hand of his wife he said, "Farewell, my dear wife. Glory to Jesus! Jesus my life! Jesus my trust! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! J-e-s-u-s!" And Jesus was the last whisper caught from his dying lips.

Thus terminated the mortal career of this truly useful man. He lived an ornament to his race, and died a cheering and bright example of the power of divine grace. What can not grace do for man? What did it not do for Merritt Caldwell? It found him a fallen being; it made him a happy and useful man in life, gave him triumph in death, and placed him in heaven, a joint heir with Christian inheritor of eternal life. Would that our world had more such men as was Merritt Caldwell.

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CALLUHAN, GEORGE -- George Calluhan was born in the State of Maryland, December 27, 1765. In 1775 he settled in western Pennsylvania. In 1784 he embraced religion, and in 1787 he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher. He traveled two years, and preached with great success, in which time he had the honor of preaching the first Methodist sermon northwest of the Ohio River. Father Calluhan was among the first settlers in the west part of Licking County, Ohio, where he sustained for many years the character of a competent school-master, an intelligent justice of the peace, an upright Christian, and a very talented local preacher. He was a man of deep and protracted affliction. His circumstances were low, his family was large, and he had the third-day ague for seventeen years together; but in all this he "let patience have its perfect work," and without compensation he continued to preach the gospel of Christ, with unabated zeal, for about fifty years. On the 2d day of February 1839, he called the church together, which had grown up around him, and preached to them for the last time from II Cor. xii. 11: "Finally, brethren, farewell." From this text he took occasion to teach his old friends and children: First. That to "farewell" we must do well, and that well-doing will show itself. 1. By seeking to be perfect. 2. In super natural comfort. 3. In the unity of the spirit called "one mind." By "living in peace," or ill fellowship one with another. Secondly. The inducement held out in the text: "The God of love and peace shall be with you." The sermon was short, but it was as a voice from eternity. He felt and spoke like an inhabitant of another world. In a few days he took sick: and felt that his sickness was unto death; but his confidence in God grew stronger as his end approached. In his last struggles he

said to his weeping family, "I feel that my work is done!" This father in our Israel ceased at once to work and live on the 19th day of February 1839, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

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CAMPBELL, GEORGE A. -- George A. Campbell was born in Baltimore Hundred, Delaware, September 3, 1846, and died in Frankford, Delaware, September 7, 1876. To a friend he said, "Death will not surprise me at all; I am fully ready; there is not a shadow of doubt in my way. Tell my brethren in the ministry to live and die for Christ, and not to fail to meet me in heaven. Language can not express what I enjoy. Glory to God! Oh, if I could stand and had the voice, I would proclaim to the end of the earth, 'Come, poor sinners, come to Jesus.'"

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CAMPBELL, JOHN -- John Campbell was for many years one of the leading ministers of the Congregational denomination of England, and more than a quarter of a century pastor of the Old Tabernacle, Moorfield, London, where George Whitefield preached. He was editor of the official weekly paper and monthly magazine of the denomination for two decades. He was an unrivaled controversialist, and a bold and faithful champion of the faith as it is in Jesus. In this capacity he rendered valuable services to orthodoxy, which was assailed by those who ought to have represented it. As this venerable and noble minister of Christ approached his last he was asked by those who watched around his dying-bed, "Is Christ precious to you now?" "Unutterably so," was the emphatic response of the grand old soldier of the cross. Such a testimony from such a man at such a time can not be overestimated. A man of imperial and cultured intellect, who had spent a life-time examining the foundations of the Christian faith and defending them from the attacks of infidel and rationalistic assailants, finds in the very presence of death that Christ is "unutterably precious" to his soul.

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CAPERS, WILLIAM -- William Capers, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), was born in South Carolina, January 26, 1790, and died in Anderson, South Carolina, January 29, 1855. A great and good man. His life was seized suddenly with a death-chill, in which he was held three hours. He asked for the hour, and when informed, said, "What, only three hours since I have been suffering such torture? Only three hours. What must be the voice of the bird that cries, 'eternity!' 'eternity!' Three hours have taken away all but my religion." Precious testimony to the power of Christianity.

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CARPENTER, COLES -- Coles Carpenter, of the Troy Conference, died February 17, 1834. His dying words were, "Glory! glory! glory!"

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CARSON, JOSEPH -- Joseph Carson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Winchester, Virginia, February 19, 1785, and died in Culpepper County, Virginia, April 15, 1875, in the ninety-first year of his age. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in April 1801. He was admitted into the Baltimore Conference in 1805, at Winchester, Virginia, in the house of George A. Reed, where bishops Asbury and Whatcoat presided. He was appointed junior preacher on the Wyoming Circuit, which embraced all that part of Pennsylvania from the western branch of the Susquehanna River to the New York State line -- a circuit of four hundred miles, with thirty-two appointments. Indeed, revivals everywhere attended his ministry. He gave to the church seventy-four years of his life, to the ministry seventy-three years.

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CHANDLER, WILLIAM -- William Chandler was born June 22, 1764, converted in 1790, admitted to Philadelphia Conference in 1797. He was truly a great man, physically, mentally, and morally, -- of deep piety, and a pre-eminent revivalist, a great "camp-meeting preacher." The irreligious used to say, "If Dr. William Chandler were placed on one end of the stand and Rev. Solomon Sharp on the other, they could preach the devil himself out of hell."

His death was such a signal triumph that angels must have contemplated it with delight. A friend being on the way to meeting, stopped in to see him. Dr. Chandler asked, "What day is it?" On being told that it was Sunday, the doctor said, "Go then, to the meeting, and tell them I am dying shouting the praises of God." Then, turning to his wife, he said, "Open the window, and let me proclaim to the people the goodness of God," after which he died calmly, aged 58 years.

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CHAPLIN, JONATHAN E. -- Jonathan E. Chaplin was born in Chaplin, Windham County, Conn., in the year 1789. In August 1834, he was received on trial by the Ohio Conference, and appointed principal of Norwalk Seminary. His last illness was a very painful one; his suffering indeed were most intense, Yet did grace so sweetly sustain him that "patience had its perfect work." For the most part, his mind seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of God. His constant theme was holiness. He said to a friend that it was not enough to perform all the external duties of religion, we must be holy. "Oh!" continued he, "that I could see Bro. Stewart, and hear him pronounce that word 'holiness' with his wonted emphasis. Bro. Fuller, we must live holiness." He would sometimes say to his beloved companion, "If God should see fit to raise me up again to preach the everlasting gospel, my God assisting me, I will preach it from the heart." When asked, a few hours before he expired, how it was with him, his reply was, "All is well -- all is peace -- all is glory. I shall soon be with the dear Redeemer." His last audible prayer was that "God would convert poor perishing sinners."

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CHRISTIE, WILLIAM BURR -- William Burr Christie was born in Wilmington, Clinton County, Ohio, September 2, 1803 and died in Cincinnati, March 26, 1842. Among the numerous incidents indicating the state of his mind during the last hours of his earthly existence, only a few will be recited. Saturday morning, a little after midnight, he requested a brother who was sitting

with him to call Dr. Wright, who came in and found him sinking rapidly. He asked Bro. C. if he felt worse? His reply was that he had great difficulty of breathing. After some means of temporary relief had been administered he asked the doctor, "What does this mean?" In reply the doctor inquired if he would like to see some of his friends? Bro. C. then said, "Why do you ask the question? Do you think I am pretty near home?" On being informed that he was undoubtedly worse, he looked round upon his wife and friends, calm and collected, and said, "I am not alarmed. I am not afraid to die." Extending and looking at his hands he remarked, "Jesus, with his bleeding hands, will not thrust me away." Next he took his two little sons, embraced them, and commended them to God. Soon after this Bro. Sehon entered his room, to whom he said, "Bro. Sehon, I am almost home." After exchanging a few words he requested Bro. S. to pray; and during the prayer he appeared to be perfectly happy. This over, he beckoned Bro. S. to his bed, and by him sent the following message: "Tell my brethren at the conference, if they think my name worthy of being mentioned, then I have not preached an unknown and an unfelt Christ. Tell them that thought unworthy and unfaithful, that gospel which I have preached to others now sustains me. Tell the preachers to preach Christ and him crucified. Tell them my only hope, my only foundation, is in the blood of sprinkling. Precious blood! Oh, the fullness, the sweetness, the richness of that fountain!" After praising God for some time he turned his eyes on his weeping companion and made some reference to his temporalities, but instantly observed that they were small matters, little things; assuring her that God would provide for her and his little children. About two o'clock Bishop Morris arrived, and him bolstered up in his bed, much exhausted. He, however, reached out his hand, and said distinctly, "I am almost home. I feel that God is good to me, and that Jesus Christ is my salvation. Jesus is precious." When unable to articulate, he often lifted his cold hand in token of victory; and again, as though anxious to make us understand his meaning, he raised his hands high above his head and waved it in triumph. After some time, he raised both hands at once and extended them before him as if just rising on "the wings of love and arms of faith," and then, in an animated manner, brought them together, triumphing over death, his last enemy. At that time we supposed he would speak no more, for when his companion desired to hear his voice once more on earth, he could only look at her and point his finger toward heaven. However, not long before his exit he raised his hand high, and Bro. S. asked him if he wanted anything? He shook his head. Bro. S. then asked him if it was power and glory? His countenance brightened up, while he nodded his head affirmatively; and his strength returning to him, he shouted aloud, clapping his hands and giving glory to God. The same peculiarity of manner, for mode of expression, and even gesture, which marked his pulpit and altar performances, were strikingly exhibited in his closing scene. To the last he seemed to be conscious and triumphant. About seven o'clock, Saturday morning, March 26, 1842, without a sigh or groan, his deathless spirit passed in peace and triumph from earth, to appear before the presence of God with exceeding joy.

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CLARK, ABNER -- Abner Clark, a young man of an amiable disposition, was born in Salem, New Hampshire, May 1, 1788. He embraced religion through the instrumentality of the Methodist preachers, March 3, 1807. About a year after this great and glorious change took place in him, he was recommended to the New England Annual Conference. Not long before his death he declared that he had the fullest confidence in the truth of that gospel which he had preached "I can learn upon it," said he, "for it is the gospel of Christ; it is the truth of God; it came from heaven." On the day he died some of his friends about his bed informed him that they thought he was dying.

He replied, "The will of the Lord he done." A few moments afterward he said, "I am going! I am going! Blessed be God for victory over sin, the world, and the devil. I have gained the victory, and soon expect my this embodied spirit will join the band of music above, and bear some humble part in praising God, and stand with the hundred and forty-four thousand on the sea of glass, to sing the song of Moses and the lamb." After which he added, "Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other," and then soon expired without a struggle or a groan. Thus ended the useful life of our beloved Bro. Clark, February 20, 1814, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

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CLARK, ALEXANDER -- Alexander Clark was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, March 10, 1831, and died at Atlanta, Georgia, at the residence of Gov. Colquitt, July 6, 1879. He had a national reputation as a man of the literary taste, and marked ability as writer, preacher, and lecturer. At the time of his death he was editor of the Methodist Recorder, at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was sick while traveling in the South, but amid all his suffering he was calm and resigned. A short time before his death he sent the following message to his friends in North Carolina: "Say to them I love them. Tell them I am patient, trying to get toward home, and that my love for the Savior abounds more and more. I have been very ill, but am better, though still weak. The doctor says I must not talk. I have been at death's door, but right in the gate of heaven." He spoke of the valley or the shallow of death, adding, "I know it, for I have been there." He then spoke of how good the Lord had been to him, and how much he had blessed him. Our dear brother has finished his course; the conflict is ended, the victory is won. "Rest, weary head! Lie down to slumber in thy peaceful tomb; Light frost, above has broken through the gloom; here, in the place where the Savior lay, Where he shall wake thee on a future day. Like a tired child upon its mother's breast, Rest, sweetly rest. "Rest, freed spirit! In the green pastures of the heavenly shore, Where sin and sorrow can approach no more With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed, Beside the streams of life eternal led, Forever with thy God and Savior blest, Rest, sweetly rest!"

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CLARK, DAVIS W. -- Davis W. Clark, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born on the island of Mt. Desert, off the coast of Maine, February 25, 1812, and died in Cincinnati, May 23, 1871. His career as an educator, pastor, editor, author, and bishop, in our Church is well known. His efficiency in each department that he was called to fill, his arduous labors, his fidelity to duty, have left a lasting impression on the church he loved, and to which he had consecrated all his efforts. His zeal for the house of the Lord eats him up, and at the early age of fifty-nine he passed from the midst of his labors to his reward. During his final illness many precious expressions, consoling and encouraging, fell from his lips. The chamber where he met his fate seemed indeed "close on the verge of heaven." When his strength was greatly reduced he said, "What a strange outcome of life this seems to me; and yet, no stranger than it may be to any of you. I would have been glad to work more for the Church if God had seen best to spare me. God sees not as man seeth." And then he repeated many times, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." At another time he said to his wife, "I don't want you to be troubled about me; rejoice and give thanks. It will all be well. I shall depart and be with Jesus, which is far better." On the 19th of May, Even sight and hearing reverend apparently gone, he put out his hand to

the members of his family gathered around him, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, imprinted a kiss upon each of the lips of each one -- a mute, but eloquent farewell. Just at twilight he suddenly aroused, and though he had not spoken more than a sentence for nearly two days, he said feebly but distinctly, "Tireless company, tireless song." He paused for a moment and then added, "The song of the angels is a glorious song. It thrills my ears even now." Pausing again, he spoke with renewed strength, "I am going to join the angels' song. Glorious God! blessed Savior! bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and sunk into an unconscious state, from which he never roused until the glad messenger came to usher him into the presence of his Lord, who had been the strength of his life, and was his support in death. So fell asleep one of the best-rounded characters, one of the most untiring, energetic, and wise workers American Methodism has ever produced.

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COLES, GEORGE -- George Coles was born in Stewkley, England, June 2 1792; died in New York, May 1, 1858. Two weeks before his death he said, "Death does not seem very dreadful as formerly." An hour before he died he requested the family to pray for his departure. During the prayer he responded with a deep feeling, and at the close, raising his hand, exclaimed: "Hark!" as if some heavenly voice saluted his ear. He then leaned back in his chair and fell asleep in Jesus.

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COLLINS, JOHN -- John Collins was a native of New Jersey, and was brought up in the faith of the Society of Friends. His conversation to God was through the instrumentality of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and through his influence clearly, if not entirely, all his father's family were brought to God. He was licensed to preach as a local preacher in his native state, where he soon became a bright and shining light. He traveled extensively to sow the precious seed of the kingdom through west Jersey; and great was the increase God gave to the word of his servant. In the year 1804 Brother Collins removed to Ohio, purchased land, and settled on the Horse-Shoe Bottom, in Clermont County, twenty miles above Cincinnati. In 1807 he entered the Western Conference, when five Circuits, namely, Miami, Mad River, Scioto, Hockhocking, and Muskegum, embraced the entire territory of the then settled parts of Ohio. His first circuit was Miami, and his first colleague was Rev. Benjamin Lakin. Bro. Collins next appointment was in charge of Scioto Circuit, where God gave witness to the words of his grace, and many accessions to the church. In 1813 he traveled Limestone Circuit, in Kentucky. In 1818 we find him on the Scioto District, where he remained as presiding elder for three years. In 1821 Bro. Collins was appointed in charge of Cincinnati Station, where he was returned in 1822. In 1834 he was stationed in Cincinnati, in 1835 on New Richmond Circuit, and in 1836 on White Oak Circuit. Here Bro. Collins closed his itinerant life. His health had so far declined that he was compelled to take a superannuated relation, which he held until his death took place August 1, 1845, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having worn himself out in his work. The last moments of this man of God were truly interesting. His death was as peaceful as his life was pious. His setting sun was without a cloud. His last words were, "Happy! happy!"

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COMSTOCK, WILLIAM -- William Comstock was born in Wayne County, Ohio, and died in Indiana, in 1875, in triumph. He cried out, "Let man be abased, and Christ exalted; let the name of Jesus, who saves, be honored and magnified." Amen, and amen!

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CONNER, AARON -- Aaron Conner was born in Indiana in May 1822, and died September 28, 1878. When going heavenward he said, "Happy if with my last breath I may but gasp his name," and then added, " It grows dark here -- but it is light ahead Praise! praise!"

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CONNER, GEORGE J. -- George J. Conner said: "All my hope is in Christ; he keeps me every moment. His grace is sufficient for me, -- my stay, my comfort. I am going soon. I am resting on the Rock, -- the Rock of Ages. I feel secure in the atonement; from this my mind does not waver. I have had such a glorious vision of my heavenly home; but I am most impressed with the nearness of it."

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COOK, VALENTINE -- Valentine Cook, an eminent pioneer minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in 1820, In Kentucky. After preaching at a camp meeting, he was struck down with disease. Of his religious state he said, "When I think of Jesus and of living with the forever, I am so filled with the love of God that I scarcely know whether I am in the body or out of the body."

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COOKMAN, ALFRED -- Alfred Cookman was born in Columbia, on the Susquehanna River, January 4, 1828, and died in Newark, New Jersey, September 13, 1871. His last sermon was preached from the words, "We all do fade as a leaf." Returning to his home he said to his wife, "I have preached my own experience tonight, -- fading as a leaf." His Bible was his daily companion in his sickness. He would often say, "There is nothing like the word of God. OH, how precious." It was after reviving from one of the severe paroxysms to which Mr. Cookman was subject, about one week from the first attack, that he had what may be regard as a remarkable vision.

He found himself just inside heaven. He was first received by his grandfather Cookman who said, "What you were in England I took great pleasure in showing you the different places of interest; now I welcome you to heaven, whose features were as distinct as when he saw them in his boyhood days. He also said, "Welcome, my son; washed in the blood of the Lamb." Then his brother George took him in his arms, and said, "Welcome, by brother; washed in the blood of the Lamb." And lastly his son Bruner received him with the same salutation, "Welcome, father; washed in the blood of the Lamb." Each one of these in turn presented him to the "throne." When he told his sire of what he had seen and heard he said, "That was an abundant entrance." She asked him if it was a dream. He replied that it was between sleeping and waking. Saint Stephen is not the

last of God's suffering and dying servants who have seen heaven opened before their entrance into it.

He now seemed to understand as never before the expression, "Perfect or purified through suffering." He said, "I have for many years known what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Now I understand the full meaning of that verse, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient; but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth." To his mother, "You know the nails pierced his precious feet, and he can sympathize with me in my sufferings. In all their affliction he was afflicted. To his son Frank, "The effect of this sickness is to draw me nearer and nearer to the heart of Jesus." "I have no painful solicitude in respect to the future. To the praise of the divine grace, I humbly testify that this was taken away long ago. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' My faith and hope have come back to cheer me with the assurance that 'all is well.'"

Again he said, "The best hours of my illness were when the fierce fires of affliction were kindling and scorching all around me. It has convinced me that full Salvation is the only preparation for the ten thousand contingencies that belong to a mortal career. Oh, how soothing to feel, hour by hour, that the soul has been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to experience the inspiration of that perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment. These, with other lessons, have been most precious and profitable; and yet I can not but think that my faithful Lord has some ulterior meaning in this affliction that is not yet fully or satisfactorily revealed. I want to sit like little Samuel and, with a humble and obedient heart, say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

"Above all, dear mother, I have had the precious Jesus with me during every hour of my sickness. When my pains were most severe, he would let down on my soul such a sight of glory that I was obliged to break forth in strains of praise and joy. O precious mother, now invaluable is full salvation in suffering and in the prospect of eternity! To feel that the soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to realize the perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment -- oh, this is more than all the world beside."

To his sister he said, the same day, "If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my hand, I would not. If Jesus shook me, 'Would you live or die?' I would answer, 'I refer it back to thee.'"

To Rev. Mr. Dunn, in his last interview, he said, "I wish that I could tell you how precious Jesus has been to me during my sickness. I have had such views of him as I never had before. Right in the midst of my most intense sufferings he has so manifested himself to me that I have been lifted above them all." He remarked to his wife, "God means something by this sickness. He is either fitting me for greater usefulness here, or for heaven. I am lying passive in his hands, trying to learn the lessons he would teach me. I am sitting in the hands of the heavenly Artist." To one of his official members he used substantially these words: "My church is very dear to me; my wife and children are very precious; my friends are dear to me; but the sweet will of God I love better than all else. I have no choice to live or die. God has some design in the sickness. Jesus is very precious." Often he would repent, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His mother spent most of Monday with him. While she was present he lost the use of his hand. He

remarked, as he looked at it, "This hand seems paralyzed; but it belongs to Jesus." He then repeated part of the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way."

His mother said, "I feel it a privilege, Alfred, to be in this room. There is such a divine influence; it seems like the gate of heaven." He responded, "Yes, there are heavenly visitants here." About five o'clock she left him, to return to her home in New York, not supposing him to be near death. As she was kissing him good-bye he held her hand, and gazing into her eyes he said, "Next to Jesus, mother, I owe everything to you. Your holy influence, your godly example, your wise counsels have made me the Christian and minister that I am." To his brother John he said, "John, you have been a mercy to me. Mercy is written on your brow. My friends are all a mercy to me. I am not afraid to die. Death is the gate to endless glory. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." He desired to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Bruner, to whom he said, "This is the sickest day of my life, but all is well. I am so glad I preached full salvation. What would I do with out it now? If you forget everything else, remember my testimony -- washed in the blood of the Lamb. Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to great heart of infinite love." To his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant. Just as you fold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestled close to the heart of Jesus."

To his son George he said, "My son, your pa has been all day long sweeping close by the gates of death."

At his request he was removed to the other side of the bed, when he remarked, "How sweet and quiet everything seems; I feel like resting now." Very soon he became insensible to outward things; and within about four hours, at eleven P.M., surrounded by his family and trustees of his church, he died, sweeping through the gates of paradise, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Thus passes to the bosom of God, in the prime of his life, one of the most saintly, earnest, and useful men of modern times.

\* \* \*

COOPER, BENJAMIN -- Benjamin Cooper died at his residence in Hancock County, Indiana, May 13, 1846. He was born in Perry County, Ohio, June 3, 1802, to which his parents removed a short time before his birth. When approaching the valley of the shadow of death he said, " My confidence is firm. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He saved me; saved me from sin; saves me now." To a young minister he said, "Go, young man, and preach Jesus to a lost world." Then lifting his eyes to heaven, and his countenance beaming, with unearthly grandeur, he said, " O death, where is thy sting?"

\* \* \*

COREY, DAVID -- David Corey was born in 1797, and was converted to God in 1814. Shortly after he joined the church he was licensed to exhort, and soon afterward to preach. A member of the conference ways, "I visited him a number of times during his last illness, and always found him strong in faith, giving glory to God. At one time I said to him 'Bro. Corey, have you your friend with you now?' Tears of holy joy flowed down his cheeks. He said, "My feelings

are indescribable. The Lord is my friend; he sustains me now!" A short time before he breathed his last breath he desired to be raised up in the bed, and addressing himself to an unconverted friend, said, "There is a divine reality in religion. I am a dying man, and will not lie!" He pressed his friend, with his remaining strength, to fly to the Lord Jesus, and prepare for death. It made a deep impression. A few minutes before he died, he shouted, 'Oh, glory to God!' and soon he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus," on the 23d of August 1844.

\* \* \*

CORWINE, RICHARD -- Richard Corwine was born in August 29, 1879, in Mason County, Ky. His parents being religious, he was brought up under religious discipline and influence. At the altar of family he received his first religious impressions. He obtained religion and joined the church in 1809. In 1817 he was licensed to preach. His Christian experience was like a rising tide, to the end of life, -- then overflowing all its banks. As he approached death he had struggle in giving up his family. But he gained the victory; and when he had committed them to the care and protection of Heaven, his faith became triumphant, and he shouted for joy. In reply to a wish expressed by his friends that he might again be enabled to resume his labors, he said, "I feel like a frail vessel that has long been out at sea, and has breasted many a storm, but is now safe, in sight of the destined and much-desired port. My friends desire that I should return again. I do not desire to return; but the will of the Lord be done."

Having given his family his dying charge, and lifted up his voice in prayer for them for the last time, he seemed composed. A friend said to him, "I am here." "God is here too." Her friend said, "The messenger has come." "Sweet messenger," he said, and spoke no more. He had been requested when he could not speak, if he felt the Lord was with him, to raise his hand. He did so, and then sunk calmly in death.

\* \* \*

CRANDALL, ANDREW J. -- Andrew J. Crandall was transferred from the Oneida to the Missouri Conference in spring of 1848. He was taken sick a few days before the session of conference in 1849, in St. Louis, and was able to be present with his brethren only an hour or two. At the close of the conference we had good hope that in answer to many prayers, by the blessing of God, his useful life would be spared. But God saw best to remove him to a higher sphere in a few days after the conference closed. A short time before he breathed his last breath his last he preached a short sermon, and gave out and sung the doxology, -- "Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below, Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," -- And then said, "Brother, dismiss, or I will." Pausing a moment he said, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen," and fell asleep.

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CRANE, JOHN -- John Crane was born in 1787, at a station called Eatons Station, about tow miles below Nashville, Tenn. At six years of age he appeared to be under the influence of religious impressions. At twelve years of age he was one of the subjects of the great revival at

Cumberland, at which time he experienced a clear manifestation of the love of God in the pardon of his sins. He was certainly among the most remarkable youths of his age; for when only twelve years old he frequently exhorted the people of his acquaintance, and others, to turn to God and seek the salvation of their souls -- and with no small effect, for the tears were frequently seen to start from their eyes while this amiable boy was (like young Samuel) speaking for the Lord. At the age of twenty he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection. Not long before he expired he died away, and it was thought his spirit had fled; but in a little time he revived and cried out, "What hath brought me back? I have been on the very margin of heaven." About three hours before he left the world his father arrived. He said, "O father, I love you; but I have a Father in the kingdom of heaven; I shall soon be with him. I have not a doubt of my acceptance with God. My body will soon be laid low in the dust; out this mortal shall put on immortality."

\* \* \*

CRANE, JAMES LYONS -- James Lyons Crane was born in Ohio, August 30, 1823, and died in Illinois, 1879. "It is all right with me; I have no fear of death; I have trusted in the Savior the greater part of my life; he has never forsaken me, and I know he will not forsake me now."

\* \* \*

CRUME, MOSES -- Moses Crume died at his own residence, in Oxford, Ohio, April 1, 1839, in the seventy-third year of his age, after a most painful illness of three hours. Brother Crume was a native of Virginia. He embraced religion in 1787, at which time he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was licensed to preach in 1791. The field of his early labors was in Kentucky, where he united the first Methodist preachers in proclaiming the gospel of the ever-blessed God. In 1805, Bro. Crume removed to Ohio, west of the Great Miami. In his house was formed the first class on that side of the river; and on his farm was held the first camp-meeting west of Hamilton. During the last thirty years of Bro. Crume's life, he was a member of the Ohio Conference, and labored with great usefulness and acceptance as long as his health would permit him to travel. When worn down with labor and infirmities, and no longer able to go forth in the field, like the faithful and well-trained ox, he would stand with his head to the yoke. The Sabbath before he died, he pointed a deeply-interested congregation to the Lamb of God as the only hope of a perishing world; and it was remarked by his friends who had long sat under his ministry that he was more heavenly and spiritual than usual. On the morning of the day that he closed his earthly existence he was led out in prayer in an unusual manner, and particularly in behalf of his family. Although his death was sudden, he had time to tell his friends more than once, in the dying language of the venerable McKendree, "All is well."

\* \* \*

CULVER, AARON L. -- Aaron L. Culver was born at Dobbs' Ferry, New York, February 19, 1841, and died November 11, 1877. At the age of twelve years he was soundly converted at Hart's Corners, New York, in a revival-meeting held in a school-house by Elijah Davis, of White Plains, and ere long he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of twenty-one we find him attending school at Claverack, returning from which place, in 1859 or 1860, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Sing Sing, New York, where, under the ministry of Rev. E.

R. Keyes, he evinced such ability as a speaker and such power in exhortation that he was licensed to preach. Well did he say to the writer, "But for my tender, loving, watchful wife, I would have died long ago." He died in the house where their wedding reception was given; and his body at last lay before the same altar at which he stood a happy bridegroom twelve years before. Brother Culver was a man of marked ability, both natural and acquired. His was a philosophic mind, "searching the deep things of God," It most retentive memory, and a warm, loving heart. Opposites in his character render him utterly unlike other men. In the pulpit he was bold as a lion; out of it reticent and timid as a child. When chided for his timidity he would say, "I am in good company. Moses took a back seat, and David was least of the of Bethlehem." To strangers he appeared cold, reserved, and almost reclusive; to those knew him, genial, mirthful, and confiding. He was a thorough student, a master in science, history, and theology. As a preacher, he was clear, polished, and at times overwhelmingly magnetic; as a result, scores and hundreds were led to the cross through his ministry. In sermonizing he ever had an eye to immediate results. Brother Culver was mighty in prayer. We can not forget the hour at Poughkeepsie when he cried, "Lord, drive the devil out! out!! out!!!" and scoffers fled from the church, pale and trembling, and where a work of grace broke out that eight which never ceased until one hundred souls were "born again;" nor can we fail to remember that morning petition at Cold Spring for the healing of Mrs. Dalzell, who mended from that hour, though for fourteen months she had not left her bed; nor that plea to Heaven which once made his study at Poughkeepsie a transfiguration mount, when some lay like dead men. Brother Culver was never in robust health. In the fall of 1876 he preached his last sermon to his weeping people at Cold Springs. He was weak and pale. His text was, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, I said unto you, I go unto my Father." A fitting passage for one who stood with one foot on the earth and the other on the step of the chariot, about to enter it and mount the skies. In December, 1876, he wrote from Columbia, S. C., where He had gone to spend the winter: "I have but little ecstasy, but great peace; my Patmos consists in being touched by said, 'Fear not, I am the first and the last.' " After returning from the South he failed rapidly, but was ever triumphant in Christ. He said, "After an experience of twenty-four years, the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient. He saves me. There is no question about that. I realize the truth of the words, 'kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.'" On Sunday evening, October 11th, he rounded the cape, dropped the anchor, and so a world, heretofore silent and formless, burst upon his vision, yea, doubtless streets of gold, and the ladders stand, stretched away in the distance, while crowding down to the river's brink and stoning upon the pearly beach were his already glorified children, his translated brothers and sisters, and Professor Martin, with harp in hand, and these with the sainted Wakely, welcomed him to the "house not made with hands." Mortals cried, a man is dead! Angels say, a child is born."

\* \* \*

CUNNINGHAM, NATHANIEL PENDLETON -- Nathaniel Pendleton Cunningham was born in Pendleton County, Virginia, August 1, 1807. He was a man of uniform piety, constant in all his duties, Hence the "peace of God that passeth all understanding" filled his heart on his sick bed; and his death was triumphant. When asked in regard to his religious feelings he answered, "All is peace. Oh, how good the Lord is!" A few hours before his death he asked us to kneel down' and then he poured forth his soul with heavenly fervor and angelic sweetness, praying for us all by name. And oh, with what confidence did he commend Sister Cunningham and his little daughter, Virginia to the "dying Methodist preacher's God!" Not long after this he called Sister Cunningham

and Virginia, and his niece and sister, to his bedside, and gave them his dying instruction and blessing. Never did I hear such a blessing pronounced by a living or a dying man. It came up from the depth of his great heart with all the simplicity, fervor, melting sympathy, confidence, and solemnity of look and tone, that I have imagined to have characterized the blessing of the dying primitive patriarch as he uttered, "God Almighty, bless my wife, bless my child; take care of them, and keep them unto thy heavenly kingdom." He said to me, "I have not much to say now; but tell the congregation that the Bible is true, experimental religion is true, God is true and faithful to his promises. I find him so here on my deathbed; he is with me now. I find the experience of Holy-Ghost religion, which I have professed and enjoyed and preached in life and health, to be a glorious reality in sickness and death. Tell them to 'remember the words which I have spoken,' the Christianity I have preached to them, the doctrines, the experience, the holy living -- it is God's eternal truth, more enduring than the everlasting hills; it will stand when heaven and earth have passed away."

He charged me with the following message to communicate to the conference: "Tell my brethren of the annual conference I die at my post. My work is done. I love them much, very greatly, indeed, in the Lord. I would willingly have toiled and suffered longer; but God has given me a full discharge. Oh, I would like to attend some one of them, in his labors of love, if I might be permitted. How this will be I know not. But God is love; and I am going to the Methodist preacher's heaven! Amen."

\* \* \*

CURRY, H. M. -- H. M. Curry, was born in Adams County, Ohio, April 7, 1818, and died in Fletcher, Miami County, Ohio, March 3, 1874. He was admitted to the Ohio Conference in 1848. With persistent energy he toiled on when he should have rested. A short time before his death his mind seemed filled with visions of intense delight. The sting of death was gone, and before passing into the "heavenlies" he saw and talked with those gone before. At one time reaching out his hand he said, "Brother Joe, how are you?" His wife said, "Bro. Gatch is not here, he has been dead five years." He replied, "Oh no, he is here; I see him." About five minutes before he died he lifted up his right hand, and keeping it extended some time said, "O Christ, here I am. Wife, we must part. O Lord, bless my little children. Lord, bless Morris" -- his little son, in his tenth year. During his sickness he preached a soul-stirring sermon and prayed "right before the throne," "Oh blest heavenly rest prepared for me."

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D

DANFORTH, CALVIN -- Calvin Danforth was born in Covington, Franklin County, New York, and died at St. Augustine, Florida, May 15, 1839, at the Florida House, calmly saying, "My witness is in heaven, and my record is on high." His memory is embalmed in the hearts of his friends.

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,  
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed;

By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,  
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

\* \* \*

DASHIELL, LAURENSEN -- Laurenson Dashiell, senior secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence, Roseville, (a suburb of Newark, New Jersey,) on Monday evening, March 8, 1880.

In the death of Dr. Dashiell the Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its most eloquent ministers and most honored and useful servants. He has fallen, after having just entered the youth of old age, being about fifty-three years old. He was born and raised in Somerset County, eastern shore of Maryland. He was but twenty years of age when he joined the Baltimore Conference, in 1848, having received a furnishing for his duties at Dickinson College, from which he graduated in 1846. Nature, grace, and culture, all conspired to give him success in the work to which he was called. He was tall and erect in person, and commanding and graceful in his manners. He was possessed of an expressive countenance, and a voice of rare flexibility and power, capable at once of the softest and sweetest tones, and also of the loudest and boldest. His style was perspicuous, forcible, and even elegant. His information was very extensive and accurate.

At the General Conference of 1872 he was elected to the office of missionary secretary, with the Rev. Drs. T. M. Eddy and J. M. Reid as colleagues. Such was the acceptability with which he administered this important office that at the ensuing General Conference of 1876 he was reelected by a large majority on the first ballot.

He went out from the office one day expecting that a slight touch of the surgeon's knife would restore him in a few days to his desk; but he came back with the sentence of death upon him. The fortitude with which he met this unexpected conditions of affairs, and adjusted himself to it, was truly amazing. He at once surrendered his work and cheerfully addressed himself to the dreadful struggle, hoping all the while for the best. He lay upon his couch asserting continually the power of divine grace for even these dreadful emergencies, and commending to saint and sinner the religion of Jesus Christ as sufficient for all the ills of life. But when he came to lay himself down on the table for the operation that was performed for his temporary relief, the grace within him shone out with richest luster. The surgeon, about to administer the anesthetic, said to him, "Now, doctor, you must loose sight of all of us for a little while;" and he replied, "I know it; but my heavenly Father will not for one moment lose sight of me." Then, too, when in his dreams he came to the cold river, and found no way of crossing, neither bridge, nor boat, nor plank, and the bleeding hand of Christ spanned the river with a bridge, over which he crossed in safety, he tells us what he thought. First, he thought of his whole life spent in the service of God, of his labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for Christ; but these gave him no hope. Then he thought of results, of the many souls he had brought to the Redeemer, and the many other good works he had done in the great name of Jehovah; but there was no hope there. But when the atonement, full-orbed, arose upon his darkness and despair, then hope and joy dawned upon his soul. So he died, in great physical suffering, but in the abundant comforts and hopes of the earth weep for him, for the monuments of his toil are in all lands.

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DILLION, JOHN -- John Dillion was born near Zanesville, Ohio, October 27, 1815, and died at McArthur, August 26, 1876. "I have the advantage of the Lord; for I trust in him, and he can not do anything with me that will not be for my good. Pray that my faith may hold out; that I may not be overcome with fear when I draw near the awful majesty and glory of God." At midnight he said, "Let me go. Farewell! farewell!"

\* \* \*

DONKERSLEY, RICHARD -- was born in Yorkshire, England. He landed in America in 1842, and died at Elizabeth, Illinois, November 3, 1875. "I rest my soul on God's promise and on Christ's blood; and on this basis I must risk eternity. If I fail, the universe must fail."

"Nothing on earth do I desire  
But thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And gladly give up all the rest."

Late Tuesday night it seems that the weary wheels of life stood still; but he rallied, and lifting his trembling hands he said, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon and bide with you evermore." At midnight, with a voice strong and clear, he shouted, "Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!" "Looking toward us," says Dr. E. O. H. Tiffany, "he said, 'Sing and pray, -- eternity dawns,' and passed into glory."

\* \* \*

DUKE, H. S. -- H. S. Duke, presiding elder of Lexington District, Kentucky Conference, died May 3, 1836, of pulmonary consumption, with which he had been afflicted for two years or more. His sufferings were intense; yet he was never heard to murmur, but bore it with Christian patience and fortitude. He conversed frequently and fully on the subject of eternity. He never expressed a doubt with regret to his title to heaven, but many times spoke of his prospects of happiness with apparent rapture, and more than once shouted aloud the pleasing song of "Hallelujah, the glory to God!" A few days previous to his death, when informed that there were no hopes of getting any better, but that a few days must end his career, his reply was, "Well, I am ready." He was then asked if there were any further direction he wished to give. He replied, "Yes, I want you to tell the preachers at conference that I have never forgot the address of Bishop Soul at the Versailles Conference, when he said, 'Let me die at my post.' My cry now is, Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

\* \* \*

DURBIN, JOHN PRICE -- John Price Durbin was born in Bourbon Country, Kentucky, in 1800. He was converted in the eighteenth year, and joined the Methodist Church. In one week afterward he was licensed to preach, and was sent to supply a circuit. He was from the first noted

for his trilling eloquence. His style was very vehement, which soon injured his voice and impaired his general health. But with care in speaking his voice was restored in six months, so that he could be heard again by large congregations, although his style of delivery became conversational. In 1820 he joined the Ohio Conference, and traveled a circuit of two hundred miles in extent. He was a great student, and, like Wesley, read his books on horseback by day, and studied at night in the log-cabins where he lodged, by pine-knots thrown upon the fire. His large circuit included within its territory the Miami University, at Oxford. During the week-days Dr. Durbin attended this college, and commenced the study of ancient language. He subsequently attended the Cincinnati College, and was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts. In 1826 he was elected professor of language I Augusta College, Kentucky, and five years afterward was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. In 1832 he was elected the editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, in New York. In 1834 He was elected president of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, At which he remained until 1845. He then returned to the pastorate, and joined the Philadelphia Conference. The General Conference of 1852 elected him to the missionary secretaryship, which position he filled with great efficiency until his death, which occurred in October 1876, in Philadelphia. I was personally acquainted with Dr. Durbin from my boyhood, and heard him preach frequently in his early ministry. He never failed to interest and often overwhelms his audiences by his stirring appeals to the heart and conscience. He was a great favorite at camp-meetings in the West.

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E

EBBERT, ISAAC -- Isaac Ebbert was born at Ellicott Mills, Md., March 2, 1817, and died in 1871, at Paducah, Kentucky. His last words were "My way is clear; all is clear."

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EDGERTON, DANIEL -- Daniel Edgerton was born July 2, 1850, and died in June 1878. Several weeks before his death, in a class-meeting, he said, "I stand on the platform, waiting for the heavenly train, -- satchel in one hand and ticket in the other. I know it will take me through, for it is stamped with the blood of Jesus. I know that I am going to live." "Heaven seems so much brighter and real than ever before; and the plan of salvation is so clear. It is like starting on a journey. You see the city in the distance; then nearer, until it is in full view. So it is with heaven, grand and glorious." "Do not weep when I am gone. Sing the doxology. Angels! angels! Sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

\* \* \*

EDMONDS, WILLIAM -- William Edmonds was born in Lancaster County, Virginia, February 16, 1804. He embraced religion while residing in Baltimore, in 1823. In 1829 he was recommended to the Baltimore Conference, and was received on trial. In March, 1831, he was admitted into full connection, and ordained deacon, and elder in 1833. He continued to travel and labor as an effective man until his health failed. He was a devout, holy, and useful minister of Jesus. His last illness was severe. When visited by the preacher in charge, and interrogated as to his feelings, he replied, "I have been struggling to be enabled to say fully, and with all my heart,

"Thy will be done." To his wife he said, "When the messenger has come and done his worst, and you see this poor body sink into the grave, then rejoice; and always rejoice in the Lord. I wish I had a little strength." He then repeated, "Glory, glory, victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb! That is it. I nothing have; I nothing am."

\* \* \*

ELLIOTT, SIMON -- Simon Elliott was born October 25, 1809. When about five years of age he was brought from Ireland to this country. He was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church when about the age of eighteen. In 1833 he was received on trial in the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and appointed to Brownsville Circuit.

When he came to the brink of the valley of the shadow of death, the point where potentates have trembled and the mighty are afraid, he said, "I expected peace in death, but not ecstasy; but now I am in ecstasy." The morning before he breathed his last he took formal leave of his friends, speaking at some length to each of them. Though scarcely able to speak above a whisper, he continued with but little intermission for near two hours. The scene was one not to be described. To his wife his language was that of comfort. His little children were brought to him that they might receive a dying father's blessing. He exhorted the preachers present to "do good of every possible sort; to preach Christ for fully, more earnestly; to preach the efficacy of his atonement, the power of his gospel, and the terror of his law." To one of his brethren he said, "I have frequently heard you speak of dying grace for a dying day; but I rather thought we would have that grace every day. No I believe that is a point to be maintained, for I now find grace as I never expected it; it comes in on every side."

About midnight he wished all to come round his bed, that he might see them. They did so. He thought the light was poor. His eyes were growing dim in death. Two candles were placed so as to accommodate him. After taking a look at those around him he said, "Sing." Being asked what should be sung he replied, "Something that has Jesus in it." Then we sung the hymns beginning with these lines, "Alas! and did my Savior bleed;" "And let this feeble body fail;" and, "What's this that steals upon my frame."

\* \* \*

ELLIS, THOMAS -- Thomas Ellis was born in Mastyn, Flintshire, North Wales, January 1, 1806, and died at Pine Plains, New York, May 30, 1873. He said, "I never had such views of the mercy of God in the gift of Jesus Christ as now."

"And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Savior's blood?  
Amazing love! how can it be,  
That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me."

"What a wonder! The Lord Jesus died for Thomas Ellis. I feel like the sainted Summerfield, 'Take away the divinity of my Lord, and you are welcome to all that is left.' I have

been thinking of the grave; but I do not dread it. After being tossed by the tempest for so many years, it will be pleasant to anchor this body in the grave. The Lord is my strength and shield. My heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song I will praise him. My son, preach Christ and him crucified."

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ELLSWORTH, WILLIAM INNIS -- William Innis Ellsworth was born in Clinton County, Ohio, August 9, 1807, and died at his residence in Springfield, Ohio, in 1875. His first license is dated August 13, 1832. He was rapidly advanced through the office of local preacher to membership in the Ohio Conference. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Soule, and elder by Bishop Waugh. He spent thirty-four years of active service in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences. During the remaining ten years of his ministerial life he held the relation of either a supernumerary or superannuated preacher to the Cincinnati Conference. Brother Ellsworth was a pure man, and a most excellent preacher. He sought and found the great blessing of "perfect love," and lived it and preached it, and died in the full assurance that he was "washed in the blood of the Lamb." The exceptional holiness of his daily walk and life will witness for him in years to come.

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EMERY, RICHARD -- Richard Emery, the youngest son of John and Abiah Emery, was born in Haverhill, West Parish, Massachusetts, November 23, 1794. He viewed the blessing of sanctification in a clear and important light, and regretted that he had not preached it more frequently. He felt that holiness was the only qualification for heaven; and longed to be with his God. He considered death only as an entrance into glory, and submissively prayed and wished for its arrival; and when the "final hour" came he embraced it with apostolic firmness, exclaiming for his last words; "I am wrapped in the visions of God's love."

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EMORY, ROBERT -- Robert Emory was born in Philadelphia, July 29, 1814, and died May 18, 1848. From his boyhood he was unlike others of his own age; for although he mingled in the usual sports of childhood, yet he carried into them that dignity of deportment and care over his playfellows which constituted the germ of that power of government which so strikingly distinguished him in after life.

His death, as might have been expected, was marked by Christian composure and quiet certainty. He attached but little importance -- perhaps too little -- to the mere death-scene, considering the life rather than the death to be the test of Christian character. Hence when Death had well-nigh done his work, and the windows of his room were hoisted to assist his breathing, being asked as to his reliance upon Christ, he assented, but added that no importance was to be attached to anything he might say then, evidently meaning that his life was his witness, and that the shattered condition of his body might interfere with the just action of his mind. After arranging his temporal concerns he remarked, "And now something is due to God. My mind, in all my deep affliction, has been kept in peace; indeed, its complete serenity has been a matter of astonishment to myself." At another time he said he wished it understood that he died in the faith of his fathers.

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## F

FARNANDIS, HENRY S. -- Henry S. Farnandis was born December 1, 1819, in Loudoun County, Va., and was brought up in the Church of England. Feeling that it was his duty to preach, and Providence opening his way, on the 16th of January, 1819, he was licensed by Rev. J. Collins, and joined the Ohio Conference.

To a friend he said, "I never felt such communion with God before. Oh, how deep! How sweet!" To Rev. W. R. Davis he said, "Tell the Ohio Annual Conference that Henry S. Farnandis loves them all with a perfect love." Bro. Davis asked, "Shall I tell them that you have gone to heaven?" He replied, "Yes; to heaven, to God, to Mt. Zion. Oh, will they all meet me there?" On another occasion he said, "Brother Finley, I am going straight home -- straight home to glory." Being asked by his wife, a short time before his death, whether he had any doubts of fears he said, "No, not any. I have conversed so long with death that it has not terrors in it." On the 17th of May, 1845, in the fifty-third year of his age, in his own house, surrounded by his family and friends, thus fell asleep this man of God.

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FAY, ARIAL -- Ariel Fay died in Royalton, Vermont, December 29, 1836, aged 28 years. In 1830 he joined the New Hampshire Conference, and in 1835 was appointed to Corinth Circuit, where he finished his labors of love.

His disease was pulmonary consumption. He suffered much, but was patient and resigned. Before we joined in prayer he said, "I wish you to pray that I may enjoy all the gospel has provided for me." We prayed; the Lord answered; the room was filled with the glory of God. Brother Fay was unspeakably happy; he praised the Lord aloud. His language was, "Glory, glory!" "Now, brother," said he, "I am ready; I am ready to die, or live and suffer all the will of God. Tell my brethren they must be holy. Tell my brethren in the ministry they must be holy. Tell my brethren in the ministry that in order to have success in their work they must both live and preach holiness."

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FERREE, JOHN -- John Ferree was born in Lancaster County, Pa., November 22, 1792. He was left an orphan in infancy; and although in early life he was deprived of advantages possessed by many, yet he was distinguished for his strict and uniform morality. From his youth his deportment was modest, sedate, and dignified. In the fall of 1825 he was admitted into the traveling connection of the Ohio Conference. He labored eight years on circuits, was stationed once in Cincinnati, and was presiding elder ten years. He served as a delegate in the general conferences of 1836 and 1844. He had more than ordinary strength of intellect; and he applied himself with zeal and industry to the means by which it might be improved. And his efforts were successful.

One who heard him sing at a camp-meeting, a short time before he died, said, "That man and his music would do for heaven; and God will certainly soon take him up to sing with the angels." The prediction was soon fulfilled.

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FIELD, ANDREW CRAIG -- Andrew Craig Field was born in Hobart, N.Y., February 6, 1815, and died in Tarrytown, N.Y., January 13, 1872, aged 56 years. He died a martyr to overwork. On the 8th of January, his last Sunday on earth, Rev. Dr. Crown called, and found him in a delightful mood. "I can not say I am rushing through the gates," said he; "but I am going slowly. One of my favorite texts always has been, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' I am going where Christ is. All there is in religion here is the manifestation of Christ; and I think it will be so there. As I near the shore I feel increasing attraction." The next day he said, "Good-bye. Tell the preachers I am going through the gates into the city trusting in Jesus. Tell the old members of the conference -- Brother Richardson and others -- that I am grateful for all their kind advice. Tell the young preachers their great model is the Savior. Oh, if I had a million souls I would give them all to Jesus."

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FIELD, HEZEKIAH -- Hezekiah Field was born in Mansfield, Conn. He embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the ministry of Revs. C. Ruter and John Nichols, at Woodstock, Vermont in 1801. He was a good preacher, and God blessed his labors. He experienced the blessing of "perfect love" in 1807, and never lost the witness. He lived it and preached it until his death, January 2, 1843, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His last-remembered utterance was, "I am ready to go. To live is Christ; but to die is gain."

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FIELDING, JOHN H. -- John H. Fielding, president of St. Charles College, Missouri. The character of this man is worthy of record. Several years of intimacy with him gave me an opportunity of studying the peculiar traits of his character. He was a "great and good man." His favorite resort was the presence of the dying Christian. I have seen him there. He was my friend. Disease had done its work. Beside him knelt our beloved president; and when his encouraging words ceased to be heard, no doubt Caleb Griffith was with his Father-God. In the midst of many labors and duties Dr. Fielding was taken from us. He died as man should die -- full of hope, immortality, and eternal life.

When his sun of life was almost set he turned to his afflicted companion, who had shared aught of good or ill that he had realized, and who now stood over her departing husband, and said, "For your comfort, my dear, I wish you to remember that I shall not die; and when you see my body laid low in the grave, know that I am not there, but in the paradise of God!" Thus died this man of God -- education's warmest advocate, society's favorite, the widow's and orphan's friend, the student's teacher, and a beacon-light for many a youth from the valley of the Mississippi to eminence, worth, and even renown.

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FINLEY, JAMES W. -- James W. Finley, eldest son of the late Rev. John P. and Sarah Finley, was born in Highland County, Ohio, December 24, 1806, and was converted to God in 1824. He told his weeping friends that the time of his departure was at hand; and when gasping for breath he said, "Oh, what love and what peace I feel." He said, "I feel more of the love of God and greater peace than I ever felt before." He said also to his weeping mother, just before he expired, "Oh, how precious the Lord is to my poor soul! Glory! Glory!"

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FISK, WILBUR -- Wilbur Fisk died February 21, 1838, aged 47 years. Said this distinguished and dying man to his afflicted wife, "Think not, when you see this poor feeble body stretched in death, that it is your husband. Oh, no! Your husband will have escaped, free and liberated from every clog! He will have new-plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions to that celestial city of light and love! What! talk of burying your husband! No, never! Your husband can not be buried; he will be in heaven." At another time, when nature seemed exhausted and life was fast ebbing out, as he was lifted from the bed to his chair, he sighed forth,

"From the chair to the throne!"

"From the chair to the throne! Oh, vision sublime!

All the beauties celestial combining, --

Like the rising of morn o'er the darkness of time,

The radiance of heaven was singing;

The sweet music of heaven enraptured his soul,

And his giant heart leaped with emotion;

When his sanctified spirit, intent on the goal,

Launched forth on eternity's ocean."

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FLETCHER, JOHN -- John Fletcher died August 14, 1785, aged 56 years. Mr. Fletcher was a distinguished polemic writer, and entered warmly into the Arminian controversy against Mr. Toplady. So zealous was he to maintain, in the heat of controversy, perfect Christian likeness, that he submitted his papers before publication to a friend, with specific instruction to expunge every passage inconsistent with Christian love. How triumphant his dying hours! Like the sainted Toplady, the man of war was a man of love. A few days before his death he exclaimed to his wife, "God is love. Shout, shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves." Then tapping Mrs. Fletcher twice with his finger, he added, "Now I mean God is love; and we will draw each other into God." When his strength had failed him, and his eloquent tongue had ceased to declare the joys of his glad spirit, the heaven-pointing finger spoke with thrilling eloquence -- God is love!

"Praise him, all ye nations, praise!

Emulate the choirs above;  
Softest, sweetest voices raise, --  
Shout, shout aloud, God is love."

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FOOT, SOLOMON -- Solomon Foot was born in Cornwall, Vermont, November 19, 1802, and died in Washington City, March 26, 1866. He was a humble Christian statesman, and died in great triumph. Before his death he expressed a desire to see the light of the sun and the capitol of his country. He was lifted up, his eyes already growing dim, and then sunk back upon his pillow. His wife read to him the twenty-third psalm, -- "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," etc. When the reading was finished he called her to his bedside, folded her in his arms, and asked, "Can this be death?" Then, looking with celestial radiance, and lifting up his eyes, he exclaimed aloud, "I see it! I see it! I see the gates wide open! Beautiful! Beautiful!" and without a pang instantly expired.

This is doubtless the experience of all who with strong faith approach Jordan "on a calm bedside." In our progress through life the vapors that float in our mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and we can not "see afar off." But as we draw nearer eternity the air grows pure and the light brighter and the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being. The vision of the future opens upon the eye of the soul, and the dying Christian beholds the "gates of heaven," and the river of life, its glad waters kissing the throne of God.

The glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him. He sees heaven open; and with dying Stephen he beholds "Jesus at the right hand of the Father," to take him home to heaven. And as he dwells with rapture upon Jesus, -- like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, -- he is instantly environed with troops of angels, who are come to take him up over the everlasting hills in the chariot of the Lord of hosts.

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FORD, MR. -- Mr. Ford, of New Jersey, during the time of his protracted and painful sickness, was abundantly sustained by the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit. He had frequent sinking-spells, at which times he was unable to speak. When revived from one of these he said, "I thought I had nearly passed through the dark valley. But I feared no evil; Jesus was with me. Up! Up! My soul mounts higher, higher, and soon will clap its glad wings and soar away to dwell with God in endless day!" After spending a restless night, as the light of morning was shining forth he exclaimed, "Glory to God! There shall be no restless nights there; the day that will dawn on us shall never close." At one time he said, "I am in great agony; but my soul is stayed on Jesus, my Righteousness, the Rock of my salvation. It fills my heart with joy unspeakable to think of the glories I am about to enter upon. This frail tabernacle is crushed by disease; but soon my freed spirit shall burst the shackles and be wafted to the bosom of God." At another time he said, "I am in the flood of death and feel no dread. The Savior is above, beneath, and around me; his arms of love encompass me."

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FOSS, CYRUS DAVID -- Cyrus David Foss was born in Barrington, N. H., in 1799. Before he was of age he went to Dover, Dutchess County, N. Y., and while teaching school in Beekman, an adjoining town, was converted to God under the ministry of Rev. Arnold Scofield. In 1825 he was received on trial in the New York Annual Conference, and in 1827 was admitted into full connection and ordained deacon. In 1829 he was ordained elder. When his health began to decline it soon became apparent, both to himself and to his friends, that his end was approaching. He now found that the gospel of Christ was the solace of his spirit. Here, on the merit of his Savior, whose wondrous love in the redemption of man was so frequently the theme of his discourses, his faith firmly rested; and here it triumphed, affording him a tranquillity of soul that was truly astonishing to himself, as well as highly instructive to his Christian friends. One of his last requests was that he might be affectionately remembered to all his brethren. "Tell them," said he to a brother in the ministry, "that my belief in the great doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church has not suffered the least abatement, but is, if possible, stronger than ever." When he believed the hour of his departure at hand he exclaimed to a relative, "This is the happiest day of all my life." He died at Carmel, N. Y., February 29, aged 50 years.

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FOULKES, WILLIAM W. -- William W. Foulks was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, September 25, 1788. In the sixteenth year of his age he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His last illness was extremely severe and afflicting; yet amidst it all his mind was as calm and serene as a summer morn. To a brother who visited him a short time before his death, and inquired respecting his spiritual state, he said, "All is right! All is right!" And when the same brother engaged in prayer that God might receive his spirit he say, emphatically, "He will! He will! He will!"

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FOWBLE, JOHN WESLEY -- John Wesley Fowble was born in Baltimore, Md., November 5, 1814. There were, doubtless, instructive incidents in his early history, call to the ministry, etc.; but no traces of that portion of his life are left behind. He came to Ohio, as he expressed it, to seek his fortune, and in 1838 was united in marriage to Miss Susan L. Quinn, daughter of the late Rev. James Quinn, of the Ohio conference. The disease which terminated fatally was pronounced by his attending physician softening of the brain. Whenever interrogated in regard to his spiritual condition his answers were always satisfactory, giving assurance of his willingness to depart and be with Christ.

A few days before his death two of his ministerial brethren called to see him. He appeared somewhat rational. To the question, "Is Christ precious?" he answered, "Yes." Prayer was then offered, after which were sung two stanzas of the hymn commencing, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

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FOX, ROBERT -- Robert Fox was born in Virginia, October 29, 1826, and died in Guyandotte, West Virginia, July 1, 1873. To his sorrowing wife he said, "Trust in God; he will

care for you and your children. Religion has been my stay and comfort in life, and now death opens the gates and lets me in."

\* \* \*

FULLER, DANIEL -- Daniel Fuller was born in Paris, Maine, in 1804. His preaching was characterized by deep feeling, point, sobriety, and strong appeals to the reason and sensibility of his hearers. During his sickness the following, among like expressions, fell from his feeble lips with great emphasis, "You may yet live, but my time to die has come. I am satisfied; it is just the right time. Oh, could I preach once more I would preach as I never preached before! You may look back, but I must look forward. I am kept in perfect peace. I have nothing against any one. I have given up all. Bless the Lord! Glory to God!" He died July 27, 1847, aged 43 years, leaving a wife and four children.

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FURLONG, HENRY -- Henry Furlong was born in Baltimore, Md., March 21, 1796, and died August 29, 1876. The last hours of this man of God will never be forgotten. "I am constantly enjoying solid peace. My children, aim at high attainments in religion. Let your characters shine through your lives." "Give my love to my brethren, and tell them I am on the Rock, living or dying. I go trusting wholly in the merits of the atonement. When the Master says, 'Come,' I say, 'Here am I.'"

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G

GIBBINS, THOMAS H. -- was born in Springfield, Washington County, Kentucky, July 19, 1807, and died in Georgetown, Kentucky, June 24, 1838. On the 1st of July, 1834, he was married in Cincinnati to Miss Eliza Weath, who lingered by him to his last moments--

"To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye-  
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,  
And watch in dumb despair the shortening breath."

After specifying all his business arrangements he called his wife, gave her his blessing, besought God to bless and save her to raise the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to meet him in heaven. He then called for his two children, took his daughter, the elder, into his arms, blessed her in God's name, and prayed the Lord to take care of and guide her and save her in heaven. Then taking his infant son into his arms he committed him to the care of the good Lord, and prayed God, consistent with his will, to make of him a humble Methodist preacher; and calling upon me to baptize his infant son, he named him Thomas Emory. Soon after he said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Stretching forth his hands to those standing round he said, "All who will promise to meet me in heaven, give your hands."

He inquired, "Is this death? It is but the valley of the shadow of death! There is no substance here-nothing to intervene between Christ and my soul! If this be death, it is nothing to die!" He then exclaimed, "Friends and brethren, in glory meet me! Wife and family, in glory meet me! Brethren and membership of Georgetown, in glory meet me! Georgetown and Scott County, on the bright fields of ineffable glory meet me!" He then sunk away; but again reviving, he made an effort to bring his hands together, and anon, with surprising energy, clapped them, shouting at the top of his voice, "Victory! Victory! Victory! is on the side of Israel; victory is on the side of Israel forever." After this he called his family by name, as follows: "Thomas Emory, Mary and Eliza Gibbins, in glory meet me! Brothers Beatty, Cannon, Stevenson, friends and brethren, in glory meet me!" and then said, "There is Gabriel, and other angels, perhaps come to convey me home." He then seemed almost gone; but, contrary to all expectation, again he roused a little, and inquired, "What does this mean? Have I come back again? The Lord has something to do in this! Perhaps this is detention in the outer courts." Finally he said pretty plainly, "Amen, amen!"

"Now, traveler, in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight."

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GRIFFIS, DANIEL -- Daniel Griffis was born near Princeton, Butler County, Ohio, March 29, 1827, and died at the same place August 28, 1861. When near his death he said, "All is calm, and clear as crystal. There is not a cloud on my mind. All is bright. I am ready to die. The gospel I have preached to others supports me now. Tell my brethren of the conference that the gospel they are called to preach is a wonderful, a powerful gospel." Then he raised his hand and said, as his last words, "I am now ready to go."

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H

HALL, AUGUSTUS -- Augustus Hall was born in Champaign, New York, May 9, 1819, and died in Dane County, Wisconsin, November 15, 1869. His last words were an attempt to sing the 926th hymn, raising his hands above his head as he repeated slowly, in dying accents, "In rapturous awe on him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at his grace To all eternity."

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HALL, EMANUEL -- Emanuel Hall was born in Ritchie County, West Virginia, January, 1824, and died in Anderson, Iowa, March 9, 1880. He called to his wife and said, "Rosa, is all right?" "Yes, all is right." He then repeated, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he alive: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never, never, never die. Believest thou this, 'Rosa?'" to which he added, "Amen, and amen." After a moment's silence he said, "I am that I am. Glory be to the Father! glory be to the Son! and glory be

to the Holy Ghost! Amen, amen." To his son he said, Willie, I fall as the King's watchman. The camp is really. March on, march on." This remark had a peculiar meaning to his wife and son, as it found its explanation in their reading and study in' connection with the tabernacle and camp of Israel. Soon he said to his wife, "Rosa, come nearer to me." She stooped close to his face; and he laid his arm upon her neck and kissed her again and again, and said, "It's all right. Glory! glory! " Then he called Willie, and gave him a fond embrace and kiss. The friends in the room then joined in singing, "The sweet by and by." He joined in the song, keeping the words and the tune with clearness and feeling. When all the family friends had withdrawn from the song, and being overcome with emotion, he still joined with a young brother, the leader of the Anderson choir, carrying the chorus to the end. Then turning to his brother-in-law, the pastor at Anderson, he said, " Wesley, Jesus is my life, and he is become my salvation. Glory! Amen." Then he looked at his own hands and said, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust, but the spirit shall return to God who gave it. When I am weak, then am I strolls'." At this point he began to sink rapidly, and his words were fainter and more difficult to be understood. Within five minutes of his last breath he repeated the words, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. In the beginning, and the end, the first and the last. Amen, amen."

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HALL, JESSE R. -- Jesse R. Hall was born in Ohio, May 27, 1834, and died September 16, 1856. "I am very rich and very happy in the Lord." "It is all right, bless his name." "I want to sing; but the doctor says I must be quiet. You sing for me. Sing, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fears.'" As he repeated these lines a light was visible upon his face, and he shouted aloud, "Glory to God. Salvation! I will go home tomorrow on the 'noon train." And just as the noon train of cars passed by the village of Tremont, his spirit went home to God.

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HAMILTON, GEORGE W. -- George W. Hamilton was born in Ohio, and died in Indiana, March 31, 1870. He said, "I can not feel that the valley is dark or shadowy. All is bright. Why should I fear when Christ leads the way?" "Brother Hamilton, what are the brightest prospects immediately in view?" "Jesus, with heaven glorious. Tell the brethren of conference that I love them, and that I shall soon rest in heaven and await their coming. All is right! all is dazzling bright!"

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HAMILTON, JEFFERSON -- Jefferson Hamilton of the Church South, was born in Worcester County, Massachusetts, August 22, 1805, and died as Opelika, Alabama, December 16, 1874. In 1831 he joined the England Conference. He was transferred to the Alabama Conference, and stationed in New Orleans, in 1833. As a preacher, Dr. Hamilton stood in the front rank of pulpit-men of his day in the South. After forty-five years of active service he died at the seat of his conference. Being assured by the doctor that he must die, he exclaimed, "It is good." He then asked, "Where are the brethren?" Quite a number being present he delivered his parting

message, at the end of which he said, "Say to the brethren in conference, 'Hail! Farewell!'" Then turning to his wife he said, "I commend my wife and children and grandchildren to God and his church. They will not fail you in sympathy and protection." With regard to myself, I have never been a boastful Christian. I have entertained humble views of thyself, but I do profess to have a clear knowledge of the doctrine of salvation by faith and a conscious experience that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. I believe that sanctification or holiness is a doctrine taught in the Bible, separate and distinct from justification, received and retained by faith and trusting these truths, and die and go to God." To his grandchildren he sent this message: "Tell them never to bring a reflection upon the Methodist Church, for in the end it will be found to be an important portion of the true church of God, and to have translated from earth to heaven a vast multitude of souls. "His labors and sufferings are now at an end, Our prophet, Elijah, is now to ascend .My Father! My Father! he's going above, The chariot of Israel and horsemen thereof.

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HAMLIN, LEONIDAS LENT -- Leonidas Lent Hamlin was born in Burlington, Conn., May 10, 1797. The late bishops Janes and Thomson, in their "Affectionate Tribute," speak of their colleague's ability in the following strong language: "He was a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian minister. His person was commanding, his voice musical, and his manners engaging. His style was faultless and charming. It had clearness energy, purity, and elegance. For choice diction and beautiful variety of sentences we have never met with his equal among his brethren. He rarely ever used a superfluous word in the pulpit. With less brilliancy than Bascom, a less majestic sweep of thought than Olin, he had more compactness than either. His manners were cautious and his spirit kind. Bishop Hamlin is well known to the church as a preacher, writer, editor, and popular executive officer. When disease and infirmities disqualified him for the responsibilities of the episcopacy, he resigned that position in 1852. While editor of the Ladies' Repository, he sought and found the blessing of 'perfect love,' which enabled him to endure his sore and protracted affliction, and to triumph over his last enemy." On September 30, 1855, the bishop made this record, "It will be twenty-seven years on the 5th of October since I entered into the 'glorious liberty of the sons of God.' In six months afterward I received license to exhort; in a year, license to preach. "In 1830 I was called to labor on Short Creek Circuit; in 1831 on Mount Vernon. In 1832 I was received on trial in the Ohio Conference, And in 1834 and 1835, at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati. In 1836 I was ordained an elder by Bishop Soule, and elected assistant editor of the Westerns Christian Collocate, and in 1840 was elected editor of the Ladies' Repository. In 1844 I was ordained superintendent, which office I resigned in 1862. I have now had four years' rest, and three years on the superannuated list of the Ohio Conference; and now, O my God, I make a new dedication to thee," etc. In October he says, "I have enjoyed perfect love much of the time since 1842. I have now a clear witness that I am cleansed from all sin." In January, 1856, he said, "I shall Soon go over Jordan." From this day the bishop's health gradually declined. In 1858, when it was thought he was dying, he said, "flow real! What a verity! Peace as a river, an ocean. What a rush of power! 'Oh, would he more of heaven bestow, And let the vessel break,' "I am now old and gray-headed. My locks are almost white. I am feeble and sore-broken, yet calm and peaceful, pausing on this side of the river, and all ready for the fields of light and glory." ' In 1860 he wrote to a friend, "I am nearing my heavenly home. I have peace with God and all mankind." In 1865 he wrote, "I feel a wonderful peace pervading my whole being. Christ is so near as I can not describe. I dwell not in a world of glory but a world of love." Among his last records, on the

fly-leaf of his hymn-book, are the following original lines: "Held back by sin, and guilt and shame, Yet trusting in thy blood and name, And in thy word (though halt and lame), O Lamb of God, I come!" To a sister who came in to see him he raised his hand and said, "Pardon, purity, heaven." A volume might be written of words of faith and hope and good cheer that fell at different times from the lips of that good and truly great man of God -- Bishop Hamline.

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HANCE, ALFRED -- Alfred Hance was born in New Jersey, January 8, 1810. He was licensed to preach in 1832, and removed to Ohio in 1834. He was admitted on trial in the Ohio conference in 1837, and graduated in regular order to the office of an elder in 1811. He was taken extremely ill at McArthurstown, where, on the 29th of January, he was visited by his colleague, Brother Arthur, who inquired into the state of his mind, to which he replied, "All is peace, all is peace. On Friday he was worse, and said he must die. He was then asked how he felt, to which he replied, "All is peace; perfectly happy, perfectly happy." Bro. Arthur adds, "The last words I ever heard him utter were, 'I would not give the religion I now enjoy for ten thousand worlds.'" As he drew near his end one said, "You are sinking fast," to which he replied, "I am rising! rising! "

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HARMER, JAMES -- James Harmer was born in Philadelphia County, April 29, 1808. He was licensed to exhort in 1835, anti to preach in the year following. During his brief though painful illness he observed the most perfect resignation to the will of God. Being spoken to in reference to his recovery he said, "I am in the hands of the Lord. It matters little how the disease may terminate all is well." The flow of his peace seemed uninterrupted, as he was heard to say, "Satan has not been permitted to thrust one dart at me since my illness. 'Not a cloud cloth arise to darken my skies, or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.'" To one who stood by him and spoke of his sufferings he said, "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," &c. On another occasion, anticipating the pangs of dissolving nature, he exultantly exclaimed, " Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there." Death, with him, had lost its sting, and with glorious triumph he shouted in the language of the victorious Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." His confidence was unwavering, which led him to exclaim, "I can not fall; I am on the Rock of Ages I am on the Rock of Ages! I am safe! I am safe! I know I shall never fall! " As he neared the moment of his dissolution his raptures increased, and he appeared to be filled with all the fullness of God, saying, "The kingdom of Christ is within me, the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And with like inspired expressions his mind was occupied, to the delight and spiritual profit of all who were privileged to be with him in his last moments. At times he would break out in praises to the Redeemer in songs deeply impressive. When very near his last his wife approached him, and observing her in tears he said, "My dear, it will not be long ore you follow me; and Jesus, with his own soft hand, will wipe all tears from your eyes." Then, on the 8th of September, 1850, in the forty-third year of his age and the eleventh of his itinerant

ministry, after calling his children to him and requesting them to meet him in heaven, without a struggle or a groan his spirit sweetly passed away to God who gave it.

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HARRIS, FLETCHER -- Fletcher Harris, -- a native of Granville County, North Carolina. His parents were respectable and pious, and taught him in early life the genuine principles of Christianity. In September, 1811, at a camp-meeting, he sought and found the "pearl of great price." It is stated by those who attended his bed of languishing, that, blessed with the prospect of opening glory, he would shout aloud the praises of God. A few days prior to his death, being supported in his bed, he preached to those present his last sermon, taking for his text, 'Receive us, we have wronged no man,' immediately after which he shook hands with all around, bidding them an affectionate farewell. He then said, "Glory to God, Jesus smiles and bids me come. Victory, victory!" A friend present said, "Brother Harris, this is not dying." "No," said he, "it is living forever!" Then, turning to his weeping brother, he said, "Tell the preachers at conference that I died in the triumphs of faith; that my last doctrine is, free salvation."

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HARRIS, G. W. -- G. W. Harris was born in Frederick County, Virginia, November 14, 1823, and died near Springfield, Ohio, November 5, in his thirty-ninth year. He was a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University. About the time he graduated he was licensed to preach. In 1850 he was admitted into the Ohio Conference. In 1852 he was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Kenaga. His last appointment was at Oxford. His last two years were spent in the town of Lebanon. During his last hours he gave his friends all the evidence they could ask that he was ready for his change from earth to glory.

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HARTLEY, T. M. -- T. M. Hartley died in the thirty-fourth year of his age. "If I must cross Jordan bring out the books and we'll square the accounts. O and Savior, Savior, come quickly. The angels are helping me through. I'll get through. Good-bye."

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HAVEN, GILBERT O. -- Gilbert O. Haven was born in Malden, five miles from Boston, Massachusetts, September 19, 1821, and, like Elijah of old, at six o'clock on the 3d, of January, 1880, went up to heaven "in a chariot of fire. He was converted to God at exactly eighteen years of age, in Wilbraham Academy. In 1842 he went to the Wesleyan University. He graduated in 1846, and taught in Amenia Seminary until 1851, when he was licensed to preach. In 1860, nine years after, his wife died, leaving a little son and baby daughter, who were brought up by their grandmother, and who are now in Boston University, the son going to be a preacher, like his father. In 1861 the war commenced, and Mr. Haven offered to go as chaplain. The colonel of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment did not want a chaplain. But he was duly commissioned by Gen. Butler, and went with the regiment in 1862. He went to Europe in 1867. He edited Zion's Herald, in Boston, until 1872, when he was elected bishop, and settled in Atlanta, Georgia. He visited

Mexico, and started missions in that Roman Catholic country. In the fall of 1876 he went to Liberia and was attacked by the terrible African fever, and never saw a well day afterward. From the 1st of January, 1877, to January, 1880, he was a sick man. And yet he would not give up and own himself sick, but kept right on with his work, attending conferences, preaching, lecturing, visiting the churches, and doing all the duty of a Methodist bishop. His last trip was to California, on the Pacific coast. He got home to Boston from this trip about the last of November, 1879. His Bishop-home was Atlanta, Georgia; but his real home was Malden, Massachusetts, where his aged mother, eighty-three years old, still lives, where his sister lives, and where his son and his daughter still have a home with their aunt and grandmother. On Tuesday, November 18, he reached Boston in the early morning, and went to the home of his friend, Dr. Upham, saying he was "infinitely tired," but that he must go to Salem, to the funeral of Rev. G. F. Cox, a minister of the New England Conference, who was to be buried that day. A picture of the Bishops hung in Mr. Upham's parlor. The Bishop put his finger at the top of it and said, "Bishop Janes is gone." He then slid his finger down to the middle and said, "Bishop Ames is gone," and then down to the bottom and said, "Who will go next? The shaft of death is descending. It must be either Bishop Peck or me," the two whose pictures were at the bottom of the group. On Saturday morning, January 3, 1880, the doctor told him he could not live the day out. "Then let me see my friends; let us have a reception," he said. Everybody but the family had been shut out of his room for weeks. The ministers and others who lived near flocked to his sick-room during the day. He said to one, "As I have said in life I say in death, preach a whole gospel, the whole Bible, a whole hell, a whole salvation by a perfect Savior." "Is it all well?" said the brother. "Yes, indeed. I know whom I have believed; and he is able to keep me. I have believed his gospel all through." To another, who had been sick for years, he said, "I did not think to get the start of you, and so get first to heaven; but it seems I shall." Then this invalid friend prayed with him as only the sorely-tried can pray; and the dying bishop, who had been silent in his religious exercises all his life, shouted as men shout about victory, "Glory! glory! glory!" He bid one farewell, saying, "It is good-night now, but when we meet again it will be good-morning." He had dreaded death while living, -- regarded it as a repulsive, hideous thing. He rallied a little from a death-like exhaustion and said, "There is no river here; all is beautiful. I feel carried up in a sea of glory." We think of Him who led the disciples out as far as Bethany, lifted up his hands and blessed them, was taken up, and a cloud received him out of sight.

To Dr. Mallalieu, in whose arms he lay dying, he said, "I am wonderfully upborne; angels are all around me." When friends had withdrawn he gathered his family around him and said, "Now let us have a little family prayer-meeting." After this he sunk into a quiet slumber for nearly an hour, and then awoke, shortly after which his spirit passed into the heavens. Servant of God, well done. Thou hast lived for others; thou hast finished thy self-sacrificing work with joy; and thy soul now basks in the sunshine of the redeemer's presence. Today we stand gazing after thee. We miss thee from our solemn assemblies, from our firesides; but thy faith is graven in ten thousand lines. It lives in Italy, in Bulgaria, in Mexico, in Africa, and in all parts of our own land, from the levels of the South to the snow-capped mountains of Alaska. Thy name shall be a synonym of purity, patriotism, patience, and charity. Thy spirit shall live amid the things of thy creation, while eternity unfolds the glories of thy nature.

Bishop Foster said: "As I held his hand in mine, when my heart broke he said. 'Bishop, I love you a great deal;' and I knew it. 'God bless you! God bless my colleagues! Give them all my

love. God bless the preachers! God bless everybody!' It was the utterance of the great, glorious, but now glorified heart that has passed into the heavens. Glory be to God that his life was permitted to go out in brightness! I presume that it was the first time in forty years -- may be the only time in forty years (it was when he was dying) -- that he shouted! I sat by his bed when, after many beautiful sayings some of which will be quoted by those who speak, he said, looking up, 'Glory! Glory! Glory!' having reserved to him for the last, for the completed and victorious triumph over his latest foe, a shout of victory!" Dr. Thomas, of Philadelphia, said: "The address of the bishop, delivered at the General Conference held in Chicago, in 1868, speaks with gratitude to God for keeping through the quadrennium the 'Board intact.' It then consisted of ten persons. In a short time their ranks were invaded by death, and the three last elected were the first to fall out of line. Since then eight more have been elected, making in all eighteen bishops from '68 to '79. In these eleven years Morris, Baker, Janes, Ames, Clark, Thomson, Kingsley, Roberts, and now Haven, have ceased to work, but begun to live in a grander and better sense than before. Of the ten bishops in '68 but two remain, -- our beloved and highly-honored Scott, born and raised among us, and the gifted and greatly-prized Simpson, who dwells in the City of Brotherly Love. The memory of those who have done well their part shall never be forgotten."

In 1851 Gilbert Haven was married to Miss Mary Ingraham, with whom he lived in the most exalted affection nearly ten years, till her death, in 1860. He regarded himself a married man, and during the twenty years of his solitude after her departure never allowed his affections to stray from her. Once he said, "When this great battle is ended, and the Master lets me into the city, I intend to lie down, with my head in my wife's lap, and rest a thousand years." He said to a friend, "I used to think I would like to write this upon my tombstone as my epitaph: 'Graduated.' But since the church has trusted me with one of its chief responsibilities, I hope to make it, 'Graduated with honor.' Northampton is famous for being one of the most beautiful towns in New England. The bishop said, "When I go through these beautiful streets and see these elegant homes, it takes a clear vision of the eternal mansions to keep me from being discontented. But when I do see them I say, 'I have a better house up there than any of these.'" In 1860 his beloved wife went up to glory, but not out of his sight. I have found him in subsequent years in an exalted, holy hush on the third day of April, and he would say, "This is the memorial day." I knew too well what he meant, and one day said to him, "Sustain that exaltation, Expand that tender light, And hold with lover passion Thy blessed in thy sight." He answered, "That is just what I constantly do."

The words of the dying bishop were: "HE whom I have preached to others so long will not desert me now. He is a whole savior, a full savior. Glory to God for such a salvation." The whole day was filled glory! glory! glory! Good men are not their own; and while amid the shouts of victory that marked his transit to his heavenly home I would have the country know him. To his sister Hannah he said, "Don't you presume to come to heaven before mother." To his son, "It is all right." TO Dr. Mallalieu, "Take care of the black man when I am gone." A short time before he died, lifting up his hand, which was "mortified," he exclaimed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." His playful humor, his heart of real kindness, rendered him every attractive. But he was never unmindful of his office or its aims. He gave himself, soul and body, to the church. He toiled, watched, and begged to secure a foothold for the church in almost every quarter of the globe. There was no self in him. "The life he lived he lived by faith in the Son of God." Julian the Apostate died with the exclamation on his lips, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

But Gilbert Haven has by his heroic life extorted from all lips, "Thou wert a noble hero, a glorious defender of the faith, and a lover of thy race." Intrusted with the "highest interests of the church, invested with powers involving vast responsibility, and exercising an influence which must affect the most distant fields of labor," our weary bishop pillows his head on the lap of his mother, who, at eighty-three years of age, watches the dying son of fifty-eight years, clad in Episcopal vestments more beautiful than the most costly fabric wrought by human hands, and with a glory crowning his brow brighter far than that of mitered pope or crafty cardinal.

His maiden sister and his married sister, and his dear boy, with his loving daughter, called to his couch, listened to his joyous exclamation, "I am borne up; I am floating; I am surrounded with angels." THE SWAN-SONG OF BISHOP HAVEN By Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D. On the afternoon of Saturday, January 3, I received the following dispatch from the Malden: "Bishop Haven is near his end, and wishes to see you." Taking the first train, leaving the cars at Everett, and walking rapidly two miles, I reached the old homestead two hours before this great and good man's death. Quite a number were in the parlors, coming and going, after a brief interview with their departing friend. On my entrance into his chamber the bishop lifted up his hand, exclaiming as he grasped mine, "O Dan, Dan, a thousand thousand blessings on you. The Lord has been giving you great blessings and me little ones, and now he has given me a great one. He has called me to heaven before you, -- the first to break the immortal triangle [a ministerial fraternity of four members]." Said I, "Do you find the words of Paul true, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" "There is no death, there is no death," he interrupted in the midst of the quotation. "I have been fighting death for six weeks; and today I find there is no death." I did not then know that these words are a part of Longfellow's immortal stanzas: "There is no death! what seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but the suburb of the life Elysean, Whose portal we call death." No doubt that brilliant intellect in which were stored all the choicest treasures of the poets was citing this stanza as an expression of his triumph. Then he repeated again and again John viii. 51: "Shall never see death, shall never see death. Glory! glory! glory!" I had never heard him shout before in an intimacy of thirty-seven years. He once told me that he was never out of sight of land on the current of religious emotions but once, and that was at the Hamilton camp-meeting. To my remark, "You have a great Savior," he instantly replied, "Yes, that is the whole of the gospel -- the whole of it." He then with some difficulty said: "Happy if with my latest breath I may but gasp his name; Preach him all, and cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb!" In less than a minute he had an opportunity to preach Christ by a testimony to his power to save; for just then his counseling physician from Boston came in to bid him farewell. Said the dying bishop as he reached out his left hand, -- his right hand being dead and black from mortification, -- "I am satisfied with your attentions. You have done all that human skill can do to heal me. I die happy. I believe in Jesus Christ." The physician made no reply, but as we passed down the stairs he said, "I never saw a person die so before." To me it did not seem that I was in the presence of death. The whole atmosphere of the chamber was that of a joyous and festive hour. Only the tears of kindred and friends were suggestive of death. Rev. Morris Haw, when asked, "How are you?" replied, "Resigned. Amen."

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HAW, URIEL -- Uriel Haw was the son of Rev. James Haw, who was perhaps the first Methodist missionary sent by the church to Kentucky. Uriel was born May 18, 1799. Two days

before his death his friends thought him dying. One asked him what were his prospects. " they are, "Said he, "as I told you before. There is not a cloud. All is bright and clear. Glory to God! All is well! All is well!" This he frequently repeated during his sickness. O blessed Savior, how I love thee! I love thee because thou hast preserved me. I love thee because thou hast preserved me. O blessed Lord, thou hast delivered me from all fear of death." His last words were, "Jesus, I come; Jesus." Earth heard it not, but Heaven did.

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HAZEN, WRIGHT -- Wright Hazen was born in Kent, Putnam County, New York, in 1800, and died November 12, 1838. He was licensed as a local preacher in 1826. He said, "Never did the gospel appear so valuable as at the present; never did I see my nothingness, aside from divine grace, as I now do, and never was that grace more sweet." A short time before his departure he said to a brother who called to visit him, "I am calm and peaceful. I have a good hope."

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HENDERSON, MR. -- Mr. Henderson, of Baltimore, just before he died, sung the entire hymn commencing,

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends shall all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide."

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HENLEY, EDMUND -- Edmund Henley was a native of Pierson County, North Carolina. He was admitted on trial in 18?3, at the conference held at the Olive Branch. For some time before his death he appeared to have intimations on his mind that the time of his departure was not far distant. A few weeks previous to his sickness he went home to his father's, erected a stand at the grave-yard, and to his old friends and acquaintances preached his own funeral sermon; and after his death he was carried home and buried there.

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HIBBARD, BILLY -- Billy Hibbard was born in Norwich, Conn., February, 1771. At the age of twelve years he appears to have been evangelically convinced of sin. Contemplated as a Christian, his piety was of the most elevated character. He inculcated holiness by his sermons and example. He maintained a daily communion with God habitual fellowship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. His much-loved motto was 'Onward and Upward.'" We have heard him ring out that battle-cry in by-gone years with a power and effect that will never fade from our memory. To us, indeed, he has long seemed to dwell in the Beulah-land, or on the heights of Nebo. As a forcible and eloquent preacher, he had but few equals in the American pulpit. No man could see him in that holy place without feeling that a man of God stood before him. His chaste solemn, and dignified deportment, his clear, musical, and distinct enunciation, his strong jet perspicuous style,

his simple but pathetic illustrations, together with his masterly arguments and powerful exhortations, and, most of all, his extraordinary gift in prayer, combined to make him one of our most popular and useful preachers. On Tuesday evening he requested his family to retire as early as possible, as he thought he might be able to obtain some rest. To his wife he said, "Lie down. I think I can sleep; and sleep will be precious to me." But soon after he called her to, him, and proceeded to relate his experience of the deep things of God, his fervent gratitude for his many mercies, and his perfect submission to the divine will, and closed by saying, "Last night I lead such sweet and precious communion with God; and now I close my eyes to sleep, hoping and that sleeping or waking my thoughts will be of him and with him." These were his last words. Between midnight and morning she saw a change in his countenance. She ran to him and spoke; but before the family could be summoned the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. Thus, on Wednesday, April, 24th, in the fifty-second year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his ministry, he calmly sunk asleep in Jesus.

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HILL, CHRISTIAN G. -- Christian G. Hill said: "I think my work is done. In other afflictions I have dreamed of preaching and being at meeting in God's service; but in this sickness my mind does not dwell at all on the subject, even in sleep. If my work is finished, the will of the Lord be done. God manifested in the flesh and Christ crucified is my only ground of confidence. Here is something that seeks tangible to my faith, and upon which my soul can rest."

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HILL, JEREMIAH -- Jeremiah Hill was born in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, October 2, 1816, and died in Ohio, in 1836. When told that he must die he said, "I am ready." Rev. Mr. Bruce, his colleague, writes thus: "I hastened to his bedside, and found him exhorting those around him to prepare for death. When he recognized me he said, "Brother Bruce, do you think I am going to die?" I replied, 'Yes; you can not live many minutes.' 'Then,' said he, I wish you to preach my: funeral from 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' etc. (Revelations xiv. 13), and exclaimed, 'Blessed be God for his unspeakable gift! Glory! glory!'"

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HOEVNER, CHRISTOPHER HENRY -- Christopher Henry Hoevner, a native of Germany, was licensed to preach in 1844. He joined the Ohio Conference in 1844 and was transferred to the New York Conference in 1849. In 1851 he was sent to Newark, New Jersey, where he died February 24, 1852. A few days before he died he remarked with heavenly sweetness, "Oh, how glorious is this perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. I am ready to go home. You think Brother Hoevner is going to die. No, he is going to live. Give yourselves up to the ways of the Lord, for they are wonderful, and have a glorious end."

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HOLLAND, STEPHEN -- Stephen Holland was born in Frederick, Maryland, April 6, 1806, and died in Wilmington, January 10, 1860, aged fifty-four years, and in the thirtieth year of

his ministry. He said, "I am not afraid to die. My sky is without a cloud. I have never had a doubt." When advised to trust Christ's merits he responded, "I have done that long ago." To Brother McHugh, his colleague, he said, "Farewell! Come up, come up!"

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HOPKINS, JAMES H. -- James H. Hopkins was born December 6, 1801, in Huntingdon, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and at the age of four years was brought by his parents to Ohio, where they finally settled in and what is now Marion Township, Morgan County. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1821 was licensed to exhort by Samuel P. Shaw in 1831, and was licensed to preach in 1833 by John Ferree. He was married to Jane Alderman in 1822, and, on the 28th of August preceding his death, they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day, in company with eight children, thirteen grandchildren, and one great-grand-child. He preached at Pleasant Point on the evening of December 16th, from Exodus xix. 10, 11, went home with Brother Lafayette Eggleston, and spent the evening in cheerful conversation. About nine o'clock he retired to bed apparently in good health. At about half-past ten o'clock he called Brother Eggleston, who, upon going to him, found him in a dying condition, as was supposed, from the breaking of an abscess in his lungs. He said to Brother Eggleston, "I guess I will have to go I am going." When asked if all was well he said, "All is well." He died December 16, 1872.

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HOUE, ERWIN -- Erwin Houe was born at Worthington, nine miles north of Columbus, Ohio, February 17, 1824. In 1849 he was granted license as a local minister, and in 1865 he was admitted into the Cincinnati Conference. As early as 1837 Mr. House commenced contributing to the newspaper press, and in 1847 was employed as assistant editor of the Rallies' Repository. From March 1851, to December 1852, he had editorial charge of this magazine. His first published work, "sketches for the Young," a 16mo. Of 320 pages, appeared in 1847, and rapidly passed through five editions. Later, he published the following works: "The Missionary in Many Lands," "The Homilist," the "Scripture Cabinet," and the " Sunday-school Handbook." "Bishop Wiley said he had known Brother House intimately, had been in the office alongside of him for eight years. To know him was to love him -- one could not help loving him. He was ready to die. The summons came, and in a OLD-TIME MEMORIES. most, in the twinkling of an eye, he was gone from us. He closed his eyes on earth, he opened them in heaven."

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HOUSEWEART, JAMES J. -- James J. Houseweart, a member of the Baltimore Annual Conference, departed this life in the thirty-third year of his age. He was born in New Jersey, August 15, 1806. On the morning of the day of his death he quoted a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, and said that he felt an assurance that in his Father's house a mansion was prepared for him. Now his faith was greatly increased, and his spirit arose above all fears of death and the grave. "All is well," he exclaimed; "all is well for time and eternity. I feel that Christ is with me." when his voice failed him and his tongue could no longer give utterance to the feelings of his heart, his eyes -- his whole countenance beaming with joy -- attested that the Savior was with him, and that he had complete victory over "the last enemy." "eternity and time met for a moment here; From

earth to heaven, a scale sublime, Rested on either sphere, Whose steps a saintly figure trod, By Death's cold hand, led home to God. He landed in our view, Midst flaming hosts above; Whose ranks stood silent while he drew Nigh to the throne of love, And meekly took the lowest seat, Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet. Thrill'd with ecstatic awe, Entranc'd our spirits fell, And saw -- yet wist not what they saw; And heard -- no tongue can tell, What sounds the ear of rapture caught, What glory fill'd the eye of thought."

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HOWARD, SOLOMON -- Solomon Howard, son of Cyrus and Lucy Howard, was born in, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 14, 1811. He was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church by Rev. John Stewart, in 1828, and in 1831 was licensed to exhort. He graduated in 1833, at Augusta College, and Kentucky, in the same year, at Germantown Kentucky, was licensed to preach. He joined the Ohio Conference at Zanesville, in 1835, and was received into full connection and ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts, at Xenia, in 1837. He was ordained elder by Bishop Soule, at Cincinnati, in 1839. From 1843 to 1845 he was principal of the Ohio Wesleyan University; from 1845 to 1849 he was principal of Springfield Female College; and during the two years following principal of the Springfield High school. In 1852 he was elected president of the Ohio University, at Athens, where he remained for twenty years. He was united in marriage with Margareta Glarroutte, of Highland County, Ohio, by Rev. James Quinn, in 1836. He was married a second time to Mrs. Eliza Varian, of Piqua, Oldie, by Rev. James B. Finley, in 1811. They had two children, a daughter, (the wife of Rev. D. J. Starr, of the Cincinnati Conference,) and a son, who was drowned at Athens, in 1860. As a preacher, he was thoughtful, earnest, and forcible. Although he possessed none of the graces of delivery, he was heard with attention; and his discourses often produced a deep impressions. But it was as an educator that he was most widely known. To the work of teaching he devoted the ripest and best years of his life. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Miami University and the degree of Doctor of Laws by Iowa State University. In 1856 he was honored by his brethren of the Ohio Conference with an election to the General Conference. His health was unusually vigorous until within a few years of his death, when it began slowly but steadily to decline. In 1872 he resigned the presidency of the university and removed to College Hill, the home of his boyhood. His health still failing, he went, in May last, to California, with the hope that the climate of the Pacific coast might restore him; but in vain. He continued to decline rapidly until the 11th of August, when he calmly fell asleep. He was buried at the cemetery of San Jose, in which city he died. His life was one of noble endeavor, and eager, realizing faith. The struggle is over, and now his faith has grasped its reward. He stands one of that countless, blood-washed throng who are arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

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HUDSON, WESLEY C. -- Wesley C. Hudson died in New Brunswick, April 2, 1844, in the thirty-first year of his age anti tenth of his ministry. Bro. Hudson loved the Lord and Methodism. In his early ministry he labored as an evangelist, and gave continued proof of his ministry. He had an intellect for thought, a heart for feeling, and a tongue for utterance. He was sincere in his profession of piety, ardent in his feelings, and preached usefully in "the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." In a letter addressed to a friend dated September 19,

1843, he says, "Since I parted with you in the 'leafy dell' my song has been more of mercy than of judgment. I have been visited with some refreshings from the throne of grace, especially on last Sunday afternoon, preaching from Exodus xxxii. 9-14. While on the last head, God baptized us wonderfully. Your [speaking of himself] forgot his pains [he had left his bed for the pulpit]. His tears flowed freely, and he felt to give God all the glory." Two of his last pulpit efforts, in the opinion of one, are likely never to be forgotten. His end was triumphant, as well as peaceful. The afternoon previous to his death he called his sister-in-law to his bed and said, "I think I am, going" On being asked if he felt that Savior he had preached to others supporting him now he, "He is very precious to me now." Afterward he revived, and for some minutes seemed engaged in prayer. At about seven o'clock he broke forth in praises: "Bless the Lord, O my soul. And magnify his holy name! Sweet Jesus! Who would not live for Jesus? Who would not suffer for Jesus?" And then, clapping his hands, he shouted, "Glory to his name!" He was very happy during the night; and in the afternoon of the next day he said he thought he would get home before night. About two hours before his death his wife went to his bed, thinking he was asleep. He opened his eyes, and said, "I am thinking of a sermon I preached when I was very happy." Being asked some five or ten minutes before his death if Jesus was precious he replied, "He is; He is." Just before he departed he said to his wife, "I am going home to glory, my love, and shall look for you daily." When he came to the moment of his departure he said, "I am stepping over Jordan."

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HUMELBAUGH, H. Y. -- H. Y. Humelbaugh was born in Adams County, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1835, and died at Chandlersburg on the morning of Tuesday, October 13, 1868, in the triumphs of the faith of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Mr. Humelbaugh was converted to God at the age of twenty years, and shortly thereafter entered upon the work of the Christian ministry in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. He appeared to have had a presentiment of his approaching dissolution; for he told his family and several other persons, during the previous six months, that he did not expect to live long. A brother visiting him early in the evening, six hours prior to his death, found him somewhat better. To the inquiry if he still enjoyed the presence of the Savior, he replied, "Oh, yes; I am happy. Oh, if I could have half strength I would have shouted the praise of God. Before you go I must tell you the vision I had about two weeks ago. I was alone one day when four angels came and stood there at the foot of my bed, bearing in their hands a beautiful white lounge. After standing awhile and looking upon me, they went up again." Said I to him, "Are you certain you were not sleeping?" "Yes; I was wide awake; I tell you I did really see them." The visitor was informed by Mrs. Humelbaugh that at the time referred to she after a short absence from the room entered and found him with closed eyes, and very pale. Supposing him to be dead, she called to him. Opening his eyes he said, "Were you frightened?" "Yes; I thought you were dead." He then told her of the vision of angels he had seen, and added, "I thought I was dying, for I felt my heart breaking at the sight." About nine o'clock he was found sinking. The doctors having been to see him, he wished to know what they said of his case, and upon again entering he inquired, "Doctor, what do you think of my case?" "You are very ill, sir," they replied. He exclaimed, "Well, this is not what I expected; but it is all right. I have tried to live a religious life, and now I can say, Saved by grace! Saved by the grace of God!" After a half hour's apparent struggle with the surprise occasioned by the unexpected approach of death he exclaimed, "O Jesus, receive my spirit. Glory to God for a religion that saves in a dying-hour! Home! Yes, blessed be God, I'm in the old ship, and sailing for glory. Glory to

God for experimental religion -- it saves in a dying-hour." Turning to his weeping wife he said, "O Fanny, weep not for me, I will soon rest forever rest from all! troubles. Oh, lead a holy life. Train up the children in the fear of God, in experimental rebellion, and tell them to be humble. O doctor, what a beautiful land lies just before my eyes." Then in holy ecstasy, and with uplifted hands and eyes, he exultantly exclaimed, "O king of terrors! End of time! Old, all is bright! I'll soon be at home." Then he faintly sung, "I'm nearer, nearer home, nearer to my happy home. Resting awhile after this effort he said, "Farewell, pulpit; this is the end of Brother Humelbaugh's preaching," addressing the words those standing around his bed. His farewell to his children was very touching. Kissing his little son he said, "God bless you, my little boy." Among his last words were the following: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;" thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." So near was he to the point of his departure that he omitted, "I will fear no evil;" but when a friend quoted the whole sentence correctly he repeated.

And it slowly after him, and then, as if inspired with its precious truth, exclaimed, "They comfort me; yes, blessed be God, they comfort me." Laying his hands upon his heart he said, "O Jesus, precious Jesus, receive my soul! Farewell, brethren!"

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HUNTER, ISAAC C. -- Isaac C. Hunter was a native of Pennsylvania, born in Bellafonte, Center County, August 30, 1798. He was admitted on trial at the Ohio Annual Conference held in Cincinnati, August 7, 1819; and at the end of four years he was ordained elder. In May he was seized with a violent cold, which produced inflammation of the lungs, and on the 27th of June terminated in death. During his illness he was patient and happy. Although his afflictions were great, yet grace sustained him; and when the closing scene was nigh, and his weeping friends stood and gazed on the dissolution of the earthly house, he beheld a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. His face was illuminated with a heavenly smile; and his eyes, even in death, sparkled with joy. With the triumphant shout of victory he bid adieu to all below.

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HUSTED, HARVEY -- Harvey Husted was born in Alford, Massachusetts, February 2, 1803. On the morning of October 4, 1871, he arose early; and as usual, his spirit was buoyant and happy. He left his room singing as usual. But on this occasion his song was "prophetic. Its avoids were! "My latest son is sinking fast, My race is nearly run; My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun, As he was going to his barn his voice was heard joyously ringing out on the frosty air, "Oh, come angel band, Come and around me stand; Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home." At its close he fell, and in twelve hours passed to his "immortal home."

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ILIFF, BENJAMIN -- Benjamin Iliff was born in Bucks County, Pa., May 10, 1773. He began to travel June 1, 1801, and died May 29, 1805. He appeared at the conference like a man bound for the invisible world, into which he was suddenly (though perhaps to himself unexpectedly) to be called. On his return from the conference the weather was unfavorable. He called at a friend's house on the way, where he expressed some of his serious sensations he had of indisposition, if not (as the event proved to be) of death. From the testimony of his wife and others, he was happy in his sickness and had a desire to depart and be with Christ. His happiness appeared to increase with his illness. He told his friends he had not a doubt of his acceptance with God. His last words were, "I have lost sight of the world; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" When we see young men called away we feel at first discouraged -- the harvest is so great and the laborers so few. But men and means are all in the hands of God, to gather the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

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IRWIN, JOHN L. -- John L. Irwin was born in Huntingdon, Pa., January 9, 1812, and died in West Virginia, April 26, 1871. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." The end of Brother Irwin was more, -- his death was a holy triumph. He said, "My conversion, forty years ago, was as bright as a star. I have been advancing higher ever since. Whatever I have done, and however feeble my labors have been, I can always say, 'It means thy praise, however poor, An angel's song could do no more.' "My call to the ministry was as clear to my mind as though I had seen Jesus Christ let down the Bible from the sky, and heard him say to me, 'Preach the word.'" When informed of the near approach of death he replied, "Let it come! There is not a cloud between me and my future. My paradise is certain." At another time he said, "I am not afraid; the Lord God will wipe all tears from off all eyes." Again, "The golden bowl is breaking; but as for me, I will soon be in the regions beyond the sky, where I shall live and shine and sing forever." His dying message to his brethren of the conference was characteristic: "Be harmonious, working men; be harmonious."

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J

JANES, EDMUND STORER -- Edmund Storer Janes was born in Sheffield, Mass., April 27, 1807. He was converted in 1820, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was engaged in teaching from 1824 to 1830. He was received in to the Philadelphia Conference in 1830. He was appointed agent for Dickinson College in 1838, and in 1840 financial agent of the American Bible society. On June 7th, 1844, in conjunction with the late Bishop Hamline, he was elected bishop, and was the last of the bishops who received the undivided vote of the church. In 1864 he was a delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference; and during his tour he held conferences in Germany and Switzerland. He was a man of inflexible principles, thoroughly conscientious, and untiring in labor and devotion. He died at his home, in New York City, September 18, 1876, having executed the office of bishop thirty-two years. His long life has therefore been almost entirely spent in high ecclesiastical position, giving him an intimacy with the whole genius and work of his church no other man has had. It is needless -- almost impossible -- to describe the progress which has been made under his direct superintendency. When first elected

bishop there were no railroads to speak of, the field was comparatively limited, and almost the whole strength of the church lay east of the Alleghenies. What is it now? Yet through the whole course of this advance Bishop Janes stood at the front. Apparently quiet and easy in his work, an untiring energy burned beneath the surface which has been felt in all lands. In the aggressive operations of the church on every continent and island this man has been a leader and an inspiration. He was a man of singular symmetry. Some of his colleagues, living and dead, have at times acquired greater notoriety. Bishop Simpson, in the line of pulpit and platform oratory, has won a wider reputation. In a few sermons and addresses constructed of fine material, by his tremendous pathos and magnetism, he has swept the field, carrying everything on the tide of admiration. But in clearness, fineness of artistic oratory, refined diction, lofty and pure sentiment, and the inspiration of fervent devotion, always and at all times, Bishop Janes has not been surpassed. The souls who have been uplifted by his eloquence, which seems to redolent of a celestial atmosphere, might be numbered by the thousands. In every aggressive work, missions, education, benevolence, new campaigns, what an advisor, what a tenacious persistency this grand old hero has been. The whole of his long life seems to have revealed no defect. Strong but smooth, dignified but witty, determined but calm, modest but decided, his like has rarely been met. Bishop Janes was one of the most remarkable men in the history of American Methodism, with hardly any superior and few equals. A few hours before his demise he said, in response to a question, "I am not disappointed!" Grand sentence for the thoughtful, holy man to leave as a legacy to the church.

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JOHNSON, MR. -- Mr. Johnson, a pioneer preacher, died. It seems that he had some presentiment of his death; for a few days before he was taken ill he was unusually drawn out while preaching on these words, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." After the sermon he observed to his wife, "I have taken the discourse to myself. I feel a strong impression that my work is nearly finished, and that my departure is at hand." He then exhorted her to be resigned to the will of God. In the early part of his confinement he appears to have had some conviction that his mind was not as much absorbed in the divine will as he thought was his privilege; for he observed to his wife, "I do not feel that entire resignation to my Master's will that I wish, though I know the Lord is my portion, and that if he should take me hence I shall be with him forever." His confidence seemed to have brightened as he drew near his end; for, addressing Dr. Pegram, with whom he was very intimate, he said, "Doctor, I am very happy, and have been so all the morning." At another time he exclaimed, "Oh, endless rest! Blessed immortality! When shall I go? When will my Savior take me to my Father's house? There I shall dwell forever." At another time he said, "My dear wife, I love you better than any creature the Lord has made; but I love my Savior better, and I leave you willingly to go to him. I shall expect you to meet me in heaven; do not disappoint me. The Lord gave you to me, and I freely give you back to him. Only trust in him and he will take care of you. Again he said, "My dear friends, I am so happy I know not what to do with myself. Glory, glory, I am happy! My happiness is unspeakable! Oh, for more breath to praise my divine Master!" Thus he continued to linger until the 25th day of November, when, just about sunset, the sun of his life set to rise again in immortality and eternal day.

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JONES, BENJAMIN-(1) -- This Benjamin Jones was born about seven miles from Georgetown, South Carolina. He was admitted upon trial in 1801, and was stationed on Richmond Circuit. In 1804 he was stationed on Bladen Circuit, where by a very serious providence he ended his life. It was in the latter part of January, 1804, when he changed worlds, and, we hope, the cross for the crown, sufferings for joy, and labor for rest. In connection with his death a singular circumstance occurred. A person who had traveled with him for some weeks was delayed by the lameness of his horse the day Benjamin Jones died. The same young man filled the station, and his horse only felt or showed his lameness for that day. The providence of God are a great deep, and his ways past finding out. Till we shall see eye to eye, and enter into the eternal sanctuary of the Lord, his death may appear untimely and alarming to his friends; yet divine wisdom in mercy may have taken him from the evil and sufferings to come, supplying his place with a young man, a faithful flaming witness in experience, in the ministry, in labor, in suffering for Christ's sake. The manner and circumstances of Benjamin Jones' death will be taken into view as a reason why we have not his dying words and testimony. But his affliction was such that it taught him, and he appeared to learn, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

\* \* \*

JONES, BENJAMIN-(2) -- This Benjamin Jones, of the East Maine Conference, was born in Sandwich, Mass., July 28, 1786, and died in the Lincolnville, Maine, July 18, 1850, aged sixty-four years. At the age of eleven years he listened to the preaching of Jesse Lee. A few years afterward he was awakened and converted under the labors of Rev. Joshua Hall. In the spring of 1805, at the age of nineteen, he made a public profession of religion and united with the church. He was licensed to preach in 1808, and was admitted to the New England Conference in 1809. In his sickness the grace of God made him more than resigned. He blessed the Lord for all his afflictions. A short time before he died he requested to be raised in his bed, when, being supported by two persons, he uttered a most affecting prayer for his family and for the church of God. This was his last outward act of devotion. The weary "wheels of life stood still;" and Father Jones having preached the glorious gospel of the blessed Lord with remarkable success forty-two years, died in peace, and was gathered to his fathers. As a preacher, he was decidedly of the Puritan stamp. Few men have been less warped by popular opinion or practice. His profession of religion was a declaration of independence from every unhallowed bias. Of every moral question he was always found on the right side. His power of description was more remarkable for a close adherence to Bible delineation than for any romantic conceptions of an unlicensed imagination. The glorious platform on which he stood, and every step that conducted him to it, were seen as by sunlight. He never obscured the word of the Lord by drawing around it the drapery of vanity, nor marred its beauties by foolish attempts at wit. He never stooped from the glorious heights of eternal truth to touch even "fancy's loftiest thought. The distance was too great, and the point to be gained in a wrong direction, to excite his ambition. The hills and valleys and mountains and rivers of Maine have borne testimony to his toils and faithfulness, in storm and sunshine, for more than forty years; and her deep forests and silent glens have witnessed his tears and echoed to his prayers for the salvation of her people. In short, he was a "man of God," a "good minister of Jesus Christ." His feet did not slide in the day of prosperity. He was "faithful unto death." He gave the trumpet a certain sound. His warnings fell upon the ears of thousands like a solemn cry of midnight, and aroused them from their slumbers to seek a refuge in Christ. His labors, always useful, were

almost invariably attended with revival; and it is believed that no preacher who survives him in New England ever witnessed a greater number of conversions as the result of his labors.

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JONES, GREENBERRY R. -- Greenberry R. Jones was born near Brownsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, April 7, 1784. His strength of intellect, sweetness of disposition, and urbanity of manners gained the affections and excited the esteem and admiration of his associates. He died at Marietta, and with an unwavering confidence, and in sure and certain hope of immortality -- a preparation for which he had not left to be made in the dying hour. He said, "There is not , and there has not been a cloud on my mind for more than a year. Oh, that I had the strength to express my feelings! I am overwhelmed with the goodness of God." He gave his dying blessing to his companion. Placing his hands on her head, he said, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless thee!" As he approached nearer to his end his joy increased, and his confidence became more and more firmly grounded on the immutable promises of God. One who was present asked him, "Is all peace?" He raised his hand; his voice was heard but once more on mortal ears: "All is peace, peace." Rev. John Janes, "Oh, that I had health, I would leave all to carry the gospel once more to the frontier settlements."

\* \* \*

JONES, JOHN S. -- John S. Jones was born in Baltimore, Md., June 19, 1824. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." He said, "I feel that he saves me fully. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

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JUDD, GEORGE S. -- George S. Judd experienced religion in Weston, Conn., at fifteen years of age, soon after which he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the above place. At the age of nineteen he received license to exhort, at Bethel, Conn. In 1843, in the midst of a revival as Middletown, N. Y., in which he was in some degree instrumental, he was licensed to preach. In 1846-7 he was stationed at Bolton, Conn., where he continued his labors to the great satisfaction of his people and usefulness among them; and on the 19th of October, 1847, he died in great peace. In life he was a pious, consistent, and useful Methodist preacher. As he approached the close of his life his religion shone the brighter, and gave a powerful evidence to all present that the gospel of Christ is able to save. A short time before his death he broke out singing, "Angels, assist our mighty joys, Strike all your harps of gold! And when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told." Just before he died one of his brethren inquired if all was well. He replied, "Yes, glory be to God, I feel that God is with me." He inquired for his wife; and being told that she had laid down and asked if he wished to see her, he said, "No matter; we shall soon strike hands on the other shore." His wife coming to his bedside he placed his arm around her neck, when she asked, "What shall I do?" He replied, "Trust in God, trust in God." After he was unable to speak he twice raised his hands in token of victory.

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## K

KEITH, WILLIAM -- William Keith was born in the town of Easton, Massachusetts, September 15, 1776. By the account which he left of himself, he had serious exercises of mind from the time he was eight years old, but by the influence of bad example he was kept under bondage to sin until some time in the month of May, 1794, in his eighteenth year, when in a love-feast he found the peace of God to his soul. One distinguishing trait in the character of William Keith was humility. Another peculiar excellence with which the great Head of the Church endued him with was clearness of conception, readiness of utterance, and comprehensiveness in argument. It has often been remarked that he possessed the happy art of expressing much useful matter in a few well-chosen words. Sound in doctrine, deep in experience, and uniform in practice, he was able to look a congregation in the face while he denounced the terrors of the law to sinners, and administered the promises of the gospel to mourners and to believers. The unction of the Holy Spirit, which anointed his word, more than compensated for his wasn't of a classical education, which, though good in its place, can never supply the absence of a heart-felt experience of divine truth. The happy and sometimes astonishing effects of his ministry demonstrated that he was sent by Jesus Christ to declare unto mankind the awful truths of Heaven, and to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God. A few days before his happy spirit departed he said, "The fear of death and hell is wholly taken away, and I have a hope of immortality." He also said that his views of the plan of salvation were the same as they had been since he embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, and that we might tell his friends that he died in the Lord.

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KEMP, ROBERT E. -- Robert E. Kemp was born at Bayside, Talbott County, Md., January 31, 1802, and died in Greensburgh, March 6, 1875. He said, "Tell my brethren of the conference that I love them dearly, and that my dying, advice is to preach Jesus, cling to his merits, and triumph at last, as I am now triumphing. Now I lie down to sleep in Jesus."

\* \* \*

KENNON, ROBERT L. -- Robert L. Kennon was born in Granville County, North Carolina, in the year 1789, And converted to God in 1801, when about eleven years old. At that early age he was found in the altar praying for mourners -- a good beginning, and one which was not disappointed by his future course. In 1809 he was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference, and stationed on Cypress Circuit; in 1810 on Cypress again; in 1811 on Kewee; in 1812 on Warrenton.

Throughout his last illness the patience, fortitude, and humble gratitude for any attention shown him were remarkable. Though at a distance from his family, and detained from the business of the conference, in which he was much interested, his mind was kept in peace, for it was stayed on God. His active mind could not refrain, even in sickness, from the study of the Holy Scriptures. He would sometimes exclaim, "I've got it -- I've found a key to unlock this passage which I have long sought." About an hour before his death he said, "Brethren, my feelings are most delightful. Here is true simplicity -- here is true grandeur!" He was admiring with rapture the glorious plan of man's salvation, on which alone he rested his hope, and his soul was feasting on the love of God.

Thus lineal and died this eminent servant of Christ. He lived for God and his church, and when his work was done he went from the walls of Zion to the city above.

"His body with his charge laid down,  
And ceased at once to work and live."

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KING, I. D. -- I. D. King was born in New Jersey, September 16, 1828, and died at Red Bank, New Jersey, July 28, 1874. "I am glad that I did not stop preaching until compelled to do so. It gives me great satisfaction that I have done all I could for the church. I am almost over the river. I shall soon be well; and that will be new to me, for health is what I have never enjoyed in this world." Again he said, "My name is King, but I am not crowned yet. I expect soon to get my crown. All is bright; all is clear. I shall soon be at home."

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KINGSLEY, CALVIN -- Calvin Kingsley was born in Annisville, New York, September 8, 1812. He was licensed to preach when twenty-four years old. He graduated at Allegheny College in 1841, and was received into the Erie Conference. In 1852 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference. In 1856 he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate. In 1864 he was chosen and ordained as bishop. In 1866 he visited the conference on the pacific coast, and in 1867 Western Europe. In 1869 he again visited the conference on the Pacific coast, and from there he went to India, China, and Japan. Before his death he visited the Holy Land, and returned to Beirut, much exhausted by the journey.

On the morning of April 7, 1870, when about to sail for Constantinople, he died suddenly of heart-disease, and was buried at Beirut.

By the direction of the General Conference, a monument has been erected over his grave. As Bishop Coke, the founder of the Wesleyan missions in India. Sleeps in the land which he loved, so the sainted Kingsley sleeps in Asiatic soil, and binds the hearts of the church in this western world to that land which will shortly become the theater of great events.

He was at his death the youngest member of the Episcopal Board, and had performed a great amount of labor in the Episcopal office. He was honored and much loved by all who knew him. "He sleeps well." His memory will ever be dear to the Methodist Church in America. A fine writer, scholar, and the highest type of a Christian gentleman.

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KIRK, ELI -- Eli Kirk, of the Cincinnati Conference, a most excellent young minister, died in holy triumph. He left this testimony: "I have not preached an unknown Savior, or an unfelt Christ. How sweet to go home to rest."

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KISSLING, JOHN -- John Kissling was born in Virginia, and died while visiting his daughter. "I am nearing my eternal home. Oh, how precious is Jesus to the soul, when we near the river of death. It is a glorious hope to see Jesus. Glory! Glory!"

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KNOWLTON, GIDEON A. -- Gideon A. Knowlton, a native of Connecticut, was born in East Haddam, and died in Whitestown, New York, August 15, 1810, aged fifty-one years. He became an itinerant preacher in 1800. While enduring the last agonies of dissolving nature he frequently exclaimed, "How sweet is the pain when Christ is near!" A few days before his death he called his wife and two daughters to his bed, and after having clasped each by the hand he bid them farewell. "You have often," said he, "looked and wished for my return home; I am now going to my eternal home. Be faithful, and we shall meet again to part no more forever."

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KOBLER, JOHN -- John Kobler was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, August 29, 1768, and died in Fredricksburg, July 26, 1843. Through the examples and teachings of a pious mother, accompanied with the impressive and awakening influence of the Holy Spirit, at a very early period of his life he was led to see and feel the importance of religion, and induced to read his Bible with care, and to pray much in private. By thus improving the means of grace he was preparing for that great moral change which took place in his heart in the nineteenth year of his age, and on the eve of the 24th of December, 1787. Moved by the Spirit of God to assume the holy functions of the Christian ministry, in 1789, and the twenty-first year of his age, he entered upon the duties of an itinerating Methodist preacher, and soon after volunteered to be the pioneer to the northwestern territory. The saint-like spirit, the Christian conversion, the dignified and ministerial bearing, and the untiring labors in preaching, exhorting, praying, visiting the sick and imprisoned, of John Kobler, have done more, under God, to give permanency to Methodism in Fredricksburg, Va., than any other instrumentality ever employed. The church in this place being poor, and the house in which they worshipped ineligibly situated, and their prospect of success consequently small, in humble dependence upon almighty God they determined to make an effort to build. When the measure was resolved on, Brother Kobler was one of the most liberal subscribers; and feeling deeply interested in the success of the enterprise, though in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he went on an excursion, appealing to the churches of the West, the field of his early toil. The result of his labor in this matter was the bringing of more than one thousand dollars into the hands of the building committee, the greater part of which he obtained by personal application in sums of one dollar and under. For the completion and dedication of this house to the worship of God he seemed to wait like old Simeon. When the day arrived, and the Lord was invoked to take possession of the newly erected temple, -- while all the lovers of Methodism were joyful this patriarch was transported, -- the great object for which he had labored and prayed was accomplished, and he was ready to say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But the Lord lengthened out his days, to see in this new temple one of the most interesting revivals with which the church in Fredricksburg has ever been visited. Hardly had the work of God abated before disease laid its destroying hand upon him. While upon bed of affliction he was perfectly happy -- his countenance always wearing a smile that seemed heavenly. Without

murmuring or complaining, and with lamb-like patience, he suffered his Master's will. The following are some of the remarks he made during his affliction: "Living or dying, so God is glorified, and I, a poor sinner, saved, is all I want." Calling on his friends to engage in prayer he was asked, "Is there anything special for which you wish us to pray?" "Pray," said he, "for the church, that God would pour out his Spirit abundantly upon it, and take it into close keeping with himself." And again, "I have dug deep, and brought all the evidence to bear; and I find I have a strong confidence which nothing can shake. But all is through our Lord Jesus Christ." Brother, I wish it to be known that the principles I have believed and taught and practiced in life I hold in death, and find that they sustain me. I have tried all my life to make my ministry and life consistent. Jesus is very precious."

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L

LAMBERT, CHANDLER -- Chandler Lambert was born in Alford, Mass., March 27, 1781, of Methodist parents. Though he possessed not the advantages of a thorough classical training, yet his education was sufficiently literary to give his mind a studious cast, and sufficiently moral to sanctify his thirst for knowledge. From early youth to manhood, previous to his conversion, he delighted much in reading the Bible. But three days of sickness brought the weary wheels of life to a solemn pause. When asked if all was well he calmly replied, "I know nothing to the contrary." Again, touching his realization of the divine presence, he was asked, "Is that Jesus whom you have preached to others your comfort in this last conflicts?" To which he replied, "It is the same Jesus whom I have preached to others." He died March 16, 1846, aged sixty-four ears.

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LANNING, RICHARD -- Richard Lanning, a member of the New Jersey Annual Conference, was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, June 13, 1809. He received his first license to preach in 1833, and was called into the itinerant field in 1835.

On Saturday morning, January 5, he was not able to rise from his bed, and complained of great weakness. About midnight it was thought he was dying, and his children were called upon to receive his parting blessing. He took each one by the hand, kissed them, bid them farewell, and with his cold hand upon their head commended them to their heavenly Father for protection. His companion then asked him if his way was clear. In a whisper he replied, "All is right; God is my Rock; I trust in the atonement." Looking up to his physician he said, "If I am to die tonight it will be a solemn hour; but I die in peace with God and all mankind." At a later period, looking at his sorrowing companion, he said, "O my dear, weep not for me; I shall soon be at home. I am almost over the stormy banks. We shall be parted but a little while. We will soon meet in our Father's kingdom to part no and more." Just before he died he said, "Oh, yes, Jesus is precious, precious, precious!"

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LATTA, SAMUEL A. -- Samuel A. Latta was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, April 8, 1804, and died in Cincinnati, June 28, 1852. He was licensed to preach in 1827, and was appointed to Cincinnati Station in 1830. In this field of labor his honored colleagues were, Rev. J. B. Finley, Rev. Nathan Emery, and Rev. E. W. Sehon, D. D. In Dr. Latta's subsequent and laborious life he acted as agent of Augusta College, Kentucky, and filled several responsible stations -- Lebanon, Xenia, Hamilton, and Dayton. His ministry was greatly blessed with extensive revivals of religion, and to this date the memory of Dr. Latta and his labors are spoken of with cherished affection.

By the impairment of his vocal organs from almost constant and unsparing use of them, in the delivery of his popular lectures, occasional revival, camp-meeting, and pastoral sermons, he was at length compelled to desist from public speaking, and devoted the later years of his life to writing, editing, and the medical profession. As an author and physician Dr. Latta held a high position in the city of Cincinnati, where he resided longer than anywhere else. He identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and became widely known in the South as well as the North and northwest and the East. His lamented death was sudden though not unexpected by his friends. His biographer says of Dr. Latta, "He was born and died. But how much of life was contained between those two events?" We answer, eternity alone will reveal. He was ready to depart at the bidding of his Lord, and now sings the "song of ransom" among his old friends and companions in the upper sanctuary. I knew him well, and loved him much for his manly qualities of head and heart.

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LAWDER, WILLIAM H. -- William H. Lawder was born in Smithfield, Virginia, November 17, 1809, and died in perfect peace, April 20, 1877. He was the oldest son of Frederick and Margarette Lawder, to whom were born ten children, eight of whom lived to mature life and adorned the church and doctrines of Christ. In 1818 the family emigrated to Ohio, and settled near Hillsborough. He entered the Ohio Conference in 1833, and died in Hamilton April 20, 1877. On Saturday afternoon, April 8, the Lord's supper was celebrated in his room. An unwonted spiritual influence filled the place, melted all hearts and elevated the soul of William H. Lawder into heavenly ecstasy. It was a mount of transfiguration. His views of himself and his personal attainments and services in the cause of Christ were humble in the extreme, and at times greatly depressed him. Upon one such occasion he was directed to the words of John, "If we confess our Sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our Sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." This verse became the luminous center of all his after-thought. He repeated it over and over, hour after hour -- never forgot it, even down where the shadow was darkest. They were the last words that fell from his lips. During the earlier part of his sickness his uniform experience was that of peace -- a calm resting in God, but no exuberance of joy. At times this occasioned him anxiety, and led to careful scrutiny of the most secret movements and impulses of his soul. He longed for more of the fullness of joy. It came. From the hour of his last communion he entered upon an experience of almost uninterrupted and cloudless joy. Even extreme weakness and pain did not disturb this exultation. He dwelt much and with great delight upon the thought of heavenly recognition. The heavenly view was near and vivid. He should soon realize it all.

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LEVINGS, NOAH -- Noah Levings was born in New York. He was admitted to the traveling connection in 1818. In 1844 he was elected financial secretary of the American Bible Society, and in the fall traveled southward through Clarksville, Memphis, and Jackson, Mississippi, traveling over rough roads and dismal swamps to Vicksburg during which tour he preached eighteen sermons, delivered nine public addresses, and traveled four thousand miles. He preached his last sermon in Natchez. Being exhausted by travel, he started homeward. He arrived at Cincinnati on the 3d of January, and was conveyed to the residence of Mr. S. H. Burton, where he expired January 9, aged fifty-two years.

During his sickness he said, "The Lord Jesus is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. I die in no other faith than the faith of the gospel, and that as taught by the Methodist Episcopal Church." On one occasion, while sitting up, and leaning against the bed, Mr. Burton placed a large Bible to support his head, that he might breathe easily. When fixing his eye on the title as printed on the back of the cover he exclaimed, "Oh, thou blessed book! Thou lamp to my feet and light to my path, thou guide of my youth, directory of my manhood, and support of my declining years, how cheerless would this world be were it not for thy divine revelations and Christian experience." At another time he said, "Pray for me, my dear brethren, that I may have strong faith in the hour of trial. My religious states have been adjusted to a life of health more than one of sickness, but God, my Redeemer, will order all things well. I have been sifting the motives of my entire life down to the very bottom, and can not discover anything there that dying I would wish otherwise. But my imperfections, oh, my imperfections! I have nothing whereon to rely but the merits of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I feel he died for me."

On Monday his will was written, as dictated by himself. After signing it he exclaimed, "Thank God, one foot is in the Jordan, and I shall soon cross over."

At another time he said, "I am not able to converse much, but I can still say, glory to God! All is clear. I have a clear sky." To Bishop Morris he said, "Tell the members of my conference, I die in Christ. I die in hopes of the gospel. Tell them I have a firm, unshaken confidence in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ as the foundation, and only foundation of my life; and relying on that foundation, all before me is light and joyful and glorious." At the close of a short prayer then offered, as we knelt around his bed, that he might be favored with a safe and easy passage to the promised rest in Heaven, he responded, "Amen! Amen! Amen! Glory to God!" Subsequently he conversed but little. Being asked if he wanted anything he replied, "The will of the Lord be done." When a friend asked him if he wished to say anything he responded, "Live for God."

\* \* \*

LEE, ADDI -- Addi Lee was born in Stansted, Canada East, in 1816, and died at Ashland, New York, December 8, 1867, aged forty-one years. He possessed an educated mind; he was a logical reasoner; his style was chaste and classical, his imagination vivid and powerful. He could make sin appear exceedingly sinful. His mind was "like a sea of glass, mingled with fire." Above all, he was an earnest Christian, meek, patient, serious, and prayerful. He lived for eternity; he died as he lived. When his end was near he said to his wife, who was trying to minister to his

comfort, "If you had a thousand worlds to give me you could not better my condition. I am filled with the divine glory; and if I had the power I would shout it to the ends of the earth, I am ready to depart and be with Christ."

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LEWIS, JOSEPH -- Joseph Lewis was born in Wales, November 19, 1820. In 1839 he emigrated to Illinois in company with his father. The disease of which he died was congestion of the stomach and bowels. About an hour before he died he was asked by his wife (to whom he had been married but a few months) how he felt about dying. He asked if he was considered dangerously sick, to which she replied he was. After a moment's reflection he said, "I am ready." A short time afterward he said to his, wife, "Tell my brethren of the Rock River Conference that I die shouting happy." In view of the death of this youthful and highly promising minister of the gospel of peace we are forced to exclaim, "How mysterious are the ways of the Lord!" But God is too wise to err. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Go to thy grave! At noon from labor cease;  
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;  
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won."  
"Go thy grave? No; take thy seat above;  
Be thy spirit present with the Lord,  
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love --  
An open vision for the written word."

\* \* \*

LEWIS, JOSEPH T. -- Joseph T. Lewis was born in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, April 8, 1824. His early religious training was of such a character as to develop in the morning of life the most precious fruits. He joined the church in his eleventh year, and in his seventeenth year he graduated in the Ohio University. Soon after he was appointed tutor, and then professor of natural science, in Woodward College, in his native city. But God had other work for him. He was to be an ambassador for Christ. At the conference of 1848 he received a supernumerary relation, and was connected with the Ninth-Street charge at Cincinnati. An apparent change for the better succeeded his return from the South, and at the conference of 1849 he received the appointment of agent for the Ohio Wesleyan University. But that seeming change was fading from the earth. In view of his still declining health, the conference of 1860 granted him a superannuated relation. Shortly after, attended by his wife, and with the fond hope that some relief might yet be found, he repaired to the city of Philadelphia for medical treatment.

"With my heart's strongest affections," said he, "I love all the preachers and their work; and to be counted in their number causes me to feel that I am in a broad place." "Were I eighteen years of age, and could I see it at all, I would, by the grace of God, be Methodist preacher."

As the final scene drew on, the faith of our dear brother seemed to acquire fresh vigor, and the grace of God manifested its highest consolations and supports. To a brother of the Philadelphia

Conference he said, "I would like, were it God's will, to return home, that I might die among my brethren, and my ashes rest by the side of kindred friends till the coming of Jesus," and then in calm submission added, "but I would not make a change if I could." A few days afterward he said to the same brother, "The battle is nearly fought, the race is nearly ended." He died November 2, 1850.

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LEWIS, SAMUEL -- Samuel Lewis was born in Falmouth, Massachusetts, March 17, 1799, and died in Cincinnati in 1854. His ancestors, on his mother's side, were of the original Pilgrim stock, at Plymouth. In the year 1813 Mr. Lewis came with his father's family to Cincinnati, at the age of fifteen years, and was employed as a mail-carrier between Cincinnati and Chillicothe. He traveled on horseback; and the trip occupied seven days, and sometimes two nights, amid perils arising in the new country from high water, bad roads, and forest-rangers of various classes.

In 1819 he commenced the study of law with Judge Jacob Burnett. In 1822 he was admitted to the bar and soon became a distinguished advocate, and ever afterward maintained it. In 1824 he was licensed as a local preacher. He was then well known as an earnest advocate of temperance, and relied upon by the advocates of popular education as a powerful coadjutor. In 1823 he was married to Miss Charlotte E. Goforth, a daughter of an eminent physician and pioneer of the Miami Valley.

Mr. Lewis was one of the earliest and one of the most active supporters of the Western College of Teachers, which was formed in the year 1831. In 1837 he was elected state superintendent of public schools, by the state legislature of Ohio.

The limits of this sketch will not permit an extended account of the Herculean tasks he performed in his new sphere of labor. The first year he traveled over fifteen hundred miles on horseback, for which he received a salary of five hundred dollars. The temperance and antislavery causes both received a large share of Mr. Lewis' attention in the latter years of his life. His soul -- stirring and winning eloquence still lives in the memory of many. He was a firm and decided Methodist, yet no bigot. Exhausting work for his fellowmen had worn him out before his time, and in 1854 death came to him not unexpectedly. He died as he had lived, happy and hopeful, and fearless of death and the grave. His daughter is the wife of Judge Hagans, of Cincinnati. His son, Rev. Joseph T. Lewis, died some years ago. His other son, Rev. William G. Lewis, and the excellent biographer of his father, is still living and working for the Savior in connection at present with the Episcopal Church.

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LEWIS, T. W. -- T. W. Lewis was born in Royalton, Mass., August 6, 1825, and died of yellow fever in Charleston, South Carolina, September 30, 1871.

When nearing the margin of the cold river, he was calm and tranquil. He was then heard to say, "Still on the Rock," and joined in singing "Rock of Ages," "Forever here my rest shall be, close to my Savior's side," "Wash me and make me thus thine own," etc. Also,

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died;"

And saying this was his favorite. Pointing up he would say, "Do you not see the cross?" He kept saying over and over that sweetest name, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Dear name, the Rock on which I build."

\* \* \*

LITTLEJOHN, JOHN -- John Littlejohn died at his residence three miles from Russellville, Ky., on Thursday morning, May 12, 1836. He complained of general debility and constant thirst. It seems that nature's wheels had worn out, and stopping suddenly he quietly sunk to rest, saying awhile before departure, "tell all my friends that all is well." After a pause he added, "The Lord is with us!" He was upward of eighty years old, and had preached more than fifty years.

Bishop Morris said he was among the earliest Methodist preachers, and has been favorably and extensively known in this connection from its infancy. He was a contemporary with Waters and Garrettson, and during the American Revolution sustained the character of a Methodist preacher, and submitted to the reproach and persecution ordinarily attached to such a character at that period. We have heard him relate some circumstances of thrilling interest in relation to his labors and trials in those perilous times, and think it probable that he has left the material from which an interesting memoir may be compiled. His mind was of the first order; and his powers of elocution have been rarely surpassed. At a session of the Kentucky Conference we heard him deliver a sermon which, in point of clearness, strength, and effect, we thought we had never seen equaled by anyone of his age. But his work is done; and, thank God, "the mortal affliction is past," and he has safely entered his rest.

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LOTSPEICH, RALPH -- Ralph Lotspeich, of German descent, was born in Culpepper County, Virginia. He removed with his father's family to Tennessee, where he was called to preach the gospel. His complaint bid defiance to medical aid. An inflammation turned to a mortification of the kidneys, which terminated in death June 15, 1813. He suffered much for nine or ten days previous to his death, but was never heard to complain. He often sung with composure and joy these lines:

"Great spoils shall I win  
from death, hell, and sin;  
'Midst outward affliction  
Shall fool Christ within."

Having called on A. Cummins to adjust his temporal business, he told him it was done. On inquiring and being told what money he had left, with a heavenly smile he said, "That will keep my wife and children one year, and the Lord will provide." The day on which he died, being asked how he was, he replied, "I can only say I am sure of heaven. Not a doubt or a cloud has appeared

since my sickness begun." Just before the solemn scene took place he said, "Tell my old friends all is well -- all is well.

\* \* \*

LOVELL, CHARLES R. -- Charles R. Lovell was born in Dunstable, Mass., August 11, 1808. He emigrated with his parents to eastern Ohio, in 1818. On the Monday before he died he said, "From the first of the year I have thought I should not survive, yet it caused me no uneasiness. I have felt composed and cheerful under the impression. My present state is one of great confidence and faith in Christ. My prospects of a better world are perfectly clear. Heaven seems to me like a rich and beautiful home. I have great enjoyment." Again in the evening he said, "All is calm. It is sweet to die." Again the next day, "I am still here, but I do not complain. My prospects are perfectly clear." The eighth chapter of Romans being read at his request he exclaimed, "Oh, what a precious portion of God's word!"

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LUNT, WILLIAM S. -- William S. Lunt was born in New York, May 26, 1817, and died in Fostoria, Ohio, April 24, 1879. "All is bright beyond."

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LUMIS, WILLIAM -- William Lumis said: "I shall die. I am ready and willing at any time the Lord shall speak the word and call me to himself"

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LYTLE, DAVID -- David Lytle was born in Salem, N. Y., October 31, 1826, and died October 6, 1869. When sinking rapidly he said, "The grace of God is abundantly sufficient. He sustains me calmly, sweetly, gloriously! If I could, I would sing,

'Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;  
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow.'

"The church, however dear to me, I am satisfied it can do without me. Thank God! O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? I am in sympathy with the work and sacrifice of the gospel ministry. My advice to my brethren, if worthy of being given, is this, 'Be faithful; preach the gospel.'" When dying he shouted, "Hallelujah! Had I to live my life over again, I would preach Christ. Tell my brethren in the ministry to hold up Christ to a dying world."

\* \* \*

LYTTLE, JOHN S. -- John S. Lyttle was born in Pennsylvania, April 6, 1820, and died September, 1879. "It is all right, there is but one way to glory. And now may the peace of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, be and remain with you and the church of God now and forever. My dear children, under no circumstances find fault with the church.

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## M

MADDUX, SAMUEL -- Samuel Maddux, a member of the Ohio Conference, and son of Rev. David Maddux, was born in Ross County, Ohio, May 2, 1818, and died at Logan, November 19, 1852.

He was a good preacher, and continued in the work fourteen years. He had his portion of trials as a minister, having been married three times in the short period of his itinerant life; though all of his wives were deeply pious, and for a short period shared with him in the joys and sorrows of an itinerant. Two of them preceded him to the holy land. The third is left a widow, to mourn his departure; but she is pressing on to the land now endeared to her more than ever.

From the first he said he should not recover, and made some arrangements concerning his matters, gave some advice to his sorrowing wife, and there the matter seemed to end with him; for although he lived about two weeks after that, he talked less, and appeared to think less, about his departure. There is no doubt but he was prepared for the event, and was satisfied to go or stay; for to such a one "to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

\* \* \*

MALEY, GEORGE W. -- George W. Maley was born in Pennsylvania, January 11, 1799, and died in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, December 14, 1866. He came to Ohio in 1817, where he engaged in teaching school. In 1819 he attended a Methodist camp-meeting, at which fifty preachers and a number of converted Indians from Wyandott Mission, at Upper Sandusky, were in attendance, where he was awakened and converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1821 he was licensed to preach, and was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference, of which he continued a member until 1845, when he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In every field of labor he was successful, north and south. Thousands were converted and added to the church through his instrumentality. During his last illness he conversed freely in regard to his death. He said, "The gospel which I have preached to others supports me now. The world is empty; religion is my only trust. I have a unfaltering trust in the merits of Christ." As death approached his countenance was lighted up with heavenly radiance, his former bodily vigor returned for a time, and he shouted aloud the praises of God. After pronouncing a dying blessing upon his children and grandchildren, he pronounced a striking, eulogy on the Methodist Episcopal Church, -- its doctrines, discipline, usages, zeal, etc., -- believing it the most glorious instrumentality for good in the world. He then said, "I want it understood that I die in full sympathy with all the Methodists, north, south, east, and west, and that I die in peace with all the world." He now turned his eyes heavenward, and with unutterable rapture exclaimed, "How beautiful!" These were about his last words, after which he became unconscious.

His travels were extensive. He rode or horse-back more than thirty-three thousand miles. During his ministry he received over seven thousand members into the church.

\* \* \*

MARLAY, MICHAEL -- Michael Marlay was born in Berkley County, Va., June 21, 1797. In 1818 he emigrated to the West, and settled near Dayton, Ohio. The following year he was married to Miss E. Clymer. In the fall of 1831 he was recommended by the quarterly conference of Union Circuit as a suitable person to be received into traveling connection.

As a preacher Dr. Marlay was thoroughly Wesleyan in his doctrine, and didactic and argumentative in style. He has left few ministers among us who are more skilled in doctrinal discourse, or who are better prepared to "contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." He was a vigorous and close thinker, and held a high rank among the great minds of the day. These strong powers of mind enabled him, after nearly forty years of almost incessant study, to rank among the best and soundest theologians in the church.

After Bishop Thomson had prayed with him on Saturday evening a brother, taking him by the hand, said, "I hope you do not suffer much." I replied, "I suffer but little; but I'm going down." His friend said, "How do you feel with reference to your prospect of so soon leaving us?" He answered, "It is all right; it is all clear." Another one said to him, "We reach a point where it may be said, 'Vain is the help of man.'" He nodded assent. When it was added, "But our God can help us in the greatest extremity," he replied, "I am in his hands." And when asked by another, "Can you now say, 'For I know whom, I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day?'" he repeated most emphatically, "Yes, yes!" Thus at about nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, September 2, 1866, our esteemed Brother Marlay made his triumphant exit from earth to heaven, full of years and full of honors.

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MARSHALL, JOSEPH D. -- Joseph D. Marshall was born in Connecticut, in 1804, and died in Brooklyn, New York, January 9, 1860. "All things work together for good. We are nearing the heavenly world. A present Savior! a full salvation! a good hope!"

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MARTIN, SENEY -- Seney Martin was born in Ireland, in 1839, and died in Tennessee, January 1, 1876. He said "The physicians here, as well as at home, recommend the use of stimulants. But, oh, when I hear and see how they are used, and their terrible effects, I say, 'Lord, if you want me to live, you must cure me without rum.' The cork still remains in the bottle; and I hope by the grace of God it will stay there. Thanks be unto God for the temperance ring in northern Methodism." He then said, "Oh, what a precious Savior I have, and how glad I am that I sought him while young and in health; for how could I attend to it now while my poor body is racked with pain. If my life is spared, how much nearer will I live to Christ, and preach him more earnestly, though I have always preached the truth. When dying he said to his wife, "Carrie, it is all right. Precious Savior! Precious Savior!"

\* \* \*

MARTIN, W. -- W. Martin was born in Madison County, Ohio. In 1866 he was received on trial in the Ohio Annual Conference. He was a genial, sweet-spirited, earnest, and devoted minister. His last field of labor was New Holland. Here he entered upon his work, and while strength remained was abundantly successful. But it was to him and his devoted wife a year of deep affliction. Their two youngest children, a son and daughter, were called away by death, and he himself was prostrated with typhoid fever. Still, he loved the work, and desired if it was God's will to live and labor to save souls. Yet he murmured not, but calmly gave up all to God, and rejoiced in the blessed assurance that all things would work for his good. His end was peace.

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MARVIN, ENOCH M. -- Enoch M. Marvin was born in Warren County, Missouri, June 12, 1823, and died in St. Louis, of pneumonia, November 26, 1877. In 1866 he was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, being the youngest and yet one of the most earnest and successful in the Board of Bishops.

He had recently completed the circuit of the world in a tour of missionary visitations, August 10, 1877. His letters, which have been quite expensively quoted and read, have indicated special ability. He had the gift, or added sense, perhaps quickened common sense, that enabled him to see and tell exactly what we were interested in knowing. He was a man of one work, with more than average native gifts, and by study and singleness of purpose wielded an influence for good that might gratify any ordinary ambition. He was an impressive preacher, rising often to sustained flights of eloquence. He was a studious, hardworking man. He confined his labors to his divinely appointed field. As we remember Him, rather tall, slim, wiry form left the impression of one who might be a good cavalry officer and hard rider. Looking into his face, one expected achievements from its owner.

He preached and dedicated a church at Kirkwood, near St. Louis, November 18. On Monday he attended the Preachers' Meeting; and on Monday night he had a chill, but it did not seem serious. On Sabbath, November 25, at midnight, he was taken alarmingly worse, and died on Monday.

He seems to have stepped suddenly around a corner, and disappeared from mortal vision. In the full vigor of mature manhood, and in the higher use of his faculties, he passes round the world with increasing glory, and suddenly, while putting into shape the results of his observations for permanent usefulness in the church, he lies down in quietness, to rise up only when called by the master.

A great worker has gone up out of the vineyard. The workers die, but the work goes on his death was a triumph.

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MASON, OCTAVIUS -- Octavius Mason was born in September, 1794. He was converted in 1816, and immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which he was warmly

attached while he lived. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding August 1, 1830, and was received on trial in the Genesee Conference in 1834.

In early the he submitted to a most painful surgical operation for the sake of preaching the gospel. He was an able and faithful minister of Christ. To a member of the conference who visited him frequently during his sickness he said, "The best of all is, God is with us." At another time, "During the first two years after my conversion I had some doubts; but for thirty-two years I have not had a doubt or a dark hour." And again, with tears In his eyes, he reached out his trembling hand and said, "Preach Christ, preach Christ." Again, "Jesus is precious; he is all my trust." He sleeps -- "Blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep." May his mantle fall on us. His death occurred October 5, 1850.

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MATHEWS, JOSEPH MCDOWELL -- Joseph McDowell Mathews was born in Augusta County, Va., December 8, 1804, and died in Hillsborough, Ohio, August 5, 1879. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his eighteenth year, and was licensed to preach in 1827. Ill health compelled him to retire from the itineracy; and in 1839 he established Oakland Female Seminary. In 1856 he took charge of Hillsborough Female College.

His last sickness and his death were in beautiful harmony with his former pure and useful life. During his last sickness he frequently quoted, "Oh, would my Lord his servant meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed." Also that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley, "In age and feebleness extreme, Who shall a helpless worm redeem? Jesus, my only hope, thou art The strength of my flesh and heart. Oh, could I catch one smile from thee, And drop into eternity."

This he often quoted as expressive of his feelings. To the alumni of the Hillsborough Female College, in June, 1879, he sent the following message: "May you have success in all good work, and help to contribute to the conversion of the world. Tell them Jesus supports me during sickness." Many expressions of great beauty fell from his lips. During the visit of a friend he said, "I am wonderfully sustained; my sky is clear, thank God. A thousand ways has Providence to bring believers home. Christ sustains my soul." Among his last utterances were, "Almost home! almost home! almost home!" "Now safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing first in night's diadem, Forever and for evermore the star, The Star of Bethlehem."

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MATTHEWS, LASLEY -- The following is an extract of a letter from Isaac Bobbins to Bishop Asbury: "This announces to you the departure of our respected and beloved friend and brother, Lasley Matthews. He wished when he died to have but little more said about him than this, 'Lasley Matthews died in peace, universal peace; for I feel universal peace in my soul.' He observed that if he had been useful to any it will be known in the great day of eternity. He has left a will, desiring that his horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, cloak, great coat, and his wearing apparel be sold after his death, and the net amount paid to the treasurer of the "Chartered Fund."

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MATTHEWS, SAMUEL S. -- Samuel S. Matthews died at Rochester, New Hampshire, September 6, 1847, in the thirty-second year of his age. He was born in Loudon, New Hampshire, January, 1816, and was converted in 1832, under the labors of Rev. James Jones, a local preacher. In 1844 he joined the New Hampshire Conference, and was stationed at Exeter Mission. At this place, and at Hampton, (where he spent a part of the year,) his labors were highly acceptable.

His sickness was short and very distressing, but was endured with great patience and resignation. To the writer remarked, "I am a young man, and have just entered upon the glorious work of the Christian ministry. I have a family which seems to demand my presence and care; and is it mysterious that I should now be called to die? But if my death can glorify God more than my life, amen." And again, "Tell the preachers I am glad I was ever a Methodist minister, though I have been but a poor one."

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MATTISON, SETH -- Seth Mattison was born in Shaftsbury, Vermont, February 22, 1788. From his own account he was a subject of early religious impressions, and at the age of fifteen was brought to a knowledge of God through faith in Christ. In July, 1805, he was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Onondago, N. Y., by Rev. George Lane. He was shortly after licensed to exhort by Rev. Amos Jenks, who was long since gone to his rest. He obtained his first license as a local preacher in 1807, and in 1810 was received on trial to travel in the Genesee Conference. He performed effective service thirty years, having been supernumerary four years. After preaching on the last Sabbath in May, 1843, he baptized sixteen persons, several of whom were immersed. Shortly after he was seized with paralysis, which quite prostrated him, and so affected his optic nerve that he was nearly deprived of sight. While in this state he went with his companion to visit their children in Perry, in the hope that it might have a favorable effect upon him. But our heavenly Father ordered otherwise. Here, on the 18th of October, he closed his earthly pilgrimage in the glorious hope of an endless life. For two or three years before his death it appeared to his most intimate friends that he was ripening for the heavenly kingdom. The state of mind he enjoyed during this period, and which continued to the end, may be inferred from the following extract of a letter to his most confidential brother and bosom friend, Rev. Israel Chamberlayne, after he had been seized by the partial blindness occasioned by the paralysis with which he was attacked: "But, glory be to God, the Father of lights, I am for the most part happy and resigned. The chastening of his rod affords me peculiar satisfaction,, as it is a demonstration of his love to my unworthy soul. Yes, I feel that God is love both in darkness and in light! Hallelujah!" Again, "Glory to God and the Lamb! I feel an assurance that I shall be saved from the great corruptions of the fall, and live where I shall no more need the light of the sun, moon, or stars."

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MEHARRY, ALEXANDER -- Alexander Meharry was born in Adams County, Ohio, October 17, 1813, and died suddenly in Germantown, Ohio, November 18, 1878, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was converted in boyhood, and was licensed to preach July 24, 1841, and

joined the Ohio Conference. He was a holy man of God, a very useful minister, and was greatly beloved.

On the Sabbath morning before his death he preached from Ecclesiastes ix. 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." The first words that fell from his lips were solemn and impressive, and in the light of the next twenty-four hours proved truly prophetic: "I speak as dying man to dying men." At the close of that remarkable sermon, as he sunk back upon the sofa in the pulpit, he exclaimed again, "I have preached as a dying man to dying men." On Monday morning he was in good spirits. He was about to proceed on his journey home, and had taken his seat in his buggy, when he became very ill and returned into the house of Mr. H. Ungar, where he died in a calm and peaceful manner, after giving his testimony on the previous Sabbath.

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MERRITT, LEVI -- Levi Merritt was a native of Bedford County, Virginia. He was received into the Baltimore Conference, held at Lynchburg, in 1808. He was abundant in his labors, and greatly beloved -- a holy walker.

On his way from Portsmouth he was attacked by nervous fever, near Petersburg, in July. With much pain and perseverance he reached Mrs. M. Lunsford's on the 18th, and told her that "he had come to die at her house," where he received every mark of attention that could be paid to a suffering saint. He manifested the greatest degree of resignation to the divine will, until Sunday, the 27th, on which auspicious day his happy soul took its exit in the triumph of faith, and fled to an exalted seat in glory. His last words were, I have gained the victory! Come, Lord; come, Lord! I am ready to go. Glory! glory! glory! Roll on, eternity, eternity, eternity, eternity .Roll on, ages, ages, ages, ages, ages. Roll on." "Millions of years my wondering eyes Shall o'er thy beauties rove; And endless I'll adore The glories of thy love."

\* \* \*

MILLER, C. W. -- C. W. Miller was born in Richmond, Iowa, November 7, 1816, and died in Colorado Territory, April 8, 1872. He said, "I not only have a sweet submission, but, thanks be unto God, I have victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed Jesus, thy will, not mine, be done. Amen."

\* \* \*

MILLER, LEVI P. -- Levi P. Miller was born in Union County, Pa., January 8, 1809, and died at Madisonville, July 28, 1872. He said, "I have attended my last conference. Express my respect and love for my dear brethren, with whom I have labored so many years. Give my love to Brother Moody. As to the future, all is bright. If my children were all converted, I could ask no more. "But though my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; and this is all my hope and all my desire, though he maketh not my house to grow.

\* \* \*

MINOR, JOHN W. -- John W. Minor was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, in 1800. In the seventeenth year of his age at a camp-meeting held near Leesburg, in his native county, he was brought "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God." After discharging for some time the duties of class-leader in Jefferson County, Ohio, he was, in 1825, licensed to preach, and the next year was received on trial by the Pittsburgh Conference.

Affable and unobtrusive in his manners, perspicuous, zealous, sound, and energetic in preaching, "acceptable to God and approved of men," for twenty-two years with Christian cheerfulness and resignation he endured the toils, perplexities, and trials incident to the life of an itinerant preacher; and during all that time he was an efficient, faithful, and successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, acting not according to his "own will, but as a son in the gospel."

In his last illness his sufferings were very great; but his mind was kept in peace. Reposing in full assurance of faith upon the precious and immutable promises of God, he repeatedly remarked, "My work is done," "all is right," "the Lord has given me assurance," and various expressions of similar import. He now rests from his labors," Far from a world of grief and sin, with God eternally shut in."

\* \* \*

MINSHALL, ROBERT -- Robert Minshall was born in Pennsylvania, in the year 1788, and died July 10, 1828, at Mercersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, in the fortieth year of his age and the fifteenth of his ministry.

While the memory of Robert Raikes, as the great author of Sabbath-school instruction, shall survive, the name of Robert Minshall, in another land, and at another period, should be associated with it, as a constant friend and an efficient supporter. Those societies formed under his direction, and cherished and supported by his zeal, shall form at least a portion of his monument, and the "houseless orphan", as he passes the grave of Minshall, shall point to the spot and say, "There lies my friend."

His life was closed in circumstances of great mercy. Of his acceptance with God he continued to enjoy the strongest assurance. Being asked by his deeply-afflicted companion in reference to her, he replied, "I have been a traveling man; my lot is in heaven." He died with the shout of triumph, and went to his heavenly home exclaiming, "Glory! Glory! Forever and ever."

\* \* \*

MITCHELL, JOHN THOMAS -- John Thomas Mitchell was born August 20, 1810, in Salem County, Virginia. In 1829 he was converted at a conference camp-meeting. He taught school in 1830, and in 1831 he preached his first sermon. He was admitted into the Illinois Conference in 1832, and in 1835 he was stationed in Chicago. In 1842 he was appointed agent of the Western Book Concern. In 1848 he was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and was stationed at Trinity Church, in Cincinnati, and at Wesley two years. In 1862 he was elected presiding elder of

Cincinnati District, and from 1852 until the time of his death he was secretary of the Cincinnati District, and from 1852 until the time of his death he was the secretary of the Cincinnati Conference. In all respects Bro. Mitchell was well qualified for the work of the Christian ministry, and deeply experienced in religion. In 1838, at Jacksonville, Illinois, he experienced the blessing of full salvation. His daughter, and greatly-beloved wife, preceded him to heaven. In recording her death in his journal he says, "My best earthly friend, the mother of my children, my guardian angel, my safest counselor, my beloved Catharine, a most true-hearted and , pure-minded Christian woman, entered her rest at five o'clock this afternoon.'

From this last blow he never recovered. On the 21st of March he had a hemorrhage of the lungs and he soon became satisfied that "his work; was done." To an official member of Trinity Church he said, "I am going home to rest. The port is in sight. You and I have often sung together here on earth, but we'll sing up yonder. My peace flows as a river. I have a desire 'to depart and be with (Christ.'" To a ministerial brother he said, "I am unspeakably happy. I am waiting in weakness and pain, but not impatient, for God to call me home. I am ready to go at any moment. I am a sinner saved by grace. My Savior is ever near me. I have no fear, but peace, perfect peace. I am waiting for my change to come. To all my brethren in the ministry, give my heart-felt thanks and dying benediction for their kindness and sympathy. My only desire to live was for God and the church and my two boys I am glad you referred to the conference. My associations with the preachers have ever been of the most pleasant character. I have tried to serve the brethren as best I could. I love them all dearly. I shall go to my rest in full hope that I shall meet them all when my work is done. I am too young to leave words of counsel, but I hope the Cincinnati Conference will always be a burning, shining light. This message I send to my German as well as my English brethren, for I feel a deep interest in our German work. One morning when Bro. Riddle asked him how he felt he answered, "Struggling into life; struggling into life."

\* \* \*

MITCHELL, WILLIAM B. -- William B. Mitchell died October 27, 1858, aged forty-three years. He was converted in his fifteenth year. He was licensed to preach, October 18, 1845. On Thursday evening previous to his death he preached his last sermon from the text, "If thou hadst known even then at least in this thy day the things that belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thy eyes." On Friday he was taken dangerously ill, and on Monday it became apparent that he must die. He received the intelligence from his wife with great composure and said, "All is well." My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear; he owns me for his child, I can no longer fear." To Brother Mooney, who entered this room, he said, "I shall get to heaven before you, after all," alluding, doubtless, to a conversation, held in days gone by. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory! " Oh, how precious are the sweet promises of the Bible. Oh, how good; how sweet!" Throwing up his arms he exclaimed, "Glory! glory!" and then gazing upward said, 'I see a light ahead."

\* \* \*

MONROE, JONATHAN -- Jonathan Monroe was born in Annapolis, Md., June 11, 1801, and died in Westminster, December 4, 1869, aged sixty-eight years. As the time of his dissolution approached he was immovably fixed on the "Rock of Ages." On Friday before his death he raised

his arm, waved his hand, and shouted, "The day of jubilee has come! Hallelujah!" Turning to his daughter Annie he said, "I may not keep it longer from you; I going home." I have toiled and struggled and suffered, but now I am going home." That same evening, while friends were standing near him, he said, "Gentlemen, the Lord is about to disappoint you. I shall not leave till the morning. One half day with Jesus will compensate me for all my sufferings."" Go to thy grave in all thy glorious prime, In full activity of zeal and power; A Christian can not die before his time, -- The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

\* \* \*

MONROE, WILLIAM -- William Monroe was born in Allegheny County, Md., September 8, 1783, and died May 29, 1871, verging on eighty-eight years. His infirmities increased rapidly in his old age. At the last conference session he attended he said, "My sight has left me, hearing is very dull, and my articulation is fast failing. All is dark to my sight; and with great difficulty I can be made to hear. I sit, and walk about a little; and all that is left in me is to think, think, think, -- none but God with whom to exchange thoughts! Yet my hope and trust is in the Lord; and though my flesh and my heart fail, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." With this firm trust in God through his Son Jesus Christ, he lived; and in it he died.

\* \* \*

MOORE, JAMES -- James Moore died May 11, 1842, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born in Tyrone County, Ireland, in 1760. Of his early life we have simply the information that he joined the Methodist Society in 1786; that he emigrated to the United States in 1792, and joined Philadelphia Conference as an itinerant preacher in 1794. During the forty-eight years that ensued, his faithfulness and devotion to the ministry he had "received of the Lord Jesus" rendered him a blessing to thousands whom he served in the gospel.

On his way to attend a session of the New Jersey Conference he was arrested by a fatal disease -- bilious pleurisy. He was often entreated to lie down during the day; but he steadfastly refused while he had strength to sit or walk, saying, "I have not lain down during the day for fifty years, and can not think of indulging so indolent a habit until compelled.

It cost him a struggle of feeling to relinquish the hope of attending the conference, never having missed a session during the whole period of his ministry. But when informed that he could not survive, he evinced a willingness to depart and be with Christ. His last hours were such as we could have anticipated. When aroused from the weakness and stupor of approaching death he exclaimed, "Jesus is with me all the time, -- nigh at hand to help me whenever I call upon him." He truly died the death of the righteous, and his end was peace. We now say, as he used to sing "Happy soul, thy days are ended, -- All thy mourning days below; Go, by angel guards attended, To the sight of Jesus go.

\* \* \*

MORGAN, ERASMUS B. -- Erasmus B. Morgan was born in Wilmington, Vermont, in 1806, and died June 10, 1872. Three or four days before he died a few friends gathered to pray

with him. He said, "I am too weak to converse with you, but as they sang "Jesus, lover of my soul," and drew near in prayer, his soul's strength was renewed, and triumphantly he exulted in the atoning blood by which he was saved. When asked what was the prospect before him he replied, "All is right. This is not the work of a minute, but of a life-time. Bless the Lord." He then said, "Death is the sweetest thought I have."

\* \* \*

MORRIS, E. GERRARD -- E. Gerrard Morris was born in New York City, September 14, 1839. He was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Trenton, New Jersey, at the age of ten years. When sixteen years of age he went to Iowa and commenced the study of law, but returned after three years, and was licensed to preach. He then returned west again, and joined the Northwest Indiana Conference. The burden of his ministry was, "Souls, souls for Jesus."

While attending a meeting at South Bend he was violently attacked with fever, and died. During his lucid hours he was happy and fully resigned to die. After taking an affectionate leave of friends he raised his eyes toward heaven and exclaimed with rapture, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" He died at the age of twenty-two years.

\* \* \*

MORRIS, JOHN -- John Morris was born in Auburn New York, September 29, 1856. "I have conquered at last! I have conquered at last!"

\* \* \*

MORROW, WILLIAM S. -- William S. Morrow was born in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, October 3, 1804, and died June 19, 1856. Under the ministry of the Rev. Arza Brown, he was, On the 7th day of January, 1827, brought to the foot of the cross, and having meanwhile joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, was, in March of the same year, clearly justified by faith in Jesus Christ. In the fall of 1830 he was regularly admitted into the Ohio Conference.

Brother Morrow was successful in his ministry in every essential point. His last sickness was very painful, and he endured for about three weeks great suffering and agony of body. But it did not disturb his inward joy. His mind dwelt constantly on the delights that satisfied his soul. He spent many hours in telling his friends of his rapturous hopes, and in exhorting unconverted friends to seek the same pleasures that made his dying-bed the most "heavenly place" of his life.

His last words were, "It will soon be over. Jesus is very precious. Glory! glory! Victory! Victory! Victory over death!" Soon afterward his triumphant spirit left the shores of time and winged its way to the home that Jesus had prepared for him in his Father's house. Thus lived and died one of nature's noblemen, elevated and sanctified by the love of Jesus.

\* \* \*

MUSGROVE, A. W. -- A. W. Musgrove was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 29, 1811. At the age of five years he was deprived of his sight by a severe attack of measles. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his twelfth year, and in his fourteenth year he was converted. His devoted mother read to her blind boy God's holy word, much of which he hid in his youthful heart. She also taught him English grammar. Early in his religious life Brother Musgrove was impressed with the duty of preaching Christ. In the year 1830 he was licensed to preach.

As a member of conference he received eleven appointments. The disease of which he died made rapid progress upon his manly form. His noble intellect also suffered a great shock. On the 19th of April, 1870, he was struck to the ground on his own premises. After he was conveyed into the house it was perceived that he had the power to move one hand a little, whereupon Brother Jackson said to him, ". Brother Musgrove, you can not speak to us now, but if Jesus is precious to you now signify it by pressing my hand." Instantly the desired signal was given, and after a few hours he passed from earth away.

Brother Musgrove was a man of fine form and a good mind; a sound theologian and an able minister of Jesus Christ; and he has gone, as we fondly hope, "To range the sweet fields on the bank of the river, And sing of redemption forever and ever."

\* \* \* \* \*

N

NADELL, BERNARD HARRISON -- Bernard Harrison Nadell died on Monday, June 20, 1870, at his home in Madison, New Jersey. He was born in Maryland, March 2, 1813. He graduated at Dickinson College, and was professor of historical theology in Drew Seminary. He was sick but a few days. When told that fatal symptoms were developing, he promptly replied, "I leave the issue entirely with the Lord." Thus, as Bacon says, he died "in warm blood, running the race at the top of his speed, yet won the prize immortal and imperishable life."

\* \* \*

NEEL, JOHN P. -- John P. Neel died July 18, 1835, in St. Francis County, Arkansas Territory. He was a native of South Carolina. Three days before his death he was asked if the Lord was with him. He lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven and replied, "Yes; all is well," and praised the Lord aloud. The next day he bore a similar testimony.

\* \* \*

NELSON, REUBEN -- was born at Andes, New York, December 13, 1818, and died at his home in New York City, February 20, 1879, being in the sixty-first year of his age. In 1840 he was admitted into the Oneida Conference. In 1844 he was appointed as principal of Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, and held the position till the close of the year 1872, giving in all twenty years' service to the seminary. As a teacher this one idea was always dominant in his mind, to make out of his pupils strong and noble men and women. All his teaching had this end in view, and it is not too much to say that thousands have lived purer and better lives because he pleaded for

their salvation. As a preacher Dr. Nelson was always interesting, and often eloquent. Many of his sermons, at camp-meetings especially, will long be remembered. He was ten times elected secretary of the Wyoming Conference, and five times he was sent as a delegate to the General Conference. In 1872 he was elected book-agent, as the successor of Dr. Carleton, and placed in charge of the publishing interests at New York. Great energy and sagacity distinguished his entire administration. At three-score years he had accomplished a great life's work, as God took him home to rest. It was the good fortune of Bishop Simpson to call upon him in one of the rational moments which he had. The bishop thus describes the scene: "I found that he could hear, when I had the privilege of speaking to him. I asked Bro. M'Cabe, who was with me in his room, to sing a verse, and as he sung,

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,"

that tongue, which had been able to utter scarcely a word, distinctly pronounced 'Amen!' He showed deep emotion, and signified, in answer to a question of his wife, desire for prayer. I knelt by his bedside and prayed. He was deeply affected, and said 'amen' a number of times. His heart showed that same glow of religious fervor which he manifested in health. It was a short interview, for he was able only to speak a few words; but it was a precious occasion to me, showing that while heart and flesh were failing, God was the strength of his heart and his portion forever. A light dawned at the head of the valley, and while his feet were in the waters he had an unwavering faith in the Savior of sinners." Thus this good man died.

\* \* \*

NEWSON, JOSEPH -- Joseph Newson, of the Cincinnati Conference, died at the parsonage, in New Carlisle, May 20, 1862. He was born November 4, 1808, in Washington County, Maryland, and emigrated with his father's family to Morrow County, Ohio, in 1826. He was converted at a camp-meeting, about a mile west of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, September 16, 1830. He was licensed to exhort July 23, 1831, and to preach July 28, 1832. A few months before his death, when in company with some who doubted a special call to the ministry, being asked as to his call he replied, most emphatically, "If I did not firmly believe that God had called me to the work of the ministry I would never preach another sermon." His preaching was evangelical. He never went away from the gospel for subjects of his administration. "Jesus and the resurrection" were the themes in which he delighted.

When it was first announced to him that his physician thought it highly probable that he could not recover he said, "I know I am very sick. I know that I may not recover. I would like to live longer with my dear family, if it is the will of God; but I am ready to go." When asked if the religion he had preached to others sustained him now he replied with emphasis, "I have not followed a cunningly-devised fable. I have looked over the road to the grave many a time, and now it is not dark. It's all light. Not a cloud hovers over my spiritual horizon. All is bright!"

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NOLLEY, RICHMOND -- Richmond Nolley was a native of Virginia. In an early period of his life his parents moved to the State of Georgia. About the year 1806 he was converted to God. In the fall of 1807 he began to labor in a more extensive manner, and in the conclusion of the year he gave himself up wholly to the Lord and his work.

The author of these remarks accompanied him over the Mississippi and through a vast swamp. The difficulties we had to encounter were almost incredible. On the 24th day of November we parted. The weather was wet and cold. He started and went a circuitous way to avoid a bad swamp and some deep creeks. There was no white person living on the path. In the evening he came to a village of Indians. He was to pass a creek, and was apprehensive it would be full. He employed an Indian to go with him. When he arrived it was as he expected. There was no other alternative but to cross or stay with the savages; so he left his valise, saddle-bags, and a parcel of books, and attempted to ride the stream. The current was rapid, and beat him and his horse down; and the banks were steep, so that his horse could not get out. In the struggle he and his horse parted. He got hold of a bush and pulled himself out. His horse swam back to the shore whence they started. He then directed the Indian to keep his horse until morning, and he would walk on to the first house, about two miles. He had got about a mile on the way when the wet and cold combined stopped his progress. It seems he was conscious of his approaching dissolution, and he knelt down on the ground -- for his knees were both dirty -- and commended his spirit to God; and there in the woods death gave him an honorable discharge.

\* \* \*

NORMAN, ALFRED -- Alfred Norman was born in Washington County, North Carolina, April 22, 1804. For fifty years he was a "watchman." He died saying, "If it is the will of the Lord that I should suffer I would not, if I could, have my sufferings lessened." At one time he raised his hands and said, "Will that gospel which I have so often preached to others sustain me in this trying hour? Yes, it will; it does sustain me. Tell my brethren of the North Carolina Conference that I died prepared; and tell my brethren everywhere that I died as I lived -- in the faith of the gospel of Christ. When you look upon me speechless, bear in mind that all is well."

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#### NO "O" LISTINGS

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#### P

PHILLIPS, MR. Z. BARNEY -- Mr. Z. Barney Phillips was born in Cassadaga, Chautauqua County, New York, March 30, 1843. He was married to Miss Sallie E. Sharpe, July 12, 1866, and died in Springfield, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Sharpe, May 24, 1879. The deceased was the brother of Philip Phillips, the world-renowned singer. He was a member of the One Hundred and Twelfth New York Regiment for three years, and rendered efficient service for his country. He was the highest style of a Christian gentleman -- always courteous, pleasant, and helpful.

When near his end he said several times, "I have not waited until now to make my peace with God. Mine is the same faith now that I have had for twelve years. The anchor has never dragged. Lord Jesus come quickly; yet not my will, but thine be done."

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#### NO "Q" LISTINGS

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#### R

RAGAN, JOAB W. -- Joab W. Ragan died October 3, 1834, aged thirty-two years. A few moments before his death he said to his brother, Rev. Zanah Ragan, "Zanah, I have honestly preached the gospel of Christ to sinners for a number of years. I have often prayed for the extension of the kingdom of Christ; but now my labors are ended. I have, however, one prayer which I desire to offer." Then, clasping his hands and lifting his bright blue eyes to heaven, he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; and may I dwell forever in the ocean of unfathomable love."

\* \* \*

REED, DAVID -- David Reed said, "I am pretty near home. It has been a life-time work with me to prepare for this hour. I have preached Christ sincerely. I shall be no stranger in heaven. All is bright; no clouds. Sing for me,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hid myself in thee.'"

\* \* \*

REED, JAMES -- James Reed was born in Maryland, January 12, 1780, and died June 16, 1850, in full possession of all his powers. He said, "God is with me, and lights up the gloomy pathway. Christ is mine, and I am his saved and redeemed servant. For such a hope as this let the world's foundations be cast away."

\* \* \*

REED, NELSON -- Nelson Reed, an aged and venerable servant of Jesus Christ, is numbered with the dead. Full of years and honor, and cheered by the hope of a blissful immortality, he closed his career of protracted usefulness in the eighty-ninth year of his age, on the 20th of October, 1840, at his residence in Baltimore, Md.

Father Reed was born in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, November 27, 1751. The period of his conversion to God is not distinctly ascertained. His name as an itinerant preacher first appears on the records of the church in 1779, though it appears from the best sources of

information that he commenced his public ministry in the summer of 1775. Formidable were the difficulties with which he had to contend in the prosecution of his glorious work. Neither deterred by danger nor intimidated by the threats of an infuriated mob, he pursued the "even tenor of his way," testifying the gospel of the grace of God. After forty-five year of effective service he took a superannuated relation, and at the time of his decease was the oldest Methodist preacher in Europe or America, having for sixty-five years preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. During the long period of his ministry he never was the subject of an official charge. His reputation was perfectly unblemished, no shade of suspicion ever having darkened its steady and sun-like splendor.

When the pale, quivering lip and beamless eye donoted his end he said, "My dependence is not on my works; it is on the Rock Christ Jesus crucified."

\* \* \*

REEDER, JOSEPH ADAMS -- Joseph Adams Reeder was born in Lebanon, Ohio, September 17, 1797. He was married April 1, 1818, and settled in Montgomery. At Chester, February 28, 1829, he was licensed to preach. At the session of the Ohio Conference in 1829 he was received on trial; and 1844 found him on North Bend Circuit, with Jacob Young as colleague. At the end of the year he was superannuated, and in 1847, at his own request, was located. By the Cincinnati Conference, in 1871, he was re-admitted, but remained superannuated till his death, which occurred November 24, 1878, at Westwood, Hamilton County, Ohio.

He kept a very strict account of his receipts and expenditures during his "effective life," and found that he spent \$262 more than he received. He was a good man, his piety being of that cheerful type that diffused encouragement. His sermons were always edifying; his exhortations were tender, and yet impressive; his prayers were the outbreathings of a soul that had much to do with God. The soul of honor in his business, the world respected him. Always at his post, always consistent, the church loved him. The last day of his life he left the family room at about 3:30 P.M., to lie down in his own room. After a short time his daughter-in-law went in to see if he was comfortable, and found that he passed through a severe hemorrhage. At ten o'clock he was unconscious, and in a short time breathed out his life, at the age of eighty-one years of natural life. For more than sixty years he was a happy Christian.

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RHOADS, L. J. -- L. J. Rhoads was born in Pennsylvania, July 10, 1808, and died in New Jersey, December 20, 1871. We give a few of his last sayings: "What raptures!" "I have bread to eat ye know not of." "I shall never die." "Angel voices in the distance." "Do you hear them?" he was asked. "Yes," he answered. "Oh, glory, hallelujah! "

Death finds him prepared -- 'tis a message of peace,  
A mandate of mercy to give him release;  
His Savior is with him, -- the valley is past, --  
Those accents of triumph and joy were his last!  
And, freed from its prison, his spirit flies  
To the home of his heart, beyond the skies.

\* \* \*

RICHARDS, THOMAS S. -- Thomas S. Richards was born in Baltimore City, September 13, 1824, and died in Baltimore County, December 26, 1869. His work was done well, and he was ready to depart. A friend who visited him in his last moments found him quietly humming,

"Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
When on that eternal shore."

Soon afterward, in faltering and joyous accents, he repeated the familiar lines,

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And an eternal home."

He went down gently into the valley, saying, "Heaven, sweet heaven; I am going there." His last intelligible words were, "Let me go; the day breaketh."

\* \* \*

RICHARDSON, JESSE -- Jesse Richardson was born in Virginia, April 24, 1765. He was converted May 27, 1785, and soon after began to call sinners to repentance. In May, 1788, he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection. After traveling five years with great usefulness his health failed, and he was compelled to desist.

He preached his last sermon from the words, "Whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." He was very happy. A few weeks later he was attacked with a disease of the lungs which caused his death. During his illness he manifested a meek resignation to the will of his Creator. He said, "I have the best truth of the Bible to die on, -- the divinity of Christ. I have faith in this. All is consoling to me beyond the tomb." At another time he said, "I have nothing to fear. I believe in the Godhead of Christ, have preached it, lived on it, and now die on it, -- glad to rest my everlasting all on the divinity of my Redeemer."

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RICHARDSON, JOHN W. -- John W. Richardson was born in Calvert County, Maryland, September 14, 1810, and died March 18, 1850. A short time prior to his departure he said his mind was in perfect peace, undimmed by a doubt, and the heaven of his hope unsullied by a cloud. Thus this servant of Christ passed away from the fellowship of the saints on earth to the society of angels and of God, giving assurance with the latest breath that he should soon "see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is afar off." Rest, sainted brother, in peace. Rest from thy labors, and the works shall follow thee. Though dead, still speak to thy friends of the victories of grace.

"Tell them, though 'tis and awful thing to die,

'Twas so to thee, yet that dread path once trod,  
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

\* \* \*

ROBERTS, GEORGE -- George Roberts, whose name is like "ointment poured forth," was born in Maryland. He commenced preaching in 1790. His last hours were triumphant. A night or two previous to his death his son urged him to "spare himself," and told him his shouts disturbed his neighbors. He immediately replied, "Be quiet, my son; be quiet my son. No, no. If I had the voice of an angel I would rouse the inhabitants of Baltimore for the purpose of telling the joys of redeeming love. Victory! victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

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ROMAINE, WILLIAM -- William Romaine died July 28, 1795, aged eighty-one years. When the near departure he said, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty! Glory be to thee on high for such peace on earth and good-will toward men! I have the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart. I knew the doctrines I preached to be truths, but now I experience them to be blessings. Jesus is more precious than rubies; and all that can be desired on earth is not to be compared to him."

Death finds him prepared -- 'tis a message of peace,  
A mandate of mercy to give him release;  
His Savior is with him, -- the valley is past, --  
Those accents of triumph and joy were his last!  
And, freed from its prison, his spirit flies  
To the home of his heart, beyond the skies.

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ROPER, WILLIAM H. -- William H. Roper was born in a blockhouse, in Weston, Pa., September 24, 1798, and died February 11, 1852, in the fifty-ninth year of his age and the thirty-fourth of his ministry. He was a most devoted patriot; and, as a Christian minister, no man prayed more for his country than he did through life, especially the latter part of his life, both in and out of his pulpit. After traveling one year under the presiding elder, he was received as a traveling preacher by the Ohio Conference, as Cincinnati, in 1819. He remained in the effective ranks about thirty years, when his health failed, and he had to change his relation. At the time he began, and for years after, the country was new, the roads bad, circuits large, work hard, fare rough, and pay poor. Few men now living have swum more creeks and rivers on horseback to meet their appointments, or experienced more toil, exposure, or hardships, than he; and certainly few, if any, have more successfully executed their gospel mission.

In the early part of February, 1852, he accompanied Bishop Morris to Aurora, Indiana, to attend a quarterly meeting and visit his old friends in that place. There he preached his last sermon with peculiar clearness and effect. On Tuesday, February 10, he started for home, in company with

Bishop Morris, on the steamer Forest Queen. He was attacked some time in the night with spasms; and when his condition was discovered by the brother who was in the same room consciousness was gone. The boat being in port, medical aid was immediately secured; and all that human skill could do was done, but no saving effect. He was carefully and tenderly conveyed to the bosom of his family, where he expired about half-past six P.M. Although not permitted to give a dying testimony, his devotion to God and the church, and the purity of his life, give assurance that he mingles with just men made perfect.

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ROSS, WILLIAM -- William Ross, of the Philadelphia Conference, was born in Kent County, Delaware, in May, 1787. Five days before his death a Christian minister called to see him, and on inquiry found him happy in God. His humble sense of the divine goodness made him observe the smaller as well as the greater manifestations of mercy. He said, "The good Lord was given me another good night's rest. Glory be to his holy name!" On being asked if he enjoyed peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ his joyful reply was, "Glory to God I have a hope that reaches beyond the grave. Glory to God! I am more established in the doctrines I have been preaching than ever before, and that the Scriptures are the fundamental doctrines of salvation. Brother C., preach Jesus Christ and him crucified to a fallen world." He died February 22, 1823.

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ROUNDS, NELSON -- Nelson Rounds was born in New York, May 4, 1807, and died in Washington Territory, January 2, 1874. After blessing the members of the family present he said, "Give my love to the absent ones without limit, -- my richest blessing upon them. Tell them I have no fears of death other than physical suffering. All beyond is bright and clear. Tell them to meet me in heaven."

\* \* \*

RUSSEL, SAMUEL W. -- Samuel W. Russel was born in Main, December 24, 1853. On his deathbed, after he had spent an "hour talking with God," as he termed it, he said, "All is well; the future is bright. I have had such a beautiful dream." He then said to his wife, "I am dying now. I am going safely home."

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RUTER, MARTIN -- Martin Ruter was a missionary to Texas. The following tribute to his memory, affectionately inscribed to his bereaved family, is taken from the Christian Advocate and Journal:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." II. Tim. iv. 7,8

Clad in the armor of the Lord of hosts,

The Christian warrior seeks his Savior's foes;  
No sinewy frame, no strength of arm he boasts,  
But in the might of Israel's God he goes --  
He goes to gain a deathless victory;  
He goes to set the sin-bound captive free.

No earthly weapon in his hand he bears;  
No earthly kingdom does he seek to win;  
No earthly robe, of gorgeous hue, he wears  
His glorious panoply is all within.  
He stands begirt with holy truth around,  
And on his brow salvation's helmet's bound.

Behold his shining breast-plate! Righteousness  
Is graven there in lines of living light.  
For a device, his shield bears the impress  
Of the great sacrifice on Calvary's height.  
The shield of faith, it quenches every dart  
That Satan's malice aims against the heart.

He hasteth to the battle. His swift feet  
Are shod with sandals of pure gospel grace;  
And as he hurrieth on the foe to meet,  
Is there one wish his footsteps to retrace?  
No; all his heart holds dear is freely given  
A living offering to the God of heaven.

Hark! to the stirring trumpet's thrilling sound,  
List! it is wafted on the western wind;  
With no uncertain tone it breathes around  
A message to rebellious, lost mankind,  
"Mercy and tenderness, and truth and love,  
To erring man below, from God above."

The veteran of the cross hath wide unfurled  
The crimson banner of his conquering Lord,  
And now he wieldeth, o'er a yielding world,  
The two-edged sword of God's all-potent word.  
The foe surrenders. Joyous shouts proclaim  
From rank to rank the Victor's name.

Listen! there comes a low, sad, sorrowing wail  
'Mid the triumphant sounds of victory.  
Can grief in such an hour the heart assail?  
Can joy like this be dashed with agony?  
Yes; for amid the battle's raging strife

The Christian warrior hath lost his life.

Bereaved ones, your faith is sorely tried,  
Yet hear this promise, to the afflicted given--  
"Ye shall come forth as gold" -- all purified  
From earthly stain and dross, and fit for heaven.  
There shall your grief be turned to rapturous joy,  
Eternal triumph, bliss without alloy.

\* \* \*

RYDER, WILLIAM -- William Ryder was born in Dorchester County, Md., October 13, 1773. He experienced religion February 23, 1805, and immediately connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Being constrained by the love of Christ, he, like Paul, straightway began to exhort his neighbors to flee from the wrath to come.

Brother J. B. Ayres, in obituary published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, October 13, 1837, says: "I had the satisfaction of sitting up with him in the last night of his life. He spoke freely of the gracious dealings of God with his soul, and of the sore conflicts and deep waters he passed through. He said, 'I have often afflicted myself when God has not laid his chastising rod upon me. The enemy of my soul has often pursued me closely, and frequently tried to rob me of my confidence in God, and of my usefulness of my fellow-men. But, glory be to God, when I have been suitably tried the Lord has invariably interposed in my behalf, rebuked the enemy, cleared my sky, and blessed my soul; and I have always praised him, and sometimes shouted for joy. He then added, 'My work is done, and the conflict is past; I am free. My way is clear, my confidence strong, and my soul happy; and I shall soon be in heaven. Of this I have no doubt. But all my dependence is on the atoning blood of Christ. Other refuge have I none; through it I shall have everlasting life, and be eternally happy. Glory! glory!'"

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S

SEARS, CLINTON W. -- Clinton W. Sears was born April 27, 1819, in Chautauqua County, western New York. He was converted to God at eleven years of age. His father died when he was but a lad. Having but a pittance from his father's estate, not sufficient to defray the expenses of a collegiate education, yet he was inflexibly determined to obtain it. After preparing himself as best he could, he entered Yale College, and afterward the Middletown Wesleyan University, where he graduated. After having served the church faithfully in several important stations, he was appointed chaplain of the Ninety-eight Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and went with it into the State of Kentucky, and subsequently into the State of Mississippi. He was with the regiment in the glorious campaign which resulted in the capture of Jackson, the siege and surrender of Vicksburg, and the opening of the Mississippi. At the latter place he was taken with diarrhea, which prostrated him so far as to cause him to resign his office. He returned home July 15, greatly prostrated, and gradually sunk till the 29th of August, when he fell asleep in Jesus.

Brother Sears, while in college, obtained the blessing of "perfect love," the evident that "the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin." He was a good scholar, and able preacher, a faithful pastor. His last days on earth were full of triumph. Expressions of praise to God continually fell from his lips. One of his last expressions was, "Praise to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!" And as he went down into the waters of death he sent back the cheering words, "All is well!"

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SEHON, EDMUND WAGGENER -- Edmund Waggener Sehon was born at Moorefield, Hardy County, Virginia, April 14, 1808, and died at Louisville, Kentucky, June 7, 1876.

He came to Ohio when fourteen years old. He graduated at the Ohio University, at Athens, in his eighteenth year. In 1860 Dr. Sehon visited Athens, and referred with much feeling to his connection with the university from 1823 to 1827. "Thirty-three years ago," he said, "I delivered the valedictory," and then, with deep and solemn emotion, referred to the mighty changes that would take place in thirty years to come. When I first met him as my colleague at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, he was a man of magnificent physique, with quick, elastic step, and strongly-marked, expressive face. He was then the most popular minister in the West. He was licensed to preach October 10, 1827, and joined the Pittsburgh Conference. He was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and stationed at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, in 1830. In 1833 he was transferred to the Missouri Conference, and was stationed at St. Louis. September 4, 1833, he was married to Miss Caroline A. McLean, daughter of Jon. William McLean, of Cincinnati. In 1834 he was transferred back to the Ohio Conference, and stationed in the city of Columbus, Ohio. In 1836 and 1838 he was stationed again at Wesley Chapel. Subsequently he was agent of Augusta College, and the American Bible Society. In 1844, and at the time of the division of the church, he adhered South, and joined the Tennessee Conference and labored with great acceptability and usefulness for more than thirty years. He was honored and loved by ministers and people until death suddenly called him to reward.

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SEWALL, THOMAS -- Thomas Sewall was born in the town of Essex, Massachusetts, April 2, 1818, and died in Baltimore, August 11, 1870. His health finally failed, and he went home from Washington City to "get all things in readiness to die."

How he faced the inevitable may be told by an extract from a letter written to a cherished friend: "Dear H. -- Some old scold says, 'Poor everybody that sighs for earthly remembrance in a planet with a core of fire and crust of fossil.' Admit that we stand upon the bones of dead ages, and underneath are the lighted magazines which are to execute the last sentence. Still, a world which pleased the Savior to tread for thirty years, and to the bosom of which he committed the keeping of his body for three days, is good enough for us without the 'fossil and the file.' To tell you the truth, I am hopelessly sick, and it is only a question of time, and that not long, when the end must come.

"While I held a position in the custom-house, although the duties were light and altogether to my taste, my strength so imperceptibly oozed away that before I was aware of it the 'weary

wheels' nearly stood still. My tent was pitched very near the river. After my resignation the tent-pins were drawn one night and a new sight was assigned, no farther back from the cold waters, and there I am now. But what a throat! What a cough! And what a prostration I am suffering. No matter. Beloved, I have been trying to look things squarely in the face, and to provide for them. God is and has been mysteriously merciful to me. Think of it. He knoweth our (particular) 'frame, remembereth that we are dust.'

So he is handing me down as softly as you lad back upon the pillow your little wasting cherub.

"It has pleased him to allow the sapping and mining to go on silently and gently only as one after another of the air-cells closes up, and a hard, sharp cough announces that disease has made advance, and that my reserved vitality must fall back. Then again, "How good he is not to let the dark terror of the end fall across my path. I am no philosopher, no hero, no such Christian as dare to hope for exemption from what has made the best and gravest grow pale; and yet God has hidden this from me, and I am allowed unperturbed to say, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' I do say it, and know that he hears me. Ah, brother, the old gospel, a square repentance, a square atonement, a High-priesthood -- Christ first, last, and always! The new lights are puffed out by the wild winds that sweep over the valley that is before me.

"At last I reckon that most the literature of heaven will be the storied illustration of the Divine Wisdom in the experience of poor, saved sinners. O my God, on those bright shelves of marvels, for down and obscure, yet there may a little tract be found, entitled, 'How it pleased God through Jesus Christ his Son to save Thomas Sewall.'"

So was it all the time. Books, friends, thoughts, the song of birds, the music of home, were dear to him to the last. All the peculiarities of his came into full yet gentlest play. He sat in an atmosphere of sunshine, and listened to the songs of heaven.

Free from morbid self-study, he constantly rested on Christ with a love that was touching and a faith quietly constant. To another friend he wrote: "Disease has taken me far back from the entrenchments I held when you were here, and I did think that the final flanking and surrender were very near. Since then a marked improvement has taken place, and I only can interpret it as a gracious display in protracting my probation. Dear brother, it is an unspeakable blessing, under circumstances like these, to know where to go for help; and I do rejoice and bless God that I never was permitted to 'lo here!' and 'lo there!' after strange Saviors. No; mine has sometimes had his head upon the pillow, in seeming forgetfulness of his charge. But gloomy as the hour might have been, the thought that Omnipotence slept in that quiet arm, behind that closed eye, divine love filled that breast. How could I want another Redeemer? I never did; I do not now."

"May it please him to accept me. The goodness of God is beating my pathway. It is narrow, but it is smooth. Again, what I have done seems nothing. Christ is everything. Always it was the good confession of a trust that did not waver." In the sharpest suffering he was perfectly patient, and even delighted to speak of the goodness that was leading him gently. He said, "I am held in silence, that I may get ready intellectually and spiritually for my change. God is letting me down

easy." Dr. L. F. Morgan says, "His last whispers fell upon my ear, which were to assure me of his 'abiding faith in Christ, which completely unclothed death of all terror.'"

\* \* \*

SEYS, JOHN -- John Seys was born March 30, 1799, off the island of Santa Croix, West Indies, of a family that had been for many years resident of the islands, and that occupied many positions of honor under the Danish and Dutch governments. Subsequent to his marriage, and in the same year (1821), he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on the island of St. Eustatius, a church which at that time was deemed by the dominant race as "only belonging to and doing mission-work among the Negroes."

Soon, notwithstanding all the opposition of friends and the obstacles in his way, he became a Sabbath-school superintendent, class-leader, licensed exhorter, and, in 1825, a local preacher. In 1829 he was ordained and called upon to take the place of an English missionary who had died on the island of Tortola, being the first white West Indian who became a preacher in the Methodist Church.

Circumstances, in this year, directed his attention to this country; and, with full testimonial and credentials from the chairman of the district, the governor of the islands, and many other gentlemen, he came to the United States in 1829. Soon after his arrival he joined the Oneida Conference and was appointed to Ogdensburg Station, New York.

In 1856 he came to Springfield, Ohio, having been appointed agent for the Colonization Society in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In the same year he was requested again to go to Africa, to select and locate a settlement back from the coast, and away from the malarious influences of the tidal rivers. This work he accomplished, after much dangerous toil and privation, founding Careysburg, erecting there as the first building a chapel, and calling every day some of the inhabitants, colonists, and natives to prayer. From this time until 1870 he was almost uninterruptedly connected with the country and work in which he had spent so many years of his remarkably active life in one capacity or another.

At the time of his death, February 9, 1872 he was a member of the Cincinnati Conference, having been transferred to the same in accordance with the request of the conference, expressed at its session by a rising vote.

He died at home. This was a remarkable and wonderfully kind providence, in view of the perils to which he had been exposed by sea and by land for half a century -- having crossed the ocean twenty times. But God, who "withholdeth no good thing from them that walk uprightly," permitted him, after so many transatlantic trips, and after having lived so long in places where "destruction walketh in darkness and pestilence wasteth at noonday," to return home, that he might fall asleep in Jesus in the midst of family and friends, and find a resting-place for his ashes in a Christian graveyard. This was not only a gracious favor to the sojourner himself, but a great blessing to the social and religious circles among whom he spent his superannuation and his last days. He gave to us the golden sunset of his heroic career. It was the largess of a good example, a holy experience, and a triumphant death.

As distinctive traits the following will be recognized by all who knew our lamented brother as a true though faint picture of him. He was a man of exquisite neatness and grace of person and manner. To him politeness was natural, and courtesy and spontaneity. He was gifted with handsome talents and a ready and agreeable utterance, while his soul was charged with impassioned feeling and sympathy. To this was added education, culture, and general intelligence. These qualities and endowments of mind and heart made him a very successful minister of Christ.

As a Christian, Dr. Seys was deeply spiritual. He loved the subject and enjoyed the experience of personal holiness. Having a loving nature, full of tender sensibilities, his enjoyments were highly emotional, and yet deep, uniform, and constant. For several months before his death he was a great sufferer; but he was enabled by grace divine to bear his sufferings patiently, and to rejoice in the midst of flue keenest "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." It was my privilege to be with him often during these months of suffering, and listen to his words of cheer and holy triumph. About an hour before the angels came for his spirit, full of glorious expectancy, I said to him, "What is now the outlook?" He replied, with all the emphasis he could command, "Bright, glorious!" The last intelligent expression of his life was, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The venerable Bishop Morris said at the funeral service, "I never saw a more perfect triumph over the terrors of death than was exhibited by Dr. Seys a few days since." Dr. A. Lowrey said on the same occasion, "His death-scene was a victorious transition into heaven." "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

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SHIRTLIFF, GIDEON J. -- Gideon J. Shirliff was born in Verona, Oneida County, New York, July 9, 1812. In his seventeenth year he embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. After having exercised his gifts as a local preacher about four years he was received on trial by the Michigan Conference, in 1840. His ordination followed in regular course of time. He had traveled about eight years and a half when, struck down by disease contracted in his itinerant labors, he "ceased at once to work and live"

Brother Shirliff was a good man, and a zealous preacher. His labors were often followed by extensive revivals of religion. During his last sickness he contemplated death without the least alarm. In the intervals of delirium, he expressed strong confidence in God. His last words were, "Oh, that transcendent glory! God in Christ!"

"Oh, that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows."

Thus passed away this faithful minister in to prime of days; but it was only to another and higher life. He died February 28, 1849, aged twenty-seven years.

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SIMMONS, WILLIAM -- William Simmons was born in Mason County, Kentucky, June 24, 1798. When he was about one year old his parents removed to Ohio, and settled in Clermont County, where some of the family still reside. He was converted in 1816, under the ministry of Rev. John Strange. After his conversion he was strongly impressed that it was his duty to enter the Christian ministry; but against this conviction he struggled for four years, passing, meantime, to use his own strong words, through an "indescribable mental conflict." He finally yielded, however, to what he regarded as a divine call to the office and work of an ambassador of Christ; and on the 17th of July, 1820 he was licensed to preach, and was recommended to the Ohio Conference.

In his semi-centennial sermon, in 1870, he said, "I have traveled more than one hundred thousand miles, preached more than five thousand times, and seen more than ten thousand conversions and accessions to the church." His salary during this long period of heroic toil and glorious success averaged four hundred dollars per year. But of this support, or rather lack of support, he never complained. His own words are, "Somehow, by rigid economy, I have kept square with the world, and have now no fear of want in my old age; I have God's promise that my bread and water shall be sure."

Shortly before he died he said, in reply to a question, "I am calm, peaceful, trusting in Jesus, on the Rock." I referred to his long, laborious, and useful life in the ministry. He said, "I feel that I have been an honest preacher of the gospel. I never felt that I was a great preacher; but I know that I have tried to do good."

I then spoke of the near approach of our conference session. "Yes," said he, "I had hoped to be able to get there, especially as one of my boys is to preside." I asked him if he had any message for his brethren, in case he could not be with them in person. He said, "Tell them I have tried to be an honest, faithful minister, and that my one work through life has been to save souls. I love them all, and hope they will be faithful and meet me in heaven." Soon afterward he added, "Tell them 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'" He paused a moment, but quickly added,

"Happy, if wills my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb."

In this frame of mind, and with such expressions as these, he breathed his life out on Thursday morning, August 7, 1874, at two o'clock.

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SMITH, MOSES -- was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, February 28, 1817, and died in Newton, Jasper County, Iowa, August 25, 1869. During his college-life he was a model Christian, exemplary in all his deportment, and ready to labor and suffer for Christ. He was a man of wonderful power in prayer. In his room he had prayer nights and mornings, and at intervals he

could be heard in earnest pleading with God. Prayer-meetings were held in his room, in which thirty or forty of his fellow-students were converted to God. He was superintendent of the Sabbath-school and a class-leader for years in Augusta. He was licensed to preach at Minerva, Kentucky, by Rev. Isaac Collard, then presiding elder of the Augusta District, January 31, 1842. He entered zealously upon his work; but in a short time his health failed, and he was compelled to retire from work to which he had devoted twenty-six years of his life. Friends persuaded him to seek relief at the Springs, in Adams County; but the effect was only partial. As a last resort he visited his sister, Mrs. Mary Duncan, in Newton, Iowa. He reached there in a prostrate condition. Such was the deep mental depression under which he labored that he said but little. In prayer and conversation he expressed the desire to preach the gospel, but he said, "The will of the Lord be done." When informed by his sister that the physician had but little if any hope of his recovery he replied, "Then we must trust in God and await the result." On the night before he died his sister said to him, "Does the gospel which you have preached to others support you now, and do you feel that Jesus is with you now?" He bowed an affirmative assent, and looked upward. He leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. In person he was tall and dignified. He possessed a voice of great compass and sweetness. When aroused, he was surpassingly eloquent. At such times thousands would hang with speechless wonder upon sermons and exhortations. He was a "revival preacher."

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SPAHR, WILLIAM E. -- William E. Spahr was born in Greene County, Ohio, August 1, 1843. At fourteen years of age he united with the church. He was a man of deep piety, and seemed never to have lost the simplicity of childhood; for in the world he was unsuspecting as a child. His life was truly exemplary, and all could take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. He soon became impressed that it was his duty to preach; and the church licensed him to preach in 1861. In the autumn of 1863 he was admitted on trial in the Cincinnati Conference. In 1864 he was appointed to New Carlisle Circuit. This was to him a year of great feebleness of suffering. He loved the ministry and clung to it. He desired to live to preach Jesus and save souls. Fatal consumption had seized him, and from this conference he went home to his parents to die. He failed rapidly, suffered patiently, and was often very happy. On the 30th of November he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, saying to his father after he had entered into the valley, "If this is dying, 'tis sweet to die." He promised much to the church, but, "nipped by the wind's untimely blast," he has faded away from earth to bloom in heaven.

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SPENCER, ROBERT O. -- Robert O. Spencer was born at Columbia, Ohio, February 10, 1806, and died August 30, 1858. Having embraced religion in the eleventh year of his age, he commenced preaching when only seventeen. In the fall of 1824 he was admitted on trial into the Ohio Annual Conference, and appointed to Brush-Creek Circuit. The last ministerial duty which he performed, and finished on the bed of death, was the preparation of a missionary discourse, to be delivered before the annual conference, closing with that solemn, prophetic, and may we not say in view of the issue, divinely-directed prayer, "Even so come, Lord Jesus; and come quickly."

Shortly before his death he requested his friends to sing,

"Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh."

And attempting to join them, he became exceedingly happy. Suddenly his whole countenance kindled up with a heavenly smile, and became luminous and radiant, as if it had been that of an angel, while he shouted, "Salvation unto God and the Lamb forever."

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STEELE, ELIJAH -- Elijah Steele was born of respectable parents, in Tennessee. At the age of six years he was removed to Mississippi. At the age of sixteen he was converted; and about two years after his conversion he believed himself moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel. With much fear and trembling, after long hesitancy, he gave himself up to the work of the ministry. In 1835 he was received on trial in the Mississippi Conference; and after filling various appointments he finished his brief career at New Orleans. On the 6th of September, 1841, while attending a prayer-meeting, he was attacked by the yellow-fever, then prevailing as an epidemic in the city. He was carried to the house of his friend, James Ross, Esq., where, on the 10th of September, he rendered up his spirit into hands of God, who gave it. Among his last words were, "Tell my friends if I die I shall go straight to heaven." "How beautiful! How glorious!" The last soft whisper was, "I am safe."

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SWORMSTEDT, LEROY -- Leroy Swormstedt died at Mt. Washington, Ohio, in 1863. This useful and efficient servant of the church had not the power in his last hours which has been given so wonderfully and often miraculously to many of the children of the Most High in the hour and article of death, or of expressing in words how that gospel which he had so faithfully and truthfully preached to hundreds of others was sustaining him through the valley and shadow of death, and making happy those who so lovingly and tenderly stood around his dying-couch with shouts of triumph and joyful farewell as he "swept through the gates." But though that most insidious and relentless of diseases -- softening of the brain -- had fastened its hold upon him, and the man once strong and vigorous was in ruins, yet down to the last, whenever gleams of intelligence broke in upon his clouded intellect and the powers of speech seemed partially restored, some old familiar text or some precious promise of the Savior would find utterance from his lips, clearly showing that the faith of the gospel he had preached to others did not fail him in his extremity, and that the blessed Savior did not forsake him in his long and dreary journey.

Although as yet little has been written and said regarding Leroy Swormstedt as of any man of his time whose position in the church was as conspicuous, yet in his day and the strength of his manhood he was a marked man, whose influence was felt everywhere he went, and where he labored, and that for good. In his sphere he was the peer of such men as Sale, Strange, Collins, Quinn, Bigelow, Christie, Elliott, Walker, Finley, Mitchell, Wright, and his bosom friend, Bishop Hamline.

When in the pastoral work, though a man severe and rigid in discipline, the charges under his care would increase and materially strengthen. As a presiding elder he filled the office well.

He was my first presiding elder, and gave me license to preach. But it was as agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern for twenty-four years -- a period, with one exception, longer than any man has filled that office, east or west, so far in the history of the church -- that his eminent qualifications shone forth, and he so effectually benefited the church. While we would not claim that the entire success and prominence which the Western Methodist Book Concern has attained is due to his labor and skillful management, yet we think it can be truthfully said in the language used by the late Bishop Clark, in his address at the funeral services of Leroy Swormstedt, that "his life and history were blended with this institution; and so long as the Western Methodist Book Concern shall continue to send out its pure and sanctified literature to bless the church and to save the world, so long will the name of Leroy Swormstedt be honored as one of the wise master-builders who, laid the foundation of this noble benevolence, and gave to the church these munitions of defense as well as of aggressive power."

In May, 1817, he removed from Baltimore to Cincinnati, where he obtained a situation as merchant's clerk. On the 14th of August he was licensed to exhort; and on the 2d of January, 1818, he was licensed as a local preacher. In March of this year he was employed on a circuit, and thus commenced his itinerant work. It is not too much to say he never looked back; but on and on he pressed, ( a man of one work, one purpose, ) to serve God and build up the church of Jesus Christ.

At the session of the Ohio Conference which commenced in Steubenville, August 7, 1818, he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher. The Ohio Conference at that time included all the State of Ohio, and portions of Kentucky, western Virginia, and Indiana. Brother Swormstedt was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts, in 1820, and elder by Bishop George, in 1822.

The most of the circuits were spread over a large extent of territory, the roads were often difficult to travel, and the streams and rivers were crossed only by fording and swimming. His rides were often very long; and scarcely a day passed in which he did not preach at least one sermon and lead a class. In those days he shared largely of the blessing of health, and possessed strength equal to his great labor.

As a preacher he was energetic, methodical, and often powerful. His punctuality was proverbial. The people in the remotest sections of his circuit knew just when to expect him, and at what time the services would commence. He would go through storm, mud, snow, and flood, never missing a single appointment if it was possible to reach it. Scrupulously punctual himself, he could not excuse the lack of punctuality in others; and the people of his charge soon came to realize that under his administration rigid exactness was expected in all things.

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T

TARLTON, ROBERT -- Robert Tarlton was born in Dublin, Ireland, October 28, 1836, and died August, 1873, in Patterson, New Jersey. "In regard to present peace not a ruffle, or in regard to the future not a doubt." He said the twenty-seventh psalm was the Christian's battle-song. There is heroism all through it. If death affected us, as it does a change only in our external circumstances and surroundings, there would not be so much involved in dying. But he added there

is a clatter within, -- a breaking inside, -- which causes the old tabernacle to tumble. But, oh, what a blessed power in the words of the apostle, "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Death hath already taken the out-posts, "but all is beautiful and bright beyond. All is well."

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THOMAS, CHRISTOPHER -- Christopher Thomas was born October 31, 1797, in Matthews County, Virginia, and died November 14, 1829, at Joseph Bell's, in the town of Newbern, North Carolina. Though a moral youth, he saw the necessity of religion, and sought and obtained it in 1816. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1823 he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference, and was appointed to the Sussex Circuit, in 1824 to the same circuit, in 1825 to Yadkin, in 1826 to Salisbury, in 1827 to Iredell, in 1828 to Williamsburg, and in 1829 to the town of Newbern, N. C., all of which appointments he filled.

While on Williamsburg Circuit he was accosted by a mob, who said to him, "We intend to whip you, sir," to which he replied, with the utmost composure, "If you do, I hope God will give me grace to bear it." They executed their design, but he bore it with patience, and while on his death-bed he prayed for them particularly.

He delivered his last discourse on Revelation xii. 1, to a large congregation, about five weeks before his dissolution, in the conclusion of which he observed that he should never preach to them again, and accordingly gave them his dying advice. Being asked toward the close of his life if he was happy, he paused a moment, his face lighted up with joy and peace, he lifted up his hand and said, Perfectly happy. Death is my friend. I live in Christ, and Christ is all to me." Just before his death he laid his hands upon his breast, looked around upon his friends, and said, "Farewell, farewell; I have all I desire," and died shouting, "Glory, hallelujah! Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

\* \* \*

TOMLINSON, JOSEPH S. -- Joseph S. Tomlinson was born in Georgetown, Kentucky, March 15, 1802. His parents dying while he was a child, he was apprenticed to the saddlery business, in which he soon, became a proficient. He entered Transylvania University an orphan, dependent principally upon his trade, to which he laboriously devoted his spare hours. Anxious to complete his course as soon as possible, he applied himself with indefatigable diligence, and in due time graduated with honor. In early youth he was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church; and some time before he graduated he was licensed to preach. From his first efforts as a public speaker he was hailed as a youth of extraordinary promise to the church.

At the time of his graduation at Lexington the friends of our infant college at Augusta were in want of a competent professor; and Mr. Tomlinson, young as he was selected for the place, and accepted the important trust. He immediately hastened to the field of his future labors, where for

nearly thirty years, with the exception of a few brief intervals on account of declining health, he faithfully toiled at his post. In 1825 he was admitted into the traveling connection, and regularly graduated to the offices of deacon and elder. At a comparatively early period he had conferred upon him the degree of D.D. For a number of years he was president of Augusta College, in which position he remained until the college was broken down by the withdrawal of the patronage of the Kentucky Conference, and the repeal of its charter by the legislature of that state. Subsequently he was elected to a professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, but did not accept, though he acted for two years as agent of that institution. He was next elected to a professorship in the Ohio University at Athens. With much persuasion he accepted this appointment, and served one year, at the expiration of which he was elected president of that institution. This appointment he declined because of ill-health and almost entire mental prostration, produced by what he deemed the greatest calamity of his life -- the sudden and melancholy death of a favorite son by cholera.

Although for a number of the last months of his life he had momentary lucid intervals of apparent sunshine, yet the darkening clouds gradually condensed around and above him, until, as he repeatedly declared to the writer, his agony became insupportable, and he incapable of resistance of self-control. And yet, when drawn out, the charms of his conversation, the perspicuity and power of his sermons, and the unction of his prayers partially concealed the deep and hidden tendency to mental alienation.

He was endowed by nature with a rich and vigorous intellect, which was thoroughly cultivated. As a teacher and governor he was skillful, prudent, and faithful. As a preacher he was considered a model-argumentative, persuasive, pathetic. He was pronounced by a competent judge, though no personal friend, "the ablest debater in America." As a Christian he was exemplary and uniform in the discharge of religious duty; and while he was almost constantly reproaching himself, he never spoke unkindly of a fellow-being. His death occurred June 4, 1853.

\* \* \*

THOMPSON, NATHAN -- Nathan Thompson died in Dexter, March 6, 1846, aged fifty-five years. He gave his heart to the Savior at the age of eighteen years. In 1838 he sought and found the blessing of perfect love, which he retained to his death. In doing this he found it necessary to consecrate himself to the work of the ministry. To this he yielded, and the next year he offered himself to the traveling connection, and joined the Maine Conference. On all his circuits he was more or less successful in building up the cause of Christ and saving souls. During his ministerial labor he preached Nine hundred and seventeen sermons. To a brother in the ministry he said, "I die. Think not that I am dragged away; I go willingly. For me to die is gain." When his speech failed him he wrote, "I am happy in God." Thus closed his labors and trials, in the midst of peace and gospel hope. "Mark the perfect man, for the end of that man is peace."

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TOWNLEY, G. C. -- G. C. Townley, late a member of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in the town of Lansing, Tompkins County, New York, March 20, 1821, and was reared to manhood in the adjoining town of Ithica. In 1842 he came to Springfield, Ohio, and commenced the study of the law. On the 1st of January, 1844, he was united in marriage to his bereaved widow,

then Miss Elizabeth Hedges, of Clark County, Ohio. Soon afterward they removed to Urbana, where he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was happily converted to God under the ministry of the Rev. Cyrus Brooks.

In 1848 he was admitted on trial and appointed to Highland Circuit. Here he entered with all his soul into the work of God, and by his zeal, prudence, and power in the pulpit, as well as by his fine social qualities, won a place in affections of hundreds, who cherish his memory to this day.

During the last three years of his ministry he passed through a series of afflictions, that would have broken down the spirit of most men, and led them to abandon the work of an itinerant Methodist preacher. But his heart and his all were there. Perhaps no man ever loved the work of the ministry more than Gilbert C. Townley. When compelled, by the extremities of affliction, to give up the loved work of preaching Christ and him crucified, there seemed nothing more, save his family, to retain him on earth.

As a Christian, Brother Townley had a bright and cheerful experience. In the darkest hour his confidence in God his Savior remained unshaken. For months previous to his departure he had no fear of death, but spoke of its near approach with a calmness and serenity peculiar to those who have an inward assurance of immortality and eternal life.

A few days before his death he gave directions concerning his funeral. He requested Rev. M. Marlay to preach his funeral sermon, and wished to be buried in a plain and simple manner. Having arranged all, he waited in hope till his change came.

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TROY, EDWARD -- Edward Troy was born in Hamilton Co., Ohio, August 15, 1819. In January, 1836, he was born again, in Perry, Pike County, Illinois. In April, 1838, he was licensed to exhort by Rev. M. Clampet. In 1838 he was licensed to preach on the Jacksonville Circuit.

About three years before his death, going to an appointment in the Hadley Creek Circuit, a short distance from his father-in-law's, his horse took fright, threw him off; and fell on him, breaking his thigh, and left him helpless some distance from a public road or human habitation. Here he endured for seven hours the pain of a broken limb, and the burning heat of a July sun, and the temptation that he had served God for naught, and that he should die unpitied and alone. He took his bible, and on its blank leaves wrote his will; and then, as his pain would permit, perused its sacred pages, and felt strengthened in God. He prayed earnestly that his mother-in-law might, in the providence of God, follow him. She said that suddenly at home she became uneasy and quit her work; and still finding no relief, she left, with some of the smaller children, to gather blackberries, not knowing which way Brother Troy had gone in the morning. She took a blind path, very seldom traveled, and after wandering for some time heard his groanings, and hastening to the spot, found him in a piteous condition. He was confined to his bed forty days, with resignation of spirit. A few days before his last illness, while standing with a friend on a very high bluff of the Mississippi River, he said, "I feel like preaching till the last sinner on the last tributary of that stream is converted to God."

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TUCKER, HENRY -- Henry Tucker died at his residence, in Perry County, Missouri, November 3, 1835, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He emigrated from Georgia, and settled in this part of the country when it was a Spanish province, known by the name of Upper Louisiana, where, at that time, there was no gospel and but little law. He unhappily soon partook of the prevailing vices of the day, -- gambling, drinking, etc. But when, after the change of government, the itinerant Methodist preachers found their way into this western country, bearing the gospel of the grace of God, Henry Tucker's house became their home; and soon that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth found way to his heart. He saw himself a sinner, and resolved by the grace of God to become a Christian. This was in 1808 -- the first Methodist preachers having crossed the Mississippi in 1806. In 1810, when Rev. David Young traveled the circuit (then called Merimack), he cast in his lot with the then few and persecuted Methodists of the "far West;" and in 1811, under the ministration of Rev. John McFarland, the Lord powerfully converted his soul, when amid wondering friends and neighbors he rejoiced and praised God aloud, telling all around, without shame or fear, what the Lord had done for his soul. He soon manifested great concern for the salvation of others, and was licensed as a local preacher, in which sphere he labored indefatigably, when health permitted, till death. He was ordained deacon in 1815, by the beloved McKendree.

His last illness was short. On Sabbath morning he requested an early breakfast, that he might be able to reach his appointment; but before it could be prepared he took very ill. His head being the principal seat of the pain, he was soon bereft of his senses. The struggle continued till Tuesday night, when death having done its office his spirit took its flight, and now, we doubt not, with other western pioneers gone before, shares in glorious rest.

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TURNER, DAVID B. -- David B. Turner was born December 2, 1806, in Connecticut. In 1870 his health flailed. As he was nearing the world of spirits he held very humiliating views of himself, and said, "I have often wondered that God could use such an imperfect instrument, putting me into the ministry." One said to him, "God's strength is made perfect in weakness." "Yes," he replied, "our sufficiency is of God. If I had only been as faithfully personally as I have been true to the church, I should feel better satisfied." His son said to him, "Father, it is hard to see you suffer so." "Oh, yes; made perfect through sufferings; made perfect through sufferings. Daughter, it is all for my good. All things work together for good to them that love God." At last he obtained complete victory and exclaimed, "There is no darkness. All is light ahead. I have observed that people go to visit the graves of their friends, when all is gloomy. I think the morning is the best time, when all is cheerful, and the birds are singing." He then triumphantly exclaimed, "There is something glorious in the doctrine of the resurrection," and by the will of God fell asleep.

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TURNER, EDWARD -- Edward Turner, a native of England, died November 30, 1878. When his voice failed he took his last stand in the parsonage, seeming to have hung the banner of

Christ from its roof, and kept the doors open to comers, that he might teach his people how to die. "I expected," said he, "that Christ would be my support when death approached. Well, I had no idea that he would so fill my soul with love and joy."

\* \* \*

TURPIN, THOMAS D. -- was born in Somerset County, Maryland, June 30, 1805. He was blessed in his youth with the watchful care of a pious mother, who was a communicant in the Episcopal Church. He professed conversion in the city of Baltimore, September 8, 1823, and received the witness of sanctifying grace in Augusta, Georgia, February 18, 1827. He was taken sick on the way to one of his regular appointments, which he reached, but was not able to deliver to them his last message. The next day he returned to his family, who were at the Diamond Springs, in Abbeville District. His disease was conjestive fever, with which he suffered nine days. On the morning of the day of his death his symptoms suddenly become worse, as was evident to everyone present, except himself; but he did not experience an increase of pain. His physician was sent for, who' immediately perceived that his departure was at hand. He communicated the heart-rending intelligence to his afflicted wife, and she, as soon as she could,- for it was a severe trial to her,- made it known to her husband, who received it with a smile, and thanked her for telling him. Just then his physician came in, and turning to him he said, "I suppose you think my case a hopeless one? Be not afraid to tell me the worst, for the idea of death does not alarm me. I have made it a subject of consideration ever since I was a boy, and have been living in reference to it." He seemed to lament that his life had not been more useful, but his whole trust was in the merits of a crucified Redeemer. He then looked around on all that stood near him, and exhorted them to seek the religion of Jesus Christ. To his Physician he said, "What a blessed religion is this that supports me in such an hour! " He then called his little four-year-old son, took him in his arms and told him his father was dying, and asked him if he would be a good boy, and mind all his mother would tell him. Then putting his hand on his head he prayed fervently that God would reserve him from the evils of this sinful generation, and make him an heir of eternal glory. He then called for his little two-year-old daughter, and in the same manner prayed for her. He embraced them both and bid them farewell. He then turned to his wife, and after expressing his kind regard for her, commended her in the most solemn manner to an all-wise God, who had promised to be the orphan's friend and the widow's God. He also prayed that she might have grace to train her child aright. He then took an affectionate leave of her, and left a kind message for his absent friends. And finally, he prayed for all present, and the ministry of all denominations, that all might be preserved from sectarian feelings. He also prayed for all the churches, and the whole world; and last of all, his kindred in the flesh. Then folding his hands on his breast, he commended his spirit to God who gave it. Thus he died, July 26, 1838, in the thirty-fourth year of his age and the tenth of his ministry.

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U

UNCLES, JOSEPH -- Joseph Uncles was born in Maryland, February 11, 1812, and died in Meadville, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1858. He graduated with honor at Allegheny College, in 1838. He joined the Erie Conference in 1843, and continued in the work for eleven years. He was a man of deep religious experience, and very useful. His end was peace.

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V

VANNEST, PETER -- Peter Vannest was the last of seven venerable fathers, and graced the organization of the New Jersey Conference many tears ago. Yes, Ware and Morrell and Campbell and Fidler and Bartine and Moore and Vannest are all gone, leaving not one who entered the itineracy during the last century.

He was born in Bethlehem Township, Huntingdon County, New Jersey, August 5, 1759. On Tuesday he was attacked with paralysis, which totally disabled one side, and so affected the power of speech that for two or three days it was with difficulty he could be understood. His speech gradually returned, so that by Friday he could communicate with any of the numerous visitors who came to behold the saint of near a century triumphing over the powers of death, hell, and the grave. From this time until the next Thursday, which finished his stay on earth, the interest taken in the last moments of this aged servant of God was evinced by one incessant stream of visitors. It was on the Friday immediately succeeding his attack that his tongue seemed fairly loosed to utter the praises of God. On approaching his bed and inquiring after his state and prospects, he would say, "Oh, glory! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb forever and ever!" On Sunday he was very happy, and had many visitors. Among these were several young men, whom he exhorted most earnestly to be faithful in the service of God. To two sisters who called to see him on that day, he said, looking up with a most heavenly smile upon his face, "See me die happy! See me die happy! See me die happy? Happy! Happy! Happy!" Thus he continued in the use of such expressions and exclamations, sometimes conversing, sometimes exhorting, and at other times shouting and singing. The verse of one of our hymns, beginning, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," furnished for him a most favorite theme. This he repeated and sung at intervals to the last, raising his arm at the close, pointing upward and adding, "Forever and forever; forever and forever, ever, ever, ever!" The verse of one of our hymns, ending--

"To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown,"

He sung every day, sometimes two and three times, unto the last, and with a countenance so lighted up that one might have thought the crown itself glittered in his eye.

Thus died Father Vannest, of the New Jersey Conference, "being old and full of days," leaving as a legacy to his junior brethren the indubitable evidence that he had "fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith," and obtained the crown.

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VANLAW, JESSE -- Jesse Vanlaw was born in southern Ohio, October 5, 1831, and was married to Miss Rachel F. Patterson, September 25, 1853. By parentage and early education himself and family were in communion with the Friends society until 1869. At his home in Athens,

Ohio, he connected himself with the Sabbath-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He attributed his first religious awakening while in charge of a class of young ladies. During a protracted meeting, conducted by Rev. J. M. Jamison, D. D., in 1869, himself and family were all converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Athens. Soon after this he was convinced that God had called him to preach the gospel, and at the close of that same year he was admitted into the Ohio Conference, of which he remained a useful minister until released by death -- at Somerset, Ohio, in 1874.

On the morning before his death he said, "O precious, precious Savior, when will this change come; and how will these precious friends know when it is coming? I pray for a comfortable hour and profitable to close this life; but nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." In the evening he said, "This frail tabernacle is being dissolved so rapidly and yet so comfortable. It will soon be laid away. But I shall see Christ, the blessed Christ, the very, very same." Again he said, "Oh, the breeze! The breeze! Surely, he maketh all my bed in sickness." When his wife mourned the loss of his counsel, he replied, "Look higher! Hold up the banner till it hide the standard-bearer."

"I am watchin', aye and waitin',  
For the soundin' o' his footfa',  
Outside the gowlden-gate."

His daughter said, "He was conscious to the last moment, and when almost gone his face lighted up with the most triumphant smile I ever saw.

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VANSCHOICK, JOHN -- John Vanschoick was born in New Jersey, in 1799. He was converted when eight years old, in 1807. After preaching for many years he went home to rest. A short time before his death, while looking out of the window and seeing the snow fall, he said, "I shall never see the face of the earth again, but shall leave it covered with an emblem of the purity of that felicity which my soul is going to enjoy." In his last moments he complained of violent pain, particularly at his heart, and added, "Though my flesh and hear fail, yet God is the strength of my soul, and my portion forever." His companion asked him if death appeared terrible, when he replied with a smile, "Oh, no." In the midst of bodily distress he called on those with him to continue in prayer, and in his last struggles said, "Keep in prayer," exclaiming, "Come, Lord, roll on the victory; roll on the victory, holy Lord!" After this one of his friends repeated --

"When shall I be delivered from this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus drink endless pleasures in?"

He answered, "Oh, hasten the moment, my Lord! When will these cords be loosed, that my soul may take its flight?" Then looking about the room he added, "I am going."

"Let me go! My soul is weary  
Of the chain which binds me here;  
Let my spirit bend its pinion

To a brighter, holier sphere.  
Earth, 'tis true, has friends to bless me  
With their fond and faithful love;  
But the hands of angels beckon  
Me to brighter climes above."

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W

WAKEFIELD, J. B. -- J. B. Wakefield was born in Danbury, Connecticut, and died in New York, April 21, 1875. "The doctors tell me there is no hope of my recovery. I am ready to be offered up. I see my crown and my inheritance." Yes," said one, "but you must die to possess them," to which he instantly replied,

"By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain."

I have fought long, fought honorably, fought successfully, fought for God, fought for Jesus, fought for Methodism, and fought for Christianity. I have not gained all I wished, but through Christ I have taken great spoils. 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'" Looking at me very earnestly he said, "Believest thou this?" I said, "With all my heart;" to which he responded with much emotion, "So do I!" Lifting his hand he said,

"The head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.'

The spiritual kingdom of Christ in the earth is a mighty one. It must be set up in all the earth. It will prevail." A few hours before his death I asked him, "What shall I say to your brethren in the ministry from you?" "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine," repeating the words three times, "with all long-suffering." "Tell them what St. Peter says, 'If any speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any minister, let him do as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever. Amen!' Tell them to preach the old gospel. We want no new one. It can't be improved. One might as well attempt to improve a ray of sunshine, while vivifying a flower. The grand old gospel, forever. Tell them to go where they are sent." Speaking of his own case he said, "I leave all with God. I want it distinctly understood I do so without fear, without any cowardice, without any alarm. I do it with the boldness of an old soldier, and with the calmness of a saint." He also said, "They will inquire in the morning if Brother Wakefield is dead. Dead? No! Tell them he is better, and alive for evermore." I said, "Yes, and enjoying a higher and a nobler life." He replied, "Wonderfully enlarged! Oh, wonderfully enlarged! Let me have a little lot in the quiet cemetery, and let me sleep there until the great rising-day. I know the old ship. The Pilot knows me well. He will take me safe into port.

Heavenly breezes already fan my cheeks. I shall not be a stranger in heaven. I am well known up there. Like Bunyan, I see a great multitude with robes, and I long to be with them. To depart and be with Christ is far better. When you go to the grave don't go weeping. The grave hath no terror. Eternity hath no darkness. Sing at my funeral,

'Rejoice, for a brother deceased,  
Our loss is his infinite gain.'

"For many years neither death nor the grave have had any terrors for me. Hark! Hark! Hear ye not the song? Victory is ours. There is great rejoicing in heaven. Roll open, ye golden gates, and let my car go through. But I must wait till the death-angel descends." And soon the death-angel came, and his freed spirit ascended to glory and to God.

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WALKER, BENJAMIN W. -- Benjamin W. Walker was born in Springfield, Vermont, April 26, 1809, and died March 26, 1871, aged sixty-two years. His last public services were in his church at Quarryville, on the first Sabbath in January, when he preached and administered the sacrament. From this time he gradually failed, until March 28, when he passed away. He had no fear of death, but looked forward with joy to "mansions of rest." He desired that his funeral sermon should be preached from II Tim. iv. 6-8, while instead of sad funeral dirges he selected to be sung on that occasion the joyful hymns commencing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land." "Land ahead, its fruits are waving." Confident that in that solemn hour his glad soul would be rejoicing in glory, he would not have his friends on earth indulge in sorrow.

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WALKER, GEORGE W. -- George W. Walker was born in Frederick County, Maryland, November 26, 1804, and died in Wilmington, Ohio, July 31, 1856, in the thirtieth year of his effective ministry.

He was taken suddenly ill, and at one time remarked, "I have a presentiment that I shall not recover; and yet I can hardly believe that I am to die yet. Still, the Lord will do what is right. It is all with the Lord. I have always acted in my past life in view of this great truth, 'Thou, God, seest me.'"

To Brother Collet he said, "I have been trying to do the Lord's will for the last thirty years. I am now suffering his will." After the reading of the fourteenth chapter of John, he said, "Yes; that is what I have. Peace, peace. I have no sense of condemnation, nor any unusual sense of the divine approval, but peace with God. The Lord can raise me if he will, but if I die I have no doubt but that I shall be saved." When asked by Rev. William Simmons if he had a message to send to the conference he simply replied, "They know Walker." At another time he said, "I am ready to die or live." After midnight he aroused from a stupor and exclaimed, "Shout! Shout! Why don't you shout?" A few moments before his death he said, "Victory! Glory! Hallelujah!" He was buried at

Germantown, and on his monument is inscribed his favorite motto in health, sickness, and death, "Where should I die but at my post?"

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WALKER, JOHN -- John Walker was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, and died April 5, 1849, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was converted to God at Mt. Holly, when nineteen years old. At the age of twenty-one he was licensed as a local preacher, and was received on probation in the Philadelphia Conference in 1802. In the spring of 1835 he took a supernumerary relation, and spent the remainder of his days in Clarksborough.

A volume might be written concerning the excellences of our departed father. As a man he was universally beloved; as a Christian his piety was deep and genuine. He possessed much of the spirit of the beloved John, whose name he bore. As a preacher his preaching was plain, simple, and unadorned. "Jesus and the resurrection," was his constant theme. As a minister of the New Testament he was successful in winning souls. He was in labors more abundant not only in days of health and strength, but in old age and infirmities. He did not think because he was a supernumerary that his work was done. Two days after preaching his last sermon he received a fall, from the effects of which he never recovered. From that time he was helpless. His sufferings were great, but he bore them with Christian patience and submission. His last days were peaceful, and his death honorable to the religion he professed. Like Paul, he looked back upon his life with pleasure, and forward with joy, exclaiming, "I am now ready to be offered," etc.

The past, the present, and the future all smiled upon him. His departure was like the setting sun. To him death had no sting, the grave no terrors, and eternity no darkness. On the Saturday before his death (after which time he spoke out little) he said to Brother Day that his "sufferings were great, but they would soon be over." He said, "Oh, how gladly would I exchange time for eternity!" On being asked what word he wished to send to the preachers at conference he replied, with peculiar emphasis, "Tell them I am going to heaven; that I have no doubt of it -- no, not a doubt of it. I am going to heaven."

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WARRINGTON, CHARLES B. -- Charles B. Warrington, of the Ohio Conference, was born in the city of Manchester, England, March 13, 1814. In the spring of 1818 he emigrated with his parents to this country, and settled in the town of Albion, Edwards County, Illinois. In 1830 he went to Springfield, Clark Co., Ohio, to learn a trade, and subsequently established himself in business in the village of South Charleston, where he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Davisson, eldest daughter of Isaac Davisson, Esq., in November, 1836.

Brother Warrington died February 24, 1850, at the parsonage in the village of Huntsville, in the bosom of his family, and in the presence of a few of his friends, after an illness of some twelve or fourteen days. For weeks previous to his attack he had enjoyed himself much in his Christian experience, having a continual religious peace.

A note from his brother George will give a just idea of the state of his mind: During all the time I was with him, with one or two exceptions, whether in his right mind or not, he seemed to be in sweet communion with his Savior, talking to and with him, as with a man face to face; and nothing seemed to grieve him half so much as the fear that he might in some way give offense to his Savior, and cause him to withdraw himself from him. In all these imaginary conversations with his Lord he did not seem to entertain a doubt of his soul's final salvation and happiness. His leading theme was the ultimate triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, and the salvation of the world.

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WATTERS, NICHOLAS -- Nicholas Watters was born in Maryland, November 20, 1739, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, August 10, 1804, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

His venerable brother, William Watters, writes as follows in behalf of him: "Seven brothers of us (of whom I am the youngest) and two sisters, all, through the mercy of God, professed to be converted to the Lord Jesus Christ in less than nine months of one another, and joined the Methodists, in the year of our Lord 1771. My oldest brother and both my sisters have departed this life some time, but lived and died in the Lord and in the Methodist Church. As I was the first American that entered the traveling connection, so I have often feared that the first shall be the last, as few who have had the same opportunities have been more unprofitable. In hopes that I shall live and die with the Lord's people, and then join all who have gone before, my greatest glory and rejoicing is to subscribe myself the servant of Christ and his church.

The dying words of Nicholas Watters will cheer his surviving friends, and lead us to hope all is well, and that God in his unerring wisdom was pleased to call his servant home at the right time and place. He was heard to speak these submissive and expressive words, "I am not afraid to die, if it be the will of God. I desire to depart and be with Christ. The church will sustain no loss by my death, for the Lord will supply my place with a man that will be more useful. Thanks be to God, through his grace I have continued to live and to labor faithfully to the end." Nearly his last words were,

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
My Jesus smiles, and bids me come."

\* \* \*

WAUGH, BEVERLY -- Beverly Waugh was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, October 25, 1789, and died in the city of Baltimore, February 9, 1858. In 1809, in his twentieth year, he entered the Baltimore Conference, and for eighteen years filled a number of the most prominent appointments. In 1828 he was elected assistant book-agent at New York, with John Emery, who was afterward elected bishop; and in 1832 he was elected principal book-agent. In 1836 he was elected bishop. He filled that responsible office for nearly twenty-two years, was never disqualified from labor, and was never absent from one of his conferences, as presiding bishop, for twenty-two years.

During his whole term of Episcopal service he traveled one hundred thousand miles and preached two thousand sermons, presided over one hundred and fifty conferences and ordained nearly three thousand elders and deacons. His was a lovely character as a Christian, and a humble, devoted worker for the Maser. He died suddenly, of disease of the heart. His remains lie in Olivet Cemetery, alongside Bishops Asbury, George, and Emory. He died with armor on.

Oh that , without a lingering groan,  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!

\* \* \*

WEED, BARTHOLOMEW -- Bartholomew Weed was born in Connecticut, March 6, 1798, and died in New Jersey, January 5, 1879. He was a Methodist of the old style. He said, "I did not expect to be here so long. Now I am only waiting, waiting on the shore. But there is no alarm. I find firm footing."

\* \* \*

WEST, E. A. -- E. A. West was born in Alabama, May 14, 1836, and died November 6, 1872. "I shall soon meet Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the holy ones gone before. I hasten to meet they embrace. I come, O Lord, I come."

But what is death?  
'Tis but the prelude to unending bliss,  
The night that breaks on the eternal morn.  
The grave shall yield its dead, and man shall be  
Immortal as his God!

\* \* \*

WHATCOAT, RICHARD -- Richard Whatcoat was a native of England. In 1761 he was converted, and in 1784 came to America. Upward of six years of the latter part of his life he served the church as bishop till past the seventieth year of his age. In life and death he was placid and calm. He was born at Quinton, in 1736, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of twenty-one years. He was converted September 3, 1758; was sanctified March 28, 1761; was elected superintendent in May, 1800. He died at Dover, Delaware, July 5, 1806. He was in all respects one of the most remarkable men of his age. He rests well.

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WHITCOMB, DAVID -- David Whitcomb, of the Ohio Conference, died in Indiana. He said, "I am very conscious my bodily health and strength are failing; but I feel that my hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord is firm as ever."

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WHITE, LEVI -- Levi White was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, May 21, 1798. Like most of the great and good men of our race, he had a noble mother, who, in the providence of God, blessed the world with eleven children -- eight sons and three daughters. Through the instrumentality of our pioneer ministers, at an early period Methodism was introduced into the vicinity of where the town of Carthage now stands, and attracted the attention of Mr. White's family, and soon the excellent wife and mother and one daughter became members. In 1815 Levi, then in his seventeenth year, experienced religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was not long before the father and all the children who had come to years made choice of the same religion and the same church; and their house became a preaching-place on the old Miami Circuit.

In the fall of 1822 he was recommended by his district conference to the Ohio Conference as a suitable person to be admitted into the traveling connection. In 1866 he was appointed to Miami Circuit; and with the end of this conference year he closed his mortal life and labors. He received forty-four annual appointments from the authorities of the church, and cheerfully accepted them all, and applied himself with untiring zeal, energy, and industry to promote the cause of his divine Master. It would be an interesting item if I could give the number he received into the church during the forty years. The light of eternity can alone disclose that multitude.

We think what was said of Barnabas may be fitly said of Brother White: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord." He loved his family with most intense affection; and next to his home-circle, he loved the society of Methodist preachers.

His death was unexpected to himself and to his friends till it was near at hand. He kept about till Saturday, the 18th of August, when it was supposed a paralysis of the brain took place, and he passed into an unconscious state. He remained in this condition until August 21, 1866, when he expired. Though he was unable to report to his family and colleague a victorious triumph over death, yet we are assured, from a long and useful life devoted to God and his cause that all was well with him in the last struggle.

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WHITNEY, ALEXANDER M. -- Alexander M. Whitney was born of respectable parents, in Adams County, Minnesota, January 16, 1817. He was reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. While a youth he was sent to Augusta College, where he received a good English education. He was exemplary in his moral deportment from childhood. At the age of eighteen he was awakened to a sense of his sinfulness, and as a seeker of salvation, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Fayette, Jefferson County, to which place his father had removed.

On the 5th of October, 1842, he expressed great comfort in listening to Sister Dunwody read the Holy Scriptures. With her he had conversed a short time before on what was the most desirable frame of mind to die in. He said he preferred the frame of prayer rather than praise. Soon after the reading of the Scriptures just referred to be requested all present to join him in prayer. He

himself commenced; and with unwonted appropriateness and unusual energy he prayed ten or fifteen minutes, in a tone quite as loud as usual. In his prayer he earnestly besought his heavenly Father to give him dying grace. He closed, and said, "Amen." He then asked his physician if he considered him in full possession of his faculties, who answered, "Certainly." He then expressed gratitude to God, asked Sister Dunwody if she recollected their late conversation, requested that his parents should be written to, and almost immediately died.

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WHITTED, THOMAS ALLEN -- Thomas Allen Whitted was born in North Carolina, January 3, 1810, and died April 2, 1871. He was chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers. To a ministerial brother who visited him shortly before his death he said, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! My anchor is cast, and it holds this quivering bark against the surging waves and billows of death. My hope is in Christ, the power of God. This is the victory that overcometh, even our faith. Though the outward man may perish, the inward man is renewed day by day. I am coasting, and the coast is clear."

\* \* \*

WILBUR, PERLEY B. -- Perley B. Wilbur, president of the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, died at his residence, on Saturday morning, June 11, 1859. He was born December 21, 1806, in Dutchess County, New York. In 1834 he graduated with high honors at the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. In 1838 he was elected to the presidency of Buckingham Female College, in Virginia. The next year he was elected to the presidency of Washington College, Mississippi, which honor he declined, and labored faithfully years at Buckingham. In 1842 he was elected president of Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati; and on the 1st of September he opened the school, and laid the foundation of that noble institution. Under his vigilant eye, unyielding purpose, and uncompromising integrity the institution has grown from a mere handful in a private room to one of the largest in the land. The whole history of the institution under Brother Wilbur's charge, for a period of seventeen years, has been one of progressive development and unexampled success. As a teacher of young ladies he occupied the foremost rank. Scholars of his careful training and instruction are found in every state in the union, and among the missionaries in Asia, South America, Africa, and the islands of the sea.

His death was sudden and unexpected. He died of congestion of the brain in thirty hours. It is to be regretted that he was not permitted to give a verbal testimony of the triumph of his faith in the last conflict. But his life, better than all utterance of speech, was a living and daily witness of the truth and power of the religion of the blessed Savior. He died without a struggle or a groan. All was quiet as we stood around the bed. We knew that the angels were opening wide the portals of the land of rest, and that the weary toiler of earth, now the crowned victor of heaven, was with exceeding joy entering in.

"Serene, serene,  
He pressed the crumbling verge of this terrestrial scene;  
Breathed soft, in child-like trust,  
The patient groan;

Gave back to dust its dust,--  
To heaven its own

-- Wilberforce --

"Come and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arm around the friend, he said, "God bless you, my dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said, "I must leave you, my fond friend. We shall walk no farther through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F., -- do not weep, -- for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ as a Savior. Read the Bible -- read the Bible. Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book; and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintances with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterward spoke of the regret of parting with his friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret. Yet I do not love you less, but God more." "I think religious people do not read the Bible enough." Wilberforce had nothing at the time to say of the infidel part of the world neglecting God's word. He spoke of something, which was to him of more painful interest. Need we enlarge on his words? Who of all the disciples of Christ read the Bible too much? Who read enough? Will the pious reader put these questions to himself? A dying hour will be sweet to the soul if through life we have constantly made the Bible our companion, and God our counselor and friend.

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WILLIAMS, WILLIAM -- William Williams was born in Worcester County, Maryland, December 26, 1786. Of the period of his conversion and union with the Methodist Episcopal Church we are not informed. He received license to exhort in 1808, and entered the itineracy in 1810. His last appointment was to Carolina Circuit. Here he was soon called to witness the death of his venerable colleague. The blow destined to fall upon himself was not long delayed. He was attacked with bilious fever, of which he died September 29, 1841, in the fifty-fifth year of his age and thirty-second of his ministry.

During his illness he was visited by his presiding elder, to whom he said, while his countenance brightened with Christian joy and hope, "Brother, there is no mistake but that God is with me now. The work is done. I am ready and waiting for the chariot to come along, and then I shall step in and be off."

\* \* \*

WINANS, WILLIAM -- William Winans of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was born in Pennsylvania, November, 1788. He joined the Western Conference in 1808, and

volunteered to go to the southwest section of the country and perform pioneer work in the distant settlements of Louisiana and Mississippi. He was a man of great energy and mental power. He was a member of the seven general conferences from 1824 to 1844. He was a very plain man in his dress and manners, -- a truly evangelical preacher of the old Methodist type. He died in Mississippi, August 31, 1857.

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WOLF, DAVID -- David Wolf was born in Pennsylvania, August 19, 1821, and died April 9, 1875. He said, "It will be better on the other side. It's all right now. I am trusting Jesus. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb."

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WRIGHT, JOHN FLAVEL -- John Flavel Wright was born in North Carolina, July 30, 1795. He was converted in 1813, and joined the Virginia Conference in 1815. In 1821 he was transferred to the Ohio Conference; and in 1832 he was elected one of the book-agents at Cincinnati, which office he filled acceptably for twelve years. During the civil war he was appointed chaplain of the First Kentucky Regiment, and accompanied the army through western Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. On his return he was appointed chaplain to the military hospitals in Cincinnati, where he faithfully ministered to the temporal and spiritual wants of our sick, disabled, and dying soldiers. Subsequently he was appointed "conference evangelist." An extract from one of his reports will show clearly how faithfully he continued to labor for the good of his fellow-men: "I deemed it prudent to seek a more uniform and milder climate, and on the 18th of January I started for the southern border of Louisiana, near the Gulf of Mexico. Here I was cordially received at the Orphans' Home, where I served as temporary pastor, the most of the time, for three months. We had nearly one hundred at the services every evening, consisting of reading a scripture lesson and prayer, and often a brief address. I frequently preached on Sabbath, and assisted in the Sunday-school. At home the pastors and their congregations gave me a cordial welcome wherever I visited. The people in nearly all the charges where I labored seemed to be enjoying a good state of spiritual life, and to hear the word preached with much apparent interest, intense thought, and unremitting attention. I trust, through the agency of the divine Spirit, some good was accomplished. I have much pleasure in visiting the venerable veterans of the cross of Christ. They sometimes teach me how to be old to advantage. I love to hear them talk of the way along which they have traveled, and now they feel as they are nearing the crossings of Jordan. I love to hear them sing,

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.'

If it would not lessen their joy I would venture to say this much, "At evening-time it shall be light. In conclusion, I desire to say I have had a very happy conference year, and think I can not express my state more in accordance with my own consciousness, and the witness of the divine Spirit within me, than in the following words of the song:

'I have entered the valley of blessings so sweet,  
And Jesus abides with me there,  
And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,  
And his perfect love casteth out fear.'

If there is anything in my heart contrary to love, I confess my diligent search has failed to find it. Jesus and his love seem to fill all the space. To dwell in unmixed love, and to be filled with perfect love, must be state St. John sets forth and so beautifully and sweetly describes, God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. My fixed purposes is to show forth the praises of my merciful and almighty Savior, who hath called and brought me out of darkness into his clear and marvelous light. To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

This venerable and saintly minister died at the residence of his son, Mr. John R. Wright, East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, on Saturday, September 13, 1878. Father Wright had been very feeble in body, and rarely left the house. His mind, however, continued lucid to the last. As late as ten o'clock the night before his death he and his aged wife held a prayer-meeting in their room, during which he was very fervent in spirit, and in his exclamations of holy joy. He asked his wife to pray for the Lord to come and take him. She replied, "I have; and he will come soon." Whereupon he became very quiet, and so rested until in the morning, when, without the least muscular contortion, he sweetly fell asleep. His death was like a translation. The testimony of all who knew this eminent servant of God is, that they never knew a purer and happier life than his. I have known him personally for more than fifty years, and take pleasure in placing this record in "Last Words" of the great old veteran.

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WRIGHT, JOSEPH -- Joseph Wright was born in Washington County, Pa. When eight years of age he came with his parents to Indiana. At the age of nineteen he commenced the study of law, and when admitted to the bar formed a partnership with Gen. T. A. Howard, Esq. In his twenty-third year, in 1838, he was elected to the legislature, in 1840 to the Senate, and in 1843 to congress. In 1849 he was elected governor of Indiana, and was re-elected in 1853. After serving his own state for eight years he was appointed minister to Berlin, in 1857, and in 1865 minister to Prussia. He was a Methodist at twenty-six years of age, and a devout Christian all his life. His funeral obsequies took place at St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on Thursday afternoon, August 22, commencing at three o'clock. The following is the address of Bishop Janes:

The die of eternity stamps the value of time. Probation invests human conduct in time with its interest and dignity. Judgment and retribution give to death its significance and solemnity. Oh, how these truths force themselves upon our attention at this hour! Our friend has passed from our sight. In our thoughts we follow him to the spirit-world. We see him as he enters into that beatitude which is divine and eternal; that felicity which is not only to continue, but increase interminably. How the vastness of that destiny rises before our minds! An immortal, rational, and spiritual being partaking the nature and enjoying the full fruition of his God! Such is the heaven of Christianity.

As our conduct in this probationary state secures to us, through the atonement and mediation of Christ and the transforming power of the Holy Ghost, an affinity for this heavenly world, or, by our impenitence and wicked works, alienates us from God and disqualifies us for his inheritance, and thus absolutely determines our eternal destiny, how grave are all our actions, how important our conduct! How immense the interests we secure or forfeit! Oh, who can trifle with eternal things? How momentous, then, it is that event which cuts off all further opportunity of obtaining pardon or transformation -- after which "he that is filthy still," and "he that is holy is holy still" -- which arraigns the subject of it before his final Judge, the Arbiter of his eternal estate; which ushers in the moment when will be revealed to him his endless destiny! Oh, how solemn an event is death! How perfect should be our preparation for it! How terrible the irretrievable disaster of being overtaken by it unprepared! How blessed the result when it finds us ready!

The principles we have thus briefly stated were beautifully and impressively illustrated in the life and death of our deceased friend. In life he attended to life's great duties, and secured life's grand interests. We think, therefore, that his history and character and death are worthy of our consideration. When about twenty-six years of age, while in a Methodist meeting one evening, he fully determined, promptly, to give his heart to God and become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. He went home with this resolve fixed in his mind and heart, retired to a private room, humbled himself before God, and implored mercy in the name of Christ. Before the break of day his earnest, penitent prayers were heard, and he rejoiced in the salvation of divine grace. As soon as felt he was reconciled to God, he felt he must be reconciled to all his fellow-men. At this time, one who had been a dear friend had become an embittered enemy. Mr. Wright started immediately for his residence. Just as the sun was rising in beauty, and with the Sun of Righteousness beaming brightly on his soul, he reached the door of his enemy. The man himself opened the door. Mr. Wright feelingly stated to him that during the past night he had obtained reconciliation with God, and had come to be reconciled to

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#### NO "X" LISTINGS

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#### Y

YARD, ROBERT BOYD -- Robert Boyd Yard was born in Trenton, New Jersey, January 2, 1828, and died July 17, 1875. He sent this message to the ministers: "Tell them to be truly religious, fully consecrated to God, and to aim at saving souls. Nothing else is worth a thought. Make your religious life the joy of living. Tell them not to be enwrapped in the style of the day, but 'clothed in the righteousness of Christ.' Tell them that of late Christ's work has been to me a constant feast, of which the bliss of these dying hours and the glory that I see approaching are a fit consummation. Bless God! hallelujah! Jesus is sweet, sweet, sweeter! Heaven is near, nearer, nearing!"

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YARRINGTON, SAMUEL B. -- Samuel B. Yarrington was born October 10, 1810, and died April 16, 1846, being in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His conversion, which was sound and scriptural, occurred when he was a lad about fifteen years old. He commenced calling sinners to repentance when he was about twenty-two years of age. He almost immediately entered the itinerant ranks; but through intense application to study, together with preaching too long and too loud, he soon sapped the foundation of a naturally feeble constitution, and ever after suffered much from the prostration and derangement of a nervous system. This was a frequent occasion of grief to his brethren, as it tended to detract from his usefulness, and no doubt diminished the measure of his own enjoyment.

He sustained his relation to this body, laboring with more or less efficiency, for about fourteen years. Near the close of his life he became deeply convinced of his need of a clean heart. He had once enjoyed this gracious state, but had lost the invaluable boon. He wrestled unceasingly, and soon entered into the perfect liberty of the children of God.

He now labored with increasing ardor to save souls, until his strength utterly failed, when he took to his bed, to rise from it no more until the emancipated spirit should leave the clay tenement to dwell in the paradise of God. It was now evident to all that his work was done, and that he was fast ripening for heaven. God graciously in his last days removed the cloud which had hung so heavily upon him the latter part of his life, and permitted the powers of a well-trained and sanctified intellect to break forth with unwonted luster and strength. He already breathed the atmosphere of heaven, and longed to partake of its consummated bliss. The last week of his sojourn on the shores of time presented a scene of triumph which can only be witnessed around the couch of the dying saint, and constitutes one of the peculiar glories of Christianity.

The body which had hitherto weighed so heavily upon the mind seemed now, by the vigor of that mind, to be borne heavenward. He, with great composure, closed up his earthly business, made arrangements for his funeral, and waited with eager expectation for his final change. At times, to be by his dying-bed was to be in the very precincts of heaven. When articulation had almost failed a friend observed him attempting to speak. Applying his ear close to his lips, he distinctly heard these words:

They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home.  
All is well! all is well!

\* \* \*

YOUND, DAVID -- David Yound, an able minister of the Ohio Conference, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, in 1799. In 1805 he joined the Western Conference, and from that time until 1839 he continued to preach regularly. He was a fine scholar and a popular speaker. He was for fifty-three years a member of General Conference. He died in peace at his home in Zanesville, Ohio, November 5, 1858.

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YOUNG, JACOB -- Jacob Young was born in western Pennsylvania, March 19, 1776. In 1801 he went to Kentucky, where he was licensed to preach. For more than fifty years he was actively engaged in the work of the ministry. He was a man of great intellectual power, and was much beloved by the brethren of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences. His life has been published by the late Bishop Hamline. He died peacefully, on the 15th of September, 1859. His last words were, "Sweet heaven, sweet heaven."

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YOUNG, THOMAS L. -- Thomas L. Young said, when dying, I feel like an atom floating upon an ocean of glory. I shall soon pass away and scarcely know the change.

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NO "Z" LISTINGS

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THE END