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## **THE PARSON OF COW CREEK**

**By Horace G. Cowan**

Beacon Hill Press  
Kansas City, Missouri

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## BOOK JACKET TEXT

### THE PARSON OF COW CREEK

By Horace G. Cowan

This is one of the few books of Christian fiction that weaves into the framework of a captivating plot the experience of full salvation. You will thrill with the faith, hope, and charity required of Cornelius and Martha Cadwallader in the many problems they face as they accept the pastorate on Cow Creek near Big Bend, Montana, in the days of the rugged frontier. The way the Lord uses Leonard Burroughs to lead "the parson of Cow Creek" into the experience of heart holiness will bring tears to your eyes, but leave a song in your heart. The fact that this story is based on [acts and experiences of actual occurrence adds to its interest.

Beacon Hill Press  
Kansas City, Mo.

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## PREFACE

"Is this a true story?" This question is often asked by those who read stories, and it is a proper question. There is too much of the false in life and literature, and when a desire is expressed for the true it should be stimulated and gratified. A story whose topic is religious would seem to require adherence to the truth, and when the subject is holiness the truth should be so transparent that the "beauty of holiness" will be clearly perceived and heartily welcomed, and the blackness of error by contrast rejected.

This is a true story in that it is based on facts and experiences of actual occurrence. A true story need not, however, be a record of events in which the real names of men and women, with their acts and words, are written --that would be history or biography, an honor reserved for the great and honorable of earth, who have done and said that which is worthy of thus being remembered. But in the out-of-the-way places and in the everyday lives of those who have never accomplished great things, as the world counts greatness, there frequently occur incidents and experiences which are eminently worthy of being told, and by which telling seekers after the truth may be helped into a clearer perception of that which is real, and be enabled to build upon a sure foundation. This is what is claimed for the story which follows.

The characters are in a measure composite, and the incidents have been gathered up here and there in the life experiences of real men and women. These characters and incidents have been built into the story as a necessary framework for the experiences related, which like a beautiful flowering plant upon a trellis, make glorious with a higher life the common, everyday occurrences of the common people.

May all who read this story see that holiness is real, that it is necessary, and that it has its place in the life of toil, trial and temptation to which all are subject, and by faith in Jesus, who is "able to save them to the uttermost," may they enter into that experience of the grace of God by which they shall be enabled to walk blameless before God and men, have victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, enjoy the blessed assurance of acceptance with God here, and the hope of eternal life hereafter.

Horace G. Cowan

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## 01 -- THE PARSON IS CALLED

"Well, Martha, we have a good fat letter from Montana today. The folks out there must have some unusually interesting news this time," said Cornelius Cadwallader, as he entered the living room of the parsonage, on his return from the post office, and handed his wife a letter, postmarked, "Big Bend, Mont.," and addressed to "Rev. Cornelius Cadwallader, Oakville, Ohio."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cadwallader, glancing at the letter, "there must be something very interesting in it."

Cornelius soon had the letter opened and divided with his wife, as a portion was addressed to her. As they each read their portion it was passed to the other, and both were presently in possession of the news from Montana contained in that particular letter.

Both Cornelius and Martha sighed as they finished reading, and looked at each other. Martha was the first to speak, and she asked:

"Well, are you going?"

"I don't know," replied Cornelius. "I'd like to. I'd like the opportunity to preach in that new country. That is what appeals to me. I'd like to be a missionary on the frontier, and that is what will take me there, if anything will. It is rather a good offer they make, but I don't care anything about their ranches, and homesteads, and such things. Of course, we should have to have a home out there -- but it is the souls of men I should go there for, rather than homesteads and herds of cattle. But we shall have to refer this matter to the Home Missionary Board."

The letter was from George and Lydia Miller, Martha Cadwallader's brother and his wife, who had emigrated some years previously from the Miami valley, in Ohio, to the far Northwest, and after experiencing alternate fortune and misfortune in various places had finally located on Cow Creek, about twenty miles from Big Bend, Montana, the nearest post office and railway station.

Here they had "squatted" on a choice quarter section of unsurveyed public land, and had started a cattle ranch. For a year or two they had prospered, and the outlook was so promising, and so well pleased were they with the situation, that nothing but the location of some of their

most intimate friends near them would seem to be lacking to complete their happiness. And so Walter Bailey and Lafe and Harvey Hadley had been induced to dispose of their interests and leave their homes in Ohio and remove to Montana, with the view of sharing in the fortune which appeared in prospect over the hills of Cow Creek. After each family had located one hundred and sixty acres and "squatted" thereon, the four men had formed the Cow Creek Cattle Company, and had erected sheds and corrals and several miles of wire fence on both sides of Cow Creek, where they had branded and turned out on the range a large herd of cattle bearing on the left hip the brand YF from which the combined assortment of men, cattle, ranches and equipment was familiarly spoken of as the "Lazy-Y F outfit."

It was about a year after the latest emigration that the letter now under consideration was received by the Cadwalladers, and it called their attention to the peculiarly favorable opportunity then existing for acquiring a homestead in that part of Montana. The lands on and adjacent to Cow Creek had been surveyed, and would be thrown open to settlement in the near future, after which there would be a rush to that region, and it would be opportune, therefore, for the Cadwalladers to come out and take their choice of the lands before the rush commenced. In addition and as a further inducement toward settlement on Cow Creek, the Miller and other families already there expressed the wish that Cornelius Cadwallader should come as a minister of the gospel and establish the services and work of his church for the benefit of the settlers in that region. Concerning this George Miller wrote as follows:

"There aren't but a few of us here, and we can't do a great deal; but if you are willing to come for what we and the missionary board can do, you may be able to do some good here. The country isn't very thickly settled, and the people may seem rough in their ways and talk, it is true, but they are free-hearted and hospitable, and generally throw in pretty free when help is needed.

"Now, I've talked this matter over with Walter and Lafe and Harvey, and we have agreed to help you get a claim and build you a house; and we have subscribed what we think we can pay during the year. Besides this you will have a chance to raise something for your support. Potatoes and all kinds of truck do very well here, and this is a good country for poultry. I remember that Martha used to like to raise chickens at home, and if she would care for it here there would be some money in it, as there is always a good market for eggs and poultry at Big Bend."

Enclosed with George Miller's letter was a subscription paper on which George Miller, Walter Bailey, Lafe Hadley, and Harvey Hadley pledged the sums opposite their names for the support of Rev. Cornelius Cadwallader, as a missionary on Cow Creek, Montana, for the year 191. This was also accompanied by a petition to the Home Missionary Board of the church, asking that Rev. Cornelius Cadwallader be appointed by the board as a missionary to that part of Montana.

"I told George," wrote Lydia to Martha, "that I just couldn't let my children grow up like heathens, with no Sunday school, and nothing to go to on Sundays. They're all getting old enough to know the difference between right and wrong, and there's precious little out here to teach them what is right, what with working on Sunday, and all the boozing and gambling and rough talk that goes on.

"The men all think it would be nice to have services, as they have no place to go to on Sundays, and Walter and Lafe won't work on that day, unless something has to be done, like pulling a critter out of the mud, so they feel sort of lost on Sundays, since they came out here.

"But they couldn't see how we was to support a preacher, with the loss of cattle they had last winter, and all the expense of building their new houses and the sheds and fences. But I told them we had potatoes and other vegetables enough growing, besides all we would eat and sell, to feed two preachers and their families. They just laughed at that, and said you couldn't live on potatoes and cabbages alone; and then I told them that if they would sow a piece of wheat, and would cut it and stack it near my hen house, I'd sell eggs enough to pay my part of the salary, so the preacher could buy some groceries.

"Well, after they had talked and talked and talked about everything else they finally concluded that if you could all get here, they would do their best to take care of you. We won't let you starve. And so I hope the missionary board will make up their minds to send you out here, and that it won't be long before we can see you and the precious babies again."

The Home Missionary Board did not meet until October, and Cornelius Cadwallader's engagement with his present charge expired November first. This was early summer, and there appeared, therefore, no urgent need of haste in considering this call from Montana, or in preparing for the journey to that state. But in the two or three weeks following the reception of the call, Cornelius and Martha considered the matter from every point of view, not forgetting the upward view. They wished that the will of God might be made plain in regard to this venture, and earnestly took the call to the throne of grace, praying for divine help and guidance.

It was Cornelius' intention to retire from his present pastorate at the termination of the period of service arranged for, and as yet nothing was in sight, except this call to the far Northwest. To this extent the call might be providential, and should not be lightly considered. There were no ties of property, and very few of kinship, to keep them in Ohio; and, on the other hand, it was Martha's brother and sister-in-law who were the chief promoters of the call, while other and more distant relatives and former parishioners joined in it.

Moreover, Cornelius possessed a "homestead right," by using which a farm all their own would come to them! The condition and prospects of the poor minister whose holdings in this world were meager, and whose life had known much of moving about and sojourning in temporary quarters, were fairly described in the words of sacred song:

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor, wayfaring man;  
I dwell a while in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain."

The prospect of a permanent abode in which he would have a proprietary right was somewhat attractive to Cornelius, but that he might thus be the more fortunately situated to preach the gospel to the needy, for whom Christ died, was the stronger plea with him, and which led him to accept the call and place himself under the instructions of the Home Missionary Board.

The day after Thanksgiving was the day set for Cornelius' start for Montana, and after mature consideration it was decided that he should go alone, Martha and the children remaining with a sister in Ohio until spring, as reports of deep snow and extreme cold in Montana had been received, and with reference to the health and comfort of the family it was thought best that they await the coming of warmer weather for the journey.

From the car window Cornelius watched the dear faces fade from view, with a lonely but brave heart, then turned his thoughts toward his distant mission field, where he expected to provide a home for them, and where he hoped to win many souls to Christ and the church.

The only stop en route was in Chicago, where he spent Sunday with an aunt and cousins, then on to St. Paul, and the last lap of the journey was begun through a country new and interesting to him in many ways. The treeless prairies of North Dakota, with their vast expanses of landscape, were a source of wonder and surprise to him, and the newly-built towns of the western portion of the state, in some of which were church buildings and in others none, seemed like so many calls for missionary work. Here were new settlers without the means of grace in many cases, with no gospel being preached to them and no effort made for their salvation, and he longed to be at work on this great frontier, preaching in hall or schoolhouse or settler's shack, organizing Sunday schools and holding revival meetings.

The passengers in this stage of the journey seemed easier of approach and acquaintance than those usually found on Eastern roads, where many are unapproachable and seem to have no interest in their neighbors of the next seat; but here they partook of the nature of their broad prairies and had a welcome for all,

"Didn't you notice a difference in the air, about half an hour ago?" asked a bluff, hearty man to whom Cornelius had put the question as to which state they were in. "We are in North Dakota now; we think the air is better on this side of the line."

This facetiousness served to clear the atmosphere between man and man, and Cornelius was not slow to profit by it. During the day he made the acquaintance of not a few of his fellow passengers, and chatted with them concerning their destinations and their hopes of the country. A considerable number were going to various parts of the great Northwest with new homes in view, and were invariably cheerful and optimistic concerning their earthly futures. But what of the eternal future? To this they did not give much thought, and not one decidedly religious family did Cornelius find in the car. His fellow passengers were typical people of the Northwest, active, industrious, and enterprising in relation to this life, but seemingly without thought for the life which is to come. They were genial, kind, and hospitable, and made the stranger feel at home among them, but shrank from any expression of religious belief or experience. A rancher from western North Dakota, returning from a trip to St. Paul, in his genial way offered Cornelius his

flask with the ease and assurance born of a freehanded hospitality with all men, and on learning that the man he would treat was a minister, merely remarked that he was in the habit of offering it to all alike, and then told Cornelius that his work as a missionary on the frontier was needed, and spoke of the prevailing indifference to religion on the part of the ranchers, and of the indescribably immoral condition of the towns in the cattle country.

A few of the passengers admitted that they were church members, and seemed interested in the proposed missionary work, but no further than to say, "It's a good thing, and I wish you good luck." One man said that he knew Big Bend and the surrounding country, and while he wished the missionary well, cautioned him not to expect a large or speedy response to his efforts. This, he said apologetically, was not intended to discourage the missionary, but to give him the correct view of his field. That his field of labor would not resemble a garden plot in a mild climate Cornelius well understood, and that he was a soldier going into battle, rather than an excursionist or novelty seeker, was the feeling with which he approached his destination. Whether he had the proper preparation and equipment with which to battle for God and lost souls on the frontier the future must reveal.

The longest journey will come to an end, and that of the missionary to Cow Creek was no exception. Late in the night of the fifth day from Oakville the train reached Big Bend, and the journey by rail was finished. Cornelius alighted, and George Miller, who was awaiting him, conducted him to a hotel, where rest for the remainder of the night and breakfast the next morning prepared the traveler for the twenty-mile ride by wagon to Cow Creek, over sagebrush plains, through rough and rocky coulees, and around the bases of wind-swept hills whose summits showed strange carvings in the sand rock by the forces of nature; and early in the afternoon the Miller ranch was reached, where Cornelius received a hearty welcome to "the wild and woolly West."

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## 02 -- CHURCH WORK ON COW CREEK

On the first Sunday after his arrival, to a congregation of about twenty-five, in the living room of the Miller ranch house, Cornelius preached the first gospel sermon on Cow Creek, from Romans 1:16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Cornelius was a firm believer in the power of God to regenerate and give new life to all who turn to Him by faith, and whatever the hindrances or opposition to this work he had no reason to keep silent or be ashamed of telling why men should seek salvation, and how it is secured, and in any presence or before any company he rejoiced to proclaim the saving power of Him who sent His Son to redeem a lost world.

There were present on this occasion those who believed the gospel, as their profession of faith and church membership attested, as well as those who lacked both faith and profession; and while the sermon was intended to give encouragement to those who were known as Christians, it

appealed, also, to that part of the congregation which knew nothing of the power of God unto salvation, to forsake sin and believe on the Saviour.

There were some responses after the benediction which indicated the interest of the hearers. Cornelius shook hands all around, and some improved the opportunity to speak of the sermon.

"This is the first sermon I've heard in four years," said George Miller. This led Cornelius to think that his coming to Montana was timely, in order that these neglected people might have the great privilege of hearing the gospel.

"Sister, are you a Christian?" inquired Cornelius, as he shook hands with a somber-faced woman.

"No; I can't say I am," she replied. "This is the first sermon I've heard in twelve years."

"That is too bad," said Cornelius. "But let us hope you will hear them oftener now."

This hope was not to be realized. There had been an impression that it was a case of demand and supply with the frontier people; that they did not hear preaching because they had no preacher: conversely, they would hear preaching, and that gladly, after the preacher had come. In some cases this was undoubtedly true, but in many others they went "one to his farm, another to his merchandise" on Sunday, as was the custom before the missionary arrived. This woman was a typical case, being present that day because of the special invitation of the Millers; but if thereafter she heard sermons oftener it was not because she heard the preacher on Cow Creek, as this was the only time she was ever in his congregation, and it is doubtful if she was oftener in any other.

George Miller, a member and regular attendant of the church in his Ohio home, and who had not infrequently made long drives to neighboring churches in times of "big meetings," had not since coming west put forth the same effort to attend church. He was now living twenty miles from a church, it is true, and was rarely in town during the hours of service; but even when at Big Bend on Sunday he was either too busy or too tired, or he "wasn't dressed to go." And then he observed that men in his occupation did not go to church, but went about their work as usual on Sunday, and he presently found excuses for doing the same.

"I came west seventeen years ago," said another typical case, a man who had sat near the door and slipped out as soon as the service was over, but Cornelius had found him as he was mounting his horse, "and haven't been to church before in all that time, except to funerals."

Cornelius now felt that he was getting close to the great need of the people for the gospel, which was undoubtedly true, and that here were those who would appreciate and profit by his coming to the cattle country. But men of this sort only stumbled into church by accident, so to speak, as this man who, while hunting some stray stock, had stopped at the Miller ranch for dinner, and was induced to stay for preaching by the promise that George would go out with him after the service.



"Brother, are you a Christian?" asked Cornelius of a man with long hair and a bushy beard.

"They used to call me a 'Hardshell,' back in Missouri," drawled the man, with a squirt of tobacco juice at a clump of sagebrush.

"Oh, well, we may be known by different names here," replied Cornelius, "but when we get to heaven that 'shell' will all be taken off, and we shall all be one in Christ."

The man laughed pleasantly, and said, "Yes, I hope so."

Then as he was about to go, he turned and said, "Parson, I ain't done jest right out here, I know, but I ain't give up hope; there's a spark left."

This man, whose name was Ben Morris, was a neighbor of the Millers and their friends, a few miles down the creek, and Cornelius was destined to become better acquainted with him in the near future.

On the following Sunday Cornelius preached at Big Bend, a town of two or three hundred inhabitants on the railroad, which divided the town into north and south sides, with the depot at the center, and the business houses and residences scattered along the two streets which ran parallel with the track, and a few side streets. On the south side, a little off from the front street, were two churches, and opposed to them, mostly on the north side, were ten saloons, open twenty-four hours of the day and seven days in the week. Connected with several of the saloons were dance halls and houses of ill-fame, and the patronage of these places exceeded that of the churches many times over. The tough element practically controlled the town, and to lovers of social order, sobriety, and purity, it was not encouraging to find little or no desire for change on the part of the people. The cowboys and sheepherders from the ranches regularly "blew in" their wages at the saloons and dance halls, and drunkenness, debauchery, gambling, fighting, and shooting were of common occurrence. Occasionally a wild cowboy or two would start out to "paint the town red," which resulted in a general panic on the part of the citizens, but rarely in anything worse. The ranchers who shipped their stock from Big Bend, and the merchants who furnished them with supplies, were powerless to improve this state of affairs, and were content to let matters take their course, so long as themselves and their interests were not molested.

In this railroad town in the range country were a few people who desired Cornelius to preach there, and a hall was tendered for the purpose, the only condition being that those interested in the services should furnish lights and fuel. There was already one church in the town with a resident pastor, and another received the visitations of a priest at regular periods. The first sermon in the town had been preached by an itinerant missionary some years before, in a saloon, and a few church members had been "rounded up" and "corralled," or formed into a church organization. For a year or two this church had struggled to maintain itself against the overflowing tide of sin and ungodliness, but being left without a pastor, had ceased holding services. An energetic missionary of another denomination coming in and arousing sufficient interest to gain a foothold for his church, the former organization disbanded and the most of the

members went into the new church, and a popular subscription was started for the building of a house of worship adequate to the needs of the community. There were some who did not unite with the new movement, however, and members of various other denominations held aloof, waiting for something more to their liking.

A congregation of thirteen greeted Cornelius on his first Sunday morning in Big Bend, and the attention given his message, a generous offering for expenses, and the assurance that the resident pastor did not have a large audience that morning encouraged Cornelius to try again. The instructions of the Home Missionary Board were that he establish work at Big Bend, and if he could build up a church in this place he felt that his ambition to become a missionary who brought things to pass would be realized.

The organization of the church on Cow Creek was planned for the second Sunday service there, and announcement having been made thereof, the missionary naturally expected a large attendance. His surprise and disappointment when none but the Miller, Bailey, and the two Hadley families appeared may be realized only by those who may have had a like experience. Evidently he was not to preach to ever-increasing congregations on Cow Creek. Curiosity was satisfied by the first service, it was not a churchgoing community, there was no heart hunger for the gospel on the part of the people, and the organization of a church, though an unusual event on Cow Creek, was regarded as the private business of George Miller and his partners, a strange freak of theirs, as when they had de-horned their cattle, a matter about which a man might have an opinion and express it, but could not interfere.

"Well, parson, I don't like the idee of that Sunday school you was talkin' about," said Ben Morris, when next seen and questioned as to his absence. "The 'postles didn't have no Sunday schools, An' you bein' a missionary, an' gittin' a salary, that don't look jest right to me. The 'Postle Paul worked with his own hands whilst he was preachin', an' I don't think that preachers today is any better than the 'postles."

But in spite of indifference and the supposed apostolic precedents, the church was organized in due form. After preaching the missionary said: "We will now open the doors of the church, and invite all who love the Lord to enter. If you are a member of some church, and you have your letter with you, we will receive you on that. If you haven't any letter, come in anyway. If you are a Christian, that is all we ask. Anyone who is fit to go to heaven is fit to join the church. But if you are not a church member, and yet have a desire to be saved and serve the Lord, come and go with us, and we will give you a helping hand on the way."

It was a foregone conclusion that most of those present would join the church, all the older people having been members in Ohio, and a few of the younger joined on profession of faith. The pastor then gave the right hand of fellowship to all those who had joined, welcoming them to the communion and privileges of the church. After the election of the necessary officers the organization of the Cow Creek church was complete, and the Sunday school, which had been in operation for some months under the superintendency of Walter Bailey, was taken under the care of the church and provision made for a supply of denominational literature.

And thus the missionary work of Cornelius Cadwallader, on Cow Creek, Montana, assumed a definite form and became the basis for a wider and more aggressive work; and feeling well satisfied with his work thus far, Cornelius reported to the Home Missionary Board his work to date and his hopes for the future.

About two months after the organization Cornelius suggested the holding of a Communion service, to be protracted. This being a custom in the old home church in Ohio, and the time suggested being convenient with reference to ranch work, the proposition received the assent of all. Due notice was given, and at the appointed time a quarterly business meeting was held on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning "the meetings" commenced with the sermon and Communion service in the morning, and "revival meeting" at night, which was continued nightly through the week. The three or four families embraced in the membership were faithful in attendance, the meetings being held at the various residences, which were all located within a radius of about one mile, so that none had far to go, and weather conditions were favorable for attendance. But aside from the membership families the attendance was very light, the neighbors apparently having no interest in this effort for the moral and spiritual uplift of the community. But the membership both cheered the pastor by their attendance, and otherwise gave such help and encouragement as they were able. Nearly all the brethren and some of the sisters were leaders in prayer, and old and young alike took part in the singing, making that part of the service proceed at a pace which delighted Walter Bailey, their instructor in music, who with Pentecostal Hymns and tuning fork in hand was in his element when leading the song service.

Cornelius was at home in revival work, and entered into it with a consecration which reckoned other endeavors of minor account. The chief business of the preacher was to save souls through the preaching of the gospel, and this was especially his opportunity. To his delight there was some interest manifested, and some fruit was reaped, though the material at hand was not abundant and numerical success could not be large, yet the few additions obtained were well worth the effort.

Early in the meeting three boys of the Miller and Hadley families expressed their desire to become Christians, and asked for prayers by raising their hands. Cornelius asked them to kneel at their chairs while prayer was offered in their behalf, and during the singing of the hymn which followed he kept them on their knees and questioned them.

"Now, boys," he said, "the Bible teaches us that we must repent of our sins, and ask God to forgive us, for Christ's sake. Have you repented, and prayed to God for the forgiveness of your sins?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer of each boy.

"And do you believe that Jesus is your Saviour?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you now feel that God has forgiven your sins, and that He receives you as His child?"

"Yes, sir."

These answers seemed to be direct and sincere, and Cornelius having preached on those doctrines which are essential to the beginning of the Christian life, as repentance, faith, and the new birth, felt that the boys understood what they were doing, that they gave good evidence of conversion, and that it would now be in order for them to give their testimonies as to what the Lord had done for them. A "speaking meeting" was, therefore, proposed, in which all took part, and in which the boys said that they loved the Lord and wanted to be His children, and hoped that the Christians would pray for them that they would be faithful unto death. On the next Sunday morning they were received into the church, and so closed the first revival on Cow Creek.

Cornelius' plan of work included services at Big Bend on each alternate Sunday, and the encouragement which three or four families there gave him led him to consider this as a "good opening." The meetings were held in a hall over a store, the use of which had been tendered free of rent, and the offerings had sufficed to pay the expenses of heat and lights. Incidentally Cornelius served as janitor of the hall, and as he went to the place on Sunday mornings he not infrequently found that a dance or a show had been held on Saturday night, and that the condition of the room called for vigorous exercise with the broom. On one such occasion, as Cornelius was sweeping the room and putting the seats in order, a man entered and went to the platform, as if in search of something. Having found what he was looking for he turned and said to Cornelius: "Are you going to show here?"

"No," said Cornelius, "I am going to preach. I am a minister of the gospel."

"Oh," replied the man. "Well, I hope you will have better luck than I have had. This is the bummiest town I've ever struck. They sure need preaching here. I hope you will go after them right, brother." And the showman retired, leaving the missionary waiting for his congregation.

On another occasion, as Cornelius was putting the hall in order, two young men entered with musical instruments under their arms. As they hesitated at the door upon seeing him, Cornelius said: "Good morning. Come in, and have seats."

"Is there going to be services here this morning?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, sir," replied Cornelius. "Won't you be seated? The people will be coming soon."

"Come let's be going," said the man to his companion, and the two hastened downstairs, to seek another place where they might practice their band music.

On Cornelius' next visit to Big Bend he was informed that the band boys had lost the key to the hall, and it could not be entered. As no one seemed interested in getting another place of worship he held no service that day, nor thereafter any in that hall, for while a new key was procured by the owner, yet in some mysterious way it did not get beyond the reach of the "band boys" and those who promoted shows and dances in the hall.

About this time Cornelius became impressed that the various parties which had given him encouragement at Big Bend were united only on the negative proposition that they "didn't like" the resident pastor, and wanted to start something in opposition to his work; and that their denominational differences would prove an insuperable barrier to any effective church work or organization by him. In fact, the suggestion was made to Cornelius at different times, by men representing two different denominations, that if he would give his efforts toward the organization of a church which they would approve, which in either case would be disapproved by the other, they would co-operate with him. He also learned incidentally that there were nearly as many people in the town and vicinity who were members of other churches than the one already organized, who were holding their letters and waiting for the appearance of a minister of their denomination before giving their adherence to the promotion of any church work in the place. Thus it appeared that sectarianism and churchanity were as great hindrances to the promotion and triumph of the gospel on this Northwestern mission field as in the older and over-churched communities of the East. And in view of the barrenness of results at Big Bend, Cornelius now resolved to concentrate his efforts at Cow Creek, where his field was unopposed by other denominations, and endeavor to build up a community of God-fearing men and women which would be as a lighthouse on the shore of a stormy sea.

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### 03 -- COW CREEK CHURCH HAS A JOINER

With the view to stimulating the interest and attendance at Cow Creek, Cornelius borrowed a saddle horse of George Miller, and "hit the trail" for the near-by ranches, not neglecting the sheep camps and cow outfits which were temporarily located in the great empty spaces of the range country. Pastoral visitation should thus be made an efficient arm of service in his Northwestern mission field, as he had formerly used it for the upbuilding of his work in the more populous Eastern pastorates he had served. He was hospitably received both by the ranchers and the shepherders and cowpunchers, and found them all interesting company and ready to talk on any subject, religion excepted. When spiritual matters were referred to there was invariably a cessation of interest and a halting of conversation, and the most that could be drawn from those interviewed was substantially as follows:

"I used to go to church back East. My father and mother used to take me reg'lar, when I was a kid; but out here I got my livin' to make, and ain't got no time for church."

Or some rancher might admit that he was a church member, and make the statement with a finality of expression which seemed to settle the matter. But the rancher church member could not be induced to attend the services on Cow Creek, and very rarely went elsewhere to church, his business seeming to require his attention on Sunday as on the other days of the week. There was no hunger and thirst after righteousness, the entire tendency being in the opposite direction; playing cards were more in evidence than the Bible, profanity than prayer, the dance than the prayer meeting, drinking habits than sobriety, and secular labor than the rest and worship of the Lord's day. The problem, "How to reach the masses," in the sense of getting them converted and thoroughly Christianized, was not of easy solution in Montana. The masses simply did not want

to be reached and Christianized, and to persuade any to hear the gospel message seemed a difficult matter.

Whenever strangers attended the services on Cow Creek they were warmly welcomed, and cordially invited to come again, but very rarely did any attend the second time. It was a matter of surprise, therefore, when Mrs. Ruth Ransom appeared on two successive Sundays, and on the second occasion offered herself for reception as a member of the church. Mrs. Ransom was the wife of William (better known as "Wild Bill") Ransom, a rancher on the Yellowmud River, a few miles from the Cow Creek ranches, and Cornelius had one day called at their home. Before her marriage Mrs. Ransom's life had been marked by estrangement from God and the church, and from all those of chaste and orderly lives. Becoming in her girlhood a devotee of the dance, she had been lured into the snare of the "red-light district" of Big Bend, and was rapidly going down the broad road which leads to destruction, when "Wild Bill" Ransom, a gambler and bartender, had proposed marriage to her and was accepted. They had then removed to a quiet spot in a bend of the Yellowmud River, and had settled down to the life of ranching. Hearing of the church on Cow Creek, through Cornelius' visit, Mrs. Ransom declared her intention of attending its services, and seems to have thought this the opportune time to straighten out the kinks of her past life, and seek a better standing in the community.

"I was brought up to go to church and Sunday school," she told Cornelius, "and I joined the church when I was twelve years old. But I went away from home when I was just a girl, and got into bad company, and met with a downfall. Now I want to do better."

"Have you repented of all your sins, sister?" asked Cornelius.

"Yes, sir, I have," she replied.

"And do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And are you now determined by His grace to lead a godly life, and make heaven your home?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

These questions having been put to her publicly, before the church, and her answers having been made likewise, Mrs. Ransom's profession of faith was accepted by both pastor and church as satisfactory, and she was received as a member of the Cow Creek church. She was thereafter a punctual attendant, and to all appearances a devout worshiper and earnest participant in the work and service of the church. Her life was, apparently, exemplary and consistent, as became that of a church member, and her willingness to be useful in the work was shown by occasionally teaching a Sunday-school class or leading the young people's meeting. But while "Wild Bill" offered no objections to his wife's attendance, he himself could not be persuaded to go to church, nor to take any interest in the question of personal salvation.

The church pursued the even tenor of its way, glad to have a new member, but just a little doubtful about giving that new member positions of prominence or leadership. The members had learned to think that they should keep as far as possible from such as she had been, and that her sin was a topic not to be discussed in public, and only mentioned in private with contempt. Rescue work was entirely unknown to them, and the red-light district of Big Bend and the spiritual needs of its inhabitants might have been in the wilds of Africa, so far as they had any interest therein. Who had ever known of a respectable minister or church member being interested in the welfare or seeking the salvation of a fallen woman? If the preacher mentioned the word "adultery" or "harlot" in the pulpit, except as they inconveniently occurred in the reading of the Scriptures, when he was supposed to hurry by them as fast as possible, there was a feeling of embarrassment or impatience on the part of his hearers; and if he should denounce social sins strongly it could only be explained on the supposition that he "was mad at somebody," or overzealous in a good, but unpopular cause. Moreover, if a minister sought to lead the down and out classes of men and women into the paths of righteousness, was there any assurance that they would "hold out," and were not such converts regarded with suspicion by the respectable people of the church? Evidently, respectable sinners only were regarded as fit subjects for the salvation preached in the average church, as when a saloon keeper's children went one Sunday to the Sunday school at Big Bend, and a regular attendant was heard to say, "Well, if saloon keepers' children are going to come to this Sunday school, I will not come any more."

The basis of Mrs. Ransom's membership being reformation, rather than regeneration, and there seeming to be no desire on the part of either the church or herself that she experience a genuine, Scriptural conversion, and become a "new creature" in Christ, the result was that her membership was tolerated, but the accruing benefits to either herself or the church were small.

Cornelius and Martha, and one or two of the women members, occasionally visited at the Ransom home, which was always found to be kept scrupulously neat and clean, and they always received a warm welcome from both Ruth and "Wild Bill"; and Cornelius improved these occasions by getting better acquainted with "Wild Bill," and endeavoring to persuade him to accompany his wife to church.

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#### 04 -- THE PARSON AS A SQUATTER

The privilege of Cornelius Cadwallader, after reaching Montana, of acquiring one hundred and sixty acres of land under the homestead laws, had been urged by George Miller and the other settlers on Cow Creek, but the proposition had not appealed to him at once, as his business was to persuade men to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and Cornelius was reluctant to engage in any enterprise which might prove a hindrance to that work. But the thought of a well-tilled farm as a provision for his family's needs and as a means of self-supporting missionary work, relieving thereby the funds both of the Home Missionary Board and the Preachers' Aid Society, led to the conviction that it would be in harmony with his chosen work for him to secure the land in the way offered by the government.

"This homestead," said Cornelius to Martha, "will help provide us a living, and will be the only thing between us and poverty in our old age."

Upon George Miller's advice Cornelius made a selection of land about two miles down the creek from the Miller ranch, and adjoining the claims of Harvey Hadley, on the one hand, and of Ben Morris, as was supposed, on the other. The land had been occupied for a short time by a sheepherder known as "Shorty" Burns, who had built a cabin on it, but had otherwise given but slight evidence of settlement. For a small consideration he had sold his "improvements" to George Miller, and had then abandoned the claim. The survey of the land in this vicinity had not yet been approved at Washington, D. C., hence the land was not open for entry in the regular way, and settlers could only occupy it as "squatters," residing on and cultivating the land pending the opening by proper authority. A notice of the "squatter's" claim must be posted, as a preliminary title to ownership, and to warn others not to "squat" on the same land. Cornelius soon had the following conspicuously displayed:

"Notice to the Public

"This is to certify that I hereby take as my homestead the following described lands: NE 1/4 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 12, T. 32 N. R. 30 E. M. M.

"Cornelius Cadwallader  
"Dec. 30, 19\_\_"

The next step was to build a -- house, the Easterner would say, but "shack" is the proper term in the settler's vernacular. The prevailing type of architecture on Cow Creek, and, indeed, throughout that portion of the Northwest, except in the towns, and not infrequently even there, was the log shack, consisting of from one to as many rooms as might be desired, all on the ground floor, and built by laying up logs, either round or hewed, to the required height, about seven feet. The gables were then built by laying slant-end logs, each a little shorter than the one preceding, until the peak was reached. The roof was then formed by laying ridge logs lengthwise, one at the peak and one or more on each side, and from the top ridge log to the eaves a covering of "shakes," that is, split logs or boards, was placed, the whole being then covered with tar paper and several inches of earth. In the opinion of the rancher nothing but a "dirt" roof would suffice to keep out the peculiarly penetrating cold of the Montana winters; but later experience proved that it did not always exclude the peculiarly penetrating rains of the Montana summers. In the meantime the spaces between the logs were filled with "chinking," or split sticks of dimensions to fit the various crevices, and a liberal application of "mud," composed of wet sand and wood ashes, was then given the outside spaces, which made the log wall wind proof.

With the addition of the floor, doors and windows, and partition walls, if required, the shack was complete. As the stove pipe was run through a hole in the roof no chimney was needed, and the settler could now move his furniture in and begin housekeeping. Curtains at the windows were usually esteemed useless ornaments, as prying eyes were seldom about, and if, perchance, there was a lock on the door it was not often used, housebreaking being a crime unheard of on the frontier, intrusion during the rancher's absence being made only in search of something to eat, the proper thing to do, in ranch ethics, if one was hungry.



The Cadwallader shack consisted of two rooms and was about sixteen by twenty-four feet in dimensions, outside measurement. It stood on a sagebrush flat, not far from the banks of Cow Creek, whose sinuous course was marked by a fringe of cottonwoods and willows, the only break in the unvarying sagebrush expanse to the distant hills. The shack was completed in the latter part of April, about the time that Martha and the children were due to arrive from Ohio. To the recent occupants of a six-room parsonage in an Ohio town, with neighbors just over the fence, this shack amidst the sagebrush was not only unpretentious, but decidedly unattractive and uninviting as a home. But it was a home, all their own, the first one they had owned since their marriage, and Cornelius and Martha were content to abide in this rude structure with a dirt roof, as it was similar in materials and construction to the dwellings of their neighbors and parishioners, and in keeping with the mission they had come so many hundreds of miles to undertake for the spiritual welfare of the frontier people, humble in its beginning, but with possibilities of greater things.

Both Cornelius and Martha had visions of improvements. It was natural that Martha should have plans for flower beds and climbing vines, by which the gray ugliness of the sagebrush and the barrenness of the cottonwood logs and dirt roof might be relieved, and that Cornelius should dream of shade trees, berry patches, and an orchard to offset the native wildness. But if they mentioned their plans and aspirations to their friends and neighbors, the usual answer was:

"It will take a lot of water for all that"; or, "You will find it a lot of hard work to get all that done."

This is about as far as the old-timer in Montana will venture advice unasked. He will watch the newcomer dig holes in the sod with a grubbing hoe and stick fruit trees in them, without a word of disapproval, well knowing that the early demise of the trees from drought, or from the effects of the alkaline soil, will impart to the new settler the very information he fain would give, but hesitates because he fears it may not be kindly received. And so the new settler must learn by experience a lesson he will not soon forget. That he will make mistakes, due to inexperience, is natural; they all did that, and the old-timers might tell many interesting stories of first impressions of the country, and of the ways they did things differently from and much to the entertainment of those who had preceded them. All arrivals of whatever date have had to learn and follow, if they would, the ways and experiences of previous travelers on the trail of pioneer life.

About the time the shack was completed Martha and the children were expected to arrive at Big Bend, and Cornelius was planning to meet them there; but through some inexplicable error in estimating the time required for the journey they arrived a day earlier than their schedule provided, and Cornelius was not at the depot to meet them, much to the disappointment of the wife and children. But Martha was a woman of self-reliance, and quickly took the initiative in the presence of unforeseen difficulties. Learning at the hotel that a wagon would be leaving after dinner for a ranch beyond that of her brother, where the driver would put up for the night, she decided to make no delay in going out to Cow Creek, and arranged with the driver for a conveyance for herself and children to the Miller ranch.

After the long railroad journey both mother and children welcomed the ride in the ranch wagon, and the first few miles in the warm, April sunshine, proved a great relief to the weary travelers, and the trip promised to be as pleasant as could be desired. The children were in high spirits, and vociferously expressed their delight or wonder over the new and varied scenes along the way. The boys wanted to get out of the wagon and chase the jack rabbits and sage hens which they saw by the roadside. It was natural that they should thus desire to exercise their lungs and limbs after the long confinement to the cars, but the driver, who was a man of few words, and was intent on making it to the Miller ranch before night, did not encourage their ambitions.

After about three hours the wind suddenly changed, the air became cooler, and the sky was overcast with clouds. A storm seemed imminent, and Martha insisted that the children don their wraps. About this time the road entered Black Coulee, a rocky ravine with precipitous sides which rose forty to fifty feet above the roadway, which was here strewn with boulders and crossed by dry washouts. Perhaps the jolting of the wagon over the rough road, the forbidding aspect of the coulee, with its dark soil and ugly rocks, together with the threatening storm and Martha's anxiety for the children's welfare, had both wearied and excited her, and she began to be afraid that they might not reach a place of shelter before the storm broke.

To repeated questions as to the distance to Cow Creek, the driver responded, in guttural tones, " 'Bout five miles"; "Oh, 'tain't fur; we'll be thar after a bit." And he was otherwise intent on urging his team forward, and in rolling and smoking cigarettes.

About the time the coulee was entered Martha noticed the peculiarly rough and sinister appearance of the driver, and her mind was at once filled with fear of his aspect and movements. She had read and heard of outlaws and desperadoes in the "wild West," and to her excited imagination the man on the driver's seat was a complete picture of all that was rough and desperate. His curt answers to the children seemed unnecessarily rude, his disregard for their comfort in driving so rapidly over the rough road, and the ill-smelling smoke of his cigarettes, which was wafted back to them, spoke of small acquaintance with and less consideration for women and children.

As a lurch of the wagon displaced a suitcase, and the driver leaned over and picked it up, restoring it to its place, he remarked to Claudius, who sat beside him: "It's putty heavy. What's in it? Gold?"

"No doubt," conjectured Martha to herself, "he thinks it contains treasure, and will do anything to secure it."

With such thoughts Martha began to reproach herself for the situation in which she and the children were now placed. Why had she trusted them and herself to this man's care? Instead of taking them to her brother's house, he might drive off anywhere among the rocks and hills and rob and murder them. Why had she been in such haste to reach her husband, who had not met her? Why had she not been content to remain in the hotel until Cornelius should have called for her? While pondering these questions, and recalling stories she had heard of defenseless women and children at the mercy of Western cutthroats, about midway of Black Coulee, which at that

moment did, indeed, seem black to her, what with its chocolate-colored soil and ponderous rocks, above which a dark cloud shut out the sunshine, the youngest child commenced to cry. In the midst of Martha's efforts to soothe the child, which dispelled other thoughts temporarily, the wagon stopped, and the driver dismounted and tied the lines to the wheel, after the fashion of Montana teamsters.

Now, thought Martha, noticing these movements. what is going to happen? And she began to murmur a prayer for protection. Her fears were increased when the man began to unbutton his coat, a heavy, sheep-lined coat, the better to get at his weapons, thought Martha. Deliberately he removed the coat, stepped toward the wagon, and began to speak.

But when Martha expected to hear a demand for her money or her life, and to look into the gleaming barrel of a revolver, she beheld the coat in his outstretched hand, and he was saying, "Here, lady, take this and wrap it around the kid. The little thing is cold."

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## 05 -- THE PARSON'S POTATO PATCH

Soon after the Cadwalladers had moved into their new house, by George Miller's advice Cornelius began to clear the sagebrush from a piece of land in a certain bend of the creek, in order to plant it to potatoes. The cut banks at the extremities of the bend made only a short line of fence necessary to enclose the patch, and but little labor or expense would be required for this improvement.

One day while Cornelius and George, with the help of the boys, were engaged in clearing and plowing the ground, a note was handed to Cornelius by Claudius, who had received it from one of Ben Morris' boys, which read as follows:

"Mr. Cadwallader. Deer sir. i heer you ar braking Land in the Bend of the crik. That Land is mine, as I hay had al my Land Survayed out, and that is one Forty. You will pleas not du eny mot work thar.

Ben Morris."

Cornelius' surprise on receiving this note was not mild. That any other person had a legal right to the land which he claimed as his homestead he could not believe. What meant this claim of Ben Morris? It was not known in the neighborhood that he had previously claimed the land, no notice of his having been posted, and no work by the way of improvement having been done on it. That "forty" was as wild as in the days of the Indians and buffaloes, minus the Indians and buffaloes, and white man's labor had not changed the primitive ugliness of the landscape into smiling fields, except for the narrow strip from which Cornelius had laboriously grubbed the sagebrush.

"George, what do you think of this?" asked Cornelius, handing the note to his brother-in-law, George read it, and said, "Ben Morris hasn't any right to this land. You go ahead

and plant your potatoes, if you want to. All the surveys in the world can't give him this land. Why, I heard him myself acknowledge Shorty's right to it, and Harvey was a witness to it. And you've got the same, identical land. I'd go ahead and plant the potatoes, if 'twas me, and let old Ben whistle."

And the potatoes were duly planted; not after the fashion of the old-time, Eastern farmer, however, who prepares a mellow seed bed by deep plowing, then disking and harrowing, and putting the seed potatoes into the ground with a potato planter, but in the way which obtains in the new Northwest: a fourteen-inch prairie breaker was used to turn the sod, which had not before been broken in all the ages since the glacial period, but was now suddenly reversed to the depth of about four inches, and in each third furrow the seed potatoes were dropped, about eighteen inches apart, next to the edge of the last sod turned, to be covered by the next One. When the potatoes had thus been planted the disking and harrowing were done, in order to leave a smooth surface for the growth of the vines, and the potatoes, or "spuds," in the Northwestern mode of speech, were left to flourish as rain and sunshine might give them encouragement; for with the exception of a light harrowing or two, to keep down the weeds, no work was bestowed on them until digging time when, if there had been abundant rains meanwhile, the planter's reward was ample.

But this particular potato patch was not destined ever to have a digging time; its career was brief and troubled. The day after the planting Claudius came into the house, and said to his father, "Papa, someone is working down where we planted potatoes. I saw two men and a team there."

"It that so?" queried Cornelius. "Well, I must look into this."

And he walked down to the potato patch, and found two of Ben Morris' boys building a fence across the narrow neck of land in the bend of the creek.

"What are you doing, boys?" asked Cornelius.

"Buildin' a fence," replied one of the boys. "The old man told us to build it."

"Well, I wish you would quit it. I will see your father, and talk this matter over with him," said Cornelius.

"All right," replied the boy. "We'll wait on you. Dad's got a survey of this place, and you can see it, if you will come over to the house."

That Cornelius' next move should have been to ascertain the truth about Ben Morris' survey of the land, and learn the particulars of his claim, is evident. But he disdained to go to Morris' house, and ask to see the record of his survey, and treated the matter of his claim lightly. He was encouraged in this by his friends, who laughed at the suggestion that Ben Morris had a lawful claim to the land, and whose remarks concerning Morris and his family were far from complimentary.

"He's trying to bluff you," said Harvey Hadley. "Don't let him beat you out of that land."

"He's an old schemer," said Walter Bailey. "Why, he's got two or three quarter sections under fence now, and no one knows where his claim is."

"He thinks he'll scare you out," said George Miller. "He's had trouble with 'most everyone around here, and now he's trying his hand on you."

Cornelius was impressed by these remarks, for were not his friends old settlers in the country, and did they not know Ben Morris well? And if one was to get along in this country one must be courageous, and present a bold front, and let all who would encroach upon his rights understand that he knew how to defend them. Therefore, Cornelius treated with contempt Ben Morris' claim to the "forty" in which the potatoes were planted. And meeting one of Ben Morris' boys one day, he made some facetious remark to him about the origin of the family (they had come from the Indian Territory), which the boy construed as a reflection on his father, and went to him with a report of all that was said and done with reference to the disputed land. The next day the boys resumed the fence building, and extended it so as to embrace the entire forty acres in which the potato patch was included.

About this time it occurred to George Miller and Walter Bailey that it would be prudent for Cornelius to obtain legal advice touching his rights in the disputed "forty," and he accordingly rode to Big Bend to consult Mr. Browning, a United States commissioner, whose wisdom in all matters affecting government lands was supposed to be ample for the occasion. That officary assured him that he had a right to the land in dispute which Morris could not disturb, until the day it should be open for entry, when the first man to file his claim would be entitled to it. Cornelius also consulted Mr. Stewart, a lawyer with whom he had become acquainted, who advised him that he had a legal right to remove the fence erected by the Morris boys. Thus fortified with legal advice Cornelius returned home, determined to protect his interests in every way the law allowed. In fancy he saw Morris retiring before the strong array of legal opinions presented, leaving the "forty" to him.

When Cornelius reached home he found that George Miller and Walter Bailey had a new plan for him, namely, that he go and see Ben Morris and have a talk with him, learn just what his claim was, and ascertain whether a peaceful solution of the trouble might not be found. Cornelius' promise to the boys that he would see and talk with their father about the fencing was now to be tardily performed. Cornelius and George mounted horses and rode to Grimsby's sheep ranch, where Morris was employed, in pursuance of this plan. Arriving at the ranch about noon, they were invited to dinner by Mr. Grimsby, at whose table Morris and the other employees of the ranch ate with the family and the guests. The dinner hour passed pleasantly, for Grimsby was a jovial man and his cheerful remarks kept all in good humor.

After dinner, as Cornelius and George stood on the porch, considering how best to approach Morris, the latter passed, and said, "Parson, I wish to speak with you."

Cornelius followed him, and on the way made a pleasant reference to the weather, to which Morris made an abrupt and contemptuous answer. Arriving at a point on the creek bank a

few rods from the house, Morris turned and said to Cornelius, "You told my boy that I didn't amount to nothin', and that I hain't no right to that land. Now I want you to understand that I was in this country afore you was, and I won't let no newcomer locate me."

George Miller had followed the two men, and as he arrived upon the scene Cornelius was saying, "Well, Mr. Morris, I came up to talk with you about that land, and would like to have an understanding with you. Now your survey will hardly give you that land, I think, in view of\_\_\_\_"

With an oath Morris interrupted him, and shook his fist in Cornelius' face, saying, "What right you got to come in here and locate me? I've a notion to smash you one," and he struck Cornelius a light blow on the right shoulder.

Cornelius stood with folded arms, and merely said, "Go slow, Mr. Morris."

George Miller here interposed, and said, "Ben, be careful what you do. You know you admitted 'Shorty' Burns' claim to that land; now what you claiming it for?"

"What you stickin' into this for?" demanded Morris savagely, turning upon Miller. "I'll smash you one, too, if you say two words more."

George's reply was to show his clenched fist to Morris, and express his readiness to receive the threatened "smashing," intimating, however, that it would be returned with interest. George's attitude evidently proved a check to further hostilities by Morris, and his state of belligerency was suspended by his employer's calling him to his work.

As Cornelius and George rode home the failure of their plan to reach an understanding with Morris was apparent, and Cornelius was downcast and doubtful as to his proper course. But a new phase of the situation occurred to George.

"You ought to have Ben Morris arrested," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Cornelius. "I'd hate to do anything like that."

"Yes, but he struck you. I can swear to that," said George. "And he'll be doing you more dirt, if you let him go. You should have him arrested, and bound over to keep the peace. That's the only way to get along with such fellows. I've known Ben Morris for a long time, and he's ugly and treacherous. You will have to cinch him with the law, if you want him to let you alone."

That Morris had struck Cornelius was a fact, although it "wasn't much of a blow," as Cornelius suggested, more of the nature of a skirmish than an actual assault, and Cornelius was not disposed to appeal to the law on account of it. But George was insistent that it was a sufficient cause for the issue of a warrant for Ben Morris' arrest, and presently his view of the matter led Cornelius to adopt measures for self-defense which would, he hoped, give him immunity from trouble with his hostile neighbor.

That pitiable little potato patch, only a few rods in extent, was the cause of a contention almost as sharp as some which have brought nations to the battlefield. A small strip of territory has more than once been the occasion of war, and in this case the peace of the neighborhood was seriously threatened by the attitude of the contestants. The time had been when a contest of this sort in the Northwest would have been settled by gun play, and the man who could have drawn the quickest and aimed the straightest would have won. His opponent would have been found out in the sagebrush with bullet holes in his body, and sentiment would have been strongly with the gunman.

That Ben Morris took the view that force was sufficient to decide the contest was evident by his going armed as he went about the neighborhood, and by the rapidity and vehemence with which he struck in defense of what he believed to be his rights. When it was suggested to him that "the law" would settle the ownership of the land in dispute, he flourished a gun, and said, "This is the law." And he would have been pleased, doubtless, to settle the difficulty by that means.

Believing that the law would protect his right in the land, Cornelius was, on the other hand, anxious to meet all the problems arising over the disputed "forty" in a legal way, and deplored a resort to force except as legally authorized. He made several trips to Big Bend, therefore, to secure legal advice, on the strength of which he mapped out a plan of campaign. Mr. Stewart advised him that he had a right to remove the fence which the Morrises had built on the disputed land, both as a means of maintaining his claim to the land and of access to it, and of discouraging his opponent in his efforts to hold the land and exclude Cornelius from it. Agreeably with this advice Cornelius assembled his friends one day when Morris was known to be away from home, and made a descent upon the fence. The posts had not been embedded deeply in the hard, gumbo soil, and it was not a difficult task to pull them up and lay posts and wire on the ground. In a couple of hours the job was completed, and the attacking force retired, rejoicing that for once they had the advantage of Ben Morris.

Morris' answer to Cornelius and friends was quick, characteristic, and decisive. On the afternoon of the same day he appeared upon the scene, his every word and action indicating overflowing wrath, and with the help of his family proceeded to plow up the potato patch and sow it to grain. Then they rebuilt the fence, and posted a warning to Cornelius, George Miller, and all the other fence removers to keep off the land and let the fence alone. His notice read as follows:

"Mr. Cadwallader, Mr. Miller, Mr. Bailey, and the two Mr. Hadlys. yu ar healthy warned not to transpass on thes primesis, nor to Remov this lense under penaltry.

"Ben Morris."

In the meantime Cornelius and George rode to Big Bend and caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Ben Morris on a charge of assault and battery, and he was brought to trial a few days later before a justice of the peace at Big Bend. At the trial the fact was established that Morris had struck Cornelius, using at the same time abusive and threatening language; under cross-examination by the county attorney he admitted that it was his intention to "frail," or whip,

Mr. Cadwallader, if he ever caught him on the land in dispute, and to take him to the creek and "baptize" him.

But one verdict seemed possible, as Morris presented no evidence in his own favor, and the justice of the peace rendered that one verdict, with modifications as he thought proper. Ben Morris was found guilty of technical assault, and was fined the costs of the trial. After a scathing reprimand by the county attorney, Morris was discharged from custody, and all parties to the suit returned home to lead quieter lives, but to continue the contest for the disputed "forty" in a new form.

Both by legal restraints and by mutual consent a truce now existed between the contestants, Cornelius and his friends realizing the hopelessness of accomplishing their purpose by force, even though it might be within the law, and Ben Morris was evidently satisfied with the land in his possession. But the truce did not bring peace to Cornelius. While content to await the day when he might enter the land in dispute as part of his legal homestead, yet the fear of what Ben Morris might do was not easily dismissed from his mind. Both Morris and his own friends seemed to unite in keeping Cornelius' mind ill at ease concerning this matter. Morris nearly always carried a "gun" in those days, as any piece of firearms, whether rifle, shotgun or revolver, was called by the frontiersman, and both he and his boys assumed aggressive attitudes when passing the Cadwallader place. Once a shot was fired as a wagon containing them and others was passing the house, though Cornelius was not sure that it was fired in his direction, and the boys frequently emitted derisive calls as Cornelius passed or went about his work in the fields.

Cornelius' friends would not have needlessly disturbed his peace of mind, but with the view to putting him on his guard they spoke of the ferocity, sullenness, and vengefulness of Ben Morris, with the result that Cornelius was thrown into a state of panic concerning his neighbor, and thus life was rendered far from pleasant for himself and family. Having been told that Ben Morris lay in the brush for him with a gun one day, he was continually conjecturing whether a clump of bushes or a cluster of rocks did not conceal a foe, and seriously considered carrying a gun when he went far from his house. This was not encouraged, however, by his friends, as it was considered that Morris, being the more expert with firearms, could easily shoot Cornelius, if that was his intention (which was seriously doubted), whether the latter was armed or not; and the fact of Cornelius' being armed would, in the case of a shooting, the more readily establish a case of self-defense on the part of Morris.

"But," said Walter Bailey, when discussing the situation with Cornelius, "carry a club with you, and if they meddle with you, knock them crazy."

The only occasion when this advice seems to have borne good fruit was on a day in midsummer, after Morris and his son Dick had harvested the crop of grain which had grown in the erstwhile potato patch. All the grain then grown in that part of Montana was cut for hay before it ripened, as threshing machines and grain elevators were farther from the ranchers' thoughts than flying machines are today. Some grain hay to feed the stock in winter and a few vegetables for the family, was the extent to which crops were raised on the part of the ranchers, and such work as could not be done on horseback was looked upon as entirely out of their sphere. The Morrises had cut the grain with a mower and bunched it with a horse rake, curing it



in the "bunch," by which process it made a good quality of hay, as was customary with the pioneer farmer of that early day.

A freshet on the creek had washed out the bridge, preventing Morris from hauling his hay by the nearest traveled route. There was a trail through Cornelius' place, leading to a ford of the creek a mile and a half above, and it was evident to Cornelius' watchful eye that the Morrises intended taking this trail with their load of hay. Seeing them turn towards his place and knowing that this could have but one meaning, since the bridge was out, he went to the gate and fastened it by driving staples over the loops of wire which held it in place, thus making the gate like any panel of the barb-wire fence, so far as a passage was concerned. When the hay haulers reached the gate they could not, of course, get through, and were compelled to go by another trail that required three miles more of travel to reach their ranch.

Soon after this incident Cornelius started on foot after his cows, which had wandered down to the river, and when nearly a mile from home was surprised to see Dick Morris suddenly arise from behind a clump of sagebrush and approach him.

"Well," said Dick, "who is the best man, you or me?" "What do you want of me?" asked Cornelius.

"You've got to fight," said Dick. "I'll whip you, or you'll whip me."

"No," replied Cornelius. "I'm going after my cows. I am not a fighting character." And he brought a stout stick, which he carried as a protection against possible rattlesnakes, which abounded in the country, and which he had until now held behind him, into view.

"What! you draw a club on me?" demanded Dick, indignantly, seeing that the result of a fight with that club in action might be of doubtful advantage to him. Both belligerents were then satisfied with a war of words, and did not enter into actual combat.

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## 06 -- THE CONTEST OVER THE FORTY

In the latter part of August the lands on and adjacent to Cow Creek were opened for entry under the homestead laws, and early on the day designated Cornelius appeared at the office of United States Commissioner Browning, at Big Bend and made application to enter a quarter section which included the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 12. His application was allowed a few days later by the District Land Office, and feeling secure in this legal recognition of his claim, Cornelius promptly served notice on Ben Morris, through his attorney, to remove his fence. Morris' answer was received a few weeks later, when he in turn caused notice to be served on Cornelius that he had instituted a contest for the land in dispute in the United States Land Office. This stage of contention over the "forty" was welcomed by Cornelius, who believed that in legal proceedings he would easily win what he claimed.

On the day appointed Cornelius, with his attorney, Mr. Stewart, and his witnesses, George Miller, Walter Bailey, and Harvey Hadley, appeared before the United States commissioner, at Big Bend, who was to hear the testimony in the case. Ben Morris, with his attorney and witnesses, was also there.

The purpose of the contest was to determine the lawful claimant to the disputed land, and it was a pitched battle in which legal skill in marshaling the facts of evidence, of precedent and decision was on the firing line. As Lawyer Stewart had told Cornelius that his case was in line with precedents and decisions in recent similar cases, and as the testimony of himself and witnesses was clear, direct and straightforward, he felt encouraged at the close of the first session. His line of defense was as follows: (1) The land had been squatted upon by "Shorty" Burns, whose claim had been acknowledged by Ben Morris. (2) "Shorty" Burns had sold his improvements to George Miller, who had in turn conveyed them to Cornelius Cadwallader. (3) Cornelius Cadwallader had settled and filed on the land, his filing had been accepted, and he was in actual possession. (This referred, of course, to the quarter section which included the contested land.) (4) Ben Morris had at no time previous to the settlement of Cornelius Cadwallader made any claim to the land either by posting a notice or making improvements. This seemed to establish an undisputed succession to the land from "Shorty" Burns to Cornelius Cadwallader, as to the actual settlement and improvement of the quarter containing the disputed land, and under the influence of Mr. Stewart's optimistic opinion Cornelius believed his case as good as won.

Ben Morris was not so happy in giving his testimony, especially when he said there were nine in the family, but a count showed only eight. His testimony and that of his witnesses may be outlined as follows: (1) He had originally filed on eighty acres in an adjoining township, which had previously been opened for entry, and had employed a surveyor to run the lines of his homestead so as to include the "forty" in dispute, on which he intended to file as soon as it should be open for entry. He had attempted to file the day before the land was opened, before a United States commissioner who had winked at this irregularity, and the District Land Office had rejected his filing as premature. (2) The surveyor was present and testified concerning his work and Mr. Morris' claim to the land. (3) Morris told how long he had lived on the quarter section in which he included the "forty" under contest, and exhibited copies of the notices which he had served on Mr. Cadwallader, claiming the land; but when asked if he actually lived on the eighty acres of his original filing, said, "Well, I wasn't dead." (It was well known that his shack was on a "forty" adjoining and in the same township with the contested "forty," rather than on the "eighty" of his original filing.) (4) Various witnesses testified concerning his residence, his claim to the "forty," and sundry improvements he was alleged to have made on it (which at this time were not visible to impartial observers).

After the completion of the testimony the certified evidence went to the District Land Office for review, and both parties to the contest anxiously awaited a decision.

Public sentiment did not favor land contests. It was notorious that many claims were held by persons who were not living on them. It was a common custom for a homesteader, after building a shack on his claim, to go away and earn his living by sheepherding, cowpunching, bar-tending, or some other occupation which required his absence from the land he claimed, and

which he either finally abandoned or returned to and spent a few days on once in six months, thinking he thereby complied with the law as to residence, and no one thought of disputing his claim.

"We look on a man who contests a claim about the same as a thief," said an old-timer when spoken to about a place which might be contested.

But Ben Morris had a way of creating sentiment favorable to his interests, and it soon appeared that the old-timers considered him as in good standing, notwithstanding his contest of the parson's claim. The fact that he was "one of them," while the parson held himself aloof and sought to change their customs, doubtless had much to do with this, and to those who were disposed to listen to Morris the inference came naturally that he was the injured party.

"Why, he wants to take my garden away from me," said Morris, who had not plowed a foot of the contested land, but had an extensive garden on an adjoining plat of public land.

While but little, perhaps, of the sentiment in Morris' favor reached Cornelius, yet enough leaked through to considerably broaden his education in the Northwestern habit of thought, and he saw as never before that men like Ben Morris were preferred in the community to those who hated sin and loved righteousness. This would have been true if there had been no contest, but was the more quickly revealed to Cornelius by that process.

After the lapse of some weeks the District Land Office handed down its decision, which was favorable to Morris. In the first place, the testimony of Cornelius' witnesses was thrown out because they were all related to him and to each other by marriage, and the land office feared collusive testimony. But the land was awarded to Morris mainly on the ground that his survey antedated the coming of Cornelius to the country, giving him the prior right. If "Shorty" Burns had retained and continued to reside on the land, he could have held it against Ben Morris and all other comers, but when "Shorty" sold his improvements he could convey no title to the land, as he held it merely as a "squatter," and his claim lapsed upon the relinquishment thereof. Ben Morris was the next claimant through his survey, as George Miller already had a claim, and although Morris kept quiet about his survey until Cornelius commenced to occupy and claim the land, yet the record thereof was sufficient to establish a priority of claim. Morris' right to enter the disputed "forty" as a part of his homestead was thus allowed, while the entry of Cornelius to the same subdivision was canceled. This did not affect the remaining three-fourths of his entry, however, and he was allowed to amend his filing by taking forty acres adjoining on another side.

That the decision had a depressing effect upon Cornelius may be readily understood. Defeat usually has that effect. And the more so in this case because the conviction had been so clear on the part of Cornelius and his friends that he had a winning case. Lawyer Stewart had given him every possible hope, while George Miller and other old-timers had been quite sure that Ben Morris could not show a good claim to the land. The revulsion of feeling upon the announcement of the decision was not pleasant to contemplate.

"That lawyer was bribed," said Lair Hadley. "And those land office men are in cahoots with the Big Bend crowd. It's the saloon element all the way through. You had a good case, and would have won, if you hadn't been a preacher."

This sentiment received favor among Cornelius' friends, the temptation to locate the blame somewhere being strong, and theirs being the position of the partisan who believes that the sum of political purity is found in the party to which he belongs, while all the ills which afflict the nation are laid at the door of the opposition. They had meant no harm, and made no mistake, as they saw it, and if someone had blundered, or worse, it must have been on the other side.

An appeal to the General Land Office was suggested by Lawyer Stewart, on the grounds of errors in the decision, and that the case was in line with certain recent precedents and decisions, and being anxious to secure a reversal of the decision Cornelius caused the appeal to be entered. As this meant additional expense and tedious waiting by both parties matters did not improve between them, and like the Jews and Samaritans they had no dealings with each other and a bitter feeling continued.

After the lapse of about two years from the inception of the contest the final decision was handed down by the Secretary of the Interior, affirming those previously rendered by the district and general land offices, by which Ben Morris was declared to be the rightful entryman of the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4, and Cornelius could but quietly submit to the inevitable.

During the two years of the contest and the appeals Cornelius continued his pastoral and missionary work on Cow Creek, looked after his homestead during the week, and attended to the meager amount of pastoral work which his little flock required. The church work went on as though there had been no contest, so far as the regular services were concerned, unless, perchance, there were interruptions from unforeseen causes. One occasion of interruptions was Sunday work. While the Cow Creek church stood for the observance of the day of rest as a general principle, and the members welcomed the day as laboring people should, yet the habitual custom of Montana ranchmen of working on Sunday so influenced the Cow Creek ranchers that occasions for finding exceptions to the rule were not lacking, when they esteemed their ranch work so pressing as to compel their absence from the place of worship. Such interruptions were not frequent, but in some cases, at least, were effected only through a compromise with conscience, with the result of a lowered tone of spiritual life, noticeable in the spiritless prayers, hesitating testimonies, and slow, mechanical participation in the public worship.

In all new countries, where people from many and distant parts gather to make their homes and seek their fortunes (chiefly the latter on the part of the first comers), the ties which have bound them as residents of the older communities to long-established customs, and the checks upon their natural propensities which public sentiment and religious teaching have provided, are dropped by the larger number and are held in abeyance until the administration of law, the promotion of education, and the preaching of the gospel have introduced a more reverent and settled order of life than that known as the "wild and woolly" of the pioneer days. The time of Cornelius Cadwallader's labors on Cow Creek was near enough to the frontier times,

and far enough from the more sedate order of life, to have an influence over all newcomers and imbue them with the freedom of thought and action of the great, new West.

And of this Cornelius was becoming more and more aware, as he observed the disregard of God's Word, in his efforts to plant the church and righteousness in the uncongenial soil of Cow Creek. When he contended, therefore (as was his right as a citizen, doubtless, but in the spirit of a man of the world), for forty acres of land, he could hardly impress upon his hearers the truth that all things, though lawful, edify not, nor could he think that his little flock would follow another course when he reversed the scriptural course and sought the addition of "all these things" which men seek after, in preference to the kingdom of God.

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## 07 -- THE PARSON AS A RUSTLER

"Let him get out and rustle. I work hard all the time, and he's no better to work than I am. He's got to do something besides just preach, if he gets along in this country. There's a plenty to do, if he will just rustle."

Thus said Harvey Hadley at a business meeting of the Cow Creek church, called to consider the question of the pastor's support. The Home Missionary Board, from lack of funds to meet all applications for aid, had first cut down the appropriation to the Cow Creek mission field, and then had discontinued it, and the support of the pastor was thrown upon the local church. George Miller and others thought they could not increase their offerings, and Harvey Hadley declined to make any promise to contribute to the pastoral support. His decision was the unwise judgment of a worldly-minded man, concerning a faithful and conscientious pastor who desired to give his whole time to the ministry.

"Do you expect me to go out and work as a ranch hand?" asked Cornelius. "I did not come out here with that expectation. I was called here as a minister of the gospel, and I expected the church to support me as such, that I might give my whole time to the work."

"Well," growled Harvey, "any man who gets ahead in this country has got to rustle."

The word "rustle" has various meanings, but the Northwestern interpretation is usually limited to two. When livestock have disappeared from their accustomed range or pasture without their owner's knowledge or consent, and cannot be found within a reasonable distance, or having been found are in the possession of other persons, it is customary to say that they have been "rustled," that is, driven off and appropriated by a person or persons known as "rustlers." Again, when livestock show the ability and disposition to seek their feed and take care of themselves without effort on the part of man, they are said to "rustle," and are called "rustlers." Likewise an energetic, hustling man who exhibits the same good qualities earns the same title. It was the latter interpretation to which Harvey Hadley's remarks had reference, and it was that kind of "rustler" into which a certain missionary on Cow Creek, Montana, developed.

But just how near Cornelius came to being taken for a cattle rustler might not have been known but for one of his neighbors, Joe Casey, familiarly known as "Hobo Joe," who lived on the opposite side of the Yellowmud River, about two miles from the Cadwallader place. He had a small bunch of cattle which he kept close to his ranch, as he had a chronic fear of thieves, and a wholesale suspicion of his neighbors as rustlers. Said he to Cornelius, upon a certain occasion:

"I have been reading in the encyclopedia about the people who live in the old world, in about the same latitude as this country; that is, the countries in northern and central Asia. They have a dry climate like this, and the people are nomadic in their habits; they raise cattle and horses, and steal from each other. They are better known as robbers than as stock-raisers. Well, that is the character of the people here; we have the same dry climate, and the people are likewise nomadic. No one knows where they came from, and they have no intention of making their homes here. When they have stolen enough from their neighbors, for they all steal from each other, they will go on to some other place and live off their ill-gotten gains, unless they should happen to be caught. You are the only honest man on the river."

Cornelius was very much amused at this recital of his neighbors' faults, but carefully refrained from letting Casey notice it, and replied, "You judge your neighbors too harshly, Mr. Casey. They do not steal from me, and I see no necessary connection between a dry climate and robbery. A man can be honest in any climate, if he will fear God."

"Yes," replied Casey, "but these people fear neither God nor the devil, and they would rather steal than eat any day. Why, I have had six colts taken from my pasture, and I don't know where my bunch of cattle is right now. I've ridden all through the big bend of the river, and can't find a trace of them. Somebody has run them off into the hills, I'm afraid, and I may never see them again."

Some days after this conversation, Cornelius having retired one night, there came a knock at the door, and a loud "Hello."

"Who is there?" demanded Cornelius.

"It is I, Casey," was the answer. "You blew your light out too soon. I was almost here."

Cornelius arose and lighted a lamp, and invited Mr. Casey in, who entered and took a seat, evidently in great excitement.

"I've been watching my cattle," he said, "and some parties who evidently have designs on them. I saw them working the bunch down towards the river, until it got so dark I lost sight of them. I believe they mean to cross them over at 'Wild Bill's' place, and scatter them in the hills on the other side. Have you a saddle horse, Mr. Cadwallader?"

"Yes," replied Cornelius. "Can I help you in any way, Mr. Casey?"

"I'd like to borrow your saddle horse to ride into town in the morning," said Casey. "I am going to report this to the authorities."

"Have you sufficient evidence to make a case?" inquired Cornelius.

"Oh, yes," replied Casey, "but I'll only tell it to the authorities."

"Of course," replied Cornelius. "Yes, you can get the saddle horse, Mr. Casey, if you need it. But wouldn't it be better if you should take another look in the morning?"

"Well, maybe," said Casey. "But I'm going to have the authorities look, too."

The morning came, but Casey did not appear. It was not until the following day that Cornelius met him again, and when asked why he had not come for the horse, Casey said, "Oh, I took your advice, and went out as soon as it was light enough to see, and found my cattle in a coulee at the lower end of my place."

This seemed to be the usual way in which his cattle were in the habit of being "stolen," and found again.

But upon another occasion, when one of Cornelius' milk cows had failed to come home in the evening with the others, he mounted a horse and rode down towards the river in search of her. He met the cow coming, and drove her on towards the corral. He had gotten inside his fence with her, when a voice hailed him: "Where are you going with that cow?"

Cornelius turned, and saw Casey riding toward him. "I am going home with her," replied Cornelius. "Whose cow is she?" demanded Casey. "She is my cow," replied Cornelius. "But she looks like mine," said Casey.

"Come here, Mr. Casey, and I will show you my brand on her," said Cornelius.

"Oh, that's all right. If she's yours I don't want her," replied Casey. "But she looks very much like one of mine that's missing."

Casey came inside the place, and upon a closer inspection of the cow decided she was not his; and without apologizing rode off, apparently in a pleasanter state of mind. And by this narrow margin, after having been told he was "the only honest man on the river," the parson of Cow Creek escaped the suspicion of being a cattle rustler.

But that Cornelius necessarily became a "rustler" of the proper sort was due to changed conditions on his mission field. Since the Home Missionary Board had discontinued its appropriation, and some of the members had reduced their subscriptions, it was needful that the missionary find other sources of income. Hitherto the cultivation of his homestead, in so far as any cultivation had been attempted (for very little had been undertaken on this line, it being steadily maintained by the Cow Creek ranchers and all others that the country was too dry for farming), had been done by George Miller and his partners in the "Lazy-Y F outfit," in payment of their subscriptions on Cornelius' salary. Cornelius possessed neither horses nor farm machinery, depending upon his friends and parishioners to do his farm work; and when he had

once suggested to George Miller that it might be better for him to have his own outfit and do his own work, his brother-in-law had replied, "Oh, no; you don't need a team. All you want is to plant a garden and a patch of potatoes, and when we have a team to spare for a day, or half a day, you can get it to work your crop, or to haul your wood; or some of us will come and do the work for you."

And this had sufficed for the first three years; but Cornelius, who had closely observed conditions in Montana, believed that the time had now come for larger operations in the cultivation of the soft, as the copious rains of the past two years had given promise of abundant moisture.

It was the spring after the "hard winter," as all who passed through it yet refer to it, when deep snow had covered the ground from November to April, and the "Chinook" winds had failed to come and break the bitter and long-continued cold, which had frequently been registered at from thirty to sixty degrees below zero, to the great discomfort of man and a large loss of livestock. But spring had come at last, and the melting snow gave promise of a well-watered land. Every coulee and lake bed was full of water, and Cow Creek could not carry between its banks all that came to it, and overflowed the land, giving moisture to the fertile soil, and causing the grass to spring up with a rank growth which made the old-timer gaze with wonder and smile with delight, as it bore the promise of an extra good hay crop.

"This is the time for us to go to farming in Montana," said Cornelius. "If crops will not grow here this year they never will."

"Well," said George Miller, "you've got a number-one hay ranch, if you only knew it, and you'd do a whole lot better to grow hay on your land than to break it up. Why, I've known ranchers to pay twenty-five dollars a ton for hay in the winter. Lots of them paid that for it last winter, and then some couldn't get enough to save their sheep. You'd better have some hay on hand next winter, if you want to make some money."

Thus encouraged Cornelius bought a grubbing hoe, and began laboriously to cut the sagebrush from such portions of his land as promised to make good hay meadows. It was hard work, and he was unaccustomed to it. His back ached, his hands were blistered, and the sweat ran down his face, to which sun and wind combined to give a glorious tan. But, in the Montana vernacular, he "stayed with it," and the acreage he succeeded in clearing of brush presented a smiling appearance as the lush, green grass grew thick and tall.

As the summer advanced, how to secure his hay crop was a practical problem with Cornelius, but he had no doubt that it would be cut and stacked by his parishioners, as all his ranch work had hitherto been done, in providing for his pastoral support. Then at ten or twelve dollars a ton, the usual winter prices at Big Bend, he figured that he would have quite a nice sum from the sale of his surplus hay with which to pay his store account and provide further support and comfort for his family.



But while a pastor may propose or lay plans for future contingencies, his relatives and parishioners, upon whom he may be in a measure dependent, will sometimes dispose of his plans and hopes to his disadvantage.

"I will cut and stack your hay for half," announced George Miller, after inspecting the growing crop. As Cornelius had neither horses nor haying machinery, and as the "Lazy-Y F outfit" and Ben Morris were the only parties in the neighborhood prepared to do the work of haying, he saw that it would be prudent to endure what could not be cured, and so put his haying into the hands of George Miller. He could help some, of course, but that would not be mowing, raking, and stacking his own crop with his own outfit. Moreover, his mental computation of profits from the crop would now have to be revised, as it was not certain that his share of the crop would more than suffice for the needs of his own stock.

"Well, I am thankful that the cattle are provided for during another winter," said Cornelius. "And our own needs will be supplied in some way. The Psalmist said, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"Yes," said Martha, smiling cheerfully, "we will be provided for.

"It may not be my way, it may not be thy way; But yet in His own way the Lord will provide."

And Cornelius felt that with such a brave and cheerful helpmate the future held promise of all needful good.

Cornelius had often wished for the horses and machinery with which to work his place, and the time seemed opportune when the larger farming operations of his friends made it inconvenient for them to do his work as before, and George Miller told him that he would have to make other arrangements, The Cow Creek ranchers had seen the advantage of growing grain for feed, instead of buying, and the abundant moisture of this season promised bumper crops, leading them to revise their creed that the land was too dry for farming, and thus the spring found them busily engaged seeding a considerable acreage to oats and barley. This meant that not only would Cornelius now have to do his own farm work, but that he would receive the greater portion of his salary in cash rather than labor or supplies, and any deficit in his support would have to be covered by his own efforts at farming.

He had no money with which to buy a team, but George Miller had a good work team he would sell on time at a fair price, and Cornelius bought it. He also purchased a wagon, harness, and some necessary farm machinery from an implement dealer at Big Bend, giving his note for them, which was endorsed by George Miller. He then broke out a few acres, which he sowed to oats and macaroni wheat, and planted an acre of potatoes and a large garden. He also introduced the growing of corn into the neighborhood at this time. While he did not think that Montana would ever be described as in the corn belt, yet he thought the seed he had obtained from North Dakota ought to be given a fair trial in this new country, with the view to developing a hardy variety that would mature in a short season, and the result of his trial was very encouraging. He now thought of getting some pigs to commence the raising of pork, but in that cattle and sheep

country not a pig was to be found, and the ranchers were not disposed to encourage the production of pork.

It seemed that it was Cornelius' fortune to be ahead of the times in Montana, not only in teaching religion, but also in regard to farming. Instead of buying cattle or sheep, as was the custom, and starting a ranch, he was disposed to suggest new and untried crops and methods in farming. To this end he proposed alfalfa as a good and profitable hay crop, and purchased and sowed on his place a pound of alfalfa seed as an experiment.

"Well," said George Miller, "I'd like to see how it comes out; but I don't believe you can raise alfalfa here successfully without irrigation."

But watered only by the rains Cornelius' alfalfa flourished, and for a small area produced an abundant crop.

"Say, that looks fine," said George, when he saw the patch in early bloom. "I wish I had forty acres like it."

And the next year George bought seed enough for several acres. Others afterwards planted large areas to corn and alfalfa, and the success of these crops on the dry-land farms of Montana is a sufficient justification of the experiments made in the early days by Cornelius and other pioneers.

But the most revolutionary enterprise on which Cornelius embarked was the growing of muskmelons for the purpose of marketing the seed. This venture brought him not a little good-humored banter from his friends. Had they not all tried to grow water- and muskmelons the first year after coming to Montana? And did they not all meet with failure? Who had ever known melons to come to perfection there? The country was too far north for that; melons simply would not ripen there.

But while on a trip to North Dakota, where he had been called to hold some meetings, Cornelius had seen a melon which not only ripened in that climate, but grew in great profusion. The seed had been brought from Russia by emigrants from that country, hence it was called the "Russian muskmelon." He obtained a small quantity of seed, which he planted on his own place the next spring, and the Russian muskmelon grew and matured in Montana as readily as in North Dakota. He saved the seeds of all that ripened, and planted a larger patch the next year. That proved to be a dry year, and the general crops were a failure, but the Russian muskmelon proved an exception, as it surprised all by continuing to grow and mature through the dry weather. Evidently it had been produced under arid conditions in its native land. Cornelius had become discouraged over the early prospect, and ceased cultivating the crop, congratulating himself that he had reserved seed enough for another trial the next year. But the number of ripe melons he gathered rendered this precaution needless, and with much enthusiasm he prepared for a supreme effort the third season. He now planted nearly an acre of land in Russian muskmelons, and the season proving propitious, the melon patch in late summer presented a most charming prospect. There was not a melon here and there, but wagon loads of them all over the ground. The dark green of the foliage and the unripe fruit gave evidence of much vitality, and when the melons

began to change to golden yellow and exhibit signs of toothsome and juicy delights so long known to the dwellers on Cow Creek only in memory, Cornelius felt a degree of satisfaction with his venture which only the successful originator of some fruit or vegetable novelty may appreciate. Perhaps all who have succeeded in similar ventures from the time when "Adam delved and Eve span" have been similarly elated, and the parson of Cow Creek was simply taking his natural place in the ranks of successful rustlers by producing a phenomenal crop of muskmelons in Montana. But what would it all amount to?

"It will take two or three years to get your melon seed known to the public, so they will buy it," said George Miller. "And you will have to raise a lot of 'em, to make 'em pay at the price melon seed is."

"We shall see," replied Cornelius.

When the melons were ripening fast he began selling them at fair prices both at the patch and at Big Bend, where he found no difficulty in selling several dozens every time he went to town with a load, until he had realized thirty-five dollars from the sale of muskmelons.

Then an article from his pen, descriptive of the Russian, or Northwestern, muskmelon, and giving his experience with its culture, appeared in the Dakota Farmer, and at once letters began to come from all parts of the Northwest asking where the seed of his melon might be obtained. This was exactly what Cornelius desired, as he had saved a large quantity of seed and was prepared to fill orders large or small. Several nurserymen and seedsmen wrote him with reference to the melon, and one enterprising firm gave him an order for several pounds of seed. At the close of the season Cornelius had sold melon seed to the value of one hundred and fifteen dollars, and had a total income of one hundred and fifty dollars from his melon patch of less than one acre that year.

While it is not probable that this business could have been continued at the same rate on a more extensive scale, yet the ever widening stream of orders from twelve states and two provinces of Canada, and the commendatory letters received from satisfied purchasers, showed that a reputation for his product had been established, which would doubtless bring him many future customers, and "Cadwallader the muskmelon man" became a familiar term throughout the Northwest.

\* \* \* \* \*

08 -- HOBO JOE

During the early years of their residence on Cow Creek the Cadwalladers had learned that it was not an occasion for surprise to find men of many nations and of widely different conditions of life among those who made up the population of this new state. There were men from nearly every European country, as well as from every one of the United States, and from Canada and Mexico, Alaska and South America, Japan, China and India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Veterans on both sides of the Civil War, and scouts and Indian fighters in the various campaigns against the Indians were met with, while men who had fought

in the Spanish-American and Philippine wars, or who were on the battleship Oregon when she made her famous voyage around South America, or were with Dewey in Manila Bay, were too numerous to mention. And the new settler soon learned that these had all ceased to be objects of distinction in Montana, as they became fused with the masses of men who were in the making of a new and great commonwealth. It mattered little where a man was from or what he had done, so he was alert and industrious and fitted into the life of the hustling Northwest.

While religious differences between men of different countries are often found, yet moral distinctions are not so apparent, for whatever may have been the home training and influence, when in a strange country the tendency is to drift with the current and leave religious and moral habits and convictions on the shore. Without the gospel of Christ, therefore, men will sink in the quagmires of sin until they have no hope and less desire for salvation.

Profanity, intemperance, gambling, sensuality, and the excessive use of tobacco are common sins among the heterogeneous population of the Northwest, and it is exceptional to find one who keeps himself unspotted from the things of the world. Along with the gross sins of the multitudes there prevails an unbelief in the truths of revealed religion that is appalling. Away from home ties and influences men forget that God sees or cares, and go with the crowds to make money or seek pleasure, regardless of eternal issues, living "without God and without hope" in the world.

One morning in early summer two men were walking the road from Big Bend to the north bench, which was then a great sheep and cattle range. It was unusual for men to walk the roads, as everybody traveled on horseback or in wagons. But these men had no other means of travel, hence a good reason for walking. They were "hoboes," or men who walk the roads seeking work, as opposed to "tramps" who walk the roads seeking a living and avoiding work. These two men had heard in Big Bend of the good wages paid to riders on the roundup, and believing themselves equal to the task had started out to apply for jobs. But the roundup outfit had left town, and no one but the foreman could give them work. So they had "hit the trail" to try to overtake the roundup, with the hope of becoming range riders and cowpunchers.

It was a warm morning, and becoming thirsty they stopped at the Cadwallader shack and asked for a drink of water. As it was about noon, and dinner was nearly ready, Cornelius invited them to stay to dinner, and they accepted the invitation. One of the men was quite talkative, but his speech betrayed him as one who had quit school at an early age, and afterwards had led the roving life of a transient laborer. The other did not say much, but seemed to possess a large fund of general information, and when he did speak his well-chosen words indicated him as a product of the schools, or, at least, a man of wide and extensive reading.

Cornelius returned thanks at the table, and during the meal the fact of his being a minister was mentioned. After dinner, as the men made ready to go, the one of scholarly appearance glanced at Cornelius' collection of books, and asked, "Have you a Latin lexicon in your library?"

"No, sir," replied Cornelius, "I have not. I have Latin readers, with vocabularies, also a Latin grammar, but no lexicon."

"That is too bad," replied the man. "But I will ask you to accept this, anyway. I do not get much time to look into it now, and would like you to have it. But you will need a lexicon in order to read it."

And he produced and handed to Cornelius a small book, which the latter received with thanks. It was the First Book of Virgil's Aeneid, a Latin textbook, bearing the imprint of Cambridge University, in England.

Why a man able to read such a book, and carrying it with him for reading matter, should be walking the roads and seeking a job as a roundup rider it would be useless to conjecture. The learned as well as the illiterate are often in unexpected places in the great Northwest.

Early the next fall after the incident of the Aeneid, it was observed that a new shack had been built a couple of miles from the Cadwallader homestead, on the opposite side of the Yellowmud River, and inquiry elicited the fact that it had been built by "Hobo Joe," or Joseph Casey, a man who had worked at a livery barn at Big Bend for a few months past, and who had taken a homestead and started a ranch on the river.

Cornelius rode over that way one day, and was not a little surprised to find that his new neighbor, "Hobo Joe," was no other than he who while walking to secure a job of riding had not the time to look into his Aeneid, and therefore gave it away. "Hobo Joe's" greeting was cordial, and he would have Cornelius enter his shack, where he exhibited his library with much satisfaction. There were two well-filled cases of books, besides magazines and reviews on a table. The books included history, biography, science, philosophy, poetry, essays, and fiction, and "Hobo Joe" was able to converse about his books in terms of great familiarity. It was evident that he knew his books, that he possessed a retentive memory, and that his greatest pleasure, after reading his books, was to exhibit and talk about them.

Cornelius, being himself a book lover, inspected the library with much interest, and found a number of books which he had long wished to read.

"Now here is something I think is very fine," said Casey, handing Cornelius a book which a glance showed was the product of a well-known public character who posed as an unbeliever in Christianity, and who devoted much of his time to writing and lecturing against the Bible and revealed religion.

"His was a great mind," said Casey, "and as a public speaker he had few equals. I've heard many noted speakers, and very few with his ability."

"It is not an evidence of a great mind to speak against the Bible and the Christian religion, Mr. Casey," said Cornelius. "Some of the greatest minds of the ancient world were among the authors of the Bible, and the present age has produced none greater than some of those devout men of learning who have accepted the Bible as God's Word."

"But men have found today that the Bible is full of errors, that it is contradicted both by ancient history and modern science," argued Casey. "And all this profession of religion is mere superstition."

"Mr. Casey," replied Cornelius, "there has been no discovery of man, in the field of either history or science, in the earth beneath or the heavens above, that has or that can set aside God's revelation to man, in which is His holy Gospel, whereby man is saved from a life of sin and degradation, and lifted up to a life of purity and communion with God. These are facts of experience, and not mere theories."

"But what you claim as an experience of religion is all imagination," replied Casey. "It is like the belief in ghosts and witches of our forefathers. An excited mind can conjure up all sorts of supernatural beings."

"But excitement, Mr. Casey, is not permanent in man's experience," said Cornelius. "It is like a summer shower that is soon over. And the fact of an abiding peace, and joy, and victory, a constant repugnance towards sin, and the love of God indwelling and overflowing in one's soul, like a fountain that never runs dry, and this as the normal and everyday experience, cannot be accounted for on the ground of excitement or imagination. 'We speak that we do know, and testify the things we have seen and heard.'"

"Well," remarked Casey, "I've never had such an experience, and you can't convince me by telling your experience."

"No," said Cornelius, "the blind man who has never seen the sun cannot be convinced by the testimony of him who has sight that there is a sun."

"And so I am blind, then?" asked Casey. "But I can see other things clear enough; but this thing is beyond my horizon."

"None is so blind as he who will not see," quoted Cornelius. "Jesus is the Light of the world, and we may see plainly by faith in Him what is otherwise obscure."

"But I have no faith in Him," said Casey, "and all your preaching will have no effect on me."

Casey here showed such signs of irritation and impatience that Cornelius thought it prudent to close the interview and retire.

But occasions were not infrequent when "Hobo Joe," by accident or design, met Cornelius and invariably asked a question or made a remark leading to a discussion of some religious topic, and then delighted, as it would seem, to combat Cornelius' position. Cornelius never sought these discussions, but when they were thrust upon him by Casey, he never yielded by the slightest measure his faith in the truth of divine revelation.

Casey was of Roman Catholic parentage, but under the influence of infidel teachings had left that faith, and was an avowed unbeliever in Christianity. And yet he would not tolerate anything said against the Catholic church, though himself most unsparing in his denunciations of what he termed its superstitions and hypocrisies. Cornelius was not disposed to attack either the man's unbelief, or his peculiar devotion to the Catholic church while rejecting revealed religion, but was always ready to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

One of "Hobo Joe's" favorite historical subjects was Joan of Arc, and he accepted the Maid of Orleans at the value placed on her by the medieval historians, including her alleged angelic visitants and their heavenly voices. For one who disclaimed belief in the supernatural this was a remarkable attitude. It illustrates the tenacity of early training to survive after the temple of religious instruction and Christian faith has been swept from the life by unbelief, and emphasizes the inconsistency often found in infidelity.

"You cannot think that an angel appeared to Joan of Arc, when you deny the visit of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary?" asked Cornelius, upon a certain occasion, when Casey had introduced the subject.

"I certainly do," replied Casey. "We have good history for Joan of Arc; but the story of the Virgin Mary and the Angel Gabriel is the invention of priests."

"Can you name the priest who invented it?" asked Cornelius.

To this Casey made no answer, but stared at Cornelius with the blank look of one to whom a new and unsolved proposition has been presented.

"If you cannot," continued Cornelius, "you lose your case. The man who alleges a fault in another, or who challenges the truth of any proposition, should be ready with the facts in proof of his claim. Failing to do so he loses--"

"But we know that the priesthood has duped and deceived the people in all ages of the world," interrupted Casey. "And the priests who wrote the Bible were no exceptions."

"There you are again," answered Cornelius. "Name the priests who wrote the Bible, and show their deception, and the reasons for it. 'That thou mightest know the certainty of the things wherein thou hast been instructed,' said St. Luke, when writing his Gospel. Now if you know who those priests were who have deceived us by giving us the Bible, you owe it to the world, in the interest of fair play, to publish their names, tell when and where they lived and wrote, and you lose your case when you fail to do so."

"But I know the priests today are out for gain," said Casey, "and they've always been so. And the Bible has never done me any good."

"Neither will the food on your table do you any good, if you do not eat it," replied Cornelius.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.' We have good history, Mr. Casey, as to the writers of the Bible, and how it has been preserved and handed down to us. But the surest test of its divine inspiration is to apply the power of its truth to the uplifting and purifying of human life. Do we not all need to be lifted out of the misery, degradation, and despair into which sin has cast us? and do not our hearts cry out to be purified from sin, and filled with the love of God, that our lives may be pleasing to Him, and a blessing to ourselves and others?"

"Oh, well, you needn't waste your time preaching to me," replied Casey. "I don't believe there is any power in your religion to make one man different from another. It is all in their birth and education that makes some men better than others."

"It is a good thing to be well born," replied Cornelius. "But, 'Ye must be born again.' It is regeneration by the power of God that makes the difference. Unless one is regenerated one is dead in sin, no matter what one's worldly advantages may be."

But "Hobo Joe" would not be persuaded, his pride and unbelief leading him to reject the gospel of Christ which, as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," finds man, unable to save himself, in a very helpless and defenseless condition, which is very humbling to his pride.

But in contrast with his unbelief and his suspicions of his neighbors, was "Hobo Joe's" love for his little boy, Joseph, Junior, who was his sole human companion on the ranch. Little Joe was about twelve years old, a bright lad, with a cheerful and winning spirit, and was his father's hope and inspiration in the arduous duties and vexatious problems incident to ranch life. Father and son were devoted to each other, and under his parent's instructions the boy was quick to learn the care of cattle and horses, and his ardent wish was to become a cowpuncher and rider of bronco horses. He attracted Cornelius' attention by his vivacity and cheerfulness, and the two became fast friends. Little Joe occasionally came to Sunday school, where he was an attentive listener, and prompt to answer the questions of his teacher. But Casey did not encourage his attendance, and usually had something for him to do on Sunday mornings. Once, however, Casey himself came to the Sunday morning service, and became deeply interested in the sermon, the subject of which was "Christ Our Substitute," and at the close of the service approached Cornelius and congratulated him on his effort, apparently thinking this the proper thing to do. The next day he rode over to the Cadwallader place, and with characteristic bluntness, asked, "Isn't it like a man taking advantage of the bankrupt law?"

"What do you refer to?" asked Cornelius.

"Why, a sinner who wants to be saved, as you were preaching about," said Casey. "Isn't it like a man who has nothing to pay, and throws himself on the mercy of his creditors?"

"It surely is," replied Cornelius, catching his meaning. "We are bankrupt debtors before God, and must throw ourselves on His mercy. But we have the assurance that He does have mercy on us, and that our debt has all been canceled by Jesus, who died in the sinner's stead, and



rose again for his justification. The sinner may come to Him with all his debt, and find it paid. There is no case too hard for Him, Mr. Casey."

"I thought it was something like that," said Casey, and mounting his horse rode away, convinced but not conquered by the gospel, for his hard heart of unbelief spurned the gentle wooings of the Holy Spirit.

One day late in the summer word was brought to Cornelius that "Hobo Joe's" little boy was very sick. The doctor said he had typhoid. This was distressing news for Cornelius, as he was fond of the boy, and he rode over at once to see him. When he arrived at the place he asked Casey if there was anything he could do.

"You can't do a thing," said Casey. "The doctor has just left, and he gives me little hope. The fever has such a hold on him that we fear the boy may not last long. We can't do much but make it as easy as possible for him. But won't you come in and see Joe, Parson?"

Cornelius went in, and was greatly touched to see the fever-wasted features of his little friend, and to hear him repeat in his delirium snatches of hymns or of prayer he had learned at Sunday school. As they stood at his bedside he looked up at Cornelius, and with a wan smile said, "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe."

Cornelius looked at Casey, who seemed to divine his thought, for he said, "Parson, if you believe there's a God who hears prayer, won't you pray for my poor boy, and maybe He will spare him."

The prayer which Cornelius sent up to the throne of grace, in behalf of both father and son, came from a heart of love for the erring and the suffering, and he asked of God with the assurance of being heard and answered according to the Father's will. And the Father answered that prayer a day or two later by taking little Joe to himself, and will answer it for the father whenever he shall call upon Him for mercy.

"He said there wasn't a God on high,  
He laughed at the Christian's hope;  
He looked at the stars in the dotted sky,  
At the rock on the mountain slope--  
The ponderous rock that jutted out,  
High over the murmuring seam  
And he said that they were among  
The things that merely happened to be:  
It was 'only a matter of cooling off  
And condensing that had brought  
The systems, with their suns and worlds,  
To perfection out of naught.'

"He spoke of the sun-kissed pagan's creed  
And the god unto whom he bowed:

He spoke of the drooping flower's need  
Of the mist from the passing cloud;  
He spoke of the dumb brute's fear of death,  
Of the wild hind's mother love,  
And he smiled at the claim that man draws breath  
Through the favor of One above;  
He heard the bell as its echo spread  
On the peace of the Sabbath morn,  
He listened to what the preacher said,  
And he turned away in scorn.

"He stood by the bay as the tide came in;  
He watched the billows that broke;  
He saw the volcano across the plain,  
With its summit wreathed in smoke;  
They were things that had come out of empty space;  
He could tell you how and why.  
But a pallor spread over his baby's face,  
And they said that the child would die!  
Then the man who had scoffed fell down on his knees;  
He still had a prayer to make:  
'O God,' he pleaded, 'spare him, please! God,  
Spare him for Christ's sake.'"

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## 09 -- LEONARD BURROUGHS

When he moved to Montana, Cornelius parted from none of his friends in Ohio with keener regret than Leonard Burroughs, a young preacher to whom he had given his license to preach, and who had been his colaborer in revival meetings and other efforts for the pro' motion of the cause of Christ.

After he had been in Montana a couple of years, Cornelius received a letter from Leonard Burroughs, asking him about the country and the prospects for church work there, saying that he thought of going West and engaging in the work of the ministry. Said he in his letter:

"I will want to get something to work at to support my family while we are getting settled, and until I can get fully into the work. I may take up a homestead near you, but my main object in going out there will be to save souls. I can't go as a missionary, as the board would turn me down, on account of my poor education. I haven't had schooling enough to get in on that line, and I am afraid the conference will turn me down, anyway, as I haven't brought up any of the studies yet. But, brother, God, has called me to preach His gospel, and I am studying His Word, and striving to lead souls to Him, to His honor and glory. If He has a field of labor for me out there He will surely open the way, and I will go where He leads. Now if you see any chance for me out there, let me know."

Cornelius would gladly have welcomed his friend to Montana, but upon reflection concluded that conditions did not favor his coming. Opportunities for labor were ample, and wages were good on the ranches; but the conditions were hardly favorable for a minister of the gospel engaging in ranch work, who wished at the same time to continue his work of preaching and soul saving. Not that there were lacking those who needed salvation; but the isolation of the ranches, the indifference or stubborn opposition of the people to religious work, and the prevailing habit of Sunday labor presented barriers to the preaching of the gospel of which the Eastern preacher, who is used to his regular congregations, and, in general, a churchgoing community, may have but a faint conception.

But the desired opportunity appeared at this time in North Dakota, where the Shirley church was without a pastor, and by Cornelius' advice Leonard Burroughs was called to this pastorate, which he accepted, and soon afterwards entered upon the work there.

When Leonard Burroughs was licensed as a preacher there were those who predicted that his ministerial career would be short, owing to the deficiencies of his education, his schooling having been very limited. But possessing good native ability and an ardent spirit, and having an experience of the grace of God which fined both heart and head, he launched out into the deep of pastoral work with a faith which overcomes obstacles and conquers opposition. His first pastorate was at Island Creek, Ohio, where four small, country churches among the hills of the Ohio River valley were struggling to maintain an existence. The people were poor, unenterprising, and backward in the support of their church. "The problem of the country church" was beginning to be agitated by ecclesiastical economists about that time; but to Leonard Burroughs this problem was simply the question of the salvation of the people in the vicinity of the country church, and intent upon the conversion of sinners by the preaching of the gospel he entered upon his work with an earnestness and a passion for souls which was like a flame of fire, and the fire was soon communicated to the people. Revival followed revival until each of his churches took on new life, and an interest in experimental religion not known in the community for many years was established. After two years at Island Creek, feeling that his work was done on that field, Burroughs declined other opportunities for work in his own conference, and turned his face westward. He felt that his call was to the great prairie country, where people by the thousands were settling and establishing new homes, where church competition was not so keen as in the East, and where congregations were not disposed to be over-critical of the pulpit efforts of an unschooled man. In all fairness, however, it should be said that Leonard Burroughs was a diligent student, that he supplemented his meager schooling by hard study in his leisure hours, and by keen observation of the forms of those who had enjoyed better advantages, and so qualified himself for greater usefulness by a more pleasing presentation of his pulpit themes.

The Shirley church, of which Burroughs now became the pastor, was located in a village of about three hundred, in a well-settled prairie country and on a transcontinental line of railway, in the state of North Dakota. The town and country round about had been settled for only six or seven years, so that both the homes of the people and such public institutions as existed were comparatively new, and much preparatory work had yet to be done in the way of establishing the church. Another congregation had erected a church building in Shirley, and others had been built

at various points in the country, yet the church to which Leonard Burroughs had been called worshipped in the schoolhouse. Numerically it comprised about sixty members, nearly all farmers and their families, and it maintained a flourishing Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society, by means of which many young people were drawn to the church, and were regarded as a very hopeful element in the future outlook of the work.

In its brief career the church had had as pastors only two men, both able preachers, who had not remained long on the field; one had returned East on account of climatic conditions and the unavoidable hardships of frontier life, and the other had removed to a distant location where better opportunities for homesteading were offered him.

When Leonard Burroughs arrived and entered upon the work, there was some surprise expressed over his rather limited preparation for the ministry, and the willingness of the church to accept him.

"Oh," said Henry Sherman, a leading member of the church, "I've known churches to be preached to death by college men with a string of letters after their names; they've told us all about the sun, moon, and stars, the Egyptians and Babylonians, the pro and con, the tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, and so forth and so on. People get tired of ancient history, and want something up to date. Now this young man isn't much of a scholar, but he's got brains, and does his own thinking. He'll not dish up any stale rations to us. And there's another thing in his favor, and ours, and that's his voice. He can be heard distinctly in all parts of the room, and we won't be ashamed of him in the biggest crowd in the country. We'll have him on the program of the Old Settler's picnic next summer, and if he doesn't hold the audience spellbound by his eloquence, I am very much deceived."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Jack Foster, the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, when spoken to about the pastor, "he is not an educated man, and has missed some advantages usual to the ministry; but his lack of self-consciousness and his charming native courtesy contribute to make him a perfect gentleman, and the young people all seem to like him. While we may not expect too much of him, as we may have done with others, yet we feel that he will give a good account of himself. At least, we hope so."

Josiah Carley, the treasurer of the church, said with reference to the new pastor:

"We need a man as a leader, as much or more so than a preacher. We need a church building, and ought to have had it long ago, in order to keep pace with the other churches. But our pastors have lacked the element of leadership in constructive work, and here we are today in the old schoolhouse. Now Burroughs has the reputation of being a hustler, as well as a revivalist. The churches on the Island Creek charge all repaired their houses, or built new ones, after his great revivals there, and we hope that a like result will follow here."

When Leonard Burroughs came to Shirley and entered upon the pastorate, his congregation was attracted by his manner of presenting the message. He did not draw a manuscript from his breast pocket and place it between the leaves of the pulpit Bible, behind the sheltering wings of a broad and high pulpit (there was no pulpit in the schoolhouse), but with a

pocket Bible in hand he announced his subject and delivered his message with a freedom and force which convinced all that it was burning in his soul, and that he must deliver it, not only for his hearers' sake, but for his own, that he might make full proof of his ministry and be clear of the blood of all men.

"He believes every word he says," said Isaac Bollinger, the superintendent of the Sunday school, "and he says it in such a way as to make us believe it, too."

The sincerity of the man was a strong factor in winning the respect and confidence of the people. Sundry errors in grammar, which in many others would have been inexcusable, were overlooked in Burroughs, because the truth was presented by him in such a manner as not only to catch the attention, but to grip the heart and conscience of his hearers, and not a few found themselves searching their hearts and lives in the light of the Word of God.

About a year before coming to Shirley, Leonard Burroughs had attended a camp meeting in Ohio, which was known as a "holiness camp," and had there entered into the experience of entire sanctification, or perfect love, which was the distinctive teaching at that camp meeting, on the part of leaders in the "holiness movement," who gathered there during the season allotted to such work and conducted meetings for the promotion of holiness, with much fervor and spiritual power. At these meetings many were brought into the experience of holiness, and when they went home their churches were either helped by their testimonies into a higher Christian experience, or through the reproach and opposition cast upon the professors of holiness fell into a state of worldliness and indifference that was sad to contemplate.

Leonard Burroughs had been known before this time as a man of blameless life, and as a preacher of repentance and regeneration had been instrumental in leading many souls to Christ. But he attended the holiness camp meeting "to get," as he said, "something I had failed to get elsewhere, and that was clear instruction in the way of holiness. I had felt a longing for greater purity and power in my work; the old appetite for tobacco, the use of which I quit when I was converted, would come up at times, especially when tobacco-using preachers and church members would smoke in my presence and offer me cigars; and there were times when I would get provoked at those who wouldn't do as I wanted them to do, or who would, as it seemed to me, do things to displease me. ]I felt there was something in my life which ought not to be in the life of a Christian, and I struggled to get rid of it, but in vain. I believed that if God's Word is true, and of this I had no doubt, there must be victory over these things sometime and somewhere, and from what I heard at the camp meeting and read in God's Word, I saw that these and other manifestations of sin were caused by the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, and must be destroyed by the power of God. And I ceased to grope around in the dark, trying to make myself better, and came to Jesus with all I have and all I am, and looked up to Him for full salvation through His blood. And I found that the time of my uttermost salvation was then, and the place was the old camp ground where a present and full salvation from all sin is preached through faith in Jesus. Hallelujah!"

Burroughs told his experience at the first week-night prayer meeting he held in Shirley, and it produced a mild sensation. There were not many who understood what he was talking about, and the greater number of those present credited it to his eccentricity of speech and

manner, of which they had had report. The young people, especially, were highly diverted by his ejaculatory utterances, as, "Bless God," "Praise the Lord," and "Hallelujah," and which the older members did not remember ever to have heard from one of their former pastors under similar circumstances.

Soon after entering upon the pastorate at Shirley, Leonard Burroughs became much burdened for souls, and after much prayer and thought upon the subject preached one Sunday evening what some described as "a regular revival sermon," without having given previous notice of the same, and afterwards invited penitents forward for prayer. To the general surprise of the congregation, but not of the preacher, several persons heeded the invitation, and such a season of prayer, confession, and supplication as followed had never before been witnessed in Shirley. Not that pastors had not conducted revival meetings and asked those interested to come forward, but that the present scene was as a thunder storm compared with a gentle shower. Pastors and evangelists had conducted meetings, it is true, and had asked those who were willing to accept Christ to hold up their hands.

"And, now, if you please, we would be glad to have you come and bow at the penitent form, that we may properly instruct and pray with you," had been the invitation of former days, and the ministers gravely shook hands with those who came forward, who were supposed to "join the church" by that act.

But in Burroughs' meeting those who came to the "mourner's bench," as he termed it, did not come in the conventional way, the entire proceedings being new and startling to all present. The first to go forward was Miss Lottie Sherman, a public school teacher, a member of the church, and a niece of Mr. Henry Sherman, a leading member and official of the church. This young lady was cultured and refined, a favorite in society, and, as was supposed, blameless in life and a model church member. She had joined the church when a girl, as a matter of course, her father and mother being members, and many of her associates joined at the same time, and had then grown up in the church and considered it her spiritual home. But under the searching truths of Leonard Burroughs' preaching she was amazed to learn her true spiritual state, and to see herself as a sinner in the sight of God. That she had no spiritual life was to her a revelation, but the fact that she had never been "born again," was just a frivolous and world-minded girl, proud, selfish and resentful, with many sins unrepented of, became under the convincing preaching of her pastor the most prominent fact in her life, and so distressed did she become over her lost spiritual state that appetite for food and desire for sleep fled from her, until her friends thought she was ill and advised her to consult a physician. But this advice was not heeded, and that Sunday night when the invitation was given she knew what she ought to do, and was the first to rise and go to the mourner's bench. A few followed her example, and it was evident that they were there for one purpose, to find salvation from their sins. Some began to pray audibly, and others hid their faces in their hands and remained mute, except for some convulsive sobbing. But the pastor was a master hand with all such cases, and took charge of the altar service as one who was familiar with his work. Said he, "Now you have come here seeking salvation, and you must remember that you can only get it from God and in His way. I can't give it to you, and it isn't in this bench; so don't look at me, nor down at the bench, but up to God. Take your hands away from your faces, and look up, and ask God for what you want. But, remember, in the first place you've got to repent of all your sins. And that means to leave off all your sins, to quit

sinning, as well as to feel sorry on account of your sins. You've got to come to that place where you can look up to God -- look Him in the face, as it were and say, 'I forsake all my sins.' You must get right with God, because the sins you have committed have not only brought misery and despair to you, because they are taking you down to hell, but they have grieved and offended God, who is your best friend.

"And then if there is anything between you and any other person that hasn't been settled or made right, you must make it right; go and be reconciled, restore what you have wrongfully taken, or withdraw what you have wrongfully said. God will not bless you until you have done this, if it is within your power to do it.

"Then remember there is One who is able and willing to save you, and is more ready to do so than you may think. Jesus died for your sins, died in your stead, He shed His blood that you might be saved and cleansed from sin. You must come to Him with the faith that takes Him for the very Saviour you need. Do you believe this? Do you believe that Jesus died for you, and that He rose again from the dead, and today He lives and intercedes for you, and that He has the power to save you right now?"

And with many other words he exhorted and instructed them in the way of salvation, praying for them, and instructing them how to pray. It is safe to say that, while such doctrine was not new to some in Shirley, yet to many it came with the force of a new truth, Because though lifelong members and punctual attendants at church, they heard it now for the first time with the conviction that the way of salvation through faith in an all-sufficient Saviour was open to them, and that to believe was to be saved and to disbelieve was to be lost.

The effect of this teaching was all that the most ardent revivalist could wish. The penitents were soon all praying audibly, with heads uplifted and with expressions of agony on their tear-stained faces, unconscious that a crowd of people was looking on, for the most part unsympathetic, but with a wonder and amazement that knew no bounds. This was deepened when a man got up from among the kneeling penitents and went Back to another man who sat near the door, and spoke to him in a humble manner, at the same time drawing out his pocketbook and handing him some money. It was well known that these two men had not spoken to each other for more than a year, and that there had Been a dispute Between them over the payment of an account. The man from the mourner's bench paid the bill, and immediately returned to his place, But had no sooner reached it than he jumped up again, shouting, "Glory to God! I am saved! The Blood of Jesus covers all my sins! Oh, glory, glory!"

And immediately afterward there was a glad cry from Lottie Sherman, as she sprang to her feet, saying, "Praise God! I am saved! I've been a member of this church for six years, But I never knew before what it was to feel my sins forgiven. But now I know; God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me all," and her testimony ended with a burst of such glad laughter as only a pardoned soul can give.

There were others who testified that night to the power of God to save, until a wave of glory spread over that part of the congregation which knew by experience the joy of pardoned sin, and upon the other and larger portion there fell a cloud of conviction darker and heavier than

any storm cloud of the summer sky. Some of the penitents did not pray through that night, and the pastor announced that the meetings would be continued from night to night, as he believed the church was on the eve of a great revival.

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## 10 -- OPENING AND CLOSING THE DOORS OF THE CHURCH

Cornelius Cadwallader fully expected to hear good news from the ministry of Leonard Burroughs at Shirley, and would have been disappointed if he had not reported a revival there. He had received no word from Burroughs for some time, when the following letter came:

"Shirley, N. D., Dec. 7, 19\_\_

"Dear Brother Cadwallader:

"Your letter asking me to come out your way and hold some meetings was received recently, and I was planning to go. Thought I would like to go out about Christmas, and hold a meeting with you, and I was asking God to open the way, that I might do the work of an evangelist up there, and win many souls to him. But it is all off now, for the present, at least, and I will have to wait until God plainly shows the way.

"I was holding a meeting here, brother, and souls were getting to God, quite a number converted, and some sanctified. The meeting had been running for two weeks, with the house crowded every night, and would likely have continued for some time longer, and a great work of salvation would have been done.

"But Richard Carter, the president of the conference, came last week, and he preached Sunday morning. He heard me two nights, and on Saturday night gave notice that he would preach Sunday morning, and administer the sacrament. Well, after the service Sunday morning he called the official board to meet in the afternoon, and enough of them got together to do as he wanted done. He had a majority, anyway, and some who would have been for me weren't there, and they voted to close the doors against me. Three of them, Sherman, Foster, and Carley, came to the house about six o'clock Sunday evening, and told me I couldn't preach for them any more. They said the doctrine I preach is hurting the church. From the way a lot of the members were confessing their sins and making restitution, and getting right with God, I should say it was doing them a lot of good. But they wouldn't have it that way, and as soon as Richard Carter came I knew there was something going on.

"Well, brother, I am in God's hands, and fully resigned to His will, and I have the peace that passeth understanding in my soul. I hope He will yet use me for His glory in the salvation of lost souls. The church here is closed against me, and I don't know what I shall do, but God will open the way when and where He wants me to go to work for Him, and where He leads I'll follow all the way."

"Your brother under the precious blood,



"Leonard Burroughs."

It was with feelings of mingled amazement and indignation that Cornelius read and reread this letter. He quickly saw that his friend, Rev. Leonard Burroughs, the pastor of the church at Shirley, N. D., had been deeply wronged by the action of the official board of the Shirley church, and was amazed that so sagacious a man as the Rev. Richard Carter, the president of the conference, should have lent his aid to the affair.

Practically, Leonard Burroughs had been accused, tried, condemned, and had had sentence executed upon him without his knowledge or consent, until the executioner entered his presence. The action of the official board of the Shirley church was in violation of both the spirit and letter of the church law, and Cornelius' first impulse was to write the Rev. Richard Carter, president of the conference, and the official board, protesting against their action and demanding a reconsideration. If Leonard Burroughs had been guilty of unministerial or unchristian conduct, or if he had preached unscriptural doctrines, he should have been notified of the charge against him, and brought to trial before a constitutional church court, with the opportunity of facing his accusers and conducting his defense, either in person or by counsel, by presenting testimony and witnesses in his favor, and with the privilege of cross-examining the witnesses of the prosecution. This had all been denied him, and as Cornelius considered the matter the injustice of it all refused to be dismissed from his mind. The pastor had been "fired" by the official board, about the same as a farmer would discharge a hired hand who had displeased him, but without the formality of "giving him his check," or paying him off, as no settlement was ever made with Leonard Burroughs for his services at Shirley. Such proceedings were repugnant to a proper sense of right and justice, and at variance with the form and usage essential to a well-ordered church government.

But upon reflection Cornelius perceived that he ought to hear both sides before acting, therefore he deferred writing for a few days, and was presently in receipt of a letter from Rev. Richard Carter, as follows:

"Shirley, N. D., Dec. 12, 19\_\_

"Dear Brother:

"I am here for a few days, adjusting matters in the church since the dismissal of Burroughs, and have succeeded in getting the ship to sailing smoothly again. There was quite a ripple caused by Burroughs' preaching the second-blessing doctrine, and he did it in such a spirit as to cause a division in the church, which is always the result of such preaching. Not many have left, thanks to the prompt action of the board in dismissing Burroughs before the excitement had become intense, and calmer counsels now prevail in the church. Ike Bollinger and wife, and her two sisters, the Misses Sherman, besides one or two others whose names I do not recall, compose the extent of the schism. They are now holding meetings in Ike's house, where they worship Burroughs as their Saviour, and have full liberty to give expression to all their ridiculous professions and performances. But it is not believable that they will persuade sensible people to patronize their services or accept their doctrine. Burroughs' uncouth mannerisms in the pulpit, and his exhibitions of dense ignorance (in which he takes pride) in preaching, have disgusted all

who possess any sense of propriety and dignity in the ministry, and it is hardly to be supposed that this new doctrine will secure many proselytes in the community.

"As a whole the church has not suffered, and is now in good shape again. Miss Mattie Wilkins, the evangelist, and myself are holding some meetings, the design of which is to properly indoctrinate the church, and Miss Wilkins will fill the pulpit until a settled pastor can be secured."

"Your Brother,  
"Richard Carter."

The steps which led up to the situation described in these two letters may be traced as follows: The revival had continued with increased interest each night, and the schoolhouse was crowded to the vestibule with the people from the village and the surrounding country. The other churches were represented, and large numbers of "outsiders," or those who were not connected with any church, also increased the attendance. Conversions occurred nightly, both from among the outside element and the church members, and the pastor's zeal seemed to run on the one line of persuading sinners to be reconciled to God.

About the middle of the week Leonard Burroughs was waited on by two of the leading members of the church, Henry Sherman and Josiah Carley, and the former addressed him as follows:

"Brother Burroughs, you didn't consult us about starting this revival, but we haven't any objections on that score. You are the man for this sort of work; you have the gifts of a revivalist, and we are glad you are making good among us. But your methods are a little new to us. Now we have been used to having the pastor open the doors of the church for joiners, and we were looking to you to do the same. But your way seems to mystify some of the people; they don't understand you: We think you are making it too hard for them. We believe there are a good many who would join if you would give them the chance. Now don't you think you had better adopt our way, and open the doors of the church?"

"Open the doors of the church!" " repeated Burroughs. "Why, yes, whenever any are ready to join. But we've got to get them converted first. I always open the doors of the church at the close of a revival meeting, but I never ask an unconverted person to join the church. I go in for getting them saved that's the Lord's way, and then talk to them about joining the church."

"Well," said Sherman, "we think you are keeping some back who would be willing to come in. Better take them in, and take the chance of getting them converted afterwards."

"No, sir," declared Burroughs, emphatically, "I don't take any unconverted man into this church or any other church, if I know it. Why, that's what's the matter with your church now, too many unconverted people in it already. This church would be a mighty power for God in this town, if the members were all saved. There's room enough in the world for the unsaved, and the church is here to provide a home for those who are saved, and to continue the work that Jesus did, 'to seek and save that which is lost.'"

"We--ll," remarked Sherman, "that is all very good; but we think you would do better to try our way, which all our old preachers have used."

To this Burroughs made no reply, but went up to the desk and commenced the service.

A side light on "opening the doors of the church for joiners" was shed the next day by Enoch Turner, as he sat on an apple box in one of the general stores of the town, and entertained the crowd waiting for the mail with remarks on the daily events of the community.

"I was around to Burroughs' meetin' at the schoolhouse last night," he said, "and I overheard a little conversation between the parson and two of the main pillars of the church that was quite interestin'." And he paused and scanned the faces of his auditors, to note whether there was sufficient visible interest for him to proceed.

"What was the talk about, Nuck?" inquired Pete Byers, who was whittling a stick by the stove.

"Why, 'twas about the way to conduct the meetin'," replied Enoch Turner. "Old Hen. Sherman and Si. Carley come along in together, and stopped jest inside the door, like they was waitin' fer somebody. Well, they hadn't long to wait before the preacher popped in, and started fer the pulpit. But these two main pillars was right in the way, and he couldn't squeeze through. I was settin' in the back seat, next to the aisle, and so couldn't help overhearin' what was said. They wanted him to 'open the doors of the church,' and call fer j'iners, as the custom is, but he allowed he wasn't ready fer that yet. He said he wanted to get 'em converted first. Well, they had quite a discussion over it, in a quiet way of course, but the preacher stuck to his text, and they couldn't budge him. He went on up to the pulpit, and preached one of the powerfulest sermons I ever heerd, on gettin' saved, and the hypocrisy of j'inin' the meetin' house without bein' converted."

"Burroughs must be some different from the other preachers they've had," remarked Pete Byers.

"Well, you've said it," replied Enoch Turner. "Reminds me of the meetin' held by Richard Carter, some years ago, back in Indiany. Carter was a great feller in them days to open the doors and call fer j'iners. He'd do it almost every night durin' the big meetin'. 'Come up,' he'd say, 'and give me your hand, and tharby signify that you intend to lead a new life and accept the Saviour.' Well, he said to me one day, says he, 'Nuck, I see you settin' up near the front last night; I wonder you didn't come up and j'ine.' 'Yes,' says I, 'tis a wonder; but what'd I want to j'ine fer?' 'Oh,' says he, 'to be in the church, and lead a better life, and go to heaven at last.'

"'And so j'inin' will make me lead a better life, and get me to heaven at last,' says I. 'Oh, it will help, it will help,' says he. I didn't say nuthin' fer a minute or so, and then I remarked, 'From the way I see it helpin' a lot of your members it must be slow-actin' medicine. Here I've lived in this town fer twenty-odd year, and I've seen 'em j'inin' in all that time; and if it's made any improvement in their livin', or put 'era any nigher heaven, barrin' a few exceptions that was

genuinely converted, I've been too blind to see it. And if goin' into that church jest as I am, with all my ornariness in me, natural and acquired, isn't goin' to make me any better in twenty year, I'm jest as well off, I take it, on the outside."

When the guffaw of laughter which followed these remarks had subsided, Enoch Turner continued:

"But I want to tell you that some of the j'iners are gettin' through right now. Out of five converts last night, three was his own members. It don't make no difference to Burroughs whar the sinner is, outside or inside the church, he sure hits 'em. And they are goin' on their back tracks, restitutin' things, payin' old debts (a man came to me and offered to pay me two dollars he thought he owed me), and makin' wrongs right, askin' their brothers to forgive 'em, jest as the Bible says. If I ever do get religion that's the kind I want, sure."

It was a noteworthy fact of the revival in progress that a large percentage of the converts were members of the church who, like Lottie Sherman, had discovered their spiritual poverty under the preaching of the Word, and had turned to God with repentance for sin, and prayers for mercy. And having exercised true repentance towards God, they saw that they must hold right relations with their fellow men, and many who were at variance were reconciled, and many old scores were settled.

On the other hand many open sinners of the world were reached, and the nature of the work done among them may be illustrated by the case of Warren Cox, a profane and callous youth, and a leader of the young men in sin. He was converted at the altar, along with his chum, Roy Snow. On the next day they met at Snow's house, and Cox asked, "Where are those cards?"

Snow produced the pack, which they divided between them. Then, instead of the customary game, Warren Cox opened the stove door and placed a card on the burning coals, and watched it burn to ashes; and his companion followed his example, and this they continued to do until the pack of cards was entirely consumed.

This was typical of the thorough work at the altar on which Leonard Burroughs insisted. Former pastors and evangelists had urged acceptance of Christ, but had said little about repentance, and had made much of handshaking as the seekers came forward, as an evidence of their intention to lead a new life, but had not taught that the new life would be witnessed by the Spirit, who alone was its Author. But Leonard Burroughs shook hands with no seeker until he had prayed through with "repentance towards God," which though bitter to those who exercised it, brought relief to the soul as every sin was abandoned, and "faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ," as the very Saviour he needed, and had come through with the joy of pardoned sin in his soul, and the glory of salvation shining in his face.

On the second Sunday morning of the meeting Burroughs preached from Hebrews 12:14, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

He said that holiness is the privilege of God's children, those who have been born again and have a genuine experience of the pardon of their sins, and of the witness of the Spirit to their

heavenly sonship. He showed out of the Scriptures that there remains in the regenerate carnality, or a "root of bitterness," otherwise called original or inbred sin, which St. Paul, in the eighth of Romans, speaks of as "the carnal mind [which] is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

"It is not only the privilege of God's children," said Burroughs, "to know their sins are forgiven, but also to be cleansed from carnality by the blood of Jesus, so that the believer shall no more be troubled by it, and shall have victory over 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' God has commanded His people, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' and God has never made a command that man is unable to keep through faith in Him, and He has, therefore, provided for man's ability to live up to this command. The atonement of Christ covers all the need of man's soul for salvation, and it is the Christian's privilege and duty to come with a full consecration of himself and his all to God, and upon his doing this in faith in the finished work of Christ on Calvary, the Holy Ghost applies the blood of Jesus to the complete cleansing of the soul from inbred sin, and he is now able to

"Rise and walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin;  
With heart made pure, and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within."

At the close of this sermon Burroughs invited those of his hearers who were regenerate, having a conscious experience of sins forgiven and of the witness of the Spirit, and who were walking in all the light they had received, to make the full consecration and receive by faith the second work of God's grace, entire sanctification, from which holiness, or freedom from all sin as a state of life, would be their portion.

The oldest resident could not remember that such a sermon had ever before been preached in Shirley, and but few had ever heard a gospel of this sort elsewhere; or that an invitation to seek holiness had ever been extended by one of their pastors and especially on Sunday morning, This was the most unconventional thing that Burroughs had yet done.

But that the word preached met the needs of hungry hearts was proved by a number responding to the invitation and kneeling at the altar as seekers of the blessing of holiness. Isaac Bollinger, the superintendent of the Sunday school and president of the Christian Endeavor Society, was the first to take this step, and was quickly followed by his wife and her two sisters, the Misses Lottie and Mabel Sherman, and one or two others.

Isaac Bollinger had joined the church as a young man, after a genuine experience of the new birth, and thereafter was a devoted and faithful member. His talents for usefulness and his willingness to serve had secured him promotion until he now held the most responsible offices in the church, next to the pastorate, in relation to the spiritual uplift and activities of the young people. His efficiency and usefulness in these departments and in singing, prayer, and teaching were appreciated by all. He had few apparent faults, and that he kept himself unspotted from the insidious but popular sins by which young people are often entrapped was well known.

But in his own experience Isaac Bollinger knew that he had constantly to struggle against tendencies and temptations which were a menace to the peace of his soul. Frivolous conversation, teasing young men and young ladies about trifles, but in such a way as to humiliate them and hurt their feelings, and quick resentment toward efforts to get the better of him would be considered small errors by many; but when Isaac Bollinger thought on these and other impulses of his nature, he realized that he had an enemy within which required constant watching, and over which he seemed unable to gain a permanent victory. He did not understand the nature of inbred sin, nor the victory to be obtained through faith in Jesus, until the doctrine of holiness was preached in Shirley by Leonard Burroughs, and then he felt that this was a message intended especially for him, and he said, "That is something I want."

Therefore, at the first opportunity he sought the blessing. It was not especially hard for him to make the required consecration, nor to exercise the faith requisite to appropriate the gift of God, up to a certain point, and there he hesitated for a little, mentally debating his fitness for what was plainly to him the call of God to the higher work of preaching the gospel; but finally Isaac Bollinger said, "Yes," to the whole will of God, and was the first to arise that Sunday morning and testify that God had sanctified him wholly. One or two others obtained the blessing in the morning meeting, and more at night, and the meetings continued through another week with the house packed to the door and extra seats in the aisles, and with clear cases of conversion or of sanctification of nightly occurrence. By the end of the week over twenty had been thus blessed, and the prospect that "a great break" would soon occur, and the most extensive revival in the history of Shirley would be in full swing, was very bright. The community was thoroughly aroused, and men and women were talking of little except the meetings. But the usual terms, "getting religion," "professing," or "joining," were superseded by "salvation," "regeneration," "entire sanctification," "holiness," "the second work of grace," and similar expressions. Long neglected Bibles were opened and searched diligently "whether these things were so," and long and wordy were the discussions at the home firesides, at the post office, in the general stores, at the blacksmith shop, at the elevator and the lumber yard, by which was sought the meaning and practical working of the "strange doctrine."

The talk and discussion were not all favorable to the doctrine and its preacher. Certain leading members of the Shirley church might have been seen with heads together, and at the mention of Leonard Burroughs' name, or of the doctrine of holiness, those heads would shake ominously.

"He's too radical," said Henry Sherman, "and his doctrine is way ahead of the people and the times."

"He's a fanatic," said Josiah Carley, "carried away by one idea, and can't see the truth in its proper proportion."

"He labors under the delusion that he should attempt to reform everything and everybody," said Jackson Foster, "and those who don't do as he says are condemned as 'hypocrites.' A compliment on us old, faithful church members, isn't it? But he's clever, and able to win a lot of dupes who become as crazy as he is; but there will be a reaction afterwards."

"The idea!" said another member, "that we can live so straight as not to commit any sin, or be tempted! He can't prove that by the Bible, for it says, 'There is none that doeth good, no, not one.'"

Others expressed disapproval of the pastor's teaching because it ran counter to certain habits of their lives, as the use of tobacco, card playing, dancing, attending theaters, and membership in secret orders, as well as shady transactions in business, off-color storytelling and malicious gossip, and immorality of all degrees. The first, however, to take a decided stand for the pastor's removal was Miss Mattie Wilkins, a licensed preacher and evangelist of the Shirley church, who being on a visit home during the revival, and seeing the work of grace in the church, concluded the pastor might need help, and had generously offered her services. But the pastor had neither invited her to preach nor to take a seat with him in the area generally described as the pulpit, and had, as it seemed to her, utterly ignored her presence in the meeting, as he took upon himself the entire conduct of the services, preaching, altar work, and all. To her wounded feelings had come the shock of the Sunday morning sermon on holiness, and the altar service which followed, in which several testified to having obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. No doubt Miss Wilkins would have profited by having her hard feelings against the pastor dissolved by a dip in the fountain of perfect love, but that word, "holiness," which so often stirs up in the heart of the rejecter a spirit of opposition, had this effect on her, and she said, "Oh, he is a second-blessing-ite, and is preaching a doctrine that will break up this church, if it isn't stopped."

And as the work of salvation went on, with more holiness sermons and more professions of entire sanctification, Miss Wilkins' grievance against her pastor deepened, and she sought friendly ears into which to pour the tale of her troubles. She found in the Messrs. Sherman, Carley, and Foster and their wives sympathetic listeners. Now these three families and their connections were numerous and influential in Shirley and vicinity, and intermarriages had so blended their interests that both in secular and church affairs they usually acted as a unit. What Henry Sherman, Josiah Carley, and Jackson Foster thought best to do, and especially if Mesdames Sherman, Carley, and Foster agreed, was invariably the line of action in the church. At this time these gentlemen, all users of tobacco and members of secret orders, and their wives leaders in and patrons of whist clubs, social dancing parties and theatricals, were united in entertaining a feeling of contempt for "this holiness religion," which the pastor preached, and were as eager as Miss Wilkins to have the work stopped.

After sundry consultations it was decided that the Rev. Richard Carter, the president of the conference, should be summoned to their aid. Just what authority he had in the premises was not clear, but it was assumed that his presence would materially help the situation. He came on Friday before the third Sunday of the meeting, and without calling on the pastor went to the Henry Sherman residence, and with the family to the meeting that night. The pastor, not knowing of his presence until after he had commenced the service, could not be accused of ignoring him in not inviting him to the pulpit. Burroughs' subject that night was "Separation from the World," and as he warned his Christian hearers against the many devices of Satan, whereby believers and unbelievers are yoked together unequally, and exhorted them "to come out from among them and be ye separate," and to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord," the self-appointed committee of inquisition decided that there was a strong tendency towards "come-out-ism" in the pastor's

sermon, especially when he said, "I had rather have a church of six members who are separate and free from these worldly entanglements, with 'Holiness unto the Lord' inscribed on their banner, than a thousand who are so mixed up with the world that you can't tell where they belong."

But the favorable opportunity had not come yet, and the Rev. Richard Carter was forced to listen to another holiness sermon on Saturday night. The pastor spoke at this time on "our secret sins in the light of thy countenance," Psalms 90:8, and in his exposition of the text left nothing uncovered in human conduct, speech, or thought which could be shown on scriptural grounds to be contrary to the law of God. Those who heard him that night were in one of three classes: First, those who rejoiced that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, and who are thereby delivered from sin's dominion, whether open or secret; second, those whose sins rose up before them like a great mountain, and who were groaning for deliverance; and third, those who were filled with wrath because their sins had been uncovered, but were too proud to confess them, and who went away from the meeting determined upon the humiliation of the preacher.

The fact that Leonard Burroughs was not ordained, and that the church had not had the administration of the Lord's Supper since his pastorate commenced, gave the opportunity sought. And as the Rev. Richard Carter, as the president of the conference, had the right to officiate under the circumstances, he went to Burroughs, just before the close of the service, and asked for permission to make an announcement, which being granted, of course, he said that he would preach the next morning at the usual hour and would administer the Lord's Supper.

When Sunday morning dawned Leonard Burroughs was unable to be up, owing to a severe headache in the night, as he had overtaxed his strength in the revival work, and was forced to rest for that one service, at least.

But Richard Carter preached and administered the Lord's Supper, as announced, after which he called a meeting of the official board of the church at two o'clock in the afternoon. At this meeting the Shermans, Carleys, Fosters, and their friends were present. Isaac Bollinger was detained at home with a cold, and one or two others whose sympathies would have been with the pastor were not present.

The deliberations of the official board consumed some time, but would perhaps have remained untold but for the fact that at about six o'clock that Sunday afternoon a committee consisting of Messrs. Sherman, Carley, and Foster knocked at the front door of the pastor's residence, and when he appeared Sherman, as their spokesman, said, "Ahem! Brother Burroughs, we -- ahem! We believe the doctrine you are preaching in the meeting is unscriptural, and is doing the church great harm -- ahem! and we can't let you preach any longer as our pastor. Ahem! The doors of the church are closed against you, and your relation with us is dissolved. Ahem!"

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When Cornelius received and read the letters from Leonard Burroughs and Richard Carter, concerning the dismissal of the former from the pastorate of the Shirley church, he speedily resolved upon a course of action. He would make a searching investigation of the whole affair, and ascertain the equity of the case, after which he would be able to determine his future course. He therefore wrote to Burroughs and Carter, to the members of the official board of the Shirley church, and to a number of other persons in the town and vicinity, who would, he thought, be able to give him impartial views of the case. Having once held a series of meetings at Shirley, and being acquainted with the official and other members, he did not hesitate to address them on the subject, and sent identical lists of questions to all the parties most intimately connected with the unusual situation at Shirley.

The replies received confirmed Cornelius' first impressions, namely, that Leonard Burroughs had been deeply wronged in his dismissal by the official board of the Shirley church. The bias against Burroughs was easily discerned. All who were influenced by Richard Carter and Miss Wilkins were firm in their belief that it was Burroughs' intention to break up the Shirley church, and to establish on its ruins a new church, having the "second blessing, so called" as its cornerstone, and no one admitted to membership except those who professed to measure up to Burroughs' standard of spirituality, all others being described by him (as it was claimed) as "hypocrites." It was also asserted that Burroughs had strongly denounced some of the established usages and customs of the church, as, for instance, giving "the right hand of fellowship" to new members upon their reception, this being based, doubtless, on Burroughs' insistence on a thorough and conscious conversion before joining the church, as against the methods of holding up the hand, signing cards, or coming forward to shake the preacher's hand. Miss Mattie Wilkins, the evangelist, who freely used some of these popular methods, resented Burroughs' criticism as personal, and the friends of Richard Carter alleged that Burroughs had openly ignored and insulted him, in not inviting him to the pulpit, by speaking of him as "an old tobacco soak," and by denouncing his method of inviting unconverted people to join the church.

But the strongest clue his accusers could show as to Burroughs' intention to found a new church was a sentence or two from his prayer, at the time the committee of the official board waited on him to serve notice that the doors of the church were closed against him and his service as pastor discontinued. After receiving the announcement of his dismissal, Burroughs had said, "Let us pray," and fell on his knees, an action which the committee imitated, and lifted up his voice in thanksgiving to God for holiness, which would not only enable its possessor to see God, but to bear unmoved the scorn and reproach of an unbelieving world and a backslidden church, and to enter into the kingdom of God through much tribulation; he had preached the Word as God had given it to him, giving to saint and sinner his portion in due season, "but," said he, "they have rejected me, and not me only, but they have rejected the truth of Thy Word, and will not endure sound doctrine, but have walked in the way of their own hearts' desires. But Thou hast said, O God, that Thy Word shall not return unto Thee void, but shall accomplish that which Thou shalt please, and prosper in that whereto Thou hast sent it. And Thou wilt yet have a church here, O God, 'a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but it shall be holy and without blemish.' And, O Lord, I am in Thy hands, to go where Thou sendest, to say what Thou biddest me to say, and to be what Thou desirest me to be."

Burroughs and his friends maintained, on the other hand, that neither in nor out of the pulpit had he attempted to disrupt the church, but that both his preaching and his pastoral work were directed to the building up and establishing in grace the organization to which he ministered. But this work was made difficult by the fact that the labors of former pastors had resulted in adding many unconverted persons to the church, while others who were once regenerate, from lack of proper spiritual care had lost the grace they once possessed and were in a backslidden state. Therefore, because of the lack of spirituality on the part of the membership, conformity to the world was general, card parties and dancing being of common occurrence in many families of the church, especially those denominated the "leading families," and even in those of some ministers; and these customs were so strongly entrenched that Richard Carter had said, "Dancing is in the church, and how are you going to get it out?"

Moreover, the use of tobacco was quite general on the part of the male members, and lodge membership so common that it was uncommon to find an adult member, either male or female, who did not belong to some lodge or fraternity. Added to this the use of profane language was more or less habitual, and increasingly so, on the part of many of the men and boys, and secret and unmentionable sins, though deplored and frowned upon if they became too open, were condoned and excused as incidents peculiar to the nature of warm-blooded young men.

Against this array of worldliness and ungodliness in the church, where the line between the church and the world was scarcely discernible, Leonard Burroughs had held up the banner of "Holiness unto the Lord," and had sought to lead the people called Christians back to the old paths, back to the way of the cross, "by which," said St. Paul, "the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world"; back to the "way of holiness, over which the unclean shall not pass, nor those of the nature of the lion or ravenous beast go up thereon; but it shall be for the redeemed, and they shall walk there; and over this way the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

Cornelius had addressed a letter of inquiry to Mr. Christopher Stanley, a member of another church, residing and doing business in Shirley, but who having no church of his own denomination in the town attended upon Burroughs' ministry.

In his reply to Cornelius, Mr. Stanley said: "I was out of town when those occurrences you mention took place, and know nothing of them as an eyewitness. Brother Burroughs was holding what promised to be a very successful meeting when I left. But since my return I have made diligent inquiry of all who were able to give me any light on the subject, with the result that I find that Burroughs has been preaching strong doctrine, too strong for those who attempt to walk with one foot in the church and one in the world, hence the opposition to him. I have not found any but who are willing to admit that Burroughs' doctrine is scriptural, for the Bible says, 'God has not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness'; and, 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.'

"But the complaint seems to be that it is his manner of presenting the truth that is objectionable; that there is no opposition to the truth as it is found in the Bible (all profess to believe in holiness), but that the people were not ready for such radical and extreme views as

were put forth by him. I have also found, from my study of the Scriptures, that the ancient Jews were not ready for the word of God, as brought to them by the prophets, some of whom they persecuted, imprisoned or put to death; that the scribes and Pharisees were not ready for the teachings of Jesus, and they crucified Him; and that in every age of the world the fearless preacher of the truth has not found a ready acceptance of his doctrine on the part of a worldly church.

"Concerning Burroughs' alleged affronts to Mr. Carter and Miss Wilkins, that is clearly a matter of over-sensitiveness to just criticism on their parts, and now that the occasion has passed and calmer feelings prevail, they have too much sense to make capital of the matter.

"It may interest you to know that one week after dismissing Burroughs from the pulpit, the official board met again and voted to dismiss nine persons from the church membership, including Burroughs and wife, Isaac Bollinger and wife, the latter's two sisters, Miss Lottie and Mabel Sherman, and some others who had made a profession of holiness during the meeting. They are now meeting in Bollinger's house, where Burroughs preaches every Sunday afternoon, and holds a prayer meeting on Wednesday night.

"I have given Burroughs work in my elevator temporarily, and he not only has the support of those to whom he preaches, but the sympathy of the entire town, aside from those who have opposed him, of course, and has received many offers of help. The house in which he lives had been rented by the church for a parsonage, and they have the rent paid to the end of the quarter, and he expected to have to move. But Charles Hilton, the owner, an ungodly man, came forward and offered to refund the portion of the rent for the balance of the month, and then gave Burroughs a receipted bill for one quarter's rent in advance.

"Richard Carter and Miss Wilkins attempted to continue the meetings at the schoolhouse, but the attendance fell off as soon as the change of preachers was made, and they soon had to quit. Even the rough, profane men about the place say they would like to hear from Burroughs on sanctification, but that they wouldn't go across the street to hear Richard Carter and Miss Willkins on the principles of the church."

Cornelius Cadwallader was of a nervous temperament, quick to feel an injury to himself or others, and as quick to resent it. In his church work he had sometimes had to contend with the "lay bishop," or "church boss," and had never been frightened by the influence, wealth, or power of that individual, though his opposition might cost him his pastorate. And he had not been afraid, upon occasion, to take a stand against the positions of conference president and general officers of the church, when he felt convinced that certain measures proposed by them were inimical to the best interests of the church, and he had more than once won the day in such contests. Now he resolved to call the official board of the Shirley church to account for having deposed Leonard Burroughs from the pastorate, and dismissed nine members from the church, without the shadow of a trial, or even service of the notice of the charges against them. He therefore addressed a letter to the official board, claiming for Burroughs and the others the right to receive service of the charges previous to their trial, to meet their accusers face to face, to produce witnesses in their own behalf, to cross-examine the witnesses of the prosecution, to make their defense either in person or by counsel, and to be tried by an impartial committee.

These rights and privileges he demanded for and in behalf of the deposed pastor and excluded members. That he could not go to Shirley at once, and in person call upon and compel the official board to do justice to the injured parties, was to Cornelius a great hardship, but not having the means for the trip he must content himself with writing, and in so doing he put the case before the board as clearly and vigorously as his ability in the use of the English language would permit.

Results began to show from his effort in a few weeks, when he learned that Leonard Burroughs had been cited to appear before the official board, that body having discovered that its action in dismissing Burroughs had been premature, and had reconsidered the same; it was not the intention of the board to reinstall him as pastor, however, as he was now summoned to come forward and show cause why his pastoral relations should not be terminated. This he did with the ability that God gave him, showing by clear and convincing proofs that his doctrine was scriptural, that he had made no personal attack on any person in his sermons, and that his purpose was to fight nothing but sin and exalt only that which was in harmony with the Word of God. As he warned his accusers to be careful and do nothing of which they would be ashamed in the day when all should stand before their Judge, some trembled and wept, and if the vote had been taken then the result might have been favorable to the accused pastor; but the leaders of the board were determined to be rid of Burroughs, and when they had done speaking the vote was unanimous for his dismissal.

In reply to Cornelius' demand that the nine excluded members be restored, and that if there were charges against them they be given a fair trial, the secretary of the board wrote that this was a matter for the church to determine, without outside interference; that the excluded persons had not appealed or asked to be restored, and that since their exclusion the church was at peace, and would not consent to reopen a case which would result only in strife and division.

But what a price to pay for peace! The summary cutting off without the chance to answer for themselves why they should not thus be dealt with, of nine of the cleanest-lived, purest-hearted, and most devout members of the church!

For once Cornelius realized that he had lost out in a "church fight," but he did not readily see that it was destined to be the last fight of that sort he should ever engage in. A feeling of depression overcame him, similar to that experienced when the land contest was decided against him. He saw that he had not only failed to help his friends in their time of need, but that the distance between him and his conference in North Dakota was now measured, not by miles, but by the loss of confidence of his brethren. Whenever he should go to North Dakota, and visit the Shirley church, where, indeed, the next session of his conference was to be held, would he not have to answer for the part he had taken in behalf of those whom the church had put down and out? This he did not consider a hard task, and he would rather delight in maintaining his cause under the circumstances.

But it presently occurred to Cornelius that a discussion of Leonard Burroughs' doctrine might be expected of him on his next visit to Shirley, and what did he know about it? While he would be willing to face any tribunal and answer for the probity of Leonard Burroughs' character, yet he knew practically nothing of his doctrine. Not that Cornelius was ignorant of the

doctrine of holiness. Oh, no; for many years he had been a diligent student of the Bible, and had observed that it taught holiness from Genesis to Revelation. And he had come to think of himself as a partaker of that holiness taught in the Bible. He had consecrated himself to God's service, after his conversion, and he was striving to lead a godly life and keep himself unspotted from the world, therefore he was sanctified, and must increase in holiness through growth in grace, according to his method of reasoning.

And it was not that he had never come in touch with the teaching of holiness as the second work of grace, received instantaneously by faith, an act of God in sanctifying or purifying the heart, and holiness as the state or condition of life resulting therefrom, and all by faith. At various times Cornelius had met with persons who professed to have received the "second blessing," and had occasionally heard a sermon on entire sanctification by some "holiness preacher," but his contact with "holiness people" had not given him a satisfactory grasp of the subject, as he had not yet escaped from that popular delusion with which Satan has duped so many church members, that it is impossible to live a life free from sin on earth. And he was also somewhat confused in mind by the teachings of certain sincere but erratic advocates of holiness, who seemed to give equal importance to holiness and certain views of divine healing and the second coming of Christ, which he could not reconcile with the Scriptures, and therefore he was disposed to tag holiness and its related doctrines with the appellation of "fanaticism," and dismiss the subject from consideration.

But there were two facts he could not easily banish from his mind, and yet he knew not how to use them to his spiritual profit. The one was that whenever he met with one who had a genuine experience of holiness, and who testified modestly but with entire confidence that God had removed the least and last remains of sin from his heart, he felt that that one had something he did not possess; the other was a sermon he had once heard in an evangelistic tent meeting, in Ohio, by which all his theories on growing into holiness were scattered to the four winds, and he was convinced in mind that holiness must come by faith. But prejudice against the traveling evangelists who had held the tent meeting, who were noisy and erratic in their demonstrations, pride in his own church, which he thought ideal in its doctrine and polity, and through which he expected great things to be done for the salvation of the human race, together with an unwillingness to surrender at that time to the whole will of God, combined to prevent his receiving the blessing.

Before this time Cornelius had been quite successful in leading souls to Christ in his revival meetings, as he had preached that "the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins," for his ministry was commenced in the days when every pastor was his own evangelist; but after the incident of the tent meeting and his refusal to "go on unto perfection," occasions were rare when he could point to trophies of divine grace through his labors. And yet he failed to see the connection between his refusal to receive holiness by faith and the barrenness of his ministry. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that having undertaken the defense of Leonard Burroughs, the holiness preacher, from motives of friendship and justice, he found himself at sea concerning his doctrine, and was constrained to request of Burroughs the loan of a few books or papers explanatory of his doctrine, that he might post himself and be able to discuss the subject intelligently.

The books came by due course of mail, and Cornelius settled himself to a systematic study of the doctrine of holiness. As he read the books he also searched the Scriptures and compared the teachings and experiences of the writers with the Word of God, for he believed that Book to be the standard by which every doctrine and every phase of Christian experience should be tried. Instead of reading the doctrine or the experience into the Bible, as some no doubt do, he sought for the explicit teaching of the Word, and was impressed by his studies that the writers were thoroughly biblical; none went beyond the sacred Book in his claims, and none fell short in making proof of the authorship of the holy doctrine, every argument being clinched with Bible texts and illustrations. The experience of holiness, as testified to by the writers of these books, being founded on biblical truth, was, therefore, eminently safe, sane, and sensible, exactly what should be expected of men and women of sound minds who were fully surrendered to God's will, and who purposed by His grace to escape from sin and hell and make their eternal home in heaven.

Cornelius had in some way received the impression that holiness people were invariably emotional, hysterical, and erratic, going about with loud professions of what they had done, as though salvation were by works instead of by faith, and in their joyful emotion shouting, leaping, and acting generally in undignified and unbecoming ways. His surprise was great, therefore, to learn from the authors he had read that holiness people are plain, everyday people, in labors, burdens, and trials very much like other people, and who make no boasts of personal attainments, but whose modest claim is that they are "sinners saved by grace," and that "they overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." And when he reflected upon the character of holiness people he had met, he could not but admit that they had a joy in their lives and a confidence in God which he did not possess, and that they gave God the praise for all the blessings they had received and the experiences they enjoyed.

And as Cornelius thought on these things there settled down upon his soul like a dark cloud the conviction that he needed that which others testified they had received and enjoyed; that there was something within him which caused him infinite trouble by rising up against his better judgment and more spiritual aspirations, bringing him into self-loathing and bitter repentance because of the sins into which he was led. He realized that struggle as he might against the impulses and tendencies of his nature he could not get the mastery over them, for this ugly thing within him was, in the words of St. Paul, "the carnal mind [which] is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

He was one day sitting in his house and reading the Bible while under this cloud of conviction, ardently desiring to be free from inbred sin, now and then sending up a prayer to God for help, when his eye caught the words in Hebrews 7:25: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

At once the conviction came to him that Jesus was his Saviour unto the uttermost, not only of sins actually committed, of which he had repented, but, also, of the sin nature, sin as a principle, a "dark something within" which was a constant impulse toward actual sins.

And it seemed to him just then that a voice spoke to him, asking the question, "Are you willing to give up the selfishness, malice, prejudice, and whatever leads you into sin, for the sake of this uttermost salvation? Are you willing to be all for Jesus, now and forever?"

And his answer was, "Yes, Lord, I give them all up. I give myself wholly to Thee, now and forever."

And at once the blessing came; he realized then and there that sin had no more dominion over him.

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## 12 -- PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR

His soul was filled with a deep and abiding peace. A burden had been lifted from his soul, and he was at rest. He did not shout or make any physical demonstration, and there was no inclination to express his feelings audibly. His heart swelled with love and gratitude to God, and for some time he remained still and drank his fill of the love which came down from heaven.

He did not know enough of the doctrine of holiness to reason out and systematize his experience, and just then he had no inclination to do so, He could not distinguish between the act of surrender of his will and the act of consecration of his all to God. But he knew that a moment before he was "carnal," and "evil dwelt within," and that now he was free and had victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Then he had an affection for things forbidden, now his affection was all for God. Then he had been seeking his own, now he and his were all the Lord's. And this change was wrought in an instant by the gracious act of the Holy Spirit.

But presently Cornelius felt that he must tell someone of the great blessing God had given him; he couldn't keep it to himself. And to whom should he first go but to Martha, his beloved wife?

"Martha," said he, "I am going to preach the same way that Leonard Burroughs does. I've got the blessing."

"Well, I am glad to hear it," said Martha. But neither did her womanly curiosity prompt her to ask more, nor did Cornelius volunteer further testimony at that time. That evening at family worship all knew that his prayer was different from those he was accustomed to make, for it was more like talking freely and on the best of terms with some Person who was close by. The children realized that some great change had taken place in him.

The next Sunday was Cornelius' preaching day, and he knew that he must tell his congregation what great thing the Lord had done for his soul. He knew that he couldn't keep the blessing if he didn't tell, and, moreover, he wanted to tell them, that they, too, might get the same blessing. Of course, they would all be glad to hear about it.

And so he preached from Hebrews 7: 25: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

He spoke of Jesus the Great High Priest, and of His power to save. He would be no Saviour if His work was simply that of giving good advice and leaving a good example; but while He has done both, His power to save is the greater in that He gave His life for sinful men, and rose again that they might live through Him. He has power on earth to forgive sins, and we are justified by faith in Him; and He has the further power to deliver man from the sin nature, and entirely sanctify him by the blood through faith. That is an uttermost salvation which is complete. A number of miners were entrapped by a cave-in in a mine, and were in danger of death from suffocation or starvation. The rescuing force drove an iron pipe through the wall of fallen earth and rock, giving them air and food and drink, so that they were saved from immediate death. But by and by the rescuers dug a way through the barrier, and brought the men out of what would otherwise have been their tomb, out into the open air and the full light of day, out upon the green sward of the valley, with no threatening rocks hanging over them. It was an uttermost salvation, physically, and Jesus, the great High Priest, has provided an uttermost salvation from the dark, treacherous, slimy sin nature, when He offered His own blood once for all. And then Cornelius told his experience, and his sermon would not have been complete without it, how the Lord had come to him as he sat in his house, reading the text of the day, and had made it real to him, so that it meant him -- Cornelius Cadwallader -- who had come to God by Jesus, and laid hold of the arm that is mighty to save. John Wesley said that in Fetterlane meetinghouse, "I felt that my sins, even mine, were forgiven"; and Cornelius Cadwallader felt that his heart, yes, even his, was purified from inbred sin. Oh, how he made the words of the hymn that was sung that morning the song of his soul:

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost,  
Saved, saved by power divine!  
Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost,  
Jesus the Saviour is mine.

After the meeting he went home; no one had congratulated him on his newly found blessing. They had sat with fixed faces and downcast eyes, as though apprehensive of hearing something inappropriate and unpleasant, as he told them of the power of Jesus to save from all sin, and especially when he told his experience, and there seemed a lack of their usual cordiality in their greetings after the sermon. But he went home, and the Lord met him in the way and filled his soul with such a flood of glory that he was constrained to leap, and clap his hands, and praise the Lord with a loud voice. As he walked through his house yard he felt an irresistible impulse to go somewhere where he would be alone with God, and his eye fell upon the entrance to the cave or vegetable cellar near by, and he went in and shut the door. He fell down on his knees by some sacks of vegetables, and began to pour out his soul in praise to God; and immediately wave after wave of glory swept over his soul, and he cried out with a loud voice and praised the Lord. And although the cellar was pitch dark, as not a ray of sunlight could enter it when the door was shut, yet the place seemed luminous from invisible rays, and he felt that he was not alone. How long Cornelius remained in the cellar he knew not, but he went forth with the assurance that the witness to his full salvation had come. God had purified his heart a few days before, at which time He filled him with a joy unspeakable and full of glory; and now in greater power He bore



witness to that cleansing, filling him with the Holy Spirit, bearing witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, and if a child then an heir, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. Hallelujah!

St. Peter, speaking in the council at Jerusalem of the grace of God which came upon Cornelius the centurion and his household, at Caesarea, said that the effect of their receiving the Holy Ghost was "purifying their hearts by faith." And this is the work that has ever since been wrought in the heart of every devout, believing, praying man and woman, like the centurion Cornelius, who has unreservedly committed his all to God and trusted Him for His grace; God has sent His Holy Spirit into his heart, eradicating the remains of sin, and making him pure.

A pure heart is in union with God, its affections are not divided, and there is nothing in it contrary to His will. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," is the first great commandment, and the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." A pure heart has no place for bitterness, anger, wrath, malice, deceit, lust, envy, covetousness, or any other evil passion. And this was the experience of Cornelius Cadwallader; all sinful impulses and desires toward his fellow men were cast out of his heart, and there was no chafing under the requirements of God's holy law. The love of God was the ruling principle of his life.

When Cornelius received the blessing he knew that his attitude and feelings toward Ben Morris were changed. There was no more bitterness in his heart toward his neighbor, and all anger, wrath, and malice were done away, with all evil speaking and thinking. He could now do any favor or kindness within his power to his former enemy, and ardently desired to be at peace with him. Cornelius felt that he ought to go and see Morris, and be reconciled to him, and tell him of the great blessing God had given him. But Morris was herding sheep at the time away from home, and it was not easy to see him, and the matter was put off until a more convenient occasion. Another consideration was Morris' uncertain and violent temper; Cornelius was not sure how he would be received, and delayed going to see Morris for this reason, taking him as he was assessed by others, rather than as he might be found upon a closer personal acquaintance. He let one opportunity pass, however, as Morris stopped while passing and spoke to him pleasantly about his plowing. Then Cornelius realized that if he put off going very much longer he could not retain the joy and peace in his soul, and that the glory of the blessing would depart, and he went to God for help, and by faith prayed through to victory.

He had to go down to the river for a load of wood one day, and drove a little out of his way to go by Morris' house. He found him home, and in response to his cheery, "Come in, parson," Cornelius entered the house, and said, "Mr. Morris, I've come to ask your pardon for what I have done and said, and the way I have felt against you. I have received the blessing of entire sanctification, and can't hold a grudge or malice against any person."

"Why, that's all right, parson," replied Morris. "I don't hold anything agin' you," and he extended his hand in such a friendly manner that Cornelius grasped and shook it as heartily as that of a brother. Then followed a little talk with Morris and his wife, which tended to clear the atmosphere, and after a prayer for God's blessing upon them Cornelius left and went on his way to the river. And that trip is one of the memorable events of his life. Was he riding in a wagon? If he had not started and returned in one it would be hard to tell. During that ride of about two

miles, by way of the cut coulee and the prairie dog town, he was almost oblivious of earthly scenes and surroundings, for "heaven came down his soul to greet," and it was to him like being carried in a chariot from the skies. The Holy Spirit came in power, and glory rolled in wave after wave over his soul, while he sang and shouted the praises of God, making "a joyful noise unto the Lord." He also felt like leaping, and when he had reached the timber and got off the wagon he leaped and shouted, and laughed and cried, praising God with a loud voice, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

On the mount of wondrous glory,  
Borne aloft by faith we stand,  
While we drink the crystal waters,  
Flowing down from Eden's land.

How the heart its toil forgets,  
In the joy we there behold;  
In the fullness of His love,  
That is better felt than told.

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### 13 -- THE TWO CHRISTMAS REVIVALS

Cornelius was now definitely committed to the preaching of holiness, having such a blessed experience of the power of God to save to the uttermost that it was his delight henceforth to publish the glad tidings of full salvation to as many as possible. His first thought was of his own people, the little congregation on Cow Creek, and his ardent desire was that they should all obtain the same blessed experience. To this end he held up to them the reasonableness and the "beauty of holiness," showing from the Scriptures that it was their blessed privilege to know that sin should not have dominion over them, and to walk in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost.

This he exemplified, also, in his own life, living before the people that which he professed and preached, so that none could deny the work God had wrought in him. In his own experience he knew that a wonderful change had come over him, for it was wrought alone by God, through faith, and he constantly realized that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin," and the song of his soul was:

The blood, the blood, is all my plea,  
Hallelujah! for it cleanseth me.

This is not saying that Cornelius did not have trials, perplexities, and temptations, but that these did not have their former effect upon him, for he now knew better how to use the shield of faith to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. He was learning more and more, too, the blessed truth that this great salvation is the power of God to keep, as well as to deliver. This was impressed upon his soul in a special manner one Sunday in the Christian Endeavor meeting, when the leader handed him a slip marked Jude 24, 25. Was it a mere coincidence that this was handed to him, rather than to some other member, and that his turn came just before the

close of the meeting? At any rate it was Cornelius' privilege that Sunday morning to speak of "him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy," and the glory of God filled his soul and thrilled his words as he testified of God's keeping grace.

The Bible was a new book to him now, and as its precious truths became dearer to him, he hoped his people would see and walk in the light. But for a long time his hearers gave no sign of interest while he spoke of the uttermost salvation, and gave his testimony of God's unfailing grace to save and to keep; they sat with impassive faces and listless eyes, and their testimonies were of the unvarying sort they had given for years, expressing their love for the Saviour and their determination to be faithful, hoping at last to make heaven their home, sentiments which if backed by an experience of salvation and of faith in Him who is "able to keep," would be good and appropriate, but which are too often the finger boards to a lifeless formalism where the joy of salvation has evaporated through conformity to the world and careless living.

A revival -- oh, how Cornelius longed and prayed for it! How he longed to see salvation flow as a river, and the people coming to the blessed stream for pardon and purity. Oh, that the Word of God might grip the heart and conscience of the people, and that they might cry out, "What must we do to be saved?"

Whenever Cornelius had spoken to his people about a revival, after the first two attempts at such a work on Cow Creek, he had received answers similar to the following:

"It would be very nice to have meetings, if anybody would come."

"We have done our part, and if the people won't come we can't compel them."

The members of the church were thoroughly disheartened over attempting a revival because of the nonattendance of the outside people, and were unwilling to make a further effort. It seems not to have occurred to them that a revival was needed for their own sakes, and they were not unlike a certain church in the South, where the custom of holding a revival meeting was annually observed, but some among them thought this unnecessary, as the people of the community were already about all Christians of one denomination or another. That the Christians needed to draw nearer to God and obtain a deeper work of grace; that some might have committed sins of which they had not repented, and that even if living true, justified lives they needed entire sanctification, seems not to have entered their thoughts. In the community that needed no revival because all were Christians, men quarreled over a business matter, and a leading member of one church shot a leading member of another church; and the contentions, heart-burnings, and estrangements caused by sin pointed unmistakably to the need of a work of grace whereby "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking [should] be put away... with all malice": and that in their place men should learn to "be kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

It was the custom of the Cow Creek settlers to meet for an annual Christmas dinner, and in the year that Cornelius received the blessing the dinner was given at his house, the new and more commodious house which he had built during the year, in which there was ample room for

such meeting. The members of the church were nearly all there, and by previous announcement a church conference was held after dinner. After the routine matters of business had been attended to, Cornelius proposed that a revival meeting be held. There were some questioning and doubtful looks, but no response for a brief space, when Walter Bailey said, "We can have a meeting, of course; but will anybody come?"

"Yes," said George Miller, "that's it. Will the people turn out? It's no use for us to come out every night, if no one else will."

"Brethren," said Cornelius, "it isn't our lookout whether the people come or not, but it is our duty to try to save souls. There are people all around us who need salvation, and some in our own families, and if we will make the effort, with faith in God, He will send the people out. We must first turn out ourselves, if we expect others to do so, and we must come in faith, leaving the results with God."

Whether it was these words, or the earnestness with which he uttered them, Cornelius' plea seemed to impress the members somewhat, and after a little discussion it was agreed to hold a meeting, to begin the following Sunday night. For a few nights there was no special interest, and no attendance besides the membership. Cornelius nevertheless preached heart-searching sermons, showing the need of salvation from all sin, and of a real work of God in the heart and life in order to possess and enjoy salvation. On the fourth night, after preaching, he called for testimonies, and led by Walter Bailey, whose experience was usually told with deep feeling and with emphasis on his conversion, the members one after another spoke of their love for God and their hope of heaven. At last Mrs. Ruth Ransom arose and said, "I am in the dark. I don't know what to do. I want to do what is right, but I can't see the way. I want you to pray for me."

"Let us pray," said Cornelius, and when all were on their knees, being led in prayer by Walter Bailey, he spoke to the woman concerning her spiritual condition, and found she was in distress because of her sins. Though a member of the church for some years, and apparently leading a Christian life, yet the Word of God was now as a mirror to her soul and showed her the stains and blemishes of unrepented sins, which led her to cry out like one in the dark, for her sins at that moment seemed so big and black that "not one ray of light could she see."

Cornelius instructed Mrs. Ransom in the way of salvation, and urged her to call upon God, with faith in Christ as her only and all-sufficient Saviour; and she wept and prayed, but found no relief, and the meeting closed for the night with her soul still in the dark. The next day Mrs. Ransom called at the Cadwallader home, where further prayer was engaged in, and instruction given by Cornelius, but it was evident that she was unrepentant of some sin and therefore received no help. But after returning home she dug down deep and confessed every sin, and that night testified in the meeting that the light had shone on her pathway, the burden had rolled from her soul, and by faith in Christ she rejoiced in sins forgiven.

In many places this would have caused rejoicing on the part of the church, new life would have been put into the meeting by the fact that there was one seeker, and the hope that the long desired revival had commenced would be bright. But no member gave any sign that Mrs. Ransom's being a seeker was a specially welcome fact, and when she announced her sad spiritual

state and asked for prayer, not a ripple of interest was visible upon the placid surface of the body of believers known as the Cow Creek church, and besides the pastor none went to her with words of encouragement and prayer. It was evident that the work of soul saving was regarded as the special duty of the pastor, in this church, and in regard to the salvation of this woman he had better observe great caution.

But Cornelius was not given to social forms and scruples in dealing with seekers of salvation, and would gladly go down on his knees in the dust to pray for a lost soul that was groping its way to God, believing that no case was too hard for Him where true repentance and faith were exercised by the seeker.

On the day of Mrs. Ransom's conversion, Dick Morris called to see Cornelius, and he said, "Mr. Cadwallader, I want to join the church. I want to do what's right, and I've quit using tobacco. If you'll have me, I'd like to join, and do right."

Cornelius questioned him about his knowledge of the way of salvation, for his manner of expressing his wish to "join" was rather crude, and instructed him that joining the church was not the essential thing, but that he must join himself to God by forsaking all his sins and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Dick seemed willing to comply with all the requirements of God's Word.

That night "Wild Bill" Ransom was in the meeting, and though he maintained silence yet it was evident that he, too, was under conviction of sin, which was a new line of thought in his mind, and that the questions of repentance and faith in Jesus were troubling him. Cornelius rejoiced to see these men who had never before thought of quitting their lives of sin showing an interest in salvation, and he preached to them Jesus, the only and all-sufficient Saviour. By this time there was no question about the attendance, as about all the people in the neighborhood were coming to the meeting, and with most of them it was plain that conviction of sin was settling down upon them like a dark cloud, and that the old question, "What must we do to be saved?" was foremost in their minds.

By the end of the week, when his people expected the meeting to close, there were so many men and women under conviction, who had not gone all the way to God by repentance and faith, that the time to close had not come, and Cornelius announced that the meeting would continue through the next week. On the second Sunday night "the break" came, when a number of those under conviction knelt as penitents and seekers of salvation, including Dick Morris, "Wild Bill" Ransom, Ben Morris and wife, and the latter's brother and sister-in-law, Tom Owens and wife, with some others, and there were a number of bright conversions. In the case of Ben Morris such a radical change occurred that he approached Cornelius, and said, "Parson, I want you to forgive me, for all I've done agin you," which was also repeated by his wife, and joyfully granted by Cornelius. It was a happy moment for him when his former enemy, now conquered by the gospel, became his friend and brother, and on all sides there was rejoicing because of the grace of God that had come upon the people.

The revival continued a week longer than the members of the church had expected, and the results were beyond their most sanguine hopes. At the close fourteen persons united with the

church, and the meeting was a really remarkable event for that frontier point, as there were but few persons which it did not reach in the Cow Creek settlement, and the transformation of the community was remarkable. On a similar scale in any Eastern community the revival would have created widespread comment, and would have gone on record as a most noteworthy event.

The pastor now thought it opportune to preach holiness with greater zeal than before, if possible, that both the new converts and the older members might obtain like precious faith with him, and be led into that experience which safeguards regeneration, and without which no man may enter heaven. He therefore prepared and delivered to his people a series of sermons on holiness, and both by preaching and testimony, by direct appeal and by distributing holiness literature sought to lead the people into the light. But the carnal mind is repugnant to holiness, and many are the devices used to defeat the work of God. The older members of the Cow Creek church all went through the revival and the subsequent series of holiness sermons without yielding to the truth or the leadings of the Spirit, and the doctrine of the second work of grace now received scant courtesy from them.

"I never knew anyone to live that way," said George Miller, with a decisiveness like the springing of a steel trap, which indicated that the question was settled with him; and thereafter Cornelius was conscious of a disapproving glitter in George's eye whenever he preached holiness, which was, of course, every Sunday on which preaching was held in the Cow Creek schoolhouse.

"Why, that is the way I live all the time," said Mrs. Rachel Hadley, the wife of Harvey Hadley, when urged to seek the blessing. Mrs. Hadley was known as a good woman, kind, gentle, and sympathetic with all, and devoted to her church. No one ever justly spoke ill of her, and her life was joyous, sweet-tempered, and sunny. But this was not holiness of heart; she fain would call that holiness which with her was a matter of temperament, quickened, no doubt, by a genuine experience of justification, but living as she did because it was the natural way with her, and refusing to give God the glory, who can come into the life of a good man or woman who will receive Him by faith, and make that life sweeter, gentler, and more helpful, because purer "through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth."

"Why, I got all that when I was converted," said Walter Bailey, who seemed to realize that "all that" was something worthy of possession, as he often testified of the great work which God did for him at his conversion; but he seemingly did not think that Cornelius' present experience was a matter for congratulation or rejoicing. The bias against "the second work of grace" on the part of the membership was deep-seated and uncompromising.

"I don't believe in this 'carnality' the preacher is talking about," said Lafe Hadley. "There isn't any such word in the Bible."

Being the superintendent of the Sunday school and the president of the Christian Endeavor Society, Lafe was a more or less close student of the Bible, but seems not to have discovered that that which the pastor called carnality was described in the Bible, whether under that name or another. But an incident presently occurred which showed that something "doth

remain in them that are regenerated" which "hath of itself the nature of sin," as some ancient theologians confessed.

In reporting the revival to his denominational church paper, Cornelius spoke of some of the converts as having been saved from gross sin, and gave God the glory, who is able to deliver the lost from the lowest pit of sin, if they will call upon Him, and he thanked God for the salvation of those who were

Once far away from the Saviour,  
And as vile as sinners could be.

This report was read by Ruth Ransom, whose anger blazed fiercely against the pastor for reporting, as she alleged, that they were "all low-down sinners." She did not go to Cornelius with her complaint, but sought for sympathy among the new members, and tried to persuade some to withdraw from the church. This coming to the ears of Walter Bailey, he put Cornelius on his guard, and before preaching the next Sunday morning the pastor promptly disavowed any purpose or wish to misrepresent or harm anyone by the report, and said that it was only his intention to magnify the great salvation of which they were all partakers, and to give God the praise for what He had done for and in them. And he concluded by asking all who had felt injured by the report to forgive him, thus effectually silencing the opposition and creating a better atmosphere in the church.

Tom Owens was the only one of the new members who mentioned the matter to Cornelius, and he said, "She allowed 'at you said we was all low-down sinners, an' she wanted us all to pull out'n the church, to show our objections to bein' called sich. But I says to her, 'at'd only be showin' 'at we was sinners sure enough. An' I don't deny 'at I was low down, you hit me right thar, parson. An' if a man's a great sinner, what's the use to deny hit? Everybody knows hit, an' if he tries to squirm out'n hit, it'll all come out on to him, an' he'll have to answer for hit at the judgement day, anyway."

At a later date "Wild Bill" Ransom, speaking to Cornelius of conditions at Big Bend in the early days, said, "It was a tough town in those days, and I was as tough as any of them."

And so the report which had aroused the wrath of Mrs. Ransom was vindicated, and the incident was closed.

The various outbreaks of carnality among his people only intensified Cornelius' desire to lead them into the way of holiness, and show them that they might have victory over sin in all its forms and manifestations. To this end he decided to send for Leonard Burroughs to hold a meeting on Cow Creek, for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, and after some months Burroughs so arranged his work as to give him a date. It was the day before Christmas that Leonard Burroughs arrived at Cow Creek, about a year after the great revival. He found the district school and, indeed, the entire community, in full swing of preparation for a Christmas tree, which was held that night, including a taper-lighted evergreen tree loaded with fruits and confectionery and presents for old and young, a false-faced and fur-coated Santa Claus who, together with a program by the children, afforded jollity and merriment for all present. And

this was one occasion during the year when the Cow Creek schoolhouse was filled to capacity, as the ranchers for miles around brought their families and enjoyed the entertainment as long as it lasted.

At ten o'clock the next morning, amidst the wreckage of the Christmas tree, to a congregation of ten persons, Leonard Burroughs preached his first sermon on Cow Creek; and he told his audience that, having had their fun and jollification on Christmas eve, it was now high time to awaken out of the sleep of sin and indifference, and turn to that Saviour whose natal day they were celebrating, through whom the gift of God, eternal life, was offered to all who would believe on Him. Afterwards he preached night and day, during the Christmas vacation, and held up the banner of "Holiness unto the Lord." There were searchings of heart and probings of conscience as the Word was faithfully proclaimed in the power of the Holy Spirit, and that some took a real interest in holiness was seen by after results.

Besides the testings and opposition which came from without, Cornelius was sorely tried by the attitude of Martha towards his experience and preaching of holiness. He had fondly hoped and earnestly prayed that Martha might walk in the light, receive the blessing, and be numbered with the sanctified; but when he observed that she apparently drew nearer to the opponents of holiness than to himself, in her views and attitude toward the uttermost salvation, he experienced a sadness and discouragement known only to those whose loved ones, though often dealt with and prayed for, refuse to walk in the light.

Martha's opposition took the form of extreme conservatism, the old faith and practice of her old home church in Ohio being sufficient for her, and this "new doctrine" of holiness she regarded as a disturbance and unsettling of the customs and manners as delivered by the fathers of the church.

"Why do you say so much about it?" she asked Cornelius. "Can't you live a holy life without constantly talking about it? Our old preachers back home used to tell us that we ought to live separate from the world, and let our light shine; that we ought to pray, and put our trust in God, and be as good as we could. And they were good men, if there ever were any; but they were not all the time talking about how good they were: and I don't see the use of your telling us every Sunday and on prayer meeting nights that you are sanctified. It sounds to me like boasting."

"No," said Cornelius, "it is not boasting, but I have to express my joy over what God has done for me, and I want to tell others that He has saved and sanctified me, that they may also obtain the same blessing. The Psalmist says, 'I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me; and let us exalt his name together.'"

"But you are talking to yourself when there is nobody around," rejoined Martha, "and I don't see what good it does to be always saying, 'Praise the Lord,' and 'Hallelujah.' Why, I heard you say 'Hallelujah' to the horses, when you were working in the stable this morning. Were the horses converted?"



"No; they would have said 'Hallelujah' for themselves, if they were," replied Cornelius. "But you hear me say these things, and that lets you know that I am happy in the love of God, and want you to be, too."

That night Martha went to the altar, and in reply to the question of Leonard Burroughs as to what she was seeking, said, "I want to be sanctified."

Leonard Burroughs instructed her and prayed with her, and after a short time in prayer, Martha arose, and said, "I've got it," and calmly took her seat. Asked if she had any further testimony to give, she said, "The Lord has sanctified me."

A few days later she said to Cornelius, "I didn't get anything more the other night than I got when I was first converted; but I wanted you and Brother Burroughs to know that I am not opposed to your doctrine of holiness. That's the reason I went to the altar."

Cornelius was too much surprised at first to speak; then he said, "Martha, it isn't Brother Burroughs and I whose opinion you need to regard--it is God. Does He know that you are not opposed to holiness? Has He given you something that takes the fear or the favor of man out of your heart?"

It was Martha's turn to be silent, for an arrow of conviction had pierced her heart, and she saw that she must "get right with God." She did not go to church that night, but the next morning, being Sunday, she was there, and while Leonard Burroughs was leading in prayer at the opening of the service, Cornelius heard a voice behind him in earnest petition to God, regardless of who heard, and the public prayer was no sooner finished than Martha was on her feet, saying, "I want to praise God that He has sanctified me wholly just now. I thought I had this blessing before, because I had stopped fighting holiness; but I wanted the approval of my husband and Brother Burroughs, and forgot to seek God's approval. Now I know that He has cleansed my heart from the fear of man, and every stain of sin, for Jesus' sake. Praise His name!"

There were others who sought the blessing that morning and at night, among them being "Wild Bill" and Ruth Ransom, and at the night service both testified that they had received the blessing. A day or two later Mrs. Ransom called at the Cadwallader home, and presented to Cornelius and Leonard Burroughs some specimens of loaded dice which had been burnt, along with a quantity of other equipments of the gambler's trade, which had belonged to "Wild Bill." In his "tough" days at Big Bend he had been expert with the gambler's tools, and had them with him at his ranch, where he rarely used them, however. After his conversion they had lain undisturbed in his trunk; but recently offers had been made by those who knew of his possession of them, to buy them at a fair price. Originally the outfit had cost about three hundred dollars, and in the hands of an expert gambler was the means of obtaining from inexperienced gamblers a considerable income, hence the desire on the part of certain shiftless and dishonest parties to secure it. But "Wild Bill," now to be known by his proper name of William Ransom, having abandoned the tricks of the gambler and become a child of God, determined that this gambler's paraphernalia should not any more be a source of temptation and a means of sin, either to himself or to any other person, so that Sunday night he built a fire in the sitting room stove, and

dumped in his loaded dice and other gambling tools, and his pipe and tobacco, and kept the fire up until they were entirely consumed.

Then Ruth remembered that there were some things for which she no longer had use, and she had gathered up a lot of trashy novels and worldly songs and consigned them to the flames, along with an assortment of gaudy ribbons and pinchbeck jewelry. Her finger rings, however, which were of some value, she removed and reserved to be sold for the furtherance of the Lord's work. This was all done on the part of the Ronsoms without any special instruction by the pastor or visiting evangelist, other than that Leonard Burroughs, having emphasized the scriptural demand for inward holiness, also brought out the other scriptural requirement that the outward life and conduct be in harmony therewith, and William and Ruth had discovered that, having obtained purity of heart through faith in Him who is able to save to the uttermost, they no longer had any use for the deceitful and beggarly things of the world.

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#### 14 -- THE MORNING COMES

The summer of 19\_\_ was very dry in Montana. From March until August there was not sufficient rainfall to sprout the grain sowed, and crops were a total failure. In early June there were, also, hard frosts which killed nearly all of Cornelius' melon vines, for a few here and there in moist places had appeared above ground; and the hot winds which commenced to blow afterwards speedily burnt up what little vegetation was left. Altogether it was a most discouraging season for the farmers in the Northwest, and many were obliged to seek employment on the sheep ranches or in the towns, or go to other states.

Cornelius had sowed a large acreage of grain and planted a larger patch of melons than usual, hoping to profit by the sale of the resulting crops, but when all appeared to be a total loss, it seemed imperative on his part, also, to look elsewhere for a support for his family, especially as his parishioners were all affected by the drought very much as he was. He went, therefore, to Shirley, N.D., where he found employment with Christopher Stanley's threshing outfit, and was soon busy hauling bundles from the fields to the threshing machine, or grain from the machine to the elevator. Martha and the children remained on the ranch, as Cornelia was teaching in the neighborhood, and the boys could look after the stock, for on Montana's wide ranges cattle and horses take care of themselves, even though the grazing is sparse, with a little attention from their owners.

The question of church attendance during his temporary stay in North Dakota was settled in favor of the church of his own denomination in Shirley, for the present, and the first Sunday after his arrival found Cornelius seated in the new and handsome edifice which that society had erected the previous year, and listening to the Rev. Richard Carter, who had accepted the call to this church after the dismissal of Leonard Burroughs by the official board. A forward movement had been inaugurated at that time in the erection of a new church building which, it was hoped, would give this church a position of leadership in the community.

Cornelius was cordially received by the pastor and membership, and as he had once held a revival meeting there, he looked into familiar faces and felt somewhat at home. No reference was made by anyone to his action in the matter of Burroughs' dismissal, and all seemed to wish him a pleasant stay with them. In the services of the hour he was not, however, happily situated, for while his purpose in going to church was to worship God, which he was able to do in a measure, yet he was not helped by the discourse of Mr. Carter, for although philosophically and rhetorically complete, yet there was in it not the remotest reference to salvation by grace through faith in the crucified and risen Saviour, nor by the faultlessly rendered but unspiritual musical renditions of the choir. After the benediction, with spiritual appetite unsatisfied, he walked across the railroad track to the old schoolhouse where the holiness people had met for worship, and had the privilege of hearing a portion of Leonard Burroughs' sermon. The quarter of an hour thus spent brought more comfort to his soul than the entire service at the church, as both sermon and song were filled with Christ and His great salvation. And such singing he had not often heard. The holiness people put their souls into their songs, and made words and music alike echo the joy and gladness of their souls in the Holy Ghost.

At the night service at the church, Richard Carter preached his farewell sermon, as he was about to leave this church for another field of labor. At the conclusion he exhorted the church to maintain their well-known attitude toward "strange doctrines," and to "stand by the faith of the fathers of this church." In view of this church's stand against holiness, Cornelius thought the exhortation significant.

During the week Cornelius received an invitation to fill the pulpit of the church on the following Sunday, as the new pastor was not to arrive before that time, and this he did gladly, as he desired the opportunity to testify to this people how God had led him into the experience of the uttermost salvation. He preached from Hebrews 7: 25, and shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God concerning the truth embraced in the text. The people were evidently expecting something of the kind from him, and they received his message politely, but no one told him that it met the need of his soul.

When Leonard Burroughs found the doors of the Shirley church closed against him he knew not what to do, but committed his cause to God. Friends soon arose on all sides to provide for his temporal needs, and presently the way opened for him to engage in his loved employment of preaching the gospel. After superintending the Sunday school on Sunday morning following Burroughs' dismissal, Isaac Bollinger went by his former pastor's residence and invited him to lead a prayer meeting at his house at two o'clock that afternoon. All those who had professed the experience of holiness during the revival were there, with some others, and with the fire of heavenly love burning in their souls they besieged the throne of grace, and called upon God for His guiding hand in this their hour of testing. At that same hour the official board of the church was cutting off the names of nine of them from the church roll, for the reason that by publicly testifying in the church to having obtained the blessing of entire sanctification they had sown discord and heresy therein. Of this action of the official board they were ignorant at the time, and the blow fell upon them later; but what did it matter to them? They felt the injustice of it, but entertained not one thought of harsh measures in reprisal, and in conformity with Christ's command they prayed for those who despitefully used them.

Having no church attachment, but being bound together in love and in the fellowship of the Spirit, Burroughs and the other excommunicated members continued to meet in Isaac Bollinger's house on Sunday afternoons, until at the suggestion of Christopher Stanley and others, they went to the schoolhouse in the afternoon and Wednesday night, and after the erection of the new church, when the congregation abandoned the schoolhouse, the holiness people established morning and evening preaching there on each Sunday, when Leonard Burroughs preached to an assembly of eager listeners, as the people felt that he gave them that for which their hearts hungered.

After some months of this independent work, during which time the terms "come-outers," "holy rollers," "holiness cranks," etc., were applied to the little body of saints by those who held in derision the doctrine they believed and the experience they professed, the Rev. Mr. Moore, pastor of a church in the neighboring town of Glenville, having heard of the holiness work in Shirley, went to see what the Lord was doing in that place; "who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord."

Mr. Moore was a holiness preacher and had holiness people in his church; and throughout his denomination, which was large, prosperous and respectable, as well as devoted and aggressive in all good works, there were many who were in the experience of holiness, and the work of "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands" was being pushed by them with great zeal. For the promotion and conservation of this work a holiness association had been formed, which included people of different denominational names, but who had obtained like precious faith.

The holiness people at Shirley desired church affiliation, and as the church which was represented by the Rev. Mr. Moore seemed the most friendly of the churches to holiness, they were organized as a church, at their request, with Leonard Burroughs as their pastor. Mr. Moore was an active and zealous member of the holiness association, and under his leadership the pastor and people at Shirley joined the association and entered heartily into its work, holding a camp meeting in the summer, and taking part in conventions and other work for reaching and saving men and women through the gospel of an uttermost salvation. Leonard Burroughs now cut loose from secular labor, and trusting God for a support, went out into the ripened harvest field to reap souls for his Master. He was assisted in this work by Isaac Bollinger and other young men and young women who were converted or sanctified in his meetings, and whom God had called to preach the gospel, and together they held meetings and established preaching points in schoolhouses, halls, and vacant store rooms, with the result that they saw many turn to the Lord and seek salvation. After a few months there were bands of people at a number of places, meeting together for worship, true local churches according to our Saviour's words: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"; but without the form and supervision desirable for companies of believers co-operating for the preaching of the gospel and the spreading of scriptural holiness through the lands. What to do with these bands of saved people was a problem with Burroughs, who was doing his best, with the help of his young preachers, to keep the various places burning with the love of God and devoted to His service.

There was the need of organization to provide for the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper by properly ordained men, to license those who were called to preach (some were already preaching without license, and before they had united with any church), and to provide for supervision and co-operative effort for larger things in the extension of the work. The church with which Burroughs and the people at Shirley had affiliated themselves would gladly have taken all this work under its charge; but about this time a conjunction of circumstances seemed to render such a movement inexpedient.

The holiness association was composed of members of the various churches, and proposed to work in harmony with their pastors and other responsible authorities, and to pass on to the pastors and churches for proper shepherding and fellowship such cases of conversion and sanctification as occurred in its meetings. It was never designed that this work should tend to separation from the churches, but by adding to the churches many souls redeemed from sin and on fire for God to infuse into them a new life, and thus to inaugurate a great campaign of soul saving throughout the land. But many ministers and churches gave the movement no welcome, and the holiness evangelists were compelled to hold their meetings in schoolhouses, halls, vacant store rooms, or, in the summer in tents and brush arbors, wherever a few earnest souls desired the gospel of full salvation preached and an effort made to awaken men and women from the lethargy and exceeding sinfulness of sin.

One who opposed the association was the Rev. Dr. Harmon, the superintendent of the church work for the district in which Shirley was included. When visiting Shirley, Dr. Harmon said to Leonard Burroughs:

"Preach holiness by all means. I believe in it with all my heart. It is one of the doctrines of our church, and we ought to preach it; perhaps we have neglected it too much. But do all your preaching in the church. This association work tends to weaken the church, by drawing men and money from our regular work, and the time spent in the association could better be employed in looking after our own interests. Then why should the so-called holiness people flock by themselves, and hold themselves aloof from others? Their action in this respect has alienated and disgusted many good people, and their radical teachings and absurd professions have led many to decide that they do not wish to be identified with them."

Partly because of such opposition a spirit of restlessness arose in the association, and the limitations of the organization became the subject of discussion. A call was issued for a convention in which the constitution of the association should be so revised as to safeguard the membership and increase the efficiency of the work. It was a matter of observation that those who were brought into the clear light of holiness through the labors of the evangelists of the holiness association were left to the care of the churches, and often with discouraging results, as many pastors and church officials were opposed to the profession of holiness and gave no encouragement to the testimonies of those who had received this experience in the meetings. Much of the fruit of the holiness revivals was lost, therefore, and a reproach was brought to bear upon the holiness preachers because their work lacked permanency.

And so it was proposed that a permanent local association be established whenever practicable, with a local leader, the pastor of the church, if he were a holiness man, and if not,

someone who should act as a pastor to the association, under a superintendent who should visit the work periodically and do his utmost to strengthen it.

The appointment and conduct of revivals and camp meetings should be in the hands of the superintendent and the workers designated by him; also, all cases of discipline, or dealing with unworthy members of the association, should be subject to the decision of the superintendent. A home and foreign missionary board for the association was proposed, and the establishment of a school of high grade, both under the jurisdiction of the superintendent. The proposition that there should be a superintendent who should have the control and direction of every department of the association's work, but who should share the responsibility with and be amenable to no one, was prominent in all the discussions; and though this whole plan was opposed by the national leaders of the holiness movement, yet it was urged with steady persistence by Mr. Moore and others, and was finally incorporated in the constitution of the new Great Northern Holiness Association.

But there were those who thought it looked like a new church organization, without the name of church; the association was to continue interdenominational, but with the machinery of a church organization. And as some of the holiness people had had the experience of the exercise of arbitrary power on the part of church officials, there was a well-considered hesitation with reference to accepting the constitution of the new association. In most places the influence of the leaders was sufficient to secure the adoption of the constitution by the people, and the members of the association generally accepted the advice of Mr. Moore, to "stay in your churches, and work for holiness through the association."

But at Shirley the hesitation to accept the new order of things was general. They saw a lion on each side of the way by which they were to go, and the lions were not chained. To remain in the church and also in the association would be to incur the displeasure of Dr. Harmon and all those in authority in the church, and to drop the association would make the holiness work in the church such as should be approved by the superintendent, which would be of a rather vague sort. The association would not allow membership except on the part of those who were in good standing in some church, hence no one could withdraw from the church and be acceptable to the association. To remain in both would render the holiness members subject to two superintendents whose purposes and plans of work were in direct opposition to each other.

The problem was solved in part for the Shirley holiness people by Dr. Harmon, who on a visit to the place preached on the theme, "Strength for Service," and referred to David and Goliath for illustration. He said, "We want to bring out the best that is in us for God, and not think that we shall have to be endowed with supernatural powers before we go forth to His service. We should discover what we have that we may use, and use it for God. We used to think that God directed David's hand in throwing that stone, so that it went straight to Goliath's forehead. But now we know that David's training and practice with the sling while guarding his father's sheep from wild beasts had much to do with it. In like manner we used to think that God directed the hands of the men who wrote this Book," holding up the Bible, "so that they wrote what He wanted written; but we know now that the men themselves had something to do with it. Their personalities entered into their writings. They were inspired in the same way that Abraham Lincoln was inspired to do his great work for humanity."

The only impression which this could produce was that man is in himself sufficient for all the duties and demands of life, if he will but "put forth the best that is in him," and that God does not and need not intervene to help him by supernatural means. Different is this from the confession of the Apostle Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and from the faith of the holiness people that fallen, sinful man is unable to raise himself up, but that there is an Arm that is "mighty to save and strong to deliver."

After preaching this sermon Dr. Harmon took Leonard Burroughs aside, and said, "Now, Burroughs, I can use you on my district, and can give you a good charge; but, you should not be so radical in your preaching. There are many good people who believe in holiness, but who don't relish being hammered and abused the way you do. What if a member of your church does use tobacco, or belong to a lodge? There are good people who do such things and see no harm in them, and they are good and useful members of the church. They don't like to be told they are going to hell every time they go to hear you preach. Why can't you be charitable over those little frailties of human nature which so many of us are heir to? And those good sisters of the Ladies' Aid Society -- they are doing a noble work -- why do you insist on holding them up to ridicule simply because they want to earn some money for the church by holding a box social or a bazaar? You hurt their feelings and discourage their efforts. Now you can preach holiness without doing that. I want you to preach holiness -- I believe in it myself -- but don't make a hobby of it."

"Brother Harmon," replied Burroughs, "I can't compromise or tone down, not if you would offer me the best church in your district. When God cleansed my heart and saved me from all sin, He put a message on my lips to give to the people, and I've got to be true to Him. He has shown me that saved men ought not be mixed up with the world, but that they should be out and out for Christ and salvation, and I've got to preach that doctrine, no matter where my bread and butter come from. No man can shut my mouth with a dollar."

"Well, if you will not do as I want you to do, I'll have nothing more to do with you," said Dr. Harmon, as he turned and went his way.

And so Leonard Burroughs and the holiness people at Shirley were again out of the church, and, of course, out of the association. Was there a place for them anywhere? Cornelius Cadwallader set himself the task of finding the answer to this question. The opposition to his preaching holiness on Cow Creek had become so intense that he felt constrained to resign the pastorate of the church, and while he tried to encourage and shepherd the few who had professed to be partakers of the second work of grace, yet he found them so distracted and discouraged, after his trip to North Dakota, that the prospect of building up a holiness work there seemed very remote. William Ransom said to him, "If we can't have the whole church into this, there is no use in one or two trying to keep it up by themselves."

Cornelius thought differently, so far as he was himself concerned, and trod the "lone way" on whose solitary lengths there was naught but the footprints of his Redeemer to show him the trail home. He found, also, that the tongue of slander had been loosed against Mrs. Ransom, and that she had become discouraged and had retaliated in kind, thus erecting a barrier between

herself and her neighbors which made her a social hermit. But the sorest trial that came to Cornelius met him in his own home, where he found that the anti-holiness sentiment of the Cow Creek church people had so undermined Martha's faith that she was willing to say with them that what she had received was only a restoration to conversion, after a backslidden state. The loneliness of his position may be appreciated only by those who have gone the same way, but his fellow travelers "through Immanuel's ground, to fairer worlds on high," may also sympathize with him in the blessed confidence with which he could sing:

Then I saw at once that Jesus  
Could be better far than all.  
He could lighten up the pathway,  
Could surround me like a wail;  
He could take the place of loved ones,  
Wipe the falling tears away,  
Turn my sorrow into laughter,  
Change the night-tide into day.

Cornelius had a book written by the president of a holiness college in Texas which he prized highly, and thinking that the author might be able to direct him to some church which stood out-and-out for holiness, he addressed him on the subject. The president replied courteously, and told him of several bodies of Christians which honored holiness in their doctrine and profession, but gave him no special advice. Cornelius then wrote to the editor of a holiness paper in Chicago, and asked for information about a distinctively holiness church. The editor replied kindly, telling of a number of such churches, and gave him the names and addresses of three superintendents of a church which had its rise on the Pacific coast, and was rapidly extending its work over other parts of the country. And he added a postscript, saying, "The people of whom I have spoken are doing more good than any of whom I have knowledge. This is unbiased, as I belong to an older and larger church."

Cornelius immediately corresponded with the three superintendents, and received replies which gave him much encouragement. The new holiness church stood definitely for holiness of heart and life, as the second work of grace, after regeneration, and insisted on regeneration as essential to church membership. It was aggressively evangelistic, holding camp and revival meetings, and seeking to compass the salvation of souls at all seasons, churches often being in the revival spirit and work the year round. It gave special attention to the unchurched masses, social outcasts, and the stranger within our gates from foreign shores. Moreover, the government of the church was so arranged that while giving proper supervision to the churches through a superintendency, yet the churches enjoyed the greatest liberty in the management of their local affairs. Finally, it was a live missionary church, actively interested in the salvation of the heathen, and had a number of missionaries in foreign fields; and it was awake to the need of providing schools for her youth where the best of scholarship would be untainted by unbelief, worldliness, and sin.

"It is the coming church," said Leonard Burroughs, after a careful study of its doctrine and work, "and one that is called for in the providence of God to take care of the holiness people, and to 'spread scriptural holiness over these lands.'"



Other churches contain many holiness people, but, also, many, and frequently those in authority, who frown upon the work and oppress the workers. Many men and women have felt, therefore, the need of a church where holiness was preached with the force and earnestness of a mighty faith, and where their testimonies to the grace of God and the great work done in them by the Holy Spirit are received, and their prayers for the salvation of lost souls are unhindered.

As Cornelius Cadwallader and Leonard Burroughs agreed upon these points and each desired just such a church as they now had report of, it was decided to send for the Rev. Mr. Bruner, a superintendent of the new holiness church, to come to North Dakota and hold some meetings, looking to the organization of several churches.

Was it a mere coincidence, or a matter of design, that an exhibition of moving pictures (called by the vulgar a "show"), illustrating biblical scenes and foreign travels by an around-the-world tourist, was held in the largest church in Shirley during the week of the holiness meetings? The crowd went, of course, to the sho--to see the moving pictures; but every man and woman in Shirley who was in the experience of holiness went to the meetings in the little schoolhouse. God was getting ready in that place a people separate from the world to do a great work for Him, and the effect of the meetings of the despised holiness people will be felt when the moving pictures and their promoter, and the pleasure derived from them, will have become a dream.

On a certain Sunday morning in October, 19\_\_, a holiness church was organized in Shirley, with sixteen charter members, including Cornelius Cadwallader.

The changing of one's church relations is a matter of no small concern. Many are in the church of their father and mother, or where they were personally converted or confirmed, and to leave that church would seem like turning the back upon one's family or early associations; and when a minister leaves his old church for another a vacancy is created which "seems like somebody has died," as a certain member once said. Naturally changes should not be made for light or trivial reasons.

Cornelius had given the matter careful consideration, and did not act hastily or impulsively. He had an experience of salvation, which was the Lord's work, and marvelous in his eyes. His church had not given him this experience, though it had led him up to it; but his second experience, that of entire sanctification, had aroused the opposition of the church, which had thereby fought against the work of God. When he received the great blessing Cornelius felt that he must, in the spirit of the old chorus, "Rise, shine, and give God the glory," and this he had done, to the great displeasure of his church. Evidently he owed his church nothing in relation to this experience, and loyalty to God led him to seek the fellowship of those who had "obtained like precious faith" beyond the bounds of his own church. As some suggested, this might be done in the holiness association. Yes; but the association was composed of members of the various churches, and after the association meetings each went back to his own church, where he was confronted with the problem of getting his church out of the ruts of formality and indifference, while the church, satisfied with its history and creed, or its numbers and wealth, thought the holiness man a crank or a nuisance, as he professed to be saved from all sin, and prayed for his

self-satisfied brethren "like they were a lot of common sinners." The average church has but little use for a holiness man, and when that man is a preacher he is simply not wanted.

Cornelius believed, moreover, that a church should possess and believe and teach a form of sound doctrine, to which every member should adhere. In some of the older churches there was a great latitude in doctrinal teachings, as the doctrinal basis of the church was individually interpreted, and in many quarters there was a great cry for liberality and private judgment. It was quite common for ministers to say, "Oh, yes, I know that our church teaches thus and so, in her standards; but---" and here the speaker would launch his individual views of the doctrine under discussion, which he privately believed and publicly expressed in lieu of the church doctrine. And this was especially true of the doctrine of holiness, which in the doctrinal statements of some of the churches has been clearly set forth as the second work of grace, subsequent to regeneration, but which some ministers have privately interpreted to mean "regeneration," or "suppression," or "growth in grace."

Cornelius saw that the new holiness church was necessarily a teacher of sound doctrine, and that there was great unanimity on this line on the part of her ministers and members; that the church existed in order to spread and conserve scriptural holiness, and for no other reason. He had no hesitation, therefore, in deciding that the church which stood foursquare for holiness should be his church, and heartily accepting its doctrine and government, he handed his papers to Superintendent Bruner, and became "one of them" at the organization effected at Shirley.

Cornelius could now sing from the heart the familiar words:

There are people almost ev'rywhere,  
Whose hearts are all aflame  
With the fire that fell at Pentecost,  
Which cleansed and made them clean;  
It is burning now within my heart--  
All glory to His name!  
And I'm glad that I can say I'm one of them.

Upon his return to Montana Cornelius continued to preach holiness on Cow Creek, but received very little encouragement there, the people generally holding themselves aloof from his teaching, and many absenting themselves from his services. His change of church membership may have had something to do with this, but the old indifference of the ranchers to religion, the habit of Sunday work, and the attitude of the older church members towards holiness, their unbelief in and opposition to the second work of grace, were greater barriers to Cornelius' work than the transfer of his membership. In fact he heard very little about this, but when he avowed his belief in holiness there was a suspension of conversation and a drawing away from him.

About this time the "dry-land farmer" began to appear in Montana, drawn thither by the attraction of a 320-acre homestead offered by the government, and thousands of settlers soon occupied the prairies of this great state, displacing the stock ranges with farms, and establishing post offices, school districts, and towns as community centers. Some of these settlers brought their ministers with them, and had churches established at various points in the towns and

country, but the masses of them were "as sheep having no shepherd," and presented an open door to the preaching of the gospel. Cornelius mounted his horse, therefore, and rode to Horse Creek, Lone Tree, Cottonwood coulee and Stratford, a new town on the railroad, where he established preaching services and organized Sunday schools, and in co-operation with other holiness preachers, who had come as settlers from Oklahoma and California, revivals were held and churches organized at various places in the state of Montana.

In the meantime Leonard Burroughs had extended his work in North Dakota by means of revivals, camp meetings and organizations, until it was thought wise to form a district work, and an assembly was held for the churches in the two states, of which Leonard Burroughs, having received ordination, was chosen superintendent, and Cornelius Cadwallader, secretary. In this office Cornelius has served for twelve years, and has also given some years to pastoral work in Montana and North Dakota. He is now living on his ranch on Cow Creek, and doing all within his power for the spreading of holiness and the upbuilding of holiness churches among the people. God is leading him on and blessing his work. And here, for the present, we take leave of the Parson of Cow Creek. His toils and trials are not yet over, for while he has heaven in his soul he is yet on earth and among men, but he walks and works by faith in Him who is "able to save to the uttermost," and,

"By and by, when the morning comes,  
When the saints of God are gathered home,  
We'll tell the story, how we've overcome,  
For we'll understand it better, by and by."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END