

BRIEF
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF SOME OF THE
EARLY MINISTERS

OF THE
Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE.

ON many accounts, the following Sketches are very interesting and valuable. The period of time which they cover was one of astonishing movements in social, political, and religious affairs. The opening of the nineteenth century was an important era among the nations, and especially was it important in the history of our own country.

In various departments of human interest, the period since then has been very full of both thought and action. The ecclesiastical world has been all astir with vital forces which have accomplished, already, wonderful things at home and abroad, and which promise to do even greater things in future times. The wide field of Christian missions, which previously to the year 1800 presented such a sad picture to the benevolent heart, has since then become the area of most cheering and happy influences and effects. A state of things existed in the Church of Christ such as to afford small comfort and hope to the lover of his race; but the Spirit of God was richly poured out upon the hearts of true men and women, and the result has been most glorious.

In every branch of the Church new life and power have been inspired and developed, and the cause of Christ marches forward, with rapid and steady strides,

to ultimate victory. The Presbyterian household of faith has, since A.D. 1800, expanded without a parallel in its previous history. The Cumberland Presbyterian portion of that household was organized into a separate family since that date, and, by God's abundant blessing, has grown into quite a considerable body of believers. Rev. Samuel McAdow, the sketch of whose life is first in this volume, was one of the three ministers who constituted its first presbytery, on the fourth day of February, 1810, now near sixty-four years ago. The whole intervening space in our Church's history, from then until now, is here surveyed in the lives of some of its devoted men, including those of the man of wondrous pulpit power, C. A. Davis, D.D., and the man of broad and truly catholic views, Milton Bird, D.D.

Not the least interesting thought connected with these Sketches is that their venerable author, whose long life in his Church's service has been so fruitful of good works, whose eighth decade of years is beautifully illustrating the Psalmist's words, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," was himself a participant in much of the experience of the times he records, and that he intimately knew many of the noble characters he presents to our view. This, his last book of Sketches, must some day be followed by one written by another hand, in which his own excellent career shall be prominently portrayed by a faithful and loving pen.

M. B. DEWITT, *Book Editor.*

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. SAMUEL McADOW.*

1796—1844.

SAMUEL McADOW† was born, April 10, 1760, in Guilford county, North Carolina. He was the youngest of eight children, four of whom were boys; the four others were girls. His father, John McAdow, emigrated from Ireland when young, and settled in Guilford. He there married Ellen Nelson, who had also crossed the Atlantic. The father was a farmer, and both the parents were Presbyterians, members of Buffalo congregation, which was at the time under the pastoral care of Dr. David Caldwell. The mother seems to have been a very pious woman, and Mr. McAdow often spoke of her in his subsequent life, bearing testimony to the great excellences of her character and piety of her

* Judge McAdow, Rev. Joel Knight, Foote's "Sketches of North Carolina."

† The proper spelling of the name is evidently McAdoo, but I follow the usage of the Church Records.

life. He did not enjoy the benefit of her counsel and watchful care long, as she died when he was about ten years of age. When he was about eleven years of age he professed religion, and was received into the Church by Dr. Caldwell. His early years were divided between the labors of the farm and the school, but when quite young he was placed under the care of Dr. Caldwell, as it would seem, for a regular education. The Revolutionary War, however, came on, and the school was broken up.

After the close of the war he renewed his studies, and completed an academic course. He afterward took a three-years' course in Mecklenburg College, where he completed his education. His father had died in the meantime. On his returning home his step-mother, who occupied the old homestead, prevailed on him to take charge of the farm. He did so, and on the 24th of November, 1788, was married to Henrietta Wheatly. She became the mother of five children, all of whom died young, except one who was living in 1869.

After he professed religion and joined the Church he became seriously impressed with the belief that he ought to prepare himself for the work of the Christian ministry. After having left college, however, and taken charge of the farm, especially after having married and become the head of a family, he, in a great measure, lost those impressions for a time. Still his mind was not long at ease. The impressions returned with increasing force. He left the farm, procured a place near to the residence of Dr. Caldwell, and commenced the study of the-

ology under the guidance of his old teacher. On the 20th of September, 1794, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange. This was the oldest Presbytery in North Carolina, having been first constituted in May of 1770. At the time of Mr. McAdow's licensure its ministerial members were, Dr. David Caldwell, James McGready, William Hodge, Henry Patillo, William McGee, and perhaps others.

We have an account of his ordination, but the time is unknown. The information is that he preached after his licensure in different parts of the country until he was ordained, and settled in charge of Hopewell congregation, in Orange county. I find the following in Foote's "Sketches of North Carolina:"

"In the year 1796, Mr. McGready, who had been ordained in 1793, removed to Kentucky. In the year 1799 the Presbytery of Orange dismissed Rev. William McGee and Barton W. Stone, a licentiate to Pennsylvania Presbytery, and about the same time the Rev. Messrs. William Hodge, Samuel McAdow, and John Rankin, to remove to the West. The part that these men acted in the succeeding events in the West forms an interesting part in the 'History of the Valley of the Mississippi.'"*

Mr. McAdow was evidently ordained, therefore, previous to 1799. It has been mentioned also that he was settled after his ordination as pastor of Hopewell congregation in his native State. On the

* Page 376.

20th of April, 1799, he lost his wife. This occurred in North Carolina. After the death of his wife, feeling himself to be very much broken up, he turned his attention toward the West, whither several of his old friends in the ministry had gone, and also a number of his relatives. He therefore made his arrangements to remove to Kentucky. He was accordingly dismissed by his Presbytery, as we have seen, for his new destination in 1799. On his way Westward he yielded to the solicitations of friends, and spent the first summer in East Tennessee. During the summer he preached as a supply to the Big Limestone congregation. But when the fall came he resumed his journey to the farther West, feeling that he could not be satisfied until he rejoined his former friends. Of course he did not foresee, but we can now see, that he had a great providential mission to fulfill in the West. A call signed by one hundred and eighteen heads of families for his continuance in East Tennessee as pastor of Big Limestone congregation was presented, but his purpose was fixed. When he reached Kentucky he found his old friends and fellow-laborers engaged in the great revival. The work was just beginning to develop itself in its wonderful power.

In the spring of 1800, he began to preach regularly at Red River, in Logan county, and to the Rockbridge congregation in Christian county. In October of 1800, he was married a second time to Catharine Clark, a very pious lady, of Logan county. The fruit of this marriage was one child, a daughter. His second wife died on the 17th of

May, 1804. Being left with two little daughters, one of each family, he committed them to the care of a sister, and engaged in more extensive ministerial operations. He seems to have fully imbibed the spirit of the times; he traveled and preached, extending his tours to the Ohio River, and far into the State of Tennessee. He continued to ride and preach extensively until he was almost entirely disabled from public speaking on account of weakness of lungs. Physicians advised him to desist. His more active ministerial labors, therefore, ceased. In July of 1806 he was married a third time. The lady's name was Hannah Cope. There were two sons from this marriage. He now settled in Dixon county, Tennessee, where he owned land. Here he engaged in teaching. His Sabbaths, however, he gave to the work of the ministry. He remained in Dixon county until 1815. This portion of his history brings us to the great work of his life. While he resided in Dixon, on the 4th day of February, 1810, the Cumberland Presbytery was constituted, out of which has grown the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The transaction took place at his house. The house has become historical. It was an unpretending building on the bank of Jones's Creek, about seven miles from Charlotte. The little fire originated in that obscure spot has kindled a great matter. The good men who prayed and acted there on that occasion had no conception of what the result would be.

In 1815 he sold out his possessions in Dixon, and moved to Jackson county, where he also owned

land. Here he remained promoting the interests of religion as he was able until 1828. In the fall of this year he moved to Illinois, and settled in Bond county. Age and infirmities were now settling upon him. His time for any thing like active labor had passed away. Says my informant: "He was, however, still ever ready to do what he could in conducting Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings, and occasionally preaching. His place was never vacant at the house of God when his health permitted him to attend, and the weather was tolerable. On the 3d day of June, 1839, he lost his third and last wife. From this time he confined himself mostly to his home. His time was spent in reading and meditation. His home was with his eldest son. He seldom left it except in attending public worship. His customary health continued to about the 25th of March, 1844. About that time he became dull, and complained of sleepiness. There was, however, no pain. This condition of things continued until the 30th, when he quietly fell asleep to wake no more. He passed off without a struggle or a groan. His last words were, in answer to a friend, 'All is peace, my work is done, every thing is ready; I have nothing to do, but to die; there is no doubt, no fear.'" He was within a few days of eighty-four years of age. A funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. John Barber, in the course of the sessions of Vandalia Presbytery, a week after his death.

Mr. McAdow lived a quiet, but nevertheless an eventful life. He was not ambitious; he did not

seek notoriety, but still one act of his life has made his name a household word in many Christian homes throughout the West and South-west. Even his quiet and unpretending home in Dixon county, Tennessee, as I have said, has become historic. The thoughts of coming generations will cluster around it as the birth-place of great events.

I have some characteristics of Mr. McAdow, and some incidents connected with his life from one of his old friends and later associates. Says my informant:

“Mr. McAdow was a very conscientious man, naturally retiring in his manner, and rather inclined to despondency; often doubting his call to the ministry. After his licensure he yielded to these doubts and other discouragements so far that for a time he declined preaching. And in order to avoid being called out in that way he left the vicinity in which he lived, and made a temporary settlement in one in which he was entirely unknown, and where public religious exercises were very infrequent.” Of course, however, Jonah was not long at ease in his retirement. “In his restlessness he found another religious person. They became acquainted, held consultations about the spiritual condition of their neighbors, and concluded to have a prayer-meeting. The prayer-meeting was repeated. It was a new order of things; the people became interested. The interest reacted upon the truant preacher: he commenced preaching to them, and continued it for some time, and at length returned to his former home, and submitted himself to the direction of his Presbytery.”

One of his difficulties in relation to preaching seems to have arisen from the same source from which embarrassments in other quarters soon began to develop themselves. There were expressions in the Confession of Faith which were difficult of digestion. The atonement seemed to him, as he understood the Scriptures, to have been a universal provision for the salvation of men. In conformity with this view of the subject the offers and invitations of the gospel seemed to be made unrestrictedly to all, and the Scriptures seemed to make men wholly responsible in the case of their own damnation. But all these views appeared to be in conflict with a literal and consistent interpretation of the Confession of Faith. He was conscientious, and did not know what to do. As it was very proper, he referred the matter to his old friend and theological guide, Dr. Caldwell. Dr. Caldwell was a liberal man. He could not with his temperament and habits of thought have been any thing else. He was not formed by nature, nor had his experience trained him, for Procrustean measures in theology. He advised his pupil to use practical texts, and to confine himself to practical discussions in preaching, and to let these difficult questions take care of themselves. This was certainly wise counsel, but still it did not satisfy the inquirer. As every Scotch-Irishman is, he was wedded to Presbyterianism. Nothing else would do him as a form of religious worship, and mainly as a system of religious doctrines.

After awhile there was a call for his ordination.

This created a new trial. Any serious man would have considered it a severe ordeal aside from extraneous difficulties. He was very much dissatisfied with his trial sermon; thought at its close that he would keep quiet until the congregation scattered a little, and then betake himself away, and show himself no more on the occasion. Circumstances did not favor the carrying out of his resolution, and he took a walk to the spring. On his way he passed a group of the leading members of the congregation, and one of them remarked to him that they were consulting on the subject of raising means for the publication of his sermon. Of course this was *news* to him, but something more was to follow which was to be, if possible, still more astounding.

At the spring he met good Mrs. Dr. Caldwell. She was no doubt a liberal theologian and warm-hearted Christian woman. Addressing herself to him in her kind and encouraging manner, she said: "She thanked the Lord that in his good providence the Church would soon enjoy the services of one so well adapted to the work of the ministry, adding that somehow it was deeply impressed upon her mind that day that God had some important place in the Church for him to fill, some great work for him to do." All this seems to us like an approach to inspiration; still, lest we lay ourselves liable to the charge of fanaticism, we will not call it inspiration. It is nevertheless remarkable that subsequent facts should have so fully coincided with the impression. He was ordained,

and, as we have seen, became the pastor of Hope-well congregation.

In the progress of things he seemed to think it due to truth and to himself to set forth his doctrinal views clearly and fully, as they were known not to be in strict conformity with the views prevailing around him. He accordingly made an appointment for that purpose. A large concourse attended. The house of worship could not hold the people, and they repaired to the grove, that all might hear. The sermon was a clear and strong exposition of the truth as he understood it. Persons were living a few years ago who were present on the occasion and heard the discourse. Mr. McAdow seems to have been, from some cause, a favorite in Dr. Caldwell's family. One of the daughters pronounced the sermon unanswerable. She was a highly educated and intelligent lady. Others were of the same opinion. A gentleman known in early life to the writer, and up at least to the old age of the former, a respected member of the Presbyterian Church, spoke of it as one of the most masterly discussions which he had ever heard. No opposition, however, was excited.

An observation out of the line of the history may be made here. The theological difficulties connected with the early developments of what afterward became the Cumberland Presbyterian Church are generally regarded as the outgrowth of the revival itself. We see, however, from the facts which have just been presented that the seeds were already taking root in North Carolina which subse-

quently germinated in Kentucky and Tennessee. Messrs. McGready, McGee, Hodge, and McAdow, and also Messrs. Anderson and King, who were brought into the ministry in the West, all emigrated from the same section of North Carolina to this country. A serious man will involuntarily raise the inquiry whether the revival may not have been the outgrowth of the more liberal theology, working inwardly in the hearts of earnest men, than the theology of the revival. This is certainly an aspect of the subject which deserves to be considered. At all events it is certain that the leaven was at work before it developed itself in the licensure of Anderson, Ewing, and King. It is to be observed, too, that the very region of North Carolina in which these men originated shared very extensively the benefits of the great revival. It was the same spirit in the ministry, and the congregations there, which pervaded the Green River and Cumberland countries.

We have another anecdote of Mr. McAdow, as, it will be observed, rather characteristic of the times. At one time after he was settled in Kentucky, he was rather unwell on a particular Saturday. The next day he was to preach according to appointment. From the condition of his health he was inclined to draw back. His wife also thought he was too unwell to preach. He deferred the decision to Sabbath morning. When morning came he was rather shocked at the thought of not preaching. Early in the morning, while the question was still undecided, a colored man, a Christian, and a man

of some sprightliness and experience, came in. The colored friend was invited to lead in family prayer. He thanked God in the course of his prayer for what he had done, was doing, and would do, that day. The spirit and matter of the prayer seemed to suggest to the preacher that he must preach, although not well. He did so, and it proved to be a great day of the Son of man among the people. Many were convicted and converted. This occurred at Red River, and was considered one of the precious developments of the revival.

Mr. McAdow seems to have been steadfastly satisfied with the part he acted in the organization of the Cumberland Presbytery. The tradition is, and he himself sanctions it, that when Messrs. Ewing, King, and McLean* came to his house in Dixon

* Rev. Ephraim McLean was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Transylvania Presbytery at its fall sessions, in October, 1802. On the 4th of October, 1803, he was licensed as a probationer for the ministry, by the Cumberland Presbytery, which had been stricken off from the Transylvania Presbytery a year before. Immediately after the constitution of the new Presbytery, or rather the reorganization of the old Cumberland Presbytery, in 1810, he was ordained. This was the first Presbyterial act of the new organization. He labored with great fidelity and usefulness a few years after the organization of the Presbytery. His race, however, was short. He seems to have been much beloved. Dr. Cositt says of him, in his "Life and Times of Finis Ewing," that "After serving the Church efficiently and faithfully for a few years, he died lamented by all who knew him." He left a large and respectable family. Two of his sons have been prominent in the councils of the nation. A grandson is now a beloved young minister in the Church of his fathers.

county to make a final settlement of the question of organizing the Presbytery, Mr. Ewing explained to him the object of their visit, and told him that they had come for his decision, and that they were willing to take that, whatever it might be, as the voice of Providence, and to act accordingly. Mr. McAdow very reasonably replied that the responsibility was too great, and that he could not bear it. The greater portion of the night and of the following day was spent in prayer. After such a struggle he reported himself ready to act. The question was settled. He gives us an account of his feelings upon the occasion. Mr. Ewing does the same thing. It was a fearful responsibility. The men felt it, but as they approached nearer and nearer to the crisis, their confidence evidently increased, that the step to be taken was a necessary one, and one which the providence of God had imposed upon them.

In an interview with a ministerial brother a short time before his death, in reply to an inquiry whether, after the lapse of so many years, he was still satisfied with the proceeding in which he was engaged in the organization of the Presbytery in 1810, he said he had never entertained a doubt on that subject; he believed it was done under the divine sanction, and that God would sustain and bless the Church.

In 1855 his son wrote a letter to a prominent minister in the Church, in relation to his father, from which I make the following extract:

“He was a man of the most fervent piety. Much of his time, especially in the latter part of his life, was spent in meditation and private devotion. He

had a strong desire for the welfare and success of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. This, indeed, seemed to be a matter of chief interest with him. He always believed that he acted in conformity with the immediate counsel of God in the part he took throughout the troubles which led to the constitution of the first Presbytery, and the consequent separation from the Presbyterian Church, and often remarked that it seemed to him that God had lengthened out his life that he might see something of the prosperity of the Church which he had participated in organizing."

Mr. McAdow left a considerable mass of manuscript. The last sermon ever preached by the old man was published in the *Theological Medium* of 1846. It was delivered when he was near eighty years old. The subject is "Peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." A paragraph is extracted and given here as a specimen of his style of preaching. The sentiments as he doubtless understood them himself, and intended them to be understood by his hearers, are correct and exceedingly expressive. He is discussing the subject of holiness:

"But here some will say, The old man has got to preaching up perfection. Well, my friends, perfection is what is wanted, and without it no one will ever see the face of God in peace; for nothing that is impure can abide in his presence, and where or when is this perfection to be obtained? Do you say, Not till we are ushered into the presence of God by death? Christ says, If we die in our sins, where I

am ye cannot come. Therefore we must obtain it in this world, or not at all, and the sooner the better, for we know not how suddenly we may drop off the stage of action into an unchanging eternity. God is perfect, and Christ exhorts us to be perfect, as our Father who is in heaven is perfect. Christ in believers, the hope of glory, is perfect, and John says that 'whosoever hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.' Here is the perfection for which we plead, even purity of heart. Christ says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' The change which Christians undergo from nature to grace is a perfect change; for with such old things have passed away, and, behold, all things are become new. The Spirit of God, which dwells in all true believers, is perfect; and his work, as it relates to the new creation, or inner man, is a perfect work."

The object of the argument is to show that religion must be something real and vital—that it must reach down into the inner heart, and not satisfy itself with a mere external appearance. We see an outcropping of the old spirit of the revival. It is said that, frequently in the progress of the sermon, he shed tears freely, as though feeling that his work was nearly done. How fitting that the sun of a long ministerial life should go down under such circumstances!

I have in my possession several sermons of Mr. McAdow in manuscript. One of them is upon a call to the ministry. It is a long sermon of thirty closely written pages. He enters into the subject

very fully. It is discussed negatively, and then positively, and finally objections are answered. He evidently intends to say every thing that can be said upon the question within a reasonable space. The whole discussion takes its coloring from the times. One party required a high grade of learning in the ministry, and would yield nothing to the exigencies of the circumstances. Another party thought that spirituality was the great matter, and that the want of it could not be supplied by any possible human attainments or endowments. Gilbert Tennent had preached and published his famous Nottingham Sermon, on the same subject, fifty years before the time of Mr. McAdow. Mr. Tennent thought, and Mr. McAdow thought with him, that the prospect of money and an easy life called a great many men into the ministry, and that, according to the rule of our Saviour, such men were thieves and robbers. Mr. Tennent said of those who might, perhaps, plead the case of the ministry of Judas in vindication of their course, "I fear that the abuse of this instance has brought many Judases into the ministry, whose chief desire, like that of their great-grandfather, is to finger the pence and carry the bag. But let such hireling, murderous hypocrites take care that they do not feel the force of a halter in this world, and an aggravated damnation in the next."*

Indeed Dr. Hodge is candid and honorable enough to represent the New Brunswick Presbytery, of the spirit and measures of which Mr. Tennent was a

* Dr. Hodge's "History of the Presbyterian Church."

representative, and the Cumberland Presbytery as occupying analogous ground in their conflicts with the higher authorities of the Presbyterian Church. They were, in fact, cases in which history substantially repeats itself.

Mr. McAdow was not only a preacher, but something of a poet. His poetry seems to have been written for amusement or his own personal improvement. His distrust of himself withheld him from bringing it to the light. I take the liberty of making several extracts. They will give us some insight into the character of the man. I think, too, they will give us a higher appreciation of his ability than what has generally prevailed among us. I take my first extract from an Introduction to what was intended to be a paraphrase, in verse, upon the book of Job. The whole Introduction contains a hundred lines. After acknowledging the dependence of every thing upon God, and the goodness and bounty of the great source of all existence, he commences his invocation thus:

O dearest source of light, and life, and love!
Send now thy gracious influence from above.
A poor unworthy worm to thee would look;
Be not thy word to him a sealèd book;
But give him ears to hear, and eyes to see,
A tongue to speak, and show its mystery.
Inspire his heart good matter to indite,
In every sentence teach his pen to write.
O let enlivening rays of holy fire
My mind illumine, and my breast inspire!
With skill divine grand myst'ries to explore,
And right extract the metal from the ore.

O guide my thoughts, my grov'ling passions raise,
Nor let me wander in the sacred maze,
Help me the sacred annals to unfold,
And learn a lesson from the days of old
Of humble greatness in prosperity,
Of patient meekness in adversity,
Of sudden changes, sure impending fate,
Which watches our imperfect changeful state;
Of true submission in the midst of ills,
Of acquiescence when our Maker wills.
And if my thoughts essay the holy lay,
Then suffer not my muse to go astray;
But sanctify my hand, my head, my heart,
That all in holy praise may bear a part;
And so direct me when I choose each theme
That truth may come to men, and glory to thy name.

The contemplated paraphrase was commenced, but never finished. It would be an interesting relic if we had it.

We have another poem on the Signs, Forerunners, and Formality of the last Judgment, in two parts. The whole production consists of one hundred and six stanzas of four lines each.

We have still another, addressed to a friend who was thought to be in danger of losing his day of grace. The writer recollects to have heard the old people say when he was a boy that Mr. McAdow was considered very high authority on the subject of the unpardonable sin. There is nothing, however, in the manuscripts which have come to hand on this subject, except the poetical address which has just been mentioned.

It must be mentioned also that there is still another long poem upon the misery of dying in an

unconverted state, based upon the first seven verses of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. This is a long poem, covering several closely written pages. The first twenty-four lines have evidently been lost, and replaced by Mr. McAdow himself at a time subsequent to the first draft, or by another hand. There are two or three other poems, or fragments of poems, less important in their character than those here mentioned.

To the present generation nothing is known of Mr. McAdow except through tradition. A few of the old men and women, survivors of a generation which has nearly passed away, knew him personally. Most of the facts recounted in this sketch have been derived from himself through the agency of a friend and brother in the ministry belonging to this last class. It is probable that no other person now living had them in possession. A surviving son is my authority for the more personal and domestic incidents which have been recorded.

Mr. McAdow was a very different man from either Mr. Ewing or Mr. King, with whom he is always associated in our minds in connection with the organization of the Church. His son writes of him that he was a man of "melancholy temperament." He was evidently quiet and retiring in his habits, not adapted to leadership in any great enterprise, nor ever seeking such a position. His associates were intellectually and physically better adapted to the stormy scenes of life, through which they were called to pass. They were men of war. Many of us who still live have heard their clarion

voices calling us to the field of conflict. They were sons of thunder in the pulpit. Mr. Ewing was terrible, too, when he spoke through the press to an offending adversary. They were both heroes in the strife into which the providence of God called them. They fell each with his heavy armor on. We honor, and will honor, their memory. I think, too, we have found that Mr. McAdow, far back in early life, in the midst of the honest Presbyterianism of his fathers, was undergoing a providential training for the important part he was to act amidst the stormy religious scenes of the South-west. The theology, which, after the expiration of twenty years, was embodied in the Cumberland Presbyterian Confession of Faith, was even then taking form in his mind. North Carolina Presbyterians could tolerate it. But when it came into contact with the theology of John Knox, and his more immediate followers, there was a want of affiliation, and a conflict was the result. The history of that conflict is known. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church owes a debt to the memory of Mr. McAdow, which, in the rush and excitement of a stirring age, has been too much overlooked. This imperfect sketch has been intended as a contribution toward the payment of that debt. He deserves a better memorial.

REV. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.*
1803—1804.

MR. ANDERSON did not live to witness the organization of the Cumberland Presbytery in 1810, and, properly speaking, therefore, was never a Cumberland Presbyterian. But for the reason that he was fully identified with the difficulties from which the Cumberland Presbyterian Church arose, and, had he lived, without doubt, would have been connected with it, and furthermore as he is considered to have been eminently worthy of such a memorial as these sketches are intended to preserve of their several subjects, he receives a place here.

Alexander Anderson was born in Orange county, North Carolina, October 28, 1764. His father, James Anderson, was a Scotch-Irish emigrant who settled in Orange about the middle of the eighteenth century. James Anderson subsequently married the sister of General James Mebane, of revolutionary memory. Alexander Anderson was the eldest son of this marriage. His mother was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and the son was brought up in the faith and according to the usages of that Church. The Sabbath was observed as a holy day.

* Rev. T. C. Anderson, D.D.; Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians;" "Life and Times of Finis Ewing."

The Bible was read, and the Catechism was studied; these were the principal exercises of the Sabbath.

Having been thus religiously instructed, and raised by a pious mother, Alexander's mind in early youth was brought under religious impressions, but at what period, and under what circumstances, he became experimentally a subject of religion is not now known. It appears that he did not attach himself to the Church till after his marriage. His wife was a Miss Phebe Hall. She was also of Scotch-Irish descent, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Shortly after his marriage he became a member of the Presbyterian Church himself, and immediately established the Christian and Presbyterian usage of holding prayers in his family. From the beginning he was remarkable for his power in prayer. A Church was organized in his neighborhood, and he was chosen a ruling elder, and became one of the most active and influential men in the congregation. This was the Hawfield's congregation. It was one of the congregations of which Rev. William Hodge had charge previous to his removal to Tennessee.

In this congregation Mr. Anderson lived and labored until he became the father of six children. In the fall of 1797 he emigrated to Tennessee, and settled in Sumner county, three miles south of Galatin.

Here in the midst of what might be called, almost without exaggeration, an interminable forest, with an immense undergrowth of cane, he literally

“began in the woods.” A house was to be builded, a field to be cleared and fenced, and the cane to be cut and burned ; and then the plowing of the new ground would have terrified a man of this generation. Still the crops produced compensated for the severe labor. Twelve or fifteen barrels of corn, and ten wagon loads of pumpkins, per acre, were common in the fall gatherings.

Mr. Anderson and his wife became members of Shiloh congregation. The old meeting-house was situated about a mile from Gallatin. He was also elected a ruling elder in that congregation. The first pastor was Rev. William McGee. He was succeeded by Rev. William Hodge, who had left his old charge in North Carolina and settled in Tennessee. Mr. Hodge served the Shiloh congregation for many years after the disruption in 1810.

Mr. Anderson's piety was not of the fashionable type—a piety which can be kept out of sight during the business of the week and brought out on Sabbath for exhibition—but it was a living principle which reigned in the heart, subjugating the lower and baser passions, and developing itself in a godly life and Christian activity, and in sympathy with the souls of men. Consequently, when the great revival of 1800 began to develop itself in its wondrous-working power, he at once recognized the presence and power of God, and entered earnestly into the work of its promotion. By exhortation, singing, prayer, and conversation with serious persons, he made himself eminently useful. Says my informant:

“No secular engagements could keep him from

his place in the prayer-meeting, the more public service of the sanctuary, or the camp-meeting. Wherever God's people were assembled for his service there was Mr. Anderson in the midst ready to do, or try to do, whatever duty seemed to demand. Blessed with a melodious voice, he could sing like a seraph; in prayer he talked with God, and pleaded with him in most melting strains for the salvation of sinners; in exhortation he drew the penitent to Christ, and subdued the stout-hearted, and constrained him to humble himself before God. These labors were so effectual that the impression soon became general in the Church that he was destined for a higher work."

In the meantime the visit of Mr. Rice to the revival ministers in the Green River and Cumberland countries occurred. His counsels to these ministers and the congregations in their great exigency have often been referred to. They have become matters of history. One of the young men encouraged, in conformity with his counsel, to look forward to the ministry, and to try to prepare for it as well as his circumstances would permit, was Mr. Anderson. It would have been an appalling undertaking to any ordinary man. At home were a wife and a family of seven children. None of the children were able to do much in the cultivation of the farm. The country was new, and severe labor was necessary for the support of a large family. His education was limited. To come up to the requirements of the Presbyterian form of government in relation to probationers for the ministry was simply impos-

sible. There were no schools; and had there been schools in abundance, he had no time to spare. Yet the Church was calling; and the providence and Spirit of God seemed to be calling in like manner. What was he to do? The congregations were suffering, and could not be supplied with the word and ordinances, unless extraordinary measures were adopted. The friends of the revival resolved to step over the chasm which seemed to be before them. They did so, and Mr. Anderson was one of the first that was called out. He and Finis Ewing and Samuel King were encouraged to make such preparation as they could with a view to the ministry. At the meeting of the Transylvania Presbytery, in October of 1801, the case of these men was brought before that body. They were not then received as candidates for the ministry, but were licensed to catechise and exhort in the vacant congregations, and directed to prepare discourses to be read at the next sessions of the Presbytery. At the next meeting, which is supposed to have been held in the spring of 1802, Mr. Anderson was received as a candidate by a bare majority, whilst the others were rejected by the same bare majority. In the fall of 1802, however, they were all licensed to preach as probationers.

In May of 1803 Mr. Anderson was ordained at Shiloh, Mr. McGready preaching the ordination sermon, and Mr. Hodge giving the charge. At his licensure he was appointed to a field of labor extending from Russellville, Kentucky, to Shelbyville, Tennessee, embracing the central district of Tennessee and the

south-western portion of Kentucky. Of course his whole time and strength were called into requisition in supplying the wants of so extended a field.

It is difficult for us to appreciate the self-denial and moral heroism of a man placed in such a situation. His farm had been but newly opened; at home were a wife and seven or eight children. Human reason inquires, How could he leave his home, and thus commit himself to a work of such magnitude, and a work, too, which in a pecuniary point of view promised so little remuneration? Still he did confide his earthly all to God, and went into the work. His mission, however, was soon fulfilled: he died in 1804, a year and four months from his licensure, and nine months from his ordination. His death occurred in Kentucky, and his remains now lie about midway between Elkton and Russellville, in that State. The disease which carried him off overtook him while engaged in his appointed work. He was considered a great loss to the revival interest in the Church.

In relation to the acts of the Presbytery in his advancement to the ministry my informant says:

“They knew their man; they knew what he could do in exhortation, and prayer, and other religious exercises: nor were they disappointed. He drew crowds wherever he preached, and the writer has heard old veterans of the cross repeat large portions of his sermons after he had been in heaven half a century. There are yet a few old mothers in Israel lingering upon the shores of time who still weep at the mention of the name of Alexan-

der Anderson. No man has ever made such a record in Tennessee in so short a time. That reputation still survives.

“The good providence of God has been around his family, too, till this day. His widow lingered with the children through fifty years, but she always had a comfortable home, and the kind regard of all who knew her. Two of his sons* have been active ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. One of his grandsons,† in the prime of life, is also a respectable minister of the same Church. All of his children have been members of the Church. Those who have gone died in hope. Two still linger awaiting the summons which shall call them home. All will doubtless meet in heaven. God will take care of the family of the faithful minister, whatever may be the term of his service.”

The sketches given in these paragraphs of the promise and reputation of Mr. Anderson as a preacher, if tradition is reliable, are not overwrought. In the days of my boyhood his name was a household word within the circle of my own family connection. They were nearly all identified with the revival interest, and Mr. Anderson was always spoken of as an attractive and lovely preacher, and his early death was deplored as a great calamity, and a remarkably dark providence, all the circumstances being considered. In my early ministry I met the echo of these sentiments wherever I went

* Rev. T. C. Anderson, D.D., and Rev. John Anderson.

† Rev. S. T. Anderson, D.D.

within the bounds of his labors. I was trained up to respect his character and revere his memory. And whilst I write this imperfect tribute to his unusual worth, the impressions are still vivid in my mind which were deeply wrought there sixty years ago, in the days of my early boyhood.

I annex the following in relation to Mr. Anderson from the Appendix of Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians:"

"This eminently pious and beloved minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ was born in Orange county, in North Carolina, A.D. 1764. His parents being pious, he enjoyed the high privilege of having been taught the Scriptures from his infancy, and at a very early period he became deeply impressed with a sense of his lost estate, and felt great anxiety for the salvation of his soul. After remaining in this condition for some time, he became the subject of the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit, and took great delight in reading the sacred Scriptures. But being very young, and none of his youthful companions having the same views and feelings with himself, and as he lived in a neighborhood where the life and power of religion were scarcely known, he relapsed into a state of coldness, and caught somewhat of the spirit of his associates. In this condition he remained until the period of his marriage, when he aroused himself from his lethargy, became a man of prayer, and spent his leisure hours in reading the Scriptures and other religious works. For some time he was the subject of much perplexity concerning the reality of his change of

heart; but becoming satisfied on this important subject, he attached himself to the Presbyterian Church, and made such advances in piety and religious knowledge that in a short time his influence was felt by all with whom he associated. Such was his zeal for God that many of his friends were led by his example to forsake their sins, and to receive the Lord Jesus as their sovereign Lord, and a flourishing society was established in his neighborhood, and he was made a ruling elder.

“Mr. Anderson removed to Tennessee A.D. 1798, and became a member of the Shiloh congregation. When he heard of the *strange* work in progress in Mr. McGready’s congregations he determined to see it for himself, and was one of those who were present at the camp-meeting* at Gaspar River Church from Shiloh. He was convinced that the astonishing effects upon the people were produced by the mighty power of God. He returned home glorifying God for what his eyes had seen, and his heart had felt; and was zealously and actively engaged in the blessed revival that immediately after appeared in Shiloh and the neighboring congregations. Being often called upon to pray at the social prayer-meetings, and the Spirit within him constraining him to exhort the unconverted to flee the wrath to come, it was soon discovered that he possessed no ordinary gifts, in consequence of which, when the people in the neighboring settlements, who had no minister settled among them, became aroused to a

* The first camp-meeting ever held in Christendom.

sense of their exposure to misery, they would earnestly entreat Mr. Anderson to visit them, and hold prayer-meetings among them, at which he often exhorted with great power, and his humble efforts were owned of Heaven in the salvation of many precious souls. As the Presbyterian ministers in the country were very few, they encouraged Mr. Anderson and others to visit the distant congregations with license to catechise and exhort.

“Before his removal from North Carolina, Mr. Anderson labored under serious impressions that he ought to preach Christ, but he shrank from the thought, owing to his want of literary attainments and the impossibility of procuring them, circumstanced, as he was, with a helpless family looking to him for support. The exercise of his gifts at the commencement of the revival in the Cumberland country renewed his impressions. Still, however, he could not bear the thought of devoting himself to the ministry; and to quiet his conscience he continued to exhort. This, however, only tended to deepen his impressions. He was in this embarrassed state of mind when he was informed that, owing to the destitute state of the country, the Presbytery were willing to license those who appeared to possess an aptness to teach, although they had not acquired the literary attainments required by the book of discipline; and that if he would present himself as a candidate for the ministry, his want of classical learning would constitute no serious objection. This information deprived him of his chief apology. And although he had a numer-

ous and helpless family depending for support upon his exertions, God having opened such a door before him that he could no longer keep peace with his conscience, he committed his family to the protection of Him who feedeth the young ravens, and clothes the lilies of the field; and he devoted himself to the great work to which he believed the Head of the Church was calling him. Immediately upon being licensed he hired a person to superintend his farm, and he acted as an itinerant preacher, traveling over a large extent of country, exposed to many trials and privations. In this new sphere Mr. Anderson manifested great zeal for the cause of his Divine Master. Nor did he labor in vain, and spend his strength for naught, for such a holy unction attended his ministrations that many, very many, precious souls, through his instrumentality, were savingly converted to God. He continued to labor with great success, and without receiving any, or very little, pecuniary remuneration until the time of his death, which was in February, 1804, and while traveling in Kentucky, proclaiming salvation through Christ to perishing sinners.

“Mr. Anderson was a man of no ordinary mind. He possessed very clear views of divine truth, and a happy facility of communicating his ideas in an interesting manner to his hearers. He had a commanding voice and a tender accent. While he could thunder the curses of the law like the voice of God upon Mount Sinai, he could moisten his words with tears. Whilst he was a bold man, and could put scoffers to shame, he could also clothe his

ideas in the most familiar language, and was an instructor of babes in Christ. He, on no occasion, indulged in controversial theology, but uniformly preached Christ, and him crucified. He carefully cultivated a spirit of love and friendship with all denominations. By all parties he was beloved. By the churches under the care of the revival members of Cumberland Presbytery he was idolized. Therefore, for good and wise reasons, no doubt, he was removed from the walls of Zion, and that, too, immediately before that fearful storm burst upon the Church for whose benefit he labored, and nearly crushed and annihilated all its prospects. The approach of that storm Mr. Anderson saw, and, being a man of a meek and quiet spirit, he frequently expressed his desire that, if consistent with the will of Heaven, he might not witness it. God heard and answered his prayer by removing him from the evil to come. His career was short, but bright; and at the resurrection of the great day many, who will be his crown of rejoicing, will arise and call him blessed."

Such is the testimony borne to the great worth of this good man near forty years ago. A bustling and noisy generation has passed away since that time, but the testimony still stands. "The memory of the just is blessed." This is as true now as it was a thousand years before the commencement of our era. It will be true forever. The examples of her great and good men and women will be the best earthly legacy of the Church in all ages. Mr. Anderson was no doubt *taken from the evil to come*,

but the *good name of all such men is better than precious ointment.*

I embody here also a paragraph from Dr. Cossitt's "Life and Times of Finis Ewing."

"About this time," says my authority, "the revival party were called to mourn the death of Rev. Alexander Anderson. It seemed an inscrutable providence. He was one of the first of the young men licensed by the Transylvania Presbytery, and the first ordained by the Cumberland Presbytery. His great zeal and eminent usefulness had been witnessed. Of his services to the Church high hopes had been entertained. On his being licensed he had employed a person to superintend his farm, and, from that time to his death, had devoted himself to the work of the ministry. Nor were his sacrifices and labors in vain. A holy unction attended his ministrations; and, during the few years of his ministerial life, he was the acknowledged instrument of saving many, very many, precious souls. He had been much respected and beloved by all who knew him. It is even said that he was almost idolized by those who knew him best; and some have supposed that it was for this reason that the Lord saw proper to remove him to his inheritance on high. He had seen the cloud of opposition rising, which portended the approaching storm, and was heard to express a wish that, if consistent with the divine will, he might not live to witness it. His prayer was answered, and the Church was doomed to mourn. His uprightness and amiability of character had won the confidence and love of all parties.

He died at his post while itinerating as a preacher in Kentucky, February, 1804."

We have a single printed sermon of Mr. Anderson. It was published in the *Cumberland Presbyterian Pulpit* of 1834. I add to the preceding sketch some extracts from this sermon as a specimen of the sermonizing of the young men whose licensure and ordination created such a storm in the Presbyterian Church in the early years of the century. At what time, or under what circumstances, the sermon was delivered is not known. The manuscript was found among his papers after his death. The text is Rom. v. 21: "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

The preacher introduces his subject by a single remark: "The ruin of mankind by the fall of Adam and redemption by Jesus Christ are subjects of the utmost importance in the Christian religion."

Then follows the division. "In discoursing upon the text I will speak," says he:

"I. Of the primitive state of man.

"II. Of his present degraded state.

"III. Of salvation through Jesus Christ.

"Of the primitive state of man, it is said, he was made in the image of God." In what, however, did that image consist? This is an old inquiry. The preacher considers it in several particulars:

"1. The dignified form of man bespeaks him a noble creature. Not that his *body* is in the image of God, for God is a spirit, and consequently without bodily form. But man's erect position indi-

cates his high origin, and the dignity of his nature." This thought is expanded: man looks up; other creatures look down.

"2. Man is the most wonderful part of all creation." In this respect he is like God, who is the wonder and admiration of all intelligent beings. Man "is, as it were, the universe in miniature, a compound of heaven and earth—an abridgment of the works of Jehovah—material and immaterial, corporeal and spiritual, visible and invisible."

"3. Man is the miniature likeness of Jehovah in regard to the dignified authority conferred upon him. God governs all worlds with unlimited dominion." Man was made subordinate ruler of this world. God rules all; man rules in his own sphere.

"4. Man was made in the likeness of God as it respects the nature of his soul. The soul is a substance that can exist without communion with, or dependence upon, matter." It can and will exist without the body. This subject is extensively discussed. God exists an eternal spirit without body or bodily parts. Angels exist without bodies.

"5. The soul is invisible. This follows necessarily from its immateriality. Was there ever a man so stupid as to doubt the existence of the soul because he cannot see it?" But God is invisible, and man is like God, in one of his aspects, invisible.

"6. It is also immortal. Nothing can extinguish its existence, but God himself, and he is pledged to perpetuate it in his promise of eternal life to the believer, and in the award of everlasting death to

the unbeliever. The immortality of the soul is another feature in which it bears the image of God."

"7. Thus far we have considered the natural or physical image of God in which man was created, and man in his fallen state still retains all this similitude of his Creator, though considerably marred. But the most distinguishing feature of the divine image remains yet to be considered. Man was made in the moral image or holy likeness of God." This point is contested, and our preacher enters into an extended discussion. Reason and Scripture are brought into requisition, and the argument is well sustained.

"8. Man was not only a holy and happy being, but he was exceedingly *glorious*. How bright, how majestic his appearance! Did the face of Moses shine with dazzling splendor after he had been with God in the mountain? What must have been the appearance of Adam when he came from the forming hand of his Creator, dwelt in his immediate presence, and enjoyed the most intimate communion with him? He was the image of the divine glory."

"9. Man was not only glorious, but the peculiar favorite of Heaven. God dwelt with him in very deed; a free intercourse existed between heaven and earth; there was no need of Jacob's ladder, or Elijah's fiery chariot."

"10. To complete the dignity and happiness of man he was created a *free moral agent*." Here again the preacher was upon contested ground. I mean it was contested at the time. It is hardly contested

now by any of the schools of philosophical theology. However the subject may be explained, very few modern theologians deny, in distinct terms, the freedom of man. The old men did not understand the question—they hardly understood themselves.

Our examination has extended through the first division of the sermon. This will serve as a specimen. It will be readily perceived that the discussion of the various topics was intended to be exhaustive. This was the character of the preaching of those days. The sermons were long. Repeated now, they would weary out the patience of hearers of this restive generation. But the specimen of sermonizing here presented is a sufficient illustration of the ability and great promise of the man. The introduction of such men as Mr. Anderson into the ministry was one of the best results of the old revival of 1800. The Church was practically taught that God was wiser than man in the selection of agencies for the accomplishment of a great work. We educate men now for the service of the Church. We should do it. They ought to be more thoroughly educated than they are. Our education ought to be profound, thorough. It ought to train mind, heart, and body. The Church can impart such an education as this. But after all, if "the root of the matter" is not in the man we will have poor preaching. It is God who makes the good and the great preachers, even among our scholars. The anointing must come from him. "The Spirit of the *Lord God* is upon me," said the prophet,

“because the *Lord* hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn.” This is a great mission. The prophet personated the Saviour, and the Saviour is the model of all preachers. Whilst we are struggling for the cultivation of mind, and heart, and manner, when we enter fully upon our work, we must, in like manner, seek not less earnestly—yea, far more earnestly—for the *anointing of the Spirit of the Lord God*.

REV. JACOB LINDLEY, D.D.*

1803—1856.

JACOB LINDLEY was born June 13, 1774, in Western Pennsylvania. He was the fifth in descent from Francis Lindley, who was one of the passengers in the *May Flower*, which landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620. One of his remote ancestors is supposed to have accompanied John Robinson in his emigration from England to Holland, whither they went to escape the violence of the same persecuting hand which at length drove the Puritans of the *May Flower* and their successors to the American wilderness. The father of Jacob Lindley was Demas Lindley. The father of Demas Lindley emigrated from New England, and settled in Morris county, New Jersey, but at what time it is unknown.

The mother of Jacob Lindley was Joanna Lindley, daughter of Josiah Pruden, and the granddaughter of Rev. John Pruden, an immigrant minister of the gospel from England. Demas Lindley, the father of Jacob Lindley, moved from New Jersey and settled in Western Pennsylvania as early

* Mrs. C. W. Donnell; Dr. Lutellus Lindley; Manuscript Remains; "The Old Redstone Presbytery," by Joseph Smith, D.D.; Walker's "History of Athens county, Ohio."

as 1773. I take the following extract from Dr. Smith's "Old Redstone, or Historical Sketches of Western Presbyterianism:"

"The South-western part of Washington county, bordering on Virginia, embraces a fine agricultural region on both sides of Ten-mile Creek. This creek is so named from its entering the Monongahela River ten miles above Redstone Creek. At an early period in the settlement of the country, this section attracted the attention of emigrants from New Jersey. Two respectable elders of the Presbyterian Church from Morris county, in that State, removed to the West about the same time, and settled on Ten-mile. Their names were Jacob Cook and Demas Lindley. The period of their immigration is supposed to have been as early as 1773. Each of these worthy men drew around him in a short time a considerable settlement, known for many years after by the names of Cook's settlement and Lindley's settlement. Mr. Lindley, in the fall and winter of 1774-5, erected a fort and block-house, long known by his name. In fact, it was one of the best forts and most formidable garrisons between the Monongahela and Wheeling."

These pioneers experienced the perils and hardships which have been common in the early settlements of the great West and South-west. They were compelled to live lives of great self-denial; they were cut off from religious, and a great many, social privileges; they were in constant danger from the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the Indians. At a certain time in the fall of 1777, after a

formidable attack by the Indians upon a neighboring fort, and when all the country was in a state of excitement and apprehension from the Indians, there arrived at Fort Lindley a young Presbyterian minister, who came from the same section of country from which the settlers had come.

Amidst such scenes as have been described, and in the year after his father's settlement in Pennsylvania, Jacob Lindley was born.

Mr. Dod, the young minister, whose arrival has been mentioned, entered at once upon the great work in the wilderness to which he had devoted himself. The Sabbath after his arrival he preached and administered the sacrament of baptism. That day Jacob Lindley was baptized. He was in his fourth year. His memory must have been remarkable, and his mind very impressible from divine things. He says of himself: "I never forgot the solemn scene of my baptism, although then only in my fourth year, nor the conversation of my parents, especially of my mother, both before and after my dedication to God in this ordinance. They told me that I belonged to the Lord, and that it was my duty to him to strive to learn his will, and strictly to obey all his commandments. Impressions were made upon my mind which never left me, and which, as a restraining power, ever preserved me from open sin."

At the age of about twelve or thirteen Mr. Lindley connected himself with the congregation of Mr. Dod as a communicant. He was thought, however, by many of his acquaintances and friends

to have been a Christian from his seventh year. In 1781 Mr. Dod's neighbors, with one consent, turned out and put up a log-building considerably larger than any dwelling-house in the neighborhood. This was intended for an academy. A school was commenced. There was a department in it for elementary instruction, but the main object was to furnish classical and mathematical instruction to young men and boys somewhat advanced. This is said to have been the first classical and scientific school established in the West. In the course of a year or two, James Hughs, John Brice, Robert Marshall, John Hanna, Daniel Lindley, *Jacob Lindley*, David Smith, and Francis Dunlavy began their studies in this institution. Some of them were mere beginners; others were sufficiently far advanced for the study of Latin and Mathematics. In process of time they all became ministers of the gospel. Robert Marshall became, after he entered the ministry, entangled in the Unitarian sophistries of Barton W. Stone, and Francis Dunlavy is supposed to be the Dunlavy who afterward joined the Shakers. If so, however, he is known as John Dunlavy in the histories of the times.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Lindley entered what afterward became Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania. From thence he went to Princeton, New Jersey, in 1798. He went to Princeton in company with a young friend, James Carnahan. We have the following anecdote in relation to their trip from a short sketch of the life of Dr. Carnahan by his son-in-law. Young Carnahan had no

money. "This difficulty," says the narrator, "was partially overcome at the suggestion of Dr. McMillan, of that vicinity, who offered to advance the money as a loan. This offer was at once accepted, and as his friend, Jacob Lindley, was about to start for Princeton, he determined to go in his company.

"A new difficulty arose. Lindley had a horse, bridle, saddle, and saddle-bags, but Carnahan had none of these things, and no money with which to buy them, without impairing his funds, which had been devoted in his mind to the cherished object of completing his education at Princeton. He told this to Lindley, and this generous friend proposed to share his own traveling equipments with him. The plan was: that one should ride the horse five or ten miles, then tie him by the road-side, and proceed on foot; that the other, coming up, would mount the horse, pass his comrade, and at the end of the assigned distance would, in his turn, dismount and proceed on foot. In this way these young men crossed the mountains from a point thirty miles west of the Monongahela River to Princeton, New Jersey. By this process, familiarly known in the Western country as *ride and tie*, the friends traveled thirty-five or forty miles a day, and reached Princeton, November 1, 1798."

These young men graduated in the fall of 1800. From the preceding sketch it needs not surprise the reader to learn that one of them at length became President of his *Alma Mater*, the College of New Jersey; and the other, first President of the University of Ohio. Young men who could ae-

complete such a journey in such a manner and for such an object would make their way through the world, and leave their marks behind them.

The following is an extract from a manuscript of Mr. Lindley, giving an account of his feelings upon the occasion of his graduation. He says:

“In the year 1794 I commenced a regular course of collegiate studies, with no other view than to qualify myself for exerting the best and most direct influence upon the souls of sinners for their salvation. As this was my supreme and ultimate object, I made it the touchstone by which I examined every art and science in my long college course—a course, too, which I endeavored to make thorough. I did not expect to find in any of the sciences the most direct avenue to the sinner’s heart, conscience, or understanding, or any immediate resources in future efforts, but that I might be able to arm myself with the best weapons for the defense of truth in our warfare against the power of the prince of darkness. After years of close and laborious application I received from the Trustees and Faculty of New Jersey College a diploma, testifying to my fidelity as a student and to the respectability of my scholarship. The night after my final examination was spent in deep sighs, attended with copious tears under a deeply felt consciousness, from all that I had done and learned, of the vacuity of soul which neither science nor letters could fill, nor in the least degree satisfy.”

This is not a common experience of our young men in their college course, and in immediate pros-

pect of their Bachelor's Degree. If it were, our colleges would become fountains of life rather than what they too often are—schools of self-conceit, skepticism, spiritual debauchery, and stepping-stones to death.

In a history of Athens county, Ohio, published in 1869, we have an interesting account of the early labors of Mr. Lindley. After describing his earlier life and the various steps in the progress of his education to his closing his college course at Princeton, the writer says:

“After a course of theological study he was licensed to preach by the ‘Washington Presbytery,’ and in 1803 he removed to Ohio, settling first at Beverly, on the Muskingum River.

“Having been selected by the first Board of Trustees of Ohio University to organize and conduct that institution, he removed to Athens in 1808, and opened the academy. For several years he had the entire charge of the infant college, which he conducted with distinguished ability and success. He was the prime mover in securing the erection of the college-buildings, and in founding the Presbyterian Church at Athens. He labored here assiduously for about twenty years, during a part of which time he was the only Presbyterian minister in this portion of the State. Dr. Lindley was no common man, but an earnest thinker and conscientious worker. The leading trait in his character was an unswerving devotion to moral principle. His whole life was a continuous effort to promote the welfare of others. He was of an amiable dis-

position, possessed an eminent degree of sound common sense and an unerring judgment of men. His kindness of heart and known purity of life and conduct gave him great influence with all classes during his long residence at Athens.

“One who knew him well says: ‘I have seen him go into a crowd of rough backwoodsmen and hunters who used to meet at the village tavern every Saturday, and settle and control them in their quarrels and fights as no other man in that community could do.’ His control of the students under his charge was equally extraordinary, and was always marked by gentleness of manner and firmness of purpose. He led a laborious life at Athens, and his works live after him.”

In giving a history of the Presbyterian Church in Athens, the writer says:

“The first Presbyterian Society of Athens was organized in the autumn of 1809 by the Rev. Jacob Lindley. The original members of the organization were but nine in number. Public services were held for a time in a little brick school-house; afterward in the court-house until the year 1828, when a brick church was built. In 1815 the Church numbered forty-seven members, and the revival that year added forty-three. In 1820 there were fifty-three added to the Church, and the whole number of Church-members at that time was one hundred and seventy-seven. The Rev. Jacob Lindley acted as moderator of the session and pastor until about 1828.”

“In the year 1815 the first degree of Bachelor of

Arts awarded in Ohio was conferred by the Ohio University on Thomas Ewing. He had entered the institution three years previously, and pursued his studies with great assiduity, spending his later vacations in laying out country roads, surveying, and in similar employments, to enable him by means thus procured to complete his college course."

It will be observed that this occurred under the administration of Mr. Lindley. Thomas Ewing afterward became prominent in the councils of the country. He was for some time a member of Congress, and afterward a member of President Harrison's Cabinet. His descendants are still prominent in the State of Ohio.

During twenty years, from 1808 to 1828, Mr. Lindley was the ruling spirit in the Ohio University. He was in a great measure both its head and its hands. He shaped its counsels, and performed the most of its labors. The present and succeeding generations owe, and will owe, a debt to these self-denying and laborious pioneers in education, as well as religion, which it will be difficult for them to cancel.

At the expiration of about twenty years he was partially relieved by the appointment of Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Chillicothe, to the presidency, whilst Mr. Lindley agreed to remain a year or two longer as professor of moral philosophy and mathematics.

When he at last left Athens, he spent a year at Walnut Hills, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, and then a year or two at the Flats of Grace Creek. He was then called to the charge of Upper Ten-

mile congregation, within the bounds of which he had been born and raised.

This congregation, or some of its leading men, had commenced a correspondence with Dr. Cossitt, and others of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, on the subject of their sending missionaries to Western Pennsylvania, before Mr. Lindley took the charge of the congregation. When the missionaries reached there he received them cordially. They held a meeting at his Church. Mr. Chapman, one of the missionaries, describes the meeting as one of great interest. It "was," says he, "awfully solemn. On Sunday we had sixty or seventy mourners. On Monday there were more than a hundred who distinguished themselves on the anxious seats. It is said that some ten or fifteen obtained comfort." Mr. Lindley found in Donnell, and Chapman, and Burrow, and Morgan, and Bryan, men after his own heart. His proceedings, however, gave offense of course to his former friends, and his Presbytery issued a mandate requiring him to "abstain from any farther ministerial intercourse with the Cumberland Presbyterians." "He received the mandate," says my authority, "with a smile, but declined obedience." At the next meeting of the Presbytery charges were brought against him. They were all, however, of a frivolous character. The most serious offense alleged was that "he had aided in getting up a camp-meeting in his congregation; had actually had a camp built, and moved his family into it, and shared in all the operations of the meeting." Four of his own children professed religion at the camp-meet-

ing in question, and of course he was in no favorable state of mind for making acknowledgments. He attended the Presbytery, and when the charges were read he inquired if they considered him charged with any immorality. The Presbytery decided that the charges did not amount to charges of immorality. He then asked for a letter of dismissal, which was granted, and this closed his connection with the Presbyterian Church. He immediately connected himself with the Pennsylvania Presbytery, a new Cumberland Presbyterian Presbytery, which had been organized in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Lindley continued his pastoral connection with the Upper Ten-mile congregation two or three years after he changed his ecclesiastical relations. In process of time, a congregation at Waterford, now Beverly, Ohio, made application to him to come and take charge of them. He informed them promptly and frankly of his change, and also gave the reasons which led to it. The answer was, "Come to us, and we will place ourselves in the same ecclesiastical relations with yourself." It will be recollected that Beverly was the point at which he commenced his ministry, and from which he moved to Athens when called to the charge of the institution there. It seems that he had given the people a promise, that in the event of his leaving Athens, he would return to them, and they now claimed the fulfillment of that promise, though it was something over twenty-five years old. He must have left a deep impression upon the minds of the people in 1808.

In 1837 Rev. Robert Donnell, and his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Lindley, wrote to him to come to Alabama, and spend his latter days with them. He was becoming old, and himself, and wife, and youngest daughter only remained together of a large family. He complied with the request in part, and removed southward, but still devoted his time to preaching and teaching, as the providence of God opened the way for him. A man of his habits could not have been idle. His daughter married, and on December 4, 1848, he lost his wife. She seems to have been an eminently pious woman. Dr. Lindley gives to Mr. and Mrs. Donnell a minute account of the progress of her illness from day to day, and of her exercises of mind on what proved to be her death-bed. Some extracts are here given from the record of her two last days:

“*Dec. 2.* Your mother’s strength is rapidly failing, but her own words are, ‘As the outward man decayeth, the inward man is renewed day by day.’”

“*Dec. 3.* We did not expect, neither did your mother expect, that she would live through the day.” [It seems to have been the Sabbath.] “She said, ‘This is the day on which Jesus triumphed over death, and took away its sting, and published good news to all the world.’ I asked her if she felt any reluctance to pass through the gate of death, through which the Saviour had passed before her. She replied: ‘O, no; Jesus is with me, he is my comforter. Yea, though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,

for my Shepherd is with me; his rod and his staff they comfort me.'

"Dec. 4. A little before day she requested us to sing:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye.

Under an excitement which appeared entirely rational, her strength revived to such a degree that she joined us in singing in a loud and distinct voice, and clasping her hands, she strongly and emphatically uttered the words, 'No, never part again.' A little while afterward I asked her if she was now ready and willing to go. She replied: 'I am, with all my heart.' These were her last words."

After the death of his wife, Dr. Lindley spent his time mostly with his children, passing his winters in the South, and his summers in the North. Indeed he seems to have commenced this mode of dividing his time previous to his wife's death. From a letter written in May, 1854, in Pennsylvania, we have the following characteristic account of himself in some of these particulars. He writes thus:

"If I live till June 13th of this year I shall be eighty years of age. I enjoy the best of health; am free from every species of bodily pain; and have strength and action enough to mount a horse from the ground, and to travel any ordinary distance alone in the saddle, or in a buggy. My general practice has been for the last several years to spend the winter in the South, with my children, and the summer season in this country. I come

up in the spring by steam-boat, and in the fall I purchase a horse and buggy and return South by land, a distance of eight hundred or a thousand miles. So frequent have been my journeys that I can have a home anywhere on the road, and am therefore everywhere at home. Should any accident befall me in passing, it would not be far from some friend who would take care of me. As to expenses in traveling, I find no difficulty in providing them. After I have used a horse and buggy six months they will sell for about a hundred dollars more in the South than they cost in Pennsylvania. This excess pays my traveling expenses, and leaves something remaining. My children greatly deceive me if they do not desire my company, and take a real pleasure in imparting to all my necessities. They always anticipate my wants, and in such a way as to render a sense of abject dependence impossible. No man can live in this world with fewer fears of want, and less harassed with the cares of life than I do. My sun rises gently in the east, and sinks in smiles behind the western hills."

This experimental picture of old age will very well bear to be placed side by side with a chapter of "Cicero de Senectute." The Cato of the moralist was even very far from reaching the sublime and quiet elevation of this Christian subject of our sketch.

In another part of this letter Dr. Lindley refers to an occasion which must have been a matter of great interest to his feelings as well as to the feelings of his children. It occurred the preceding

year. Early in the year 1853 his old students, who remained about Athens, determined to express their continued respect for his character as an old instructor and friend by giving him a sort of an ovation. The plan was to have a general convocation of the old students who had been instructed under his administration at the Commencement of the University at Athens in August of 1853. The plan was happily carried out. There was a great concourse of people from the neighboring towns and country. Thomas Ewing, who has been already mentioned as the first graduate of Ohio University, and of the State of Ohio, General Lucius Bird, and other notabilities, made speeches. The old veteran teacher was, however, the central figure, *the observed of all observers*. He may well be allowed to have said: "I never felt myself and family more highly honored than by that meeting. It was said by those who knew me best thirty years ago, either in what they thought the truth or in flattery, that I had lost nothing in physical or mental energy by the lapse of time. They, however, had not the same opportunity of knowing in that time of high excitement and joyous emotion which I have in my retirement." In spite of all this generous flattery he felt himself to be an old man.

Few men in this rugged world of hard work meet in their declining age with so magnanimous and spontaneous an acknowledgment of the value of their earlier services. It was an evident outpouring of the hearts of noble-minded men, who were not quick to forget the faithful instructions

and earnest counsels, of the friend of their youth. On this occasion, or some earlier one near this time, Mr. Lindley received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity from the authorities of the University of which he was the acknowledged founder.

The following are extracts from a letter to Mrs. Donnell, dated April 13, 1856. It will be observed that he was then approaching the end of his eighty-second year:

“Last week I went in a buggy to Brownsville, sixteen miles, attended the meeting of Union Presbytery, and returned on Saturday, but was too much fatigued to preach on Sunday, according to appointment. The road was exceedingly rough. As we traveled along the north sides of the hills, where the sun had but little direct influence, the snow was two feet deep.

“Rev. Brother Henderson is appointed to the General Assembly which is to meet in Louisville in May. I am the alternate, but do not expect to go. My health is good, I have a good appetite for food, and sleep well. I am free from pain in every department of the animal, but still am weaker this spring than I ever was before when in health. I have never recovered my strength entirely since my sickness last fall, and would not now attempt to drive two fine horses alone in a buggy to Alabama.” He refers to some of his former journeys from the North to the South.

In this letter we find the first decided indications of a failure of strength and a partial failure of health. The machine was becoming old, and not-

withstanding its original and long-continued vigor, was beginning to yield to the pressure of so many years. On the 29th of the following January the long and active life of Dr. Lindley came to an end. I copy the following notice of the occurrence by the Athens County Pioneer Association, organized in December, 1868:

"Athens, Ohio, —, 1857.

"Died at the residence of his son, Dr. Lutellus Lindley, of Connellsville, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 29th of January, 1857, Rev. Jacob Lindley, D.D., at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

"Mr. Lindley resided at this place more than twenty years, during which time he was widely and favorably known as an active and eminently useful member of society. He had the entire charge of the academy here on its first organization in 1808, and conducted it with distinguished ability and success, till it was merged in a college, and others became associated with him as members of the Faculty in the Ohio University.

"During most of the same period he was well known as the only Presbyterian minister in this part of Ohio; and, besides organizing and building up the first Presbyterian Church in Athens, found time to preach at irregular intervals in the surrounding neighborhoods throughout the country, the grateful remembrance of which is still cherished by many of the early settlers in this vicinity. From Athens Mr. Lindley removed to Cincinnati about the year 1828, and perhaps the year following to Western Pennsylvania, soon after which he

united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in which he labored ministerially during the rest of his long and useful life.”

Notice has been taken in the preceding sketch of Dr. Lindley's change of his ecclesiastical relations. This was an important step in his life, as it is in the life of any man of his age and position in society at the time in which the change occurred. It deserves, therefore, a farther notice. Still this is not the place for a full discussion of the subject, nor is it probable that such a discussion would now be productive of much interest or advantage. Dr. Lindley was, however, always desirous to be understood as not having changed his theological views at the time of his change of relations to the Churches. It is evident, too, from his own account of his early struggles in the formation of his theological opinions, that he would from the beginning have been a Cumberland Presbyterian, had he, in the providence of God, found an established organization holding and preaching such doctrines as he afterward found to be held and preached by Cumberland Presbyterians. Mrs. Donnell says of him:

“My father ever seemed desirous that it should be known that his religious sentiments and beliefs underwent no change when he united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, as all his writings which relate to these subjects show. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian from the beginning, although he had no knowledge of a people that sympathized with him in his theological views.”

This account is no doubt correct. Dr. Lindley

was eminently a practical man and an independent thinker. It would have been a difficult matter for him to be at ease within the limits prescribed by the iron logic of Augustinianism. I present a paragraph from his account of his licensure by his Presbytery:

“I must,” says he, “here relate a touching incident connected with my examination. Out of respect, no doubt, to European dignity and literature, a foreigner was invited to conduct the examination. The invitation was accepted, and he entered upon the work with no small pomposity. His gigantic size, gray hairs, sovereign-like manners, and literature of Glasgow renown, rendered him quite formidable to a youthful stranger who had not yet acquired much personal courage. His dictatorial manner and his utter impatience of hearing any explanation of my views were such as almost to crush me to the floor. I was completely overcome, and, with the leave of the Moderator, I withdrew to a log behind the church, and relieved myself a little with a flood of tears. An old American father, Rev. Joseph Patterson, whose heart had often been melted under the tender appeals of Whitefield and the Tennents, came out, took his seat at my side, laid his hand upon my head, bowed down with grief, and addressed me in the following words.”

I do not repeat the words. It is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that they were such words as a generous, affectionate ministerial father would know how to address to a sincere, and earnest, and

truth-loving young man. The end was, that the Presbytery was willing to give the candidate some latitude of thought, and the sturdy examiner himself, although he had announced his opposition unless a change of views was avowed, came into measures, and the young man was licensed. Dr. Lindley gives us an additional account of his theological struggles at the time of his entrance into the ministry:

“I had been careful,” says he, “to have it known to the Presbytery that although I considered the Westminster Confession of Faith as containing more sound theology than had ever before or since its compilation been given in detail by any man or set of men uninspired, yet that there were some views set forth in that worthy volume to which I could not subscribe. And that if they licensed and ordained me, it must be with the understanding that I could not be compelled to teach or preach these objectionable doctrines. There are numbers of living witnesses who can testify that the facts here stated were told to them by members of the Presbytery which brought me forward into the ministry. I have, therefore, the satisfaction of knowing that I cannot be justly charged either with having changed my theological ground or with having deceived my fathers and brethren in the ministry. If I am in error now, I was in error in 1802. And in all places where I have preached for more than fifty-three years there are witnesses who will testify that my doctrines have been uniformly the same.”

The truth is, and it is well enough known now, that the same leaven which was working in the mind of young Lindley was working at the same time in North Carolina in the minds of William McGee and Samuel McAdow, and soon developed itself in the revival in the Green River and Cumberland countries. It was a spirit which leading men in the Church could not tolerate, nor could they condescend to treat with respect, or even to hear with patience, the difficulties or the explanations of their brethren who were as honest and as earnest, and, to say the least, about as capable of reaching and comprehending the truth as themselves. Such men, and, as far as it could be done, their spirit with them, were driven out of the Presbyterian Church under the pressure of those who would *rule or ruin*. Upon the justice or wisdom of such measures posterity will decide; perhaps the verdict of Providence has already been given.

Dr. Lindley was for many years a professional educator. We will hear a few words from him on the subject of education. He says:

“Had I the control of all the colleges in the world I would admit no young man into the Freshman Class who had not studied the character of the God of the Bible, and obtained something like a correct knowledge of it. Such a course would immediately bring back the Bible into our common schools, and the Catechism into our families. Then we should all be taught of God. Professors in colleges would no more complain of riots, rebellions, or disorderly conduct among students. The Church

would be blessed with a learned and holy ministry, and the world, gently yielding to the spiritual power of the gospel, would be converted by the subordinate agency of the rising generation."

Dr. Lindley believed all this. Such a belief is an evidence of his earnest spirituality. Whether, however, with a fair experiment, expectations so congenial with a good heart, and a sanguine and buoyant spirit, would be realized, may be allowed to be doubtful. Still one thing is certain, there ought to be more religion, and more of the Bible in our best colleges. Any school, or any college, cut off from the influence of these is to be dreaded as a fountain whose poisoned waters bring death.

In 1846 Mr. Lindley published a small volume, which he denominated "Infant Philosophy." It is connected with the subject of education. He had raised a large family of children well. He thought that others with skillful and practical measures could do the same thing. This book is intended to be a helper in such a work. It abounds in correct views and wise counsels to parents upon the subject of the early training of children. The work read and thoroughly studied could not be otherwise than a blessing to any family. It ought to be in the hands of every parent, and especially of every mother in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. There is no parent who might not be greatly profited by its counsels. The author takes the ground that all successful government is commenced in the nursery, and he is right.

Dr. Lindley was married to Hannah Dickey in

1800. She was of Scotch-Irish descent. They had ten children. Six of them still* live. The eldest son, Rev. Daniel Lindley, went in 1834 as a missionary under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Natal, in Eastern Africa, and is still there. He has raised a large family, all born in that country. Mrs. Donnell, the honored relict of Rev. Robert Donnell, still lives at Athens, Alabama. The other children are Dr. Lutellus Lindley, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Jones, of Hernando, Mississippi; Mrs. Woods, wife of Rev. Leroy Woods, of Illinois; and Mrs. Cowan, of Athens, Alabama. The youngest daughter died, in 1856, in Pontotoc, Mississippi. I have before me a beautiful tribute to her memory, published at the time of her death. She seems to have been a lovely Christian lady. The last week in 1842, in company with two or three brethren, I spent some days at her house in Pontotoc. She was administering its affairs at the time in the absence of her husband. Her generous hospitality made our temporary sojourn very agreeable indeed. I have always preserved a pleasant recollection of those few days.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Lindley was rather limited. He came into the Church when he was somewhat advanced in life, and our fields of labor were remote from each other. I saw him for the first time at the General Assembly in Princeton, Kentucky, in 1835. He had then been in the

* 1873.

about three years. He was becoming an
man, and his gray hairs and dignified bearing
gave him a venerable appearance. He preached a
sermon in the course of the meeting. If family
government was not the leading subject of the dis-
course, he took occasion to give that subject some
prominence. He startled the mothers in the con-
gregation by urging that they ought to commence
governing their children, at least, by the time they
were six months old. The common impression is,
that government is early enough if commenced at
six years of age, and some never commence at all.
The wise old preacher was right. The sooner the
twig is bent to the right direction the better. Every
sensible parent ought to know this. Dr. Lindley
spent a few hours at my house on that occasion.
He was kind enough to give me great encourage-
ment in my work. I needed encouragement. I
was laboring then, as I have labored a large part of
my life, with a clouded future before me.

I think I saw him no more till the Assembly at
Lebanon, Ohio, in 1847. Great changes had taken
place in the Church in the meantime. There was
a stir just then on the subject of a union between
us and the New School Presbyterian Church. I do
not recollect how he stood upon the question. I
was not a member of the Assembly, and my stay
was short. We spent only a single morning to-
gether. He was at the Assembly at Nashville in
1852. He was there in company with Robert Don-
nell, but, I believe, was not a member. He was, in
a high degree, a genial and companionable old gen-

tleman, a model always in the social and religious circle. His manners were those of the Old School, a school which has far more admirers than imitators. It ought to have imitators. Mrs. Donnell writes of him:

“It will be a great gratification to me to have my father’s memory preserved to the world. He was a devoted, humble, self-denying Christian *gentleman*—a pattern worthy of imitation in *all* the relations of life.”

This is not a mere outpouring of filial affection. The facts presented in this sketch (and many more might be added of the same kind) are a vindication of the truth of every favorable word thus uttered. The memory of such men is a treasure to be cherished by the Church. A long life spent in unflinching devotion to the great interests of humanity is a spectacle not often presented in this world of selfishness, and sin, and darkness. We thank God, however, that there are some such. They strengthen us in our conflicts with wrong-doing, and encourage the hope that a purer and brighter light will one day shine out from underneath the cloud which hangs over us. Such men are, in the highest sense, benefactors of our race. The earnest teacher and the earnest preacher leave impressions behind them which time will not efface. Their influence will never die.

REV. JAMES BROWN PORTER.*

1810—1854.

JAMES BROWN PORTER was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, February 26, 1779. This was one of the darkest periods in our Revolutionary history. The British were making great efforts to subjugate the Carolinas. In the following spring they took Charleston, and the nominal subjugation of South Carolina soon followed. North Carolina was overrun with parties of the enemy who, together with the tories, kept the country in constant agitation and alarm. The British were cruel, but the tories were more cruel still. It was a time which tried men's souls. Reese Porter, the father of James B. Porter, was a brave and patriotic citizen. He, with others, rushed to the rescue of their almost ruined country. After many skirmishes with the enemy, however, they were overpowered, and compelled to surrender themselves as prisoners of war. Reese Porter was a prisoner at the time of the battle at Guilford Court-house. After the battle, however, an exchange of prisoners was made, and he was restored to freedom. Reese Porter was a North Carolina Presbyterian, and that class of men were in the

* Rev. C. P. Reed; Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians;" *Banner of Peace*.

front rank of the patriots of the country. They or their fathers had renounced their homes in Ireland for a free country, and a free religion, and were not willing to give up these here without a struggle. They went into the civil conflict with great earnestness. The Mecklenburg resolutions are matters of history.

In 1785 Mr. Porter, the father, moved to Tennessee, and settled in the vicinity of Haysboro, about six miles north-east of Nashville. At that time, and for some years afterward, the white settlers suffered a great deal from the depredations of the Indians. In the course of this year several persons were killed in the neighborhood of Nashville. Of course times were very dangerous. There were no schools, nor houses of worship. Notwithstanding these discouragements the country filled up, and in process of time, and earlier than could have been expected, schools were established, and houses of worship were built. Reese Porter connected himself with the Presbyterian congregation at Haysboro, of which Rev. Thomas Craighead was pastor. In a few years, however, the revival began to develop itself. Mr. Craighead took a stand against the revival; Mr. Porter sympathized with the revival party, and of course they separated.

In November of 1801, James B. Porter attended a camp-meeting at Shiloh, in Sumner county. Shiloh was celebrated in those days as one of the prominent points at which the revival developed itself. Rev. William Hodge was pastor of the congregation. "It is not uncommon," says my informant,

very truly, "for the great Head of the Church to select apparently weak means for the accomplishment of his work." The means selected on this occasion for the accomplishment of a great end was, at least, uncommon. The writer has heard Mr. Porter speak of the occurrence more than once. A Christian young lady was the commissioned angel of mercy. Mr. Porter was a gay young man; had just finished his education, and was expecting to enter in a few days upon his professional studies. Almost, of course, his pride would prompt him to resist as far as possible all serious impressions, with a purpose, perhaps, of attending to these things in future. In this manner he met the first appeal, but still he felt deeply, and wept. He retired from the congregation and prayed in secret. Returning to the congregation with a show of unconcern, the same angel of peace and mercy made a second appeal to his heart. He was no longer able to conceal his feelings, and fell to the floor, and there continued to wrestle and agonize until day-break, when he found peace in believing. He often mentioned the circumstance as an encouragement to young converts to work for the salvation of their friends. This lady was a young convert, and full of zeal. Says my informant, very appropriately: "This interesting case is an illustration of the exclamation of the apostle, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'"

Shortly after Mr. Porter's conversion, he accompanied his mother to South Carolina; his soul being filled with the love of God, and feeling great con-

cern for the salvation of his fellow-men, he sought opportunities to exhort, and, no doubt, in this way awakened many to seriousness, and to feeling the necessity of religion.

On his return he fell in with the celebrated Lorenzo Dow. They attended a meeting together, and Dow was much impressed with Porter's zeal and efficiency. His personal appearance even attracted Dow's attention. He saw also that he was a gifted young man, but he thought he saw an object that might hinder his usefulness. He approached young Porter, and said, "Young man, God has a work for you to do, and if you take any step which will hinder you in that work, God will curse you." Then addressing himself to the suspected object, he said, "Young woman, if you cause this young man to neglect that work, God will kill you." This was plain talk, but it was in conformity with Dow's manner.

Mr. Porter was received as a candidate for the ministry by the original Cumberland Presbytery, at Salem Meeting-house, in Sumner county, October 4, 1803. This was the second meeting of the Presbytery. At the same meeting Hugh Kirkpatrick and Ephraim McLean were licensed. At the next regular meeting of the Presbytery, April 3, 1804, he was licensed as a probationer for the gospel ministry. This meeting was held at Shiloh. His licensure was preceded by a critical examination upon the Latin and Greek languages.* His educa-

* This statement is not made upon the authority of the

tion was at least above that of most of the young men who were introduced into the ministry about that time.

From his licensure to 1810 he spent the most of his time as an evangelist. And although a licentiate only, he showed himself in the pulpit a *workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth*. He was found, too, a safe counselor in those days which intervened between the action of the Commission of Kentucky Synod and the constitution of the Presbytery as an independent organization. They were dark days, but the proscribed men labored and waited, and God gave them abundant evidence that their labor was not in vain. His labors were chiefly confined to what is now Middle Tennessee and North Alabama, with an occasional excursion into Kentucky.

Personally, Mr. Porter was a fine specimen of manhood—tall, in his prime, something more than six feet in height; had a fine face and head, a brilliant and an expressive eye, a large mouth, and a ready tongue. His voice was strong, musical, and melodious; few could sleep under his preaching. In prayer he was devout and impressive. A congregation could not feel otherwise than that they were in the presence of God whilst he was endeavoring to lead them to the throne of grace. In his preaching he confined himself chiefly to experi-

records, but from the testimony of tradition, which in this case is considered reliable. Mr. Porter was unquestionably a well educated man for the times, and for the country in which he lived.

mental and practical subjects, and in presenting subjects of this kind he had few equals and no superiors.

As a presbyter he was wise, prudent, and safe. His counsel was always sought in matters of importance. In questions of difficulty his decisions were generally authoritative. He was especially skillful in training young men for the ministry. Sometimes he was thought to be severe, but really he was not severe; he was no despot. He was no bigot, but he loved the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was identified with her interests from the beginning, and was an earnest believer in her doctrine and order. Whilst this was so, however, he embraced in a liberal charity all who loved and honored the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The foregoing description of Mr. Porter's person and character is substantially from one who knew him well. Thousands were living twenty years ago who, as far as their knowledge extended, would have confirmed every statement. He was a universal favorite in the Church which he had served, and of which he had been an ornament, so long.

The announcement of his death I find in the *Banner of Peace*, of October 26, 1854. I give it in full:

"Another of the fathers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has gone to his reward. Rev. James B. Porter fell asleep in Jesus on the 13th instant, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Sharber, in Spring Hill, Tennessee.

"He had been on a decline for some years, and suffered much from loss of memory. He could re-

member, however, those times of trial through which he had passed in the infancy of our Church as well as if they had transpired but yesterday. He was one of the most eloquent men of his day. When he was in his prime he had probably no superior as a pulpit orator in Tennessee.

“We have no time to dwell upon his history. When written, however, it will be found replete with interest. We only add that he died in great peace. He had scarcely a struggle in his departure.

So fades a summer-cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
 Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

“We shall expect a biographical sketch from some one conversant with his history soon. What solemn and earnest calls are the young men of the Church constantly receiving to be up and at work!”

In conformity with the preceding request I find the following sketch in the *Banner of Peace*, of November 16, 1854:

“Rev. James B. Porter died of paralysis at Spring Hill, Maury county, Tennessee, at six o'clock A.M., on Friday, the 13th of October, A.D. 1854, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

“The history of this great and good man is so intimately interwoven with the history of our

branch of the Christian Church as to authorize the conclusion that most, if not all, of your readers are more or less acquainted with him.

“Of his early history the writer has been able to learn but little more than that he received quite a liberal education, with an eye to the medical profession, for which he maintained a decided partiality through life. But while pursuing his studies in certain prospect of a most successful and brilliant career, the revival of 1800 was spreading over the land like a mighty, overwhelming flood, and he became one of its early subjects.

“Late in the autumn of 1801 he attended a camp-meeting at old Shiloh, in Sumner county, Tennessee, and there, under the convicting power of God’s Holy Spirit, he was first led to seek the Lord with all his heart. It was on Tuesday morning, November 24, 1801, about day-break, after spending the entire night in wrestling with God in prayer, the bosom of the surrounding country shrouded in a cold mantle of snow, and while a pious female, now in heaven, together with others, prayed for, and wept over, him, that the Lord spoke peace to his soul. About this time the demand for more laborers was urgent in almost every part of the Cumberland country; and the subject of this sketch soon felt that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him, and, being encouraged by the revival party of the Cumberland Presbytery, he soon commenced exercising his superior gifts in singing, public prayer, and exhortation. In these public exercises his own soul was signally blessed, sinners

were convicted, mourners were converted, and the people of God strengthened and encouraged, so that, prompted by a sense of duty, he presented himself to the Presbytery, and was received as a candidate for the ministry at Salem Meeting-house, in October, 1803. His superior literary and theological attainments at that time may be inferred from the fact that he was licensed to preach the gospel in April of next year.* It was in December of the following year, 1805, that the Commission of Kentucky Synod paid their inquisitorial visit to Cumberland Presbytery. Amongst the ecclesiastical heroes who withstood the high-handed, anti-Presbyterian, and unchristian measures of that body, we find the name of James B. Porter. Amongst other things in the unconstitutional farce enacted by that Commission, it will be remembered that the revival party of the Presbytery were deprived, as far as the action of the Commission could deprive them, of the privileges of their office, and were forbidden to exercise its functions. The result was that, in a spirit of Christian moderation, and of that charity which 'endureth all things,' they refrained from all Presbyterianial action for the space of more than four years. Consequently the ordination of our departed father was deferred until after the constitution of the independent Cumberland Presbytery, which proved to be the commencement of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In the meantime, however, he filled a sphere of extensive use-

* Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians."

fulness in the humble character of a circuit-rider; and, as the Commission of Synod had made an unconstitutional effort to silence him, he was furnished by the leading members of the Presbytery with the following, the original of which is now in the hands of the writer:

“We, the majority of Cumberland Presbytery, do conceive from the book of discipline that the power of licensing and ordaining belongs to Presbyteries, and, as the Presbytery did legally license James B. Porter to preach the gospel, and although the Commission of Synod forbade him, we do believe upon the principles of the book of discipline that they had no power to prohibit him, where no charges of immoral conduct were brought against him. And, as we conceive that it is the right of Presbytery to license or forbid to preach, we believe that the said James B. Porter has a lawful and constitutional right to preach the gospel in the bounds of the Cumberland Presbytery, or wherever else God in his providence may call him. Given under our hands, this 11th day of December, 1805.

“JAMES MCGREADY,

“WILLIAM HODGE,

“JOHN RANKIN,

“WILLIAM MCGEE.’

“The writer has also in his possession several copies of Father Porter’s reports to the Presbytery and Council, as a circuit-rider, and his diary, besides a number of other documents from which interesting extracts might be made, but he fears it would extend this notice beyond prudent limits. In 1813,

the Cumberland, afterward called the Nashville, Presbytery was so divided as to form the Logan and Elk Presbyteries. Of the latter Father Porter was a leading member up to the time it was so divided as to form the Richland Presbytery, in 1834, and of this he remained an honored member and ornament until death called him to his reward in heaven. As a Christian and a minister Father Porter filled up the measure of the inspired description of Barnabas. 'He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' As a polished and high-toned gentleman he stood unimpeached and unimpeachable through life. As a Presbyter, he was safe in counsel, shrewd in discussion, and without a rival in the art of training young men for the ministry. Was advice called for? he was sure to be selected to give it. Was reproof to be administered? he never failed to do it effectively, and without giving offense. Did a difficulty spring up between brethren? he was emphatically *the* peacemaker of his Presbytery. In the social circle his easy manner, unfailing good humor, and sparkling, yet sanctified, wit made him unspeakably dear to all his friends. It used to be said, when at camp-meeting, or other religious convocations, any one inquired for a preacher whose whereabouts was not known just then, 'He is with Porter;' and in the main he was found there. But it was as a public speaker, notwithstanding his other excellences, that this man of God was most admired and most useful. His fine, manly form; his calm, pleasant, and expressive countenance, and his smooth and elo-

quently impressive gesticulation never failed to enchain his audience, whether small or great, while his clarion-like voice, which he kept under the most perfect control, and which never grew hoarse, but was always as smooth as oil, not only fell in music-like tones upon the ear, but entered into, and thrilled, the very soul. He troubled himself and hearers very little with abstruse and difficult theological questions. Religion, experimental and practical, was his theme, and in the exposition of these he had few equals. In his manner of dealing out the terrors of the law he was truly startling; but this was not his forte: he was preëminently 'a son of consolation.' He spent most of his active life as an evangelist, with superior qualifications, however, for the pastoral office.

"His domestic virtues were of the highest order. As a son, brother, husband, father, and master, he was affectionate, constant, kind, and indulgent. Father Porter had an excellent constitution, and enjoyed fine health until a few years ago, when he became subject to vertigo, which proved to be the forerunner of a sort of apoplexy or paralysis. Under this disease he lost the use of his tongue and limbs in a great measure, and his mind was greatly impaired.

"While able to converse at all, however, he loved to talk about religion; and, when seemingly almost unconscious of surrounding circumstances, if the Saviour's name or cause was mentioned in his presence, it would arouse his mind and fix his attention in a moment. Some days before his departure he

became totally helpless and speechless, and so continued till death released him from the clay, and he was admitted to a seat among the sanctified.

“M*****.”

In the *Banner of Peace*, of May 26, 1855, I find the following testimonial of Mr. Porter's Presbytery:

“Your committee appointed to draft resolutions in reference to the death of Father James B. Porter respectfully submit the following:

“Whereas, since the last semi-annual meeting of this Presbytery, it has pleased the King and Head of the Church to remove our venerable father, Rev. James B. Porter, from the toils and trials of the vineyard below to his mansion in the house not made with hands; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That, as one of the fathers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and especially of this Presbytery, we, his sons in the ministry, and his brethren, take occasion hereby to express our admiration of the manner, and would desire to imitate the calm sublimity and conscious rectitude, with which he faced and triumphed over the usurpations and anathemas of ecclesiastical tyranny; the zeal and ability with which he contended for the faith and the interests of the Church of his choice; and especially that sweetness of temper and disposition with which he bore the trials and disappointments incident to ministerial life.

“*Resolved*, farther, That we hereby bear our testimony that by his death this Presbytery has lost one of its safest counselors and most efficient peace-

makers, the sweet tones of whose eloquent voice still dwell upon our ears and linger about our hearts, and whose memory is upon perpetual record there.

“*Resolved*, farther, That, while we miss this father of the Church in her councils and from the walls of Zion, we cheerfully submit, and rejoice that, as a ripe shock of corn, he has been gathered into the garner of God, taken from the wilderness below to his home in the city of God above.

“*Resolved*, farther, That, as a token of our respect for the departed, and that the voice with which ‘he, being dead, yet speaketh,’ may be again heard, some member of the Presbytery be appointed to preach a funeral-sermon to-morrow, at ten o’clock A. M., in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this place, and a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished for publication in the *Banner of Peace*:

Respectfully submitted,

“N. P. MODRALL, Ch’n,

“C. P. REED,

“S. Y. ANDERSON.”

“The foregoing report was adopted at the late meeting of the Richland Presbytery, April 21, 1855. Rev. C. P. Reed, by appointment, preached the sermon on Sabbath to a large and attentive audience.

“J. N. EDMISTON, *Stated Clerk*.”

These testimonials are from men who had been associated with Mr. Porter from their early youth in the ministry, or in the councils of the Church, or in both capacities.

It is evident that Mr. Ewing was disposed, in his trials which preceded the organization in 1810, to

lean with more than ordinary confidence upon Mr. Porter, and to look with more than ordinary interest to his coöperation. While he was meditating the important step of reörganizing the Cumberland Presbytery, and McGee and McAdow were both hesitating, and not seeming likely to coöperate with him, thus leaving him incompetent according to Presbyterian usage to constitute a Presbytery, he turned his attention to Porter as a counselor and coadjutor. But Porter was only a licentiate. The bold idea was conceived of an organization by two ordained ministers. This, of course, brought up the question, whether ordination conferred by two Presbyters could be considered valid, a sufficient number being thus supplied to constitute a Presbytery.

Whilst this subject was under consideration, Mr. Ewing addressed him the following letter, in which, after setting forth the necessity of decisive action on the part of the friends of the revival, with a view to preserving and perpetuating its fruits, he brings the matter distinctly before his mind:

“For my own part,” says he, “the more I contemplate the thing the more clear I see my way, and the more determined I am ‘not to be again entangled with a yoke of bondage.’ Therefore I feel determined, for one, to go into a constituted state, if I can get no more than one ordained minister to join me. You may perhaps be startled at this. So was I when I first looked at the subject. But, on a closer and more impartial examination of my aversion to such a measure, I was induced to believe that pride and tradition were the most formidable argu-

ments against it. I therefore was led to giving up the point for the following reasons: First, because the necessities of the Church demand it. Secondly, because there is nothing in God's word forbidding it. Thirdly, because no reformed Church in Christendom except the Presbyterian requires absolutely, and under all circumstances, the number of three ordained preachers to ordain one. Fourthly, because even that Church can depart from their own rule, one of the members of Synod being in that predicament. Therefore, for so doing, we could not feel, nor justly be, reproached from any quarter. I think, notwithstanding, the Presbyterian rule on this subject a good one, and I would not be willing to depart from it under ordinary circumstances. In a case of extreme necessity, however, I would. Whether we will be necessitated to do so I cannot yet tell, for I have not heard from Mr. McGee, nor Mr. McAdow.

“Brother Porter, if you will not think it discourteous I will ask you a question on which I wish you seriously to think, whether it would most wound your pride or your conscience to receive ordination from only two ministers.

“I cannot think in my soul of receding and swallowing what I do not believe, nor preach, nor ever expect to preach. Honesty becomes gospel ministers. Yet when I look forward I see numerous difficulties. But when I look again I see *the Lord stronger than man—stronger than them all*. ‘Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.’”

This letter was dated December 6, 1809. Two

months from its date decisive action was taken. This is a matter of history. We know nothing of the response to the letter, but in April following, at the first regular meeting of the Cumberland Presbytery as an independent organization, James B. Porter was present as a licentiate. The exigency did not occur, which was anticipated as a possibility by Mr. Ewing. Mr. McAdow concurred with himself and Mr. King in the reorganization. Mr. Porter's ordination was one of the first which occurred among the young men after the reorganization. It took place either at this meeting at the Ridge, in April, 1810, or at an early subsequent meeting.

Mr. Porter traveled and preached a great deal in the course of his long ministry of fifty years. No man in the Church was more beloved, and certainly very few were more useful. As it has been intimated already, he was a specimen of the very highest style of manhood physically, intellectually, socially, and spiritually. He would have made a figure in any profession, but he was peculiarly adapted to the profession to which God in his providence, and surely by *his Spirit*, called him.

The date and some of the circumstances of his death have already been given. At the meeting of the General Assembly following, held at Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1855, by appointment of that body, a sermon was delivered as a memorial of Rev. James B. Porter and Rev. Thomas Calhoun by Rev. Herschel S. Porter, D.D., from the triumphant language of the apostle in view of his departure. The text is familiar to all readers of the New Testament.

Both of these good men had died in the interim of that and the preceding Assembly. The delivery of the sermon was a solemn hour, and would have been more so if it could have been anticipated that the beloved young preacher who officiated was himself, in the providence of God, to be called away in a few short months.

Mr. Porter was twice married. His first wife was Miss Polly G. Hudson, daughter of Thomas Hudson, Esq., of Haysboro, Tennessee. From her he had four sons. All of them professed religion in early life. She died June 21, 1818, in the triumphs of faith. Thomas Calhoon seems to have been sent for to preach her funeral-sermon. I recollect, in my early religious life, to have heard him speak of the occurrence in the pulpit, and especially of her repeating on her death-bed the closing stanza of one of Watts's sweet but solemn hymns:

Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Her father was an eminent Christian. She seems to have shared largely in his spirit. They both, as well as Mr. Porter himself, were among the first-fruits of the old revival.

His second wife was Mrs. Frances Bond, of Maury county. She was a lady of eminent domestic and Christian worth. An only daughter was the fruit of this marriage. She became the wife of Dr. J. W. Sharber, and still lives. The second Mrs. Porter

also preceded her husband to the grave. One son of the first family also lives.

The following personal sketch of Mr. Porter is furnished by Rev. Carson P. Reed. No one was more intimately acquainted with the subject of the sketch. It was, too, one of the last productions of Mr. Reed's life. Says the contributor:

“Mr. Porter's person was an approach to perfection. He was tall, and unusually handsome. His manners were engaging; his conversation always agreeable and instructive. No one could feel otherwise than interested and delighted in his company. His habits were cheerful and pleasant. He addressed himself on all occasions to the circumstances which surrounded him; was never at a loss or embarrassed. As a Christian gentleman he was fully qualified to enter into any company, and, without seeming to know it, commanded respect wherever he went; and notwithstanding he possessed a great flow of spirits, he never compromised his Christian or ministerial character.

“His piety was deep and unquestionable, yet unostentatious. He was fervent in devotion, and his regular seasons for such exercises were carefully observed. Neither family nor secret prayer was neglected, unless under the most forbidding circumstances, and his custom was to go from his knees to the pulpit. It was his habit, too, to seek direction from God in the choice of subjects for the pulpit. He thought that there was such a thing as divine direction in all these matters.

“Mr. Porter's appearance in the pulpit was truly

commanding and impressive. He carried with him into his public exercises the spirit of a Christian minister. His congregation could hardly refrain from uniting in heart with him in his public prayers. They could hardly feel otherwise than that they were in the presence of God. There were few men who were better adapted to extraordinary occasions. He seemed to be always ready.

“In connection with the subject of prayer, a particular incident in the history of his life is worthy of being mentioned. In the course of a camp-meeting at Mount Moriah, held in 1811, two of Mr. Porter’s brothers were lying at the point of death, and did both die while the meeting was in progress. One of them was a Christian, and died in the triumphs of faith. The other was an irreligious man. Mr. Porter seemed to lose sight of every thing but the salvation of his brother. All other cares seemed to be swallowed up in this. His prayers were importunate, and almost incessant for this unconverted dying brother. God evidently heard. The brother obtained a good hope through grace. He died leaving a good testimony behind.

“Mr. Porter’s care for the sick and dying was always most earnest, and God blessed his labors in their behalf abundantly. In imitation of his divine Master, he ‘went about doing good.’ All classes of men shared alike in his missions of love and mercy. He exemplified in his daily life what Paul enjoined: ‘Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.’ He was emphatically ‘a good man, and,’ through his agency, the Spirit

of God attending, 'much people were added unto the Lord.' He spent ten or twelve of the first years of his ministerial life as a missionary, or, to use the language of the times, as a 'circuit-rider.' He kindled a fire wherever he went. He planted many churches, and of these many still stand as monuments of his zeal and fidelity. He gloried in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, not troubling himself or his hearers much with abstruse speculations, which profit little, but engender a great deal of strife in the Church of God.

"During the last twenty years of his life, Mr. Porter was pastor of Mount Moriah congregation, which he had organized in 1810, while yet a young man. It has built its third house of worship, and is still a flourishing congregation. It may be mentioned as an item of interest that this congregation has sent forth sixteen young ministers into the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Several of these have gone to their reward, and others have grown old in the service. He was similarly connected with Mount Carmel congregation, in Maury county, for a number of years, and also with others for longer or shorter spaces of time. In all these connections he gave eminent satisfaction, proving himself always a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. He was my father in the ministry, and long my companion in labor, and my heart clings to his memory with a tender tenacity which is rather strengthened than weakened by time.

Yours in Christian labor,

"C. P. REED."

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Porter was not very close, but it extended through about thirty years. I met him mostly in the old Cumberland Synod and in the General Assembly, and occasionally in other circumstances. He was the Moderator of the first Synod of which I was a member. This was held at the Beech Meeting-house, in Sumner county, in 1822. But one circumstance occurred there of which I shall make mention. A camp-meeting followed the Synod, as the custom was in those days. There was a large number of young men, new members in the Synod, at that meeting. There were David Lowry, Robert D. Morrow, F. R. Cossitt, Green P. Rice, and Daniel Buie, not as young as others, but all, I think, new members. Then followed the names of the first representatives of the third generation of preachers in the Church: Carson P. Reed, James S. Guthrie, William S. Burney, Vincent Hubbard, Albert G. Gibson, Aaron Alexander, A. J. Steele, Ezekiel Cloyd, not a young man, but a new member, and the writer. James Y. Barnett was there, but not yet a member. It will be seen that there was a large mass of new material; some of it, too, was rather raw. William Barnett was appointed by the Synod to preach a special sermon to the young members. He was a Boanerges of the times. The sermon was delivered on Saturday afternoon of the meeting. Mr. Porter followed by an impressive exhortation. It was an interesting hour. John Barnett, too, entered very deeply into the spirit of the occasion. He was then in the midst of his better days. He took the young

men by the hand, one by one, and wept over them as a father would have wept over his sons in consecrating them to some great and difficult enterprise.

The next occasion which my memory calls up was connected with the meeting of the Synod the following year. The meeting for business was held in Russellville, Kentucky. It was followed by a camp-meeting in the neighborhood. On Sabbath of the camp-meeting, Robert Donnell delivered a funeral-sermon as a memorial of one of the Ewings, who had been a prominent man in the congregation, and in the country around him. I have elsewhere spoken of that sermon. It was one of the most massive productions that I ever heard. Mr. Porter followed with a sermon preparatory to the communion. It was a difficult task to preach to a crowd after such a sermon as had preceded. He sustained himself, however, as few men could have done. He was in the prime of life, and carried with him a large measure of the spirit of the olden time. It was a great day in that country congregation.

In 1828 the old Cumberland Synod met for the last time. The meeting was held in Franklin, Tennessee. At its close it dissolved itself, and called a meeting of the first General Assembly. The act of dissolution was, of course, a solemn act. The older men, who had met annually in a Synodical capacity, could hardly expect to meet often, if ever, again. Mr. Porter offered the concluding prayer. There were not many unfeeling hearts or dry eyes when the prayer closed.

In 1830 Mr. Porter was a member, and also the

Moderator, of the General Assembly. This was the second meeting of that judicature. It was held at Princeton, Kentucky. On that occasion I was closely associated with the Moderator, being temporary clerk of the body. Some of the sessions of the Assembly were held in one of the rooms of old Cumberland College. It was an interesting Assembly, and rendered more so than it would have otherwise been, from its being held a few weeks only after the commencement of the publication of the first periodical ever attempted by the Church. This periodical, in about two years, was removed to Nashville, Tennessee, and after assuming a third form broke down in 1840.

In 1838 I moved to Mississippi, taking my little family through the country by land. It was an easy day's travel from the early home of my wife to Spring Hill, the home of Mr. Porter. I was never in the habit of making inconvenient demands of brethren in traveling, but this was a sad day to her, and as Mr. Porter had generally called at the old homestead in passing, and had been a great favorite in the family, it was decided to throw ourselves upon his Christian kindness for the night. I shall never forget the open-hearted manner with which he met us, and the generous hospitality dispensed by himself, his good wife, and his daughter, just developing into womanhood. These constituted the family. He had, no doubt, studied the characteristics of a good bishop, as delineated by the apostle. A cheerful evening, at least, closed up what had been a day of sadness to the travelers.

In 1852, at the Assembly in Nashville, I saw him for the last time. Thirteen years had passed from the time of my seeing him at his own cheerful home at Spring Hill. These years had made terrible inroads upon both body and mind. The palace was a ruin. Still it was a privilege and an unspeakable comfort to know that what of the good and noble man remained seemed to be wholly given up to God. When nothing else could arouse him, a mention of God and his cause always awakened his paralyzed energies to such action as still remained possible. Two years and a half from that time, what had been the mellow voice and manly form were silent and still in death. James B. Porter had become one of the *departed fathers*.

REV. ROBERT BELL.*

1810—1853.

ROBERT BELL was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, December 16, 1770. His father's name was Robert; his mother's family-name was Walker. He had but one full brother. This brother was the father of the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee. There were several full sisters, besides a number of half brothers and sisters.

When he was twelve years old his father moved to the Cumberland country. The first settlement of the family was north of Cumberland River, in what is now Sumner county. In a year or two they moved to the neighborhood of what is now Nashville; and settled there.

At some time early in the revival of 1800 he made profession of religion. The exact time, however, is not known. At the sessions of the Transylvania Presbytery, in October of 1802, Mr. Bell was licensed as an exhorter and catechist. At the same Presbytery Hugh Kirkpatrick and Ephraim McLean were received as candidates for the ministry. At some time between the fall of 1802 and December of 1805 he was received as a candi-

* Rev. C. H. Bell, D.D.; Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians;" *Banner of Peace*.

date for the ministry, and licensed as a probationer. This is inferred from the fact that, in the proceedings of the Commission of the Synod of Kentucky, which met early in December, 1805, he is recognized as a licensed probationer, and was one of those who were forbidden to exercise any ministerial functions derived from the authority of the Cumberland Presbytery. The licentiates and exhorters were included in the prohibition.

It is supposed that his education was perhaps better than that of most of the young men of his time who came into the ministry, but its extent cannot be distinctly stated. The probability is, that it was irregularly acquired, as the circumstances of the country would allow, and as his own disposition would prompt. A man of his habits of mind would be apt to make the most of his circumstances in the way of improving himself. It is certain that, by his own application, after he entered the ministry he became a good English and Latin scholar.

It is said, upon his own authority, that when the Commission of Synod was in session, considering the cases of the young men, he was privately approached, and assured that if he would adopt the Confession of Faith without reservation, his license as a probationer for the ministry would be continued. He, however, declined the proposition.

It appears from the history of the proceedings of the Commission that when the question of submission to a reëxamination was put to the young men individually, he and Samuel K. Blythe, a candidate

for the ministry, "requested a short time to consider the subject." No one who knew the character of Mr. Bell would be surprised at the request on his part. He was an unusually thoughtful and conscientious man. The result of the consideration was that both the men refused to submit, as did all the others. The ground of the refusal was a constitutional one. It was, "That they believed the Cumberland Presbytery was a regular judicature of the Church, and competent to judge of the faith and ability of its candidates; that they themselves had not been charged with heresy or immorality—and if they had been, the Presbytery would have been the proper judicature to call them to account." The question was, as I have said, a constitutional one, and the young men were clearly justifiable in their refusal. The proceedings of the Commission were obviously unconstitutional and anti-Presbyterian. The New Brunswick Presbytery had taken the same view of the subject more than half a century before.

The same difficulties were in the way of Mr. Bell's advancement in the ministry, which were in the way of others. The action of the Commission left the Presbytery in a state of confusion. Nothing was done presbyterially until after the organization in 1810. We have nothing official on the subject, but Mr. Donnell says that he was licensed in 1804, and ordained in 1810. His ordination appears, therefore, to have been one among the first Presbyterian acts of the new Presbytery.

From his licensure in 1804 to 1807 he lived in

Logan county, Kentucky, and his labors were partially, at least, confined to that section of country. In 1807 he moved to Bean's Creek, near Salem, Tennessee, and settled there.

In the Minutes of the old Cumberland Synod, which met on the 19th of October, 1819, at Suggs's Creek Meeting-house, in Wilson county, Tennessee, we have the following record:

"Whereas several letters have been directed to the Moderator informing the Synod that a number of societies have been formed, the object of which is to raise funds for the purpose of establishing schools for the literary and religious instruction of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Tribes of Indians, and appointing the ordained ministers of this Synod their Board of Trustees; therefore,

"Resolved, That this appointment be accepted."

This preamble and resolution is the first public indication of a measure which, in its time, attracted a great deal of attention in the Church. Mr. Bell, too, spent some of the best years of his life in efforts for its promotion. A sort of spontaneous feeling began to develop itself in different parts of the Church in favor of endeavoring to civilize and Christianize the Southern Indians. The Creek war had passed over, and the Chickasaws and Choctaws had maintained such relations to the whites during that struggle that a favorable public attention was naturally directed to them.

From the report on the state of religion to the Synod at its sessions in the same year I make the following extract relating to this subject:

“By the heaven-born charity and zeal of some female members of the Church, funds have been raised, which have enabled the Missionary Board to employ several missionaries a considerable part of their time, by which your bounds have been much enlarged in the South and West. This has multiplied the calls and cries to our Presbyteries and Missionary Boards for help. The people desire the word and ordinances. Among the most impressive calls we hear is one from the tawny sons of the woods in the South. One of them has recently given satisfactory evidence that he has obtained the ‘one thing needful,’ and he has been admitted to the sealing ordinances of the Church.

“This Indian man was brought from the Chickasaw Nation of Indians last winter by Revs. Samuel King and William Moore, two of our missionaries. He has been boarding with Brother King, and going to school from his house, and has made almost unparalleled progress in his education. Your committee anticipate great good to his nation from his education and conversion, especially if it should please the great Head of the Church to call him to the work of the ministry.”

It seems that, in consequence of the opening condition of things, and the state of feeling developed in the Church, the plan was conceived of a school in the Chickasaw Nation which should combine at once instruction in letters and religion, together with domestic, agricultural, and mechanical pursuits.

Accordingly, on the 11th of September, 1820, the following articles of an agreement were entered

into by Revs. Samuel King, Robert Bell, and James Stewart, as the representatives of the Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Missions, which consisted of the ordained ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on the one part, and the chiefs of the Chickasaw Nation on the other part:

“Articles of Agreement between Samuel King, James Stewart, and Robert Bell, missionaries, and the chiefs of the Chickasaw Nation, viz.:

“Article 1. We, the said Samuel King, James Stewart, and Robert Bell, on the part of the Board of the Cumberland Presbyterian Missionary Society, do promise to teach the people of the said nation reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a knowledge of agriculture and the mechanical arts. Also those who resort to them for instruction shall be boarded and clothed gratuitously, provided they are not able to clothe themselves.

“Article 2. We promise that we will not take more land than will be necessary for the support of the institution. And should we leave the institution, the houses and land which we have occupied shall revert to the Indians.

“Article 3. We, the chiefs of the Chickasaw Nation, on the part of said nation, do permit said society and missionaries to come into our nation to teach our young people.

“Article 4. We do hereby bind ourselves to allow said society as much land as may be necessary for the support of their missionaries, which land they shall hold as long as they continue to teach our children.

“Sept. 11, 1820.”

These articles were signed by Messrs. King, Stewart, and Bell, on the part of the Missionary Board; and on the part of the Chickasaws, by Stako Tooke, King of the Nation; and Tisho Mingo, Appa Suntubba, Samuel Sealy, William McGelbra, James Colbert, and Levi Colbert, chiefs.

In the month of November a school was opened, under the name of Charity Hall, within the limits of what is now the State of Mississippi, about seven miles from the present city of Aberdeen, and three miles from Cotton Gin Port. Mr. Bell was appointed superintendent. He taught a few weeks in a private room furnished by one of the chiefs until suitable buildings were prepared for the use of the school. The buildings erected were plain and cheap, costing in all about \$1,500. Thirty acres of land were cleared, and put under cultivation. The Indians learned with some facility, and labored with as much readiness as would have been expected. The Government of the United States contributed liberally toward paying for the buildings, and also made an annual contribution of \$300 or \$400 toward keeping up the school. But great difficulties were experienced in carrying forward the work. Mr. Bell, in his communications, complains especially of the depreciation of the currency in those parts of the Church from which he received his principal supplies. Of course a great many members of the Church were indifferent toward the enterprise. Some were even opposed to it. There were lingering prejudices against the Indians. Still great efforts were made. Many of the

preachers and people coöperated earnestly with the good man in the work upon which his heart was deeply set. I have before me files of subscriptions of money from men and women scattered all over the Church—subscriptions ranging from ten dollars to twenty-five cents—also of clothing, from a jeans coat to a pair of socks.

I transcribe a copy of one of the appeals to the Church. It is from William Harris, who never spoke otherwise than earnestly on such a subject:

“Friends, who have felt the sweets of learning and religion, suffer a call to be made on the benevolence of your hearts in behalf of the poor heathen children of the Chickasaw Nation now under the care of the Cumberland Presbyterian Missionary Board at Charity Hall School. Will you aid in bringing them from under the gloom of heathen darkness by giving some of the abundance with which you have been blessed, in money, school-books, or country-cloth suitable to clothe the naked children of the woods? Any thing of the kind will be thankfully received by

“WILLIAM HARRIS,

“Agent for Logan Presbytery.

“May 17, 1825.”

Notwithstanding these efforts the enterprise dragged heavily. Some of my first recollections of the old Cumberland Synod, which commenced in 1822, are recollections of troubles and discouragements connected with Charity Hall. My feelings at those times were, and they still are, that Mr. Bell's patience, and perseverance, and Christian forbear-

ance, under all the trials arising out of his situation, were almost superhuman. The trials were very great. One thing has affected me much in examining the old papers relating to Charity Hall. I allude to the respectful consideration in all transactions with the Federal Government with which he was treated by its officers. There are repeated communications from Hon. John C. Calhoun, a portion of the time Secretary of War; from Hon. John B. McKinney; and again from Hon. William B. Lewis, as well as others. Every intimation in every communication indicates that they consider themselves communicating with a high-minded, honorable, Christian man. Whilst his brethren were sometimes impatient and fretful, not always fully respectful, and sometimes fault-finding, there is no intimation of the kind from these high government officials. Mr. Bell's descendants and the Church which he so nobly represented through all these years of trial ought to regard such testimony from such a quarter, although indirect, as an imperishable treasure.

The Synod were in the habit, from year to year, of appointing a commission of their own body to visit Charity Hall, and make report of its condition, system of operations, and general prospects. I transcribe here one of those reports as an illustration of the general operations and prospects of the school. The Commission on this occasion consisted of Revs. James S. Guthrie, David Foster, and James Stewart. Mr. Stewart did not attend. Messrs. Foster and Guthrie report the following:

“According to the appointment of the Cumberland Presbyterian Missionary Board, David Foster and James S. Guthrie met at Charity Hall Missionary Establishment, Chickasaw Nation, on Friday, the 20th of May, 1825. James Stewart was absent.

“THE STATE OF RELIGION AT THE ESTABLISHMENT.

“On Friday evening after the arrival of your committee we had preaching. On Saturday two discourses were delivered, and, toward the close, the little congregation manifested great solemnity and deep concern—tears were flowing, and six or eight came forward for prayer, one or two being Indians. About as many were whites, and the remainder were blacks. •

“On Sabbath, after preaching, the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper was administered, at which your committee were rejoiced to see some of the first-fruits of missionary labor in the Chickasaw Nation seated at the Lord’s table. At the evening preaching a considerable company collected. They received the word of life with more than ordinary interest; many wept; some came to join in public prayer, and it is hoped that one black woman raised in the nation found peace with God. About four connected themselves with the Mission Church as seekers of religion. Your committee are sorry to say that some of the Chickasaws, both male and female, who, as they were informed, had appeared to be deeply concerned, were during the occasion but little affected, though others appeared anxious to know and understand what was done on the oc-

casion. Upon the whole, your committee think the prospect of religion to be flattering about the establishment, and particularly so among the black people, who are much concerned about the state of their souls, through the nation, as far as they had information. The black people generally can speak and understand English, and this your committee think to be the reason why they feel more interest about religion than the Indians. It is but just to observe that the black people in this nation have less extravagance connected with their religious feelings than the committee have witnessed in other places. During preaching, many of the Indians seemed inattentive and restless, though not as much so as we frequently find among the white people. The Indians view the white people as their superiors, and it is probable that their example has its influence with the Indians."

After describing the locality and appurtenances of the farm, the report proceeds to the

"STATE OF THE SCHOOL.

"The school consists of thirty scholars, who attend, in general, regularly. A few, however, are not perfectly regular in their attendance. We heard a small class of beginners spell in two syllables, and a larger class spell in different places in the book. When the words were given out, the little fellows seemed ready to catch the sound, and apply suitable letters, though they sometimes missed the spelling of the word. Others, however, who were farther advanced, never missed the spelling of a single

word, though the words were selected from different tables in the book. The small class in the New Testament read imperfectly, though we think, for the time they have spent, they are in a good way of improvement. The next Testament class read well, yet all read too low.

“The class in the English Reader read very correctly. They all appeared to understand the Key to Webster’s Spelling-book.

“Two are studying English Grammar who have begun to parse. It does not appear that they will improve in grammar as rapidly as in spelling, reading, and writing. We observed no symptoms of quarreling among the scholars, nor of doing mischief to one another, as we frequently find in schools among the whites. They appeared, however, full of mirth and play, and this we were informed was generally the case.

“GENERAL RULES.

“About day-light the trumpet is blown—the signal for all to rise. In half an hour it is blown again, that all may attend family-worship in the dining-room. Within five minutes from the close of the worship, Mr. Bell, with the boys, repairs to the field until eight or nine o’clock, and Mrs. Bell, with the girls, to sewing or other employments. They are then called to breakfast, where Mr. Bell is seated at the head of the table, with the boys on one side and the girls on the other. When breakfast is over, they repair to school until twelve o’clock. After an interval of an hour, they are called by the trum-

pet to dinner. After dinner, until four o'clock, they are at school. They then go to the field until night, when all are called to supper and family-worship. Throughout the whole, the scholars appear to be under strict discipline, which they observe with promptness and cheerfulness, except that they seem a little slow to start to work in the morning, but when at work they seem brisk and cheerful.

“REMARKS.

“Mr. and Mrs. Bell have more labor to perform, and more business of different kinds upon their hands by far than they should have. They have more to do than they can do in justice either to themselves or to the interest of the establishment, and unless they have some assistance in future, their days must certainly be shortened. We hope and believe, however, from various indications, that the needed assistance will be supplied, and that measures will be vigorously prosecuted to make the school a blessing to the nation, and a means of salvation to hundreds of poor Indians.”

I omit a part of this report because of its length, but have embodied what I present here for three reasons.

First. The source from which it comes makes it reliable. I knew the men most intimately, and have no doubt that in every statement they were faithful. There is no varnishing in the document.

Secondly. It sets forth something of the labors and self-denial of Mr. Bell. In 1825 he was fifty-five years old, and yet we find him in the field at

work with the Indian boys, and in the school-room teaching dull children the spelling-book and the English Reader, whilst his wife, of corresponding age, is endeavoring to indoctrinate the Indian girls into the mysteries of spinning, and sewing, and weaving, and cooking. And the committee say, they are wearing themselves out at this work.

Thirdly. It will be useful to the present and succeeding generations of members of this Church to know something of what their fathers and mothers have done and suffered. Fifty years ago the Cumberland Presbyterian Church had a *Foreign Mission*, and although they perhaps did not discharge their whole duty toward it, still they were sustaining it. How far have we advanced in that direction in these fifty years? The committee mention in this report a fact which I have omitted—the loss of a beloved son on the part of these old people at the Mission. This son most likely fell a victim to a sickly climate and locality. Yet the parents labored on. There are a few men in the Church, and but a few, who, with myself, will recollect the intense and undying interest which Mr. Bell manifested on all suitable occasions in the prosperity of the Mission. He evidently felt his work there to be the great work of his life. Nor was all this labor lost. Without doubt there was seed sown at Charity Hall which will bring forth fruit forever.

The last report on file from Mr. Bell, as superintendent of the Mission, was made in 1830. This report was made to the Cumberland Board of Missions, or rather at that time to the General Assem-

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bly. There is a copy of a document transmitted to the General Government in 1832. This is the latest document which I find on file. About this time the removal of the Indians to their present locality became a subject of agitation. This, of course, would unsettle every thing connected with the Mission. The actual removal of the Indians at last is a subject for the national historian. In some of its aspects it will be a dark chapter in our record.

After the close of the Mission-school, Mr. Bell settled in the interior of Mississippi, in what is now Pontotoc county. The last twenty years of his life were devoted earnestly and laboriously to preaching the gospel. His labors ended only with his life. On the 9th of November, 1853, this life came to an end. He died in his eighty-third year. He had an appointment for preaching the Sabbath previous to his death. Being upon his death-bed, he was, of course, unable to fill it, and it was filled by his grandson, Rev. C. H. Bell, now of Oxford, Mississippi. After the return of young Mr. Bell, the old man inquired particularly about the meeting, indicating still an unflagging interest in the welfare of the Church and the salvation of his fellow-men.

Mr. Bell married, some time in the earlier part of his life, a Miss Grizzell McCutcheon, of Logan county, Kentucky. They had four children—two sons and two daughters. The younger son died at Charity Hall, or while his parents were connected with the Mission-school. The event has been already mentioned. The other son was the late General John Bell, of Mississippi. The daughters

still live—one in Mississippi, the other in Texas. The latter is the wife of Rev. John Haynes, of Pilot Point, Texas.

Says a correspondent:

“Mr. Bell was a *great man*; great because he was faithful and good—good so far as it may be said that a mere man is good. He loved the gospel, loved the Church, loved the souls of men, and was himself universally beloved. ‘An excellent spirit was in him.’ He was characteristically modest and retiring in his habits. It is perhaps not proper to say that a man can be too modest, otherwise I should say he was too much so. He was remarkably conscientious, even scrupulous, in the observance of the Sabbath. He prepared for the day of rest, and required others of his household to do the same. He was not rich, but God in his providence had favored him, and he was in what would be called independent circumstances.

“At a meeting of the Presbytery to which he belonged, two or three weeks before his death, he seemed to be under the impression that it would be his last Presbyterial meeting on earth. An order was passed for the ordination of his grandson. The young man hesitated, but his reluctance was overcome by the obvious anxiety of the grandfather that the ordination should be consummated, and his own apprehension that it would be the old man’s last meeting with the Presbytery. The ordination proceeded, and the aged patriarch participated. Never shall I forget his noble, venerable, and benevolent countenance: how it beamed with joy while he par-

ticipated in the solemnities of the occasion. It seemed as though one of the fathers of apostolic times had come down among us. O that the grandson may be as good, as holy, and as devoted as his predecessor!"

His domestic relations were of the happiest kind. Not long before his death he remarked to a circle of friends, in the presence of his wife, that "they had lived together fifty-four years, and no unkind word had ever passed between them." She was a few years his junior, and survived him about six months.

Mention has been made of the extent of Mr. Bell's early education. Of course, but little is known on this subject. But Rev. Dr. C. H. Bell, of Mississippi, says: "He was a close student through life, and a careful reader even in his old age. On his death-bed he gave me his copy of Scott's Commentary, in five volumes, with Cruden's Concordance, to correspond with it. The Commentary is marked throughout with his pencil." The pencil marks are the indications of close reading.

I copy the following letter from the *Banner of Peace*, of December 15, 1853. It is from Rev. Robert Donnell:

"ANOTHER OF THE FATHERS OF THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH GONE TO HIS REWARD.

"ATHENS, ALA., November 23, 1853.

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Rev. Robert Bell, near Pontotoc, Mississippi, departed this life on the 9th

of October, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was a subject of the revival of 1800. He was received as a candidate for the ministry soon after Anderson, Ewing, and King. He was licensed about 1804, and ordained in 1810. The delay of his ordination was produced by the protracted difficulties with the Mother Church. Through that whole struggle he was firm and prayerful. No one labored harder to promote religion, and no one was more rejoiced to hear of the organization of the Cumberland Presbytery by McAdow, Ewing, and King, than Brother Bell.

“He was a man of retiring modesty, sound sense, and humble deportment, and was untiring in his efforts to do good. His fidelity would not suffer him to impose on others, and his prudence prevented others from imposing on him. He was firm, but not obstinate; he was humble, but not mean; he thought for himself, but was cheerful in allowing others to think for themselves. He was contemporary with the great and good men, McGready, Hodge, McGee, McAdow, Ewing, and King, as well as younger brethren in the ministry. He planted many churches, and fed the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. He was an indulgent master, a kind father, an affectionate husband, a consistent Christian, and a devoted minister of Jesus Christ. He lived long; he labored hard to the last, and when on his bed of death, had an appointment out which a grandson, at his request, filled. May the mantle of the grandfather remain on that son, who, by the trembling hand of a grandfather,

with others, had just been set apart to the whole work of the ministry of the gospel! Were I able to write, I would move, if I could, the whole Cumberland Presbyterian Church, especially its ministry, by his example, to redoubled diligence in the cause of God. The Church, of which he was a member, was raised up to aid other Christian Churches in hastening on the latter-day glory. We have no time to idle away, no Sabbaths to spend without preaching. A minister's call is for life. Old ministers, like old David, want to show to the present generation, and to every one that is to come, the power and glory of God.

“I would say to his congregations, He has left you a minister of his own family. To his family I would say, Trust in the Lord, and he will be to you a father that will never die. To his aged and Christian companion, I would say, Your husband, in all your removals, has been the pioneer, and he has gone before you now, to prepare, or see first, the place prepared for you, and until you are called home—to your happy home—your strength shall be equal to your day. With your departed husband, you have borne the burden and heat of the day. Your reward shall be as his; he has gone first, but you will not be long behind him. It must have been consoling to him, and to you both, to see the Church, for which you have labored so long, in a prosperous state.

“Brother Bell was emphatically one of the fathers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. I have been indisposed for some time, and am not now able

to write. Those capable, and who have promised a history of the fathers of the Church, will give a full history.

“Brothers Kirkpatrick,* Porter, Calhoon, and McSpadden are on the list before me—on the list of the ministry—but I may be first on the list of mortality. May we all depart out of this world as tranquilly as Brother Bell, and all the fathers of the Church who have gone! R. DONNELL.”

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Rev. Robert Donnell, by the surviving son of Mr. Bell, in relation to his father's death. It was published in the *Banner of Peace*, of January 12, 1854. Every thing on the subject is interesting:

“REV. AND DEAR FRIEND:—In father's death, all his children, and relations, and friends that were

* Rev. Hugh Kirkpatrick was born in Orleans county, North Carolina, May 8, 1774, and was brought up in the Presbyterian Church. He married Isabella Stewart, of the same county and State, July 2, 1795. Both professed religion in 1797, and soon emigrated to the South-west, spent one year in Kentucky, but finally settled in Sumner county, Tennessee. They were two of the first four that joined the Beech Congregation. He was licensed to preach by the Transylvania Presbytery at its sessions in October, 1803. His education was better than that of the ordinary *young men*, as they were called. After 1805, he followed the fortunes of the Council, and was one of the first who was ordained after the organization of Cumberland Presbytery in 1810. He was a good man, and spent the most of his life and ministry in Sumner county. His wife died in 1859, and in his old age he married Nancy Grizzard. He died in 1863, leaving an only son, who still survives him.

around him feel a great bereavement. They are consoled alone from the fact of his great resignation, his patient endurance of his affliction and suffering, and the undisturbed sereneness of his mind in his dying hour; and from the reflection that he has made, we doubt not, a happy exchange of bodily suffering for that unalloyed happiness which we most confidently believe is to be the reward of a long life devoted diligently, faithfully, and continually, down to his last moments, to the service of Him who promises to reward the *good and faithful servant*. Few die as he did. He had prayed for dying grace, and it was given him. He breathed out his life without a struggle, or a groan, or the distortion of a muscle of his face, perfectly in his senses, closing his own eyes and his own mouth, leaving a serene and smiling expression upon his face which he took with him to the grave. Better evidence of a full preparation for death could not have been afforded, and it is sinful in us, perhaps, to lament our bereavement.

“Father, for a good many years, was afflicted with rheumatic pains in both his hip-joints, also with asthma, and considerable nervousness, especially in his right arm and hand. Of this you are, perhaps, aware; otherwise his health was generally good. For a long time he was unable to ride on horseback, but with the aid of a staff he could walk about. In riding he used his buggy; and, for several months before his death, to enable himself to walk, he had frequently to use two staves.

“Although his voice had become very weak, he continued to preach nearly every Sabbath up to the time he was taken down; but, standing in the pulpit, to preach even a short sermon, fatigued him very much, and often after preaching, on account of his asthmatic affection, he would have great difficulty in breathing. For many years, on account of the nervousness in his right arm and hand, he was compelled to write with his left hand.

“The attack of sickness of which he died arose evidently from exposure and cold, which brought on what is called here *typhoid pneumonia*. The Presbytery to which he belonged sat at the church, where he preached to the congregation under his care, near his home. The Presbytery met on the third Friday in September, and, contrary to advice, he would attend the meetings day and night until it closed. In the meantime a change of weather took place, and the nights became cool. He was up several nights until after midnight. The cold he contracted at this meeting was no doubt the occasion of his death. He was taken sick on Friday, after the adjournment of the Presbytery, and lived seventeen days after he was taken down. Having had frequent attacks of a similar kind, and from the same cause, and attended with more pain—for he did not complain of much suffering, his cough being the worst—he indulged the belief that he would recover until the evening before his death. For more than a week, however, he was well aware that his case was a critical one, and always expressed himself with perfect resignation to the will

of Providence in regard to him. He died on Sunday, and on that day he was to have preached the funeral-sermon of an old revolutionary soldier, who had died a few weeks previously, and who had requested that father should perform that service. Although unable to fulfill the engagement, he kept it in mind to the last. Also the morning before he died he urged my son, who did not wish to leave him, to fill his place at one of his stated appointments for preaching about three miles off, and when my son returned and reported to him that he had done so, it seemed to relieve and satisfy him. His whole mind appeared to be absorbed in the interests of religion, giving himself little concern about the things of this world.

“Before leaving this branch of the subject I cannot refrain from relating an incident or two which took place during the sessions of the Presbytery. On account of his infirmity, father petitioned the Presbytery to release him from the pastoral charge of the Church which had been under his care ever since he had been living here, which, I believe, was not granted. At the same Presbytery the ordination of my son, Claibourne, took place. I was not present, but it was said that the scene was an unusually interesting one, and that the whole congregation was bathed in tears. When it came to *the laying on of hands*, and when my old father came tottering forward, supported by his staff, to lay his weak and trembling hand upon the head of his grandson, a deep and solemn sensation was produced. All felt that his work was about done, and

that this would be perhaps the last ministerial act of his life. It seemed a transfer of his mantle to a younger branch of the family for continuing and carrying on the good work in which he had been so long engaged.

“Of father’s early history, and particularly from the time he engaged in the ministry, I suppose you are rather well acquainted. He was born, I think, in North Carolina, and I have often heard him say that he was nine years old when the battle of Guilford was fought in that State, and that his father lived nine miles from that place at the time. About the year 1784 or 1785, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old, his father moved to the Cumberland country, and settled near Nashville. This was in the midst of the troublesome times with the Indians, against whom my father, with others, made several excursions. In 1795 he married, and moved to the State of Kentucky, and settled in Logan county. About the year 1804 or 1805 he commenced the ministry as a circuit-rider. In the fall of 1806 he moved back to Tennessee and settled in Franklin county; and in 1820 he moved to the Chickasaw Nation, and engaged in the missionary work among the Chickasaw Indians under the patronage of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He continued in that business until about the year 1830 or 1831. In 1836 he settled a few miles from Pontotoc, Mississippi, where he spent the remainder of his days. It appears from the record of his age that he was born on the 16th of December, 1770. Consequently, had he lived to the 16th of

December next, he would have completed eighty-three years. Your sincere friend and relative,
"JOHN BELL."

My personal knowledge of Mr. Bell was very limited. I never heard him preach but once. In 1817, in the month of October, I attended a camp-meeting at the Beech Meeting-house, a place frequently mentioned in these "Brief Sketches." I had professed religion but a few weeks before. Mr. Bell was at that meeting, and preached on Sabbath. He was then, of course, in the prime of life. I recollect his appearance very distinctly. He was well dressed, and had altogether a gentlemanly aspect. His text was: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It may seem strange, but I have recollected ever since, and still recollect the train of thought presented. He first made a statement of the estimated population of the earth. He then took out the pagans, and then the Mohammedans, and then the Jews. This left him Christendom. Christendom was *small* in comparison with the whole. He then cut off a great many from Christendom, and came down to the visible Church. Of course a great many members of the Church were unsound, whilst the sound membership was *small*. The *flock was a little flock*. I suppose my mind was in a situation to receive vivid impressions then. I thought of nothing but preaching, and preachers, and connected subjects. Robert Donnell followed Mr. Bell with a sermon, having reference to the death of

Rev. William McGee, one of the fathers who had recently been called away. It was a very solemn and interesting day.

I have no recollection of seeing Mr. Bell after that meeting, until the fall of 1822, at the first meeting of the Cumberland Synod which I ever attended. This meeting was also held at the Beech. Mr. Bell was there as the Superintendent of Charity Hall. On that occasion, I began to see a little of what I have seen my full share since. Charity Hall was an institution of the Church, and it was already in need of money. This was its condition during the eight or ten years of its existence which followed. The labors, and discouragements, and varied toils of the superintendent and missionary were very great. Yet he bore all heroically. He left a record behind which the Church ought to read. Year after year he urged the claims of Charity Hall and the benighted condition of the Indians before the Synod and the Church. A few of the old ministers and of the old men and women stood by him to the last. No man could have commanded more of their confidence, and the record shows that their confidence was never betrayed. It was a good work, and, as far as the limited means would allow, it was well done; and when history does full justice to the characters and labors of those who have devoted themselves to the elevation and evangelization of the savage tribes of this country, the name of Robert Bell will be found worthy of a place with those of John Eliot, and David Brainerd, and others who have made themselves benefactors of their race.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS.*

1812—1845.

WILLIAM HARRIS was born in 1772. His father was a Revolutionary veteran, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. Very little is known of his early life, except what would be expected from the character of his father; he was religiously educated. It is not known that he manifested any particular interest on the subject of religion himself, until the opening of the revival of 1800. His locality would bring him into early contact with this great work. He became deeply convicted soon after the revival began to develop itself. He was, however, much perplexed with the doctrine of predestination, as it was taught by the Church of his fathers. This was a very common experience in those days: it is not an unusual experience now. At a certain time, when on his way to a camp-meeting, he stopped for the night at Russellville. Russellville is situated in that portion of Kentucky in which the religious movement commenced. In the course of the evening or night, while engaged in prayer, to use his own language,

* Brief Memoir and Funeral Sermon, by Rev. David Lowry; Incidents furnished by Rev. C. H. D. Harris and others; Letter of Rev. C. H. D. Harris.

“the Lord broke into his soul; he saw a fullness in Christ for the whole world.” His mind was at once relieved of some of his doctrinal difficulties. On those subjects, it is supposed, he never faltered afterward, to the day of his death.

“A short time after he professed religion, Mr. Harris began to feel that it was his duty to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a dying world, and his powerful exhortations and great usefulness at prayer-meetings soon satisfied his brethren that he was not mistaken in his feelings.” In consequence of the troubles which grew up in the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the licensure and ordination of what were called the *young men*, he was not advanced to the ministry until after the constitution of the Cumberland Presbytery in 1810. He had, however, been encouraged to exercise his gifts in exhortation, and during the stormy period which preceded the constitution of the Presbytery for several years, he was one of the most efficient laborers in the country, in the capacity of an exhorter. The Council, during the four years of its existence, abstained from all Presbyterian acts. This accounts for his not being licensed to preach. In these days, says my authority, while some of his more timid brethren declined holding meetings, he labored with great zeal and success. “In his own neighborhood, so powerful was the work of God through his instrumentality, that meetings would continue all night. His widow relates that on one occasion, after being up all night, he came home about daylight for some refreshments, and then returned and

continued the meeting through the day." It will be observed that this was an 'ordinary neighborhood meeting.

At the first regular meeting of the Cumberland Presbytery, Mr. Harris was received as a candidate for the ministry. This meeting was held at the Ridge Meeting-house, in March of 1810. Several others were received at the same time—Robert Donnell, William Barnett, William Bumpass, Robert McCorkle, and David McLin. It is an interesting catalogue. In 1811 he was licensed. In the following year he was ordained. I have in my possession the records of the meeting of an intermediate Presbytery, which had been appointed for the ordination. As a matter of special historical interest these records entire are inserted here:

"Agreeably to the order of our last Presbytery, the Intermediate Presbytery met in Dunham's settlement on the 14th of February, 1812, to attend to the trials of William Harris, preparatory to ordination. Preachers present, Messrs. Finis Ewing, Foster, and Kirkpatrick. Mr. Ewing was chosen Moderator, and Mr. Kirkpatrick was chosen Clerk. Constituted with prayer. A sermon was delivered from Rom. v. 9, which was unanimously sustained. Examinations were attended to upon the different branches of literature, pointed out in our circular-letter, which were sustained. Presbytery adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Concluded with prayer. Saturday morning, Presbytery met according to adjournment; opened with prayer. The Moderator proceeded to preach the ordination-

sermon from 2 Tim. iv. 2, first clause. After sermon, the necessary questions in our Confession of Faith being proposed to Mr. Harris, according to the custom of the Presbytery, and being answered in the affirmative, the Presbytery, by the imposition of hands and solemn prayer, set him apart to the whole work of the ministry. Afterward a solemn charge was given with respect to his duty, likewise with respect to the duty of the congregation; and the whole was concluded with prayer. This 15th of February, 1812. "FINIS EWING, Mod.

"HUGH KIRKPATRICK, Clerk."

The trial-sermon on this occasion is said to have produced a powerful effect. The members were so interested that they forgot the customary criticisms, and rather united with the preacher "in shouting forth the praises of God." There must have been a good deal of spirituality in the ordination.

Mr. Harris, when he became a candidate for the ministry, was poor; his education was limited; in addition, he had the charge of a considerable family. His efforts for the cultivation of his mind were very great, and afford ample proof of what vigorous and persevering application may accomplish under the most appalling discouragements. "When at work on his farm, he carried his book in his pocket, and employed the moments of respite from labor in study. Frequently, after a hard day's work, he would ride several miles to recite to a gentleman of his neighborhood. His proficiency and success in mental improvement may be inferred from the fact that, after entering the ministry, he was fre-

quently asked at what college he obtained his education."*

Mr. Harris was as incessant in his labors, after entering upon them, as he was in preparing for them. No ordinary weather was allowed to prevent him from attending his appointments for preaching. When friends expostulated with him upon the necessity of care of himself, and remonstrated against what they considered his imprudence in exposing himself to all sorts of weather, his general reply was, "I have nothing to do with the weather." He preached to Marrow-bone Congregation, in Cumberland county, seventy-five miles from his home, once a month, for twenty years, and it is not remembered that he ever missed but one appointment in all that time on account of bad weather. The trip on that occasion would have called him out on the *cold Friday*, and he very wisely shrunk from it. It is worthy of mention, too, that he rode on horseback, crossed creeks and rivers which were mainly unbridged, and received for his labors, upon an average, about seventy-five dollars a year. Still he collected and kept together a congregation from which several others afterward sprung up as offshoots from this common stock. The old congregation in Cumberland county is said now to be represented in many of the congregations of the North and West. And wherever such representatives are found, the name of the earnest old preacher is a household word. "In the whole course of his min-

* Mr. Lowry's Sketch.

isterial career, his Presbyterian books show no mark of absence. He has been heard to say that he was often sick *before* and *after* Presbytery, but never during the sessions. With all the infirmities of age, and in the incipient stage of his last illness, he attended the Presbytery preceding his death, but was unable to remain to the close of the sessions."

"Nearly one-fourth of every year of his life, from the commencement of his ministry, was literally spent encamped in the woods, at camp-meetings. The writer* has heard him avow it as his belief, from the pulpit, that a camp-meeting was the best place on this side of heaven. It was not unusual for him to preach once or twice going to, and returning from, those meetings."

This statement will create no surprise with the old people who read it. Such was the custom of the times. "In season and out of season," was the motto.

"His favorite topics in the pulpit were the fall of man, the atonement of Christ, and experimental and practical religion. He never attempted those nice and intricate distinctions in theology which, like the lines of the spider's web, are invisible to all eyes except those of the speaker, and, if seen by others, would still be, like the lines of the spider's web, of no possible use to man. His sermons, being filled with rich thought, striking illustrations, and solemn appeals, rarely failed to interest and affect the audience. His talent for argumentation, both

* Rev. David Lowry.

in and out of the pulpit, was above what is ordinary, and his quickness of mind in apprehending and presenting truth, gave him great advantage in controversy. The following may serve as a specimen of his manner: He was discussing, on one occasion, in a friendly conversation with a clergyman of another denomination, the moral condition of infants. 'We believe,' said his opponent, 'that infants come into the world justified.' 'We believe,' replied Mr. Harris, 'that they *go out* of the world justified.' There the controversy ended, for as both believed that infants dying in infancy were saved, there was nothing worth contending about."

We have the following account of one of his visits to the sick. It is contained in a letter from himself to Rev. Finis Ewing, written in 1816:

"I received a request on Tuesday last to visit an old lady at the point of death. She wished me to preach and administer the sacrament in the room where she lay. On my arrival I found her very low, and under the operation of medicine. But she still urged me to preach and administer the Supper to herself and as many of her friends as were present who loved the Lord Jesus. My text was, 'My departure is at hand,' etc. Her physician would not permit any except a few friends to remain in the room during the sermon. The congregation were seated in the yard, and I stood in the door. The Lord helped, and the people felt. Just as I was about to administer the sacrament, the doctor and the people were forced into the house by a heavy shower of rain. During the celebration of

the ordinance God poured out his Spirit, and the doctor and many of the irreligious wept much. Two of the old lady's sons were powerfully convicted. The communicants, in addition to herself, were five daughters of the afflicted mother, one daughter-in-law, and two granddaughters, and all appeared to feel the powers of the world to come. The poor old lady's faith became strong, through which she had a most charming view of her heavenly inheritance, and in that situation I left her."

In 1817, the Green River Bible Society was organized, and Mr. Harris was elected President. It is said that "the society derived much aid from his indefatigable labors." This is almost certain, as his heart would be in such a work as was contemplated by the American Bible Society in all its branches. This society at that time was in the second year of its existence. I allude to the American Bible Society. He was also one of the first who engaged in the distribution of tracts in the section of country in which he lived. In this work he seems to have anticipated the operations of the American Tract Society itself.

At the close of the war of 1812, the great Northwest was opened up for settlement to the American white population. It is meant by this statement that the Indians were dispossessed, and the country came under the control of the United States, and that the people of the United States were permitted to settle there. A great many emigrated from various States, but the emigration from Kentucky was

especially large. As a matter of course, some families belonging to the Church would be among the emigrants. Such families soon felt very sorely the want of the Christian privileges of which they were deprived by their removal. They would very naturally turn their attention to the Churches which they had left behind for help. The following letter to Mr. Harris was written, in June of 1812, on this subject, by Mrs. Lindsey, a Christian lady, who had moved from Kentucky to Indiana:

“Dear Brother:—Great alarm prevails in this country, both on account of the shaking of the earth and danger apprehended from the Indians. The people have generally gone into forts.

“Shall we see you and Brother Chapman this fall? We still remain at home, and do not feel in much danger.

“The situation of the people here gives me great pain. We have had but one sermon since your visit to this country. One Sabbath after another comes, but all is silent—the glad news of salvation is not heard. I have great confidence that you and Brother Chapman will do something for us at Presbytery. Tell your young preachers to come and preach the gospel for us in this destitute part of God’s vineyard.”

The same lady writes to him again in September of 1819. The following is an extract:

“Dear Brother:—What entreaties can I use to induce you to send more preachers to Indiana? The State is filling up, and thousands are destitute of preaching. It would be gratifying news should it

be consistent for you to send back Brother Lowry to this part of the State."

Such appeals made their impression. The Logan Presbytery appointed a day of fasting and prayer that God would call more laborers into the vineyard. The preachers were directed generally to preach to their congregations on a call to the ministry. The result was, that at the next meeting of the Presbytery eleven young men were received as candidates for the ministry. The hearts of both preachers and people were deeply stirred.

"The next spring," says my informant,* "I heard Father Harris preach to the Presbytery in session at Lebanon, Christian county, Kentucky. In portraying the moral condition of our country, especially of the frontier, and the great demand for preachers, he became so much affected that he ceased to speak, and fell in the pulpit, apparently giving utterance to the feelings of the prophet when he exclaimed: 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.' Several more young men became candidates for the ministry at this Presbytery, among whom was the late Rev. Joseph McDowell."†

These indications made it evident that the providence and Spirit of God were calling out the men, and that they would soon be prepared for their great work. But another inquiry began to present

*Rev. D. Lowry.

†Rev. Joseph McDowell was a promising young man, but died early.

itself to the Church. The frontier wanted missionaries, but it had no means—at most, very limited means—of supporting them. How were they to be supported? How were they to procure means for even an outfit for their work? A female missionary society was organized to meet the exigency. Mr. Harris was a leading spirit in this work. The following is a part of the preamble to the constitution:

“This day a number of ladies met in the town of Russellville, at the house of Mrs. E. Hunter, for the purpose of forming themselves into a society to be denominated the Russellville Female Missionary Society. The meeting was opened by prayer, and an affectionate and appropriate address was delivered by Rev. William Harris.”

Mr. Harris was elected secretary of the society, and appointed traveling agent to promote its interests and objects. He was likewise requested and authorized by its Board to receive donations for the Green River Female Missionary Society.

Several missionaries were immediately appointed by the Logan Presbytery to labor in the settlements of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Among these were Rev. Alexander Chapman and Rev. Robert D. Morrow. As a specimen of the conduct and spirit enjoined upon the missionaries, the following is presented. It is an extract from a copy of a letter of instruction from Mr. Harris, Secretary and General Agent of the Missionary Society, to Rev. Alexander Chapman:

“Dear Brother:—The Missionary Board of the

Cumberland Presbyterian Church have nominated and appointed you to labor as missionary in the State of Illinois. They advise that you preach as often as your health will permit; that you organize Churches, ordain elders, administer baptisms, etc. Also, that you encourage the people to expect preaching from our denomination so far as our missionary funds and claims elsewhere will permit.

“It is enjoined that you attend in your administrations to the simplicity of the gospel, and cultivate feelings of friendship with other Churches holding the radical doctrines of our holy religion. The Board also entreat you to endeavor to cultivate at all times the Spirit of your Master.”

This letter is dated October 24, 1820. It will be observed that these good men and women were making the gigantic efforts which have been mentioned here—and I call them gigantic for the best of reasons—for evangelizing and saving the opening country, when the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was yet but ten years old.

The records of the Board of Missions show also that Mr. Harris had been sent as a missionary to Indiana in the winter of 1820. In his journal of this mission we find the following expressive entry: “A missionary in this country needs warm clothes, warm friends, and a warm heart.”

I add two or three paragraphs from the sermon delivered upon the occasion of the death of this good man by Rev. David Lowry, one of his sons in the ministry:

“The sphere of usefulness in which Father Har-

ris labored for upward of forty years was the work of the ministry. The efforts of but few preachers in the Church to which he belonged have been attended with equal success. He commenced with extraordinary zeal, and so continued through the whole course of his useful life. Some men set out well in the ministry, and labor apparently with much zeal for a time, but relax and become cold. The Church marks it with regret, and they themselves occasionally mourn over their declension, but the grace and power of earlier efforts never return. The deceased escaped this evil, and continued the zeal of his first love in the pulpit till dismissed from the walls of Zion. *He loved to preach.*

“The world has no arithmetic to calculate the value and influence of such a man, since its honors are reserved for men of another description. Our cities are named after the warrior and statesman, and bonfires celebrate their deeds, while the humble and devoted minister of the gospel is overlooked, and sometimes treated with contempt. ‘His record, however, is on high,’ and he has, too, a goodly record below. The Churches planted by his toil, and watered by his care, will long preserve his memory, and society will feel the benefit of his labor ages after he shall cease to move and speak on earth. Most of our legislators and able politicians, as well as men of science, have sprung from religious families, and were reared up under the preaching of the gospel; and all, or nearly all, the great men of our nation were educated at schools or colleges indebted to ministerial effort for their existence, and

to the superintendence of preachers for their standing in the country."

"Am I reminded of the noise, and nonsense, and quirks, and cant of the pulpit, and of the petty sectarianism of the preachers? I admit it all, and have lamented over it. But point me to a profession which has not been abused and perverted. The history of preaching, like all other history, is liable to the reproach of folly and crime. The ministry is not what it ought to be, and might be, still it has no substitute. What but preaching overthrew ancient Rome, and broke the chains of modern Rome, and added the islands of the sea to Christendom? Parental instruction, Sabbath-schools, and religious books have done wonders. But through whose instrumentality were the parents converted? By whom were the books written and Sabbath-schools organized? *All* are indebted to the Christian ministry."

"The feelings to which our venerable father gave utterance on his dying-bed in relation to the future success of the Church for whose benefit he had labored so long, were similar to those expressed by Joseph in his last moments for the prosperity of Israel: 'I die, but God shall surely visit you, and bring you up out of this land to the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.'

"Perhaps no congregation lay nearer his heart than this.* Here he has preached for more than forty years. Some of you have friends in heaven

. *Pilot Knob.

converted through his instrumentality. He officiated at the sacred altar when many of you were consecrated to God in the ordinance of baptism. Here he has left the wife of his youth, and many of his children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren. That God would visit you, and prosper you, and bring you at last to heaven, the antitype of the promised land, was doubtless among the last prayers of your departed minister."

Mr. Harris raised a large family, and lived to see his seed to the fourth generation. Five of his sons became ministers of the gospel, and two of his grandsons had become candidates for the ministry when his funeral-sermon was delivered. "He lived to see the Church to which he belonged increase from a Council to sixty-five Presbyteries, twenty Synods, and a General Assembly. But 'in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season,' and after a life of great usefulness, he went down to his grave in peace. There was nothing unusual in the last exercises of his mind. He expressed unshaken confidence in the truth of the doctrine he had preached, conversed frequently and calmly on the subject of death, and exclaimed shortly before he departed, 'Thank God, I am not afraid to die!'"

He died on the 8th of July, 1845, in the seventy-third year of his age.

An account of the following incidents in the life of Mr. Harris has been furnished upon the most reliable authority. It is supposed to be correct, and it contributes greatly to an insight into the character of the man. Some of the incidents indicate an

approach to a degree of eccentricity which we would hardly expect from one so serious and earnest. They are, however, striking and interesting, and the account will be read with pleasure, and in some of the cases, at least, with profit. His old friends especially, who survive, will feel an interest in them.

Mention has already been made of his ministering to the Marrow-bone Congregation for twenty years. It is said that many of the young men of the congregation under his influence doubtless entered the ministry. Some of them still live as blessings to the Church. At one time he took his son, Chatham, then a young preacher, with him to Marrow-bone. After they were seated in the pulpit, he turned to the young man, without having given him any previous notice, and said: "Chatham, you must preach to-day. I have an appointment to preach to the colored people at three o'clock, and you have too much sense to preach to them; you must preach to the white people." Of course, Chatham was thunder-struck. He had never before preached in the presence of his father, and it would naturally have been a great trial had he even been well prepared. The authority carries the account no farther, but it is supposed that Chatham yielded, as the young men were taught, in those days, obedience to the fathers. We may imagine, however, that it was a severe ordeal.

At a certain time, while making a tour through the country for the purpose of preaching, he stopped at Glasgow on Saturday evening, intending to improve the Sabbath there. He met there, however,

a Mr. Davis, who had once been a Cumberland Presbyterian, and afterward a Baptist, and at the time mentioned was a follower of Mr. Campbell. Mr. Davis had an appointment for Saturday night. Mr. Harris went to hear him; and when he was through, he announced appointments for himself for the next day at eleven o'clock, at three, and at night. Of course he expected to absorb all the time. Mr. Harris arose, and remarked that, as there was but one house of worship in the town, and all the customary hours for public service were to be occupied, he could not preach at any of those hours, but stated that, if the people would meet him, he would preach to them the next morning at sunrise. Sunrise of the next morning came, and the house was crowded. The good old man preached with power and with the Spirit. Mr. Davis was present. He had become a little more liberal, and asked Mr. Harris to preach at eleven. The latter replied that he was satisfied, that he had delivered his message, and declined the invitation. They dined together, however, that day. In the course of the conversation at dinner, Mr. Davis remarked that he believed that Mr. Campbell was a great light sent from heaven to enlighten and bless the world. Mr. Harris replied that the only evidence he had that Mr. Campbell was from heaven was, that his *back*, as it seemed to him, *was then turned to heaven*.

At a subsequent time he met in Glasgow another of the inevitable Campbellites, Rev. William Jordan. Mr. Jordan had brought up against the Cumberland Presbyterian and the Westminster Confessions

of Faith the old charge of teaching that the ministry *had power to forgive sins*. Mr. Harris denounced the charge, and told the people that if Mr. Jordan would repent, and confess that he had misrepresented our Confession of Faith, he would himself forgive him; and he would furthermore give assurance, that if he would take the same steps in relation to the Westminster Confession, the *Mother Church* would do the same thing. In that case his friend would have an illustration of the extent to which *we professed to exercise the power of forgiving sins*.

About the year 1814, Mr. Harris was very sick with what was called, at that time, the winter-fever. It was thought he would die. Both himself and his friends came to the conclusion that his work was done. He called his wife and children together, and, while they stood weeping around his bed, he turned his face toward the wall, as King Hezekiah did on a like occasion, and lay for some time in silence. At length he turned back, and said to his wife: "Nancy, weep not; the Lord has assured me that I shall recover, and yet preach the gospel to a dying world." From that time he began to improve, and lived and labored still thirty years.

Something more remarkable still is connected with this occurrence. Mr. Chapman had heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Harris, and had called together his congregation of Little Muddy for the purpose of praying for the restoration of his afflicted fellow-laborer. In the course of the meeting Mr. Chapman arose and stated that he felt satisfied

that their prayers were answered, and that Mr. Harris would survive, and still be a blessing to the world. It turned out upon inquiry that the meeting for prayer coincided with the day and hour in which Mr. Harris himself seemed to acquire the assurance of his own recovery.

Perhaps our cold-hearted skepticism will revolt at these accounts. I have nothing to say in relation to them, except that they seem very well authenticated. I am writing history, and not attempting to explain all the methods of God's providence in his dealings with good men. But, in conflict with all our skepticism, what does the apostle say? "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the *prayer of faith shall save the sick*, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

After his recovery from this illness he spent one whole night in prayer for his children, that they might be converted and saved in heaven. In the morning he came in from his night's wrestling with God, and told his wife, with rejoicing, that he was satisfied his prayers had been heard, and in due time would be answered. He lived to see all his children members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Harris always assisted Mr. Chapman at his camp-meetings. In the course of one of his meetings, Mr. Chapman seems to have been particularly impressed with the condition of three of his broth-

ers-in-law. They were good citizens, upright and moral men, but were considered to be unbelievers in the technical sense of the term. Indeed, infidelity seemed to be gaining a foothold, especially among the young people. He communicated his feelings to Mr. Harris, and, under the guidance of what seemed to be a sort of premonition, asked him to preach, at some suitable hour, in the progress of the meeting, upon the following text: "Thy word is truth." Mr. Harris entered fully into the spirit of the request, asked time for reflection and prayer, and finally agreed to preach in full view of all the responsibilities of the occasion. On Monday of the meeting, he delivered his sermon. It was like bearding the lion in his den. The brothers were all hearers, and at the close of the sermon were in the altar of prayer. Two of them professed religion at the meeting, and the other subsequently; and all became pillars of strength in the congregation. Mr. Harris remarked afterward that he never felt before so fully the significance of the words of the prophet when he spoke of *the word as a burning fire shut up in his bones*. It was a death-blow to infidelity in the neighborhood.

A few days before Mr. Harris's death he asked that a little grandson, David Madison Harris, might be brought and placed near him upon the bed. When the little boy was brought, the old man laid his hands upon the child's head, lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if in silent prayer. We do not know what the import of the prayer was, but that little boy is now a minister of the gospel, and holds a

prominent place in one of our principal literary institutions. To say the least, it is an interesting matter to connect together two such events.

In 1838, his son, Rev. D. R. Harris, was teaching in Springfield, Tennessee. He wished to combine, as far as possible, the work of the ministry with that of teaching, and occasionally obtained the use of a house of worship in town. In the progress of things, however, this accommodation was refused. He then went to the court-house, but the civil authorities excluded him from this. He then appointed a protracted-meeting to be held in the Academy in which he was teaching. He sent for his father to assist him. The father came, and the meeting was held. About one hundred persons professed religion. A Church of seventy-five persons was organized, and a subscription of about two thousand dollars secured toward the building of a house of worship. The house was built, and, in 1842, Mr. Harris and five of his sons, all ministers, held another very successful meeting in the new church. Many more were added to the congregation. A meeting held by a father and five sons, all ministers, would be an unusual occurrence anywhere, and in any age.

Incidents of this kind might be multiplied, making up a history of the life of a laborious, and honored, and useful man. Enough, however, has been recorded to give us some idea of his active labors, and of what is perhaps more interesting, his interior life. He was a good man—he emphatically walked with God. He was more—he was both in-

tellectually and physically a man of great vigor. It was an unpolished strength, it is admitted, but still it was the strength of a true manhood. Such a vigor enabled him to perform the unwonted labor of his times. Providentially, he lived in the right time and in the right place. God made him a burning and a shining light. He belonged to a race of men whose like we shall not see again. We linger upon their memory as it begins to fade from us, and thank God that he gave them to the Church in its great necessities in this country.

I have a few personal recollections of Mr. Harris, which I take some interest in leaving upon record. My first distinct recollection of him goes back to a camp-meeting held at the old Ridge Camp-ground in 1812. I was, of course, then but a boy, about as old as the century. I recollect him there in connection with one service only. In the course of the meeting he ordained an elder. This is a common occurrence. But what made the vivid impression upon my mind was, that the officiating minister and the person taking upon him the vows of the eldership, and the whole congregation, seemed to be in tears. I never witnessed so much solemnity and tenderness upon such an occasion. It is impressive even at this distance of time to think of it. The Church was then but two years and a half old. All its public and official acts were probably regarded in the light of experiments. This circumstance, no doubt, accounts in part, at least, for the deep interest which was evidently felt upon this solemn occasion. It is a fit occasion to mention, too, and the

mention is to be made with profound gratitude to God, that three of the grandsons of the elder ordained that day are now rendering a noble service to the Church of their fathers.

I suppose that Mr. Harris was Moderator of Cumberland Synod in 1821. At all events he delivered the opening-sermon of the sessions of 1822. This was the first Synod which I ever attended. It was held at the Beech Meeting-house, in Sumner county, Tennessee. The Synod met in the old meeting-house. It was a log building, presenting but little more neatness and taste than would be presented by a common log barn. It has been long since, however, displaced by a tasteful and well-furnished stone building. The opening-sermon did not equal my expectations. It was said that the preacher was not in one of his best moods. It was, nevertheless, a good sermon.

In the fall of 1826, Rev. John Beard and myself were to pass from a visit to some friends in Butler county, Kentucky, to Sumner county, Tennessee. Mr. Harris had knowledge of the visit, and kindly invited us to spend a night with him on the way. According to the custom of the times, it was also arranged that we must hold meeting at his house the night which we were to spend there. Between sundown and dark of the day appointed we came in sight of his habitation. Some distance before we reached the house we found himself walking to and fro, awaiting our coming, evidently feeling a deep interest in the meeting which was expected. I was the older of the two, and preached. But I

was worn, and not much in the spirit otherwise, and the preaching was dry. John Beard exhorted, and he and Father Harris sang a good song, and went among the people, shaking their hands in the old-fashioned way, and we had, in the end, a very good time. I never saw him at home, except on that occasion. Two or three things made an impression upon my mind which the changes of forty-six years have not effaced. One was the interest which he evidently felt in a common night-meeting made up of his near neighbors only. It is no wonder that a man who thus felt under such circumstances was useful in the country in which he lived. Then, again, the consideration with which he treated us. We were young men, unimportant, and, in a great measure, unknown in the Church. Yet we were treated with as much apparent attention as if we had been leaders in the denomination. Taking that case as a specimen, it is inferred that Mr. Harris taught his family that it was no inconsiderable matter to be a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. This, too, perhaps, enables us to account for the fact that so many of his sons were encouraged to enter the ministry. They were taught by precept and example to estimate the office at something like its value and importance.

Mr. Harris published the first selection of hymns which was ever published for the use of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The book was published in 1824. It was a good selection, and was in general use in the Church a number of years.

In 1797, he was married in Green county, Ken-

tucky, to Miss Nancy Highsmith. They raised a large family. A few brief extracts from a recent letter from his youngest son, Rev. C. H. D. Harris, must close this sketch:

“My father,” he writes, “remarked in his last affliction that in all his pulpit efforts he had uniformly tried to hold up the cross, and had claimed the world for Christ—that he had never intentionally gone around the truth—the plain, simple, and unvarnished truth. In relation to the Church he said:

“‘Her path is clear, her progress pleasant, and her end will be glorious. This gives me great consolation now that I am about to lay down my cross and receive my crown.’

“He was full of sublime intelligence, and had an imperishable hope. He performed an immense amount of labor. Every year, as far back as I can remember, he left home on a preaching tour, about the first of August, and was gone two or three months, attending camp-meetings, and sometimes performing funeral-services. A few months before he went to his reward, he rode on horseback over a hundred miles into Marion county to dedicate a church.

“In the fall of 1864, in company with my wife, I made a visit to my dear mother. The cruel war was upon us, and times were perilous, but I felt that I must see her once more. We found her in ordinary health, though feeble. I preached for her; she was very happy, filled with God’s love. A holy radiance shone in her countenance. Who can esti-

mate the value of a pious mother? Her presence is a benediction. On the 28th of October, I bade her farewell, assured that our next meeting would be in the General Assembly and Church of the first-born. She gave me her blessing, and on the 2d of November died suddenly. My memory comes up freighted with the past."

Two or three additional statements make up the sum of this letter so full of filial recollections. In one of them the writer makes kind mention of my own visit to his father's home in 1826, when he was himself as yet a little boy. I now close this sketch of William Harris. For years to come, however, his name will be a household word in many families in the Green River portion of Kentucky.

It has been mentioned that five of Mr. Harris's sons entered the ministry. One of them, David Rice Harris, was one of the earliest students of Cumberland College. After completing his education, he established a school in the neighborhood in which he settled. This school soon acquired considerable reputation. The business of teaching was thus connected with that of preaching for several years. In an evil hour he connected himself with Rev. James Smith, who was then conducting the *Cumberland Presbyterian* which had been published eight or ten years at Nashville, Tennessee. In the failure of Mr. Smith, which occurred soon after the connection, Mr. Harris was understood to have lost the principal part of his hard and economical earnings. He still bore himself, however, as a Christian and a Christian minister. His death occurred some

years ago. He married in early life a Miss McCutcheon of the section of country in which he had been raised up, and in which he lived and labored until his death. Mr. Harris was a man of excellent ability and great moral worth, and was useful, but the Church had not learned in his time to make men as useful as such a man as he might have been made. We appreciate blessings when they are gone. D. R. Harris became a candidate for the ministry October 9, 1822; was licensed October 13, 1824; and ordained October 8, 1829.

REV. ALEXANDER CHAPMAN.*

1813—1834.

ALEXANDER CHAPMAN was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, January 2, 1776. His parents were James and Martha Chapman. His mother's family name was Kirkpatrick. The Chapman family were of English origin. Alexander Chapman's grandfather, Philip Chapman, was born in London, or its neighborhood, and his great-grandfather, the father of Philip Chapman, was in his time a merchant of considerable wealth in that city.

The family, as far back as their lineage can be traced, were Protestants and Presbyterians. James Chapman was an officer of some prominence in the Revolutionary War, and, at its close, moved to Prince Edward county, in Virginia. Here he remained until 1797, when he removed again to Tennessee, and settled in what is now Sumner county. In December of that year he arrived at King's Station, about two miles from where Gallatin now stands. He lived a year or two near the head of Desha's Fork of Bledsoe's Creek, but, in 1800, bought land near King's Station, and settled there. He died the same year. He seems to have been a member and ruling elder in the Presbyterian

* Bird's "Life of Chapman;" Rev. David Lowry's Sketch.

Church. While he lived on Desha's Creek an afflicting providence was experienced in his family—the youngest daughter, when but a child, came to her death by falling into a vessel of boiling water.

Alexander Chapman was a farmer's son, and, of course, he was trained to such pursuits as are common on a farm. The country, too, was new, and the labor of opening a farm and of its early culture was very severe. His education was limited, as we would suppose from the circumstances of the country. He was but seven years old when his father settled in Virginia, and about twenty when the family came to Tennessee. There were but few educational advantages at that time in Virginia, and such a thing as a school was hardly known in the portion of Tennessee in which the family settled. Mr. Chapman was, in the strictest sense of the expression, a self-made man.

When the great revival began to develop itself in Tennessee, in 1800, he became deeply interested on the subject of religion. The Shiloh Congregation, within the bounds of which he lived, was one of the first congregations in the Cumberland country that shared in the blessings of that great work. He was, it seems, for some time troubled with doctrinal difficulties. To those indoctrinated as he had been, a common difficulty almost inevitably comes up in their first serious hours. There is a fear, at least, of the possibility of their having been proscribed by the decree of predestination. Mr. Chapman had his share of trouble from that source. Still he was an earnest seeker of salvation. His

convictions were deep, and his conflict was terrible. The writer has heard him say more than once in the pulpit, in describing the struggles of his mind in his approaching the crisis of his spiritual experience, that, on a certain occasion, he became so intensely interested on the subject that he lifted up his hand before God, and bound himself under what he felt to be the solemnity of an oath, that he never would relax his efforts until he secured the pardon of his sins, or became satisfied that there was no pardon for him. Such earnestness of purpose was characteristic of the man. Says his biographer in describing his experience at that time:

“Late in the year 1800, he was riding along the road in great distress. Anguish, sorrow, and brokenness of heart had seized him. His soul was quaking between hope and despair. His grief became so great that he could not refrain from tears and prayers. When passing over a tract of land he had purchased, within half a mile of where his father had settled, such was the poignancy and burden of his grief he could no longer endure it without one honest effort to secure salvation through the blood of the cross. As he rode along he paused—he determined that he would make a full test of the matter whether there was any salvation for him. He dismounted and knelt beside a large stump, and commenced praying with the intention, as he afterward said to a friend, of seeking a final settlement of the great question then and there. He continued long in prayer. He was brought to see the worst of his

condition before God. He saw and felt his utter helplessness. He had a fearful view of the magnitude of his sins before a just and holy God. He felt that there was no hope for him, but through the merits of Jesus Christ. With *confidence* his heart embraced him as the only Saviour, and just such a one as he needed."

This was a common Christian experience. With him, however, it was terribly intensified. Such was the habit of the times. God was working a strange work among the people. Furthermore, he was doubtless, in this case, preparing, by leading him through a dark valley, a chosen vessel for the fulfillment of a great mission among men.

He joined the Shiloh Congregation. Rev. William Hodge was, at that time, pastor of the congregation. He retained his membership here until he removed to Kentucky, which occurred in 1805. Soon after joining the Church, he was put forward in religious services: he conducted prayer-meetings, and exercised his gifts in exhortation. "He soon evinced such gifts, piety, and zeal, as gave the friends of the revival hopes of his being useful." In such labors he employed himself, with much agitation of mind and many misgivings in relation to the work of the ministry, until the fall meeting of the old Cumberland Presbytery in 1805. At this meeting he was received as a candidate for the ministry. The meeting was held at Red River Meeting-house in the month of October.

It will be recollected that the Commission of the Synod of Kentucky met in the following December,

and from that time to the reorganization of the Cumberland Presbytery as an independent body, in 1810, the old Cumberland Presbytery intermitted the exercise of its Presbyterial functions. Mr. Chapman identified himself with the revival party in that unhappy conflict, and, of course, was really amongst those proscribed by the Commission. His name does not appear, however, for the reason, it is supposed, that he had not advanced so far in his trials as to be officially recognized.

At the meeting of the new Cumberland Presbytery, at the Big Spring, in Wilson county, Tennessee, in March, 1811, Mr. Chapman, after the customary trials and examination, was licensed as a probationer for the holy ministry. William Harris and Robert Donnell were licensed at the same time.

At an intermediate meeting of the Presbytery in February, 1813, at Mount Moriah Meeting-house, in Logan county, Kentucky, Alexander Chapman and William Barnett were set apart to the whole work of the ministry. Rev. Thomas Calhoon preached the ordination-sermon, and Rev. Finis Ewing presided and gave the customary charge.

The 22d of October, 1805, Mr. Chapman was married to Miss Ann Dixon Carson, daughter of Thomas Carson, of what was then Logan, but afterward became Butler county, Kentucky. Mr. Carson was an emigrant from Virginia to Kentucky. The marriage proved to be a happy one. The wife was one of the women for the times. Whilst her husband was almost incessantly, and with great self-denial, from home, employed in promoting the

interests of the Church, she labored as incessantly, and with equal self-denial, in keeping up the interests of his home. She made that home always a pleasant retreat from a varied and, in some respects, stormy life.

In 1805, he settled in Butler county, in the neighborhood of his father-in-law. His settlement here placed him in connection with Little Muddy Congregation. This continued to be his home as long as he lived.

In the division of the Cumberland Presbytery into three Presbyteries, with a view to the formation of the Cumberland Synod, Mr. Chapman became a member of the Logan Presbytery. Within the limits of that Presbytery the chief work of his life was performed. The territory of the Presbytery, however, extended into the great and almost limitless North-west, and into that country he made frequent missionary tours. We have the following report of one of his excursions into the State of Illinois in 1820. The mission was undertaken under the direction of the "Missionary Board for Western Missions of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church:"

"DEAR BRETHREN:—According to your instructions I commenced my tour to the State of Illinois, crossing the Ohio River at Shawneetown on the 17th day of December, passing through a part of Gallatin, White, Wayne, and Edwards counties, visiting, as far as possible, the most populous neighborhoods, and preaching to the people the word of

eternal life, by day and by night, as often as my strength would permit. I administered baptism to one adult, and, to the praise of God be it said, two professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I found in all that boundary only about one hundred and fifty-seven professors of religion who considered themselves attached to us, and but a few belonging to any denomination of Christians, except a few settlements which were almost entirely swept away by the schismatics.*

“According to your instructions I endeavored to ascertain whether the people were anxious for preaching from our body. This I ascertained sometimes by private inquiry of the most prominent characters, and sometimes in a more public way. Still their universal coming together to hear the gospel, the great attention to preaching, and the tears which bathed their cheeks were not only proof on this subject, but were sufficient to break the rocky heart into softness and to arouse every power of the Christian’s soul into anxiety that they might have the word of eternal life declared unto them. Among those distressed settlements I spent one month. I crossed the Ohio River again at Shawneetown on the 17th of January, 1821. There were nine days in which I had no appointments. I preached thirty-two times.

“ALEXANDER CHAPMAN.”

*The schismatics were the followers of Barton W. Stone, who made a figure in the early part of the revival of 1800. They were Unitarians.

This was, I suppose, about the commencement of the operations of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois. The one hundred and fifty-seven have grown into a large body of Christian men and women. The little fire has kindled a great matter. Illinois now contains three Synods and a corresponding number of Presbyteries.

In answer to a call from some ministers and congregations in Western Pennsylvania, the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church sent, in the summer of 1831, several missionaries into that country. Mr. Chapman was one of these missionaries. He set off for Pennsylvania on the 28th of June, passed through upper Kentucky, Ohio, Western Virginia, on horseback, and reached Washington, Pennsylvania, on Friday, 22d of July. It will be observed that Mr. Chapman was now fifty-five years of age. He had reached a period of life when men usually begin to feel old. Still, in the heat of summer he performs this long journey of a month in the manner already mentioned. At Washington he met Messrs. Morgan and Bryan, who had preceded him a few days. He labored in Pennsylvania in connection with the other missionaries about two months, when he returned to Kentucky.

In October of 1831, the Green River Synod constituted the Pennsylvania Presbytery. As a matter of convenience Mr. Chapman was temporarily attached to the new Presbytery. This arrangement took him again to Pennsylvania in the spring of 1832. He attended the first meeting of the Pennsylvania Presbytery, and remained and labored in

the country several weeks. His connection with this Presbytery continued about two years. Notwithstanding the distance, he attended the most of its meetings.

Mr. Chapman preached the opening-sermon of the Cumberland Synod at its last meeting, I suppose by request, as the Moderator of the preceding meeting was not present. The Synod that year met at Franklin, Tennessee. The Moderator of the preceding meeting was Rev. James S. Guthrie. Mr. Chapman was also Moderator of the General Assembly in 1831.

No man in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church lived a more active and useful life than Alexander Chapman. Owing to the difficulties growing out of the revival, and the transition state of what became at last the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, he was not licensed until 1811, nor ordained until 1813. Yet his real ministerial life commenced in 1805, when he became a candidate for the ministry. It has been stated that he was received as a candidate for the ministry in October of this year, and that the meeting of the Commission of the Synod of Kentucky met in December of the same year. Although Mr. Chapman was not named in the proscribing act of the Commission, he was evidently included in it. And as it was supposed that his usefulness might be impaired by it, we have the following informal indorsement:

“We, the majority of Cumberland Presbytery, do conceive from the book of discipline that the power of licensing and ordaining belongs to Pres-

byteries; and that the Presbytery did legally license Alexander Chapman to exhort; and, although the Commission of Synod did forbid, we do believe that, upon the principle of discipline, they had no power to prohibit him where no charges of immoral conduct were brought against him; and as we conceive that it is the right of Presbytery to license or forbid, we, therefore, believe that said Alexander Chapman has a lawful and constitutional right to exercise his gifts in the bounds of the Cumberland Presbytery, or wherever God in his providence may call him. Given under our hand this eleventh day of December, 1805.

“WILLIAM HODGE,
“JAMES MCGREADY,
“JOHN RANKIN,
“WILLIAM MCGEE.”

The prohibition of the Commission of the Synod was promulgated on the 6th day of December, and this paper was given to Mr. Chapman, as it appears, on the 11th. A similar one was given to others at the same time. The object was, as far as possible, to break the force of the action of the Commission, and to keep open the way to the continued usefulness of the young men in the congregations, a great many of which, without their labors, would have been wholly unsupplied with the word and the ordinances of the gospel. This places the commencement of Mr. Chapman's active and real ministerial life in 1805.

For nearly thirty years, therefore, was he connected with the struggles of the early history of the

Cumberland Presbyterian Church. His name is a household word in what was once called the Green River and Cumberland countries, and with the old people no name connected with the operations of the Church militant brings up more pleasant and hallowed recollections. He was the compeer, and on almost all extraordinary occasions the fellow-laborer, of Rev. William Harris. They were finely adapted to coöperation—in a striking sense, *complements* of one another.

On the 15th day of September, 1834, the useful life of this good man came to a close. He was far advanced in his fifty-ninth year. The funeral-sermon was preached by his old companion in the service, Rev. William Harris, from the very appropriate words: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added to the Lord."

I quote the following sketch of Mr. Chapman from the Appendix to Smith's "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians:"

"This eminently useful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ was born in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 2d day of January, 1776. His father emigrated to this country at an early period, and settled in Sumner county, Tennessee. About the commencement of the revival in the Cumberland country, he became deeply interested on the subject of the salvation of his soul. After remaining in this condition for a considerable time he obtained a clear and satisfactory evidence that his sins were pardoned, and his iniquities covered. Immediately after his

conversion he felt it his duty to devote himself to the work of the ministry. By the first Cumberland Presbytery he was licensed to exhort and catechise, and, having given satisfactory evidence that he possessed an aptness to teach, he was received as a candidate for the ministry, and was one of the number who went through all the troubles, trials, and persecutions of the Cumberland body when it was struggling for existence. He was licensed as a probationer, and ordained to the whole work of the ministry shortly after the constitution of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and, until the time of his death, he sustained the character of an eminently useful minister of Jesus Christ. He married and settled in Logan* county, Kentucky, when he was very young, and had the happiness of seeing a large and flourishing society spring up around him as the first-fruits of his labors of love. But Mr. Chapman did not confine his labors to his own vicinity: he traveled extensively, and operated with great success in upper Kentucky, in Indiana, and Western Pennsylvania, and few men of any denomination have been more useful in promoting the cause of Christ in the West than Mr. Chapman. He died in the triumphs of faith, at his own residence, on the 15th of September, 1834, and left not only his family, but a whole denomination of Christians, in tears at his loss.

“Mr. Chapman’s temper was of the most meek and placid nature, which recommended him to the

* Now Butler.

favor and friendship of all who became acquainted with him. From what we have learned of him when he was a young man, he treated the opinions and counsel of those who were more experienced in the ministry than himself with deference and respect, and many ministers now living can bear witness to his kind and affectionate conduct toward those who were his juniors. Indeed, to all the young men under the care of the Presbytery of which he was a member, he was a prudent counselor, an affectionate father; he took a deep interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. He never lorded it over young men under his guidance, but by his winning affability he secured the affections of all, who loved him as a brother and revered him as a father.

“He was not what the world would call a great man—but he was far better, he was emphatically a *good man*, and full of the Holy Ghost. His human learning was limited, but he was deeply versed in the Scriptures. His address was peculiarly pleasing, and, as his communion with God was almost constant, he rarely failed to reach the hearts of his hearers. The character of his discourses, especially when he addressed the followers of Christ, was generally of the most encouraging and consoling nature, but to the self-deceiver he showed no quarters. He dwelt much upon the necessity of knowing where and when we are converted to God; ‘upon the new views, new joys,’ and new course of conduct of the true believer. His labors were blessed to the souls of thousands, who, through his instrumentality, were led to Jesus Christ; and

we believe we are not mistaken when we say that scores are now in the gospel ministry who claim him as the honored instrument in bringing them from a state of sin to a knowledge of God and of his Son Jesus Christ. The last time we had the pleasure of seeing him was at the General Assembly of 1834, when he presided at the sacramental-service. He then appeared to have some forebodings that he would no more do this in remembrance of Christ with his brethren in the ministry. He dwelt much on the happiness of heaven. He alluded to his gray hairs, and mentioned the probability that in a short time he should leave the walls of Zion; his words fell upon the hearts of his brethren like rain upon the parched and thirsty ground. Little did we then think that he was addressing us for the last time, and that we should hear his voice no more until we heard it among the redeemed, crying with a loud voice: 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches, and power, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'

I quote also selections from a sketch of "Mr. Chapman's Life and Labors," written by Rev. David Lowry, and published in the *Theological Medium* of 1846.

Says Mr. Lowry: "The Rev. Alexander Chapman was the first preacher of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church the writer ever saw, and he delivered the first sermon he ever heard after he became old enough to distinguish the text from the discourse. During the first five years of my ministry his house

was my home, where I often retreated from the toils of the circuit, sometimes sick, and found all that kindness and hospitality which my situation required.

“Personal recollection enables me to say that he was blessed with early religious training, but made no profession of religion till grown up to manhood. The precise date is not in the possession of the writer. It was, however, in the great revival which commenced about the beginning of the present century. He entered the ministry about the time the late Rev. William Harris did, and labored with him in much harmony and love till the day of his death. They generally attended camp-meetings together, and no preachers in the Church were more successful in winning souls to Christ.”

In this sketch we have some specimens of Mr. Chapman's letters to his brethren, especially to Mr. Harris.

To Mr. Harris: “October 23, 1811. Dear Brother:—I desire to keep up a correspondence with you. I have not heard from you since we parted, but hope the Lord will permit us to meet soon, and that we shall have good news to impart, not only of his dealings with our own souls, but the conversion of our neighbors.”

In the same year he writes:

“I am now on my way from a sacramental-meeting at Salem, Livingston county, Kentucky, where the Lord was present in great power. There was little opposition. Christians were happy, and eight sinners professed religion.

“But O, brother, the harvest is great, and laborers few! There were persons at the meeting from Hendersonville, and above the mouth of Green River. They are anxious for preaching, and, after hearing their pressing solicitations, I gave them an appointment for a two-days’ meeting, and hope it will be in your power to accompany me.”

Now it is to be observed that Salem in Livingston county was more than a hundred miles from Mr. Chapman’s home, yet he went all that distance to a *sacramental-meeting*.

I make another observation: there were people at that sacramental-meeting from *Hendersonville and from above the mouth of Green River*. Hendersonville and the mouth of Green River are near a hundred miles in another direction from the Salem in Livingston county where the meeting was held. We would think that these people were hungering for the word of life, and we should think correctly. They were hungering and thirsting. It was a feature of the times. The Spirit of God was abroad in the land.

We have another letter of 1811:

“I attended the camp-meeting in Christian county. Never have I seen a more glorious communion. Twenty-five professed religion. O that the Lord would revive his work all over the world! I hope to see you at my camp-meeting, commencing on next Friday. Influence as many as you can to come with you. May the Lord make it a happy season of his grace!”

The Christian county meeting must have been

seventy miles from Mr. Chapman's home, yet he went. His own camp-meeting was to commence, too, on the following Friday. It will be observed, however, that this was but the second year of the existence of the Church. It was a struggle for life. Says my authority very appositely: "Those were days that tried men's souls."

We have the following letter of May 5, 1819:

"It is by no means certain that I shall be able to attend the annual meeting of our Bible Society at Hopkinsville. I have to-day, from a fall, received an injury in my back, which threatens to be serious. If I think it safe, however, to attempt such a journey, I shall go. I wish, however, that you and the rest of the society would consent to erase my name from the Board of Directors, and permit me to remain as a private member."

Hopkinsville was near seventy miles from the residence of Mr. Chapman, and yet he made it a matter of conscience to travel that distance to sustain and promote the Bible cause.

In the same letter we have the following:

"I returned yesterday from a Methodist camp-meeting. We had a good meeting, About thirty professed religion, and many left the ground with broken hearts. Christians enjoyed much of the power of religion, and the utmost harmony prevailed. I enjoyed the meeting myself as well as any I have attended in a long time. O that the spirit of party were destroyed, and all the lovers of Christ bound together in the spirit of the gospel!"

My informant responds a "most cordial amen to

this prayer." Most Christians would doubtless render a similar response. Still the weakness of Christendom, and especially of Protestant Christendom, is that we pray for union one day, and quarrel the next. But a better day *will* come. We agree upon the character and value of the wheat now, but quarrel over the chaff. After awhile there will be such a *thorough purging* that the chaff will not be left, and we shall have no subject of quarrel.

I am indebted to Mr. Lowry for these extracts of letters. I call in his aid, furthermore, for a general summation of the characteristics of Mr. Chapman. No one could form a more correct estimate of the man.

"The subject of this memoir," says he, "was uniform and constant in attending the judicatures of the Church, and but few men exerted a stronger influence in counsel. He was distinguished for the purity of his motives. Nothing like double-dealing ever appeared in his conduct to gain a point. His apparent object was always his real one—his course always open and honorable.

"He was social in feeling, and a sweet companion, and his company was desired by all his brethren. No one could be with him long without feeling that he was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.'

"His manner in the pulpit was universally admired, imperfect imitations of which are now seen in the actions of many of our young preachers. He was truly a natural orator. The dry rules of rhetoric had little to do with his gestures. They were natural and graceful, emanating from the feelings

of his heart. His voice was full, melodious, and subduing. The Spirit of Christ was in him—it beamed from his eyes, and breathed from his lips. There was nothing far-fetched in his discourses—one universal air of seriousness pervaded them, and he seldom closed without leaving his congregation in tears.

“He dwelt much, and with great discrimination, upon the evidences of personal piety. This indeed was one of his peculiarities as a preacher, and a department in which he excelled.

“His private life fully corresponded with what he taught in the pulpit. No preacher ever enjoyed in a higher degree the confidence of his neighbors. In his intercourse the gentleman, in the true sense of the word, was blended with the Christian; he was always ready to act on subjects of general interest, and to advise and feel where religious sympathy was needed, yet sufficiently reserved to avoid the imputation of being a ‘busybody in other men’s matters.’

“In his family much of the beauty and heavenly simplicity of religion appeared. Evening and morning the family, including servants, were convened for devotion, when a portion of Scripture was read, a hymn was sung, and prayer offered. The father was not a man of smiles and kindness abroad, and churlish, abrupt in speech, and cruel at home, but maintained a perfect correspondence between his public and domestic character.

“He settled in the neighborhood in which he died previous to his being licensed to preach. He found

that country a complete moral waste, but left it a beautiful garden of God.

“Among the ministers remaining in the Church there may be those who surpass him in literary attainments, but in the varied knowledge necessary to the discharge of the ordinary duties of a preacher, so as to win souls to Christ, he has left but few equals behind him.”

A few personal recollections will be added in concluding this sketch.

There was a relationship by marriage between Mr. Chapman and my father's family, and it might be supposed that I knew him intimately. I knew him, however, as preacher only, and as a member of the highest judicature of the Church. Still my impressions of him have been very distinct and abiding. He was not a man to be forgotten. My first recollection of him goes back to 1812. I mentioned in the sketch of Mr. Harris the camp-meetings of that year at the Ridge, and my father's living with his small family in a house, or cabin, in immediate connection with the camp-ground. Mr. Chapman attended the meeting with his wife. As she was a relation, they almost as a matter of course stopped at our house. I recollect a remark he made to my step-mother. “Do you,” said he, “take care of Anna; I can take care of myself.” His manner struck me as that of a cheerful and agreeable man. Strange as it may seem, my recollections of that meeting are very vivid. It was the first time I ever saw William Barnett. His lion-like appearance and trumpet-like voice awakened my attention. It

was the first time, too, in my life in which a direct, personal appeal was ever made to me on the subject of religion. The good man* who made it has long since gone to his account. Should I ever get to a better world I have no doubt of finding him there. But I wander.

My next distinct recollection of Mr. Chapman is connected with the first camp-meeting which was ever held at the Dry Fork, in Sumner county, Tennessee. My father lived at that time on the Dry Fork. In the fall of 1817, myself and some other young persons of the neighborhood professed religion. From some families of old material, and the young converts, a congregation was organized in the following winter. In the spring we built a very common log meeting-house, and our zeal was so great that, although few in number and by no means strong otherwise, we determined upon a camp-meeting in August. The time arrived, and a number of preachers came to our help. Among the rest, Mr. Chapman reached the ground on Friday. He had ridden fifty miles to attend the meeting. It is to be observed that the Dry Fork Congregation was an outgrowth of old Shiloh, which had been so greatly favored in the revival. The old members of the new organization had been members of the congregation at Shiloh, but they had adhered to the revival party. Mr. Chapman himself had been a member of the Shiloh Congregation. He was, therefore, in the neighborhood of his old home.

*Rev. David Foster.

Two or three families of Shiloh that sympathized with us were camped at the camp-meeting. I do not recollect how Saturday of the meeting passed; but Sunday, David McLin, Mr. Chapman, and Thomas Calhoon preached to a great and well-ordered congregation. Mr. Chapman's text was from Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was a pleasant, precious sermon, and evidently left a fine impression. On Monday he preached again from a text in Proverbs, the call of wisdom: "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man." The very appearance of the preacher indicated that he was burdened with the weight of his message. The congregation was large. The people of Shiloh were there. Among them were many of his old acquaintances and friends. The sermon was one of the most powerful appeals that I ever heard. There were numerous allusions to Shiloh, to its past privileges, to its great distinction in the revival, and to its fall from its former high spiritual estate. Several times in the course of the sermon he apostrophized: "O Shiloh, Shiloh, exalted to heaven in point of privilege—thrust down to hell for disobedience!" It was a fearful philippic, and would have been intolerable under other circumstances; but the man, the obvious spirit which moved him, and, in addition to all, the experience of the people themselves, bearing testimony too faithfully to the truth of a great deal of what was uttered, subdued the spirit of opposition. They sat and stood at the roots of the trees and bore it all. I did not understand then so fully the relations of

the sermon to the people, but after an experience of more than fifty years, I can very readily imagine that, rather than otherwise, it left an impression of increased respect for the earnestness and fidelity of the preacher.

In two or three years, Mr. Chapman attended a camp-meeting at the same place. He preached again on Monday from the words of Felix to Paul: "Go thy way for this time; at a more convenient season I will call for thee." The sermon was, of course, an account of the experience of the unconverted in finding excuses for delay. It was an earnest, solemn, but tender sermon. At its close he called for mourners. There was a considerable number. Among them was a little girl, daughter of one of the leading men of Shiloh. Her case attracted unusual attention. Mr. Chapman himself seemed to take a special interest in her. She professed religion there before she left the congregation. Of course it was a cause of rejoicing. That little girl became a woman, and is now the esteemed wife of a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. God has made her a needed helper of an honored, but partially disabled, husband.

In the fall of the same year of the first camp-meeting at the Dry Fork, I spent a night and part of two days at a camp-meeting in Robertson county, Tennessee. Messrs. Harris, Lewis,* and Chapman

* Rev. Isaac Orrey Lewis was born June 7, 1777, in North Carolina. His father, Isaac Lewis, was a Welshman, and for many years a member of the Presbyterian Church. His mother was of Irish descent. Mr. Lewis, the son, married

were the preachers. Mr. Lewis preached on Monday, and was followed by Mr. Chapman. His text that day was from Romans: "But to Israel he saith, All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." At this meeting I saw for the first time William C. Long † and David Lowry. ‡ I believe they were then candidates for the ministry.

Mr. Chapman was present at the first meeting of the Synod which I ever attended. In the appointment of the committees it turned out that he and

Miss Fannie Stone in North Carolina, and emigrated to Kentucky about the year 1800, and settled in Warren county. He was for years a man of the world, had a passion for horse-racing, and, at one time, came very near losing his life while training one of his horses. His experience on that occasion alarmed him, and he summarily renounced the practice. He afterward became terribly convicted under the preaching of Mr. McGready. In process of time he professed religion, and, although the father of a considerable family, turned his attention to the ministry. He was licensed and ordained by the Logan Presbytery. His education was of course imperfect. He was, however, a useful man, and highly esteemed "for his works' sake." He died July 20, 1850, having acquired the unusual weight of four hundred and fifty pounds.

† Rev. William C. Long was brought into the ministry by the Logan Presbytery. He was a preacher of medium ability, but of great zeal and spiritual worth. He labored a number of years acceptably and usefully in Kentucky, then in Missouri, and then again in Kentucky. He died some years ago.

‡ Rev. David Lowry was likewise brought into the ministry by the Logan Presbytery. He has labored with great ability and success in Kentucky, Tennessee, among the North-western Indians, and now lives and labors in Missouri, still *bringing forth fruit in old age.*

Rev. John L. Dillard and myself were appointed a committee upon the Minutes of some one of the Presbyteries. I was added to the committee, of course, merely to make up the customary number. Mr. Chapman and Mr. Dillard both sometimes relished a quiet joke. The Minutes of the Presbytery had been badly kept, and in making the report the committee descended to some rather ludicrous particularities which excited a little amusement in the Synod at the expense of the Presbytery. Mr. King was the patriarch of the meeting, and took occasion to administer a severe rebuke to the committee for taxing the patience of the Synod with so small matters. I have always in such cases remembered that rebuke. Such reports result in a waste of time, and sometimes in an exposure of the weakness of Zion.

I was once in Mr. Chapman's neighborhood, and at his house, in the course of his life. It was a lovely community. It seemed to bear the impress of his own excellent spirit. The seed sown there is still developing itself. His generation has passed away. A second has followed, and the third is now taking up the burdens of their predecessors. Thus the work goes on, and thus it is that the influence of good men never dies. Alexander Chapman was one of the good men, and from south-western Kentucky, in the great day, hundreds and thousands will rise up with thanksgiving upon their lips that God ever sent such a messenger of mercy among them.

Two of Mr. Chapman's sons entered the ministry.

Rev. A. H. Chapman was born September 13, 1813. He professed religion October 8, 1832; joined the Little Muddy Congregation on the twenty-first of the same month. He was then about nineteen years old. In process of time he joined the Logan Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry, was licensed and ordained in due course. After his ordination he devoted himself mainly to itinerant preaching in the upper portion of Logan Presbytery. He is said to have been a good English scholar, and to have read Latin well. His views of truth were clear and distinct, and he sometimes presented them with great power. He died August 22, 1849. Nothing is said of his death, but that it was calm and triumphant. He died at the house of Thomas Barnett, Esq., in Greene county of his native State.

Rev. B. C. Chapman was educated at Cumberland College, and at Cumberland University, or rather at what afterward became Cumberland University. He has spent most of his ministerial life in Middle Tennessee, but is now pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Selma, Alabama.

Two of Mr. Chapman's grandsons are also engaged in the work of the ministry: one in Ohio, and the other in Pennsylvania. The most of his descendants are honored and useful members of the Church.

REV. WILLIAM BARNETT.*

1813—1827.

[I expect with this series to bring my Biographical Sketches to a close. I am satisfied, however, that no general work of the kind, relating to the Cumberland Presbyterian ministry, can be considered complete which does not include notices of William and John Barnett. No two men in the Church attracted more attention than these did in their time, and in their respective fields of labor. I have scarcely any materials for such a work as would be a fitting memorial of these worthy men, except what I derive from memory. Nevertheless, I have some, and relying partly upon these, but mainly upon personal recollections, I endeavor to contribute something toward a knowledge of the labors and the leading characteristics of these men. I could not pass them by in total silence.]

WILLIAM BARNETT was born April 24, 1785. Of his early history nothing is known to the writer. It is supposed that he grew up, as ordinary boys in his time did, with limited means of education. He married early; according to the family record, November 17, 1801, when he was in his seventeenth year. His first wife was Jane Owen. The following memorandum, said to have been written with his own hand, has been kindly furnished to me:

“William Barnett professed to be regenerated, or born again, August 2, 1803; was licensed to preach

* Minutes of Cumberland Presbytery; Rev. Samuel Lambert.

the gospel October 10, 1810; was ordained, or set apart to the whole work of the ministry, in February, 1813."

According to the records of Cumberland Presbytery, which vary from his own account, he was received as a candidate for the ministry March 20, 1810, at the Ridge Meeting-house, in Sumner county, Tennessee. The meeting of the Presbytery at which this occurred was the first after its constitution in the previous month. The text assigned him for trial was John x. 9. The sermon was read at the meeting of the Presbytery at the Big Spring, March 22, 1811. A second text was assigned him—Rom. v. 9. From this he read a discourse at the sessions of the Presbytery held at the Ridge, October 11, 1811. On this occasion he was licensed as a probationer for the holy ministry. At a meeting of the Presbytery held at Mount Moriah Meeting-house, in Logan county, Kentucky, February 13, 1813, he was ordained. His trial-sermon was from John iii. 16. Rev. Thomas Calhoun preached the ordination-sermon—Rev. Finis Ewing presided and delivered the charge.

It will be observed from these *data* that Mr. Barnett's Christian and ministerial life was one of the fruits of the old revival of 1800. Mr. Smith, in his "History of the Cumberland Presbyterians," mentions him as one of the candidates for the ministry that met the Cumberland Presbytery at the Ridge Meeting-house in March, 1810. It appears, however, from the records of the Presbytery, that he was received as a candidate at that meeting. His own memorandum confirms the truth of the record.

He had no doubt been exercising his gifts as an exhorter, under the direction of the Council, previous to that time. He was ordained, as it appears from the records, and from his own memorandum, in February of 1813. His name appears on the minutes of the Cumberland Synod of that year. The meeting was held in October, at the Beech Meeting-house, in Sumner county, Tennessee. The next meeting of the Synod occurred in April, 1814. The sessions were held at Suggs's Creek Meeting-house, in Wilson county, Tennessee. Mr. Barnett is recorded in the minutes as having been present. This meeting of the Synod is memorable from its having been the occasion upon which the present Confession of Faith and Form of Government were reported by the committee appointed at a previous meeting to prepare them. They were examined and adopted in conformity with the report. At the next meeting of the Synod, in October, 1815, at the Beech Meeting-house, Mr. Barnett was appointed Moderator. In October of 1816 he delivered the customary opening-sermon of the Synod from Jer. xxiii. 22. In 1825 he was again the Moderator of the Synod. Its sessions were held that year in October, at Princeton, Kentucky. This meeting is memorable from its having originated our first literary institution. Resolutions were passed, and arrangements were made, which led to the organization of Cumberland College. The organization took place in March following. He delivered the opening-sermon at the following Synod in 1826, from Col. iv. 17.

In the division of the Cumberland Presbytery into

the three Presbyteries, with a view to the formation of a Synod, he became a member of the Logan Presbytery. He remained in Kentucky, and a member of that Presbytery, until 1823. Whilst in Kentucky, he lived first in Christian county, near Salubria Spring. After some years, perhaps about 1821, he moved to the town, or county, of Henderson, and remained there about two years. In Kentucky he lost his wife and the mother of his children. He afterward, August 17, 1820, married the widow of Colonel Shelby, of Montgomery county, Tennessee, a lady of some property and of great personal worth. His last wife survived him a number of years. In the fall of 1823 he moved to Western Tennessee, and settled about twelve or fifteen miles above Jackson, where he remained to the close of 1825. In January, 1826, he moved again, and settled in Hardeman county, twelve miles west of Bolivar. He there collected a congregation around him at Mount Comfort. In August of 1827 his annual camp-meeting occurred at Mount Comfort. He was taken from his home to the camp-ground sick. At the close of the meeting he was removed home with increasingly unfavorable symptoms, and in a few days died of the common fever of the country. This occurred on the 29th of August, 1827. His death was felt to be a heavy blow on the infant Church in that country, as the ministry who were left were all young men. Still it was found that seed had been sown which produced a rich harvest. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church has up to this time held a strong position in Western Tennessee. How much of this

is due to the influence of Mr. Barnett, and to his few years of labor in that country, none of us can tell. Certainly he labored with great earnestness, power, and apparent success.

My personal recollections of Mr. Barnett go back to 1812. He attended the camp-meeting at the Ridge Meeting-house in August of that year. I received my first distinct impressions of the Church at that meeting. Several ministers, of whom sketches are presented in this and the preceding series, were present on that occasion. As I have said, the meeting was held in August. In the fall of that year he had an appointment for preaching at a private house in the neighborhood one evening. The reader will recollect that our second war with Great Britain commenced in 1812. My father and myself attended the appointment for preaching. After reaching the place of preaching we heard for the first time of the first great reverse of the American arms in that war. I allude to the surrender of General Hull. The event had just occurred, and the intelligence spread with great rapidity over the country. I was but a boy, but was very much of a patriot, as boys usually are. The intelligence of the surrender distressed me very greatly. It made me sad. The hour for preaching came on, and the preacher was sick, and could not preach. The meeting was converted into a prayer-meeting. Several of the old brethren prayed. Mr. Barnett came out of his room to close the meeting. A song was sung, and he prayed. I had never heard any thing like it, and I have certainly heard very few such prayers since. Perhaps I was in a favora-

ble state of mind just then to hear a prayer. It seemed to me that the very heavens and the earth would come together. He was at that time a young preacher, and full of spirituality.

In 1817 Mr. Hodge, pastor of Shiloh Congregation, which had been greatly blessed in the early part of the revival, projected a union meeting at Shiloh. Mr. Hodge, and the men who constituted the Cumberland Presbytery, and originated the Church, had separated in 1809, and he had given in his adhesion to the Synod of Kentucky. Still he was a good man, and his heart remained warm with the old fire of 1800. The Cumberland Synod was in session somewhere in Kentucky within convenient distance from Shiloh. Mr. Hodge sent to the Synod for help. He called in a prominent Methodist minister, Rev. James Gwynn, of the neighborhood, and Rev. Dr. Blackburn, and one or two other Presbyterian ministers, and so we had the first union meeting that I ever attended or heard of. William Barnett and David McLin were sent by the Synod to cooperate with Mr. Hodge and others at the union meeting. Mr. Gwynn and a young Presbyterian minister preached on Saturday. Mr. Gwynn preached a fitting sermon from the prophet's prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work." On Sabbath Mr. McLin and Dr. Blackburn preached, and on Sabbath-night William Barnett filled the pulpit. He preached on *the shortness of time*, from a familiar text. He did not succeed so well. His friends said that his manner and spirit seemed to be cramped. Indeed, it was thought that all the preachers of the occasion suffered

in that way, except Mr. Gwynn and Dr. Blackburn. They were old heroes in the war. Mr. Barnett, however, had some mourners and a considerable movement at the close of his sermon. But the good old pastor did not realize his hopes from the meeting. It was well intended, but was considered a failure.

In the winter of 1819 and 1820 I was attending a school on Suggs's Creek, in the course of my preparation for the ministry. On a certain Saturday evening Mr. Barnett came into the neighborhood. He expected to spend the Sabbath with the Suggs's Creek Congregation, of which Rev. David Foster was pastor. It turned out that a Baptist minister had an appointment for preaching at the house of one of his brethren in the neighborhood that day, and Mr. Foster and his people had thought proper not to interfere, but to worship with the Baptist brethren. Mr. Barnett came to the meeting, and worshiped with the brethren in like manner. He was not known to the officiating minister, and of course was not invited to preach. But an appointment was made for him for Sabbath-night at old James Law's. It was one of the most convenient and roomy houses in the neighborhood. Expectation was excited, and a large crowd attended. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. Among the rest was a young man who had recently come into the neighborhood, very wicked and thoughtless. He anticipated a crowd, and something of a stir, and came to meeting with his coat turned wrong side out to attract attention, and to have some fun. Mr. Barnett preached also on that occasion on *the short-*

ness of time: "But I say, brethren, the time is short." It was a terrific sermon. The young man's fun was all spoiled. Mourners were invited forward for prayer, and he was among the first. He fell upon the floor with bitter cries for mercy. A great many others followed the example. I have never witnessed a more solemn night. These things occurred fifty-three and a half years ago, but the recollections have all the vividness of recent events. Our young friend professed religion in a short time. He thought himself called to preach, but he was very illiterate, and could not endure what we thought the necessary discipline connected with a preparation for the work, and transferred his relations to another Church. It is probable, however, that the sermon of that night was the means of saving his soul.

In October of 1822, the Cumberland Synod held its sessions at the Beech Meeting-house. I was ordained in the July preceding. It was, of course, the first Synod that I attended. There was an unusual number of young men in attendance on that occasion. They were some of the earliest of the third generation of Cumberland Presbyterian ministers. Mr. Barnett was appointed by the Synod to preach a sermon especially to the young men. I have no particular recollection of the sermon, except that it made a good impression. James B. Porter followed with an exhortation, and John Barnett with a general shaking of hands, according to the custom of those days.

It has been mentioned that in the fall of 1823 he settled in Western Tennessee. In the providence

of God, I was at that time on a circuit which passed through the neighborhood of his settlement, and had a two-days' meeting at Adley Alexander's, in the neighborhood, including the first Sabbath after his arrival. He attended, and, of course, preached. The sermon was based upon the inquiries which the servant of Elisha was instructed to address to the Shunamite woman: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" It may be supposed that it was a good introduction into a new field of labor. It was indeed so.

Mr. Barnett was exceedingly popular in Western Tennessee. He was an extraordinary preacher, and had lost none of his pulpit power when he settled in that country. If any man in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was entitled to the distinction of a Boanerges, I suppose William Barnett, in his time, by common consent would have been considered as holding the highest claim. When in the spirit, as it was customarily said in former times, and ought always to be said, he was very powerful. He had a celebrated sermon on the value of the soul and the danger of its loss, which in those times he preached a great deal, and which always attracted attention. On the subjects of conversion and a call to the ministry he was very searching, sometimes possibly cutting down those that he ought to have built up. If he erred, however, on such occasions, the error was on the safe side. There is more danger of healing a spiritual hurt slightly, than of not healing it at all. He had some of the highest characteristics of the fathers of this Church devel-

oped in unusual fullness. He had an iron-like bodily frame, a voice like a trumpet, and the courage of a lion. He was sometimes rough with the "boys," as they were usually called, but the pupils, many of them, were rough as well as the teachers. The writer knows all about the severity of that school; he sometimes smarted under it, but it was the school for the times.

Nearly four years transpired between Mr. Barnett's removal to West Tennessee and his death. These were years of labor. I recollect some of the circumstances of the last camp-meeting at which he performed any labor, with great distinctness. The meeting was held at McLemoresville. He preached on Sabbath upon *the choice of Moses*, "To suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was a pleasant sermon; of course a testimonial in favor of an experimental and practical Christianity. It made a fine impression. It was, however, as I have intimated, a pleasant, rather than a terrible, impression. On Monday he preached on the subject of the Judgment. It was a sermon of great power, very much of the character of the sermon described which he preached at old Mr. Law's. It was terrific. The crowd trembled under the influence of his awful and overwhelming appeals. Such appeals are seldom heard, and such impressions are seldom made now. He closed with a great movement in the congregation. Many were convicted, and hopefully converted that evening. It was the last sermon that he ever preached. His own camp-meeting commenced

the following Friday. He rode home on horseback from McLemoresville, in the heat of August, a distance of seventy-five miles. When his own meeting commenced he was complaining. He went, however, with his family, to the ground, and remained till the close. He had to be taken home in a carriage; he went to bed, and never rose again. The strong man and the iron will yielded to the inevitable call. He fell with his armor on.

Mr. Barnett's last wife survived him a number of years. He left three sons and two or three daughters. His eldest son entered the ministry, and acquired, I suppose, some respectability. He was a member of the General Assembly from some one of the Texas Presbyteries in 1853. He has been dead some years. His second son, who was named for himself, was educated at Cumberland College, and graduated in 1832. He afterward studied medicine, and after a practice of a number of years, first in Missouri, and then in Kentucky, died in Caldwell county, Kentucky. The youngest son, I suppose, still lives. After spending some time at Cumberland College, he went to Missouri. One of the daughters is the wife of Rev. Samuel Lambert, of Mississippi.

Mr. Barnett was an extraordinary man. He had imperfections, and some of them were striking. Every thing about him was striking. His greatness was natural. His education was very limited. He seemed to live at the proper time, and the theater in which he acted was certainly providential. In all such cases we are deeply impressed with the thought

that God, in his providence, selects his own agencies for his own work. If the history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church teaches any thing, it teaches this lesson. We receive it and record it with profound gratitude and humility, that he has condescended to use agencies so unworthy, in the accomplishment of what we cannot call otherwise than a great work. Some mighty men, too, have been engaged in that work.

REV. JOHN BARNETT.

1816—1855.

OF the early life of John Barnett, as in the case of his brother, nothing is known to the writer. Even the time and place of his birth are unknown. It was always understood that John Barnett was the older of the two brothers, whilst William was first in the ministry, and, of course, the older preacher. I have therefore placed him first in the order of my arrangement. It has always been understood, too, that John, as well as William, entered the ministry some time after he became the head of a family. His wife's name was Polly McAdow. She was at least a remote relation of Rev. Samuel McAdow. The McAdows were of North Carolina origin, but lived chiefly in Tennessee.

John Barnett was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Cumberland Presbytery at the Beech Meeting-house, in Sumner county, Tennessee, April 9, 1813. At this meeting the Presbytery was divided, and he was placed under the care of the Logan Presbytery. By that Presbytery he was licensed August 31, 1813, and ordained August 11, 1815. He is first mentioned as a member of the Cumberland Synod in the records of its sessions in October, 1816.

At some time in the early part of his ministry he

settled in lower Kentucky, which was considered at that time a frontier of the Church in that direction. His settlement was made in the neighborhood of what is now the Bethlehem Congregation. He originated that congregation, and in early time they built a log meeting-house of very moderate dimensions, in which, as pastor of the congregation, he ministered for near thirty years. Camp-meetings were introduced very early, and kept up forty years. Great numbers have been converted at these meetings. Bethlehem is now a flourishing congregation. They have been worshiping for twenty years in a capacious brick church. A neat brick academy stands hard by the church—a realization of the proper theory of Presbyterianism, the theory of a church and school combined.

During all the years of his connection with Bethlehem Mr. Barnett was also the pastor of Piney Fork Congregation. A modest house of worship was built at Piney, and camp-meetings were held annually, and mostly with great success. At Piney these meetings are still continued.

Whilst Mr. Barnett was pastor of these congregations, he was at the same time one of the best farmers in his neighborhood. He was a strong man, had fine health, and labored daily with his own hands. He also kept every one around him busy. It is a matter of tradition that he frequently labored on his farm all day, and in the evening rode four or five miles, and preached in some private house in his congregation, continued his meetings till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, returned home, and was

ready for another day's work in the morning. By labors of this kind Bethlehem and Piney Fork Congregations were gathered and strengthened from year to year.

In 1826 Cumberland College commenced its operations. Mr. Barnett had an active agency in its location, and in the organization and direction of its exterior system. I allude to the management of the farm and boarding-house. He moved to the College, and for some two or three years had charge of these. After his connection with them ceased, he moved to Christian county, and lived a few years near Salubria Spring, in the neighborhood in which his brother William had once lived, and perhaps upon the same farm. After a few years he returned to the neighborhood of his former home near Bethlehem. In 1831 the Trustees of Cumberland College, by the advice of the General Assembly, leased the institution to him and Rev. Aaron Shelby for a term of years. This was an extraordinary measure, but the exigences of the College were considered to require something extraordinary. It was deeply involved in debt, and still was not self-sustaining irrespective of its debts. Of course it was becoming more deeply involved every year. The lessees of the institution were to keep up the farm and boarding-house, manage its general finances, keep up its Faculty, and pay its debts. To enable them to do all these things, they were to have the proceeds of the farm and boarding-house, and the customary labor of each student two hours per day. The proceeds of the tuition department were to be set apart for the payment

of the instructors. Mr. Shelby continued his connection with the institution two or three years, and sold his interest to Mr. Harvey Young. A new brick building had been put up, a very coarse and inferior one, it is true, but still an improvement upon the previous condition of things. Every thing seemed to go forward rather prosperously till the summer of 1834, when the cholera visited the town. It did not reach the College, but it was followed by a most malignant fever, which spread all over the country, including the College community. Mr. Young died; three-fourths of the students were sick. Recitations were discontinued for some time. Myself and wife were both prostrated for several weeks. I was myself evidently near the door of death. It was a terrible infliction upon the College. Mr. Barnett considered it the turning-point in his administration of the financial affairs of the institution. It was a prostration from which he never recovered.

After the death of Mr. Young, his interest reverted, of course, to the Trustees, and the partnership henceforward was a partnership of the Trustees and Mr. Barnett. He, however, became practically the administrator of the business. Things worked badly; a great deal of dissatisfaction grew up all over the Church; he was sometimes unhappy in the temper in which he conducted his business; the wisdom of his measures was thought in some cases to be very defective, and a few began to call in question his personal integrity. He and Dr. Cossitt, the President of the College, differed in their views of meas-

ures, and, unfortunately, became estranged from each other. I have told this unhappy story elsewhere. They were both good men, earnest in their opinions, and unwavering in their fidelity to the Church; but they did not harmonize; it was a misfortune. With regard to Dr. Cossitt, my esteemed instructor and friend, my testimony is before the world. With regard to Mr. Barnett, and his connection with the College, I have a few things to say, but for the present hold them in reserve.

It will be readily perceived that these difficulties must have had a disastrous influence upon the College.

At the General Assembly of 1837, a new plan was adopted, with a view to the relief of the institution from its difficulties, which were rather increasing than diminishing. An association was formed under the style and title of *The Cumberland College Association*, after the manner of a joint-stock company. Mr. Barnett and the Trustees surrendered their interest in the College to the Association. It was to do the same things which Barnett and Shelby were to have done, and after accomplishing them, to have *pro rata* dividends of the proceeds, should it ever turn out that there were such proceeds to divide. This plan was expected to be a success, whilst the preceding one had proved a disastrous failure. The history is known, and needs not be repeated here. To say every thing in the fewest possible words, an experiment of three years proved its utter insufficiency. It, too, was a failure. In 1834, in the midst of the prevailing sickness, Mr. Barnett lost his eldest

son, a young man of rather unusual promise. He was one of the early graduates of Cumberland College. Some time between 1838 and 1843, he lost his wife, and third and fourth sons. From this time he became unsettled for several years. After the lapse of a few years, however, he was married a second time, to an estimable widow lady, of Henderson county, Kentucky. His constitution was very much shattered, and his health soon failed, and in a few years his life of unusual trial came to an end. Of the circumstances of his death nothing is known to the writer. The most of his latter years had been passed under a cloud. A great many of his expectations had been thwarted. His providential discipline had been severe. When death came, it was doubtless a release. A life very much made up of clouds and storms was, we must confidently believe, exchanged for a companionship of the four and twenty elders, the hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great multitude that no man can number.

My first recollection of Mr. Barnett goes back to the fall of 1819. He was attending a camp-meeting at the Big Spring, in Wilson county, Tennessee. His first sermon there was delivered on Saturday evening. It had rained in the forenoon, and meeting was held in the house, and William Bumpass preached. The rain had ceased, however, and we removed to the stand, as it was called; there was no shelter. Mr. Barnett was the preacher. I had never heard or seen him before. His text was the prophet's personation of the Saviour as a preacher: "The

Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." The preacher and the text were both new to me. The preacher was certainly in a good spirit. It seemed to me that the fitness between him and the text was perfect. The solemnity, and tenderness, and earnestness of his manner, and the unction which seemed to rest upon him, were altogether unusual. I have seldom, in a long life, been more deeply interested, or more favorably impressed; and I have often called to mind the apparent tenderness and gentleness of that occasion when, in subsequent years, I have witnessed his struggles with the difficulties of the College, and his excusable impatience with the impertinence and impracticability of men with whom he was thrown into contact in his business transactions. The descent appeared to be very great. He felt it to be so himself; yet Providence seemed to him to lead him into that line of duty. On Monday of the same camp-meeting he preached again, from the text in First Corinthians: "And ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." The text was familiar, and the sermon was good, but not equal to that of Saturday.

In 1824, or 1825, Mr. Barnett and Rev. David Lowry made a visit to Western Tennessee, to assist

William Barnett in two or three camp-meetings. They preached with great interest and power, and left a deep impression behind them. In that visit Mr. Barnett was condescending enough to make me a sort of companion in one or two of his excursions outside of his regular movements, in visiting some of his old acquaintances and friends. I say, "condescending enough;" I really thought it a privilege and an honor to be permitted to attend him. He seemed to me tender, and kind, and even paternal in his manners.

I had but little connection with him after these occurrences, until I went to Cumberland College, in 1830. At that time he was living in Christian county. In the spring of the following year, as it has been said, he became connected with the College as one of the lessees. My own connection with the College continued to 1838. From 1831 to 1837, his connection, as general administrator of its business affairs, continued. We were frequently thrown together under circumstances of great trial. A large part of the period was passed under discouragement, darkness, and distress. In these he, of course, shared very largely. He had embarked every thing in the experiment of trying to improve the financial condition of the College. If he failed, poverty was staring him in the face, whilst yet he had a heavy family on his hands. As it has been mentioned, he lost his eldest and most promising son in the midst of those years. He had fondly expected help from that son, and the loss on that account seemed the more severe. The Church complained of his gen-

eral administration; the students complained of his stringency in providing for the boarding-house; the teachers complained that they did not receive much more than half pay. He was made answerable for a great many evils. The year 1837 came around, and public sentiment seemed to require a change of the outward administration of the affairs of the College.

It is fitting that I should say here, in my place, that no man could have labored more earnestly for the accomplishment of the great objects of a mission than Mr. Barnett did, in those years, for the fulfillment of his engagements with the General Assembly. He did not succeed. No man could have succeeded in his circumstances. He had entered upon a Herculean task; he was a strong man, but still only a man. He was no Hercules. He committed errors, without doubt; but they were the errors of a man governed, upon the whole, by good intentions. He meant well. Of this I have no doubt. His personal integrity was sometimes impeached; but the best possible vindication that could have been offered was the fact at last disclosed, that whilst he entered into his connection with the College a prosperous man, and bringing into it a respectable property, he left it with his temporalities in ruins, and from these ruins he never recovered. After the lapse of thirty-six years, I have no patience with charges which affect his personal integrity. I am ashamed of him who reiterates them.

He thought the Church owed him something in consideration of his losses. He pursued that thought

for years, but without success. I do not pretend to decide upon the justice of his claims from this source, but there are a few living who can recollect the persistence of his efforts in prosecuting those claims, which we all thought, whether just or unjust, to be hopeless.

No man in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was ever so generally misunderstood. It rarely happens to a man, in any of the relations of life, to be so generally misunderstood by those who ought to understand him. Public sentiment took a wrong direction. There were, of course, reasons for it, but still the direction was wrong. The Church, instead of quarreling with a man who had taken one of its heaviest burdens upon his shoulders, should have reached out a helping hand, and, if possible, lightened that burden. Such a course, however, was not pursued. He was in the ditch, and was left very much to take care of himself.

I make one farther remark in this connection. Other men have quarreled with the Church, and have left it. In one or two cases the quarrel has been very bitter. Mr. Barnett, however, in the midst of all the vituperation and reproach, and, as he thought, ingratitude and unkindness which he endured, never faltered in his fidelity and devotion to the Church of his early choice to his dying day. In illustration of this a fact may be stated, which, of course, is not known generally, but which, for the sake of his memory, should be known. In making a final settlement of his shattered affairs, he set apart a thousand dollars for the use and benefit of Cum-

berland College, in the service of which he had suffered so much, and of which he had at that time high hopes. This is an argument which any man can appreciate.

After Mr. Barnett's second marriage I seldom saw him. His home was remote from mine, and he did not travel much. The infirmities of age were closing in upon him. In a few years he ended his stirring and stormy life. He had left home with the view of traveling some time, in hope of an improvement of his health. In a few days he reached the residence of his son-in-law in Western Tennessee, and stopped to rest. It proved to be his last resting-place. He died there.

The case of Mr. Barnett brings up to our minds the darkest chapter in our history as a Church. The history of Cumberland College has never been written. Most likely it will never be written. In twenty years from this time it cannot be truthfully done. The actors in the transactions will all have passed away, and no man can write it who has not, to some extent, been one of those actors. Dr. Cossitt, Mr. Barnett, Judge Morrison, Aaron Shelby, and Harvey Young, have all been removed from among us. A few still remain, but will not remain long. The College has ceased to exist. Many will say that a great deal of labor has been lost, and a great deal of money has been expended in vain. So thought Judas and the other disciples when the anointing oil was poured upon the Master's feet. He gave them to understand, however, that they were mistaken. It was not a waste. Nor has the labor and

money expended upon Cumberland College been a waste. It has fulfilled its mission. In many respects it was a noble mission. Some of those connected with it were never appreciated. Even time itself may not fully vindicate them; still, their works follow them. The seed sown there is producing a harvest all over the West. Our pioneers in the work of education have been amongst our benefactors. Their work has been silent, but it has been none the less effective and vital in its influence on that account. It will live forever in its results.

William and John Barnett had a younger brother, or, rather, half-brother, Rev. James Young Barnett, who entered the ministry in early life. He was a man of fine ability, and was thought in his early life to be the equal of his older brothers. He never filled so wide a space, however, in public estimation. He married the daughter of Mr. David Usher, of Christian county, Kentucky, and settled in the neighborhood of his father-in-law, where he lived till his death, which occurred some years ago. He was an estimable and useful man. His widow still lives.

There was a fourth brother, Robert Barnett, who also entered the ministry, in Western Tennessee, in his early life. He married the daughter of Hon. Adam R. Alexander, but of his subsequent history I have no knowledge.

REV. JOHN McCUTCHEB BERRY.*

1822—1857.

JOHN McCUTCHEB BERRY was born in the State of Virginia, on the 22d of March, 1788. Of his parentage and early education nothing is known. It is inferred, from some facts connected with his history, that his parents were religious persons, and perhaps stringent in some of their doctrinal views. His education, from the circumstances of his early life, must have been very limited. In his fourteenth year he came to Tennessee, and in his twentieth year professed religion, under the ministry of the fathers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. His age at the time of his profession would bring that event within the days of the Council. They were days of trial.

He had a hard struggle, while under conviction, with difficulties arising from early doctrinal impressions. The doctrine of Election and Reprobation had been taught him in his youth. This is generally a trying puzzle in the early experience of persons who are seriously inquiring for the way of salvation. If tendencies have been originated in such minds towards the conclusions of the theology which

*Sketches by Rev. A. Johnson, published in the *Western Cumberland Presbyterian*, of 1864.

has been mentioned, the difficulties become greater. This seems to have been the condition of young Berry. The guilt of sin pressed so severely upon him that he could not believe himself to be one of the elect; of course, his reasoning was, that he was proscribed by an unchangable destiny; that no blood had been shed on Calvary for him; that his case was hopeless. A conflict of this kind is terrible.

“Such thoughts,” says my authority, “drove him almost into despair. Of his deliverance he was accustomed to say, that on a certain day, giving the day itself, which we have forgotten, the sun arose at midnight.”

The reader, of course, knows what he meant. His spiritual midnight had been changed to the light and beauty of the morning. It would be difficult to forget such an experience as this. I suppose he never forgot it. He retained, in all his subsequent life, a great aversion to the doctrine of a limited gospel provision. He thought that it had nearly ruined his soul. He did not preach often in direct opposition to the system, but salvation, full and free to all, was a favorite theme with him. It was a sort of a spiritual indoctrination.

Shortly after his conversion his mind began to be agitated on the subject of preaching the gospel. He, however, very naturally drew back from the undertaking. He was utterly unwilling to enter upon the work. His inward conflict was so great that he sometimes thought of resorting to suicide in order to quiet it. It is said that he actually went out one

night with the intention of laying hands upon himself, but was mercifully restrained. In order to hedge up his own way he married early, and, as it turned out, either intentionally on his own part, or providentially on the part of God, who intended to scourge him with the greater severity into his duty, he had selected a wife who was as much opposed to his becoming a preacher as he was himself to preaching. Of course he had thrown very strong fetters around his feet. This hasty act gave him trouble, as we would have supposed. For many years after he entered the ministry his wife was impatient under the hardships the family had to suffer, and although he was a pure and faithful husband, yet, under a sense of duty, he often left his home, to be gone for weeks, with no prospect of earthly reward, bidding adieu for the time to his wife struggling against discontent with the lot which Providence had assigned her. Great must be the trial of a good man under such circumstances.

In 1812 he joined the army, in connection with a regiment commanded by Colonel Young Ewing, of Christian county, Kentucky. He seems to have moved to Kentucky. Says my authority:

“He has told me that during the campaign he was in a cold and backslidden state, living in the neglect of prayer, and indulging in much vain and idle conversation, but was unable to efface the impression against which he was striving.”

The expedition in which the regiment was engaged in a great measure miscarried. It was sent against Indians around Fort Clark, in what is now the State

of Illinois. They found no Indians, and, after a very near approach to starvation, returned. Rev. Finis Ewing was with the regiment of his brother, in the twofold capacity of a soldier and a chaplain.

In 1814, Mr. Berry entered the public service again, under the command of General Jackson, and was in the celebrated battle of the 8th of January, 1815, below New Orleans. Whilst the battle was raging, and the missiles of death were flying around him, perceiving himself to be in a very exposed situation, and that he might in a few moments be hurried into the presence of God, he threw his mind back upon his past life. His former rebellion and obstinacy came up in full view before him. He wept, prayed, and confessed his sins before God. He then and there promised that, if the Lord would spare his life, and restore to him the joys of salvation, and bring him again to his home, he would consent to preach, or to do, or to suffer whatever God, in his providence, might see fit to require at his hands. His prayer was answered. For the time, he was filled with unutterable joy. Says my informant:

“Often in his preaching have I heard him tell that he had enjoyed the love of God in his soul, at home and abroad, around the fireside, in the closet and in the grove, in the corn-field and amidst the storm of battle. I never dared, however, to ask him whether he continued to carry on the work of death with his fellow-soldiers after his renewed reconciliation with God. Still, no one who knew him will believe for a moment that a mean cowardice had

any thing to do with his surrender of himself to God that day."

In the fall of 1817, Mr. Berry was received under the care of the Logan Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. Two years afterward, or in the fall of 1819, he was licensed to preach as a probationer. The sermons which he wrote in the course of his trials of two years' continuance, are said to have been unusually interesting and impressive. Sometimes the Presbytery and the congregations were moved to tears in hearing them read. Sometimes, whilst he was exercising his gifts publicly, he made it a matter of special prayer to God that, if he was really called to preach, as an evidence of it, a soul might be converted at his next appointment. We can easily see how an earnest and sincere man, without experience, might be led to desire such proofs of the genuineness of his calling, and how desirable they might be to all Christian ministers; still, they are not the proofs which God always gives, nor are they such as we have always a right to expect.

In 1820, Mr. Berry moved to Indiana, from Christian county, Kentucky, where he had been living for several years. The country in which he settled was new, the people were poor, farms had to be opened, and, as a matter of course, even where congregations were organized, they were not able to do much toward the support of a minister and his family. Some were, no doubt, unwilling to do what they were able. He tells, himself, of some members of the Church who refused to let him have what he needed for his family, for the evident reason that

they were ashamed to *sell*, and too stingy to *give*, him what he needed. Others, less sensitive, sold to him, and charged him for what they sold more than they could get from common buyers. He was a preacher and needy, and they made his necessities their rule in selling. This was cruel treatment, but good men have received such treatment, both before and since. Some men of the world, however, took an interest in the welfare of our young preacher in the midst of his troubles, and rendered him timely assistance.

He was ordained in 1822, and shortly after his ordination moved to Illinois, and became one of the original members of the Illinois Presbytery, which was constituted in the fall of that year by the Cumberland Synod. From that time to 1829 there was but one Presbytery in the State of Illinois. In April of 1829, the Sangamon Presbytery held its first meeting. There were five ministers in this Presbytery in its organization, of whom Mr. Berry was one. He was, therefore, closely identified with the origin and early operations of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in that State. During the seven years in which there was but one Presbytery in the State, every one of its sessions, with a single exception, was held at a distance of from two to four days' travel on horseback from where he lived, and the sessions of the Synod were uniformly from three hundred to five hundred miles distant. Yet it was a matter of conscience with him to attend all the judicatures of the Church with which he was connected. Those old men have left us examples which ought to be a standing reproach to many of us.

Think of a man's riding on horseback five hundred miles once every year to a meeting of Synod. Still, these long journeys were performed for conscience's sake. The first time the writer ever saw Mr. Berry was at a meeting of the Cumberland Synod in 1825, at a point which must have been three hundred miles from his home. It had never been, and was never afterward, held at a point nearer. It was generally one hundred or two hundred miles more remote. The rule was, and it was stringently urged in those days, that a plain providential hindrance, and nothing short of this, furnished a sufficient excuse for neglecting the judicatures of the Church.

After the settlement of Mr. Berry in Illinois, his life was spent very much as other ministers of his time and section of the Church spent their lives. Their labors were great, while their earthly remuneration was small. Whilst they dispensed the gospel to their fellow-men with great fidelity, they labored, like Paul and his fellow-laborers, with their own hands, and thus made themselves chargeable to no man. However we may reproach a congregation, or congregations, which permit such a condition of things, we admire the zeal and earnestness of the men who thus unselfishly devote themselves to the great work of saving souls. Men of such a spirit are those who have always kept, and will always keep, the Church alive.

In the winter of 1856 and 1857, Mr. Berry died, at his residence in Clinton, DeWitt county, Illinois. His last sermon was delivered at Sugar Creek, in Logan county, from the precious words of the

Apostle: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." He had been assisting at a meeting at that place for several days, and was taken sick at the meeting, or shortly afterward, and died in a few days. He fell with his armor on. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The subject of this sketch seems to have been what the world calls an original man, and all such men have distinctly marked traits of character. Mr. Berry had his proportion of these. Some of them are brought out in the following letter from an intimate friend and fellow-laborer, written a few months after his death:

"OREGON, July 1, 1857.

"DEAR BROTHER:—I was in California, several hundred miles from home, when I first saw the account of Brother Berry's death. I could not restrain my tears, though I was in the house of a stranger. I directly sought the silent grove, where old associations rushed upon my mind, with many past scenes which can never return any more. I wept freely. But I asked myself, why should I weep? Could I have been so cruel and selfish as to retain him here any longer, had it been in my power, after he had labored so long and so faithfully, and done so much for his Master's cause? That he had his faults and frailties none will deny. But it is clear as noonday

to my mind, that he had his sterling virtues, such as very few possess in the same degree. Among the natural gifts with which he was endowed, was a faculty of discerning or reading a man's character at first sight. We used to call this the gift of discerning spirits. You are aware that he and I were for many years confidential friends. And he never feared or hesitated to give me his opinion of any one. Sometimes I thought him mistaken; but, in every case, as far as I can now recollect, his judgment proved to be correct. He once pronounced a certain individual a snake in the grass. I thought him mistaken, but twenty years afterward, I found he was right, and I was wrong.

“There was a nobleness of soul about him that never would stoop to any thing mean or low, even if it might not be considered sinful. I always considered him one of the fairest Presbyters that I ever knew, or with whom I ever was associated. If I ever knew a man entirely clear of jealousy or envy, it was John M. Berry. You inquire about, and request me to send you, all his short, pithy sayings which I can remember. As to these, they were always so original, and seemed to be suggested so naturally in illustration of his subject, that it is not easy for me to call them up, only as I can call up the subjects that suggested them. They were very natural to him, and so abundant that, unlike any other person, he never used any one of them more than once. You probably recollect his rejoinder to the man who took him to task for his manner of expounding the Scriptures, because Brother Berry

did not take every passage just as it was written, saying what it means, and meaning what it said. 'You take it that way, do you?' said Brother Berry. 'Yes,' said the man. 'Well, which, then, was Herod—a man or a fox?' referring him to the passage in Luke in which our Saviour calls Herod 'that fox.' I was not sure, at first, that this was original, but I have never found it anywhere else.

"I will now relate an incident that took place at the first Presbytery I ever attended, which has had a great influence in shaping my course from that to the present time. The Illinois Presbytery then embraced the State. Brother Berry and Brother Joel Knight were the only ministers north of White county. A special session of Presbytery had been appointed in Sangamon county, for the purpose of ordaining Brother Thomas Campbell. Brother Berry was the only ordained minister who attended. At the regular session of Presbytery the inquiry came up, Was the special session of Presbytery held? It was answered in the negative. The members were individually called upon, and reasons for non-attendance were demanded of all the delinquents. Some pleaded want of a suitable horse to ride, others lack of money to bear their expenses, and others had feared that it might rain and raise the streams, and make muddy roads. The youngest member of Presbytery made light of the whole matter; stated that he had been South, married a wife, and therefore could not attend—in short, he made a joke of the whole affair. Brother Berry insisted, against all of them, that none had offered

a providential reason. He urged, with all the ardor for which he was famous, the great importance of sustaining government, and the strong obligation that a minister of Jesus Christ should feel himself under to let nothing hinder him from attending the judicatures of the Church, which was not strictly providential. Several of the members were considered more talented than Brother Berry, and at first they were all against him. Presbytery finally pronounced the young brother who had married the wife guilty of unjustifiable delinquency, whilst the others barely escaped censure.

“In his remarks he said that no excuse should be offered to, or sustained by, Presbytery that we would not offer at the bar of God with a reasonable expectation that he would sustain it. I have tried to live up to the above rule ever since, and in every case it has governed my vote upon reasons offered by others for delinquency. Brother Berry remarked, in the debate, that he never knew a minister that was not regular in his attendance upon the judicatures of the Church who was useful to any great extent, and that such often hindered more than they helped. My observation proves the same to be true.

“Yours, as ever, NEILL JOHNSON.”

We have additional characteristics and anecdotes of Mr. Berry.

He was accustomed to use great plainness of speech with candidates for the ministry. In some cases he drew upon himself lasting opposition. A particular class of young men could not bear his plainness

with patience. By the same candor and frankness he made others his friends. He was always ready to help the humble and studious; he was ever ready to uphold the modest and unassuming. He could not tolerate lifeless preaching. On a certain occasion a young man, recently from a distant theological school, came to one of his meetings. He was, of course, invited to preach. He did so, but the sermon was dull. There were some withered flowers of rhetoric—some well-rounded periods, but they were too well-rounded; they had no point. When the sermon was closed, Mr. Berry whispered into the ear of him from whom I have an account of the occurrence, "That was a pretty corpse." Still, he thought it was but a corpse, a body without a soul. He was accustomed to say, that every sermon ought to have so much of Christ in it, that any sinner in the congregation, if, in the providence of God, he should never hear another, might still know how to be saved.

He was punctual in the fulfillment of his appointments for preaching. In his early days Illinois was a rough country. The winters were terribly cold. One worthy preacher of another denomination was actually frozen to death. "In the spring," says my informant, "there were oceans of mud; the streams were poorly bridged, and many not bridged at all. In the summer, the horse-flies were so numerous and blood-thirsty that to travel even a few hours in the day was to risk the life of a horse. Preachers and other travelers were compelled to travel in the night, at the risk of their own lives and health; yet

he attended his appointments, and preached Christ through all these difficulties." Half of the time of the ministers of those days, from June to November of each year, was spent in attending camp-meetings. Some inadequate idea can be formed of the labors, and hardships, and self-denial of these men; yet they were the men who laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois. They labored, and other men are entering into their labors.

Mr. Berry was earnestly devoted to the temperance reformation. It seems that he found a powerful argument at home, in the aberrations of a wayward and perverse son. The evil course of the son was attributed by the father to the influence of a certain Church in the neighborhood, which opposed and ridiculed all the efforts of those who were trying to promote the cause of temperance. He had some success, however, in his work, as we shall see. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Berry's prodigal son were at one time partners in a little store. It is not so said, but we should infer from the narrative that they probably sold whisky. Although Mr. Berry could not overcome the obstinacy of his son, he seems to have succeeded with the partner. On an occasion afterward, when Mr. Lincoln had risen to some eminence as a lawyer, a grog-shop in a particular neighborhood was exerting a bad influence upon some husbands. The wives of these men united their forces, assailed the establishment, knocked the heads out of the barrels, broke the bottles, and smashed up things generally. The women were prosecuted, and Mr.

Lincoln volunteered his services in their defense. In the course of a powerful argument upon the evils of the use of, and of the traffic in, ardent spirits, whilst many in the crowded court-room were bathed in tears, the speaker turned, and pointing his bony finger toward Mr. Berry, who was standing near him, said, "*There* is the man who, years ago, was instrumental in convincing me of the evils of trafficking in, and using, ardent spirits; I am glad that I ever saw him; I am glad that I ever heard his testimony on this terrible subject." Tears ran down the venerable man's cheeks whilst he was thus brought so distinctly to the notice of the assembly. He was more honored that day than he would have been afterward had he been made Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State.

Mr. Berry seems to have been deeply versed in a knowledge of human nature. We have a reference to this characteristic by our Oregon correspondent. It is said that he scarcely ever made a mistake in his estimate of the character of a man. An incident of this kind occurred at a certain time in the Presbytery to which he belonged. A young man came to one of their camp-meetings in a hunter's garb, and with a hunter's accouterments. He made a profession of religion before the meeting closed. This was all well enough. Hunters have, no doubt, often been converted. They are not worse than other men. After awhile he was an applicant to the Presbytery to be received as a candidate. Some of the good old people thought that his conversion was a sort of miracle—a partial parallel to the case of

Saul of Tarsus. He was received, advanced, flattered. Mr. Berry, however, did not believe in him. He warned the Presbytery that if they advanced the young man they would regret it. Still, they persevered. The result was, he committed a flagrant wrong, and was deposed, and that was the end of his Cumberland Presbyterian history. We have had a number of such histories. The writer retraces more than one of them with sadness. We have sometimes succeeded, in our way, in making, as far as men could make, very good preachers from very unpromising materials. Still, we have occasionally, in our attempts at miracles in this line, made miserable failures. We will learn, at last, that the general laws of Providence will not be contravened in our favor.

Every man who is a preacher, indeed, has something in his style and manner of preaching peculiar to himself. I present the following account of these, in the case of Mr. Berry, from the source from which I have chiefly derived my material for this sketch:

“Brother Berry,” says my informant, “preached in a manner and style peculiar to himself. His discourses were made up of short, pithy sayings, which some of his friends called proverbs. Sometimes these would grow naturally out of his subject; at other times their connection with his subject was not so obvious. Sometimes he seemed to present a golden chain; at other times, a collection of golden links. He never said any thing which had no meaning; he was always easily understood, and when he

became fully interested in a subject, critics who had a soul in them were obliged to forget their logic and their rhetoric. A whole congregation, at such times—the learned and unlearned, the old and young, all classes—would be borne away with a force nearly irresistible, whithersoever his powerful will chose to carry them. In the application of his sermons, he could contrast one thing with another with fewer words, and greater variety of them, than any man I ever knew. Heaven and its joys, contrasted with hell and its miseries; the death of a saint with the death of a sinner; life on earth with life in heaven, and life on earth with life in hell, were some of his terrible antitheses. On each successive occasion, too, on which he would use such a mode of presenting truth, he would use words and forms of expression which were wholly new, and still as forcible as others which were new when previously used. This characteristic of his sermons, whilst it rendered them exceedingly interesting to the hearer at the time of delivery, was unfavorable to their recollection after the charm of the delivery had passed away.”

Perhaps some allowance is to be made in reading this account, on the score of personal partiality; still, such preaching, if the reality approached what may seem to have had something of the ideal in it, must have been finely adapted to the earnest, practical sense of the hardy pioneers to whom it was addressed. And if such preaching is to be considered a specimen, it needs not surprise us to find new Synods and Presbyteries, and numerous congregations of earnest and devoted Cumberland

Presbyterians in Illinois. Good seed was early sown.

An incident is mentioned, of a kind certainly to be deprecated, connected with an Illinois camp-meeting. It was characteristic of the times. I give it in the words of the narrator:

“The Eastern theological schools, in quite an early day, sent forth many of their students into Illinois, ordained as preachers; many of them filled with high notions of their own importance, and very contemptible notions of others. Some of these attended a Cumberland Presbyterian camp-meeting, and one of them, being invited to preach, undertook very unceremoniously to animadvert upon the doctrines which had been preached at the meeting, and the exercises and proceedings generally. It had been arranged that a young brother should follow with a sermon, but the programme was changed, and after a short intermission Brother Berry followed, and dealt as plainly with the stranger as he had dealt with the managers of the meeting. His objections were all met with a force and power which made him tremble like Felix or Belshazzar of old. Mr. Berry wound up by referring to the spirit manifested by Christ whilst here on earth. ‘I admit,’ said he, ‘that Christ was bold, but he was not impudent; he was humble, but not mean.’ Then, pointing his finger toward the preacher, he said, ‘Sir, you are both impudent and mean.’”

I have said that such incidents are to be deprecated. Sometimes, however, impertinent inexperience must receive instruction in a manner which

is by no means agréable to the instructor himself. Theological students, if they are taught nothing else, ought to be taught "how to behave themselves in the house of God."

I have a few personal recollections of Mr. Berry. I first met with him at the meeting of the Cumberland Synod in 1825; or, rather, I met with him on the way to the Synod. Some of his inquiries and conversations are not yet effaced from my mind. They were, however, not of a character to interest any one now. My next recollection of him is connected with the General Assembly of 1845. Twenty years had elapsed. At the latter Assembly he was kind enough, as I thought, to manifest an interest in me which I had not expected. I was then connected with Cumberland College. He spoke of sending his son to the institution, expressing a hope that I might exert some good influence upon him. The young man, however, never came to the College.

In 1846, the Assembly met at Owensboro, in Kentucky. On his way thither he called at my house, and we went together to the meeting. On our way from Princeton, we spent a Sabbath in Madisonville, and he preached. It was a strong and well-expressed sermon. He was very companionable, and we had, of course, a great deal of conversation about men and things. He developed some of his idiosyncrasies. His judgments of some of our men were rather severe. It is certain that the men were not all perfect, and with regard to some of them he had made up his mind very distinctly. The parties have now, however, nearly all passed away. They under-

stand each other, no doubt, better. They were all imperfect while here. We may allow, however, that they were equally honest; all meant well. He preached again at the Assembly, but I preached myself, at another house, at the same hour, and did not hear him. With that Assembly, and our return together to my house, our intercourse closed. His ability was very respectable, and his honesty in his opinions was, I suppose, unquestioned.

Mr. Berry published a sermon in the *Theological Medium*, of 1847, on the law and the gospel, or, man's fall and remedy; and another in the *Medium* of 1850, on the punishment of sin, and how to escape it. He also published, "Lectures on the Covenant and the Right to Church Membership," a volume of three hundred pages, which attracted some attention in their time. He was a good man, and Illinois, especially, ought to cherish his memory.

REV. JOSEPH BROWN ;*

OTHERWISE, COLONEL JOSEPH BROWN.

1823—1868.

JOSEPH BROWN was born in Surrey county, North Carolina, on the 2d day of August, 1772. His father, James Brown, was brought from Ireland to Virginia when seven years old. He shared in the war of the Revolution as a soldier, and was at the same time a pious member and an Elder in a Presbyterian congregation in Guilford county, where he settled when Joseph was an infant. Joseph when very young learned to read, and, according to the custom of the times, committed to memory the Shorter Catechism and the Lord's Prayer. The family lived several miles from the place of worship at which they customarily attended, and Joseph, being the seventh child, did not attend preaching until he was about seven years old. He says of himself: "I asked my father to let me go to church. He consented to take me if I would ride behind him, which I was proud to do. The sermon was preached by Rev. David Caldwell, pastor of the congregation. The subject was, the parable of the rich

* Rev. G. W. Mitchell's Sketch, in the *Banner of Peace*, of 1868; Ramsay's "Annals of Tennessee;" Manuscript Autobiography.

man and Lazarus. Mr. Caldwell dwelt at considerable length upon the time which had intervened between the delivery of the parable and the occasion of the sermon, something more than seventeen hundred years, and upon the fearful truth that the rich man was still in that place of torment, and yet that seventeen hundred years was comparatively nothing to eternity. This, though the first sermon that I ever heard, made such an impression upon my mind that I then and there resolved to serve God whilst I lived. From that time I began to pray in secret, and have kept up the practice through life. I have abundant reason to thank God that I formed such a resolution, and established the habit of secret prayer so early."

In 1788, Colonel James Brown, the father of our subject, attempted to move his family from North Carolina to the Cumberland country. Lands had been allotted to him in Cumberland for military services. An account of this enterprise constitutes one of the bloody chapters of which the history of the settlement of the South-west is largely made up. I quote from Ramsay's "Annals of Tennessee." It seems that the emigrants had penetrated to East Tennessee, and at this point the narrative commences:

"Taking with him to the distant wilderness," says the annalist, "his family, consisting of his wife, five sons, two of whom were grown, and three younger; four small daughters, together with several negroes, he was unwilling to expose them to the dangers of the route through Cumberland Gap, or the more direct but no less unsafe passage over the mountain;

and therefore determined to descend the Tennessee River, and reach Nashville by ascending the Ohio and Cumberland to that place. The boat was built on Holston, a short distance below Long Island. He took the precaution to fortify it by placing oak planks, two inches thick, all around above its gun-wales. These were perforated with port-holes at suitable distances. To these measures of defense was added a swivel placed in the stern. Besides his two grown sons, James and John, Colonel Brown had with him five other young men—J. Bays, John Flood, John Gentry, William Gentry, and John Griffin. These were all good marksmen. The emigrants, or, rather, the adventurers, embarked on the fourth of May. On the ninth, the boat passed the Chickamauga towns about day-break, and the Tus-kigagee Island town a little after sunrise. The head-man, Cuttey Otoy, and three other warriors, came on board there, and were kindly treated. They then returned to their town, from which they immediately sent runners across the mountain to Running Water Town and Nickajack, to raise all the warriors they could get, to ascend the river and meet the boat. The narrative of the capture of the boat, the massacre of most of the passengers, and the captivity of such as survived, will be given in the words of the narrator, the youngest son, the late Colonel Joseph Brown, of Murray county, Tennessee. It contains such a horrid recital of Indian cruelty and barbarism by the savage banditti that so long lay concealed in the fastnesses of Nickajack and Running Water towns—is withal so truthful

and minute in its details of the captivity and sufferings of one of the prisoners, who himself, in the end, piloted the expedition in 1794, which penetrated these mountain recesses, and extirpated the miscreant land-pirates and murderers that infested them—and is, besides, now for the first time given to the public, that no apology is needed for giving it entire without condensation or abridgment.”

I hardly need explain, that Colonel Joseph Brown is the subject of our present sketch. The narrative is a part of the history of the country, and of the terrible experience of one of our good and honored men, and it shall be given in his own words as they are recorded in the Annals, and in the manuscript autobiography which I have in my possession. They substantially agree.

“Only four canoes came meeting us,” says the narrator, “in the current of the river, which at the time was very high. Seven or eight came up through the bottoms, in some ponds, and after the Indians in the four first got on board, the other canoes came out through the cane, and the Indians in them also came on board. The first four came two and two, side by side, holding up white flags, but had their guns and tomahawks covered in the bottoms of their canoes. But as there were forty men in the four canoes, my father ordered them not to come nigh, as there were too many of them. We then wheeled our boat, leveled our swivel, and had our match ready to sink their canoes, when they claimed protection under the treaty, and said, through a man named John Vann, whom they got to come and talk

for them, that it was a peaceable time, and that they only wished to see where we were going to, and to trade with us, if we had any thing to trade on. My father ordered the young men not to fire, as he was coming to an Indian country, and did not wish to break any treaty.

“After they came to us, they appeared friendly until the other canoes came around; and they then began to gather our property and put it into their canoes. My father begged Vann not to let them behave so, and he replied, that the head-man of the town was gone from home, but that he would be at home that night, and would make them give up every thing. He also promised that one of them should go with us, and pilot us over the Muscle Shoals, as the passage was dangerous for boats.

“Before they had finished robbing the boats, however, a dirty, black-looking Indian, with a sword in his hand, caught me by the arm and was about to kill me, when my father, seeing what he was attempting, took hold of him and said, that was one of his little boys, and that he must not interrupt me. The Indian then let me go, but as soon as my father’s back was turned, he struck him with the sword, and cut his head nearly half off. Another Indian then caught my father, and threw him overboard. I saw him go overboard, but did not know that he was struck with the sword; it astonished me, therefore, to see him sink down, as I knew him to be a good swimmer. As this took place in the stern, and my brothers and the other young men were with Vann in the bow, I went to them, and told them that an

Indian had thrown our father overboard, and he was drowned.

“Our boat was landed at the upper end of Nick-ajack, but before it reached the shore, an Indian wanted me to go out of the boat into a canoe, which I refused, not dreaming that I was a prisoner. As soon as we landed, the same Indian brought an old white man and his wife to me, who said, ‘My boy, I want you to go home with me.’ I inquired where he lived, and he said his house was about a mile out of town. I told him that I supposed I could go home with him that night, but that we would continue our journey in the morning. On his saying that he was ready to start, and wished me to go with him, I mentioned to one of my brothers the old man’s wish that I should go with him, and told him that I would return early in the morning, to which he replied, ‘Very well.’

“I had not got half-way to the old man’s house before I heard the report of the guns which were killing my brothers and the other young men, but I thought it was the noise of our guns, probably taken out of the boat to see how they would shoot. I had been at the old man’s house but fifteen or twenty minutes, when a very large, corpulent old woman came in, the sweat falling in big drops from her face, who appeared very angry, and told the white people that they had done very wrong in taking me away, that I ought to be killed, that I would see every thing, and that I would soon be grown, and would guide an army there, and have them all cut off; in short, that I must be killed. This was said in In-

dian, so that I did not understand it, nor what she went on to say, that is, that all the rest were killed, and that her son would be there directly, and would kill me, she knew.

“The old Irishman, however, told me that my people were all killed, but added that I should not be hurt, although the squaw had just told him that her son would kill me immediately. He then directed me to sit on the side of the bed, and getting up, stood in the door, with his face outward, talking all the time to his wife and the old squaw in Indian, which, of course, I did not understand. In about ten or fifteen minutes, the old squaw’s son arrived sure enough, but had not come up the road, so that the old man did not see him till he reached the corner of the house. He asked at once if there was a white man within. The old man answered, ‘No; that there was a bit of a white boy in there.’ To which the Indian replied that, ‘he knew how big I was, and that I must be killed.’ The old white man pleaded for my life, saying it was a pity to kill women and children; but the Indian used the same arguments that his mother had employed—that I would get away when I grew up, and pilot an army there and have them all killed, and that as a matter of self-defense I must be killed at once. This old fellow was a British deserter, who had come to America before the Revolutionary War, and had deserted several times, and had at length got into the Cherokee Nation, having been there about eighteen years. His name was Thomas Tunbridge; he had lived with his wife about sixteen years. She was a

French woman, who had been taken by the Indians when a small girl, and had grown up, and had had children among them before she had an opportunity of returning to her people. Her name, she said, was Polly Mallet. She had had no children from her connection with Tunbridge, but it was an Indian son of hers who took me prisoner. He gave me to his mother, telling her that I was large enough to help her hoe corn. When, therefore, Cuttey Otoy insisted on killing me, old Tunbridge told him that I was his son's prisoner, and he was still in town, and that I must not be killed. No greater insult could have been offered to Cuttey Otoy, for he was a great man, and usually did as he pleased, while Tunbridge's son was only twenty-two years old—a mere boy, in Cuttey Otoy's estimation. Incensed at this insult, he came to Tunbridge with his knife drawn, and tomahawk raised, and asked him if he was going to be the Virginian's friend. In fact, he would have killed him immediately if he had admitted it, but Tunbridge said, 'No,' and stepping back from the door-sill into the house, spoke in English, 'Take him along.' Cuttey Otoy, who was a very large, strong Indian, followed in a rage, and came to me with his knife and tomahawk both drawn; but the old woman begged him not to kill me in the house, to which he agreed, and catching me by the hand, jerked me up and out of the house. Outside of the house were ten of his men surrounding the house and door, and one had in his hand the scalp of one of my brothers, and another those of the other men on a stick. Some had their guns cocked, and others

their knives and tomahawks drawn, ready to put me to death. I requested Tunbridge to beg them to let me have one half-hour to pray, to which he replied that it was not worth while. But they concluded to strip my clothes off, so as not to bloody them, and while they were doing so, the old French woman begged them not to kill me there, nor in the road which she carried water along, for the road passed by her spring. They answered that they would take me to Running Water Town, as there were no white people there, and would have a frolic knocking me over. All this was said, however, in Indian, and I knew nothing of what they were discussing, and as soon as my clothes were off I fell upon my knees, and cried, like dying Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit,' expecting every moment to be my last. But I had not been on my knees more than a minute, when Tunbridge said, 'My boy, you must get up; and go with them; they will not kill you here.' He told me, however, nothing of what they said of having a frolic at Running Water Town.

"We had not gone more than seventy or eighty yards, when Cuttey Otoy stopped his men, and said to them that he could not, and they must not, kill me, as they were his men, and it would be as bad for him, as if he himself had done it; for that I was a prisoner of Poor Job—the French woman's son—who was a man of war. 'Now,' said he, 'I have taken a negro woman out of the boat, and sent her by water to where I live, and if we kill this fellow, Poor Job will go and kill my negro, and

I do not want to lose her; nor could all the Indians in the nation keep him from putting her to death.'

"Now, when Cuttey Otoy spoke thus, the thought of my being one day a man, and leading an army there, and having them killed, had evidently given way to avarice, for the old woman as well as her son wanted the service of the negro. As I knew nothing of what they were saying, I was on my knees trying to give my soul to God, through the merits of the Saviour, and expecting every moment the tomahawk to sink into my skull. At length, the favor shown to Stephen in his dying struggle came to my mind, how he saw the heavens opened, and the blessed Saviour sitting at the right hand of God. I opened my eyes, and looking up, saw one of the Indians, as they stood all around me, smile. Then, glancing my eyes around, I saw that all their countenances were changed from vengeance and anger to mildness.

"This gave me the first gleam of hope. Cuttey Otoy then called to old Tunbridge to come after me, saying that he loved me, and would not kill me then, but that he would not yet make peace with me, but if I lived three weeks, he would be back again, and then make peace with me."

Young Brown had thus passed the crisis. It was a terrible ordeal. He still experienced dangers from the jealousy and suspicions of the Indians. He was taken under the care of one of the head men of the town, named *The Breath*, whom he was directed to call *uncle*. Poor Job, who had captured him, he was

to call *brother*. Under the shadow of these nominal relationships it was thought his life would be in less danger. In April of the next year, after being a captive eleven months, an exchange of some prisoners was made, and he was restored to freedom.

At the time of the disaster upon the river, Mr. Brown, two sons, and two sons-in-law, were killed. Joseph, the subject of this sketch, and a younger brother, three sisters, and their mother, were taken prisoners. The mother and one of the sisters were in captivity about seventeen months; the others were released at the expiration of eleven or twelve months. It seems a merciful and almost a miraculous providence that they all survived the dangers and horrors of their fearful experience among their savage captors.

Several incidents grew out of the connection of facts which has here been presented, in which the reader will feel some interest. The captivity of Joseph Brown extended from the spring of 1788 to the spring of the following year, 1789. On the night of the 30th of September, 1792, an attack was made by about seven hundred Indian braves, as they were boastfully called, upon Buchanan's Station, five miles from where Nashville now stands. The fort contained only fifteen defenders. Still the assailants were repulsed with heavy loss. Among their killed was the step-son of Tom Tunbridge. This was Poor Job, who had captured young Brown on the boat. He had become one of the Indian braves.

In 1794, the celebrated expedition against Nickajack and the neighboring towns took place. It

turned out that what the furious old squaw, the mother of Cuttey Otoy, anticipated and predicted, and what Cuttey Otoy himself seems to have dreaded, was realized. In September of that year, a considerable body of men set out with the view of trying to break up the towns which have been mentioned. They reached the northern bank of Tennessee River after dark on the 12th day of September. The only method of approach to the Indian towns was by swimming the river. A part of the troops remained on the north bank to protect the horses and provisions; a part, who were the better swimmers, made light rafts, upon which they placed their guns, ammunition, and clothes. Colonel Brown says that about two hundred and thirty of the men swam the river in safety, pushing their light rafts before them. He himself, now a grown man, was their guide, fulfilling the prediction of his boyhood, that, "If he were not killed then, he would soon be grown, and would get away, and pilot an army there, and have them all cut off." They penetrated into the heart of Nickajack before they were discovered. The poor Indians thought that the white men must have come down from the clouds, the attack was so sudden, and their fright was so great. Some of those who were captured recognized young Brown, and seemed to be horror-stricken. "At length one woman ventured to speak to him, reminding him that his life had been spared by them, and importuning him to plead now in their behalf. He quieted her apprehensions by remarking to her that they were white people, and did not kill women and children."

The destruction of the Indian towns was complete, and the war soon came to an end, which had been carried on for several years against the frontier settlements with all the atrocities which have commonly attended Indian warfare in this country.

Another incident deserves to be mentioned. I derive it from an Indian tale published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House in 1860. It is intended to illustrate the efficacy of prayer, and is considered reliable authority. Mr. Mitchell also confirms it in his sketch. During the Creek war of 1812, Colonel Brown, now about forty years of age, was with General Jackson in the character of aide-camp and interpreter. He was experienced in Indian warfare, and understood the language of the Creeks. Learning that the old warrior, Cuttey Otoy, who was so anxious to kill him once, when Tunbridge befriended him, and old Breath adopted him, twenty-five years before, was now living on an island in the Tennessee River, he sought an interview with him, when he thus addressed him:

“Cuttey Otoy, you murdered my father and my two brothers when I was a boy. You robbed my poor mother not only of her husband and children, but of all the property she had, and left us orphans, and reduced almost to beggary, cast upon the world without a dollar to keep us from starving, causing us to suffer many hardships and cruelties. For all this you deserve to die, and some of my men would kill you this very moment if they had the opportunity.”

Cuttey Otoy hung his head with shame and re-

morse, and replied, "It is true; I do deserve to be put to death. Do as you please with me." The soldiers around cried out, "Kill him! kill him!" But Colonel Brown was a Christian then, as well as a magnanimous soldier. He replied to the old, cruel warrior, "No, no; although you richly deserve death at my hands, I will not kill you. If I did not, however, worship and serve the Great Spirit who made the sun, the moon, and the stars, and who made us both, I would kill you this moment. But vengeance is His; I will leave you to answer to Him for your crimes; I will not stain my hands with your blood. You are old now, and will soon go down to the grave, and will have to give an account of the life you have led to that Great Spirit."

I bring this eventful episode of twenty-five years' duration in the life of our subject to a close here. In 1796, after the close of the Indian war in which he suffered his captivity, he was married to Miss Sally Thomas, and settled about three miles from Nashville, on White's Creek. Soon after this he united himself with a Presbyterian congregation under the care of Rev. Thomas Craighead, and in a short time was set apart as a ruling elder. His autobiography would leave the impression upon the reader's mind that he considered himself to have been converted in very early life, before he fell into the hands of the Indians, and perhaps from about the time of his hearing the first sermon from Dr. Caldwell. He seems, at least, from about that time to have borne with him always the Christian spirit.

He gives us an account of his first experience with

the jerks. Bodily jerking was one of the remarkable phenomena of the old revival of 1800. Mr. Brown was traveling through the wilderness across Cumberland mountain on some public business. He was in the habit of fasting in those days a considerable portion of each day. One day, on his journey, he turned aside a short distance from the road to give his horse some corn, which he was carrying in a sack for that purpose. While the horse was eating, he kneeled down and engaged in prayer, and while thus engaged, he was seized with a paroxysm of jerking. He regarded it as a visitation from God, and intended to convince gainsayers that the religious movement which was then just commencing in the country was from God. Under that impression he submitted to it, and his remark is, that in the very act of his submission, under the impression mentioned, he began to enjoy more of the light and comfort of religion than he had ever enjoyed before. He occasionally had paroxysms of jerking—not, however, of the most violent kind—through life, and always rejoiced in it as a lesson calculated to keep before the mind an illustration of man's utter helplessness, and, as he expressively says, his "nothingness" in the hands of God.

About this time the great South-western Revival began to develop itself. Mr. Craighead seemed to be in sympathy with the work at first, but soon became an opposer. His congregation was divided. A large party went with the revival ministers, and amongst them was, of course, Mr. Brown. He became an active supporter of the work, and labored

in prayer-meetings and in exhortation, with great efficiency and success.

In 1806, he settled on Lytle's Creek, in Maury county, while the country was yet a wilderness, covered with an undergrowth of cane. It is said that he held the first prayer-meeting that ever was held in the county, and that he called in the whole population of the county, consisting of four men and three women in all. This was a small beginning.

When Rev. Dr. Gideon Blackburn organized the Presbyterian Church in Columbia, in 1810, Colonel Brown was elected one of his elders.

Some time in the year 1812, he joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in which he also served as a ruling elder until he entered the ministry. During all that time he was an earnest and zealous promoter of the great religious interests of his fellow-men. He was in those days what we call a man of business, and, in that respect, a man of the world, but business and worldly interests were kept in subordination to higher considerations. It was understood that his life was in the highest sense a religious life.

About the year 1823, he was set apart to the whole work of the ministry by the Elk Presbytery. He continued a member of that Presbytery until the spring of 1835, when, by appointment, he became a member of the Richland Presbytery, and assisted in its organization. He continued a member of that Presbytery until his death.

Owing to the circumstances of his early life, his education was of necessity limited; still, he was a

good English scholar. His practical education was better than his theoretical. This is the case with a great many of our most successful business men—they are men of the world, but still they are Christians, and can do great good.

In the providence of God, he was blessed with success in the administration of his temporal affairs. He was thus enabled to live comfortably and plentifully at home, and to assist the Church in its necessities. In this latter respect he was zealous and liberal. He had leisure, too, to preach much, and his ministerial labors were remarkably spiritual and useful.

He traveled a great deal, and his custom was to have prayers with families wherever he stopped, if permitted. He adhered to this rule whether amongst acquaintances or strangers. It was generally the case, too, that if there was any thing like a warm religious atmosphere about the houses where he held these services, they terminated with a shout, and a time of rejoicing. In one of his manuscripts he says, "I am now ninety-two years old, and still I try to pray, and ever have tried to pray wherever I have been. Since 1805, only two families have denied me the privilege of praying with them in all my travels in Georgia, both Carolinas, Virginia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky, and Tennessee." It will be thus seen that he carried his testimony through a wide range as well as a long life. Few men in our country have filled up so large a strictly religious measure. Other men have preached more, and have produced

better sermons, but there has never been a man in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church whose personal religious influence has been so extensively felt. In how many thousand families has his voice been heard in fervent prayer! "In this respect," says my authority, with undoubted truthfulness, "he has left a record, we suppose, without a parallel."

For more than five years previous to his death, it was his custom to read the New Testament through every week, and in all that time he said that he had failed in but two readings. A short time before his death he remarked, "Every time I read it, I find new beauties in it. Now, when my hearing is so dull that I cannot enjoy society, it is such a comfort to me to be permitted to read the dear, blessed word of God! Glory!" This latter ejaculation he used, I expect, more frequently than any man of his day. It was his continued note of thanksgiving. Every expression which contained any thing of spirituality ended with his customary "Glory!"

"He lived," says my authority, his honored pastor at the time of his death, "an unblemished life, fulfilling the responsibilities of the various relations of life as but few have ever done. As son, brother, husband, father, master, neighbor, citizen, soldier, Christian, ruling elder, gospel minister, he was above reproach. His piety was uniform, in private, in public, at home, and abroad." What a legacy to a surviving family, and to the Church!

When in his ninety-sixth year, he attended a protracted meeting of about three weeks' continuance, at Mount Moriah Meeting-house, two and a half

miles from his home. He was present at every service except one. Near the close of the meeting he rose in the pulpit, in the course of the exercises with the mourners in the altar at an afternoon service, and delivered the last public exhortation which he ever gave in the house of God. And while he was talking, and urging the trembling mourner to open the door, and let the dear Saviour come in, an old, gray-headed man, following the counsel, was joyfully converted, and rose from his knees praising God for his great deliverance. "Was not this," inquires the narrator, "truly still bringing forth fruit in old age?"

In giving an account of his sickness and death, I quote from Rev. G. W. Mitchell, pastor of the congregation with which he was connected:

"On Saturday before the last Sabbath in January, 1868," says Mr. Mitchell, "I visited him, and spent most of the afternoon in his room. His mind was unusually lucid. He told me he was glad I had come to see him, for he thought that, at the rate at which he had declined for the last few days, he could last but two or three days longer. He told me his wishes with regard to his funeral, left some messages for some of his family and neighbors; said he had made all his arrangements, and was ready and waiting for the Lord to take him to his home and reward. He spoke of his past life, of his labors for Christ, of God's amazing goodness and faithfulness to him; of the preciousness of his word; of what a privilege it had been to him to be a servant of the Lord, and thanked God that he, unworthy as he was, had been

permitted to lift up his voice as a witness for Jesus wherever he had gone, mentioning the cities of Richmond, Washington, New Orleans, and others; mentioning, also, all the States through which he had traveled. He repeated many passages of Scripture appropriate to the circumstances attending; quoted the familiar hymn, 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;' then remarked upon Toplady's prayer, expressed in the sweet hymn,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,' etc.,

repeating the hymn.

"I then read the first chapter of 2 Timothy, whilst he responded, according to the sentiment, 'Thank God!' 'Glory to God!' 'Bless the Lord!' 'Amen!' We then sung his favorite hymn, 'Rock of Ages,' etc., he joining with us in the singing through the hymn. During prayer his soul was on the mount. He seemed to stand in the very gate of heaven. After singing a few more hymns, I left him. This was the last conversation which he had with friends on earth. From this evening he sunk rapidly, and from the next morning ceased to be able to talk. On Tuesday morning, as it turned out, in the providence of God, the 4th day of February, 1868, the anniversary of the organization of the Church of his choice, he died, in his ninety-sixth year. His last articulate expression was his favorite ejaculation, 'Glory!'"

Thus lived and died Joseph Brown, one of nature's noblemen, a singular subject of the providence

and grace of God; a pioneer and leading spirit of the great South-west.

The funeral took place on the following day. The text for the occasion was the triumphant profession of the apostle: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

I have some personal memoranda of Colonel Brown, which I add to the preceding sketch. I first saw him in 1812. My father lived near the old Ridge Meeting-house, in Sumner county, Tennessee. I was a little fellow. It happened on a particular Sabbath that some one preached at the meeting-house. My recollection is that the preacher was William McGee. The family went to meeting, but I was left at home to take care of the house. The meeting was closing with a good deal of interest, and some noise. It was but a short way from the house, and my curiosity prompted me to go over and look through the cracks to see what was going on. A man was passing around among the people near the pulpit, rejoicing, and shaking them by the hand. I learned after the meeting closed that the happy man was Colonel Brown. He was a stranger there, I suppose, to all except my father and the preacher. He came to our house for dinner. He and my father had been fellow-soldiers in the Nickajack expedition. Their meeting that Sabbath was

altogether unexpected, and, it may be supposed, created some mutual interest. This will account, in some degree, for my recollection so distinct of an occurrence far back. It will be observed, perhaps, by those who read these sketches, that I frequently refer to the year 1812, and to the Ridge Meeting-house and its surroundings. My recollections of these are very numerous and very sacred. This year was *one of the years* of my life.

I perhaps saw Colonel Brown occasionally in subsequent years, but have no distinct recollection of a meeting until 1837. That year he attended the meeting of the General Assembly at Princeton. It was in the days of old Cumberland College. From some cause he reached Princeton a few days before the meeting of the Assembly. One of those days was the Sabbath. We customarily had preaching on Sabbath-afternoon in the College chapel, and on that occasion Colonel Brown preached for us. Boys are sometimes hypercritical, but they heard the worthy old man with fine attention, and an obvious feeling of deep respect. He became a member of Cumberland College Association at that meeting of the Assembly, and, I suppose, gave some of his money before he left the place.

Some time previous to 1862, he had executed a note for five hundred dollars to what was then our Board of Education. A stipulation was, that it should be paid in Confederate money. In the spring, or early summer, of that year, he traveled in his buggy all the way from his home, in Giles county, to Lebanon, to pay off that note. No one in Leb-

anon had the note in possession, and, of course, no one felt authorized to receive the money. It seemed to me cruel that he should have taken such a journey, at his age, and still be disappointed. I took the money, or what we thought was the money, and gave him a receipt against the note. It all turned out unfortunately; the money became valueless, but the transaction illustrated the character of the man. A journey of near a hundred miles was made at the age of ninety years, to pay a debt which he considered himself *in good faith* to owe to the Church. His meeting with me on that occasion was very tender and interesting. The interest, on his part, did not seem to arise so much from his relations to myself as from his recollections of his former relations to my father, his old friend and fellow-soldier.

Colonel Brown raised a large and respectable family. Some of them have been pillars in the Church. The majority of them, however, says my authority, together with his aged companion, had gone before, and were awaiting his arrival in heaven. No doubt his long pilgrimage of more than eighty-seven years as an earnest follower of Christ brought him at last to that desired home.

I write this sketch with unusual interest, but still it must have a close. I acknowledge my almost unbounded admiration of such a life and such a character as I have endeavored truthfully to describe here. No human mind can estimate the debt of gratitude which the world owes to such men. They are redeeming spirits of a race mainly given up to selfishness, sottishness, and sin.

REV. REUBEN BURROW, D.D.*

1824—1868.

ALL the facts in the following sketch up to 1852 are derived from a manuscript autobiography, prepared at the request of the Heurethelian Society of Cumberland University, and preserved by them to the present time. The sources of the remaining material are indicated in the customary manner. The autobiographical sketch is preceded by the following letter, which explains itself:

"APRIL 12, 1852.

"To the Heurethelian Society:

"DEAR BRETHREN:—I have penned this sketch rather in compliance with your request than with a view of furnishing any means of perpetuating my name to posterity. Although I have labored hard to do good, regardless of ease and worldly comfort, and always with cheerful resignation, I could now wish my name, and any record of my life, which I feel to have been too unprofitable, might be dropped out of view, and given to oblivion, as soon as I shall have passed from the stage of action. If, however, any thing likely to be profitable in the

* Manuscript Autobiography; Rev. A. E. Cooper; Records of the Elk Presbytery.

future can be gleaned from my checkered life, the following sketch is hereby cheerfully submitted. In relation to my opportunities in early life I have said but little, yet as much as I have intended to say. Touching the means of my support, I have drawn a veil over the subject. I do not wish to leave the impression behind that I place a high estimate upon unrequited labors. Certainly I will not waste my time and strength in complaints. I am very sure the Church ought to do her duty; yet I am by no means certain that those for whom she does most are the men who do most for her prosperity, and for the honor of God. In a word, we ought to do our duty at all hazards, and at whatever sacrifice, committing results into the hands of God. Pursuing this course, we may be certain that he cares for us; in whatever manner that care may develop itself.

“Yours, most fraternally, REUBEN BURROW.”

“I was born A.D. 1798, in the State of North Carolina, Guilford county. My parents, Ishmael and Catharine Burrow, were industrious persons, and moved in the humble walks of life. My father, by religious training, was a Methodist, but did not profess to be an experimental Christian until about the age of forty-five, at which time he connected himself with that Church. My mother was a Lutheran, and had been in connection with that Church from her infancy, and lived in its communion until our removal to Tennessee, but never claimed to know any thing of experimental religion until many years after my father became a member of the Meth-

odist Church. When she became satisfied on that subject, she joined that Church with her husband, and they both continued in its fellowship until their death.

“In 1806, my father, with his family, moved to Tennessee, and spent one year in Smith county. He then moved to Bedford county, and settled near the Three Forks of Duck River. This occurred in 1807. The country was new, and covered with a thick and heavy forest. I was trained to industry, but was surrounded on all sides by dissipation, irreligion, and the desecration of the Sabbath, and for several years the state of society seemed, instead of growing better, to grow worse. There were schools of the common kind, conducted by incompetent teachers, but very little, if any, improvement was made for some time. Consequently, the opportunities afforded for an education were very indifferent.

“We had preaching at an early day by the Methodists and Baptists, but none by either of the Presbyterian Churches until the settlement of Revs. William McGee and Samuel King, near the Three Forks of Duck River, between the years 1810 and 1812. Not long after they settled there, the state of society began to improve. The Lord revived his work through their instrumentality, and a large Church was organized at that place, and others in different parts of the adjoining country. I frequently heard these men preach when a careless and wicked boy, but was never moved by the preaching of any one until after I professed religion. In a tender age I was frequently visited by remorse of

conscience, but the first powerful alarm which I ever experienced I experienced at home, when, in the darkness of night, God shook terribly the earth, in 1812. I then prayed and vowed to the mighty God of Jacob, and continued to be thoughtful for a time, but finally my serious feelings subsided, and I became harder and worse than before. I continued in this condition about eight years, when I was nearly grown. About that time a revival of religion occurred in the neighborhood in my absence, and a number of my acquaintances shared in its blessings. On my return home I witnessed the change. I saw some, who had been my associates in sin but a short time before, actively engaged in the service of the Lord. This caused me to think of changing my course. One evening I visited a pious little family. The man and his wife were my relations, and had been subjects of the late revival. The woman, in passing to and fro, attending to the affairs of her household, inquired after the welfare of my soul. Her words were few, but God directed them to my heart. They were like arrows there, and remained until he who inflicted the wound employed his healing power. That dear woman died soon after this occurrence, went to her reward, and never knew what God had done through her instrumentality that evening at her own quiet fireside. From that moment I vowed to God to seek his grace. In a few days I left that country, and went to what was then called the Western District of Tennessee, with the intention of settling there, but prayed as I went, and after my arrival at my destination, until I found

peace with God in the dreary forest of what is now Carroll county, about twelve miles from what is at present McLemoresville. This occurred in the spring of 1821. That summer I returned to Middle Tennessee, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The congregation to which I attached myself was under the care of Rev. Samuel King.

“In the fall of the same year I was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Elk Presbytery, at Mars’ Hill, in Giles county. The next spring I was sent, with R. D. King,* to the State of Missouri, to travel there while Mr. Ewing was writing his lectures. I was not yet licensed in form, nor was I licensed until twelve months afterward, when I received license in the spring of 1823, in Missouri. The circumstances were the following: It was thought expedient that an intermediate Presbyterial meeting should be held in Arkansas, for the purpose of receiving some young men under the care of the Presbytery. With a view to that end, it was decided to ordain King, and license myself. Consequently, I went with Carnahan,† Long, and King, to White River, where they met, and held their Presbyterial sessions. Several young men were received as candidates for the ministry, some of whom have been long in the field, and have been greatly blessed of God.

“After the close of the sessions of the Presbytery,

* Rev. R. D. King, now of Texas.

† Rev. John T. Carnahan, a pioneer Cumberland Presbyterian minister of Arkansas. He laid the foundation of the Church in that State.

and the camp-meeting which was in progress at the same time, Long returned to his field of labor in Missouri; Carnahan and King went to the settlements on Arkansas River, and left me on White River, where I formed a circuit, and preached until some time in July, when I joined them near Fort Smith, in the upper settlements of Arkansas. We were to hold a series of camp-meetings and sacramental-meetings, extending from that point back to White River. Shortly after I joined them, our first camp-meeting came on. Our pulpit was supported by logs on one side, and Judge Billingsly's fence on the other. Some bushes were spread over our heads to protect us from the heat of the sun. The other accommodations corresponded. There were but three camps, and these were made of rails and covered with bushes. God, however, came down into his broad temple, and lighted it up with his presence; and the little meeting closed with thirty-five rejoicing converts.

"At the close of the meeting I was attacked with chills and fevers, but went with the brethren to the next appointment. The meeting was held on the bank of Arkansas River. There was great excitement, but being sick during the meeting, I cannot remember much of the result, except that it was good.

"The next appointment was in the neighborhood of Crystal Hill, a distance of near a hundred miles from the point where we then were. I was unable to travel on horseback, and Brothers Carnahan and King bought a tan-trough, took the leather out of

it, and converted it into a sort of canoe. They put me into it, in charge of two of the young men who were going to the next meeting, and in that way I was borne upon the surface of the stream, in the heat of summer, under a burning sun, unprotected from its rays, and suffering from a scorching fever, to the next appointment, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by water. This meeting was owned of the Lord as one of his own; there were many converts.

“I soon recovered from my illness, but Brother King was taken sick, and I waited on him as well as I could, until it was necessary for us to set out for the camp-meeting on White River. Brother Carnahan and I left King sick on the bank of Arkansas River, and went to the meeting, a distance of a hundred miles, accompanied by eighteen young persons, some of whom were professors of religion, and the most of those who were not, obtained a hope at the meeting. At the close of this meeting I set out alone, on Tuesday morning, for St. Michael, in the State of Missouri, through a dreary country, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The most of this journey I traveled on foot, as the day I left White River my horse was taken sick, and after my leading him and driving him alternately for some time, he died. By perseverance, however, I reached my destination the day on which our meeting was to commence. Here I met with, and embraced, Brother Long, with tears of joy. Here, also, we realized a refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

“From this place Brother Long and I packed our baggage on his horse, girded on our sandals, and set out on foot for the next appointment; but from weakness and great fatigue I became unable to travel after the first day, and the next morning Brother Long left me sick, as he thought, unto death. The impression was that we should meet no more on this side of the resting-place of the pilgrims. But in the course of two weeks I had so far recovered as to be able to walk about. A dear friend loaned me a horse, and I set out for Presbytery, which was to meet near Father Ewing’s, south of Boonville. On the first day I relapsed, but persevered at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, with a burning fever on me all the way, except a few hours just before and after daylight. When I reached Presbytery, I made a brief report, and went to bed in the house of Father Ewing, a very sick mortal. I remained there some two or three weeks, in the course of which time Brother King, whom I left sick on the bank of Arkansas River, came up with me. After my recovery, we set out for home, after an absence of eighteen months.”

The reader will observe that at this point the progress of the narrative is arrested, and the autobiography goes back to the point of time at which the writer reached Missouri, in the spring of 1822. In this intermediate chapter we have the narrative from the spring of 1822 to the spring of 1823, when he was licensed, and set off with others for Arkansas, where he spent six months, of which we have just had the particulars. The writer says:

“At this point I shall take up this unfinished narrative, and continue it, after narrating what occurred of moment in the State of Missouri from the time of my arrival to that of my licensure and departure for Arkansas.

“The first place at which we* called to rest for more than a Sabbath, after we left Tennessee, was at the house of Father Ewing, who directed us to make our way to a camp-meeting which was to be held, in the course of a week, on Chariton River. He proposed to meet with us at this meeting. The meeting came on, and I thought it one of the most divinely sweet seasons in which I had ever participated, and a great many who came to the place in their sins were delivered from the power of sin, and returned to their homes full of hope. From some cause, however, my mind became enveloped in a cloud which covered me with darkness, and filled me with an unusual kind of feeling which I have no words to express. I was aware of the probable cause, but forbear to mention it, thinking such a course to be best. I will satisfy the curious, however, so far as to say that my state of mind did not arise from any feeling of rebellion in my heart against God, nor from any known sin which I had committed; but beyond this I say nothing. My darkness and distress continued several days and nights without any abatement. Indeed, they only grew worse, until the heavens seemed to be brass, and I feared that God had forgotten to be gracious.

*Himself and Rev. R. D. King.

“In the mean time, I was directed to the western part of the State, to ride and preach on the same circuit with Brother John Morrow. King and myself left the camp-ground together. We had to cross the Missouri River, and while crossing, I became so overwhelmed by my feelings, that I should have fallen in the boat, had I not been supported by a circumstance not necessary to be mentioned here. Finally, we fell in with Morrow, at an appointment at which King preached, and the next morning left us and went on to his destination. Morrow and myself went in company to the next appointment, which was in a settlement on the Missouri River. The service was held in the house of Captain William Jack, who was at that time a captain in the army of Satan. The congregation was composed of sinners, with the exception of two formal professors of religion, Jack’s wife and a colored man. Brother Morrow preached, and called on me to conclude. I was still in darkness, and do not know that I had thought once of attempting to preach, but when Morrow sat down, I rose up, took a text, and commenced talking, and very soon, in my manner, reached the top of my voice. Morrow became alarmed, and trembled for the ark. I had forgotten all but Christ, and the salvation of souls. My darkness was gone, and the place was as awful and sweet to me as the gate of heaven. All in the house were in a state of high excitement, and entered into a solemn covenant to pray in secret night and morning, and seek the Lord, until the camp-meeting at Tabbo, about two weeks from that time. The most

of them professed religion before the time, and came to the meeting happy in the love of God, but Captain Jack was yet groaning under an intolerable burden; but he continued to agonize, as he had done before, until Monday morning, when, as the day dawned, and while he was in his camp lifting up his soul to God in prayer, peace was spoken to his heart, and he came out of his camp praising God, while a heavenly light seemed to be beaming from his countenance. The people collected, and the work of the Lord went on so triumphantly that the people could not be collected that day for preaching at the stand, but fell in all directions, and cried to God for mercy; and many experienced his saving power that day. From the time of my deliverance from my darkness and trouble in the house of Captain Jack, I was happy in the love of God night and day, with scarcely any intermission, for twelve months. The number of converts reported from that circuit at the close of the year was over three hundred.

“There is one more incident which I will mention in this connection. I went some eighty miles down the river, and that distance from my circuit, to attend a camp-meeting. It proved to be one of the Lord’s own meetings, as nearly all camp-meetings were in that day, and many were born of the Spirit on the occasion. At the close of the meeting on Tuesday morning, some brethren, in getting their horses, let mine out, and he ran off. I hunted him for several days, but failed to find him. I then set out in the heat of summer, with my saddle-bags upon my back, for my circuit. The country through

which I had to travel was mostly an open prairie, with only two or three houses on the way. The first day, hungry and thirsty, I traveled on till night, when I came to a small cabin where I was permitted to spend the night; but I was in so much pain, from weary limbs and blistered feet, that I could neither eat nor sleep. The next morning I started again, and traveled until late breakfast-time, when I came to another shanty, where I got some refreshment. There were then thirty-five miles before me to the next house, which was on the border of my circuit. About the middle of the afternoon I reached the edge of a prairie said to be twenty-two miles wide. Forward I went. Night came on; my feet were skinned; but about midnight, I reached the house of a friend. Next morning the good sister applied some soothing plasters to my feet; a message in relation to my distress was sent to Brother Jack, who came with a horse for me, and one for himself. He said to me, 'Take this horse and go on your circuit, and give yourself no uneasiness; I will find yours, if I have to follow him to Tennessee.' So we parted—I to my circuit, and he in pursuit of my horse. In eight or ten days he returned with him.

"I have mentioned this incident as a memorial of Brother Jack, hoping that others, when they see a poor preacher bending under his burden, will extend a hand of relief; and, also, that young men called of God may be stimulated not to flinch from their work, though it should give them pain in the flesh, and sometimes cost them the skin of their feet, but to go, and preach Christ."

The reader will observe that the intermediate chapter here closes. The writer takes up his narrative at the point which he had reached previous to its introduction. That point was the termination of his work in Missouri and Arkansas. He had been in the country eighteen months, having spent a year in Missouri, and six months in Arkansas. He proceeds with his narrative, and says:

“The aid which I received in eighteen months amounted to about fifty dollars in cash, and some articles of clothing.”

Let the money-lovers of the present time observe this; fifty dollars for eighteen months of hard service, and a horse, also, had died. Yet the young preacher held on.

“I shall now return,” says the autobiographer, “and continue my narrative from the time when King and I set out from the house of Father Ewing for Tennessee. My horse having died on my way from Arkansas to Missouri, I bought another with what means I had, without any farther aid from brethren, and borrowed money from King to enable me to pay my way home.

“After my return to Tennessee, I was directed to a circuit which extended through Giles, Maury, Bedford, and Lincoln counties. There I labored for twelve months, though my health was very feeble. Camp-meetings were common in those days, and signally owned by the great Head of the Church. The number of conversions varied from twenty to one hundred, and it was the custom to close on Tuesday morning, whatever the prospects might be.

The circuits were all supplied with preachers, and young brethren were willing to labor as poor circuit-riders. There was no difficulty in finding laborers. While this was the state of things we had gracious outpourings of the Spirit, revivals were common, and the cause of Christ was triumphant. But when the circuits began to be neglected, and the young preachers too refined, and think themselves too talented to travel as circuit-preachers, camp-meetings began to decrease in numbers and usefulness, and worldly-mindedness and pride to seize upon both ministers and people. Camp-meetings are almost numbered with things of the past, and circuits have been given up to be *trodden down of the Gentiles*. There can be no sound objection to an increase of riches and knowledge in the Church of Jesus Christ; but worldly-mindedness and pride are to be watched as the mantle in which Satan will clothe himself when he approaches the temple of God. I am inclined, however, to wander from my narrative, and will return.

“In the fall of 1824,* as well as I recollect, I was

*I derive the following from the records of the Elk Presbytery: “Reuben Burrow was received as a candidate for the ministry at Mars’ Hill, Giles county, Tennessee, October 3, 1821. The first text assigned him was John viii. 36. At the same Presbytery, an order was passed, directing him to travel with Rev. Robert D. King, on a Missionary tour in Missouri. He was ordained at Shiloh, Bedford county, Tennessee, April 24, 1824. The text of his trial-sermon was Rom. i. 16. Rev. James B. Porter preached the ordination-sermon, from 2 Tim. iv. 2; Rev. Samuel King presided and gave the ‘charge.’” The reader will remember that he was licensed in Missouri.

ordained by the Elk Presbytery, where I continued to labor until directed by the old Synod* to another field. In the fall of 1825, the Synod resolved upon the establishment of the first College of the Church. The College was organized in the spring of 1826, and in the fall of that year it was decided by the Synod to send out agents for the purpose of collecting funds for its benefit. Brother Albert G. Gibson † and myself were directed to the Carolinas. We started the same fall of 1826, and traveled through East Tennessee, preaching as we went. The ministers traveling in East Tennessee at that time were, George Donnell, Abner W. Landsden, William Smith, Samuel Aston, and the two Tates. They met with much opposition, but were much aided by the Lord. On our way we made an appointment for a camp-meeting east of Greeneville, to be held ten months from that time, on our return to the West, and also an appointment for a two-days' meeting in Abingdon, Virginia, to be held the week before the camp-meeting. We then proceeded on our way over the mountains to North Carolina. This was a new field for Cumberland Presbyterians, and they were a new people without congregations, or houses of worship. Of course we found it impossible to

*Cumberland Synod, before the organization of a General Assembly.

† Rev. Albert G. Gibson commenced the ministry some time about the year 1820, or 1821. He attended the meeting of Cumberland Synod for the first time in 1822. He was raised, and spent his life chiefly, in Tennessee. His labors were chiefly confined to Lincoln county, in which he lived.

collect much for the College, and we concluded to give ourselves to the ministry of the word. We sent forward appointments, as well as we could, through the State, and went on until we reached the Atlantic. In the city of Raleigh, while we preached, the Lord came down in great power, and the large assembly appeared to be excited throughout. A gracious revival was the result, as we heard after our departure for Newbern and Wilmington. In Wilmington nothing special appeared, but in Newbern and in Fayetteville the Lord was present in a remarkable manner; but being in the midst of strangers, and occupying houses of worship belonging to others, we did not call the awakened to the anxious seat. From Fayetteville we went into South Carolina, and spent several weeks, chiefly in York District. Passing from thence, we spent our time, to the latter part of the summer, in North Carolina and Virginia, confining our labors mostly to Guilford, Orange, Caswell, and Rockingham counties in North Carolina, and to Patrick and Henry counties in Virginia. Here the field appeared white unto harvest, and many found peace in the Son of God. We were often and warmly urged to organize congregations, but declined doing so.

“On our way to the West we attended the appointment at Abingdon, where we met with Brother Aston. The bell was ringing for worship when we arrived. The first day’s service closed with a good degree of interest. On Sabbath there were clear and manifest displays of the Divine presence and power, which continued to increase until many hearts found

peace. Brother Sparks,* who left our Church, and connected himself with the New School Presbyterians in Pennsylvania, was awakened at this meeting, and professed religion at the camp-meeting near Greeneville, the week following. On Sabbath-evening of the meeting at Abingdon, when we went into the pulpit to commence the service, we found a letter in the Bible, directed to C. P., with a request, 'Read it before you preach.' The writer stated that he was a great sinner, and that he had been awakened in the course of the service that day. He requested us to pray for him, adding that at a suitable time he would make himself known. At the close of the service many of the people remained in the house, as if unwilling to leave. This young man, Sparks, approached us, and said that he was the man who wrote the letter. We gave him some counsel, and parted with him. Shortly after, being seated at the house of the friend with whom we lodged, a messenger came for us to go into town. When we reached the place to which we were called we found a house filled with people crying to God for mercy. We remained with them until a late hour of the night, when we left, promising to meet them

* Rev. Samuel Sparks, after his ordination, went to Pennsylvania, and labored there for some years, but becoming dissatisfied with his Church relations from some cause, he determined to change them; and the disruption in the Presbyterian Church taking place about that time, he united himself with the New School division of that Church. The understanding is, that the change was perhaps unfortunate for his happiness as well as for his usefulness.

at the same house early next morning. We met them in the morning, and after much exhortation and prayer, we left them for the camp-meeting near Greeneville, seventy-five miles distant. On Friday, at the first public service, Sparks, from Abingdon, and another young man who came with him, were present. They had walked all the way. They both found peace at the camp-meeting, and returned to Abingdon, and went to work for the promotion of the good work at home.

“The meeting in Greene county was very interesting. Forty or forty-five persons professed religion up to Tuesday morning, and a great many afterward. From this place we traveled westward, and attended several sacramental and camp-meetings on our way, which were mostly precious seasons. The funds collected for the College were paid over. The sum was small, and we were released from that agency with a reprimand, and without any compensation for services, although we had each expended in the trip about seventy-five dollars.

“In the spring of 1827, I returned alone, and labored in East Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia until fall. On my return through Abingdon I had Brother Sparks for a traveling companion to the West.

“On the 5th day of February, 1828, I was married to Elizabeth Bell, of Franklin county, Tennessee, and lived in Giles county, near Pulaski, until the fall of the same year, when I moved, and settled in Madison county, where I now live.

“After the old Cumberland Synod was superseded

by the General Assembly, and Cumberland College had been in operation some years, a correspondence was opened between Rev. F. R. Cossitt, President of the College, and some persons in Western Pennsylvania, on the subject of the Assembly's sending some missionaries to that country. The correspondence was commenced by an application on the part of those persons for a visit of some Cumberland Presbyterian preachers. These communications were brought before the General Assembly of 1831, and urged upon its consideration. The result was, that five ministers were directed to go to that country as soon as practicable. The five selected were, Robert Donnell, Alexander Chapman, A. M. Bryan, John Morgan, and Reuben Burrow. Chapman, Bryan, and Morgan went through Ohio; Brother Donnell and myself went through East Tennessee and North Carolina, and thence to Pennsylvania. The first point at which we halted to preach was Greensboro, the county-seat of Guilford county. Here we held a meeting in the old Academy and surrounding yard. The congregation was large, attentive, and serious. We closed on Sabbath-evening with twelve converts, leaving between eighty and ninety penitent mourners. The interest was followed up, however, by the Methodists and Presbyterians, and resulted, as we were afterward informed, in four hundred or five hundred converts. At some other places our meetings were of nearly equal interest, and such was the urgency of the people in many places that we should organize congregations and remain with them, that we at one time concluded to

separate, one remaining, and the other going on to Pennsylvania. But when the time for separation came we changed our minds, determining to remain another week, and then to go, both of us, to the North. From that point to Washington, Pennsylvania, near which we held our first camp-meeting, the distance was between four hundred and five hundred miles. The brethren who went through Ohio had been laboring for some time in the field to which we were all directed, and the camp-meeting at which we had agreed to meet was in progress when we arrived. The congregations were very large and attentive, and hundreds came forward at each call for mourners. The meeting closed on Tuesday morning, giving two hundred and fifty as the number of conversions, as well as now recollected. We held another camp-meeting, which closed with one hundred conversions. The other meetings were of two and three days' continuance, and mostly very interesting. Congregations were organized, and Brothers Morgan and Bryan remained, and Brothers Donnell, Chapman, and myself returned to the West. This was the introduction of our branch of the Church into Pennsylvania and Ohio. Two* of these dear brethren, Chapman and Morgan, have long since gone to their rest and reward. Brother Donnell and I attended the meeting of the Franklin Synod at Lebanon on our way

*The others are now also gone. Dr. Burrow himself was the last. Donnell, Morgan, and Bryan are noticed in the preceding series of Sketches; the others, Chapman and Burrow, in this.

homeward. A gracious revival followed the meeting of the Synod, and some of those who are now the old members of the congregation professed religion on that occasion.

“At the time Father King visited the Churches in the South, in the years 1834 and 1835, Brother William H. Bigham and myself made an excursion to the State of Missouri, and spent four or five months in preaching there. This was about twelve years after my first visit to that country. We spent most of the time in the congregations where I had devoted the morning of my life. Nothing of special interest occurred in this tour, except that some of the camp-meetings and sacramental-meetings were favored with the Divine blessing.

“In the spring of 1847, I went again to the State of North Carolina, visiting some portions of that country where I had labored before. This tour was undertaken at the solicitation of some of the old ministers of the Church, and in compliance with a pressing call from brethren in that country who had united with our Church, through the agency of some young men who had left them in a state of destitution after organizing them into congregations. I found the state of things greatly changed. The converts of 1831, and of former days, having despaired of any permanent organization and supply from our branch of the Church, had united with others, whose leaders had not failed to instill prejudice into their minds against those whom God had honored as the instruments of their conversion. I became fully satisfied, however, that all this might

have been easily overcome, if we could have had faithful men permanently in that field. But men who have been raised in the West cannot be easily induced to locate in a country so old, while the field is both large and white unto harvest in the West, North-west, and South-west.

“Brothers Carson P. Reed* and J. Kirkland came on when I had been in North Carolina four or five weeks, and we were all urged to remain there. We all left, however, for the West about the same time. Brother Kirkland and I spent some time in East Tennessee, where we found many flourishing congregations and faithful ministers of our denomination, who were doing well.

“In the course of my labors in North Carolina, I found, from first to last, that our doctrines were more popular with the members of the Presbyterian Church than their own, and in many instances they so expressed themselves freely. On one occasion a Church-session urged us to organize, and proposed that they and the congregation would unite with us in a body. We, however, declined taking such a step.

“Since my return home, in 1847, my labors have been mostly confined to Tennessee and Mississippi,

* Rev. Carson P. Reed entered the ministry more than fifty years ago. He attended the Cumberland Synod for the first time in 1822. He lived a long and useful life, greatly beloved and honored, and died but a few months ago. He was born October 28, 1798, and died December 2, 1872. He was one of the representative men of the denomination which he served so long and so faithfully.

in visiting and preaching to the more destitute, and in some cases visiting remote destitutions. During the course of my ministry my labors have been chiefly itinerant, and in no one place have I been stationary long; and now, while I am penning these lines, and thinking upon the past, I feel no disposition to wish that the circumstances which have surrounded me had been materially different from what they have been. Though I have done but little, I have done what I could."

I offer no apology for introducing this sketch substantially in the words of the subject himself. Dr. Burrow described his own life and labors better than they could have been described by another. Many of his friends, too, who will read this work, will prefer that he should have spoken for himself.

It will be observed that the sketch comes up to 1852. In February of this year a Theological Department was established in connection with Bethel College, at McMoresville, Tennessee, and Mr. Burrow was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology. He commenced his labors in that department immediately after his appointment. In the fall of 1852, having moved to McMoresville, he took charge of the congregation there as its pastor, and continued his labors in that capacity until 1864.

Some time in 1853, or 1854, he received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity from Bethel College.

From 1853 to 1864, by a special arrangement, he preached one Sabbath in each month to Shiloh Congregation, which was in the meantime under the pastoral care of Rev. A. E. Cooper. I have said

that this was a "special arrangement." It was also mutual.

In 1863, he lost his wife, after a union of more than thirty-five years. Some time in 1867 he began to be afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. The immediate cause of the disease was, most probably, his severe ministerial labors in the latter years of his life. During a few of those years, it was said by his friends that he preached with more spirituality and power than had been usual with him for years before. He was always spiritual and powerful, but he seemed to have received a new baptism of the Spirit for the closing out of his work. His disease ultimately assumed a dropsical form, and after great suffering, and confinement to his room for five months, his active and useful life came to a close, on the 13th of May, 1868. He died at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. McGowen, in Shelby county.

Dr. Burrow lost three sons in the course of the late cruel war. The oldest of the three was Rev. Aaron Burrow, a highly educated and very promising young man. His loss was deplored as a public calamity. I felt it very deeply myself. Of the others the writer knew nothing. A daughter has died since the death of her father. Five children still survive—two sons, and three daughters. One of the sons is a minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

In 1845, Dr. Burrow published a small volume on the subject of Baptism. He also had several public discussions with Baptist ministers on the vexed question. At Denmark, in Madison county, he had

a discussion with the redoubtable Rev. J. R. Graves, now Rev. Dr. Graves, of Memphis; at McLemoresville, with Rev. J. M. Hurt, and in Mississippi, with Rev. Mr. Latimore. The account of my informant is, that "he vindicated Pedobaptist principles triumphantly." I suppose candid Baptists would have allowed that he was very strong upon the question of Baptism.

He was also an extensive contributor to the *Theological Medium*. He wrote largely for that work, upon the subject of Sanctification; also, upon other subjects of general doctrinal interest. Upon the doctrine of Sanctification he was understood to hold views slightly variant from the views of many of his brethren, and from the general Presbyterian view of the subject. No one, however, doubted his fidelity to what he regarded as the truth.

Dr. Burrow and myself belonged to what I have been in the habit of regarding the third generation of Cumberland Presbyterian ministers. He was somewhat my senior in age, and about as much my junior in the great work of our lives. I saw him for the first time at the meeting of the old Cumberland Synod at Princeton, Kentucky, in 1825. We were for a year or two members of Hopewell Presbytery, in Western Tennessee, previous to my going to Kentucky in 1830. We were never intimately associated, yet I heard him preach often. He was unquestionably one of the strongest men in the pulpit that the Church ever produced. He was both intellectually and physically a powerful man. The reader will be able to form some idea of his capacity

of physical endurance from his own account of his labors and trials in the preceding sketch. Nor did he spare that strength. Evidently it was always at the service of the Church. Through good report and evil report, he was always at his post.

Firm as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

Dr. Burrow and myself did not always agree in our views of Church polity, nor exactly in our modes of interpreting one or two points in theology. After the year 1852, we were placed, too, in unhappy relations to each other. Feelings which should never exist between Christian men laboring for a common great end may have sometimes grown out of these relations. If it were so, all such feelings are buried now, and I take the highest pleasure, here in my place, in bearing my unequivocal testimony to his great ministerial and personal worth.

Dr. Burrow was on three occasions Moderator of the General Assembly—in 1836, at Nashville, Tennessee; in 1840, at Elkton, Kentucky; and in 1850, at Clarksville, Tennessee. And on four several occasions he opened the Assembly with the customary sermon—at Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1838; at Owensboro, Kentucky, in 1841; at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1851; and at Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1855. He has left a noble record. The young men of the Church may well profit by his example.

REV. JOHN BEARD.*

1826—1866.

JOHN BEARD was born December 25, 1800, in Sumner county, Tennessee. His parents were David and Jane Wallis Beard. His grandfather, Captain David Beard, emigrated from Bedford county, Virginia, two or three years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and settled first in Kentucky, where he spent one year; he then moved to Tennessee, and, after being unsettled a few years, located in Sumner county, about seven miles from where Gallatin now stands. Captain Beard was a Revolutionary officer, and commanded a company of volunteers in the regiment of the famous Colonel Lynch, from whom Lynchburg received its name, and who is said also to have given name to what we popularly term Lynch-law. This company shared with their regiment in the battle of Guilford Court-house, and likewise in the siege of Yorktown. At the close of the battle at Guilford Court-house, in the retreat of the Americans, a fellow-officer of Captain Beard was shot down at his elbow, and he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. In his old age he frequently referred to the adventure with thrilling interest. In Tennessee his eldest son was

* J. N. Beard; Minutes of Nashville Presbytery.

killed by the Indians; his other sons he succeeded in settling around him. John Beard was the eldest child of his parents. His boyhood was spent with the younger brothers, on his father's farm. His early educational advantages were limited. Reading, writing, and arithmetic constituted the educational course in the neighborhood, and in the country generally; and the time spent in these was what could be spared from the farm. The girls could go to school in the summer, but the boys were confined to farm-work until after the crops were *laid by*, and then again there was another season of labor in gathering the crops, and after that, their school-days extended through the winter. Those were good days for promoting industry, economy, rural simplicity of living; but not favorable to advanced education. Good spelling was a distinguished attainment; the committing of the catechism to memory was a daily, or rather a nightly, exercise; English Grammar was hardly thought of, and the Rule of Three, as it was then called, was the general limit in the study of arithmetic. The people labored all week, and as many of each family as could be provided with conveyances attended church on Sabbath. If a casual sermon was to be heard in the immediate neighborhood, all, except the aged and infirm, generally went on foot—the boys and girls, in the summer, barefooted, or carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, in order to save them, until they came to some suitable point near the congregation, where they were accustomed to stop and complete their equipage. In a state of society of this kind,

as near as a hasty description can reach, John Beard spent his boyhood. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, and raised their family with great care. Rev. William Hodge, pastor of Shiloh Congregation, to which the family belonged, customarily preached in the neighborhood once or twice a year, and catechised the children of members of the congregation. On these occasions infant baptism was administered to children that could not be conveniently taken to the church, which was several miles distant. David Beard's house was frequently used for these religious assemblages. Scarcely any thing was wanting to the promotion of morality and good order. John Beard could hardly have grown up otherwise than a well-behaved and good boy. He was such in a very high degree—a model of morality, filial obedience, and industry.

In the meantime, the Cumberland Presbyterians were making progress in the country, and on the 20th of August, 1820, he professed religion at one of their camp-meetings at Stoner's Creek, in Wilson county. He had been serious, and deeply engaged on the subject of religion, for two or three months. A characteristic anecdote is told of him, which grew out of this part of his history. Some years after these occurrences, some ministers were holding a meeting at a church near the neighborhood in which he was raised, and some young men of rather unpromising character were professing religion in what seemed to the old-fashioned observers to be too short a time. A gentleman of the neighborhood, who

was not himself a professor of religion, and, moreover, not very well versed in those matters, observed the new order of proceeding, and decided earnestly that those young men were not converted at all—that the thing was out of the question. His argument was, that it took little John Beard* three months to *get religion*, and that he never did any thing wrong. The conclusion was, that these bad boys, who had so many misdeeds to account for, must be deceived when they thought of settling up the question in two or three hours.

Of course, the reasoner knew very little about the day of Pentecost, or the case of the jailer. It indicates, however, the estimate in which the subject of this sketch was held in the community in which he was brought up.

After his profession of religion, the question of a choice between Churches, of course, came up. He very properly sought the counsel of his parents, and they as properly submitted the matter to himself, advising him to unite himself with the Church in which he thought he would be most happy and most useful. The result was, he selected the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and connected himself with the Dry Fork Congregation in February, 1821.

On the first day of April in the same year, he was

*The good old people sometimes called our subject *Little John Beard*, rather than otherwise as a sort of affectionate and parental interest in him. The epithet, too, was descriptive enough of his exterior. In this respect he was a small man.

received as a candidate for the ministry by the Nashville Presbytery. The Presbytery held its sessions at that time at Moriah Meeting-house, in Rutherford county. After being received as a candidate, he spent some months at school in Gallatin, under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Bayne, a pious and well-qualified teacher of the Presbyterian Church. At this school he made his principal preparation for his work, in addition to his early education, which has been described.

He was licensed as a probationer for the ministry by the Nashville Presbytery, on the third day of April, 1823, and ordained on the sixth of April, 1826.

While a candidate for the ministry, he spent one winter with the writer on a circuit in what was then called the Western District of Tennessee. It is now Western Tennessee. The country was new; we were compelled often to make long rides; the houses were sometimes open; and occasionally the fare was hard. Still, I suppose we both felt that we were laboring under a providential and spiritual appointment, as well as the appointment of the Church, and the order of things in those days, on the part of the young men, was *to obey*; and we did try to obey, although compelled to confront showers of rain, heavy snows, and deep, and often overflowing streams.

After his licensure, he traveled as a circuit-rider, with very slight intermissions, four years and a half. His labors were greatly blessed during that time. Few men were more useful in that department of

service, and certainly few were more beloved, in those years, than he.

In the spring, or early summer, of 1827, the last year of his service as an itinerant preacher, he visited, with some one else, the Charity Hall institution, in the Chickasaw Nation of Indians. These visits were made by appointment of the Cumberland Synod. On his return homeward, he called at McMoresville, in Western Tennessee. I was making my home at McMoresville at the time, and the chief object of his call was a visit to myself. He reached there sick, and immediately went to bed. It proved to be a protracted and dangerous illness. It was thought for several days that he would die. He rallied, however, and after a few weeks was able to prosecute his journey homeward. The trial from his sickness was greater from the fact that before he left home he had made an engagement to be married, and the day was fixed upon, time being allowed for his return. It turned out that when the appointed day arrived, he was in his sick-bed at McMoresville. Of course, he seemed to himself to recover very slowly. Through several long and weary weeks I waited at his bedside myself, watching the lazy symptoms of his recovery. He did recover, however, and reached home, and the marriage, although having been delayed, was consummated. He married Miss Margaret S. Cloyd, daughter of the Rev. Ezekiel Cloyd, of Wilson county, Tennessee. The Rev. David Foster performed the marriage-service.

Soon after his marriage, he settled at Suggs's Creek,

and took charge of that and Stoner's Creek Congregations. Mr. Foster had been his predecessor in these congregations for twenty years. He was now, however, preparing for a removal to Illinois. The successor labored in Suggs's Creek Congregation nineteen years. My informant says, "During this time many precious camp-meetings were held; a number of revivals occurred; hundreds of souls were converted, a goodly number of whom afterwards became able and useful ministers of the gospel."

In the fall of 1832, he settled in the Stoner's Creek neighborhood, still ministering to the same two congregations, until the spring of 1848, when he moved to Illinois. The want of adequate support, and the demands of a growing family, sent him westward.

After one or two unimportant removals in Illinois, he settled at Cherry Grove, where he became a member of the Rushville Presbytery. Here he labored with his accustomed activity and zeal, until the spring of 1859, when he moved to Missouri, where he found a field of usefulness in the bounds of the Lexington Presbytery. Here he remained a year and a half, and in the fall of 1860, when listening to the calls for help from the opening settlements in Kansas, he removed thither, and became a member of Kansas Presbytery. Here he labored, extending the usefulness of himself and family among the enterprising population of this new and opening country as far as he was able. In process of time the Kansas Presbytery was divided, and the Leavenworth Presbytery was constituted. He be-

came a member of the new Presbytery. It held its first meeting according to appointment; but previous to the second appointed meeting, he, with another member, was called to his rest. As a matter of history, it may be mentioned that the death of these two members left the Presbytery without a quorum. Other ministers, however, have come in, and the Presbytery has been reinstated, and is doing a good and vigorous work.

A short time before his death, he had been preaching regularly to four congregations—Round Prairie, in the bounds of which he lived; Wolf River, forty miles distant; Pleasant Grove, eight miles distant; and High Prairie, twelve miles distant—besides doing much outside work at other points. The field was so large, the *harvest so white*, and the laborers so few, that he felt himself urged to more ministerial labor than one of his age could long endure.

On Saturday, July 28, 1866, in holding a sacramental-meeting, assisted by another minister, he preached his last sermon. The meeting was held at Pleasant Grove, near Atchison City, and the sermon is said to have been one of more interest and power than usual. He went home on Monday, and immediately to his bed, from which he never arose a well man. He became very sick. A physician was called in; then another; and still a third. No permanent relief, however, was afforded. From affliction of the throat he spoke but little, and with difficulty. A few hours before his death he had some select Psalms read, and songs sung, which seemed to give him great spiritual comfort. He then had his family

and friends present gathered around him, and gave each one a parting word, asking all to meet him in heaven. In a few hours more he breathed his last, on the 15th of August, 1866, universally lamented by his friends and acquaintances. I would suppose he had no enemies.

My personal knowledge of John Beard was, of course, very intimate. We were near the same age, he being but about a year the younger. Our early boyhood was spent almost together. In those years I lived with my grandfather, and his father's home was but a few hundred yards distant. We went to school together to my father's unpretending school, when we could be spared from the labor of the farm. We went to mill together, and on the Sabbath, when both families were gone to the customary meetings, we sometimes met and talked over our reading. He was always fond of reading hymns, and read the hymn-book a great deal on the Sabbath, whilst I read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Travels of True Godliness." He was three years behind me in his profession of religion, and the same length of time in his entrance upon the ministry. In our ministerial work, with the exception of the six months with me on the circuit which I have mentioned, we were far separated, but I still knew him well, and kept up with the history of his work. With his local ministrations, labor on a farm for the support of his family, I believe, was always connected. It was so, at least, while he lived in Tennessee. He thus labored through the week, and preached on Sabbath. He was always beloved, and

notwithstanding the difficulties he must have encountered in preparing his sermons, he was always heard with interest and pleasure. In fact, as far as his pretensions went, when in the prime of life, he was one of the best preachers of his day. He never aspired to greatness or leadership, yet, whilst most men fall below their pretensions, he was generally above the line which he had fixed for his measure. The wonder always was, that he could preach so well. In all the relations of life he was a model. He respected his parents, and as a brother, husband, and father, he filled up his obligations with a kindness and fidelity which are unusual.

His widow and five of his children still live. A son and daughter preceded him to the grave. Both of these promised usefulness, but were cut down in early life. One of his sons graduated at Cumberland University several years ago, and another is, and has been for several years, the endowing agent of Lincoln University, in Illinois. They are worthy representatives of one of the best of fathers.

With interest I add the following to what I have written of this good man. He kept a record of his work. According to this record, he administered two hundred and ninety-four infant baptisms; two hundred and eight adult baptisms; married one hundred and twenty couples; and preached three thousand seven hundred and ninety-two sermons.

John Beard had a younger brother, Adam Meek Beard, who entered the ministry, and promised usefulness, but died in early life. His remains lie in the old family burying-ground in Sumner county.

A modest head-stone tells of his birth, something of his life, and of what seemed his premature death. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

REV. LABAN JONES.*

1827—1848.

LABAN JONES was born in Frankfort, Hampshire county, Virginia, March 6, 1796. His parents were respectable, and in early life he enjoyed the advantages of religious training and parental restraint. His father and mother were Daniel and Rosanna Jones. His grandfather, John Jones, was for a long time a worthy and devoted member of the Methodist Church, in Virginia. His house was for many years the home of the preachers, as well as a place of religious worship.

Daniel and Rosanna Jones had ten children, eight sons and two daughters. Laban was the fifth son, and in his earlier life was trained to agricultural pursuits. About the year 1816 he lost his father. Of course this was a heavy blow upon a large and dependent family. Previous to the death of his father, however, when he was about eight years old, the family moved, and settled in Henderson county, Kentucky. Here they remained several years. Mr. Jones, on the side of his father, seems to have been connected with families of high character in Virginia. His maternal ancestry were of German origin, and from time immemorial have been distinguished

* "Memoir of Jones and Irving," by Rev. Jesse Anderson.

for their quiet and unobtrusive devotion to Christianity.

Mr. Jones's educational advantages were very favorable, for the times. In addition to a fair English education, in 1812 he commenced the study of Latin, in Henderson, with Mr. William Thompson. Mr. Thompson's school, however, was, from some cause, soon discontinued.

In 1813, he resumed his studies under the tuition of Rev. William Grey, a Presbyterian minister, who taught in Morganfield, Union county. With Mr. Grey he seems to have devoted his attention to English pursuits. The author of the Memoir says he abandoned the study of Latin, and did not resume it until after he entered the ministry. About this time the family moved to Union county, and settled on a farm about four miles from Morganfield, near the Henderson road. Also, about the same time in 1814, he went to Virginia, for the purpose of acquiring a better education. The author of the Memoir says he went under "unfavorable circumstances." We do not know what those circumstances were. He went, however, to Winchester and Martinsburg, wrote in a Clerk's office, and commenced the study of law. He could not have devoted much attention to the enlargement of his education.

In 1815, he returned to Kentucky, and lived with his parents for several years—or, rather, for the most of those years, with his mother, dividing his time between labor on the farm, history, the English classics, and law. In 1816, upon a certificate from the County Court of Logan county, he was licensed

and permitted, as counsel and attorney-at-law, to practice law at all the superior and inferior courts in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It is supposed, too, that he commenced the practice of law in Morganfield, near to which his family resided. In 1819, he obtained license to practice law in the State of Indiana. It seems doubtful, however, whether he ever carried his practice into that State.

About the year 1820, an event occurred which changed the whole current of Mr. Jones's life. He professed religion under the ministrations of Rev. Henry F. Delaney. Mr. Delaney himself had been a prominent lawyer a number of years in South-western Kentucky. At some time previous to 1820, he had professed religion, had renounced the practice of law, and entered upon the work of the ministry, and in a few years became one of the most powerful and useful ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Such an example would naturally have its influence upon a young convert of ardent, and earnest, and devoted mind. It was characteristic, too, of Mr. Jones, as we shall see, that he did nothing by halves. He at once abandoned his purposed and cherished pursuit—a pursuit which men in this country then considered, as they do now, the stepping-stone to wealth and fame, and determined to forego all its prospects “for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.” His whole mind and heart were directed at once to what he had determined to make the pursuit of his life. He traveled as he had opportunity with ministers of the gospel into different parts of the country, and ex-

exercised his gifts in exhortation and prayer, and in these exercises succeeded so well that he became encouraged himself to hope for future usefulness, and his friends became satisfied that the work of the ministry was that to which God in his providence and by his Spirit was calling him.

Whilst the mind of Mr. Jones was thus exercised, and he was making his arrangements for an entrance upon the great work of his life, an incident occurred which was so remarkable, and so trying, that it cannot be overlooked in this sketch. On the 22d day of November, 1822, he was traveling from where he lived up the country, probably to Frankfort, the capital of the State, and about a mile from Hardinsburg, in Breckinridge county, he was met by three desperadoes. These men, it seemed from subsequent development, had been lying in wait for the sheriff of some one of the lower counties, whom they expected to pass that way to Frankfort with the county revenue. Their purpose was to murder the sheriff and take possession of the money. Mr. Jones passed on horseback with saddle-bags about the time they were expecting the sheriff, and not knowing him, or the sheriff for whom they were watching, personally, they supposed him to be the man who was carrying the money. He saw them, but thought of no danger, until one of them seized the rein of his bridle, the others standing one on each side of his horse, and communicated to him the terrible intelligence that they intended to rob and murder him. They took him off into a secluded ravine, in order that undisturbed they might carry out their purpose.

On examining his saddle-bags for their contemplated booty, however, they found but a few dollars in money, a pocket-Bible and a hymn-book. The finding of the books, especially, satisfied them that they had made a mistake in the man. The sum of money, too, made it evident that their prisoner was not the sheriff. A difficulty at once arose in relation to what they should do with the man who was in their power. It can be readily understood. If they gave him his liberty he might inform upon them, and have them arrested. Still, they had no motive, aside from their own safety, for taking his life. In the first consultation, two were for his death, whilst the third was for liberating him. The prisoner pleaded for his life; the heart of a second was moved. They then agreed that if Mr. Jones would swear upon his Bible not to disclose the matter for two years they would let him go, adding that in two years they expected to secure money enough, and would then relinquish all such business. He subscribed to the proposition; they gave him back ten dollars of his money, and bade him go.

It was now his time for doubt and hesitation. He felt that he ought to inform upon the outlaws, and have them arrested in their course of wickedness. Again, he felt restrained by the stipulations into which he had entered, and especially by the oath he had taken upon his Bible. After mature reflection, and conference with those in whose judgment and casuistry he confided, he disclosed the whole matter. The men were arrested and tried, and lodged in the penitentiary of Kentucky. Of

course there will be different views of the propriety of Mr. Jones's course in this affair. There can be but one view of its morality. These men were out-laws, professional robbers and murderers. They were enemies to society, and his primary duty to society was to assist in placing them in a situation in which they could not carry out their wicked purposes of robbery and murder. Providentially he was able to do that, and his duty was a plain one. The informal oath was no more binding than a promise extorted by violence. I do not say that it was not binding from its *informality*, but from the circumstances in which it was taken. It was a trying situation, such a one as rarely happens to a man. He, however, released himself from it in the right way. This is unquestionable.

Says the author of the Memoir: "After the legal adjustment of the sad occurrence we have been just narrating, Brother Jones saw plainly the hand of Providence in his preservation, and felt more forcibly his obligations to God, and that it was his duty to consecrate his energies to the cause of Christianity. Accordingly, in the fall of 1823, he became a candidate for the holy ministry, under the supervision and watch-care of the Anderson Presbytery, in order to identify his efforts more particularly with the Church of his choice. Here he engaged the counsel and instructions of those pious and venerable fathers of the Church who had passed through the revival of 1800, and whose hearts were still glowing with the hallowed fervor of devotion to God and the interests of his kingdom."

In April, 1825, he was licensed by the same Presbytery as a probationer for the ministry. He now commenced his active work, "riding the circuit, and preaching daily to perishing sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. He studied his theology on the circuit. His labors were arduous and incessant, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands." In short, it is said that, "as a probationer for the holy ministry, in ability, in zeal, in the true spirit of religion, and in usefulness, he had but few rivals, either in his own or any other Church within the bounds of the Green River country."

In May of 1825 he made his way into the central part of Kentucky, and preached extensively in Mercer and adjoining counties. Cumberland Presbyterians were but little known in that portion of Kentucky. He had, of course, to encounter the customary prejudices. The same spirit which dictated Davidson's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," and Dr. Bishop's "Outline," would occasionally develop itself. The people would be suspicious and distrustful, and their suspicions and distrust would rather be encouraged than otherwise. He labored earnestly, *not preaching himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord.*

"In May of 1826 Mr. Jones visited Anderson county, and was instrumental in getting up a considerable revival there. Here he met with similar discouragements to those experienced in other places. Many who were converted under his ministry went and joined other Churches, but, notwithstanding this, he was soon enabled to organize the Hebron

Society, which is to this day a flourishing Church.” “The first two or three years of his ministry in this country were crowned with abundant success, and hundreds were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.”

At the spring meeting of the Anderson Presbytery, on the 14th of April, 1827, he was set apart to the whole work of the ministry, Rev. F. R. Cossitt preaching the ordination-sermon, and Rev. Henry F. Delaney presiding and giving the charge. He immediately returned to Central Kentucky, which he now considered as his proper field of labor. At the fall meeting of his Presbytery, in the same year, he obtained a letter of dismissal and recommendation to the Logan Presbytery, within the bounds of which his field of labor properly lay.

The Cumberland Synod met at Russellville, Kentucky, in November of 1827. At that meeting of the Synod, Mr. Jones was appointed to travel at discretion in the United States six months, as an agent of Cumberland College. In October of 1828 he made his settlement with the Treasurer of the College, by paying over one hundred and forty-three dollars and twenty-five cents. These were small proceeds from a year's labor, but they were better than the proceeds of many other agencies engaged about the same time for the same object. It is humiliating even now to think of the manner in which time was thus lost, and labor and influence frittered away, in agencies almost wholly nominal.

About this time some person in his new field of labor, and where he was, in a great measure, a

stranger, had the meanness to represent that he had left his widowed mother and his sisters in Union county in a state of destitution and suffering. The matter gave him some trouble, but the calumniator was soon silenced. The facts were produced which spake for themselves.

Mr. Jones would have been thought by strangers, in his earlier ministerial habits, to be imprudent. His temperament was lively, rather impulsive, and sometimes he seemed to speak without reflection. The following summary of rules, however, found among his papers after his death, indicates the care which he observed in trying to correct all errors of this kind, and to conform himself to a most rigid propriety in all his intercourse with society. They ought to be in every minister's book of memoranda:

"1. Let your thoughts be serious, chaste, heavenly.

"2. Let your conversation be modest, truthful, decent, profitable.

"3. Let your works be useful, charitable, holy.

"4. Let your manners be unaffected, courteous, cheerful.

"5. Let your diet be wholesome, frugally provided, and temperately used.

"6. Let your apparel be neat, convenient, suitable to your condition.

"7. Let your will be well-disciplined, benevolent, godly.

"8. Let your sleep be moderate, quiet, seasonable.

"9. Let your prayers be short, devout, fervent, frequent.

“10. Let your recreations be innocent, brief, judicious.

“11. Let your memory be properly and profitably exercised.

“12. You should hear, and learn to be silent.

“13. Be silent, and learn to understand.

“14. Understand, and learn to remember.

“15. Remember, and learn to act accordingly.

“16. All that you see, judge not.

“17. All that you hear, believe not.

“18. All that you know, tell not.

“19. All that you can do, do not.

“20. Whenever you are about to speak, think first, and attend particularly to what you say, of whom and to whom you speak. You will thereby avoid much evil which results from hasty and injudicious speaking.”

These are good rules, and he who followed them in their full import could not have been otherwise than a Christian gentleman.

On the 28th of May, 1829, Mr. Jones was married to Miss Rachel Walker, of Mercer county, Kentucky. His wife is represented to have been an estimable woman, “well calculated to render the domestic circle a scene of perpetual enjoyment.” In the fall, after his marriage, he purchased a farm near the foot of the Knobs, in what was then Mercer, but is now Boyle, county. His home seems to have become, in process of time, a sort of theological school on a small scale. Says the writer of the Memoir: “It was during his residence in this place that Brethren Robison, Thomas, Noel, and myself, were reared up

under his immediate tuition. The principles of benevolence were those upon which he acted, and he was frequently heard to remark, publicly and privately, that it was to a man's own interest to be charitable." His motto in this respect was: "There is that giveth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

In the fall of 1829, the Green River Synod constituted the Kentucky Presbytery. The territory embraced the middle and upper portions of the State. The Presbytery held its first meeting at Caldwell's Meeting-house, in Mercer county, commencing the first Thursday in May, 1830. Mr. Jones was the Senior Presbyter, and, although comparatively a young man, was by common consent regarded as the leader and father of the Presbytery. He preached a great deal, and, notwithstanding he now had to make provision for a family, much of his labor, as far as worldly compensation was concerned, went for nothing. He collected wealthy congregations, but they seemed to consider it their first and last duty to take care of themselves. Still he labored, and his labors were blessed.

In 1833, the cholera prevailed in some portions of Kentucky. The alarm and excitement were very great. That year, within the bounds of his operations, and chiefly under his own ministrations, there were seven hundred professions of religion. Time gave proof, too, that in many of those cases the professions were from genuine conversions. Think of it, seven hundred in one year!

In 1833, he sold his farm at the foot of the Knobs, and purchased the Broil farm, near May's mill. Here he lived until 1837, when he moved to Perryville, and engaged in the mercantile business. On his farms, and in his mercantile pursuits, he was, after the manner of the apostle, *laboring with his own hands*, that he might not be chargeable to the Churches. In this he followed in the footsteps of the old men. It was the order of the times. His mercantile operations, however, proved disastrous. He gave them up, a poorer, but wiser and perhaps better man than when he entered upon them.

In 1844, he settled in Jefferson county. This was his home until he was called to that higher and better home in heaven. In 1847, he became a member of the Board of Publication of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and in the course of the summer of that year his preaching is represented as having been unusually spiritual and powerful. Says the author of the Memoir: "I am confident I never heard him preach with such power in all my life. From day to day he appeared to enter more into the work, and every effort from the pulpit bore evident marks of deep thought, and a thorough investigation of his subjects; and, above all, that he maintained intimate communion with God." These gracious developments were precursors of what was to follow. God often works in this way. This is not nature's way, but in such cases it is God's way; the light shines with the greatest brilliancy when approaching its extinction.

Mr. Jones died at his home in Jefferson county,

February 20, 1848. His sickness extended from Tuesday to Sabbath, the day of his death. Up to Saturday morning he entertained hope that he would be able to attend his appointment for preaching the following day. His constitution was strong, and resisted the attack with great vigor, but succumbed at last. The good man died with his armor on. It was a call directly from the field of conflict. At his death he was in his fifty-second year, still in the maturity and strength of manhood. His wife and four children survived him. Has the Church taken care of them?

I make two or three extracts from the funeral-sermon, delivered by Rev. Jesse Anderson:

“The death of good men, who have rendered themselves eminently serviceable to the Church and to the world, is to be lamented more than ordinary deaths. Such men are those who, like our beloved Brother Jones, combined at once the elements of true piety and greatness; men who are able ministers of the Word, and the unwearied supporters of the institutions of religion; men who disdain a compromise with error, but who ever stand up for the truth; who count not their lives dear, so that they may win souls to Christ. I say, brethren, that the loss of such men can hardly be estimated, especially when they are taken, as was our beloved brother, in the prime of life, with a constitution naturally strong, and cheeks glowing with indications of health, and a soul fully equal to his physical energies, from a sphere of great usefulness; to whom hundreds within the bounds of Kentucky Presbytery, and elsewhere

in the Church, were looking for counsel and guidance—that such a man, under such circumstances, should be marked as a victim of death, and in a few hours sink into the tomb, involves a providential mystery which I dare not undertake to unfold. It is for us meekly to bow in submission to the divine administration, and wait patiently, ‘and hope unto the end for the grace that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ.’ Thus much we know, that *the death of his saints is precious in the sight of the Lord.*”

The following is from the closing paragraph of the sermon:

“A few days since I visited the Church at Bethlehem, and saw the place where the remains of our departed and beloved brother had been deposited, to rest in silent slumbers until the morning of the resurrection. My emotions were peculiarly solemn and impressive. A profound awe seized upon my mind, and for a moment so agitated me that I felt as though I dared not approach the sepulchral monument, lest I should intrude upon the hallowed precincts of sainted spirits, and disturb the repose of the departed. At that moment something seemed to whisper, ‘Fear not, he loves you still.’ I approached the tomb. Naught but the stillness of death reigned there, while I silently gazed upon the mound of earth which hides from my view the form of him I so much loved. I reflected that, when a boy, and a wanderer almost alone in this vale of tears, tossed upon the turbulent ocean of time, regardless of my highest interest, he watched over

me, and taught me the way to respectability and honor, to immortality and eternal life. A tear of sorrow started in my eye as I involuntarily cast a look upward, as if in search of the spirit that once animated the lifeless body upon which I had been reflecting. My imagination soon painted his happy release from earth and the toils of the gospel ministry, and saw him ascending to heaven amidst the shouts of angels, while with the prophet I gazed, and cried, '*My father! my father!*'"

In 1846, Mr. Jones published, by request of his Presbytery, a biographical sketch of Rev. Samuel Ayres Noel, embodying in the work several of his own sermons. The whole work contains four hundred and thirty-six pages. Mr. Noel was a young man of unusual promise, who was brought into the Church and into the ministry under the influence of Mr. Jones. His career was very short—it was, however, regarded as brilliant. He was ordained by the Kentucky Presbytery in October of 1834, and died in November of 1842.

In 1847, he published a plea for the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. This is a work of five hundred and four pages, and certainly possesses some merit. It is an earnest defense of the Church, to the usefulness and prosperity of which he had devoted the best years of his life. The author of the Memoir denominates it *a meritorious work, and one which the Church had long needed*. It was especially needed in Kentucky, and no doubt fulfilled a useful mission.

Mr. Jones was evidently a man of great usefulness, zealous, earnest, devoted, and of very respect-

able ability. He went into a new field; he entered upon a difficult work; and he accomplished a great deal. He did not seek for foundations laid by other men. He laid his own foundation, and saw with pleasure the building rising up. He sowed his own seed, and saw the harvest maturing around him. He introduced a generation of young men into the ministry, who imbibed much of his own spirit. Some of these, with himself, have passed away. Others are following up, with no mean success, the beginnings which were made forty years ago. They have had their troubles, but men who would thwart them, and perhaps think themselves rendering service to God in so doing, may as well make up their minds to the truth that "if this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, they can not overthrow it." Time will decide. God will rule.

Mention has sometimes been made of a peculiarity in his manner as a public speaker. It is difficult to describe it. His biographer says:

"From a disposition, I apprehend, to keep pace with the rapidity of thought, both in his expressions and gestures, he early contracted the habit of protracting his sentences until the inspiration of the lungs was so far exhausted as to cause him to close with a kind of echo, very unnatural, and often very afflictive to those unaccustomed to his ministry. This, however, was soon forgotten by the attentive hearer, and also by those who heard him frequently. He was truly an interesting speaker, although he possessed not that smoothness of articulation, and

gracefulness of gesture, calculated to excite the formal and fastidious to rapture and admiration, yet upon many occasions he was truly eloquent, and commanded a train of thought and expression which, for depth and sublimity, I have never heard surpassed by any man."

He gives us an illustration of the effect of his unpolished but strong eloquence:

"I will instance," says he, "one case out of many which fell under my own observation, as related to me by the gentleman who was chiefly connected with the incident which I am about to relate. The incident occurred at a camp-meeting held at Mount Gilead, Montgomery county, Kentucky. On this occasion the preacher was addressing a large and attentive audience. The gentleman had never heard him before, and at first was so displeased with his unpleasant manner of address that he thought he would leave the congregation. For this purpose he took his hat in hand, and was in the act of departing, when Mr. Jones struck upon a point which drew his attention. He thought he would hear that through, and then retire. But no sooner was that point disposed of than another was introduced equally interesting; after that, another, and still another, came up in exhaustless measure, and at the expiration of nearly two hours and a half, this man was standing with his hat in his hand, lost in astonishment, and intently gazing at this champion of the cross, as he vigorously wielded the weapons of divine truth for the honor and glory of God."

Mr. Jones seems to have been skillful in selecting

and improving special occasions. The author of the Memoir attributes this characteristic to "his superior knowledge of human nature." He is doubtless correct in his judgment on this subject. Mr. Jones studied books, but he studied men more. He would use a sort of singularity, or drollery of expression, and his congregation would be excited to an approach to levity. Then again he would give his thoughts and expressions such a turn that, in a few minutes, the same congregation would be bathed in tears. Some men can do this. And in proper hands such ability may be turned to prodigious account. Unskillful hands, however, at such attempts would ruin every thing. This ability belongs to the highest form of the dramatic.

We have an account of a curious case of conviction. At a certain time, Kentucky was visited with a terrible drought. "The earth was parched and cracked with the heat of the sun; the fountains of water were dried up; vegetation was withering and dying; and all nature seemed to be clad in the habiliments of mourning." The people were alarmed, and the Governor of the State very properly, as a man who believed in the exercise of the providence of God, appointed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer to be observed throughout the State. It turned out that the day appointed was included in a camp-meeting held at this same Mount Gilead. The people fasted and prayed, and in the forenoon of the day the rain began to fall. The good people felt that prayer was answered. On account of the rain the congregation collected in a large tent for

service, and Mr. Jones preached from the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It was a fine occasion for showing off the folly of *the fool* who would pretend that such a coincidence as they had witnessed was a mere casualty, ignoring the interposition of a wise and good Providence who hears and answers prayer. Says the author of the Memoir: "Many were convicted on that occasion. After service was over, a man, with whom I was intimately acquainted, approached me, evidently enraged at the preacher, who had been, under God, successful in riveting conviction upon his heart." The result of a furious colloquy, however, on his part, was that he was soon bowed at the altar of prayer, a suppliant for mercy. He professed religion before the meeting closed.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Jones was limited, and my recollections of him are very few. It was such an acquaintance as ministers form at public meetings. I knew nothing, of course, of his domestic or personal habits, and very little of him socially. I heard him preach once, and, I believe, once only. That sermon was delivered at Owensboro, on the occasion of the General Assembly of 1846. My recollection is that he was not a member, but a visitor, and preached one night. It was a better sermon than I expected. It seemed better, no doubt, from the fact that it was almost entirely free from what were called his personal peculiarities. It was an earnest and intelligent exposition of the *doctrine of faith*.

My first distinct recollection of him goes back to

the meeting of the old Cumberland Synod at Russellville, Kentucky, in 1827. At that meeting he was commissioned as an Agent for Cumberland College. Such a commission would make the impression upon the mind of a stranger that he was a very important young man. The night after the adjournment of the meeting was spent by himself and Revs. Henry F. Delaney, John Barnett, David Lowry, and myself, at the same house, the house of a good old man in the neighborhood of Russellville. The introduction left an unfavorable impression upon my mind. It certainly did not lead me to expect what his subsequent life evidently developed. Time and experience no doubt corrected what I thought were social defects. We have proof enough from the preceding sketch, if it has been faithful, that he became an eminently exemplary Christian minister.

He attended the next meeting of the Synod, which was held in Franklin, Tennessee. He delivered an exhortation there, in which he developed the peculiarity of manner in his delivery which afterward became, as we have seen, a matter of extensive remark by those who were in the habit of hearing him.

He was at the meeting of the General Assembly at Princeton, in 1835, and by appointment preached one day in the court-house. I heard the close of the sermon. There were an earnestness and a depth of feeling in his manner which drew me involuntarily to him. Previous impressions were entirely effaced. The congregation, too, were evidently in-

terested and profited. There were no remarks about what came to be called his peculiarity of manner. It would have been a good sermon anywhere.

I saw him at the Assemblies of 1845, 1846, and 1847. This latter meeting occurred about nine months before his death. It was held at Lebanon, Ohio. On Sunday evening it fell to my lot to preach at one of the churches in town. I preached under discouragements. He was appointed to offer prayer at the close. I recollect the manner and spirit of the prayer while I write this. When he prayed especially that the blessing of God might be with and follow the *dear brother* who had preached to them, an impression was made upon my heart such as I do not easily lose. I never saw him after that evening. He was a good man. Many will be the stars in his crown of rejoicing.

13*

REV. HUGH BONE HILL.*

1829—1866.

HUGH B. HILL was born the 4th day of December, 1801. His parents, James Hill and Jane Bone, were born in North Carolina, and reached maturity about the close of the Revolutionary War. In early life they were both admitted to membership in a Presbyterian congregation under the care at the time of Rev. James Hall, D.D. Dr. Hall officiated at their marriage. He was for a number of years one of the leading ministers in North Carolina. He had distinguished himself not only as a faithful chaplain, but as a brave and vigorous soldier in the troubles of the Revolution.

James Hill and his wife were of Scotch-Irish descent, and had inherited their religious and Presbyterian proclivities from a long line of pious ancestors. John McWilliams, a remote ancestor, was a widower with two daughters. He devoted himself with great assiduity to their religious education. He seems to have taken Abraham for his model, although the two cases were by no means parallel in every respect. Abraham, while yet childless, received and believed the promise that he was to be the father of a numerous race. John McWilliams, while watch-

* Manuscript of Rev. M. H. Bone.

ing over his two motherless daughters, was steadfast in the faith that he was to be the father of a "numerous seed." His faith went farther. "He was often heard to say that it was *his* abiding conviction that he was to have a numerous progeny, and that not one of them would fail to enter the kingdom with him."

Whether the faith of this good man has failed in any particular instance, of course it would be difficult to determine, but it is certain, if tradition is reliable, that his descendants were numerous and generally pious. Hugh B. Hill was one of those descendants. He was the fourth son of his parents.

In the fall of 1802, Mr. James Hill moved with his family to Tennessee, and settled in Wilson county, on the head-waters of Caney Fork. The subject of this sketch was, of course, then an infant. Of James Hill, my authority says that he "was a man possessed of a strong natural mind, cheerful and uniform in his disposition. His piety was deep, and his devotion to the fulfillment of religious obligation a daily business. Every thing else was made to yield to the claims of religious duty."

Of Jane Hill, the wife, he says, she "was a woman of extraordinary mind, a constant reader of the Bible, and other books of a religious and literary character. This course of life raised her far above mediocrity among her sex. Her piety was bold and independent. She prayed invariably in her family twice a day in the absence of her husband. Her authority in the family was positive. The moral training of her children was never neglected; her

influence never ceased to be felt." Such were the parents of Mr. Hill. They brought up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." These all embraced religion in early life.

The father of our subject was a farmer, and his sons were brought up as the sons of farmers generally were, upon the farm. There were but limited means of education. Boys went to school during the winter, to such schools as the country furnished, but their labor was needed at home during the summer.

When young Hill was in his eighteenth year, his father moved to Kentucky, and settled in Hopkins county. The settlement was made in the woods, and for two years the labor of all the sons was needed in opening a farm and in the construction of necessary buildings. Several other families of the connection settled with them, and they established a sort of colony upon Rose Creek. They applied to the Logan Presbytery for preaching, and were soon visited by Alexander Chapman, William Harris, and others. A congregation was organized, regular preaching was introduced, and the young people began to attend the camp-meetings around. Religious impressions were made upon their minds, and some professed religion. Mr. Hill was among the serious. The following is the account of his conversion, slightly condensed:

"In the course of the summer, a camp-meeting was held at 'Good Providence,' in Union county. Thither about thirty of the young people of Rose Creek neighborhood went, nearly forty miles, all of

whom were unconverted, but serious on the subject of religion. Among them was Hugh B. Hill. No one of the company was more deeply concerned than he. Indeed, it was his express object in going to the meeting to endeavor to find peace with God. The result showed that his efforts were not in vain. On Saturday night of the meeting, Rev. Aaron Shelby preached, and at the close of the sermon made the customary call for the anxious to the place of prayer for encouragement and instruction. Hugh B. Hill was among the first who rushed forward in answer to the call. For about two hours he lay prostrate on the ground in prayer and in intense agony. At last he was enabled to cast himself unreservedly upon the mercy of God through Christ, the crucified Redeemer, whom he found to be able and ready to save to the uttermost. He rose to his feet; his face reflected the peace and joy of his heart."

The next morning he presented himself to the session, was received into Christian communion, and in the course of the day shared in the symbols of redeeming love. It is a little remarkable that the whole company of thirty or forty from Rose Creek professed religion at that meeting.

Mr. Hill became at once an active and efficient laborer at camp-meetings, and in all revival seasons. He was particularly successful in the instruction and guidance of serious inquirers. Indeed, he excelled in this through life. If a man was seriously inquiring, and would talk to him, and thoughtfully set forth his difficulties, he scarcely ever failed of

finding relief, and of being enabled to settle the great question of his salvation in an intelligent and satisfactory manner. Our friend never screamed into the ears of his subjects, telling them *what* to do, without telling them *how* to do. He talked to them as a friend to friends, and, as it were, taking them by the hand he led them gently to the foot of the cross.

In process of time his mind, almost as a matter of course, began to go farther in its thoughts than to these mere common exercises. In considering the question of the ministry, he had the customary difficulties of young men who have any thing like a proper appreciation of that work. His education was limited; there were no schools; and, if schools had been abundant, there was a want of means at home sufficient to keep him up at a good school. Besides, a young man raised and taught as he had been, would have some idea of the importance and responsibility of the work itself. He seems to have had a strange early impression on this subject. Says my informant: "Hugh B. Hill has been often heard to say that when a boy he strongly felt the impression that he would some day be a preacher. Indeed, it was a favorite amusement with him, when quite a little boy, to construct a pulpit of sticks and clapboards, and 'hold forth' from it to such auditors as a boy could collect. This impression seems to have been renewed in real force soon after he professed religion."

The result was, that on the 15th day of October, 1823, at Liberty Meeting-house, in Muhlenburg

county, Kentucky, he put himself under the care of the Anderson Presbytery, as a candidate for the ministry. He was now twenty-two years of age, and his education was scarcely rudimental. To meet the exigency, and, for the convenience of his own children and others, Dr. Johnson, pastor of the congregation, established a school in the neighborhood. The teacher admitted young Hill and another young man into his school and his family. His kitchen was the school-room, and the bed-room of the two young men. The condition of things was rather primitive, but the times themselves were primitive.

After spending some time at this school, Mr. Hill was received into the family of Rev. Henry F. Delaney who lived near Morganfield, and entered the school of a Mr. William H. Thomas, said to have been "an able scholar and Christian gentleman." In this family and school he was associated with Joseph A. Copp, afterward Rev. Dr. Copp, who died a few years ago in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston. It seems that Mr. Delaney, gave them something like informal lectures occasionally upon theology.

He afterward spent some time at a high-school kept at Greenville by Rev. Isaac Bard, a Presbyterian minister. Theology is said to have been his favorite study, and to this he devoted much the larger portion of his time. And in the investigation of its truths he was aided not a little by an old uncle whose name he bore, and who at all times took a deep interest in instructing him. We have the following passing notice of this uncle:

“It will not, it is hoped, be considered as going too far out of the way to pay a passing tribute to the memory of this ‘uncle,’ who, for the times in which he lived, and the limited education he had been able to acquire, enjoyed a high reputation as a theologian and an expounder of the Scriptures. In addition to his reputation in these respects, by his unaffected humility, and consistently pious life, he exerted in favor of religion a wide influence. He had never aspired to the ministry, and was not, therefore, a preacher in the technical sense of the term, but in the absence of the more regular exercises of the house of God, he would give public exposition of some appropriate passage of Scripture for the edification of his neighbors and friends, in what he modestly denominated his ‘little talks.’”

I hope I may take the liberty of saying here, that the foregoing quotation is evidently a filial tribute, which might be made much stronger, of a son to the memory of one of the best of fathers. That “old uncle” of Mr. Hill was he who, fifty years ago, was known all over this country as “Uncle Hugh Bone,” the father of Rev. M. H. Bone, of Winchester, Tennessee. Old Uncle Hugh Bone—his memory is fragrant—understood the science of the theology and of scriptural interpretation more thoroughly, and was a better preacher, although not technically a preacher at all, than a large proportion of the expounders and preachers whom he heard from year to year. This is a short episode. It is hoped the reader will pardon.

At the fall sessions of the Anderson Presbytery

in 1825, Mr. Hill was licensed as a probationer for the holy ministry. The meeting of the Presbytery was held at Princeton, Indiana. For the following six months he was assigned to the Princeton Circuit, in the southern part of that State. Says my authority:

“In the course of these six months of missionary work in Southern Indiana, Hugh B. Hill succeeded in accomplishing much good for the cause of his Master and his Church; numbers were led to a knowledge of the truth; Churches were edified and strengthened; and Hill himself much improved in his knowledge of Systematic Theology and sermonizing.”

His next six months were spent upon the Henderson Circuit. This was in Kentucky, embracing the counties of Henderson, Hopkins, Muhlenburg, and Union. The report is that he fulfilled his mission on the Henderson Circuit with fidelity, but that his compensation was meager. Occasionally there was a special present of a pair of socks, or jeans pantaloons, or leather enough for a pair of shoes. The sum in cash was about sufficient to enable him to keep his horse shod, and possibly to pay the postage on an occasional letter from his mother. He followed the example, however, of his contemporaries, and of some who preceded him a few years; he bore all and kept to the work.

His labors for the next six months were divided between the Henderson and Christian Circuits; the following six months he supplied the Christian Circuit. His success in this latter half-year is said

not to have equaled his hopes. Of course the disappointment was a matter of "deep regret and great self-abasement. He took all the reproach to himself."

In the fall of 1827, he was sent to the Southwestern District of Kentucky. The country was new and rough, and the traveling-preacher found but few of the comforts of life. The present writer preceded him in that country, and has a very distinct recollection of some of its characteristics; but there were scattered over it some good people, who received the word gladly. But the preacher had to swim creeks, to encounter deep mud, to endure the customary snow-storms, to preach, and often to lodge, in open houses, and in the spring and summer seasons to bear the torments of mosquitoes innumerable. Still faithful men labored there, and collected congregations which have grown into strength and respectability. Mr. Hill labored on that circuit a year. Says my authority:

"It may readily be conceived what remuneration he received for the twelve months of toil, and privation, and hardship. A good conscience, frequent communion with God, the favor of the people, together with the well-founded satisfaction of having accomplished something for the kingdom of Christ, were his reward."

I do not put the case of the want of remuneration in quite so strong a light as does my authority. I know what the situation of the country was at that time, and am not surprised at the meagerness of the pecuniary results. Still, "the *poor* have the

gospel preached unto them;" and it is well for the world that there have always been such men as the subject of our sketch who were willing to preach to the poor, even if the pecuniary returns were small.

At Piney Fork Meeting-house, in what was then Livingston county, Kentucky, Mr. Hill was set apart to the work of the ministry, on the 9th of April, 1829. He still continued in the itinerant work, some times under distinct directions, and at others under general directions, being allowed the exercise of an extended discretion.

In 1829, Dr. Cossitt undertook an extensive tour through the country, in behalf of Cumberland College, and at his solicitation Mr. Hill became the companion of his travels. They preached generally wherever they went, and Dr. Cossitt on his return is said to have made a most favorable report of the labors and promise of his fellow-traveler.

In the fall of 1830, Mr. Hill and Rev. M. H. Bone united in a protracted-meeting at Elkton, Kentucky. The meeting continued, with occasional intermissions, during six months, whilst the revival was uninterrupted through the whole time. More than a hundred professions of religion took place. A large number of the cases were of the most respectable citizens of the town and neighborhood. About eighty persons united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Of these, about half were grown men, who immediately became helpers in the great work. It is remarkable, too, that out of so large a number there were but one or two who fell back. This was one of the most interesting reviv-

als of religion that ever appeared in that portion of Kentucky.

In the summer of 1832, Mr. Hill received a call to preach to a community in Cairo and its vicinity, in Sumner County, Tennessee. He accepted this call, and thereby found himself, by rather a strange providence, in a new field, and, as it turned out, the field in which he certainly accomplished the great work of his life. The southern portion of Sumner county, the portion in which Mr. Hill settled, is one of the richest and most interesting portions of Tennessee. When I speak of its richness, I allude to its soil, and in speaking of its interest, I intend to describe its population. The country was settled, and is still settled, with prosperous farmers. In one portion of the county Shiloh had, at an early time, exerted a powerful influence. It had been a favored spot in the old revival. In another and more obscure portion, the Dry Fork Congregation had been for a number of years doing a good work. In various parts of the county there were prosperous Methodist and Baptist congregations, but the particular section of the county to which Mr. Hill was called, whilst the population were civil, and moral, and orderly, had hardly ever been reached by a strong and stirring religious influence. God in his providence seems undoubtedly to have used the agency of a few good men in directing the steps of Mr. Hill to this field. He commenced his labors there, boarding with a worthy member of his little congregation.

In process of time, October 22, 1835, he married

Miss Mary Reed, daughter of Captain William Reed, one of the principal citizens of the community in which he had located. Previous to his marriage, however, he had, in company with Rev. M. H. Bone, made an excursion into the State of Ohio. The young preachers visited Lebanon, in that State, and spent some time in preaching there. They were invited to the pulpits of the city generally, and by their earnest and evangelical ministrations seem to have made a fine impression. Mr. Bone remained some time, but Mr. Hill soon returned to his own proper field in Tennessee.

In describing the labors of Mr. Hill in Cairo and its vicinity during his principal years there, I cannot do better than to extract almost literally a few pages from the manuscript by which I am permitted to be mainly guided in this brief sketch. The letters which I shall copy are from men who were intimately mingled with the transactions which they describe, and their authority is unquestionable. No man can read them but with the most intense interest. I commence with chapter sixteenth, headed with,

“SOME OF HIS WORKS.

“The ministerial labors of Mr. Hill were not confined alone to Cairo. Though the regular pastor of the Church here, he found time during the week to ride and preach much all over the surrounding country. There was not a school-house in all that region which was not made a place of assemblage to receive the messages of truth which he must needs deliver to the people. Frequently he would take

excursions abroad, and would be absent for several weeks, preaching funeral-sermons and ministering to the more destitute portions of the country, and all at his own expense. His services were much sought after, both by ministers of his own and other denominations. Whenever it was at all in his power, he delighted to comply with these invitations. Lebanon, Tennessee, just across the Cumberland River, was one of his favorite places of resort. Rev. George Donnell was then the pastor of the Church there, and would frequently invite Mr. Hill to assist him upon sacramental occasions. On one of these, a revival of religion sprang up, which proved to be a most gracious time of ingathering of souls to Christ. It lasted some considerable time, during which many of the most prominent and leading citizens of the town professed a saving faith in the Lord Jesus, and were added to Mr. Donnell's congregation. Hill labored most indefatigably in this revival, and by his assiduous and patient efforts to win them to Christ, endeared himself to the good people of Lebanon ever afterward during his life.

“About this time Middle Tennessee had become literally the land of camp-meetings; scarcely a neighborhood was without its organization, either Methodist or Cumberland Presbyterian, sometimes both; and each people had its regular time and place of holding camp-meetings. The summer and fall of 1837 was particularly noted for the many meetings of this character held all over the country. But the little Church at Cairo had never yet had a camp-meeting. The matter was talked about; a

public meeting on the subject was called; and it was resolved by the members and friends in attendance to have one. But it was now late in the season; camps and a shelter had to be built; those who would contract to build the one had no time to work on the others. What was to be done about it? At length some one, more enterprising than the rest, got up and said, 'All those who intend to build tents form into line out here.' A goodly number promptly stepped out, and, what is remarkable, nine of this party were non-professors of religion, and so were all their families. 'Now,' said the speaker, 'do you go and build your tents, and the rest of us will be responsible for the shelter.' The time of the meeting was agreed upon; the place a beautiful oak grove some two miles east of Cairo. All went to work with a will, and by the time appointed every thing had been arranged; comfortable tents built; spacious shelter erected; and preachers enough in attendance to carry on the meeting. Rev. T. C. Anderson preached the opening-sermon; much good attention was rendered, and some serious feeling manifested. Exercises went on day and night; great crowds attended; every day the interest increased; many came forward to the altar; the work of God's Spirit became deep and general; conversions began to multiply; the news spread through the country; vast multitudes came flocking to the scene, until the shelter could no longer accommodate them. Exercises then spread out all over the woods, and every log became a mourner's-bench and every stump a pulpit. Like some mighty conflagration,

the fire of God's Spirit seemed to kindle up in the hearts of the vast multitude, and burned on, uncontrollable, to the utter consumption of every thing sensual, devilish, and wicked. Except those strange bodily exercises which characterized the revivals of 1800, this one, from all accounts, must have greatly resembled them."

Col. J. J. Hibbitts; Ruling Elder of the little organization at Cairo, and tent-holder at this meeting, gives the following account:

"The first visit of Hugh B. Hill to Sumner county, I think, was in the fall of 1832. He was so well received that Brothers John Parsons, Thomas H. Essex, Jacob Greenhatch, and others, prevailed on him to organize a Church at Cairo, and remain with them and preach in that section of country, which he did, with wonderful effect. The Church at its organization consisted of about fifteen members. He continued to add to the little band until 1837. He prevailed upon his little flock to build camps at Oak Grove, in the vicinity of Cairo. The meeting commenced the Saturday before the first Sabbath in October, and continued two weeks. The ministers in attendance were T. C. Anderson, George Donnell, J. M. McMurry, Francis Johnston, Robert Bell, H. B. Hill, and M. H. Bone. My recollection is, that there were about two hundred and fifty hopeful conversions as the results of that meeting; in fact, the revival continued that fall and winter. He preached nearly every Sabbath in the bounds of its influence, which extended from Gallatin to Hartsville, a distance of sixteen miles, and over a portion of Wil-

son county. I suppose there must have been fifty conversions at these meetings. There were more old men and women, in proportion to the number of converts, than I ever knew at any revival; some old persons sixty, seventy, and seventy-five years of age, sought and obtained religion, who have since died in faith. Some who were non-professors of religion built camps, and they and their wives professed and joined the Church. Some five or six days after the meeting commenced, the interest seemed to subside. One of the elders told Brother Hill he must preach that day. He hesitated, but the elder insisted. He finally consented. He went into the stand. His prayer was *fervent, importunate*. He announced his text—the eighteenth verse of the fourth chapter of 1st Peter: ‘And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear!’ and such a sermon I never before, nor since, heard fall from the lips of man. There was a solemn awe on the congregation, and a stillness like death. I recollect when the invitation was given for the anxious, old Captain William Reed, his father-in-law, and General Hall, came tottering to the altar of prayer, the first time they had ever started for Zion. They both professed religion shortly after. After that sermon of Hill’s, the work went on with ease; in fact, every member and every convert was preaching.

“At this meeting we added about one hundred and fifty members to the little flock. The Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, too, were greatly built up.”

REMINI CENCE BY T. C. ANDERSON, D.D.

"I first made Hugh B. Hill's acquaintance in the course of the sessions of Synod in Gallatin, in the fall of 1830. He and Rev. Alfred Bryan went home with me, and we soon became closely united companions. As I had promised Dr. Cossitt to visit Princeton, with reference to accepting a situation in the College there, I concluded to accompany Hill and Bryan on their return from Synod. We spent a night with Bryan, at his mother's, and the next day Hill and I went to Elkton. I 'fell in love' with both the young brethren, but Hill was my favorite. I have never known a more genial traveling companion.

"During the two years I remained at Princeton, I saw but little of Hill, except that he attended a Synod and General Assembly there, and he was still my favorite.

"In May, 1832, I settled in Nashville, and about the same time Hill took charge of a small Church in Cairo, Sumner county; but, as we were in different Presbyteries, we seldom met except at Synod.

"In 1834 or 1835, we met at a camp-meeting on 'Goose Creek,' in the vicinity of Hartsville. He did most of the preaching, as I then had but little experience in the ministry. On Monday morning I was ordered to preach at 9 o'clock. Before I closed the excitement became so great that I could not proceed. Hill told me to 'call mourners.' The call was made, and the altar was filled. Hill then made an exhortation, and proclaimed that all the

seats under the shelter would be devoted to the mourners, and those who declined to join the mourning band were invited to retire from the shelter, while those who were willing to mourn were invited to kneel. More than half of the congregation knelt. I had never witnessed so many mourners on their knees pleading for mercy. There was no more preaching that day; the congregation never dispersed, nor were exercises suspended till late in the evening. Hill labored incessantly, not less than six hours, and about fifty persons professed that day and night. When Brother Hill took charge of the society in Cairo and vicinity, they had no house in town or country. He preached in the Academy at Cairo, and in a Baptist church in the country. He soon began to gather members at each place, and in 1837 they concluded to have a camp-meeting. A site was selected two or three miles east of Cairo, and a shelter and camps were erected. As I was then residing at Lebanon, I attended the meeting, and preached the first sermon. Mourners were invited; a number came, and several professed during that first service; and at every service after that there were mourners and professions. I was compelled to leave Sunday evening, and did not return until the next Friday evening. There had been an unusually large number of professions during the week; but the altar was still crowded with mourners, and professions occurring every hour during the day and night, some in the altar, others in the woods and tents.

“On the second Sabbath Rev. M. H. Bone preached

for the benefit of those who had been waiting the Lord's good time. He endeavored to convince them that the Lord was willing at *all times*, and that whenever they became willing to have salvation upon the Lord's terms, he would convert them. At the close of the sermon the invitation was given to the anxious to come into the altar. I was engaged clearing the aisles, that the anxious might have free access to the altar. Having just cleared them, I saw seven large old ladies come tottering down one aisle toward the altar. Not thoroughly comprehending their purpose, I stepped aside to await the development. All walked into the altar and kneeled at the same bench. In about one half-hour, one of them cried out, 'Well, bless the Lord! I have been waiting his good time these thirty years. When the preacher told me it had come I did not believe it, but I thought I would come and see, and, bless the Lord! it *has* come, and he has converted my soul. *O, bless the Lord!*' The last one of those seven old ladies professed religion before the meeting closed.

"After continuing eleven or twelve days the meeting adjourned. Some two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons professed faith in Christ, including all ages and grades of society.

"Brother Hill collected a respectable congregation at Cairo, and a large one in the country, and, had they sustained him as they might and should have done, he doubtless would have remained with them till death.

"Shortly after the Cairo meeting I removed to Winchester, and consequently seldom saw Brother

Hill till I returned to Lebanon, in 1843, and, as my affliction prevented me from preaching, I have not been his fellow-laborer since that meeting; but I have seen him labor with great success in several revivals in this (Lebanon) place. But memory is treacherous, and I cannot call up incidents. Thus much I know, when a revival was needed we generally sent for Brother Hill.

T. C. ANDERSON."

One expression in the close of this letter brings up a painful subject. Mr. Hill, after a few years, changed his field of labor from Cairo, where he had been so eminently useful, and was evidently so greatly beloved. What was the reason? The old answer is the true one: "They did not support him." They admired the preacher; they loved the man; but, with what sorrow do we say it! they left him, in a great measure, to take care of himself, his wife, and his little ones. And yet these people were mainly prosperous farmers. They lived in the midst of abundance; they were able to educate their children, and start them favorably in the world. Why did they not retain a good and useful preacher, and thus, with the blessing of God, contribute to collecting and keeping together a good and useful congregation of earnest Christian people? Instead of this, the candlestick has been removed, and Cairo, and the neighborhood of the great camp-meeting of 1837, are to-day a spiritual desolation. Such evils, however, are not to be corrected by the use of hard words. They are, nevertheless, deplorable. When will men learn to be wise to do good? When will

congregations learn to appreciate the truth of the divine ordination, that "they who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel"?

From Cairo Mr. Hill removed, and settled in the neighborhood of Cane Ridge Congregation, engaging to divide his time between Cane Ridge and "Ewing Chapel," in Rutherford county. Shortly after settling in this community he lost two of his children in quick succession. Of course it was a great trial.

In 1853, he commenced preaching once a month at the "Brick Meeting-house," between Nashville and Nolensville. His labors there were greatly blessed, and resulted in the organization of a large and flourishing congregation. Still he found the same remissness on the part of the people in the matter of support.

His next settlement was on Stewart's Creek, in the neighborhood of Old Jefferson, in Rutherford county. Here he bought a choice little farm, at a high price, but with a promising prospect of being able to pay for it in the course of time. The war came on, however, and blasted all his prospects in that connection. In the meantime he entered upon the pastorate of Jerusalem Congregation.

He was not a blustering, nor even a talking politician, but his political proclivities were very decided, and generally known. This circumstance, it is supposed, subjected him to greater hardships during the war. They were, at least, very great. He was unable to pay for his little farm. His creditor, however, was kind enough to cancel the obligation, and he was thus relieved from a burdensome debt.

He renewed his ministerial work with his accustomed earnestness and vigor, but it was soon finished. About the middle of February, 1866, while engaged in some domestic labors, he was exposed to unusual cold, and seemed to be unusually affected by it. In a few days the affection developed itself into erysipelas; and on February 26, 1866, his active and earnest life came to an end. He died as such a man would be expected to die, with quietness, calmness, and resignation. His remains were deposited in a cemetery near what had been his home. A suitable monument was prepared through the liberality of his friends, and in the course of the sessions of the Middle Tennessee Synod, in 1867, it was set up by the Synod in its official capacity, in connection with representatives from several Lodges of the Masonic Fraternity belonging to the surrounding country. The solemnities of the occasion were imposing and impressive, and the monument stands as a memorial of the acknowledged worth of a laborious, unselfish, and devoted Christian minister. His most enduring monument, however, will be found in those whom he has *turned to righteousness*. They shall shine as stars in his *crown of rejoicing forever*.

I have a few words to add for the consideration of many who will perhaps read this sketch. During thirty-seven years Mr. Hill was an active, laborious, and devoted minister. His labors were for the most of that time bestowed upon what the world calls prosperous and thrifty communities—some of them were even wealthy. He was not himself a thoughtless and wasteful man in his expenditures. There

was no frivolous and reckless extravagances in the economy of his household; and yet Mr. Hill, after all these years of labor, left his family without a home, or the means of procuring one. Surely a great wrong existed somewhere. I do not wish to press this subject, and have already said that wrongs, evils such as this must have been, are not to be corrected *by hard words*. But still, we are making history, and I am writing history, and the truth ought to be told. Let congregations consider these things. God exercised a special care of the priests and the prophets under the old dispensation. He feels just as deep an interest in an earnest and faithful ministry now. For *idlers* I have no word to say; but for the laborer I have to repeat what the very highest authority has said, that *he is worthy of his hire*, and if that is withheld we know where the wrong lies, and where the penalty must fall.

REV. SILAS NEWTON DAVIS.*

1830—1854.

THE parents of Mr. Davis, David and Mary Suter Davis, were married in Abbeville District, South Carolina, June 8, 1770. His mother was born and raised in Pennsylvania, but both her parents were from Ireland. David Davis and his wife were members of the Presbyterian Church. From South Carolina they moved to Greene county, Georgia, where they remained till they had seven children, when they moved to South-western Kentucky, and settled in Livingston county. Here the subject of this sketch was born, May 28, 1808. The parents had ten children, of whom Silas was the ninth. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Dickey, pastor of the congregation to which his parents belonged, and it is said that his mother, on the occasion of his baptism, dedicated him to God for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. We admire the devotion of such mothers to the interests of the Church and the kingdom of Christ, and wish we had more of them now. Being dedicated to the Church, he was called Silas, from the name of Paul's companion.

* Minutes of the Anderson Presbytery; Mrs. Ella Coffman; Rev. W. G. L. Quaite; and Rev. Drs. A. Freeman and B. H. Pierson.

His second name was, of course, derived from that of England's great natural philosopher.

In 1825, the family moved still farther south-west, into what was then called, in the language of the times, Jackson's Purchase. They were still, however, in Kentucky. The same year the Anderson Presbytery sent Revs. B. H. Pierson (the present Rev. Dr. Pierson, of Arkansas), and Adley Boyd, as missionaries for twelve months into that section of country. The Presbyterians in that portion of Kentucky were sheep without a shepherd, and David Davis and his family received the young missionaries with cordiality, and connected themselves with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and he was made a Ruling Elder in a congregation which was soon organized in his neighborhood. His house became a home for the preachers, when the writer knows, from a sufficient experience, that good homes were not very numerous in that country. A considerable revival soon developed itself under the labors of the missionaries, and among the converts was Silas N. Davis. According to my information, he professed religion in his sixteenth year. There is some difficulty in reconciling other dates to that age; but I suppose it may be safely stated that in his sixteenth or seventeenth year he took that important step. He was, at least, very young. He made profession at Mobley's Camp-ground, in Hickman county.

In 1827, November 14, he was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Anderson Presbytery. The sessions of the Presbytery were held that fall at Elkton, Kentucky. Late in the same fall, or

early in the winter, he entered a school which was conducted by the writer at McLemoresville, Tennessee. He was connected there with William A. Bryan, John McKee, and James McKee, who were considerably older, but were preparing for the ministry at the same time. My impression is that Bryan and James McKee were preparing for ordination. It was a very interesting school—something like a theological school in embryo. It was sometimes jocularly called a *college*, but it had no pretensions of that sort.

Mr. Davis was licensed as a probationer for the ministry September 11, 1828. In the spring of 1829, he was appointed to ride and preach in what was called the Livingston District. The time of his ordination cannot be exactly determined, as some of the Presbyterial records are lost or mislaid, and among them those which relate to this subject. The probability is that he was ordained in the fall of 1830, as he spent the summer of that year at Cumberland College, it seems most likely, preparing for ordination.

He spent the early years of his ministry, from 1828 to 1834, almost entirely in the itinerant work. A good deal of the time he was very closely connected in his labors with Rev. Hugh B. Hill, somewhat the senior of Mr. Davis, a minister of great worth and usefulness, and a fine model for a younger man. The field of their labors extended through Jackson's Purchase, and Christian, Todd, and Logan counties, and some of the adjoining portions of Tennessee.

Mr. Davis was married October 9, 1834, to Miss Elizabeth A. McLean, youngest child of George Brevard and Pamela Davidson McLean, of Todd county, Kentucky. Mrs. McLean was a descendant of General Davidson, of North Carolina, who fell in one of the conflicts of the Revolution. Mr. Davis himself was, in the line of his father, of Welsh descent, and the original name was *Davies*. The proper orthography is generally given in the name of Colonel Joseph H. Davies, who fell at the battle of Tippecanoe, and who was a distant relative of our subject.

Mr. Davis was what is called a doctrinal preacher. He studied very carefully, and understood well, the system of doctrines taught by the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. My informant says, that "he was often called upon by persons of other denominations to explain the theology of his Church in a public manner, and that the results were, frequent changes of views to those which he presented, and sometimes changes of Church relations." He certainly had a very intelligent apprehension, as I have mentioned already, of the doctrines of the Church. The baptismal controversy has absorbed to a great extent the religious mind of the country in which he operated for many years. He investigated that subject very thoroughly. All Pedobaptist ministers throughout the South-west have been compelled to the same course, in order to maintain any degree of self-respect, and to keeping their congregations together. Mr. Davis understood that subject, and expounded it very effectively. He never became, how-

ever, a regular theological pugilist. He kept a sort of ministerial diary, in which he was accustomed to record all marriages which he solemnized, funeral-services rendered, and sermons delivered upon particular subjects and occasions. He delighted in the work of the ministry. His secular affairs were never allowed to interfere with the demands of duties which he considered to be of immeasurably higher importance. His worldly interests sometimes suffered; still he seemed never to allow himself to think of losses from such a cause. His heart and soul were devoted to higher interests.

After his marriage, Mr. Davis spent the most of his time for a number of years in Todd county. By this is meant that Todd county was the home of his family. He himself traveled a great deal in attending meetings in the adjoining counties. For some years, too, he had the pastoral charge of the Elkton Congregation. He also lived some time in Henderson county.

In 1850, he removed from Todd county, and settled at Cumberland College. His object in this change was the education of his children with greater convenience and less expense. Of course his membership was transferred from the Anderson to the Princeton Presbytery. Here he continued, spending his time in his customary manner, till his death. He preached often and extensively in the congregations around, always with acceptance and usefulness. Here he died, on the 26th day of September, 1854. His death was no doubt hastened, if not caused, by excessive ministerial labors during an unusually hot

summer. A relation by marriage, and a fellow-presbyter and near neighbor, Rev. George D. McLean, had fallen in his work a short time before. Another member of the Presbytery, a beloved young man, Rev. J. J. Wilson, had also died in the course of the summer. Mr. Wilson was a student of Cumberland College, but was growing rapidly into usefulness and importance. These successive blows fell very heavily upon Mr. Davis. He felt that additional responsibility was accumulating upon himself in sustaining the interests of the Church in the community around him. There is no doubt that he fell a victim to an oppressive sense of this increasing responsibility. It impelled him to efforts which his physical system was not able to bear. It is mournful to see men who are willing to labor—to *spend and be spent* for Christ and his cause, men who are so much needed—cut down in the midst of their years and their usefulness. Still it is often the way of a mysterious Providence. He works behind a cloud. We cannot understand what he does, yet we are assured that “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” He may call off the shepherd, but he still cares for the flock. Mr. Davis died in his forty-seventh year, in the prime of his life, and in the full strength of his manhood. He left a widow and four children, a son and three daughters. Two of his daughters are the wives of beloved young ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Rev. James L. Payne, of Tennessee, and Rev. John W. Campbell, of Arkansas. The husband of the other daughter, Mrs. Coffman, is an

efficient member of the Church. To Mrs. Coffman herself I am mainly indebted for the materials of this sketch. The son died in 1868. The widow still lives. Mr. Davis was greatly respected and beloved by his family. His influence over them was almost unbounded. He sowed good seed there, too, which developed itself into an early maturity.

There is an incident connected with the life of Mr. Davis too remarkable to be overlooked in such a sketch as this. The authority for it is unquestionable. He had an older brother who professed religion before Silas made a profession. This brother felt it to be his duty to preach the gospel, but shrunk from what seemed to him to be the call made upon him. The younger brother in process of time made a profession, joined the Church, and soon began to turn his attention to the ministry. It is said that the older brother had made it a matter of prayer that Silas might be called to preach, and himself excused. He regarded the apparent call of his brother, when it developed itself, as an answer to his prayers, and turned his attention wholly to other pursuits. Matters stood thus until the death of the subject of this sketch, a space of twenty-six years. When the younger brother was called to his reward, the older felt that the old woe was renewed against him if he failed to preach the gospel. He immediately yielded to what he considered a call of duty, and at the age of fifty-six gave himself up to the work of the ministry. Says my informant:

“Notwithstanding his age, he advanced far enough to be licensed. I heard him preach several times,

and was greatly surprised that he succeeded so well, commencing as he did so late in life. I could almost imagine sometimes that I was hearing my own dear, sainted father."

I append here a communication to the *Watchman and Evangelist*, at that time published in Louisville, by Rev. Milton Bird. The communication was written by Rev. A. Freeman, now Rev. Dr. Freeman, of Greenville, Kentucky:

"CUMBERLAND COLLEGE, PRINCETON, KENTUCKY,
"September 30, 1854.

"BROTHER BIRD—*My Dear Sir*:—The death of our dear Brother McLean has already been announced, and now, after three short months, we are called upon to make a similar report in relation to Rev. Silas N. Davis. And as it was said of the former, it may as truly be said of the latter, 'he died in the midst of his years and of his usefulness, at his post and with his armor on.' Brother Davis was a good man, an efficient preacher, and a wise counselor. In Presbytery or Synod, he was sure to be present, unless prevented by circumstances strictly providential. Indeed, he always looked forward with interest to such meetings, and made his arrangements to attend them, and his advice in all ecclesiastical measures was earnestly sought, and almost universally followed. As a speaker he was argumentative and vehement, abounding in forcible appeals to the judgment and the conscience. He was a vigorous defender of the doctrines of the gospel as set forth in the Cumberland Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

“Often, indeed generally, he preached to weak congregations, which were in a great measure destitute of the means of grace, and which would otherwise *have perished for the lack of knowledge, discipline, and the comforts of the gospel.* He went into the *highways and hedges*, where there was no earthly prospect of remuneration, and *compelled the poor and neglected* to come to the gospel-feast. He looked for a reward which was not long delayed. He preached his last sermon to a feeble congregation in Canton, some thirty miles from his home, whither he had gone according to a monthly engagement to break to them the bread of life. He came home sick, and, after two weeks of suffering, he went to another, an everlasting home, where *those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.* It was good to see him calmly and triumphantly meet the last enemy. To the writer, who had the mournful pleasure of waiting around his dying bed, and cooling his fevered brow, he said: ‘Brother, all these plans will fail, but, blessed be God! the Christian has plans that cannot fail. This is my joy. This is my consolation.’ The preceding is a sample of many similar expressions used by him when aroused from the stupor induced by the typhoid fever.

“The funeral-sermon of Brother Davis was preached by Rev. W. C. McGeehee, and was one of the most appropriate I ever heard. The remains were borne to their last resting place by the Masonic Fraternity, and buried with the impressive ceremonies of the Order. ‘Earth to earth; ashes to ashes;

dust to dust; looking for a general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.' 'Let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his.'

"Brother Davis has left a wife and four children, who feel deeply the bitterness and desolation of widowhood and orphanage. Though they sorrow not as those who have no hope, they need the prayers and sympathies of the Church.

"But what is to become of the Princeton Presbytery, bereft in so short a time of its most valued and most useful ministers? Since the last regular meeting of the Presbytery, J. J. Wilson, George D. McLean, and Silas N. Davis, have rested from their labors. The Lord send us help! The Lord send us faithful laborers to take the places of those who have gone to their reward on high!

"AZEL FREEMAN."

I append to this sketch two letters written at the request of the family of Mr. Davis, from Rev. Dr. B. H. Pierson, of Arkansas, and Rev. W. G. L. Quaite, of Texas. Dr. Pierson was regarded by Mr. Davis as his spiritual father, and Mr. Quaite was long a fellow-laborer and particular friend. They both knew him well, and no testimony could be more trustworthy than theirs.

The following is the letter from Mr. Quaite, of Texas:

"SISTER DAVIS:—It affords me great pleasure to bear my testimony to the worth of such a man as

Brother Davis. The lives and labors of men like him are a rich legacy to the Church, and should be preserved. I could write pages in illustration of his character. I knew him long, and loved him much. But others will bear similar testimony, and I will be brief.

“The first time I ever saw Brother Davis, he was in attendance upon the sessions of Anderson Presbytery. The meeting was held in Hopkinsville, in the native State of both of us. He was a young man then, and I was a boy not yet out of my *teens*. I heard him preach an excellent sermon, as I thought. I know it was so regarded by the people generally. The impression prevailed that he was a young man of unusual promise. Two or three years afterward, he and Rev. Thomas Bone came to my father’s house. I was not then a member of the Church, but I formed an attachment for him that continued and increased through life. He was at the camp-meeting at which I professed religion, and preached every day with an earnestness and power which carried conviction to many a poor sinner’s heart. On Monday evening we retired into the grove together. He talked with me and prayed for me with a tenderness which will never be forgotten. Two hours afterward light, life, and joy indescribable, sprung up in my heart. He was present when I became a candidate for the ministry. At my ordination, he preached the ordination-sermon. He treated the young preachers with so much tenderness that they could but love him. I have labored with him a great deal. The first year of my minis-

try I rode what was then called the Henderson Circuit. He then lived in Henderson county. In the course of the summer of 1839, we attended a number of meetings together, at every one of which there was a large ingathering. His religion was of a scriptural character. His sermons were always well arranged, and well delivered. And, whilst he was no bigoted sectarian, he loved his Church, and was always ready to defend its doctrines, and he could do it with great ability. He was neither ashamed of the gospel, nor a reproach to it; always in his place in the judicatures of the Church; taking a deep interest in all the business of the body. In all his intercourse with his brethren he was kind, courteous, respectful, and showed a Christian spirit, and many will rise up in the great day of God Almighty and call him blessed.

“W. G. L. QUAITE.”

The following letter is from Rev. Dr. B. H. Pier-son, of Arkansas:

“MY DEAR SISTER DAVIS:—Your letter requesting from me something on the subject of the early history of your worthy departed husband, the Rev. Silas N. Davis, was duly received, and I take pleasure in complying with your request, especially as you intimate that I was more familiar with his character and first labors in the ministry than any other person.

“In the spring of A.D. 1826, I was ordered by the Anderson Presbytery of the Cumberland Pres-

byterian Church to travel and preach in what was then called 'the Kentucky portion of Jackson's Purchase,' included in the then recently organized counties of McCracken, Graves, Hickman, and Obion, a field of labor that had been preoccupied by Rev. R. Beard, the present Rev. Dr. Beard, of Lebanon, Tennessee, and John B. McKinney, but which had been abandoned by the Hopewell Presbytery for some time, as included in a Presbytery to which these young men did not belong.

"In connection with my much-loved brother, Rev. Adley Boyd, I entered this field, in which there was not a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, or, so far as I remember, an organized congregation. Notwithstanding our great lack of literary and other qualifications for the work, our labors were so blessed that in the brief space of five months the converts numbered more than one hundred. Among them was Silas N. Davis, at that time, I think, about seventeen years old. He had had the advantage of religious training by parents who had belonged to the Presbyterian Church, but who joined the Cumberland Presbyterians with their son Silas.

"At the fall session of the Presbytery, Brother Boyd and I were remanded to the same work for the following six months. Soon after I returned to it I was informed by his parents that Silas was impressed to preach. But his age, his almost entire want of education, the entire destitution of schools in that but recently settled region, and the fact that his parents were poor, and consequently unable to send him abroad to be educated, all seemed to pre-

sent insuperable barriers in the way of his entering the ministry. We were unable, at once, to determine as to the best course to pursue. I proposed to take him with me on the circuit, and teach him, as I might have opportunity, English Grammar and other things that I deemed important, and that, on becoming a candidate for the ministry, I knew the Presbytery would require him to know.

“Although the circumstances that attended him in his early youth were very unfavorable to his mental development, I soon learned that he possessed a mind of no ordinary character. His memory, especially, was above ordinary. I will give an illustration: One evening we were going to a night appointment in a neighborhood where a beginner would have but little to fear from the size or intelligence of the congregation, and I proposed to him to exhort and pray. He replied that he knew nothing to say. I proposed to furnish the outlines of a religious talk, and did so by alluding to the parable of the ‘Supper’ as a suitable representation of the blessings of the gospel—their fullness, their freeness, their adaptation to the situation, circumstances, and wants of the human family—giving the points of a discourse, the clothing of which with such thoughts as I supposed they would suggest to his mind, and the delivery of which might require fifteen or twenty minutes, which was agreed to. The time came. The congregation were present. He lined a hymn; we sang it. He offered a prayer, every word of which seemed to be necessary and in its proper place. He arose from kneeling, com-

menced where I began, proceeded as I had done, expressing the same thoughts that I had expressed, and in the same order, so far as I could remember, and stopped where I did, without adding a single word or syllable, so far as I could recollect. Although the effort showed his great lack of information, it demonstrated his capacity of learning.

“In the following spring (1827), he went with me to Presbytery, and presented himself as a candidate for the ministry. But his awkward appearance, his illiterateness, and (shall I say) his homely costume, all conspired to make the Presbytery reject him, notwithstanding all my efforts to persuade the Presbytery that he had merit. All the encouragement he received was to write a piece on a subject of his own selecting, and be at the next meeting of the Presbytery, in the hope that he might then be received. And to show the liability of the wisest and best men to err in determining as to who should preach the gospel, as well as still farther to demonstrate that his native ability was extraordinary, I will say that three years from that time, at Bethlehem camp-meeting, within six miles of Cumberland College, at 11 o'clock on the Sabbath, and in the presence of Dr. Cossitt, Rev. D. Lowry, and others of like prominence in the Church, he delivered a sermon which was creditable to himself and to the occasion. About this time I became a pioneer in Arkansas, and it was my privilege after that to meet him but rarely; never, except my duties called me nearer to the heart of the Church to attend its highest judicature.

“In conclusion, it is but justice to the memory of Brother Davis that I should say he was always affable and pleasant. None that I ever assisted into the ministry gave me less anxiety or trouble.

“In Christian kindness yours,

“B. H. PIERSON.”

My own personal acquaintance with Mr. Davis extended over his whole ministerial life. Our intimacy, however, was confined chiefly to its last few years. As I have already mentioned, in the fall of 1827 he came to McLemoresville, for the purpose of entering a school which I was then teaching at that place. He had a youthful and country-like appearance. I had begun to learn a little then of what I have learned a great deal since, that such exteriors often conceal abilities and worth which only want time and means for development. He passed through the school in a quiet manner, attending to his duties and making the usual progress. As I have mentioned before, there were several young men in the school—two or three of them preparing for ordination. A weekly prayer-meeting was kept up, and it was customary for some one of the young men to conduct the meeting. After having been there a few weeks, he was appointed to take his part in that way. Although it seemed a necessary extension of courtesy and encouragement to make the appointment, all were afraid it would not work well, he being so young, and seeming so utterly destitute of experience. He did not hesitate, however, but took his place, opened

the exercises with the customary hymn and prayer, and then, instead of carrying the prayer-meeting directly forward, quietly slipped into a text, and gave us a very respectable little sermon of about twenty minutes' length. It took every one by surprise, but satisfied us that time and experience, and the grace of God, would make him a preacher.

He spent some months, and then returned to Kentucky. In the spring of 1830, I met him at Cumberland College. He spent the summer there, but our courses of study were different, and of course we were not very intimately associated.

After my return from Mississippi, in 1843, and when the Green River Synod resolved to make an effort for the reestablishment of Cumberland College, he became deeply interested in that enterprise, and in 1850, as it has been said, bought a home and settled near to the institution. The property which he bought was a part of the old College farm. We lived in adjoining yards until the early part of 1854. He was one of the best preachers of any denomination within the bounds of his operations. His education was not of the highest order, but what he read and heard he used to great advantage. Dr. Pierson has given an illustration of his aptitude in the use of material with which he became furnished from whatever source. This aptitude, perhaps rather improved than otherwise, followed him through life. He never preached a sermon which did not embody a greater or less amount of substantial doctrinal truth. On one occasion, two or three years before his death, he preached in the progress of a revival

in Princeton. It was at a night-service, and the house was crowded. An intelligent hearer remarked at the close of the sermon, with earnest significance, that it contained truth enough to lead every hearer in the congregation to the kingdom of God, if it were rightly improved.

The loss of Mr. Davis was a heavy blow upon that portion of the Church with which he was more immediately connected. He was highly regarded both as a preacher and a counselor. As a tribute of respect to his memory, the Presbytery by which he was both licensed and ordained having been divided not long after his death, the new Presbytery received and still bears the name of the Davis Presbytery.

At the time of his death he was President of the Board of Trustees of Cumberland College. He was engaged with others in a vigorous effort to maintain and elevate the institution which had been a clustering point of so much care and labor. He was an earnest man, and in the most exalted work committed to human hands fulfilled an honored and useful mission. His memory is dear to many, and especially to his bereaved family, who loved and honored him almost to idolatry.

REV. MILTON BIRD, D.D.*

1830—1871.

MILTON BIRD was born October 23, 1807, in Barren county, Kentucky. His parents were Robert and Rachel Bird. Of his parentage and early life little is known except the name of his parents. It is supposed that the worldly circumstances of his father's family were ordinary, and that his education was such as was common to boys in Kentucky in the early part of the century. It is certain that his early advantages were so restricted as to have made it necessary for him to become what he did become by his own personal efforts. He was, in the most practical sense of the expression, *a self-made man*. His principal literary attainments were made, too, after he entered the ministry.

On the 20th of February, 1824, he made a profession of religion. He was then in his seventeenth year. On the 13th of August of the same year he connected himself with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

On the 14th of October of the following year, 1825, he was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Logan Presbytery. Alexander Chapman

* *Banner of Peace*; Rev. A. Freeman, D.D.; Rev. W. J. Darby; *Cumberland Presbyterian*.

and William Harris were the controlling spirits of the Presbytery at that time. It would be judged, from his subsequent life, and from the high estimate which he is known to have placed upon these men, that they succeeded in infusing a large measure of their own spirit into him.

October 12, 1826, he was licensed as a probationer, and in April, 1830, he was set apart by ordination to the whole work of the ministry. Mr. Bird retained as long as he lived, and carried to his grave, a deep impression of the solemnity of this transaction, and of the obligations which it imposed. He sometimes referred to it in his sermons, and never without obvious interest and tenderness of feeling, often bringing tears to the eyes of his hearers. He was ordained as an evangelist.

In the early summer of 1831, a number of ministers, under an appointment of the General Assembly as missionaries, visited Western Pennsylvania. In the fall of that year they were joined by Mr. Bird, who, it will be perceived, was still a young man, and quite a young preacher. Cumberland Presbyterianism in Pennsylvania was a new thing, and it excited, of course, some awakening, and some opposition. The religious crust was broken which had hardened upon the surface of society, and some agitation followed. It was inevitable that the labors of the missionaries should receive something of a polemic cast. Mr. Bird was one of those who remained in the country. There were, consequently, frequent calls upon him, as well as upon the others, for their theological *status*, as well as the theolog-

ical *status* of the Church. Explanations of subjects growing out of such inquiries could not be made without bringing them into collision with what was considered something like the established order of things. These circumstances threw Mr. Bird almost of necessity into the attitude of a controversialist. He retained something of this cast of character through life, always modified, however, by an excellent Christian spirit. When assailed, his replies, although not bitter and acrimonious, were always bold and fearless. His hearers knew where he stood.

He served for some time as pastor of the Waynesburg Congregation. After that he was for a number of years pastor of Pleasant Hill Congregation, in Washington county.

In 1840, he moved to Uniontown, and became connected with Madison College, as Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Natural Theology. He was appointed to this position as the successor of Rev. John Morgan. He gave instruction in that institution during the collegiate year of 1841-1842, and in the spring of 1842 resigned, in consequence of some difficulty between the President and some of the Trustees. This difficulty resulted in severing the connection between the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania and Madison College—a connection which at one time promised to be a matter of some interest to the Church.

In 1841, Mr. Bird assumed control of the *Union Evangelist*, the publication of which had been commenced the previous year by Mr. Morgan. In con-

nection with his other work, after the death of Mr. Morgan, he served the congregation in Uniontown for some time, as pastor or supply.

At this place he commenced, in 1845, the publication of the *Theological Medium*. This was published for several years monthly, in pamphlet form. It afterward became the *Medium and Quarterly*. This publication was continued, with one or two short intervals, to the commencement of the late war. It is said that for seven or eight of his latter years in Pennsylvania, Mr. Bird preached very extensively, and that his influence in all the congregations and judicatures of the Church was very great—almost supreme.

In 1847, Mr. Bird left Pennsylvania and moved to Louisville, or rather to Jeffersonville, Indiana, and took charge of the "Book Concern" in Louisville. The General Assembly of 1845 had taken the initiatory steps toward the entrance of the Church upon the work of publication. At Louisville, in July, 1850, he commenced the publication of the *Watchman and Evangelist*. This paper had a respectable circulation, and acquired altogether a respectable reputation.

In 1855, he removed to Princeton, Kentucky, and took charge of Princeton and Bethlehem Congregations. For some time, also, he held a nominal connection with Old Cumberland College, as its President. The connection, however, was nominal only, with the exception of his holding the customary religious services.

In 1858, he went to St. Louis, and for a year

edited the *St. Louis Observer*, in connection with his *Medium and Quarterly*. When the war commenced he removed to Jeffersonville, Indiana. It was intended to be a retirement from the storm.

After the meeting of the General Assembly in Owensboro, in 1862, at the earnest request, it was understood, of some conservative leading members of the Church in Kentucky, he undertook a journey southward, with a view to conciliating and quieting the minds of Southern congregations and ministers, as far as he could reach them, and preventing a division of the Church. He visited Nashville and Lebanon, but, it is believed, went no farther. The passions of the people were very much inflamed, and he could have done but little. God in his providence, however, kept the Church together.

At the Assembly at Alton, in 1863, Dr. Bird was Moderator, and, of course, opened the next Assembly, which met at Lebanon, Ohio, with the customary sermon. The sermon produced some dissatisfaction, and was afterward published by Dr. Bird himself as a matter of self-vindication. This is mentioned as a prominent fact connected with the life of the author. It is not the place, however, to consider the merits of the sermon, or the circumstances out of which the publication arose.

In 1864, he returned to Caldwell county, Kentucky, and took charge of Bethlehem Congregation, in connection with the congregation at Fredonia. The labor of his two last years was confined to Bethlehem.

Dr. Bird was a member of the General Assembly

at Nashville, in 1871, and seemed to be in ordinary health and spirits. In the course of the preceding year he had been conducting a correspondence with prominent men of the Evangelical Union Church of Scotland. Both himself and the Assembly were deeply interested in the correspondence. It had been managed on his part to the satisfaction of the Assembly, and he was requested to continue it. No one could have anticipated what was so soon to follow. On the 18th of July, however, two months only after the Assembly, he was attacked with a violent form of congestion, affecting chiefly the stomach and bowels. From the first there was hardly a hope of his recovery. His vital powers seemed completely prostrated. He conversed but little. Says my informant, however: "In addition to the accumulated evidence of a long life, he left sufficient and satisfactory assurance of his readiness to depart." He died on the 26th of July, about 5 o'clock P.M. The funeral-services were performed by Rev. Wm. C. Love, the oldest minister of the Presbytery, and a former pastor of the congregation, at 3 o'clock the following day. Dr. Bird was a Mason, and his remains were buried with Masonic honors as well as sincere Christian respect. The spot selected for the burial was near where the old camp-meeting shed stood in former days. Where the shed had stood, camp-meetings had been held annually, until within a few years past, for the space of fifty years. *Scores, scores* of sinners had been converted on that ground. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Love, the officiating minister upon the

occasion of the funeral, followed his friend to the grave in the course of a few months.

Dr. Bird was married on the 4th of November, 1834, to Miss Elizabeth A. Dunham, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. He left her a widow with seven children. Five of their children had preceded him to the grave.

In 1857, in connection with Rev. A. M. Bryan, of Pittsburgh, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Trustees and Faculty of Cumberland University. This was the second occasion on which such a degree had been conferred by the authorities of the University, the first being the occasion on which Rev. Herschel S. Porter received the degree, in 1851.

Dr. Bird was remarkable for his punctuality in attending the judicatures of the Church. It is said that from his marriage to his death he was uniform in his attendance at the General Assembly with one exception, and at that time he was prevented by sickness. Thirty-seven Assemblies had intervened, and at thirty-six he was present. He was Moderator of the General Assembly at Owensboro, in 1842; at Memphis, in 1848; at Pittsburgh, in 1851; at Louisville, in 1856; and at Alton, in 1863. At Clarksville, in 1850, he was appointed Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, as successor of Rev. Cornelius G. McPherson. On eight occasions he preached the introductory-sermons to the General Assembly. The last occasion upon which he officiated thus was at the opening of the Assembly at Owensboro, in 1866. The Moderator of the former

Assembly had died in the interim, Rev. Hiram Douglas, and Dr. Bird preached by request.

It will be observed from these statements that he acted a very prominent part in the operations of this Church during thirty-five or forty years. Dr. Bird is a conspicuous example of what industry, perseverance, and unfaltering fidelity to the great principles of truth and duty will do for a man under very great disadvantages. His early education was defective; his habits of communication were embarrassed; he was always poor, and for years had the care of a large family; yet he early became one of our first men, and maintained that position by an unquestioned right for a greater number of years than most men are permitted to labor in the ministry. Nor were labor and earnest application wearing him out. As it has been intimated, in his place at the last Assembly which he attended he presented the prospect of years of labor still. When overtaken by the disease which carried him off, he had his armor on. His annual protracted-meeting had been appointed; the young man who had been called from a distance to assist him knew nothing of his affliction until he reached the neighborhood. It turned out that the young man came to see his father in the ministry die. During his sickness, although terribly prostrated in body and mind, the thoughts of the good man still turned occasionally to the appointed meeting. Says my informant, from whom I have received many of these particulars:

“I never witnessed a more distressing scene than that which followed his death. His family were

much devoted to him, as was also the entire community where he has labored for the last seven years. No one could have been more universally respected and beloved. This was especially so with the young, to whom he had devoted a large share of his attention for the last two years. The funeral-service was attended by a very large audience—the largest that has assembled there since the days of camp-meetings.”

Dr. Bird did something in the way of authorship. The most of the sermons delivered at the openings of the several Assemblies in which it has been mentioned that he thus officiated were published in the *Theological Medium* and in the *Medium and Quarterly*. The sermon delivered at Lebanon, Ohio, was published in pamphlet form.

In 1856, he published a work on the “Doctrines of Grace.” This work is understood to have originally grown out of a controversy which commenced in Pennsylvania. A minister of another denomination, in a published sermon, endeavored indirectly to show that Cumberland Presbyterianism, theoretically at least, excluded the gracious features of the gospel, and when understood was nothing better than a legal theology. It was the old polemic resort—an attempt to make it appear that a people must believe what they never thought of believing, or that they stultified themselves. It was a pressing into service of the *odium theologicum* in an argument. Such is always a poor, and sometimes a mean, resort. The object of Dr. Bird’s work is to show what a gracious system of theology is, and that Cumberland

Presbyterians embrace such a system in its fullest and most scriptural sense. At his death he left in manuscript an extended biographical sketch of Rev. Alexander Chapman, which has since been published by our Board of Publication. It is a very respectable sketch of the life and labors of a good man.

My personal recollections of Dr. Bird are rather extended, and are certainly very agreeable. Our relations, however, were not very intimate—such only as men form at meetings of the judicatures of the Church; but I think I knew him well. I first saw him at the General Assembly at Princeton, Kentucky, in 1835. Our acquaintance there was merely a passing one. I heard him preach once on that occasion. I have a distinct recollection of the sermon and the text: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this," etc. I had not been in the habit of hearing such sermons, and it appeared to me to be the work of a man of promise. He and John Morgan and Alfred M. Bryan were all young men from Pennsylvania.

My real acquaintance with him, however, commenced at the Assembly of 1843, at Owensboro, Kentucky. He delivered the opening-sermon on that occasion. It was rather a stormy Assembly. Old and difficult questions came before the meeting, arising out of the Assembly's former connection with Cumberland College. Mr. Bird and myself were on the same side of the Church politics, and our sympathies, of course, brought us into closer relations. We combined with others, and together we succeeded in an effort to keep off the meeting of the

next Assembly two years, to give time for the passions of men to become cool.

Near the end of 1843, a few of us were called together at Russellville, Kentucky. In the call made upon us, it was expressed as the consideration that Judge Broadnax, an aged member of the Church, who had acquired considerable wealth, but had no family, desired some counsel on the subject of disposing of his property at his death. The understanding was that he desired to give it to the Church upon certain conditions, or under certain restrictions. Mr. Bird was called from Pennsylvania. I had the honor of being called into the conference myself, with Rev. F. C. Usher, at that time my colleague in Cumberland College. The other members were Rev. Thomas Calhoun and Rev. John L. Dillard. The meeting proved to be a great farce. We could not accept the conditions submitted by our friend. They seemed to us, whether designed or undesigned on the part of the Judge, to affect the integrity of the Church, and self-respect, as well as fidelity to our ordination-vows, required but one course on our part. The result was that Judge Broadnax soon left the Church, and took his money with him. He found new friends who very readily received his benefactions. Mr. Bird returned to his work in Pennsylvania, and the rest of us in like manner to our charges. The Church was no richer from the conference.

Mr. Bird was a prominent member of the Assembly of 1845. A memorial came before the Assembly praying an exposition of the tenth chapter of

the Form of Government. This chapter was framed with a view to the Synod's continuing the highest judicature of the Church. When the General Assembly took the place of the Synod, the committee appointed to frame a chapter for the organization and government of the Assembly neglected to change the chapter relating to the Synod, and adapt it to the new order of things. It became a source of constant trouble. The memorial was referred to a committee, of which Mr. Bird was chairman. His report was an intelligent exposition of the whole subject conformed to the spirit of the Form of Government rather than to the letter. The report was adopted, and became at once practically the law of the Church. I speak of this occurrence here for the reason that I was myself the Moderator, and selected the committee with a particular view to the chairman.

I extract the following from the Minutes of the General Assembly of 1850:

“Brother T. C. Anderson offered the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted:

“WHEREAS, The Assembly of 1849 authorized and requested the Trustees of Cumberland College and Cumberland University to take measures for the establishment of Theological Departments in these institutions; and,

“WHEREAS, The Trustees of Cumberland University have reported to this Assembly their acceptance of the overture of the last Assembly, and their readiness to coöperate with the Assembly in this

enterprise, and it is understood that the Trustees of Cumberland College are also ready to coöperate with the Assembly; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That a committee of seven, a majority of whom shall be competent to act, be appointed by this body to mature a plan for the establishment of Theological Departments in said institutions, and report the result of their deliberations to a subsequent Assembly.

“On motion, Brothers Roach, Anderson, and — were appointed a committee to report suitable nominations to constitute said committee, who reported R. Beard, D.D., T. C. Anderson, Milton Bird, Hon. N. Green, Prof. A. Freeman, David Lowry, and R. R. Landsden, which report was unanimously adopted.”

The day before the meeting of the General Assembly in 1852, a majority of this committee, consisting of the chairman and Messrs. Anderson, Bird, and Lowry, met at Nashville and framed the plan of the present Theological Department in Cumberland University.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Bird and the writer were connected in some of the most important transactions of the Church. I ought to have known him; and, as I have said, I think I did know him.

These recollections might be continued, but I forbear. A full sketch of the life and labors of Dr. Bird would enter largely into a history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for a quarter of a century, from his connection with it as Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, and from his attendance

at its meetings, and his extensive influence upon its measures. Mention may be made before I close of his last introductory-sermon to an Assembly. It was delivered at Owensboro, in 1866. The occasion was a delicate one. It was the first Assembly of the whole Church after the war. It was largely attended. There was a great deal of inflammable material. In a very short time after we met he was kind enough to urge upon me that I should allow my name to be used in connection with a measure in the organization of the Assembly, with a view to the promotion of peace. I yielded to what seemed to be an earnest desire, provided that he and other wise and good men thought that the measure would be promotive of peace. He preached the sermon by request. It was an effort to promote peace. There may have been extremists who were not satisfied, but the sermon was intended to be oil upon the troubled waters. By the mass of the assembled delegates it was certainly appreciated. The Assembly was organized in conformity with the plan for peace. We have had peace. How far these measures, which were at least well meant, may have contributed to this end, He alone knows who has overruled and directed all. We had to some extent a stormy Assembly, but still God gave us wisdom and grace, and we did not divide the Church. There was a triumph of principle over passion. Long may it be remembered as a matter of gratitude and thanksgiving!

I have great regard for Dr. Bird's memory. I loved him; I honored him. This Church has produced as good and as great men, but it has never

produced one more unselfishly devoted to its great interests, or one less disposed to compromise the great principles of what he regarded as truth and duty, than Dr. Bird.

I add a paragraph from the *Banner of Peace* of August 19, 1871. It is a Masonic testimony. Dr. Bird was a Mason, but never substituted Masonry for Christianity:

“Brother Bird was an active, zealous, and faithful minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In the stormy period from 1861 to 1866, when other Churches were rent asunder, he, in the true spirit of a devoted Christian and Mason, ‘spread the cement of brotherly love and affection over the surface of society—that cement which unites us in one sacred band’—and he died leaving his Church a unit, ‘keeping the unity of the spirit and in the bonds of peace.’ In view of this sad dispensation of Providence we recommend the adoption of the following resolutions.”

Six resolutions follow, of which I extract the third and fourth:

“3. *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved widow and sorrowing children, and tender them a wide space in our feelings and affections.

“4. *Resolved*, That we offer our condolence to his shepherdless flock, and join with a smitten community in mourning the death of one beloved, trusted, and revered by us all.”

I add, also, from a leader in the *Banner* of August 5, 1871, in relation to the death of Dr. Bird:

“Truly a pillar of the Church has fallen, but, thank God, the superstructure remains in its majesty and strength. It defies the power of time, and the devices of man. Well said the prophet, ‘I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night.’ In the heat of action a leader falls; instantly another, from the staff or ranks, assumes command. The battle goes on. So in the Christian warfare; a strong man may be stricken down, and the people, in grief and sorrow, may be ready to despond; but they may rest assured that the Lord will provide, that his standard will be borne full high and onward by other hands, and that final victory is sure. The fall of a captain of the host may call for greater devotion, for greater sacrifices on the part of the survivors, yet, as of old, champions will be raised up in God’s own time, and the army of the Lord will continue to march steadily on from conquest to conquest.

“Dr. Bird was no ordinary man, as the many and various positions of prominence he occupied in the Church in the course of his ministry fully testify. As a writer of note, and of marked ability, he is known to the whole Church. The amount of work which he performed in his career was immense. His industry was indefatigable. His wisdom, his correct judgment, his well-tempered views on all subjects pertaining to the welfare and progress of the Church, made him a trusted leader and a safe counselor. In our judicatories the vacancy caused by his death will be deeply felt. May his mantle fall on one worthy to fill his place!”

The following is from the *Cumberland Presbyterian* of August 4, 1871:

“Two notes this morning are at hand bringing us the sad intelligence of the death of the venerable father, Dr. Bird. This will send a thrill of sadness through the whole Church. Dr. Bird had served faithfully his allotted time, and we should not arraign the Providence that admits him to his crown, which is studded with many stars.”

REV. WILLIAM CALHOUN LOVE.*

1834—1872.

WILLIAM CALHOUN LOVE was born in the Grassy Valley, Knox county, East Tennessee, on the 9th day of March, 1798. His father, William Love, was a native of Virginia, having been born and raised in Augusta county, near Staunton. His mother's maiden name was Esther Calhoun. She was born and raised in Abbeville District, South Carolina. She was a relative of John C. Calhoun, the distinguished politician of that State. Mr. Love's father and mother were married in 1785, and settled in Pendleton District, South Carolina. The parents remained in this State until after the birth of their fifth child, some time after which they started for the south-west. Mr. Love left his family for a time in East Tennessee, whilst he himself came to Kentucky, and made a settlement on the waters of Tradewater, in what is now Caldwell county. Whilst the mother and children were in East Tennessee, the subject of this sketch was born. In the settlement of the family in Kentucky it consisted of seventeen members, black and white. Mr. William Love, the father, was a surveyor, and while he was engaged in surveying some lands in what is now Hopkins county,

* Manuscript Autobiography.

he was killed by some outlaws by the name of Harp. The Harps were a family of brothers who had emigrated from North Carolina, and became a terror to that portion of Kentucky. Their robberies and murders are still recollected by the older inhabitants of Lower Kentucky. The mother was thus left in a land of strangers with a large family of twelve children, white and black. She was a Christian woman, however, and strengthened herself for her burden. Her husband was killed in his thirty-ninth year.

From the manuscript we have the following account of the earliest years of our subject:

“From my earliest years I was taught to pray. How often have I at night covered up my head after retiring, and repeated the little prayer:

‘And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!’

“After I became eight or ten years of age, I frequently retired at night to a certain walnut-tree in the field to pray. I recollect one night while I was engaged in prayer at the root of the tree, a decayed limb, or something which had been lodged in the tree, fell with a considerable noise, and frightened me very much. I verily thought it was the devil. It was some time before I ventured there for prayer again.”*

In process of time the widow married Joseph

* Manuscript Autobiography, page 11.

Kuykendall, and removed and settled with him near where Hopkinsville now stands. The marriage proved unhappy. The new husband was intemperate, and exceedingly profane. She could not endure the thought of raising her children under such an influence, and left him after an experiment of eighteen months, and returned to her former home. Says the writer of himself in those days:

“I was put in the field to work in crop-time, and in the winter sent to some little three-months’ school. I soon learned to read, write, and spell. I was never permitted to swear, or use what were called *bad words*, or tell stories. On the contrary, I was taught to speak the truth, to go to Church, and when there to keep my seat and behave myself during the service. My mother was a Presbyterian, and had me baptized by old Father Terah Templin, at that time pastor of the congregation of which she was a member. I have a distinct recollection of the appearance of the grave, gray-headed old man. At one time, when he was administering the Lord’s-supper, my attention was particularly attracted to him. I made my way up, and stood near him while he was officiating at the head of the table. When some of the old fathers and sisters began to clap their hands and shout, the preacher hastened to the stand, and cried out in the language of Joel, ‘Rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.’”*

* Manuscript Autobiography, pp. 13, 14.

His mother, however, became better satisfied with her religious condition after hearing McGready, and Ewing, and others of that class of preachers. Their earnest and experimental style of preaching came more fully home to her heart. She united herself with the revival ministers, as they were called, whilst they were laboring in the capacity of a Council. She died in 1844, in the communion of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The most of her children followed in her footsteps.

These details are not so important in themselves, but they are given because they will assist in the explanation of other facts, the account of which will follow. Mr. Love, our subject, grew up to manhood, and by degrees laid aside the habit of retirement for evening prayer, as well as other good habits which he had formed under the guidance of his pious mother. He became a restless and wild young man. He was a fine companion, had a roving disposition, and a great notion of what is called a life of adventure. These developments were, however, temporarily interrupted by the earthquakes of 1811 and 1812. Of the earthquakes we have the following account:

“In December of 1811, the earthquakes commenced on Sunday morning, some time before day. We were all aroused from sleep by a lumbering noise like distant thunder. Immediately the house began to shake, while mother sat up in the bed exclaiming, ‘Judgment, the judgments of God upon the world for its wickedness!’ We all put on our clothes in great consternation, waiting for daylight.

Some time before day the neighbors began to come in, wishing to know mother's opinion of what had occurred, as she was considered among them as a woman of reading. They got the Bible, and turned it over from passage to passage, and came to the conclusion that it was an earthquake. Their minds were quieted a little. But just after daylight another severe shock occurred. All ran out of the house, which began to reel and crack as though it would fall over every moment. Everything appeared to be in motion. I know not what others thought, but verily I thought the last day had come. I was startled, but still I had but little fear. I had been up to this time like the young ruler: 'All these commandments have I observed from my youth.' The hidden wickedness of my heart had not yet been revealed to me."*

Mr. Love's fondness for adventure has been mentioned. The war of 1812 came on, and in the latter part of 1814 a call was made on Kentucky and Tennessee for troops for the defense of New Orleans. He wanted to go upon the expedition which followed the call, but knew that his mother would not give her consent, as he was not yet seventeen. He obtained her consent, however, to make a boating trip, but made his way directly to Smithland, hired himself as a substitute for a man who had been drafted for the service, and was soon on his way to the seat of war. On the 4th of January, 1815, the expedition landed four miles below New Orleans. He

* Manuscript Autobiography, pp. 15, 16.

shared in the terrible battle of the 8th, lost his bayonet in the conflict, and was very uneasy lest the British would be able to charge over the breastworks of the American lines, and he should be in an awkward predicament without a weapon so much needed in such a case. It turned out that he did not need his bayonet. He was one of the body of troops who were sent across the river to assist in recovering the ground which was supposed to have been lost there. The result of all was, that the unfilial young man reached the home of his mother unhurt. He was received as such wanderers are generally received by forgiving mothers. His own account is, "I met my mother and all the family at the gate, and such joy I had never experienced before as I experienced at that meeting."

This fondness for adventure still continued, and he determined to go to sea. Arrangements were made with Jesse Cobb, of Eddyville, a neighboring town on Cumberland River, to go with him as a hired hand on a trading boat to New Orleans. His purpose was to seek employment at New Orleans on board of a ship as a subordinate officer, or as a private sailor, and thus to commit himself to the perils of a life at sea. A good providence interposed. Before the boat was ready to leave Eddyville he was taken sick with what was then called the winter fever. Before he recovered the boat was gone, and the whole scheme was broken up.

On the 24th of July, 1817, Mr. Love was married to Honor Tison. His wife had been raised in Pitt county, North Carolina, and was six months younger

than himself. He bought a farm a few miles from Princeton, and settled on it, but, after one or two unimportant changes, he moved in the winter of 1821 and 1822 to the Western District of Tennessee, and settled in Madison county, or rather what was soon organized into Madison county.

“Here,” says he, “I must record with shame and deep contrition of heart that I departed farther than ever before from the way in which my pious mother had taught me to walk. The country was new, the people were strangers to one another, and acquaintances were frequently made and friendships formed around the bottle and over the glass.”

He was a popular, companionable, and sprightly man—just such an one as would be expected to be carried away by a current like this. And he was carried too far. In the organization of the militia of the county he was elected an officer of respectable rank. This circumstance increased his temptations. He became, as he says, a prodigal, and started rapidly on the downward road. He had relentings, however, as a man with his early training would almost inevitably have. In the summer or early fall of 1822, James S. Guthrie, Francis Johnston, and the writer, held the first sacramental-meeting that ever was held by Cumberland Presbyterians in what is now Western Tennessee. The meeting was held on the north fork of Forked Deer, near Adley Alexander's. I have mentioned this circumstance elsewhere,* but repeat it here for the purpose partly of

* Former series, Sketch of James Smith Guthrie, page 211.

more particularity. On Sabbath of this meeting, Mr. Guthrie was preaching with great power, on the subject of "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father." I was in my place in the pulpit, and looking back I saw a man sitting alone on a stump fifteen or twenty steps from the pulpit, weeping like a child. That man was the prodigal, Major William C. Love. What wonders by his providence and by his grace God does work!

In 1824, Mr. Love left Madison county and settled in Gibson, about four miles from where Trenton now stands. After the organization of the county, the first court was held at his house. The following is his account of the accommodations for the occasion:

"I had built a cabin with a passage, and also a stable about twenty feet square, of round logs, mostly beech. As it had never been used, I gave it up for the use of the court. I split some puncheons and arranged them as seats for the court. Then some forks were driven into the ground, and a railing was made for the lawyers. A slab was prepared for their seat, and in front some boards were arranged on forks for their books and for the convenience of writing."*

These were primitive preparations for the administration of justice. The ministrations of the gospel were conducted in very much the same primitive manner. The inevitable circuit-rider and camp-meeting of those days followed very soon upon the

* Manuscript Autobiography, page 69.

heels of the settlement. In 1826, a camp-meeting was held in the neighborhood of Mr. Love. It was the first meeting of the kind which was ever held there. He was one of the camp-holders, and, although not yet a professor of religion, and, as we have seen, altogether a man of the world, he entertained more people and kept more horses than any man on the ground. The preachers at that meeting were William Barnett, Robert Baker, Nelson I. Hess, and the writer.

The year 1828 was the great crisis in Mr. Love's life. He says himself, "It was the ever-memorable year in which four things transpired in connection with myself and family. Three of them should never be forgotten in time; and three of them I am sure will be remembered in eternity."

The first was strictly a domestic occurrence. He had, some time previous to this year, joined the Masons.

The second occurrence was his expulsion from the Lodge for card-playing and drinking on the Sabbath-day. He writes opposite to this: "A righteous judgment." If he had not been an honest Christian man he would have left no such record.

"The third," says he, "my last gambling and horse-racing."

The fourth, "My conviction and conversion."

It was a strange succession of events. I suppose the explanation is to be found in the principle that a disease develops itself with such power as partially to spend itself as it approaches a crisis. However we may settle this question, the record no doubt

is honestly made, and the whole subsequent life was a cumulative testimony that the conviction and conversion were powerful realities. The following is his account of these latter events:

“Camp-meetings were coming on. The Cumberland Presbyterians held one near my own house. James Stewart, Richard Beard, John C. Smith, John and James McKee, and William Bumpass, were there. I suppose I need not say that there was another there greater than all the rest. It pleased this great, and good, and merciful Being, again to show me that I was a great sinner, and hastening to destruction. I believed and felt that I was the greatest sinner on the ground. Others might have committed more outrageous wickedness, but I had sinned against light and knowledge, had broken so many vows, had so often and so wickedly grieved the Holy Spirit, had so often gone to the altar and then again to the woods for prayer, and had still turned back. These reflections overwhelmed me. I did not know what to do. I was almost ready to say there could be no mercy for me. The good Lord, however, gave me strength and courage once more to seek the salvation of my soul. I there vowed, not in my own strength as heretofore, but in the strength of Israel’s God, that I would pray and seek the pardon of my sins as long as I lived, and that I would die pleading for mercy, even if I never obtained it. I was not excited, nor in the altar, but quiet in the camp.”*

* Manuscript Autobiography, pp. 78, 79.

We are not surprised to learn that soon after this experience his mind became calm and peaceful; still he was not satisfied. At another meeting, however, not long after this, he became entirely relieved. It was a quiet, peaceful, and satisfactory conversion. On the following day his wife professed religion. His negro man Cato made profession before the meeting closed. It was, of course, a memorable occasion in the family. In a few weeks the husband and wife presented themselves for examination to the session at a camp-meeting at McLemoresville. The writer was present as Moderator of the session at the time. They were received, and their membership transferred to the congregation in their own vicinity. There was a large number of such cases, as it had been a year of great ingathering.

The following are his reasons, condensed, for uniting with the Cumberland Presbyterians:

“1. Their unity and love for one another. This was no small matter with a young convert.

“2. Their friendship for other Churches.

“3. Their general liberality and open communion.

“4. I believed, and loved with all my heart, the doctrines which their preachers presented and urged, especially, that Jesus Christ by the grace of God had tasted death for *every man*.

“5. Their doctrine of human freedom, which makes men fully responsible for their own conduct.

“6. The manner in which the righteousness of Christ is presented as the basis of our justification.

“7. Justification by faith alone; not by baptism,

not by works of any kind, but by faith, and if by faith, then by grace."*

Of course all these doctrinal principles are to be regarded as crudely received at first, but they afterward became digested into a system, made a part of the spiritual life of our subject. He understood them as well as believed them.

Mr. Love's old companions allowed him three months for a trial of his new life, but supposed that in three months, or at farthest in six, he would break down and be back among them. Instead of this, however, in a few months the subject of the temperance reformation began to be agitated, and he, with a few Presbyterians and Cumberland Presbyterians, organized, it is believed, the first temperance society that was ever organized in Tennessee. It was certainly the first that was organized in West Tennessee. There was opposition. Strange as it may seem, a man who had bidden fair to be a drunkard was found at the head of this temperance movement, in conflict, not merely with men of the world, but with Methodists, Baptists, and, with shame be it said, with some Presbyterians, and Cumberland Presbyterians also. Honor to the memory of the eighteen † who then and there commenced the rolling of that ball! The writer knew something of the trial of those days.

In the fall of 1829, Mr. Love was received as a

* Manuscript Autobiography, page 86.

† This was the number that first organized the Temperance Society, at the close of a sermon by Rev. Samuel Hodge.

candidate for the ministry by the Hopewell Presbytery. He says of the Presbytery: "It was held at Trenton. I had been sent as a representative by our little Church. Reuben Burrow, Richard Beard, Anthony B. Lambert, Jordan Lambert, William H. Bigham, Robert Baker, William Bumpass, and perhaps others, were in attendance. I had long been in a strait, but my mind was greatly relieved, supposing that if such men as these thought me called to preach it must be so."

He no doubt learned to believe in the experience of his subsequent life that "such men as these," and far wiser and better men, *might have been* mistaken in this matter. Still, the judgment was unquestionably correct in the particular case.

In March, 1831, he was licensed, the sessions of the Presbytery being held at Bolivar. Two others stood with him and received the Presbyterial commission. One was the present venerable Israel Pickens; the name of the other is not given. Robert Baker presided. His first regular appointment for preaching was at a school-house about ten miles from his home. In preaching he was very much embarrassed, and his effort was so unsatisfactory to himself, to use his own language, he was so ashamed of himself that as soon as the congregation could be dismissed he left unceremoniously, and rode home without his dinner, thus neglecting to claim even the lowest measure of the laborer's hire.

The following is an account of an experience of the olden time. He had been appointed to a circuit, and at the expiration of the first month says:

“I had been gone from home more than a month, had ridden two hundred and seventy miles, and had preached about twenty-five times. And as this was a six-months’ service, the numbers multiplied by six would produce, for miles traveled, sixteen hundred and twenty, and for sermons one hundred and fifty, and yet one dollar and fifty cents was my compensation.”

Such a record will startle some of the present generation of preachers. It is not made, however, nor is it repeated here by way of commendation. We may commend the self-denying preacher, but the people receiving the benefits of such labor were guilty before God. Is it not a wonder that God prospered them?

In the month of August, 1836, his wife died. He speaks of this circumstance as the greatest trial of his life. She was no doubt an earnest and devoted Christian woman. She was the mother of several children when her husband entered the ministry. An immense responsibility was upon her, yet she seems always to have borne her burdens with patience and meekness, and as a real helper. The truth is, the man who writes the history of some of the women of those times will write a book to be read. One verse of a favorite song with her was:

No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its banks my steps I bend.
There to plunge will be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.

It was made a part of her obituary notice.

In 1837, Mr. Love moved to Kentucky, and set-

tled in Piney Fork Congregation. His chief object in coming to Kentucky seems to have been that he might secure the aid of his mother in the management of his children. Piney Fork and Bethlehem Congregations were both without pastors. Neither of them had a comfortable house of worship. He calls them, no doubt very appropriately, mere shells of Churches. The Princeton Presbytery itself was small, and very much crippled in its operations. It had but four ministerial members. One of these was a Professor in Cumberland College, another was engaged in the practice of medicine, a third very much embarrassed with the financial affairs of the College, and the fourth was a farmer. About this time Mr. Love took charge of the Bethlehem and Piney Fork Congregations, He was to divide his time equally between them. No specified salary was stipulated.

In July, 1838, he was married a second time, to Miss Catherine Smith. The years 1843 and 1844 he lived near Bethlehem, and taught school in addition to his preaching. Necessity controlled him. In 1844 he resigned the charge of Piney Congregation. The annual compensation for pastoral services was fifty dollars, and sometimes not so much. He felt compelled to look elsewhere for a field of labor.

In October of 1845, he organized the Fredonia Congregation, to which he preached fourteen years in succession. In 1846 he moved to that neighborhood, where he remained to his death. In 1846 he withdrew from his connection with Bethlehem. The salary had been meager enough to produce discour-

agement. He records it, as upon an average, less than sixty dollars a year. His ministerial labors during the latter years of his life were distributed to the various congregations and destitute neighborhoods within his reach, as circumstances would permit.

In 1861, the cruel civil war came on. His inevitable sympathies and the sympathies of some of his friends ran in different channels. A few of his old friends turned their backs upon him. They were proscriptive; he thought them cruel. Let the charity of silence, however, bury these unholy heart-burnings in oblivion. One of his sons died a prisoner on Johnson's Island. About the same time two of his younger sons, the hope of his old age, were taken from him by death. In addition, in 1864 his home, which was comfortable and well furnished, with nearly every thing which it contained, was consumed by fire. Such a series of disasters produced, says my informant, a depressing effect upon his mind. He nevertheless rallied, and the five last years of his life were years of active labor. In addition to some necessary secular pursuits, he preached frequently on the Sabbath. At the fall session of Princeton Presbytery he was, by a mutual understanding, made the stated supply of Fredonia Congregation. He accordingly preached to them semi-monthly until his death. After the death of Dr. Bird, whose funeral-service he performed, he agreed to preach semi-monthly for the Bethlehem Congregation until a pastor could be procured. This engagement he fulfilled with his accustomed fidelity to his death. Some of the old people said that his pulpit efforts

in those last days of his life savored of younger and more vigorous years. One of the elders of Fredonia, who had been in the habit of hearing him for thirty years, reports that "his sermons seemed fresh and new every time."

On the fourth Sabbath in March, 1872, he rode to Bethlehem, about six miles, and returned the same day. He was unwell, and not able to preach. A neighboring minister of the Presbyterian Church supplied the pulpit for him. On Friday following a violent attack of pneumonia developed itself. It soon assumed a typhoid form. Every arrangement, however, had been made. *He had set his house in order.* His will had been written by himself. He had selected his burial-place, had even given instructions in relation to his coffin and burial-services. Says my informant: "His sufferings were intense and protracted, but his patience and submission were those of a tried Christian. He was scarcely able to speak or hear for days previous to his departure, yet his every and last expression was that of peace and prospective joy. His death was a complete vindication of the truth and power of the Christian religion, as his life had been." He died April 18, 1872.

I have written this sketch on some accounts with a deeper and more tender interest than usual. It will be perceived that the line of the history falls in with the line of my own at various points. I first became slightly acquainted with Mr. Love in my early ministerial life. He then lived in Western Tennessee. I sometimes saw him at my meetings

when a circuit-rider in that country. A few years subsequently I knew him as a liberal supporter of camp-meetings near Trenton, while still a man of the world. Then again, as it has been stated, I believe, I was the Moderator of the session when he and the wife of his youth were received to membership in the Church. I next knew him as a member of the first temperance society of Trenton, and at his request, with that of others, preached, I suppose, the second temperance-sermon that was ever preached in Western Tennessee. That sermon was delivered in Trenton in the fall of 1828. I was present, according to his record, and according to my own recollection, when he was received as a candidate for the ministry. We were for a short time co-presbyters in 1837 and 1838, and again from 1843 to 1854. I have always regarded him as a remarkable man. He made no pretensions to greatness, in the popular acceptance of that term; but, considering his early life, his habits of life, and his educational advantages, and then the decided change which took place, the unfaltering consistency of that changed life during a trial of forty-five years, and last, though not least, the attainments which he made in scriptural and theological knowledge in the course of his ministry, a ministry at least highly respectable in the sphere in which he moved, I must be allowed to regard him as a remarkable man. There never was a more signal illustration, although a somewhat quiet one, of the sanctifying power of the Christian religion.

It affords me great pleasure in this connection to

bear my testimony to one characteristic of Mr. Love which is not always found in the great ministerial brotherhood. I allude to his freedom from that low-minded jealousy and envy which so often poison what should be sources of happiness in society. If he possessed anything of this spirit I never detected it. He loved the Church of his choice; he loved its theology, its measures, and its men.

We see a specimen in his case of what an earnest and willing mind can do under the most unfavorable circumstances. Think of a poor man, with a wife and ten or twelve children at one time dependent on him, performing all the functions of a pastor to one, and sometimes to two, congregations, for the consideration of a hundred, or, at most, a hundred and fifty dollars a year. And yet there are scores of men in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church who are living just such lives to-day. God sees and appreciates their *work of faith and labor of love*, if the congregations do not. Such men are in their way benefactors of the Church.

That my history may be faithful, however, it is but justice to say here in its place, that the congregations to which our friend and brother whose record we are now considering ministered, under such disadvantages, have made great advances within a few years in their system of operations. They have built good houses of worship, and have, it is believed, become liberal supporters of the ministry and all the institutions of religion. So true it is that while some men sow the seed, others are permitted, in the providence of God, to reap the harvest.

REV. SUMNER BACON.*

1835—1842.

SUMNER BACON is supposed to have been a native of Massachusetts. The first account we have of him is as a regular soldier in the army of the United States. The regiment with which he was connected was stationed at Fort Smith, Arkansas, about the years 1823 and 1824. In 1824 his term of service expired, and he was discharged. Says my informant: "He spent two years as a hired hand in a family in Arkansas, dressed in buckskin — pants and hunting-shirt — as were myself and most of the day-laborers at that time in Arkansas." He seems to have been very profane. It could hardly have been otherwise, after an experience of some time in the army; but in 1826 he professed religion, and in a short time was received by the Arkansas Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. In a year or two he was licensed by that Presbytery. The date, however, of his licensure is not known. The records are lost.

His early efforts in the ministry were not very satisfactory. The Arkansas ministers at that time were John Carnahan, Josephus A. Cornwall, James H. Black, Andrew Buchanan, and Jesse M. Blair — all solid, serious, and thoughtful men. Bacon was considered to be rather erratic.

* Revs. J. B. Renfro, John Buchanan, and W. G. L. Quaite.

In 1828, he went to Texas, and penetrated into the country as far as San Felipe. This was the field for him, so true it is that when God calls out a workman he always finds a work suited to the character of him who is thus called. In traversing the wilds of Texas he preached whenever and wherever an opportunity was offered. He bore a high character for scrupulous honesty, great energy, and punctuality in fulfilling his engagements. Though of a rough exterior, and unpolished manners, he had a soul which gleamed with the noblest affections, while he was a stranger to fear. It required a heroic spirit to bear what Protestantism was compelled to bear at that time in Texas. That spirit he possessed in large measure.

In 1832, he was appointed an agent for the distribution of the Scriptures in Texas. "He scattered," says my informant, "the *Word of Life* from San Antonio to the Sabine with an industrious hand." Of course this brought him into collision with the Roman Catholic prejudices of the country. On one occasion he was taken by a band of desperadoes, and threatened with death. He asked permission to pray. Permission being granted, he threw himself upon his knees and poured forth an earnest prayer for the men who were threatening to take his life. Concluding his prayer, he opened his eyes, and his persecutors were gone. The appeal was too strong to be resisted. The tradition is, that when the ringleader of the band returned to his home, his savage mother asked him if he had succeeded in killing the preacher. He replied, with earnest-

ness: "I would not hurt a hair of that man's head for this cabin filled with gold."

On another occasion, while he was distributing the Bible, Colonel James Gains reported him to Colonel Bean. The latter told him to go on and distribute as many Bibles as he pleased, with the injunction that *he should not disturb the peace.*

On still another occasion, Mr. Bacon and others were preparing to hold a camp-meeting near San Augustine, and a number of wicked men conspired to break it up. Colonel Bowie, one of Texas's noblest men, providentially was present at the meeting, and being so deeply impressed with the simplicity and solemn earnestness of Bacon, that he said to the ruffians in his expressive manner, "Captain Bowie is in command to-day," and, making the sign of the cross upon the ground, he told the preachers that they could proceed with the meeting. This, of course, settled the matter.

About the year 1835, Mr. Bacon was ordained by one of the South-western Presbyteries, perhaps the Presbytery of Mississippi. I make this statement on my own authority, still not being certain that I am correct. I have a distinct recollection of having heard of the occurrence about the time, and that Thomas B. Reynolds and William A. Scott were present and promoted and participated in the ordination. These were then recent graduates from Cumberland College, but earnestly favored the measure from the consideration of Mr. Bacon's great usefulness in his field of labor, although in literary attainments he was known to fall below the require-

ments of the Form of Government. It was certainly an indulgence to be granted.

In 1836, Mr. Bacon organized the second Cumberland Presbyterian Church which was organized in Texas. In the fall of that year he attended the meeting of the Mississippi Synod, and succeeded in procuring an order of the Synod for the organization of a Presbytery as soon as three ministers of the country could be collected together in that capacity. In the winter of 1837, a Presbytery was organized, holding its first meeting five miles east of San Augustine. In 1841, three Presbyteries were formed out of this one, the Texas Presbytery. The names were Texas, Red River, and Colorado Presbyteries. In 1842, these Presbyteries were organized into a Synod, which held its first meeting near Nacogdoches. Rev. Sumner Bacon was Moderator. In a short time after the meeting this pioneer of Cumberland Presbyterianism, and of Protestantism in Texas, died at his home in San Augustine county.

I close this brief and imperfect sketch of the life and labors of one of our good men with a letter from Rev. W. G. L. Quait, one of the successors of Mr. Bacon in Texas. It will be seen that a little fire has kindled a great matter in that country. God works wonders, and sometimes, too, by agencies which men would not have selected. The following is the letter:

“WAXAHATCHIE, TEXAS.

“BROTHER BEARD:—I inclose you a sketch of the life and labors of Rev. Sumner Bacon, by Rev. J. B. Renfro, with additional statements by Rev. R. O.

Watkins, who was the co-laborer of Mr. Bacon for several years in Texas.

“For several years before his death his great anxiety and prayer was that God would spare his life to see a Synod organized in Texas. This God permitted him to see, and preside over, in the fall of 1842, in Nacogdoches county, Texas.

“This was the last time he and Watkins ever met. Bacon told Watkins that his work was done. He said he had a presentiment that he would die soon. He called Brother Watkins his Texas boy; committed to Watkins his mantle; told him he was going home to die.

“Bacon returned to his home in San Augustine county, and in December, 1842, closed a long, and laborious, and eventful life.

“In the latter part of the year 1836, he married Miss Elizabeth McCrosky, of Middle Tennessee.

“Rev. Sumner Bacon left a wife, one son, and two daughters, who all became worthy members of the Church he labored so faithfully to plant in Texas.

“The Cumberland Presbyterian Church numbers three Synods in Texas, fourteen Presbyteries, and one Presbytery in the Indian country, one hundred and eighty ministers, and more than twenty thousand communicants, with an institution of learning second to none of its age, and a large number of young men of fine promise preparing for the ministry.

“The labors of this faithful man of God, with those of the sainted A. J. McGown, and others, will tell for the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the great day of God Almighty.”

REV. CLAIBORNE ALBERT
DAVIS, D.D.*

1847—1867.

CLAIBORNE ALBERT DAVIS was born in Hardin county, Tennessee, November 8, 1825. He was the son of Chesley B. and Hannah Davis, and the youngest of seven children, four daughters and three sons. When he was quite young his parents moved to Illinois. A short time after reaching Illinois his father died, and the mother with her children moved to St. Louis county, Missouri, where they lived until 1841. The sisters all having married, and three of them having settled in Platte county, the mother with her two youngest children, Claiborne and William, followed them.

It was while Mr. Davis, then a youth of sixteen years, was living with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Stokes, that he was first brought in contact with Cumberland Presbyterians. He professed religion at one of their camp-meetings held in the neighborhood. This occurred in September of 1842. In August of the following year he united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In October of 1845,

* Mrs. Anna Davis; Rev. Hugh R. Smith; *Banner of Peace*; *Memphis Bulletin*; *Memphis Avalanche*; *Memphis Christian Advocate*.

he was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Platte Presbytery. By the same Presbytery, in April of 1846, he was licensed as a probationer for the holy ministry. At a meeting of the Presbytery in the fall of the same year, an order was passed directing him to prepare for ordination at the next regular meeting of the Presbytery. At the next meeting, which embraced the first Sabbath in April, 1847, after the customary examination, he was set apart to the whole work of the ministry. The occasion is said to have been one of peculiar interest and solemnity. The late Rev. Hugh R. Smith seems to have been his principal instructor in his studies preparatory to the ministry. Mr. Smith gave direction to his English studies and also to his studies in theology. He made in addition some progress in the study of Latin.

The first six months after his ordination he devoted to missionary work, chiefly in the cities of St. Joseph and Platte. In the fall, however, of 1847, he took up his residence in Platte City, and this became his first permanent charge. While there he determined to spend some time in Chapel Hill College, an institution of learning at that time under the direction and control of Missouri Synod. He felt the necessity of an extension of his education, but the experiment did not work well. His health failed, and he went back to Platte City.

In 1850, Mr. Davis was married to Miss Rebecca Robinson, of Clay county, Missouri. She lived, however, but a few months. In 1851, he was called to the charge of Lexington Congregation, also in

Missouri. His labors there are said to have been very great. In addition to his principal work in the city, he was instrumental in building up a good congregation at Mount Hebron, twelve miles from Lexington, where he preached once a month. He performed a great deal of labor in holding protracted-meetings in the country around. Says my informant: "I can give you no idea of how much labor he performed. He went through heat and cold, and was sent for from places far and near to hold meetings, and raise funds for other congregations."

In December of 1852, he was married a second time, to Mrs. Anna Digges, of Lexington. She still lives a respected widow, struggling with a meek and quiet spirit, and as a "widow indeed" under the burden which God in his mysterious providence has caused to be left upon her solitary hands. Mr. Davis remained in Lexington till 1859. In the fall or early winter of that year he was called to the pastoral care of the Memphis Congregation, as the successor of Rev. Dr. A. M. Bryan. Previous to his call to Memphis he had been called by the congregation of Lebanon, Tennessee. A deep interest was felt by the Lebanon Congregation in procuring his services. This call, however, he had declined.

Mr. Davis had from the beginning of his ministerial work been regarded as a man of unusual interest and promise, but he never developed himself fully until he came to Memphis. He found himself there in a situation well calculated to bring out his whole strength, intellectual and spiritual, and he seemed

at once to expand forth to the fullness of the demands of his new circumstances. He soon stood in public estimation in the front rank of an able ministry of a great and growing city. The congregation had four years previously lost a pastor by death, whom they loved almost to idolatry, and who was certainly one of the most promising young men in the Church, or in any of the Churches of the country; they had just previously lost a pastor of eminent worth and ability by his removal to a former charge; but now their losses all seemed made up to them. As an evidence of the promising condition of things, the house of worship was soon found to be too small for the accommodation of the large assemblages that attended on the customary ministrations of the new pastor. The necessity of enlargement was forced upon the attention of the congregation. Steps were taken in that direction, but the war came on, and everything was thrown into confusion. The walls of the building, however, were put up and roofed, and the lecture-room finished for use. The whole work was consummated in the spring of 1867. It is a magnificent building, and a monument of his energy, perseverance, and influence with his people.

In the course of the war and toward its close, he received a call to the pastorate of the Pine Street Presbyterian Congregation in St. Louis, as the successor of Rev. Dr. McPheeters. He visited the congregation, and preached a few times, but the call was declined.

In May of 1866, Mr. Davis was appointed by the

General Assembly of his own Church as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, which was to meet in Memphis in the following December. He accordingly attended the meeting of the Assembly to which he was appointed, and in the course of his address on that occasion he brought up the subject of a union of the Presbyterian Church, South, and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The suggestion seemed to be, and no doubt was, received with great favor by the Presbyterian Assembly, and a committee was appointed by that body to meet a similar committee which it was supposed would be appointed by the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, that they might jointly consider the question of a union of the two denominations. A committee was appointed by the Cumberland Presbyterian Assembly at its meeting also in Memphis, in May of 1867. The joint-committee met in August of the same year, in Memphis. The subject was very frankly and kindly discussed during a meeting continued by adjournment from day to day for several days, but the union was not consummated. The spirit which prevailed, however, throughout the consideration of the delicate question, was creditable to both parties.

In 1866, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Davis by the Trustees and Faculty of Cumberland University. Rev. A. J. Baird, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Nashville, received the degree at the same time.

I have in possession some memoranda of the early

religious life and ministerial labors of Dr. Davis, furnished by the Rev. Hugh R. Smith, who, it will have been observed, was his early religious counselor and instructor. I introduce these substantially in the words of the writer. They give the best insight into his early and true character:

“RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. C. A. DAVIS, D.D., BY REV.

H. R. SMITH.

“Rev. Claiborne A. Davis, D.D., professed religion at a camp-meeting held by Cumberland Presbyterians at the Bee Creek Camp-ground, in Platte county, Missouri. The meeting embraced the second Sabbath in September, 1842. At that time he was living with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Stokes, in Platte county, near the little town of Barry, situated on the line between Platte and Clay counties. I learned his name, and that he had professed religion, from some friends with whom I was intimately associated, and who also were acquainted with him, and had knowledge of the interesting step which he had taken. In the course of the spring and summer of 1843, my ministerial duties required me to pass frequently through the neighborhood of Mr. Stokes, with whom he, his mother, and two brothers, made their home. Sometimes I stopped at Mr. Stokes's house. These visits, and my meeting with Claiborne at some of my appointments for preaching, afforded me an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with him, and laid the foundation of that strong attachment which ever existed between us, and of the high estimate which I placed



upon his piety, zeal, and ability for usefulness. This estimate I continued to entertain to the end of his life. It increased with his increasing years.

“At a camp-meeting at Lebanon Meeting-house, in the western part of Clay county, embracing the fourth Sabbath in August, 1843, Claiborne united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. I was invited by the Church session to assist them in conducting the meeting, and to officiate as their Moderator during the occasion. Of course I was present when he made application for membership, and attended to the examination on experimental religion. It occurred on Sabbath-morning of the meeting. The examination being approved on the same morning at the commencement of the public service, he stood up in the presence of the large congregation and received the ordinance of baptism. Never shall I forget the deep and solemn impression made upon my mind when the tall and slender figure of youthful manhood arose and stood before me, receiving the seal of God’s covenant and making the vow of unceasing devotion to his service—a vow which he so faithfully kept to the end of his life.

“After that meeting I occasionally met with Brother Davis as I passed through the neighborhood, or at some of the meetings which I held in it, and he always met me with indications of regard and esteem which I fully reciprocated as long as he lived. Our mutual attachment seemed to strengthen with each meeting. This was at least my own experience toward him. At one of my meetings

Brother Stokes observed to me that something unusual was evidently resting with great weight upon Claiborne's mind; that he never participated in the amusements of the young people with whom he associated; that, on the other hand, he was commonly silent, and rather sought solitude; that when at work he often appeared so absorbed in subjects of thought, that he was scarcely capable of attending to business; and that every moment of respite from business he devoted to reading his Bible. I suggested to his brother-in-law that perhaps Claiborne was laboring under the impression of a call to the ministry; that the matter ought to be inquired into; and if that was the burden which was resting on his heart, he ought to be encouraged to go forward, and that himself and his other friends must afford him assistance.

“In the month of June, 1845, while I was sitting in my study at home one day, Brother Davis unexpectedly called on me. He appeared to be agitated, and in a great hurry. I asked him for an explanation. He replied that his mind was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to preach, and he had come to me for counsel; that he had no education, and had not the means of obtaining it; that his friends were poor and unable to help him, and he knew not what to do. As he uttered these words his countenance and manner indicated intense agitation of mind, and a deep sense of the responsibility of the work toward which his attention was directed. I told him he must content himself and remain with me till morning, and then

I would give him such counsel as I should consider adapted to his case. He consented to do so. I then entered into conversation with him upon the exercises of his mind. He gave me a clear, and what seemed to be, a candid account of his thoughts, and feelings, and discouragements, in relation to the subject which was before his mind. I felt perfectly satisfied of the line of duty to which the Spirit and providence of God were calling him.

“The next morning, after I had myself sought divine direction, I advised him to enter immediately upon a course of preparation for the ministry; if an opening should present itself for obtaining a classical education, to accept it without hesitation; but for the present to go and associate himself with Brother John A. Prather, who was at that time preaching as a missionary in the northern portion of Platte county; to exercise himself in exhortation as often as opportunity offered; to read the Bible every day; to study English Grammar under the guidance of Brother Prather, who I knew was capable of instructing him; to write a sermon on some text of Scripture which he might select; and at the next meeting of Platte Presbytery to offer himself as a candidate for the ministry, after which I would give him farther advice. He yielded to my counsels, and started immediately to join Brother Prather.

“In the course of the summer he visited me, in company with Brother Prather. Indeed, they considered my house their home. I examined him on English Grammar and theology, and found that he

was making commendable progress. I also received many favorable reports concerning him from the different portions of the district in which he was laboring in connection with Brother Prather. All accounts were favorable in relation to his piety, zeal, and promise in every respect. He was with me at some protracted and camp-meetings at which I witnessed his performances in public prayer, exhortation, and instruction of mourners, which I thought fully justified the favorable reports which I had received concerning him.

“Before the close of the summer he had made so favorable an impression upon the minds of the people that he received considerable assistance in contributions of money and clothing. As the time for the meeting of Platte Presbytery drew on, and no opening presented itself for his entering a good school, having consulted my family and also his brother-in-law in relation to his case, I determined to take him to my own house, and give him such instruction as he needed, it being understood that his relatives and other friends should furnish some provisions in consideration of his boarding, and needful clothing, whilst otherwise his board and instruction should be gratuitous.

“At the meeting of the Platte Presbytery, embracing the first Sabbath in October, 1845, Brother Davis was received as a candidate for the ministry. At the close of the Presbyterial-meeting I made known to him the arrangement which had been made for his board and instruction, with which he seemed highly pleased. Soon after this, he and

Brother Prather came to my house and entered upon a course of study. We fitted up a little room for them apart from my family-room, and furnished it with other conveniences in addition to my library. The plan of instruction was the following: Scripture readings in the morning, recitations in their scientific pursuits at noon, and again at night, and a lecture on theology one night in every week. On Sabbath the young men held religious meetings in the country around, sometimes together, and sometimes separately. The progress of Brother Davis in English Grammar was also greatly facilitated by attending a lecture on that subject from a competent teacher one day in each week during the winter.

“At the meeting of the Presbytery in the spring, embracing the first Sabbath in April, Brother Davis having read a discourse, and undergone the customary examinations with approval, was licensed to preach the gospel as a probationer, and appointed to preach in the southern portion of the Presbytery as a missionary. Before he commenced his labors I gave him some instructions on the subject of the proper method of pursuing his studies, both literary and theological, in connection with his itinerant preaching. In the course of the spring and summer he visited me every two weeks. I of course had an opportunity of ascertaining his progress, and adding such instruction and counsel as I thought he needed. He was often with me at protracted and camp-meetings. I heard him preach frequently, and always wondered at his soundness in doctrine, his correctness in the expositions of the Scriptures, and

the power of his pulpit performances. He was greatly admired everywhere as a young man of unusual promise. He knew he was popular, but he seemed never to be puffed up with pride or self-conceit. Piety, zeal, humility, and devotion to his Master's cause appeared always to be the leading characteristics of his giant mind.

"At the fall session of the Presbytery, embracing the first Sabbath in October, an order was passed for his ordination, to take place at the next regular meeting of the Presbytery. He immediately returned to my house, and entered upon his studies preparatory to ordination. He prosecuted them with great interest and ardor, intent on coming fully up to the requirements of the Form of Government. During the winter he also preached regularly at Platte City, and occasionally elsewhere, with increasing popularity.

"The Presbytery met on Thursday preceding the first Sabbath in April. Brother Davis was examined on the parts of trial preparatory to ordination, and the examinations being eminently satisfactory, he was set apart to the whole work of the ministry. It was one of the most solemn and impressive ordinations that I ever witnessed. The tall figure of the youthful probationer bowed low in the dust before God, with his head inclined downward to receive the imposition of the hands of the presbyters, and the weightier burden of the obligations which those hands imposed, was an impressive sight. The probationer wept. The voice of the presiding minister faltered as he offered the ordination-prayer. The

ministers, while they stood around with hands imposed upon the head of the youthful candidate, in like manner wept. It was evident that God was there, and we felt that the act was approved. He was again appointed to preach as a missionary in the southern portion of the Presbytery, as far north as St. Joseph, and, by the request of the members of our Church in that and Platte City, he agreed to preach one Sabbath in the month in each place. He visited me occasionally for the purpose of receiving additional instruction, particularly in some difficult points in theology.

“In the fall of 1847, Brother Davis made Platte City his place of residence, and the people there made a contribution of means for his support at Chapel Hill College, with a view to enabling him to take a full collegiate course. He went to the institution, and spent some time there, but perceiving that his health was likely to fail, he returned to Platte City, and commenced preaching regularly there and at St. Joseph. He labored at these points and in the country around until the fall of 1850, when a portion of the Platte Presbytery was detached from it, and attached to the Barnett Presbytery. By this arrangement Brother Davis was thrown into the latter, and we were thus partially separated in our ministerial labors. In the fall of 1851, he was called to the charge of the congregation in Lexington. While he was there I assisted him at three sacramental-meetings, and in a protracted-meeting at Wellington, in Lafayette county. We met at the meetings of the Missouri Synod, and sometimes

on other occasions. I found him at all times the same humble, earnest, devoted Christian minister that I had been accustomed to consider him from the beginning. He was always popular, and was fully aware of his popularity, yet the sanctifying grace of God seemed to keep in subjection his naturally lofty spirit and large heart, and to direct all to the promotion of one great object—the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth."

In the autumn of 1867, the yellow fever visited Memphis. In the summer preceding, Dr. Davis's session had allowed him a short vacation, which he spent at one of the watering places in Kentucky. He returned to his charge greatly invigorated, and, as it would have seemed, prepared for the labors of a long life. The epidemic, however, soon developed itself. It appeared to be especially violent in the part of the city in which he resided. He girded himself for the responsibilities of the terrible visitation. He visited the sick; he stood as a comforter at the bedside of the dying; he followed the bodies of the dead to their last resting-places. He preached, and talked, and prayed. He was far from confining his labors to the members of his own immediate congregation. He went wherever the voice of suffering and sorrow called him. Many a sinking spirit was strengthened and comforted by the strong and earnest manner in which he presented the truths and promises of our holy religion. His presence was felt as an angel of mercy. On Sabbath, the 13th of October, he preached to his congregation on

the following words, than which none could have been more appropriate to their circumstances: "Be careful for nothing, but in all things with prayer and supplication make your requests known unto God." His health still seemed to be good, but that night he had unfavorable symptoms. These, with slight alternations, grew more and more discouraging, until it became evident that the epidemic was upon him in a violent form, and that he must die. The circumstances attending his sickness and death were such as seldom fall to the lot of mortals. It was a triumph, something like a departure in a chariot of fire. Others, however, shall give the details of this afflicting, but nevertheless glorious occasion. I quote from the *Banner of Peace* the first announcement of his death to his friends at a distance. The number is under date of October 24, 1867:

"With a sad and sorrowful heart we announce the death of Rev. Dr. C. A. Davis, of Memphis, Tennessee. He died of yellow fever at his residence in that city on the 19th instant.

"Believing, as we sincerely do, that he was one of the most powerful pulpit orators in America, we consider his loss one of the saddest bereavements the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has ever been called upon to suffer. The melancholy intelligence did not reach us until our paper was ready to go to press, hence we defer a more extended notice for our next issue; besides, we feel that tears are more appropriate now than words, and with a stricken heart we weep for him whom we loved with all the tenderness of a brother."

From the *Banner of Peace* of October 31 I copy a more extended notice:

“With melancholy pleasure we yield our columns this week to the testimonials obtained from various sources in relation to the death of Rev. Dr. C. A. Davis, of Memphis, Tennessee, who died of yellow fever at his residence on the 19th instant, at twenty minutes past four o’clock P.M.

“Though we were in daily communication with him through mutual friends by telegraph, and notwithstanding each successive dispatch became more and more sad and alarming, thereby tending to prepare us for the worst, yet when the telegram came on Saturday afternoon, ‘*Dr. Davis is dying,*’ we in a moment felt that our mind and heart had not been adjusted to the dreadful stroke. And even now, though the sad event occurred several days ago, we find it exceedingly difficult to yield without a murmur to the afflictive dispensation. This, however, is wrong, and we would, though our very soul is smitten with grief, bow in humble submission, and say, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’

“In the death of Dr. Davis not only the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, but the whole Christian world sustains a loss; for, without doubt, he was one of the brightest stars that adorned the firmament of the American pulpit. Deprived at an early age of his father, he was thrown upon his own efforts and resources. The difficulties with which he had to contend would have crushed an ordinary spirit, for he has often rehearsed them to us; but by

persevering industry and untiring efforts, the unlettered youth arose from one position to another until he became one of the leading spirits of the age.

“How mysterious to us are the ways of Providence in permitting such a man to be snatched from the work which he so dearly loved while yet in the prime and vigor of manhood! Truly his loss is a calamity to society, and we cannot avoid weeping when inexorable death places his extinguisher on lights so brilliant; especially when, to all human appearances, they have not burned half way down to their sockets.

“We have said, and we sincerely believe, that he was one of the most powerful pulpit orators of the age. The truth is, God made him great, a man of most commanding and graceful appearance, fine form, and piercing eye; yet he was as mild and gentle as a child. It is true he was not remarkable for what the world calls the *graces* of elocution; for he was *above* the formularies and trammels prescribed by the books. His was the eloquence of truth and earnestness—an eloquence bold, fervid, vigorous, like the great gospel he preached—an eloquence which, as a mighty tornado, prostrated every thing before it. But he is gone! His career was brief, but it was a success. He lived to some purpose, and the heritage of such a life consecrated to God is a rich legacy to the Church which will stimulate others to like deeds of Christian heroism.

“He was a model pastor as well as a powerful preacher. Vast multitudes, both of the living and

the dead, can testify that 'Christ, and him crucified' was the Alpha and Omega of all his efforts. Never was a pastor more beloved by a people, and never a people more beloved by a pastor. As an evidence of this, his Church has resolved to continue his salary to his family until next May; and, aside from his wife and children, his flock lay next to his heart.

"We have stated before that his life was a success—a brilliant success. He entered the ministry at an early age, and with a singular unity of purpose he consecrated his whole life to the great work—never engaged for a single day in any secular avocation; yet no man was more liberally provided for. What a commentary on the truth of the Bible, and what a rebuke to his surviving brethren in the ministry who are holding to the cross with one hand and to the world with the other! And hear him, even in his last interview with his family; turning to them, he said: 'To God and the Church I commit you.' He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss; to mourn only as such a wife and children can mourn such a husband and father. May God's grace sustain them, and may the mantle of the father fall upon the sons that he leaves behind!

"We forbear farther comment on the dying scenes of this great and good man; for with us it is a matter of too much tenderness. With weeping eyes and a sorrowful heart, therefore, we leave the subject and present to our readers a brief account of the closing scenes of one of the most triumphant deaths which history records."

The following is from the *Memphis Bulletin* of October 20:

“The religious community were profoundly impressed yesterday by the announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. C. A. Davis, the beloved and regretted pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. At twenty minutes past four o'clock yesterday afternoon, full of faith, and with a hope of a glorious resurrection, his spotless spirit passed away from earth. Only a few days ago he was laid on a bed of sickness which ultimately proved a bed of death. His death-bed was, however, one of triumph, and made one ready to exclaim, ‘O that I might die like the righteous, and that my last end might be like his!’ During his last illness Dr. Davis had full possession of his mental faculties, and had for each one who approached his bedside a kind and cheering word. He frequently talked of all that the Saviour had done for him, and few that visited him in his last sickness will ever forget the angelic words which he uttered. Each day he lay languishing on the bed from which he was never to rise produced its series of sermons, so to speak; for he was ever full of good counsel, and spoke to his clerical and lay brethren almost like one inspired. He was perfectly calm and of tranquil mind on the morning of his death. He felt that his end was approaching; that he had fought the good fight; that he had completed his Master's work on earth, and was about to be called to receive his reward in those bright realms beyond the grave, and to hear the Master he had served so faithfully on earth say to him, ‘Well done,

good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' Death had no terrors for him, for he frequently expressed himself satisfied with the will of God in thus taking him away so early from the field of labor, and in the fervency of his joy he exclaimed, just before his spirit passed away, 'O, is it possible that in a short time I will be with Christ and his apostles?' He then called his beloved wife and children around his bedside and delivered to them a brief parting address, in which he told them to be of good cheer; that although he was about to be taken from them, the separation would soon come to an end, and that in a short time they would all be reunited in heaven, where there was no sin or sorrow, and where they would meet to part no more. As these heaven-like words passed from his lips, he gently closed his eyes and fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died a truly Christian minister, one who was not only honored and respected by the clergy and laity of his own denomination, but also by many Christian virtues had endeared himself to many of the citizens of Memphis. He leaves a widow and family to lament the loss of him who was the kindest of husbands and tenderest of fathers.

"During his last illness the deceased was daily attended by Rev. Dr. Steadman, Rev. Mr. Graves, Rev. Mr. McPherson, Rev. Mr. Johnson, Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, and other clergymen, with many of the members of his congregation, both male and female.

"The attending physicians were Drs. Snyder, Avent, Chandler, and Mallory, all of whom did

everything in their power, or which medical skill could suggest, but it was unhappily of no avail."

I quote also from the *Memphis Bulletin* of October 21, in relation to the funeral-services:

"Few deaths have occurred in Memphis for a lengthened period which have caused so profound sorrow as that of Rev. Dr. C. A. Davis, whose demise, after a short illness, on Saturday afternoon, was referred to in the *Bulletin* of yesterday. The funeral-services took place yesterday forenoon at eleven o'clock, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and were largely attended, the sacred edifice being crowded to its utmost capacity. Eleven o'clock was announced as the hour at which the funeral-services would commence, but long before that hour the pews were occupied by the sorrowing members of the congregation who had come to pay the last mark of respect to the remains of him whom they had so much loved and respected, and under whose ministrations they had sat with so much profit while he preached to them the glad tidings of salvation. At the hour above mentioned the coffin, containing all that was mortal of the esteemed divine, was borne into the church and placed in front of the altar. As the coffin, on which were several wreaths of beautiful flowers, was borne up the aisle, audible sobs could be heard arising on every side, while many strong men were observed to shed tears at the great loss all have sustained. The church was appropriately draped in habiliments of mourning. Behind the pulpit festoons of black cloth were pendant from the pilasters. The pulpit, reading-desk,

altar, chairs, and gasaliers, were all covered with the same material, while wreaths were pendant from the chandeliers, and from the front of the chair-gallery. On the pulpit platform were the following clergymen: Rev. Dr. Steadman, Rev. Dr. Ford, Rev. Dr. Guilford Jones, Rev. Mr. Graves, Rev. Mr. Sample, and Rev. Mr. McPherson."

The funeral-services were conducted by Rev. Mr. McPherson, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Drs. Steadman, of the Presbyterian, and Ford, of the Baptist Church. The two latter made appropriate and impressive addresses. I quote a passage from the address of Dr. Ford. It is an account of the exercises of Dr. Davis the last day, and a few of the last hours of his life:

"On Saturday morning," said Dr. Ford, "his physician called upon him. He asked him: 'Is there any hope for me? Do you think I am going to die?'" The answer was silence, accompanied with tears. Rev. Dr. Steadman, Rev. Mr. Witherspoon, and Rev. Mr. Graves, had now arrived. He told them he was going to die, and repeated aloud the whole of the twenty-third Psalm. Prayer was then offered, and he joined in it with a calm resignation. This was about ten A.M. Through the lingering hours of the day he frequently asked the time, and to each one who entered addressed himself with calmness, recommending the religion he had preached to them, and exhorting them to meet him in heaven. 'Tell your people,' said he to Rev. Mr. Graves and myself, 'that I die in this faith — faith in Jesus.' 'It may seem singular,' said he, 'to

some people, that a professor of religion and a minister of the gospel, dying, should express himself as I feel, that I am a poor sinner deserving nothing; but this is a part of religion. Religion may be said to have two halves to it: one half to know and feel yourself a sinner, the other half to know that Christ is your Saviour.' He repeated with touching emphasis the fifty-first Psalm: 'Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness;' and when his memory failed in repeating it, he called on me to read the remainder, while he made remarks most striking and affecting on almost every verse. I then turned to the twenty-seventh Psalm, and read down to the words, 'Wait upon the Lord and be of good courage,' when he interrupted me, saying, 'Now let us wait—wait upon the Lord. Lord, I wait for thee; I shall soon be in glory.' He requested, naming the page in a hymn-book from memory, that a favorite song with him should be sung. I asked him what tune. He answered, 'Mear;' and said, 'I will start it.' He did so, with a calm and steady voice, and we joined with him in singing it. In the course of the evening Rev. Mr. Graves read to him the eighth chapter of Romans. He anticipated the reading, repeating much of it himself. When the fifteenth verse was reached, 'For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father,' he exclaimed, 'I would not give that glorious doctrine for worlds!' He soon after complained of darkness; his sight and hearing began to fail; but he retained his memory and general conscious-

ness clear until four o'clock P.M. At fifteen minutes after four he turned himself, and seemed to be in great agony. We all prayed in deep anguish that he might be relieved from the agony, and might be permitted to die without a struggle. Our prayer was answered; he breathed calmly, and evidently without pain, and in entire silence for about ten minutes, and then, without a struggle, and apparently without a pang, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

At the risk of seeming tedious, I must be allowed to make two more extracts. In the *Memphis Avalanche* of October 22 we have the following, so descriptive and so truthful that it must not be overlooked:

"Death discloses the human estimate of character. The weeping crowd at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on Sunday last, the festoons of mourning, the sad pageant which wended its way through our streets, clad in the habiliments of grief, with the learned, the noble, and the good mingling in the train, were but the honest tribute of hearts that loved and respected the Rev. Dr. C. A. Davis. We have already announced in these columns the death of this eminent divine—a death which has spread a general gloom over the public mind. We join in the universal grief which pervades the community, and feel unwilling to let this good and talented citizen pass away without a brief but heart-felt expression of our appreciation and admiration of his character. The death of a private citizen, endowed largely with all the attributes which adorn life, and

possessed of a pure and lofty nature, is regarded as a great loss; but when these qualities are united with useful talents, with experience in Christian labors, with a temper suited to successful execution, and an ardor of industry in promoting the welfare and happiness of the people, their possessor becomes a public property, and his death is a public as well as a private calamity. These were some of the elements of the character of Rev. C. A. Davis, and hence his funeral was one of the largest that has ever taken place in this city, and hence the general grief to which we have alluded. . . . It is almost useless for us to speak of the character of Mr. Davis. He was certainly an eloquent, learned, and upright Christian. He was beloved by all who knew him. His grave and stern dignity of character, his want of deceit and palaver, and his detestation of hypocrisy and humbuggery, did not make him a favorite on a casual acquaintance. But he had the nobility of character, the solid worth, the steadfastness of mind, which fixed the admiration and bound his friends to him with hooks of steel. The characteristic of his great mind was solidity. He cared nothing for the meteoric flashes of oratory, and there was more of strength and energy in his style of speaking than of eloquence. He had that energy which always indicated honest sincerity, and hence he forced the assent of his hearers, instead of stealing their admiration. There was no subject beyond the grasp of his powerful intellect, and no theme, however complicated, that he could not unravel by his analytical powers. He possessed the reasoning faculty, in its

practical application, in an eminent degree. As he thundered great and eternal truths in the ears of sinners, his stern and solemn accents seemed tolling the knell of immortal souls. He talked plainly, like a fearless man, confident of the truth of what he was saying, and ready to stake his life on the issue. . . . In the moral qualities which constitute firmness and decision of character, he had no superior among all his contemporaries. He never sacrificed the true to the expedient, right to policy. . . . His name ought to be inscribed in the magnificent church which was erected through his energy and piety in letters as imperishable as his greatness is fadeless. Like a true soldier, Mr. Davis died at his post. His nodding plume never led a column into victorious battle, but he blazed out a hero in the vanguard of the world's grand march to eternity. If not mighty in arms, if not invincible in battle, he girded himself for a far nobler struggle, and won upon the vast field of religion and humanity the proudest triumphs. How appropriate to the sublime heroism of his glorious life the truthful language of Milton:

'Peace hath its victories,
No less renowned than war.'

From the *Memphis Christian Advocate*:

"His dying hours were full of trust, peace, joy, and victory, and while with others we stood by his bed listening to his eloquent expressions of faith and hope, we felt the truth of what Dr. Steadman then said to the dying servant of God: 'You are to-day preaching the greatest sermon of your life.' That

sermon will stir the souls of the preachers who heard it to their latest day. The funeral-services were held Sabbath-morning, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists suspending services, and joining a sister Church in a sincere tribute of esteem, love, and tears, for a beloved pastor and able minister of Christ. The services were conducted chiefly by Dr. Steadman, of the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Ford, of the Baptist Church, and the occasion was exceedingly impressive and mournful—a season of deep grief for the loss of a prince in Israel. As we write lying on a sick-bed, we cannot say all we would, and will only add, that in the death of Dr. Davis our city has lost a representative man, and the Church of Christ a strong, noble, useful, and faithful preacher.”

I have chosen to let others speak thus far of Dr. Davis rather than to speak myself. I add, however, a few words to what has preceded. My acquaintance with him was limited. Our fields of labor were distant from each other, and our ages were different by something more than a quarter of a century.

The first time I ever saw him was at the General Assembly of 1850, at Clarksville, Tennessee. He was a member of that Assembly from Platte Presbytery. Nothing unusual occurred to attract attention to him on that occasion. He had a youthful appearance; his bearing was rather lofty than otherwise—not, however, by any means, offensively so. He was spoken of as a young man of promise. I met him at the Assembly of 1852, at Nashville. On that occasion he preached, perhaps more than once.

In the course of the proceedings of the Assembly he made a short but appropriate speech in favor of the establishment of the Theological School which now exists at Lebanon. I saw him at the Assembly at Huntsville, Alabama, in 1858. His preaching there attracted unusual attention, and most probably led to his being called in the course of the following summer or fall both to Lebanon and Memphis, and to his settlement in Memphis in the fall or early winter of that year. He was a member of the Assembly of 1860, and had come to be considered one of the most prominent preachers in the denomination. On that occasion he preached on Sabbath in the First Presbyterian Church a strong, earnest sermon on the "witness of the Spirit." In the meantime he had assisted the pastor of the Lebanon Congregation in a protracted-meeting of several days' continuance. I was surprised at his pulpit performances. They were strong, spiritual, and powerful. His preaching was greatly admired. The war came up, and men from the Southern section of the Church were practically excluded from attendance upon the General Assembly.

In 1866, I met Mr. Davis for the first time after the meeting in 1860. The meeting at Owensboro was a memorable meeting. I have always since regarded it as the crisis of the Church. It was so regarded at the time by all serious men. Mr. Davis was one of the leading actors in the trying scenes of that occasion. There were honest and very decided differences of opinion upon one or two important questions, not only of ecclesiastical polity, but of moral

principle. All those then present who may have survived, and may read this, will recollect his great speech upon these vexed questions. I have called it "his great speech." I so denominate it thoughtfully. It was one of the finest efforts of the kind that I ever witnessed in a deliberative assembly. The ability displayed would have been creditable to any man in any of the high places of the country. I should have so said, and felt, in relation to the merits of the production on whatever side of the troublesome questions under discussion I may have stood. It was afterward published, but the printed copy fell far short of the interest and power of the original.

I never saw Dr. Davis after that meeting. In a year and a few short months a mysterious Providence removed him under such circumstances as have been described from his post of great usefulness. He was great by nature, and greater by grace. In the prime of life; in the vigor of strong manhood; in the midst of a people regarding him with a feeling kindred to idolatry, the earnest pastor, the husband, the father, is cut down. Resolutions of condolence came up from all sides, but these, however well meant and proper in their place, were but a feeble and unsuccessful effort at filling up the terrible space which had been made vacant by his death. Our last and only true consolation in all such cases is, a trustful conviction that *God reigns*.

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