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Autobiography of Erastus O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church

E.O. Haven

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERASTUS O HAVEN, D.D., LL.D., ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D., EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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NEW YORK: PHILLIPS & HUNT. CINCINNATI: WALDEN & STOWE. 1883.

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PREFACE.

Genuine autobiographies have a peculiar charm. They are the most original of all writings. Many books are made of books—the hashed meats of previous feasts. Only a few add to the stock of information. The little streams gushing from the hill-sides collect into the

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brooks and make the rivers. Without the lives of individuals there could be no history of nations, religions, wars.

This book has sprung from a desire on the part of the writer to express his views about men and their actions, so miscellaneous that they could not be embodied in essays, lectures, reviews, or any other form than the one chosen.

As it regards the imputation of vanity, that attaches no more to an autobiography than to a poem, an oration, or a sermon. What art you that you should presume to inflict your poetry or discourse of any kind on the public? It is *thene plus ultra* of presumption for any one man to stand up before a congregation and do all the talking for an hour. And yet it is common. No man, by writing about himself, can make himself appear greater or stronger or better than he is. Self-flattery is as easily detected as any other kind of adulation, though by far the most common. The writer of this volume possesses no exemption from it. He sees it in the best of men and women, and in some more than others. Hence it is apt to be least in one who has sense enough to analyze his own experience thoroughly, and to talk of himself candidly, if his real object is not to court praise or favor, but to strengthen the thoughts which he thinks are true, and to weaken what he believes to be false. This is really the object of the writer of this book.

E. O. H.

So penciled Bishop Haven on a scrap of waste paper, possibly upon his knee, at some odd moment when, in a reflective mood, he was accounting to himself as well as to others for giving his life its present form. The editor has aimed to complete the projected plan, permitting the author to speak when that was possible, sometimes from his Journal, at others through his correspondence, and then through his friends; and speaking himself only when that was necessary to fill the outlines and complete the picture—that is all.

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The small service has been a labor of love; and the reward, and none could be higher, the consciousness of having grown wiser and better in fellowship with the thoughts and spirit of a great and good man and the hope of profiting others in the same way.

No little aid has been rendered the editor by Dr. Winchell, of Michigan University; Dr. Marcy, of the Northwestern University; Dr. Bennett and Rev. E. C. Curtis, of Syracuse University; Dr. D.P. Kidder, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education; and Rev. C. T. Moss, of Elmira, N. Y., as well as by the members of the Bishop's family, who have furnished letters and other memorabilia, and by his own associates of the Faculty at home, who have sometimes taken extra burdens that he might be free for this work.

A volume of lecture and sermons on educational and other subjects is in process of preparation, and may be expected next year. C. C. S.

INTRODUCTION.

It has been said that no thoroughly honest autobiography was ever written; faults are concealed a virtues made prominent; or, if this be not done, the fear of it leads the writer of his own life to the other extreme: he hides his better qualities, underestimates his praiseworthy actions, and makes his weaknesses and defects conspicuous.

Doubtless, there is much truth in this assertion. The power to judge one's self impartially is given to but few, and of those who possess it the number who can make a faithful transcript of that judgment is small indeed. One of the chief difficulties in the way of truthful autobiography is the liability of rekindling the fires of prejudice and passion, fighting battles over, and regarding former friends or enemies in the exaggerated light of partisan recollection.

Another saying concerning this kind of composition is that there never was an utterly dull and uninteresting autobiography. The personal element cannot be obliterated; it gives a tone and color to every paragraph. Say a critic, "Of utterly lifeless biographies there

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have been many, but a tame account of one's own actions and experiences it 10 would be hard to find." I think this to be quite near the truth. There may be long passages of desert, where nothing grows and where no water flows; but an oasis will appear here and there. Something will make the heart of the writer to glow and cause his eye to kindle, and when this effect is produced upon the writer it is not unlikely to be communicated to the reader.

Is there not an element of profound conceit in the mind of him who supposes that his life has been of such importance as to justify the publication of an autobiography? Is it not better to leave to friends the disposal of any materials which may have accumulated, and thus avoid the appearance of thinking too highly of one's self? To these natural question it may be replied that all successful men all men of sustained effort, must esteem themselves and their efforts to be of importance. In the most spiritual it can be traced as easily, and operates as powerfully, as in the worldly; the difference being that the spiritual, being consecrated to God, value their works in their relations more than themselves, as the end of their working and thinking. A self-esteem which is wholly subordinate to God and duty, and never forgets the rights or wantonly disregards the feelings of others, is a noble and elevating emotion. John Foster has shown, in his inimitable essay on "A Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," that men should reflect upon the past, and that wisdom, growth, and improvement depend much upon the extent and kind of the influence 11 which these reflections exert upon the mind. Whether, then, a man should write his own life is to be determined by whether his life has been of sufficient importance to his fellow-men to justify preservation in this form; whether it contains facts or illustrates principle which will help those who it in the struggle of life; and whether the writer has a circle of friends or readers who will read what he has written.

I have read with care the work which these remarks are designed to introduce, and have reached the conclusion that the life herein portrayed should have been written; that the deeds therein recorded are worthy, the events described are interesting and important that

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the principles illustrated are helpful, and that the author has a wide circle of friends who will read with interest his frank estimate of himself.

The style is like its author, simple, clear, and straight-forward. It is the flowing of a brook through the meadow, not the dashing of a cataract down the mountain-side. It is remarkable colloquial and familiar. Published after the recent death of the writer, it may seem to lack seriousness; but it should be remembered that when he wrote it he had no expectation of speedy death. Moreover, it is cheerfulness, not levity, which pervades these pages, and as the reader moves forward he will feel that it is an earnest but very kindly spirit with whom his is communing.

Bishop Haven speaks with great freedom of the public men with whom he mingled, and the events in which he took part in Church and State, but never with harshness. No bitter and uncharitable remarks such as those brought to light in the Journals and Letters of Thomas Carlyle, Bishop Wilberforce, and some other noted men not long deceased appear here; nor has the editor found it necessary to conceal or modify expression of severity of censure. No mass of unpublished materials filled with venom against opponents and suspicions of professed friends, of complaints against society, the Church, or Providence, will be unearthed to show that he whose spirit seemed so gentle was heart an untamed tiger. All that he has left shows that he was one of the most transparent men who ever lived, having much tact, but not cunning or unscrupulous.

The work will be found valuable for the light which it sheds upon the recent history of this country, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the progress of education in the United States. The sketches of travel in foreign lands, the opinions of many practical topics, such as the Government of Literary Institutions, the Training of Youth, the Management of Families, Habits of Study and Reading, Public Speaking, and many other themes of general interest, together with the description of prominent persons, give a freshness and piquancy to the narrative not often found in similar works of the same class.

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The reader will perceive that the Autobiography is incomplete. The editor, the Rev. C. C. Stratton, D.D., 13 President of the University of the Pacific, has supplemented the materials left by Bishop Haven in a manner which leaves nothing more to be desired as respects clearness and fulness.

Who can measure the influence of such a character upon the State, the Church, or upon individuals? the friend who instructs, inspires, and guides; the counselor who advises so unobtrusively as never to excite opposition and to allow the person advised to fancy that he is the author of what he receives; whose acts are the best commentary upon his theories of life and duty. In his pastoral work, the subject of this volume is said, by those who knew him in that capacity, to have been a wonderful union of dignity and familiarity, able and willing to converse with the youngest child, the most ignorant laborer, or the most learned professional man among his hearers or in the community where he lived. It is represented to have been a pleasing spectacle to behold him in the society of those who had heard him with delight in the pulpit; the same simplicity, freedom from assumption, and quiet cheerfulness characterized him every-where.

As an educator, he had vast opportunities. Whether we look at him in the little school which he taught in his native State, a description of which is so graphically given in the autobiography, or in the important academy where his marked abilities were first exhibited on a large scale, or in the universities in which he was professor or president, 14 the extent and salutary character of his influences become apparent.

The wisdom and charity of his administration doubtless saved many a youth from expulsion, who, under a more vigorous or less considerable control, would have been disgraced and, perhaps, ruined. His personal friendship, kindly sympathy, and safe example, his familiar and friendly conversation, and the spirit which he infused into every part of the institution over which he presided, made a stream of benignant forces which must flow on forever. It may be affirmed that every student who passed under his molding hand was calmer, gentler, more disposed to refinement, religion, and a life devoted to

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clear thinking, right living, and pure feeling than under ordinary circumstances he would in all probability have been.

But these thousands of young men are now teachers, physicians, ministers, lawyers, merchants; some of them statesmen, and the majority of them parents. Wherever they are, there Pastor, Professor, President, Bishop E. O. Haven is still at work. Through them, no less than through his lineal descendants, "He being dead yet speaketh." I know that this is true of all men, and especially of all educators. Yet such was the personal character of him of than I write that it was true in a greater measure of him than of most others. This estimate is made in the full recognition that there have been those whose dominant intellect overpowered the inferior 15 minds with which they mingled, seeming to take them captive and bind them in chains never to be broken. The most permanent effects, however, are not produced in this way, but by the "genial culture of kindly intercourse," when the intellectual force and acquirements of the mentor are sufficient to command respect in every subsequent stage of development.

On other occasions I have expressed the opinion formed during years of acquaintance, which began and progressed under such circumstances as to lead to intimacy, and it would be presumption to detain the reader from the enjoyment which awaits him in the book itself. I may be pardoned if I present him in miniature as he appeared to me. His mind was as clear as the purest crystal, and there was in all its operations nothing inscrutable or perplexing. In his character no prominent inequalities appeared, and he was not perceptibly eccentric. The play of his fancy was constant and sparkling, his humor was chaste and delicate. Nothing coarse passed his lips; he never hinted what he did not dare to say. His language seemed to be the exact expression of his thought. In ease and promptness of adaptation to the most diverse occupations he was really great. He wrote with great facility, and spoke extemporaneously in a manner which interested all who heard him. Always a rapid reader, he read very discursively, and had the power to assimilate and recall. Generally he knew where he first saw the statement of a fact, and

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could give 16 the authority with every quotation. In conversation he could listen or speak by the hour as circumstances might require or suggest, but he was not a monologist.

His moral and social qualities were such that none ever heard his motives questioned, his conduct condemned, or his kindness or sterling honesty doubted.

He was a man to be respected, loved, trusted, and honored; bearing disappointment meekly, affliction patiently, and honor without ostentation. Though long in positions which gave him official power and compelled him to use it, the hand of authority was always covered with a glove, and its pressure was removed as soon as its work was done. Yet he was not a coward; he knew what he believed, and was ready to avow the grounds of his conviction. Peace was his aim, the atmosphere of peace his delight, but he would not seek it by treason to his principles or to his friends, or barter his own self-respect for flattery.

Here, as elsewhere, I find a sorrowful pleasure in paying a tribute to his memory for kindness and for words of counsel fitly spoken in critical periods of my life.

J. M. Buckley.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERASTUS O. HAVEN.

CHAPTER I. ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE.

I was born in Boston Massachusetts, Nov. 1, 1820. John G. Saxe (with whom I spent one year in college) has written:

"Once born in Boston needs no second birth;"

a happy hit at both the vanity and heterodoxy that are supposed to be indigenous in that city. Some one has said that he is never in the company of native Bostonians without

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perceiving that they feel for him a sort of compassion that he should have begun his existence elsewhere. I was not aware of its superiority when I left it, at the age of four, and though I subsequently spent some eventful years in my native city, it was after a thorough jostling about in Connecticut, New York, and Michigan, which had shaken out of me all provincial prejudices that I might unconsciously have absorbed. I have long ago come to the conclusion that about the narrowest kind of pride is that which hovers about birthplace. Americans ought to be free from that kind of prejudice. The first 20 ancestor of whom I know any thing (subsequent to Adam, Noah, and Japheth) was one Richard Haven, who appeared on the New England shore in 1644, a man grown, of an uncertain age. He seems to have been a *novus homo*, though he had an ancestry. One of his sons was named Nathaniel, who had several children, one of whom was named Moses. The fifth son of Moses was named Gideon, who lived to be ninety-five. He was alive in my boyhood, my great-grandfather. He had a son named Jotham, who was the father of my father, also named Jotham. I am, therefore, in the sixth generation that have lived in America. It has been conjectured that this Richard Haven, of 1644, must have been a Hollander, converted by the Puritans, because the name was thought to be Dutch and not English; but in 1878 I found a family by the name of Haven in London, one of whom told me that her father was born and died in that city, and that she believed his father was a Welshman, as her grandmother certainly was Welsh. Why may it not be the same name as Evans? Nothing is more likely than that a cockney should pronounce it Havens, and then drop the s. Heaven is not an uncommon English name, and "*E cælo descendit 'Gnothi seauton .*" Haven, then, may mean a fallen angel. But if may not be impossible to rise again. Lord Brougham, in his autobiography, remarks that he came near being the son of another mother. There is no pride more foolish than that of ancestry, especially if there is nothing in it to be proud of. All blood comes together at last. The only ancestors I feel sure of above Richard are Noah and Adam. The Havens, I believe, were the first American family to hold a grand convention of all related to their first common American ancestors. This was held in 1844, the second centennial of the landing of their Pilgrim father, in the town of Framingham, Mass., where old Richard died. The convention filled a large church, and

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made quite a local sensation. Of course, they had among them many men of high degree. It was said, however, that none had been suspended between the heavens and the earth. I was not there, being too busy in my new place of labor to spare the time, though I sent a “hymn,” which, I believe, arrived the day after the affair, so that its sweetness was never wasted on the desert air.

It was to a local antiquarian by the name of Josiah Adams, Esq., of Framingham, a lawyer, and a man of good strong sense, who had married a Haven, that the family was indebted for the genealogical investigations that led to these meetings. Similarly meetings have since been held by many American families. With great good sense the last meeting of the kind, held in 1849, by the Havens, adjourned for one hundred years! I do not expect to attend it, as the Spiritualists say, “in this form.”

All the American Havens seem to have been prosperous in the affairs of the world down to Jotham the first—my grandfather. He had a beautiful wife and a large family, but no “real estate,” so called. His latest years he spent in Boston as a kind of retail crockery-shop-keeper, or rather his wife, a singularly beautiful woman even in her old age, attended the shop while he whiled away his declining years, assisted by the most thrifty of his remarkable family of sons. Among his sons was a seventh, in right line, 22 whose touch used to cure scrofula, paralysis, and other diseases, though he never had any faith in it, nor would take any money for it, but credulous people would beg for themselves or their sick children to be touched and healed. His eight boys and two daughters had principally to carve their own way to fortune, and nobly, too, all who lived long enough did it. Among them were four who deserve mention: the eldest, Jotham the second, who was my father, a genuine Yankee in the good sense of the word, resolute, alert, prosperous—a farmer, a store-keeper, a skilled user of machinery, and even inventor, a Methodist local preacher, and ever active in body and mind till his death, at the age of nearly seventy-seven. Next to him was Rev. Kithredge Haven, a noted Universalist minister of Shoreham, Vt., who died in 1877, much respected, at the age of eighty-four. Next to him was Gilbert Haven, Esq., a justice of the peace, a custom officer of Boston, one of the noblest men that ever walked,

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who died in Malden, Mass., about 1870. He was the father of Rev. Gilbert Haven, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The fourth of this illustrious family of sons who deserve especial mention was Franklin Haven, Esq., one of the “solid men of Boston,” a man who confined himself to financial business from his youth, and was quietly one of the foremost authorities in that line in New England. He held high offices and filled places of great responsibility, such as President of Merchants’ Bank for many years, President of the Central Illinois Railroad, Chairman of the Back Bay Lands Commission, manager of the estate of Daniel Webster, etc.

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Who that has any sense does not believe in hereditary influence? The elements of the ancestry reappear in the offspring, but often so changed and disguised that it is practically folly to predicate much of good or evil, of strength or weakness, from those who have gone before. It is a thing to be noted, but not to prophesy about. My father worked his own way, from a poor boyhood away from home, to a prosperous manhood, so that when he was less than twenty-five years of age he owned a good farm, all covered by his herds well stocked, had married a worthy wife, and was better off than though he had inherited a fortune without the talent to take care of it. About this time he came under the influence of some Methodist and Baptist preachers, who together were holding “reformation meeting,” as they used to call them then, in Lempster, N. H., where he lived. He was converted, was baptized as a Baptist, but joined the Methodist Society—the first of his family to break away from the Puritan or Congregational Church. Soon one brother became a Universalist, another a Methodist, and another a Unitarian. The change in him seems to have been unusually radical. Though nobody then taught that profound piety was incompatible with dram-drinking, he voluntarily discarded the use of intoxicating drink, and also the use of tobacco, and as he began to read the writings of John Wesley, adopted largely his views of life and duty. For more than half a century he was a local preacher, probably preaching thousands of times—almost for no pecuniary reward. All that he received during his whole life would not pay his actual traveling expenses. I verily believe that has he given himself

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24 wholly to business and let preaching alone he would have been a millionaire, instead of living economically and dying worth about \$12,000! When he left Boston to enter the ministry he was making money rapidly, and he was always economical. But what of that? He obeyed his conscience. What good would more money have done him or his? Local preachers like him have wrought a great work in this land. There is much unwritten history, as there is much undiscovered gold. It is a solid fact for our young ministers to think about, that formerly among the Methodists there were many preachers who neither asked nor expected nor received pecuniary payment for their labor. I have always admired that theory and have largely practiced it.

My mother was, of course—well, was there ever a man capable of writing a eulogy who had not a remarkable mother? I did not see her until she was a mature woman, for she was thirty-three when I was born; but I know how the red-cheeked, blue-eyed, healthful young woman must have looked. She, also, was compelled to be self-reliant, for she had taken the place of a mother to a large family of younger sisters and brothers, on account of the illness of her mother, and had lived some years on an island in Boston harbor, where all the ships going in and out stopped, which gave her a large acquaintance with the people of many nations. What a memory was hers? A living concordance of the Bible, exhaustless in narrative; an omnivorous reader; a woman who pinned her faith to no master; of stoical temperament, fearless of death, despising shams, faithful as the magnetic needle. She had 25 her faults, of course, but I am not going to try to find them. She lived a long life and died as a Christian, and now, many years after both she and my father have passed away, it is a source of much of the sweetest joy I feel to know that their latest years were in some good degree made happy by my apparent prosperity and personal attentions. I never had a success while they lived that did not derive the greater part of its gratification from the pleasure I thought it would give them, and when they left the world I seemed to have come to the edge of a precipice, with none between me and the plunge.

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I suppose it would be timely now to tell where and how I was born. Right here comes not exactly the *pons asinorum*—no such bridge should guard the castle of an autobiography—but the first difficult spot in the road. I can turn aside into a green and glittering generality, as biographers usually do, or I can walk straight on through the truth. I believe I will keep in the road, and then readers will have something to think about.

Much of the time my father, though a laborious mechanic and farmer, was accustomed to keep a Journal, written partly in stenography and partly in a plain hand. After his death curiosity led me to examine the entries covering the time of my birth, and I found a narrative which astonished me. His Journal is full of the relations of Christian experience and of his work as a class-leader and local preacher. Formerly religious persons crowded their Journals full of pious expressions. It seems that at that time my mother had not become a decided Methodist, and she was somewhat jealous of his frequent absences from home, and of his religious intimacies with “the brethren and sisters” who were active in the same work. In a time of depression, not uncommon, I suppose, to women in such a condition, she had a season of weeping and sorrow, and, as the Journal quaintly says, exclaimed, “she wished she had never seen a Methodist.” My good father was deeply grieved, and there was a time of family sorrow and much religious conversation and prayer, all minutely described in the “Journal,” the upshot of which was a full reconciliation, and such an ecstasy of joy on the part of my mother that she averred “her child was born without giving her any pain.” The good nurse who attended her was full of pious expressions, and my advent into the world, it is gravely recorded, made no interruption in the religious joy of the mother, and seems to have been piously welcomed by the little household. Could the unconscious child have imbibed any of the influences of the atmosphere about him?

One incident more, connected with my infancy, which I have heard my mother relate, perhaps deserves mention. When a few weeks old the “census man” called to take the number of persons in the household. My mother, after mentioning the father and herself

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and the three other children, and perhaps the nurse, held me up and said, "Here is another that we haven't named yet." The man looked a few seconds carelessly, and exclaimed, "Ah! he wont live a week; I guess we wont count him," and made no entry in his book. So far as I know, I am the only person then living in the country that was refused a place in the census of 1820. Really all accurate statistis ought to notice, in 27 making their calculation, that the population of the United States for 1820, instead of being 9,638,131, as usually stated, was really 9,638,132, or subsequent censuses for a number of decades should be proportionally diminished.

In the spring of 1825, when I was four and a half years old, my father and his family removed from Boston. This historical landmark enables me to give some certain testimony about infantile memory. I have a distinct recollection of as many as five objects and five events connected with those four and a half years. I remember the house I lived in, the school I attended, the teacher, a stable on fire, a walk through the streets at night with my sister when we were turned out of the house by the fire, a negro who showed us the way, and "the man who had a wooden leg" who received us into his house for the night. Some of the sights I remember were not seen by others of the family and have never been spoken of, so that I am sure that my memory clearly retains much of my experience before I was four and a half years old. Among these recollections is a vivid picture of the whole of the infant school undergoing an indiscriminate feruling on the hand—slight, no doubt, but none of the less fearful to us; also of receiving a reward book from my teacher and carrying it home, arriving when all were seated at the dinner-table. The compliment from my mother, a little uneasiness that followed because my plate was not ready, and the remark from my mother that "a boy who had a new book ought not to be troublesome," are as vivid in my mind now as any event of yesterday. Indeed, I have a full and long recollection of 28 the place and history from which I was taken at the age of four and a half years.

The zeal of my father in Christian work which led him in those days, before railways were known, to take long walks Saturdays and Sundays to the surrounding villages to

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preach and found classes, recommended him as a suitable person to become a “traveling preacher.” Years after this, when I came back to Boston to live, I found several persons who attributed their conversion to him. Frequently in the surrounding country I heard allusions to his abundant labors. He joined the New England Conference on trial in the spring of 1825, and was appointed to preach in Plymouth, the very spot where the Pilgrims had landed two hundred and five years before. I suppose there was no Methodist “meeting-house” in old Plymouth then. Indeed, there were scarcely a dozen in all New England. How well I recollect the voyage by water from Boston to Plymouth, and the seasickness of my mother and older sister, and how I went to sleep and woke up and was not sick, and the strange gentleman who talked with me on deck, and gave me an orange—the first I recollect—and how the bright evening sun shone on the dancing waves! Have little ones no memories? I know better. And how they all used to pity me then because I was so small and pale and probably would not live long.

Previous to this time, according to the testimony of my mother, I had read through the entire Bible, though I have no recollection of that early reading, and the story seems to me almost incredible, yet I suppose it must be true.

My fifth birthday occurred about the middle of the 29 year we lived in Plymouth. I have never been in that shrine of New England worshipers since, and yet I remember it distinctly—as it was in the year 1825-26. We occupied half of a house on the main street, the other half being held by a small family, of whom I remember only an old lady, who thought she had “sinned away the day of grace, and was a reprobate.” I suppose she was insane, and how I feared to meet her alone! My father used to say there were no reprobates, and to declaim against her delusion, but I did not hear that he succeeded in removing it. The sharp and intellectual yet despairing look of this woman made so deep an impression on my memory that I have thought of her when reading Dickens’ description of one of his characters in “Bleak House,” or the description by H. H. in her “Bits of Travel,” of a woman who loved the man that married her sister. The minister by mistake mentioned her name in the marriage ceremony instead of the bride’s, when she shrieked and fainted.

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Never after that, though she lived to be eighty, did she smile or enter into conversation. So this old woman, whom I used to meet, felt that the seal of damnation was upon her, and lived in solitude and despair. What tragedies we meet in common life! In the days of stern Calvinism the idea of being a “reprobate” was not uncommon to lunatics. The early Methodists attacked Calvinism with persistent energy.

While there I went to a dame's school, where I used to read and spell and write passages of the Bible. The good mistress used to allow me and my associates to spend hours looking out of the windows, first on one side of the room and then on the other. When looking out on the landward side she regaled us with the promise that we should ride with her when her carriage came. It was a splendid coach “drawn by four white horses, with black names and long black tails.” I have spent hours looking for it, but it never came. I presume it is still near one of “the castles in Spain.” When looking on the other side, which opened on the sea, we were to have a sail in her grand ship, expected every day. I have no recollection how the land side looked, but I can see now, as more than half a hundred years ago I saw, that broad bay, and the half dozen ships—as they seem to me now, grand and beautiful—but I suppose they were really fishing smacks or schooners. Is that picture indelibly printed on my brain? Or has the soul in some way obtained this vision? I remember my mother told me to commit to memory the story of Ananias and Sapphira, in the fifth chapter of Acts, and repeat it to my teacher, but she did not take the hint. She passed it on to her neighbor. And to-day I feel no regret at the illusion. Those invisible horses and ships, so far as I know, did me no harm. It was certainly better than solitary confinement, or enforced idleness, or over study. The good woman did the best she could, and probably did many good things which I have forgotten, It so happens that I remember only the never-seen coach with the four long back-tailed white horse, and the ship expected to sail onto that beautiful bay. I remember, too, how Plymouth Rock looked then, and how my mother told me that the Pilgrims prayed there two hundred years before. This last event may be partly the product of late thought; all the rest is certainly genuine

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memory, and I think that I remember how the 31 rock looked when I was five years old, never having seen it since.

How shall we understand this? Are a few impressions made so deeply on the young brain that all future growth retains them, as a materialist would say? Or are certain thoughts and feelings so strong, even in early life, as never to be forgotten? Parents and teachers should remember that undying impressions are often made on the minds of young children.

During this year at Plymouth I formed my first friendship outside the family and the school. There were a couple of ladies living by themselves in a house near by on the other side of the street. Them I often visited by myself, and was always welcomed. Many a nice bit of cake or candy I got there. It seems now that the conversation used often to take on this form:

“Well, Master Otis, what are you going to be when you have a man?”

“A preacher, ma'am.”

“What are you going to preach?”

“Faith and repentance.”

Then followed the universal applause and a piece of gingerbread, or an apple, or perhaps simply bread and molasses. This was the only outside help I ever had in studying for the ministry. I would not him that preaching and the “loaves and fishers” are always so near together, but this was an ever-open way to these good ladies’ hearts, and also to their pantry. I remember once on my way to this “House of the Interpreter,” I saw what seemed to me a more beautiful apple, or orange, or something better than 32 I ever had seen before. It lay right in the pathway and shone like an apple of gold. I picked it up and, child-like, put it to my mouth, and with one good muscular effort buried my teeth in it, when, lo!

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ten thousand needles went through my jaws, and soon the pestilential virus reached my eyes, and I wheeled around, and by the time I reached my mother I did not know but that I was burning to a crisp. As the young cricket thought when a cabbage leaf fell, it seemed as though the end of the world had come. I have never seen a red pepper since without thinking of the place where the Pilgrims landed. Farewell, old Plymouth, but if I live long enough I hope yet to see thee again, and note what appearance thou hast to old eyes as well as young. Like the Pilgrims, I emigrated to thy romantic shores and indulged in pleasant dreams, but early left them for the sterner work of life.

In the spring of 1826 my father was appointed to Falmouth, a town on the ocean shore, only a few miles from Plymouth, and again our removal was by water. Of the year spent in that old town, never seen by me since, except at a distance from a yacht on the ocean, with a party entertained by Hon. Oliver Hoyt in 1870, I have vivid recollections. The church, the good "deacon," (Sweet, I think it was,) who sat in the church with his little tight cap on his head; the ships that used to lie half keeled over on the mud when the tide was out; the catching of crabs with a spear, which I used to witness, done by older boys; the strange old couple I used to visit, the man being totally deaf and his wife totally blind, (very convenient perhaps;) the first money I ever earned, being one cent for riding 33 on a plow half a day to make it dig into the ground, and how after earning it I went half a mile to spend it for a candy kiss, and ate the candy before I reached home; these and many other things are not to be forgotten. Are they not as important as half the things written in history? I attended two schools this year. The dame's schools have utterly forgotten; but the first male teacher, John C. Parker, I can never forget. About 1860 he called on me in Boston, evidently proud to claim me as a pupil, and certainly I feel grateful to him as a teacher. I was his youngest pupil, the school being made up of sailors and the sons and daughters of sailors, some in adult years. The gentle and quiet corrections he gave me, and the evident pride with which he showed off my precocity, have never passed out of my memory. Wishing to verify a date, I wrote him a letter and received the following kind and flattering reply, which does him so much honor that I will venture to introduce it:

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Falmouth, Mass, *January 29*, 1876.

Chancellor E. O. Haven:

Dear Friend: Yours of the 15th inst. I received with pleasure and satisfaction. The first, that you remember me with love and not with fear. In the second place, that you have arrived at your present height of attainments through your own exertions and good conduct. You were right as to time; it is just fifty years, as it was 1827, and the same dominical letter then as now.

I look back on time and say, Is it possible that fifty years have gone since I kept my last school in Yeaticket? It seems but as yesterday, or a dream in the night.

31st.—, whom you recollect, is dead, and I am sorry to add, went to a drunkard's grave.

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I recollect the observation of Rev. Mr. Woodbury, the day he examined the school. He asked me who that bright-eyed boy was that answered so promptly in Colburn's Arithmetic, and I told him it was the son of Mr. Haven. He said, "That boy will make his mark." If I live to see the twelfth of next month, I shall then be eighty-four years old. You will excuse the trembling hand writing. Affectionately yours, John C. Parker.

Though dated 1876, I think the above was written in 1877, a natural mistake.

The fifty years do not seem to me "like a dream in the night," except when I exercise a sudden glance. If the old gentleman had undertaken to write out his reminiscences he would have found that a single life comprehends a multitude of incidents.

It lingers in my recollections that about this time I found great diversion in what seemed to others deliberate lying—not for self-gratification, not to escape punishment, for the risk was great—but for the simple pleasure of seeing the expressions of wonder that were

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excited by my marvelous tales. It was regarded as a monstrous depravity. But it is a step on a possible side-track in the development of every active mind, at that stage where the fancy is strong and usurps the place of memory. A healthy mind will outgrow it. I have noticed the manifestations of it many children, and in some of larger growth. A good way to deal with it is actually to encourage the story-telling propensity, but also to awaken a clear recognition of the difference between fancy and fact. If a child persists in it beyond a certain degree, a little essence of birch 35 externally applied worked well in former times, and probably would be a good medicine now. But it should be administered by a wise physician.

In this town I remember something like an early religious experience. My father, in his earnest manner, was exhorting serious persons in the congregation to "come forward to the altar," or to the penitents' seat, to ask for the prayers of the Church. I well remember his earnest plea, and my willingness, were it only proper for one so young, to obey.

At the close of this second year in the Conference my father found his health unfavorably affected by his new labors, and withdrew from the Conference, retaining his ministerial standing, being subsequently ordained as an elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. After a few months near Boston the family removed to Weston on the very day I was seven years old. Here my father had purchased a farm of seventy-five acres having a beautiful variety of woodland and marsh, hill and valley, a good house even then probably a hundred years old, and a fine barn, with the rippling brook running before our door that novelists usually describe. Here I was initiated into all the mysteries and labors of the best kind of agriculture they practiced in this country. A New England farmer's boy in those days had to work. I was the oldest boy at home, and often my father was absent on long preaching tours, and the care of the home devolved on me. For months at a time I took care of a horse, a yoke of oxen, and some eight or ten other cattle, all put in the barn and carefully fed every night and attended to in the morning; besides 36 walking a mile to school and back again every day. In the summer I shared in the work of the farm. All prognostications of my early death disappeared, and I soon found perfect health, so that a

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physician was consulted in my behalf only once till long after I left my father's home. At this time I walked two and a half miles to see the doctor about a sore throat. He prescribed, as usual in those days, an emetic. I innocently took the powder, and in about an hour earnestly begged my mother if ever another was prescribed to let me die rather than take the remedy. I have never had occasion to swallow one since. My hard work on a farm probably saved my life and gave me health.

I ought not to pass by the seven years spent in Weston, from seven to fourteen years of age, without mentioning some few matters that illustrate truths of importance to all. Weston, as we may judge by its name, was originally on the extreme western edge of civilization and eastern edge of the "great American desert," being fourteen full miles from Boston! The great West, desert and all, has been receding ever since. When I knew it, it was an obscure country town with a church, originally Puritan, but then Unitarian, in the center; a Baptist church not far off, and a little Methodist church on the extreme northern edge, near the home of Rev. George Pickering, a quaint old Maryland Methodist preacher, who had married a Yankee wife, and was well known for half a century in all New England, for many years as "Father Pickering." He indeed was a character; tall, straight as an Indian, his curly and long white hair trimmed and clipped regularly once a 37 year. He was withal regular as a clock, and a truly brilliant preacher. He was grandfather of the notorious George Francis Train, who seems to have inherited his grandfather's genius without his faith and common sense. When my father moved into the edge of the town, about a mile from this church, his house became the center of a new life. My father had a way of his own. He, almost if not quite alone in that little town for a year or two, voted the Democratic ticket. In less than seven years it had the majority. He heard of William Lloyd Garrison's work, subscribed for "The Liberator," and immediately called some friends together who organized an abolition society, which made him president: the first society of the kind in Massachusetts outside of Boston. His house soon became a place for neighborhood prayer-meetings and preaching, and a revival sprung up in which a multitude were converted. One man, William Daggett, who was then keeping

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a tavern in the neighborhood, was converted, and immediately poured out all his rum and other liquors, opened a temperance house, and from that time till an advanced old age was an earnest Christian, spending the last part of his life in Boston. This revival was in the year 1830, under the ministerial charge of Rev. Daniel Fillmore. During this meeting I was myself the subject of a Christian experience which may seem to some an ordinary matter, to others too marvelous to believe. I had been for about two weeks attending these prayer-meetings, mostly at our house, sometimes elsewhere. Many professed conversion. Young as I was, certainly not more than eleven and perhaps a year younger, I was deeply anxious and in great trouble. I 38 recollect little of that, but only that one evening in meeting I was in great fear and distress, weeping and praying, when Mr. Fillmore said that God was willing just now to save all who would believe in Christ, adding, "I once knew a person who said in a prayer, 'Lord, I know thou canst save me; Lord, I know thou wilt save me;'" and was able immediately to add, 'Lord, I know thou hast saved me.'" I immediately knelt with others and commenced to repeat the prayer. At the second repetition, quicker than a flash, all my grief and fear were gone, and a joy utterly inexpressible filled me. I made no demonstration, uttered no word, nor was any thing said to me. I was too young to attract attention. But all that night long, unless my consciousness deceived me, I had no sleep. I was kept awake by joy. The next day I informed my mother, and was congratulated on my conversion.

This experience, so marked at so early an age, is, perhaps, the clearest conviction written on my memory. I have indulged in all kinds of thought and belief and no-belief on religious themes. I have read the ablest books on all phases of religious, philosophical, and scientific investigation, but never have forgotten nor lost the impression of this childhood experience. In thinking of it I have often been reminded of what I saw stated as a fact, I think, in Hare's "Chemistry," that if an old, battered, and smoothly worn silver coin is exposed to high heat, just before it reaches the melting-point the original impression will stand out and can be read. The impress of the stamp goes through the heart of the coin. So was it with that experience. I should have to be annihilated and recreated to forget it.

In those days it was not common for children to be admitted to Church membership, and I soon began a course of life which, on account of a tender conscience, was particularly painful and unsatisfactory. Through acquaintance with older boys I learned all the mischief and wickedness that boys know. Some have said that the country is a worse place for boys than a city. There is some ground for the opinion. In the city there is a choice of society. The vicious congregate, and the virtuous help each other. In a small village all in a neighborhood form one group, and it is hard to rise above or escape the influence of the general average. On this account it is better to have a school or college in a city than in a thinly inhabited spot. In scholarship I found no superior, and but few equals; in sports I was always at home, but often I found myself suffering keen condemnation for what I supposed and felt to be wrong.

One time I well remember, when about a dozen years of age, my father intrusted me to drive the horse with a grist of corn to a mill about two miles distant and back, with the particular charge not to admit any other boy to ride with me. I think now it was a hard condition, for how could I well help it? On my way an old companion saw me, and, being larger than myself, insisted upon jumping aboard, which, indeed, I made no great effort to prevent, but could not have prevented without a fight. We had a fine time, and while the grist was grinding made a long excursion about the pond. On our return the miller was gone, who was to have turned the horse around in rather a dangerous spot. My companion insisted upon taking the reins, and I succeeded in backing the wagon, meal, horse, and all, over the bridge and under the perilous mill-wheel; ("overshot," I believe, though just then I was decidedly undershot;) he leaped ashore, and I went into the stream. The miller came running from his house, and we were rescued. The meal was not much hurt, though the wagon was broken, and I rode home horseback with the bag beneath me. Now comes the part most painful to me. On that homeward ride I probably suffered about as much as Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo, proportionately to my size. The practical question was how to smooth things over and escape a flogging at home. I really believe

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now that had I thought the truth would have been tolerated, or in any way pardoned, I would have told it; but I manufactured a pure lie: "I had had no company. The miller was busy, and would not turn the horse for me. The horse was refractory and unmanageable." And thus I escaped with a whole skin.

Many a night after that, "saying my prayers" seemed a mockery. Family prayer seemed to be hypocrisy. I became restless, unhappy, dejected. Finally one night, after early retiring and hours of sleepless weeping, I called my mother to me and made known the facts. She left me with scarcely a word, and I simply heard, a moment or two after, my father remark, in true Yankee dialect, "I guess he's had the worst on't," and that was the last and only allusion to the disaster of the grist-mill I ever heard. But I have not forgotten it, nor the peace I found in confession. With me from the beginning morality and religion have been indissolubly joined.

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I have written these things simply to indicate what some seem never to have appreciated, that childhood nature needs careful treatment. Some people, I fear, soon and entirely forget their childhood—if they ever had any. I have seen some over-severe critics and governors of children and youth who either never committed any of the faults of children themselves, or are strangely oblivious of their own history. I do not wish to represent myself as exceptionally conscientious or virtuous in early years. I was by no means a model boy. I was full of sport, and often did many an act violative of right and worthy of punishment. Children, especially at school, are apt to have a moral standard quite different from that of the teacher's. I well recollect once showing a number of larger boys how, by putting their hands on a rope at the same time, they could slip it over a catch and fasten the school-house door, so that the teacher could not open it to come out when they made a loud noise, and then no one of them would have done it. They accepted my morality, and it was a huge delight to me to see the teacher pull and twitch, and throw his whole force against the door till the rope broke. Then we went in, and all of them, while the teacher was white with rage, were questioned: "Did you fasten that rope?" "No, sir," was

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the unanimous reply. I was too young to be suspected, but, of course, I should have said, "No, sir!" Such is a boy's conscience.

One of my companions, about four years older than myself, became particularly dissolute, and died early in life. He nearly ruined me. This was a warning not to be forgotten.

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The nature of the public schools in Massachusetts at that time has been the subject of some discrepant testimony in the ecclesiastical journals. I well recollect the schools taught in the North-west School District of Weston from 1827 to 1834, winter and summer, for all of them in winter and some of them in summer I attended. In winter some of the pupils were grown men and women, and usually the youngest pupils at that season were about seven. There were less than fifty in all. The winter teachers were all of them competent men, sometimes college students. I understood at that age written arithmetic as thoroughly as it is now taught. Murray's smaller grammar was committed to memory; parsing hard sentences was common; all the pupils were practiced twice a day in loud reading, and I believe all could read well. Many of them were excellent penmen. A few only, by special privilege, studied some extra branches, like history, algebra, and natural philosophy, but I am constrained to believe that the general average of the public elementary education was good. Often extra meetings for spelling and other exercises were held in the evening. I have sometimes thought that an able teacher could do better with twenty-five pupils of all ages than in the severely-graded system of our later public schools.

About this time the notorious Ephraim K. Avery was appointed on Needham Circuit, so called, and was our pastor. Often he came to our house. After that fearful excitement, which I can just remember, when he was tried on a charge of murdering a factory girl near Newport, R.I., and was acquitted—though nine tenths of the people not 43 Methodists and half of the Methodists believed, or at least feared, he was guilty—he came to our house. My father believed him innocent; my mother did not, and though she would not refuse him hospitality, showed him no favor. He went to our church and preached one

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sermon, but such was the excitement that a mob was feared, and I think he never tried it again. He removed into a quiet place, where I afterward came into his neighborhood when teaching at Amenia Seminary, but I found that he rather courted obscurity and did not seek an interview. I well remember he was a spruce, fine-looking man, and drove a fast horse, giving as a reason that a minister could not afford to lose time on the road. This affair was a fearful trial to the Methodists, who at that time were still few in numbers and feeble, especially in New England, and were regarded as fanatical and uncultivated. On examination of the written records of the trial I am not surprised at the difference of opinions that prevailed, nor at the decision of the jury. The charge was certainly not proven.

Another remarkable minister on that circuit was the famous Father Merrill—"father" even then, though he lived nearly fifty years more, and died in 1878. Rev. Abraham D. Merrill was one of the most devout men I ever knew. While on this circuit, in addition to his other labors, he kept a singing school, and taught the young people the mysteries of *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*, which had not then come into use in this country.

On one occasion I slipped away from church on a beautiful summer Sabbath and walked two or three miles to the Unitarian church, to hear a strange and eloquent man. On 44 reaching home I talked about the sermon, and was surprised to hear my father exclaim, "What does he know about heart piety?" I have looked for this sermon in the published "Works of Channing," but have not found it. He evidently did know what the religion of a regenerated soul is, though he and his orthodox brethren did not pronounce *shibboleth* alike.

Such was the fierce sectarianism then that I could not have gained the consent of my father. I shall never forget the occasion. I have no doubt that the man I heard and saw was the celebrated Dr. William Ellery Channing, though I have no recollection of then hearing the name. I was probably less than twelve years of age, but I remember well his text and sermon: "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes

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and Pharisees, ye shall in no case see the kingdom of heaven.” I remember being rapt in interest as he described the righteousness of a good scribe and a good Pharisee, and wondering how any body could surpass it, and how he showed that they lacked sincerity. Real righteousness was with him thoroughly sincere integrity. That recollection, though I did not associate it with the name of Channing till many years after his death, has served to confirm the testimony that he was master of a wonderfully simple and persuasive and magnetic style of speaking. Even children are permanently impressed by genuine orators, and especially by sincere men.

The Rev. D. Fillmore I have already mentioned in connection with my early religious experience. He was indeed a fine specimen of the choicest spirits called into the laborious work of the Methodist itinerant ministry in 45 those days. An amiable man of good sense. His name will recur when I come to speak of a test to which I put the pretensions of a spiritualist some forty years later. A good story is told at the expense of Mr. Fillmore, which, I believe, in his genuine modesty and love of humor, he was accustomed himself to relate. He was appointed as junior preacher on the Boston Circuit, and Elijah Hedding (afterward Bishop) as preacher in charge. There were two or three churches, and the ministers rotated regularly in their ministrations. The crowd used to follow Mr. Hedding, to hear his ponderous, labored sermons, while only a few would linger to hear Mr. Fillmore—at least it was so for a season. After preaching to a small congregation one morning, Mr. Fillmore was addressed with much sympathy by a good sister, who said: “Brother Fillmore, you see the most of the people have gone to hear Brother Hedding, but I don't run away; for my part I love shallow preaching!” It should not be inferred that Mr. Fillmore's preaching was of the low-tide quality. It was really instructive and rich, and he often addressed large congregations. Had it not been so he could not have afforded himself to tell the story.

Massachusetts society in the country districts in the early part of the nineteenth century has some peculiarities that ought to be recorded, for they are fast passing away. All the people in that town at that time were natives. I did not know any of foreign birth. All observed the Sabbath rigidly; nearly all “went to meeting” every Sunday. The greatest

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evil of the day was the universal use of rum and other alcoholic drinks. Mostly it was cider and New England rum. It was used in every family, by all the people, 46 every day. Drunkenness was common. Our next-door neighbor, a rich man, died of its effects. Such deaths were frequent. There was always a lower stratum of population that congregated about the drinking-places, held shooting matches on Thanksgiving and even fast days, and occasionally were seen with a fish-pole or musket on Sunday. These men were usually drunk when they could get the liquor. Still, they were a small minority of the people, and were looked upon as past reaching, unless it were by a Methodist revival, and many of them were thus reached and saved in camp-meetings and other revivals. I well remember a man who was a common gutter-drunkard, converted in the revival in my father's house, to which I have referred, who lived to a good old age, and was thoroughly sober and a truly noble man.

In those days there were a few tramps, or "strollers," as we called them, who used to be recognized as having a certain beat or tramping ground, and, calling on the farmers, were usually supplied with cider and food and lodgings in the barn at night. Poor-houses had but few inmates, and they were mostly cripples, or insane, or idiotic.

As soon as the temperance movement started it rapidly commanded the approval of all the most decidedly religious people. *The Methodists* unanimously espoused it, even to total abstinence, almost instantaneously. The Baptists were about as prompt. The Congregationalists had at that time many ministers and members who were slow to adopt new customs, but Dr. Beecher's ringing sermons produced a great effect.

Education of an elementary character was practically 47 universal. I never saw an adult till I left New England whom I suspected to be unable to read and write. I doubt whether there was a single child from seven to fourteen years of age able to walk in Weston, Mass., during the years 1827-34, while I lived there, who did not attend school some of the time. I should have been amazed to know there was such a child. Crime was not common. It was not usual to lock our barns or houses at night. At the same time society was slowly

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undergoing some degeneracy that called for special remedies. As the townships filled up and the population increased it was found that the number of the people absenting themselves from church influences and cultivating all sorts of heretical notions and indulging in intemperance was constantly increasing. The itinerant Methodist preachers did not come too soon. In almost every town there were some of the most active minds among the people who were disaffected with high Calvinism, and yet were disposed to evangelicalism; these were ready for the Methodists. There were others in the back, rural districts who did not go to the central meeting-houses. These, too, were ready. There were others of the more depraved and wicked classes who were reached by the novel methods of the itinerants, converted, and in many instances became ardent and useful Christians. Thus the whole community was stirred to life, though religious controversy was keen and persecution lacked only the power of the State, which had been effectually broken by the changes which followed the Revolutionary War. The itinerant Methodists were nearly as much needed in New England as in the West. So much for rural life in New England 48 in the first part of the nineteenth century. I shall now be able to look at factory-village and academy life, both of which will repay examination.

When I was fourteen years of age my father sold his farm, and removed to the edge of the town of Framingham, near the old residence of the first of the name two hundred years before. In the immediate vicinity was a factory village, filled up with operatives, male and female, engaged in the manufacture of cotton cloth. Soon afterward it was changed to a factory of woolen cloth. For more than three years I lived in this place, the most of the time attending an academy in the center of Framingham, three and a half miles from home. This distance I walked and back again every day. My walk lay directly through Saxonville, where I halted and took a little leather mailbag marked "U. S.," and weighing from two to ten or fifteen pounds, which I carried in my hands to Framingham in the morning, and back again at night, or after the afternoon session of school. Of course my advent was anxiously looked for by the expectants of letters from friends. This was the only mail of Saxonville in those days! For this service I received, as nearly as I can now recollect, seventy-five cents

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a week. I did not steal any thing, and I am happy to state that not long after the United States were relieved from the burden of paying any salary—the nation was entirely out of debt! I said I did not steal any thing, but how easily I might have gotten myself into state-prison. The mail-bag which I carried was closed by a strap passing through slits in the top, and secured by a small padlock, but these slits were so wide apart that I could easily thrust my hand through, and empty the bag without disturbing the lock. Once the devil of curiosity got hold of me, and I took out some of the contents, and even unwrapped a letter and saw how postmasters enfolded letters, when a sober second thought came over me. I carefully replaced it in the wrapper and in the bag, and never again disturbed the contents; but all the time I knew the mail was as much in my power as though it had been put unprotected in my hands. Besides this the villagers used often to intrust to me watches and jewelry, which I took to the town to be repaired, and then brought them back, charging a little for carrying. Walking that three and a half miles daily and back, through the heat of summer and cold of winter, with these precious burdens in my possession, through thunder-showers and snow-storms, was no small job. But, in addition to that, some of the time a neighborhood grandmother, who lived near us, engaged me to milk her cow night and morning, besides going to school. For that I had some little compensation—I have forgotten the sum—and thus paid my expenses while preparing for college. My father believed in making boys earn their living.

The old Framingham Academy was one of a class which have mostly disappeared, but which deserve to be described as the precursor of Methodist Conference Seminaries, as schools of a purely American origin, and as the pioneers in the co-education of the sexes, yet to become general. All the large towns in New England used to have a private academy, usually proprietary, but yielding little or no income to the owners, beyond keeping the property in order, and paying the principal and an assistant teacher or teachers. All the pupils paid for tuition; both sexes were admitted, excluding young children, and pupils who desired it were fitted for college. The teachers in this academy were able men, and it is my humble opinion that no high school in the town since has

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done better work. There, with the exception of one winter, I spent three years, and at the end of the time was fitted to pass through any American college with ease. The drill was thorough.

During this time I kept up habits of reading. My father's library had Wesley's and Watson's writings, Cowper's Poems, Rollins' "Universal History," Josephus' "History of the Jews," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Walker's Sermons, in two volumes, Goode's "Book of Nature," Sturm's "Reflections," in two volumes, "Pilgrim's Progress," and some other works, all of which I had read and reread before I was fourteen. I also had consulted a dictionary for the meaning of all obscure words. In the Framingham township library I found some books which I read, such as Tudor's "Traits of Indian Character," President John Adams' "Political Papers," and some others. It has always been my habit to read almost every thing I could get into my hands; and I have no doubt that before I entered college I had read more than a hundred volumes. Among my early recollections was the habit of reading aloud to my mother such works as Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," she kindly explaining to me what I did not understand. Also, contrary to the theory of Macaulay, I early made the study of English grammar practical, and discarded the provincialisms⁵¹ that were in common use in the neighborhood. At that time the common people of Massachusetts universally used the Yankee dialect, much as it was afterward written in the "Jack Downing Letters," and by Lowell in his "Biglow Papers." A study of Murray's Grammar and other school-books early led me to discard those provincialisms. It is simple nonsense to pretend that a study of systematic grammar is not useful.

In his autobiography, John Stuart Mill refers to his study of Greek, and to his reading in early childhood, and advocates the practice of requiring more of children than they usually perform. I doubt the propriety of such a general recommendation. There is a great difference in the quality of the nervous system of children. Some are forced by over-exertion into too rapid maturity and death; others seem to do much work easily, and yet retain the proper child-like buoyancy and vitality. I know of no way certainly beforehand to

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ascertain the effects. When study takes away the proper characteristics of child, it usually does harm. The greatest advantage of child-study is not what the children learn, so much as to acquire the power and habit of learning. It is an unfavorable sign when a child does not delight in athletic play.

One literary production casually read at this time cost me much pain. I found in a hotel reading-room, where I was whiling away my noon-hour, a fugitive copy of "The Boston Investigator," a paper then edited and published, I think, by Abner Kneeland, who was prosecuted about that time in Boston for blasphemy. I had never seen such a paper before, and, though it shocked me, I read it all. It contained 52 an ably-written and long article in advocacy of atheism. I did not know any human beings could entertain such thoughts, and reason on that subject so adroitly. It completely upset me, and gave direction to my solitary thinkings for weeks and years. I had no adviser to consult, no friend, but fretted over these thoughts in misery. About that time Principal Caldwell, of the academy, gave a lecture to all the pupils on the "Human Eye," illustrated by models, and presented admirably the evidences of design in this complex organ. This helped me much; but I had bitten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and was destined in due time to partake more largely of its mingled juices of bitter and sweet.

During the two years, 1836 and 1837, in the winter, the villagers of Saxonville organized a lyceum and debating society, and, at their request, I joined it, and participated in most of their discussions. Thus I became more intimately acquainted with the manufacturing population of New England. These were composed more largely of foreigners than the rural population, and at this time were largely interested in the politics and leading topics of the day. The discussions in our debating society were animated, often before large audiences. There I learned to speak in public, overcoming extreme diffidence. I was the youngest of the society, some of them being gray-haired men; but my habits of reading and writing gave me some advantage, while the practical experience and shrewdness of the older members were a great stimulant to me. Some of them were from England and Ireland, and others from various parts of New England. The operatives of New England 53

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at that time, as now, if temperate and economical, were able to secure a good livelihood, and to purchase for themselves homes in the vicinity or in the far West.

I ought briefly to note that to escape the long walks to and from the academy, I spent one winter in Holliston, in the excellent academy of Professor Gardner Rice. The winter was of no use to me as a student, as I was already prepared for college, but of great use socially. My roommate was a Welsh sailor, William Thomas, about thirty years old. He evidently thought himself a genius, and was so regarded by others, and encouraged to "get an education." He was eloquent, and composed much "poetry," or verse, but being a poor penman, I, as an amanuensis and critic, was called upon to help him. Often I have thought of him and desired to meet him, but our paths never crossed again.

Before bringing this chapter on my childhood-life to a close I must once more recur to the influence of religious education. I was not a member of the Church, though just before leaving home for college I joined "on probation," and took my certificate with me. I was, however, truly interested in religion. I spent much time in reading devotional books, such as Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Miss Rowe's "Devout Exercises of the Heart," and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." I spent hours in prayer. I endeavored to regulate my work religiously, but often failed. At the same time I was cheerful, buoyant, and healthy. I look back upon this stage of life with gratitude. There was a proper mingling of study and hard work, of opportunity and deprivation, to call for 54 congratulation and thanksgiving. It gave me health of body and great activity of mind. Nothing can better express my feelings than the lines of Wordsworth:

"My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky; So was it when my life began; So is it now I am a man; So let it be when I am old, Or let me die: The child is father of the man; And I would have my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety."

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CHAPTER II. COLLEGE CAREER.

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In the summer of 1838 I left home to enter the college called "The Wesleyan University," at Middletown, Conn. I was prepared for Harvard College, and had serious thoughts of going there, but an extraordinary and perhaps temporary interest in religion, as it was understood at our home, led me finally to determine on Middletown. It required then two days to pass over the ground now traversed in six or eight hours. The new railroad took me twenty miles to Worcester, and thence a stage to Springfield, and another to Hartford, where we stopped for the night. A half dozen on the same errand with myself met and agreed to stop over a day in Hartford. We visited the institution for the deaf and dumb, the first and then the only one of the kind in American, under the charge of the renowned Thomas II. Gallaudet. I have often wondered at the politeness with which we, a company of beardless boys, sub-freshmen, were treated. We were invited from room to room and allowed to witness the performances of all the classes, which such of the teachers as could speak explained. For my part, I drank the wine of astonishment, both at our own boldness and at what we saw. This was under the leadership of a lad as young and smoother than myself—Edward Southmayd—from Waterville, Me., a 56 noble soul, whom I shall mention again. I think that Dr. Gallaudet himself gave us personal attention. Little he thought that twenty-five years from that time one of those same boys, then as a member of the Massachusetts Senate, would defend that same institution for the deaf and dumb, and do his best to secure for it, against some considerable opposition, the appropriation usually made by that State. Such, however, was the fact, and it gave me great pleasure to recall this memory, both when drawing up the report and advocating it successfully in the committee and before the Senate.

The Wesleyan University was at that time that only college under Methodist direction in the United States. In the earliest days of Methodism in American Bishops Coke and Asbury made great efforts to establish a college at Abingdon, Md., which its trustees called Cokesbury College. This institution was opened in 1785, and the building was destroyed by fire in 1795. It was re-opened soon in Baltimore, but after a few months this building was consumed, and from that time forward the Methodists had only a few private

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school under individual direction till the year 1818, when "The Wesleyan Academy" was opened in New Market, N. H., under the control of the New England Conference. Its first principal was Rev. Martin Ruter. Bishops Asbury and Coke were Englishmen, and the latter never became sufficient acquainted with the peculiar demands of American society to establish the right kind of a school. Cokesbury College was never wisely managed, or it would not have perished. The first great educator in the Methodist Episcopal Church was Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., born in 57 1792, graduated at Brown University in 1815, and from 1818 to 1838 engaged in the Methodist ministry. To him the Church is indebted for the system of Conference Seminaries, which were modeled largely after the original New England academies. These academies, however, seldom had boarders or students from abroad. The Conference Seminaries had. Being open to both sexes, they prepared the way for colleges open to both sexes, and have thus introduced a great change in educational customs. Normal schools, at a later period, started in like manner from the New England high schools, have contributed to the same result. Wilbur Fisk became principal of the Wesleyan Academy in 1820, when Dr. Martin Ruter was appointed in charge of the Western Book Concern in Cincinnati, and caused the institution to be removed to Wilbraham, Mass., where it was opened Nov. 8, 1825.

The Wesleyan University purchased a property that had formerly been used as a military school, and was opened as a college in 1831. Only five classes had graduated when I entered in 1838. Dr. Fisk had attempted some innovations on the ordinary college customs with but little success, and at that time, as ever since, the Wesleyan University was doing just about the same kind of work as is done in the other American colleges of the highest rank. This was the last year of Dr. Fisk's life, and the college was in some respects more prosperous than at any time since, or than it is likely ever to be again. Its students came from all parts of the country then settled. The class to which I belonged numbered more than fifty. All the dormitory rooms were occupied, and a private house was hired by the university and 58 filled with students, particularly the last of the Freshmen, of whom I was one.

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I must insert here a brief portraiture of Dr. Fisk, a man never to be forgotten in the ecclesiastical history of America. His personal appearance was pleasing. Tall and slender, with a sallow complexion and deep black eye, having a melodious voice, which he so used that all could hear distinctly, his address would always command attention. His style of thought was logical, all his discourses being evidently symmetrically constructed on a carefully prepared foundation. I never saw him use a manuscript, though I think in some rare instances he had his written lectures before him. On one occasion O. S. Fowler, the famous phrenologist, was present at Middletown, and heard the doctor preach a wonderful sermon. While walking out of the church he said to a friend, "That man has great ideality—too much ideality!" He often introduced descriptive passages of great vividness. He had been once or twice apparently near death, and had recovered, as it was thought, in answer to prayer, and he was only in the prime of life and full of labor and honor when his health finally failed. The great controversy on slavery had then just commenced. At the head of the only college of the Church, he naturally opposed division, and gave all his influence against the abolitionists. With what zest I used to read the fierce controversy in "Zion's Herald" between him and ORange Scott! Dr. Fisk was an innovator in education, also in favor of abolishing a provision against having pews in churches, but on slavery he was conservative. What he would have become had he lived longer I know not. His 59 college prayers and sermons after he was scarcely able to stand; his affectionate personal parting with the few students at Middletown, during a vacation, a day or two before his death; his funeral, when the whole Church seemed to weep the loss of a father, none who witnessed can forget. Now, after the lapse of many years, posterity will give him his proper place: a man of good intellect, great fervor, moral courage, and noble purposes. Being a pioneer, he can never be forgotten.

Some of his associates were men of mark. Prof. John Johnston, (afterward LL.D.,) a graduate of Bowdoin, was a thorough scientist, original humorous sympathetic—one whom the students admired. He was the man who was examining and explaining a collection of minerals which the students had gathered: "This, gentlemen, is a piece of

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feldspar," etc., etc. "This a piece of quartz; and this," taking up a fragment of brick which a student had surreptitiously introduced, "is a piece of—of impudence." The boys laughed, and the appreciation of the joke appeased the professor. He was a thorough teacher and a warm friend. He invented the apparatus with which carbonic acid gas was first solidified in this country, though it had previously been done in Europe, and always kept up with the times.

Prof. Joseph Holdich, D.D., taught us in rhetoric, and did it well. But young Prof. D. D. Whedon, afterward with a D.D. at the other end of his name, so well known as the Dr. Whedon of the work on the "Will," the "Commentaries," and the "Methodist Quarterly Review," was our greatest admiration, next to the president. He was sharp and biting if need be, fair and honest, but undeceivable; 60 and when he presided, which was not often, he gave us something that we could not forget. It was a pleasure to recite to him in Plato, (original,) or in Wayland's "Moral Science." How quickly college students will discern original mental powers in a professor! Prof. Augustus Smith, LL.D., was a strong mathematician, and was afterward president for a few years. He was much admired.

The death of President Fisk really shocked the University. Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pa., had been lately purchased by the Methodists; new colleges were projected in the South; the territory of the Wesleyan was narrowing, and the students began to be disaffected. Dr. Stephen Olin was elected President, but was not able at once to enter upon the office, and finally Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D., was prevailed upon, contrary to his own better judgment, to accept the office.

Rev. Dr. Bangs was at this time sixty-two years old. He had already accomplished a noble life's work. Of fine physical form and a appearance, early converted, he had entered the Methodist ministry young, with little systematic education, and had well carried out the practical directions of the Discipline" on habits of study, and had become, in ordinary English and theology, no mean scholar. He had even for four years edited the "Christian Advocate," and also edited the "Quarterly Review" some time, and had written much

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for periodicals and several books, among others a "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church." He had traveled many a pioneer circuit in several States and in Canada. He was a forcible speaker and a good man. But he was fitted to be a college president, and he knew it. He had not passed 61 through the experience of students and professors. One should grow up to such work, and, moreover, have a genius for it. The large majority of those who attempt it fail. It requires not only a thorough acquaintance with the subject, but also great general scholarship and promptitude and accuracy in its use, especially if the president gives much instruction; the oldest students naturally require a man of symmetrical strength and ability to out-think and guide them. Students about finishing their college course always have some in their number about as strong in some directions as they ever will be, and probably extraordinarily critical. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in a preface to an edition of his "Twice-told Tales," well says: "In youth men are apt to write (and, of course, to think) more wisely than they really know or feel." It takes time and experience to make a mature man, but the older of our university students furnish their fair proportion of young giants. It is amazing how many eminent thinkers have been displeased with some of their college instruction. Such was the case with Bacon, Locke, Byron, Shelley, and many others. College presidents often err, too, as many tutors and young professors do, in a foolish scrupulousness about authority and dignity. They love to enforce rules for the very pleasure of government. Nine tenths of college rebellions prove the incompetency of the presidents more than the contumacy of the students. It is very rare that the majority of a college or class of students will hold out angrily against a fair officer who really desires their welfare.

It is discredit to Dr. Bangs that he did not feel at home in the strange work of this office, and that the classes diminished 62 in number, and that the usual signs of disaffection appeared. Some of the students playing with a common ball broke a small hole in a transverse-partition wall which divided the long central halls into three sections. Soon the whole wall disappeared; then another, and another. They were rebuilt and then torn down. This was made a serious matter, and soon began a foolish contest between the

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students and the faculty, which, after a long time, ended in the walls remaining, but in much ill feeling. In the meantime, when all were together at prayers, the question was solemnly propounded by name to each person: "Did you participate in the removal of these walls?" When, lo, the answer was unanimous: "No, sir." It was a time of complete discomfiture and demoralization on the part of the authorities, and of disgraceful triumph to the unruly minority of the students. It was whispered at the time among the students that a few answered, "O, sir." I had no knowledge of the persons who did the work or how they did it. I have since had much experience in governing students, I clearly see what ought to have been done. A proper address to them after the first offense, treating it as probably as accident, or a thoughtless breach of propriety, in such a way as to enlist the decided approval of a majority, would have disposed of the disturbance. This affair was soon followed by meetings of the students, who took upon themselves, in addition to their other duties, the burden of governing the college. They petitioned for a change of the presidency, a large part of the best students signing a paper to that effect, and directing it to the trustees. The signers were all called upon to withdraw their names or be 63 dismissed from college. My name was among the thoughtless ones, (in good company, however,) but I took the ground that, having expressed an opinion, I was willing to withdraw it provided I was not called upon to profess a change of opinion. The large majority coincided with this view, but some ten or a dozen did not, and were dismissed. This was an unhappy affair, but I have seen fit to sketch it as a specimen of American college disturbances.*

* From time to time outbreaks of disturbance and rebellion occur in our colleges which lead to a great deal of sapient and no little silly writing in our newspapers, evidently by men who have had no experience in the government of students. College students are full of mental activity, and have a natural desire to be treated like men. The rules which they are called upon to obey have been made, undoubtedly for their good, but by others. The government is a mocratic, and sometimes unnecessarily obtrusive. But if the execution of law is honest, and the students see that their welfare is intended, and if they are encouraged to entertain and express opinions of their own within proper limits, disorder can easily be suppressed, and none will object to the prompt punishment of the refractory.

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After three years' service Dr. Bangs resigned the place, glad, I doubt not, to return to the more congenial duties of the pastorate, to be followed in a short time by a long and serene old age, during which he wrote much, and exhibited in a marked degree the full maturity of a noble life. It was a pleasure to me to meet him, years afterward, in the New York Preachers' Meeting and elsewhere, and listen to his relations of former years, and to his opinions of current events, always eminently hopeful and cheering.

During these times there was a great deal of skepticism in college. The true religious influence that usually prevails in that institution was weakened. A society was organized to read upon and discuss subject with an anti-Christian 64 purpose. Our meetings were, of course, secret. There was no revelry or immorality connected with them, and they lasted, indeed, but a fraction of a year; but the report was unpleasant and the influence pernicious. I deem it right to say that the large majority of those who met in this society have failed to do much for themselves or others. They died early, and some of them ruined by their own evil habits. Immorality soon overpowered many of them. A few escaped "so as by fire."

During these times, and before and after, I read all the leading anti-Christian writers, from the most dignified to the lowest. If I have Christian faith, therefore, it is in spite of knowing all that can be said against it, for new books on the subject are but restatements of old theories. I have weighed these objections well. In the latter part of my senior year the great wretchedness of mind which arose from a complete unhinging of my former purposes and so great a revolution of my character, almost drove me to despair and ruin. At this time, however, without extraneous aid or advise, I read very thoroughly Butler's "Analogy" and Coleridge's works, especially his "Aids to Reflection." My early experience predisposed me to adopt Coleridge's theory of the reason, and to accept, largely by an effort of the will, his later views of the Bible and of Christ. I had always kept up the habit of prayer, and finally I made a public profession of faith in Christ, and sought once more union with the Church on probation. I think I did not join the Church in full membership till after I left

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college. These steps I took without excitement and without any companion. Thereby my conscience found peace, but my 65 intellect was subject to many doubts, and the future seemed to me clouded and gloomy. My former joy, through faith in Christ and the witness of the Holy Spirit, did not return for some years.

Thus I find myself passing by all the rest of my four years' college experience to give a relation of my Christian experience. It is simply because that to me overbalances all the rest; but there are a few other matters that may deserve mention.

No man can thoroughly understand American college education who has not passed through its various stages. It has been my good fortune to enjoy student life in one college, to serve as a trustee of four, as a member also of the Examining Committee of Harvard College, and a president of three universities, including a State university, which at that time had the most students of any in the country. It has sometimes seemed to me that American college professors have been less inclined than any other class of Americans to magnify their own profession; and that, in the excess of candor, they have really depreciated their own work in comparison with similar institutions in other countries. Universities are an essential of civilization. America is an original nation, the imitation of no other; and its highest schools are a vitality, having the characteristics of an independent growth. While they should and do borrow information and impulse from similar institutions in other countries, the prime aim should be to perfect them in our own national type. American colleges are more indebted to the Christian ministry as a profession than to all other parts of our commonwealth. Ministers have designed the 66 most of them, contributed personally of their means to their support proportionally more than any other class; solicited and secured aid from others and from the State; and furnished the most of the presidents and many of the professors. They have also advised more young men to attend college than any other class. The larger part of our colleges, including the oldest and strongest, owe their existence to Christian ministers. It is becoming common for a certain class of writers of late of charge upon colleges narrowness and bigotry on this account; but it is noticeable that this is usually without any allegation of facts, wholly

theoretical, and by men who have not enjoyed their advantages, and who evidently know little or nothing of the subject. All general study tends to liberality. A flippant looseness of thought in a youth is no very solid foundation for character. It is well that young men should have before them as models and instructors men of positive convictions and character. The variety of the professorships in an American college tends to a sufficient latitude of thought in the student. The presence and intellectual and moral influence of a strong and noble president, such as a Quincy or a Walker in Harvard; a Dwight or Woolsey in Yale; a Wayland in Brown; a Nott in Union; a Fisk or Olin in Wesleyan; and a Thomson in the Ohio Wesleyan, has been of unmeasurable value to the scholars and leading men, and through them to the whole Nation. There never was a people, in ancient or modern times, more influenced by its leading educators than the people of this country have been down to the present time. I may have occasion, in the relation of my experience and observation, to recur to this subject.

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CHAPTER III. FIRST EXPERIENCE AS AN EDUCATOR.

In the winter of 1838-39 I had my first experience as a teacher. My father was a rigid economist, and the *res angusta domi* was the moving cause. About the time when school committees were employing teachers armed with certificates of our standing as students, a college friend and myself started out on a pedestrian tour to find these committees and apply for engagement. We agreed that each should alternately press his case and have the first chance. We made several tours together, one day walking forty miles, which was then regarded almost incredible, though now it is so common that I can assert it without fear of disbelief. Finally I found a place and made an engagement in the town of Chatham, Conn., now Portland, near Middletown, for fourteen and a half dollars a month of four weeks, and to board in one place at the expense of the district. This was a fine chance for a smooth-faced stripling of eighteen. My first school was, in my own opinion, a failure. How could it be otherwise? In all my reading I had never read a book nor a newspaper article on the pedagogic art. As usual, the district had its two parties, which were here

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the religious and the free-and-easy. The teacher, of course, was supposed to belong to the party of the committee and of the family that he boarded with, though really he knew nothing about the parties. He was 68 urged by the committee to be "strict." "do not spare the rod of the ferule." "The big boys must be handled roughly or they will turn you out." Such were the instructions, and the result was what might have been expected. Hostilities, floggings of pupils, and threats by exasperated parents. One bellicose father even came to the door of the school-house, ax in hand, (for he was a wood-chopper,) with a threat to attack the teacher. Had it not been for my recollection of my own best teachers, and for the adoption of some special evening-school meetings in which I endeavored more as a companion to benefit the pupils who came, and for a gradual improvement that came from my growing experience and independence, this first school would have broken up in disaster. As it was, the best pupils of all parties became my friends, and the last four weeks of the four and a half months were the most pleasant, and I left them relieved and friendly, a "sadder but a wiser" youth. This was the beginning of my administration as an educator.

The next winter vacation, then a long one, though in advance of my class, I had determined to spend in Middletown in extra reading, but in the month of December, full two weeks after the usual time of opening school, I was surprised by a visit of two members of a school committee from the neighboring district of the same town, asking me to come and teach their school. Had a committee come from Japan, then closed to our fleets, it would not have astonished me more. I had felt so chagrined at my first attempt that I could scarcely have been induced to walk through the old district, and now to be specially invited to take charge of a school nearly twice as large, in the center of the same township, and that with the enormous offer of twenty-two dollars a month and "board around," it seemed incredible. I asked what was the matter, and was informed that the teacher who had been engaged, a man of experience and a graduate of Yale College, had not given satisfaction because he neglected his duties, and that the committee, seeing no other way to get rid of him, had actually bared and nailed the door of the school-house against

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him, and that, in spite of his legal claim for wages for the winter, he had retired from the field. Also the examining committee of the township had recommended them to employ me, basing their advice principally on the examination of myself the year before and of the school at the close of the year. I have always acted impulsively in such matters, and immediately concluded to try again. In the meantime I had happened to meet and read a book on education.

This set me to thinking, and I had already elaborated an idea of teaching. I found a school varying from sixty to ninety pupils, some as old and physically large than myself. Physical strength was in those days a noticeable element in teachers and pupils. All was in a chaotic condition. I took hold in earnest, determined to use corporal punishment only as a last resort. I won the love of the pupils in a few days, and had occasion only once in the whole winter to use the rod, and then the boy was in tears, the whole school with him, including myself, and it was averred to be only in the execution of a threat which I thought must be carried out. It was not likely to be very severe, but as it was inflicted in the presence of the older 70 brother of the boy, who was a man grown, and who that day for the first time, appeared in the school-house under me, it was a moral triumph in more senses than one. As the offense of the boy was abusing and whipping another and smaller boy, while near the school-house, contrary to ray express command, I have looked back upon it as a kind of homœopathic treatment, both in kind and quantity. In this case *similia similibus curantur*. I had no more trouble, and at the end of the four months the committee begged me to stay through the summer, though they had never before employed a male teacher in that season of the year. This I did, teaching the school a whole year, and was not afterward ashamed to visit the town.

It has never seemed to me wise for a teacher of children to announce that in no case will he inflict corporal punishment or any pain of body, not should teachers be positively prohibited from employing it. The shortest and easiest way to some minds is through the flesh or nerves, but a teacher or parent betrays his weakness who often uses it.

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The last winter of my college life was also spent in teaching, this time a “select school,” or a kind of sectarian academy, set up by party spirit, and maintained mostly by one man in opposition to an old institution in the same Connecticut town. The last term of my college course rapidly rolled away, during which I renewed my religious profession, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Looking back upon college life, I regret some dissipation, but no licentiousness, from which a high resolve formed in childhood has always kept me. Nor have I any remorse for idleness during that or any part of my life; 71 but much of my time has always been spent in desultory reading and writing, carried on with no end in view but momentary gratification. For much of the time I had charge of a college society library, and I read more or less nearly the whole of it, besides drawing and looking through hundreds of books in the college library. I understood the mathematics of the course indifferently well, stood about third in my class in Greek, first in Latin, and near the first in the other branches, and had an honor in graduation of which it was unannounced whether it was second or third. In either case it was all I deserved, as I can honestly say college honors never stimulated me to any extraordinary effort. The course of study pursued in our American colleges is well planned to lay the foundation for success in life. It judiciously mingles the theoretical with the practical, and it is decidedly better to postpone particular professional study till after about so much general investigation and drill. Nor should our college course be made any more difficult than it now is, or it will exclude many from a broad, general education. To promote higher education still, there should be more special post-graduate courses of lectures and original investigation provided.

After commencement and graduation my life-work lay before me without a plan. I felt a constant drawing toward the Christian ministry. No other thoughts would satisfy me. No thought of popularity or honor entered my mind, but the professions of the law, of medicine, and of teaching, were unsatisfactory. Preaching alone seemed to be my duty. But singularly enough I seemed to have no ability to speak easily or perform any part

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creditably in 72 religious meetings. In prayer and speaking I seemed to myself restrained and embarrassed and feeble. My father had never been lavish in the bestowment of money; I had not been prudent, and was in debt, all unknown to him. The country in 1842 was passing through what is called "hard times," and though I traveled many miles and wrote much, I was without employment as a teacher, and had not the courage to offer to preach. Finally, late in the autumn, I went home depressed, keeping my debts secret, and at my wits' end. Was a college education a failure? Should I begin to earn my living as a day-laborer on a farm?

At length, stimulated by the success of a private school in the neighborhood, managed by a man of only an academic education, I determined to try my hand at the work. I walked six miles, and found the trustees of a little Methodist Church in old Sudbury, Mass., the scene of Longfellow's "Tales in a Wayside Inn," a village unmolested by railroads and modern innovations, and succeeded in hiring the basement story for a school-room. I then drew up an announcement, had it printed on some placards, and visited the hotels and shops in all the region round about, and posted and nailed it up in public places with my own hands, informing the public that a select school or academy would open in the aforesaid church on a certain day. I well recollect that when all the preliminaries were accomplished I had less than a dollar in my possession, and was in debt for the clothes I had on. But at the appointed time the "Sudbury Academy" opened with more than a score of pupils, under the charge of a faculty of one. It was opened with prayer, which, though feeble, came from the heart. Pupils increased. At the end of the first term all expenses were paid, and the load of debt was diminished. The second term witnessed a large increase of pupils, and a greater diminution of debt, and the third term was unusually prosperous for a summer season, and I have no doubt that I could have made it a lucrative business for a number of years. Several of those students afterward graduated at college, and became eminently useful men. Then the good Methodist minister, Rev. Thomas Tucker, without a hint from me, forced upon me a "license to exhort," (dated June 27, 1843,) and one Friday evening informed me that business would call him to Boston the

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next day for a week, and that I must supply his place, and preach twice on the coming Sabbath. A worthy and commendable stratagem, no doubt. No protestations could avail. Was i not licensed? With the nervous trepidation of a scholar—for undoubtedly education increases the embarrassment of a young speaker—I found time to write one sermon on Saturday, and draft the outline of another. Both however, were founded on sermons that I had heard, and both were delivered without notes. They were received with expressions of great favor; many professed that the sermons were of benefit to them, and thenceforth the way was open, and I entered upon a work which has since known but few interruptions. My third sermon was also founded on a frame-work on one I had heard. Then I began to be ashamed of what seemed like theft, and never but in one single instance since have I taken a train of thought of another's composition, and was early in my 74 experience. Such a course may, perhaps, be pardonable in a young preacher, but I have apology for it. Nothing can take the place of integrity. Consciousness of approval for what is not wholly our own must weaken our self-respect, and plagiarism is a crime.

In the course of the summer I received an unsolicited invitation to become a teacher of Natural Sciences in the Amenia Seminary, in Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y., and entered upon this vocation in the autumn of 1843. This was then a flourishing New York Conference seminary, attended usually by from one to two hundred of young men and women, fine boys and girls, mostly from the farming country round about, and thirsting for an education. It had already enjoyed the labors of many men whose names have become famous, such as Charles K. True, Stephen M. Vail, and President Frederick Merrick. It had lately been in charge of Rev. Davis W. Clark, afterward twentieth Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Clark was really a great man. He was not a fluent speaker, and was too much man of business to become merely a profound scholar. But when he had time he would construct an admirable speech, and deliver it with great pathos and power. He was a superior practical man. He was always doing something. He had more brain power than many of his associates. I have said what I thought of him in the "Methodist Quarterly Review." I may only add that he was earnestly ambitious. I do not think it was a

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fault in his case, for he sought in all his aspirations to do all the good he could. Davis W. Clark was one of the most earnest ministers of the denomination 75 that has appeared in America. Now the seminary was under the charge of the Rev. Joseph Cummings, afterward so well known as President of Genesee College, and for many years of the Wesleyan University.* To be a successful principal of such an institution gives room for talents and acquirements of the highest order, and there is scarcely any position more useful. It would satisfy a large and intelligent ambition to devote a whole life to this work, nor will our Conference seminaries reach the desirable standard till strong men devote their lives to them. Joseph Cummings, afterward D. D. and L. L. D., and an accomplished president of two colleges successively, was then in the full vigor of early manhood. Of commanding presence, of unflagging industry, of peculiar but superior oratorical ability, kind but firm, an able teacher, he was a man sure to enjoy respect and wield power. The seminary under him maintained a high character and did noble work. Many young men went directly from it into the ministry and to the study for the professions, many to college and to business, and many young women received there as good an education as was then offered to women in any institutions in the country.

* Now President of the North-western University.

My duty was not only to teach classes in the natural sciences, but it had been the custom to give courses of lectures in astronomy, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and a well-stored laboratory and valuable apparatus for illustration were placed under my charge. To prepare these lectures gave shape to nearly all my study for two or three years, 76 and I devoured all the books I could find on these branches, and tried nearly all the experiments described, particularly in inorganic chemistry. A large telescope was then at our command, and I became well acquainted with the appearances of the planets and many of the stars, and dipped into the various theories of science. Such an experience almost equals in value a college course of study. Science permeates modern thought. No one can become expert in all of it. Even the most eminent scientists in particular departments must depend on other men for their views of other departments, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to

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obtain clear views of the theories of current thought without an actual experimental study of the leading branches.

On December 30, 1843, I was licensed as a local preacher at the Quarterly Conference of Amenia Circuit, Rev. N. White, Presiding Elder, and preached more or less nearly every week thereafter during my residence at Amenia. I may as well here state that I was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes, in Brooklyn, June 21, 1848, and elder by Bishop Hedding, in New York, May 12, 1850.

During the time of my employment as one of the teachers in the Amenia Seminary, from August, 1848 to April, 1846, I spent five hours a day in the recitation rooms, wrote out and delivered several times about fifty lectures on natural science, preached one hundred times, and gave several popular lectures in the vicinity of Amenia, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health, except from one Friday evening to Sunday, so that I was not absent, when in town, from a single seminary exercise, except from prayers two 77 mornings. In 1845 I was invited to deliver a "Master's Oration" at the Wesleyan University, which I accepted, and was also honored with an invitation to a tutorship in that university, which I thought best to decline. I was also strongly urged to join the New England Conference, the good people of Saxonville desiring that I should be stationed there. An entry at that time in my Journal expressed my honest feelings: "I very much doubt that I should be able to sustain myself well in a station. At any rate, I would not like to be sent to Saxonville, at home, and on the whole, for the first few years, would prefer poor stations." During this summer, also, I had the honor to be recommended by the Faculty of Wesleyan University, without my knowledge, to become a teacher in a Female College in Baltimore, Md., but after inquiring into the matter I preferred to abide in Amenia.

Mr. T. P. Underwood, an associate teacher with myself, and several of the older students, formed at the seminary a kind of band, much like the club of Oxford, which met weekly, and subjected ourselves to strict religious examination. The result of our meetings was much private prayer, great diligence in the improvement of time, increased interest

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in religious meetings, and the conversion of several of the students. Mr. Underwood, originally from Kent's Hill, Me., was one of my most intimate friends from college life till his death in 1852. He was man of conscience, perhaps too severe with himself, but as pure as man as I ever knew. I wrote to him many letters, which would be the best description of all my religious thoughts and experiences during those formative years, but a day or two before 78 his death he burned all his papers. His letters to me would make a considerable volume.

In the spring of 1846 Principal Cummings resigned his office to enter the New England Conference. At that time the New York Conference would not admit a teacher to membership, or perhaps he might have been retained longer. I was surprised by the trustees with an announcement of my own election to the office. Such an event had not even entered my imagination, but being on the spot retreat was impossible. The school was in fine condition, and no man could enjoy a better reputation than my predecessor. In looking over a Journal which I kept during that time, I find that I subjected myself to a discipline that I will not describe. The result was, however, good. A religious experience fully as marked and satisfactory as my conversion strengthened me. The seminary seemed to begin a course of new prosperity. The number of students increased, and during the two years and a half following, was greater every term than any corresponding term in its previous history. The consequence was that the debts of the institutions were rapidly extinguished, and, had the Conference chosen to do so, it might have received the seminary free from debt.

In the summer of 1846 I was married to Miss Mary Frances Coles, daughter of the Rev. George Coles, of New York. While I write these lines she is still by my side, though unaware of the theme that occupies my mind. More than half of our lives has been passed since that eventful summer. The same good Providence that has wonderfully blessed me in other matters led me to this life-long union. 79 Should I think it proper to attempt to do justice to the theme, I should seem to be trying to portray an ideal sketch of a helpful wife and a faithful mother. To one whose daily life requires assiduous mental toil,

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absorption in cares for others, frequent absences from home, the abruptness of social ties, and the formation of new associations, leading of ten to fears of failure and temptations to despondency, what can be more blissful, if enjoyed, than a home always pleasant, words of hope and cheer, all illuminated and sanctified by a fidelity that could not be doubted, and a serene faith in God that has become a second, if it were not a first, nature? Such has been my home. From that time forward I have found it good not to be alone. Defeats are diminished, excellencies enlarged by the compact holiest and best known to men.

Among the teachers at the seminary at that time was my cousin, Gilbert Haven, afterward well known as one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Less than a year younger than myself, he entered the Wesleyan University just as I graduated, and now on his graduation I was glad to secure his assistance as instructor in Greek and such other branches as might be assigned to him. Born in Malden, near Boston, in 1821, he had enjoyed excellent school privileges all his life, and previous to entering college had become a successful clerk and salesman in a large business establishment. Flattering inducements were held out to him to enter into various business enterprises. But about that time, though not specially interested in religion, a strong and steady purpose to obtain a thorough education seized his mind. It was undoubtedly providential. He soon went to Wilbraham and rapidly prepared for college, literally running through the preparatory studies, and yet thoroughly mastering them. Here he was converted or revived in religious experience, and on graduation from college was ready to teach, and, however reluctantly, was steadily drawn toward the ministry. During our two years' association at Amenia I came to know him thoroughly. He was already an intensely radical abolitionist, endorsing all that William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Elizur Wright, and all others of the most extreme school uttered. Indeed, for a time he was tempted, if not inclined, to accept the hatred of the Churches with what looked just then much like a hatred of Christianity itself, which tainted the writings and speeches of many of the abolitionist leaders. But traditional influence and, probably, experience saved him from that delusion, and the necessity of defending orthodoxy while advocating radicalism seemed in him to intensify both, so

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that both as an abolitionist and as a Christian he belonged to “the straitest sect.” His abundant information, ready wit, imperturbable good nature, and unflagging zeal soon gave him a local reputation which has since become national and general. Many an hour we spent in fierce discussion on all sorts of themes, physical and metaphysical, political and theological. At this time he began to preach. The seminary furnished a good field for his written semi-literary and religious or semi-political and religious discourses, and the little churches and school-houses round about for extemporaneous efforts.

In his earliest attempts he was not particularly popular, but awakened the admiration of a few rather than the 81 applause of the many; but it was observable that every discourse of his furnished material to think and talk about, and that only experience and proper occasions were necessary to develop in him extraordinary power. The elements of his success have been a decided conviction on religious doctrines and experience, founded on what he had seen in intimate friends and felt in his own heart, confirmed by a careful study of the Bible, particularly of the New Testament in the original, as well as in English; a wide acquaintance with literature, poetry, and prose, sacred and profane, and with the best presentations of current thought; a strong memory, and the genius of expressing newly formed thought in vital phrase. Afterward, as preacher, as newspaper correspondent, as reviewer, as editor, as author, and lecturer he showed, on a wider field and with greater results, the genius which his friends recognized from the beginning.

All the above with reference to Bishop Gilbert Haven was written previous to his death, and, of course, when I had no anticipation of being called to the same office. His triumphant Christian death seemed to crown his life, and will ever clothe his picture with a halo.

Among my associate teachers, also, were Horatio N. Powers, afterward a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and well known as a poet; George S. Ingraham and his brother, William Ingraham, both afterward eminent lawyers of Brooklyn; and Alexander Winchell,

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whose pathway day along by mine in much of its course, and will hereafter be described more fully.

The two years and a half spent in charge of Amenia 82 Seminary gave me a high appreciation of the value of schools of this grade. It was undoubtedly with reference to them that Edward Everett, in a public address which I heard, made the oratorical and complimentary remark that "the Methodists had done more than any other religious denomination to promote sound education in America." These Conference seminaries accommodate the youth whose attention is called to the value of education after the opportunity is passed in the home schools, or residing in places destitute of good schools, or who, for various reasons, desire to attend an academy from home. If these seminaries are well conducted by religious instructors they are fountains of pure thought and character. Arnold, at Rugby, was really one of the most influential men in England. Scarcely less so, though unknown by authorship, was Rev. H. P. Torsey, at Kent's Hill, Me., who has been principal of the Maine Conference Seminary from 1843 to the present time.

These seminaries suffer from want of judicious pecuniary management. They should be forbidden to go into debt. The Conferences should purchase them and procure a partial endowment, and then make the principals pecuniarily responsible and forbid all debt. The Church will surrender great powers when it abandons schools of this grade. Could I live my life over again I would ask no higher honor than to manage one of them for life. Of course, if that had been my regular diet I would have indulged accordingly in other fare.

During the two years and a half I preached nearly every Sabbath, lectured on natural science, taught classes, attended many funerals in the surrounding country, never asking 83 or receiving any payment for ministerial work. Sometimes a little was handed me to pay for horse-hire and turnpike toll, and I estimated that at the end of the two years the balance in my favor was between two and three cent!

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Many students united with the Churches, some of whom since have become widely and well known. All this was attended with the usual difficulties. There was a strange tendency to dram-drinking and disorder in those days among a portion of the young men, and some three or four at different times were expelled. But my motto was, "Justice and no anger," and the results were always good. I left the seminary partially out of debt and with more student than ever before. I should not have left it but for a desire fully to enter the ministry. At the time, as before remarked, the New York Conference would not admit a teacher to its ranks, or consent to the appointment of one of its number to the charge of a school. About those days the New York Conference was in some matters stupidly conservative, but it was soon thereafter well shaken up. In January, 1851, when my cousin, Gilbert Haven, had determined to leave Amenia Seminary, I was again invited and urged by the trustees to resume the place. I disliked the drudgery, but nevertheless determined that if Bishop Janes would promise or give assurances that I might receive the appointment from the Conference, I would accept. The trustees failed to obtain even a promise of his influence to that effect, and, therefore, the project failed. All this shows the conservatism of that day.

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CHAPTER IV. PASTORAL WORK.

In June, 1848, I joined the New York Conference, which was then far more extensive than in later years, and was stationed at Twenty-fourth Street Church, in the city of New York. This was a little mission church, established by the influence of Joseph Longking, local preacher, and for many years at the head of the printing establishment at the Methodist Book Concern. It had never had a pastor before appointed at the Conference. The building was small, not furnishing sitting-room for more than a hundred and fifty, and numbers was small. They had, however, purchased lots on Thirtieth Street, and proposed, as they grew in numbers, to erect a church there. What "the allowance" to me was I have forgotten, for I have never cultivated the memory of money matters. I think it was about \$500, of which I was to pay \$150 for rent. I only recollect that the presiding elder, Benjamin Griffin, though

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accustomed to old pioneer times, said we could not possibly live on it. But my wife taught some private pupils a few weeks, and I did some extra writing, and at the end of the year we had lived and there was no debt.

Never shall I forget that pastorate of two years, in some respects the sunniest spot in my life. Three sermons a day 85 soon exhausted my stock, and the long-protracted meeting during the first winter taught me, as never before, the art of extemporaneous speech. The most marked characteristic of this station was the rapidly growing population of this part of the city, made up about equally of Americans and foreigners—Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and others. The little church was crowded, a gracious revival was enjoyed in the winter, accessions to the society took place nearly every month, and it was a great convenience to be let into the new and large edifice on Thirtieth Street. We occupied the lecture-room some months, and finally, on July 11, 1849, entered the main audience-room. This church was at that time, I think, the best audience-room among the Methodist Churches of that city.

I have said that the chief man in this enterprise was Joseph Longking, printer and local preacher. While I write these lines he is still living, and his memory will deserve to live long after he shall cease to work in this world. He was at this time in the fullness of his strength. Small in stature, sanguine in temperament, nervous, and wiry, and alert, he attended all the meetings and was always ready for work. He was the best “beggar” or solicitor of funds before a congregation that I ever saw, contributing himself to every good cause, so that I feared that he must reduce himself to poverty and become indebted to the Church more than he could pay. But all my fears were groundless. He has lived many years, and never known want, and has always been useful, and his old age will be serene and noble. How rarely does a benevolent Christian come to want! I have known some to fail in business, but it has never seemed to 86 injure them. They retained their cheerfulness, and their last days were their best! This is true only of Christians.

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Mr. Longking had, previous to this time, for some years taught a Bible class of young men, among whom were Rev. Samuel A. Seaman, John M. Reid, D.D., Professor George W. Collord, and C. C. North, all of whom made their mark. He was also the author of a series of Question Books for Sunday-schools, sold by the ten thousands, and has written many articles on Sunday-school instruction. I cannot forbear to notice also a family by the name of Williams, many of whom were members of this little church. The mother and three sons, Philip H., Joseph, and William, with their wives, belonged to this society, the others to other Churches. They were excellent singers, intelligent and trustworthy. When all the family met, which was frequently, they exhibited the beauty of domestic Christian life as I have never seen it surpassed.

During the second summer of this appointment, 1849, the cholera for the second time invaded this country and was particularly severe in the very part of the city where my people resided. That summer will never be forgotten. It was hot and dry and without thunder showers. The papers were full of nothing but cholera or protestations against excitement. The people were afraid to remain in the city, and afraid to travel; afraid to work and afraid to eat. Among the earliest some cases occurred in my neighborhood and I was called in to administer religious consolation. Right at the opening of the excitement I was myself prostrated, unfortunately of a Saturday evening, so that I lost the Sunday, and the people were anxious and prayed 87 heartily for my recovery. By the Monday following I attended a funeral. The next day one of my leading members was sick and soon died. The excitement of the occasion, so soon after my own illness, made me sleepless during the fragment of a night which I spent at home after witnessing the death of the member above mentioned. I was tempted to desert my post. Had I not been ill? Just then I arose from bed and betook myself to prayer. I felt an assurance in answer to prayer that I should be blest, living or dying, only in doing my duty. All fear left me. I slept soundly a few hours, and from that time forward had one of the most joyful summers of my life. My own family were seriously threatened. I hurried them away, occupied our apartments alone by night,

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and took my meals in a restaurant by day, and was never better nor more comfortable in my life.

In looking over my memoranda of those days I find that my time was absorbed in visiting the sick and dying and burying the dead, sometimes visiting from ten to twenty or thirty during a day. The congregations on the Sabbath were usually large, notwithstanding the pestilence, though some of the churches were closed. One of the symptoms of the disease was a great depression of spirits, and yet I have seen persons dying of cholera who manifested as much peace and Christian joy as any dying consumption. My experience was much like that of Dr. Nelson, who was a practicing physician in New York during the yellow fever. He was then an unbeliever in Christianity, but the evident calmness and peace and sometimes joy with which Christians approached sudden death, contrasted with the experience of others, disposed him to study the evidences of Christianity. The result was the doctor's conversion and the publication of his book on "Infidelity," large numbers of which have been sold. After all the real value of Christianity is in its effects on men living and dying. So far as feeling is concerned the peace and joy of the Christian were often too strong for the cholera to master. At the close of the summer we had a day of thanksgiving, and rejoiced that the scourge had passed away.

During the second winter we had a gracious revival and many were added to the Church.

In those days the Methodist Preachers' Meetings were held on Saturday. Nearly all the churches had three services and two Sunday-schools every Sabbath, besides several class-meetings. The ministers used often to exchange for one of the sermons, preaching twice at home. Some of the time the discussions in the Preachers' Meeting were able. Rev. Dr. Bangs and his brother, Heman Bangs, Davis W. Clark, and R. S. Foster, the two latter afterward Bishops, A. M. Osbon, Dr. Durbin, and Daniel Smith were among the active speakers.

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Among the unexecuted projects of the day may be mentioned a scheme entered into by Davis W. Clark, myself, and a few others, to establish a first-class seminary in New York City. We visited many schools and all parts of the city, found a half block of land that suited us, called meetings of prominent laymen, drafted our constitution, and had pledges enough of money to make a sure thing of it. Bishop Janes rather displeased some of the laymen in the strictness of the rules which he wished to adopt, and at the 89 ensuing Conference both Dr. Clark and myself were removed from the city, and the matter was allowed to drop. I have always regretted it, for I believe a half block, or the whole of a block, in New York, purchased for a school and the establishment of a seminary at that time, would have had a powerful and a good effect on our Church education.

In those days the May anniversaries were flourishing. I had the pleasure of addressing several of them, and in this way became acquainted with many of the older and leading men in other denominations. I recollect when crowded at one time with some half dozen engagements, an encouraging remark of Bishop Janes that I have never forgotten. It was autobiographical. "I," said he, "early resolved never to refuse to speak when it seemed to be my duty, prepared or unprepared. I would do the best I could for God and humanity, and let reputation take care of itself."

I admired Bishop Janes, and all the more, because I despise a foolish toadyism for men simply because they hold office, and have nothing but contempt for the indiscriminate eulogy that fills our papers when one of our leading men dies, so overdoing the facts, that, like the expressions of oriental and half-cultivated politeness, we instinctively feel that much of it is lying. Bishop Janes was keen and strong, and thoroughly in earnest. He acquired great ease and readiness and force in the range which his thoughts traversed, but that range was not wide. General science and literature he had not specially studied; of theology, and especially Methodistic and biblical theology, and of Methodistic law, he knew much; and Wesley had no purer motives than he. His sermons and address to Conferences 90 were sometimes sublime, and he had great practical ability.

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At the end of two years the itinerant system, which I admire, took me away from a Church enjoying great prosperity, from friends whom I can never cease to love, and allowed certain conflicting elements to show themselves in the Church, that for a few years thereafter greatly interfered with its prosperity. And yet I believe the itinerant system is good. By no human system can evils be escaped. The question is, How does the great whole obtain the most of good? I feel sure that there ought to be at least one great omnipresent denomination that should rigidly adhere to a legal and law-compelled itinerancy of the ministry, and that such ministries and societies as desire to work that system should join that denomination, and that such ministers and societies as are not in sympathy with it should quietly leave it, and not seek to destroy this great and wonderfully efficient agency. If this system passes away, and no one great denomination has it, the general Church of Christ will greatly suffer.

It is not egotistical, but simply the utterance of a fact, that seven Churches, six of which were either in New York or Brooklyn, and the one to which I went, by committees, asked me to consent to an appointment to serve them. One of the first was the little Red Hook Mission, and to that I assented, and without any farther effort of my own, that was the appointment.

The two years spent at Red Hook must be passed over briefly. The little Gothic church edifice was the result of a bequest of Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, whose mansion 91 was in the neighboring town, Rhinebeck. The society consisted of two men, one superannuated, and never at church, and the other an unmarried youth, and as yet, a member on trial—and there were also seventeen women. There were, therefore, more than seven women to one man. The most of the people in the neighborhood were of German origin, the oldest talking broken English. None of them knew much about the ordinary experience and workings of Methodism. Some of them were among the most accomplished ladies in the world, some of them in the humblest walks of life. What a strange society! Among the accomplished ladies alluded to was the widow of Hon. Edward Livingston, known through

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all that region as Madame Livingston. She, like Queen Josephine, was of French origin and education, born on one of the West India Islands, and, I doubt not, fully equal to the unfortunate wife of the first Napoleon in talent and beauty and accomplishment. For many years she was a widow, occupying a mansion that might well be called a palace, on the shore of the Hudson, entertaining hospitably many of the leading men and women of the nation. It was said that one could walk five miles in the labyrinthine pathway around her house without repeating any steps. Thee flower garden was one of the best in the country. She was led to study Methodist doctrine and character by Mrs. Garrettson, formerly a Miss Livingston, wife of Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, and when I knew her, in her later years, was an earnest, simple-hearted, and thoroughly intelligent Christian. She did not exactly like the village class-meetings, especially if led by some one whose education and mode of expression were different from what she had been accustomed to. She told me that she actually felt less embarrassed when presented before royal courts to emperors and kings and queens, than when once in a class-meeting a rustic leader said, "Sister Livingston, tell us how you feel!" But she really had a religious experience interesting to hear, and she was abundant in good works. What little time I could afford to spend in the society to which she gave me access, was delightfully spent. Two or three of her relatives were in our little society. Mrs. Col. Armstrong, sister-in-law of Mrs. W. B. Astor, and her daughters, were in the little Church. Sometimes, but not often, on a summer's Sunday, Mr. Astor himself reputed to be the richest man in America, was in the congregation. Dr. Benedict also, and his family, added much to the interest of the society. The most of the congregation, however, consisted of the villagers. During the two years I preached in Red Hook every Sunday morning and evening, and at two other places alternately, five and six miles away, every Sunday afternoon. In all the places I held protracted meetings. The conversions were few, but the congregations were large. The Sunday-schools also greatly increased. These two years came the nearest to real primitive pioneer work of all my experience. I preached in all the school-houses, and in many churches of various denominations around about, and seldom passed two days without an appointment. Much of the time I preached every day. The actual brainwork, however, was small, compared with what has

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been required of me in my average life. The work of the first Methodist ministers was more severe physically than mentally. 93 I found time to complete and prepare for the press a series of lectures, begun at Amenia, which I afterward had published with the title: "The Young Man Advised; or, Confirmation of the Bible from History and Philosophy." The first part of the title was suggested by another person, and is wholly wrong, and greatly injured the reputation and usefulness of the book.

I cannot bid farewell to Red Hook Mission without devoting a few words to one of the most remarkable men the Methodist ministry ever produced, Rev. Phineas Rice, for one year my presiding elder. Dr. Rice, as he was called in his later years, will never be forgotten by the hosts who knew him in Southern New England, Eastern New York, and Maryland, over which region he roamed. I came to know him well. A large man physically, with regular clean-cut Grecian features, somewhat weather-worn, and stern in appearance, his very look would command attention. His voice was clear and sonorous, and his manner solemn and majestic. Even in conversation his hilarity seldom rose beyond a smile. But he would provoke any audience, however small or large, to laughter. His local reputations as a wit was equal to that of Rowland Hill, so much so, that all the apocryphal extravaganzas of eccentric clergymen were naturally attributed to him. I think he was fully equal to the famous Peter Cartwright. There were strange facts enough about him that were really genuine. He always drove as good a horse as any body, maintaining that "the devil's servants ought not to have the best horses." He was also, like many of the earliest American Methodist preachers, fond of his pipe and tobacco. His preaching 94 was logical, imaginative, oratorical and sometimes terribly solemn and pathetic, but almost always, near the close of the sermon, he would launch off into a torrent of witticism that would throw the audience into bursts of laughter. Sometimes he would omit these episodes, but usually some uncouth ideas and expression would occur in every discourse. It was reported that once, when stationed in one of our large cities, a self-appointed committee of the official brethren determine to remonstrate with him on the practice, and appointed an hour to call upon him. He suspected their purpose, and received them with the greatest

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gravity. While they were attempting to get control of their nerves, he at once introduced the subject of the state of the Church, and asked them if they knew of any thing objectionable, or could think of any thing to do to benefit the cause. This opened the trap, and a rash brother plunged in, and began to complain about laughter in the public congregation.

“Laughter in the house of God?” said the doctor, with a solemn voice. “Did you ever hear me laugh there?”

They confessed they never had.

“And have you presumed to laugh in the public congregation, met for the worship of God?”

They all confessed they had, and could not help it.

“Brethren,” said he, “this is a serious matter; if my official board so far forget the proprieties and solemnities of their office, it is not a thing to talk about, but requires immediate penitence and prayer. Let us pray!”

And before they could say any thing more he was on his knees, and they with him, and he offered a most earnest prayer that the official brethren of the circuit might conduct themselves properly every-where. The most careful observer could not detect even a twinkle of humor in his eye, but they voted him incorrigible, and let him have his way. No doubt he remembered the lesson, for he was sometimes for a long season deeply in earnest, and managed to work vigorously without seeking relief by wit.

It is also related of him that he and a much younger preacher happening to be together with a family who had but one “prophet's chamber,” it was necessary for the two to occupy one bed. It was a winter night, and there was no fire in the room, and the young minister spent but a minute or two in prayer before he found himself in bed. Probably he thought that he “kept himself,” as John Wesley once said in similar circumstances, “prayed up.” Not so, however, with Father Rice. He leisurely kneeled down and prayed earnestly a long

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time, sometimes half audibly, until it seemed to the young brother he never would finish. Moreover, the young brother began to think he had himself lightly slipped over his duty. Finally, the old man arose. "Do you always pray so long before you go to bed?" weekly inquired the youth. "It depends a great deal," said the old man, "on what kind of a sinner I have to sleep with!" This is but a fair specimen of his eccentricity.

But an incident which he related to me of his own early history shows the better side of the man. He arrived at my house, not intending to stop, near the close of an intensely cold day. I left that it was unsafe for him to travel farther, as night was near and his home distant, and compelled him to stop. After seeing his horse provided for 96 and partaking of a good dinner, he was reminded of the earliest years of his itinerant life. He spoke of having ridden horseback one cold winter day till he was so chilled and stiffened that he could not alight, but was taken from his horse literally badly frozen. Also he related from was saved from following a common practice in those early days, of deserting the work after a short trial. When he traveled his first circuit, which embraced several counties and kept him preaching nearly every day, though he made the entire round only a few times in the year, he was but a boy—not yet twenty-one year of age. He had left a widowed mother at home hundreds of miles away, and seldom heard from her. He had gone around his circuit and saw no fruit following his preaching and was completely disheartened. He resolved one morning to quit his work and go and see his mother, and never to show himself at Conference. He rode hard all day—I think it was Friday—and stopped for the night at the house of a good Methodist brother, a Connecticut farmer, still more than a hundred miles from his mother, and also far away from his own circuit. He observed that the Yankee farmer, though he received him hospitably and took care of his horse, asked him a great many questions: "What is your circuit?" "How many preaching-places have you?" "Is your mother sick?" "Have you engaged any body to take your place?" "Does the preacher in charge know you are going home?" "Are you ready for examination at the next Conference?" etc., etc. Young Rice answered all the questions demurely, and in due time led in the family prayer and retired for rest. The next morning the farmer aroused 97 him

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before sunrise, and told him breakfast was ready. Rice thought that was an early start, and would have liked a little more sleep, but soon made himself ready. After breakfast he was told his horse had been well fed and was saddled at the door. He had not intended to be in such a hurry, but he mounted, thanked the farmer for his kindness, bade him “Good-bye,” and was about to proceed toward his mother's residence when the farmer placed himself squarely before the horse's head, threw out his arms and shouted, “Young man, turn around! Will you run away from the post of duty? God has called you to preach the Gospel. Go back to you circuit and fill your appointments to-morrow!”

Father Rice said he was as much astonished as he would have been if an angel of the Lord had rebuked him. He fell over on his saddle, bowed his head on the horse's neck and wept, crying like a child. In a moment he turned his horse about, said once more, “Good-bye,” rode all day over the same road as the day before, praying and weeping alternately all the way, and Sunday filled his appointments, and did not see his mother till the year was over. “That,” said he, “kept me in the work, and I mean to die in it.” He was as good as his word, continuing to preach as long as his physical strength endured, dying at a good old age.

Such was the material of many—not all—of our pioneer Methodist preachers. Knowing the heart of the man, I was willing to pardon his eccentricities, though I believe they grew upon him and much diminished his usefulness in his latest years.

As yet I have never formed the habit of taking vacations for pleasure and health, but have sought recreation only regularly and by change of occupation. But while in Red Hood I visited the Catskill Mountains twice for pleasure—once in company with my friends P. H. and William Williams, of New York. The Overlook, a high mountain near Kingston, furnishes a view unsurpassed in the world in beauty. And yet how common is this remark! Beauty and sublimity are largely subjective. When a man feels all he can of admiration and joy no enlargement or improvement of the scene can add to his emotion. That is the reason why the last is always the best to people of weak memories and judgment. But

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from this Overlook, standing on a level spot, with a vast perpendicular precipice at your feet, you see, from the city of Hudson on your left and the Highlands of the Hudson on the right, over the valley across into Massachusetts and Vermont, an area of some thousands of square miles, embracing many villages, the variegated river and large patches of forest—a picture of indescribable beauty. I stood there once when a light mist hovered over the land. Before me and beneath me, except just where I stood, was invisibility—one step forward and I should have been with the angels. All at once a slight whisper of wind arose in the forest behind us; the mists broke into forms which contended with each other in an aerial ocean. They rapidly spread and lifted themselves into a canvas stretching from the sky down into interminable depths below me; and from horizon to horizon appeared, in lights and shades superior to those of Raphael, that stupendous panorama. Now it was lost; now it re-appeared, and thus it vanished and came into being 99 again and again, and trembled and moved as if quivering with life. I stood entranced and speechless with my friends, till I ventured to inquire: “Does that seem to you like a picture, or like a fact?” “Like a picture,” they all answered, and I knew the scene was not a dream, but a transparency, exhibited by the great Artist on the clouds. The moment was one that ingrained itself into the texture of my soul, and has often re-appeared to my memory, and has become one of the standards of my experience whereby I measure the value of scenes of beauty and ministrants to joy. There are no scenes in any part of the world that can surpass many in our own vicinity.

In 1852 I received my third appointment, to the charge that was then, and I think still is, the wealthiest in the connection—then Mulberry Street, now St. Paul's, New York. I had not sought it, directly nor indirectly, and would have preferred a less-responsible place. Rev. R. S. Foster, afterward a Bishop, had been its pastor the last two years, and a most successful pastorate, too, it had been. After his early ministry in Ohio, and his memorable discussion with Rev. Dr. Rice, of Cincinnati, on Calvinism, which had been printed in a book, he had been called and transferred to this important station. His congregation had been large, a gracious revival had been enjoyed, and the people were grieved to part with

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him. He was stationed but a short distance away, at Greene Street, a contiguous station in the same city. I found the church alive, and was welcomed by a good congregation, which was not diminished but rather increased while I remained there. I had no opportunity then to hear Brother Foster preach, but he spoke 100 frequently in Preachers' Meeting. Also he and his brother-in-law, Rev. John Miley, afterward a professor in Drew Theological Seminary, and myself formed ourselves into a Hebrew class and employed a Rabbi to instruct us. We soon became able to decipher without much difficulty any Hebrew text. I have since forgotten it, and then revived it. Bishop Foster needs no portrayal to the many thousands who have since that time become acquainted with him. He is a man disposed by temperament to candor and bravery. He looks on both sides of a dispute. He has little sympathy with that class of religionists who depend altogether on excitement and exhortation. He is intellectual and logical. His faith is all the more intense from his intellectuality. He is particularly inclined to indulge strong and vivid thoughts of immortality, and he has a realistic style of preaching not often equaled. Give him a camp-meeting audience and a good occasion, and he will preach a sermon of combined strength of thought and vividness of imagination never surpassed. His general survey of the work and capabilities of Methodism since he has become a Bishop has strengthened his faith in and admiration of the economy of that branch of the general Church.

Remaining at Mulberry Street charge only half a year I had not time to do more than to become thoroughly acquainted with the Church and its mode of working. All the families in the Church at that time were in comfortable circumstances, and nearly all wealthy. The type of piety was excellent. Class and prayer-meetings were well attended and the Sunday-school was flourishing.

On account of the non-occupancy of the parsonage for 101 some weeks, I did my studying and writing in the underground basement of the church in the summer season, without fire, and became saturated with malaria, which gave me remittent fever. It did not disable me, but, settling in my throat, alarmed me. Just then, through the influence of some of the leading Presbyterians, I was invited to take a Professorship in the University of

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Michigan, where Rev. H. P. Tappan, D.D., an eminent Presbyterian divine of New York, had lately been elected president. He desired a professor belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church. At first I declined the offer, but this trouble in the throat continuing, I finally yielded to urgent appeals, and against the equally urgent remonstrance of the Church, concluded that it was my duty to accept. I left the best appointment in the Church for what then seemed to be the far West.

Thus ended my exclusive devotion to the ministry. It is common to speak of that as "the regular work," while preachers who are also teachers are irregular. This is a mere prejudice. Formal preaching twice or thrice on Sundays is a modern invention. The regular minister is called upon to spend his strength in promoting Christian life; if he can best do it by devoting a part of his time to writing and lecturing and teaching, that becomes his duty. A good, sound judgment must be the guide. During the few years that I spent exclusively in the pastoral work I addressed many societies at their anniversaries, lectured on many subjects, wrote for the newspapers, begged for churches, and did much labor unlike preaching, but it was all legitimate to the profession. Henceforth education was to be my great work.

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CHAPTER V. FIRST TERM IN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

In January, 1853, I entered a new field as Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. This was the first State University in America that reached a condition that any persons would call successful. It is proper, therefore, to give a brief sketch of its history down to that time. When Michigan became a State by admission to the Union, in 1837, the United States confirmed to the State a grant of two townships of land, seventy-two square miles, the proceeds of the sale of which were to be devoted to the establishment and maintenance of a university to be governed by the State. The lands could be selected from any not previously sold. The selection was soon made by the State authorities and the lands were known as University lands. It does not seem that there was on the part of

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the State any intelligent and well-defined conception of what a university is or should be, or an earnest desire to promote the highest education. There was a general impression that a university would be a good thing to have, and that it would enhance the value of property in the State. General Lewis Cass, who was the leading man in Michigan politics in its earliest days, and for many years, seems to have entertained crude notions of a university. At first it was attempted to erect branches of it in various parts of 103 the State, which, after some years of experimentation, and with some useful results, failed. After a time a site of about fifty acres was selected in Ann Arbor, and presented to the university by the city, and the State loaned to the university authorities, or Regents, \$100,000 with which two college buildings for students were erected, after the prevailing type of that day, furnishing "recitation-rooms" and study and sleeping-room for more than a hundred students. Also four large dwellings were erected for professors, and a small Faculty was elected.

There was no president, but, on "the Prussian system," the regular professors were to preside in turn, each for a year at a time. From 1844 to 1852 the college had a fair prosperity. When we consider that it was "in the far West," and also in the far North, near Canada, and surrounded only by a scanty and pioneer population, its early history during this period must be pronounced creditable to all concerned. Also the Medical College, founded about 1849, was prosperous from its foundation. Both these colleges maintained a grade of scholarship as high as the oldest American colleges of that time.

But the university was compelled to struggle with difficulties, chief among which was its poverty. The State was embarrassed in its finances, and granted it no pecuniary aid. It exacted seven per cent. annually for the \$100,000 loaned for the erection of buildings. It actually lowered the price of the university lands, and used the credit of the university fund. In this way it was believed, by eminent political authority, to have canceled all obligation of the university to repay the \$100,000, and yet, after this, it 104 continued to exact and receive the seven per cent. interest on the entire sum.

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A protracted dispute also arose between the students and Faculty with reference to secret societies. All who are acquainted with American colleges are aware that this is a subject upon which opposite opinions are entertained. The Faculty of the University of Michigan undertook forcibly to suppress them, which was resisted. Several students were expelled; appeals were taken to the Regents; petitions and remonstrances were sent to the Legislature, and fierce discussions arose. About the same time Professor D. D. Whedon, formerly of Wesleyan University, but Professor in the University of Michigan from 1845 to 1852, began to take an active part in the opposition to slavery which arose at that time, and made some earnest abolition addresses and sermons in various parts of the State. The authorities of Michigan, including the Regents of the university, were then opposed to the Abolitionists. The consequence of all this was the adoption of a resolution by the Regents in removing three of the ablest professors. These professors, who had been conspicuous for their opposition to secret societies, and Dr. Whedon, one of the three, who had also offended the authorities by what they termed the advocacy of "the doctrine of the higher law," were dismissed. The young State was excited. The part of the Constitution pertaining to the university was considerably changed. The Regents were required to establish courses of study that should accommodate students who might not wish to study Greek or Latin, and it was provided that there should be, as in American colleges generally, a president.

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The authorities of the university probably fell into an error in their determined opposition to secret societies, though they were following the example of Harvard and Princeton, both of which about that time suppressed them, and have not since allowed them. In Yale, Union, and many other colleges, they have not been interfered with. These secret, or Greek-letter societies, as they are sometimes called, are purely American in their origin. They consisted at first of voluntarily associated students in a single college, who adopted some rules, holding their meetings in secret, and excluding all but their own members. The design was said to be literary and social improvement. The first society of the kind

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was called the Phi Beta Kappa, organized by the students of Harvard College. None were eligible to election unless they stood among the first third of the class in scholarship. Branches of this fraternity were soon formed in several other colleges. They are not accustomed to hold any social or literary meetings except annually for the election of members, and occasionally for public addresses. Membership in the Phi Beta Kappa is proof of superior scholarship, and its badge, therefore, is almost if not quite equal to a literary title. From this example many such societies have been formed, some of which have many affiliated branches that occasionally hold general conventions. Some of the branches have valuable buildings and libraries. All hold their meetings in secret.

The advocates of these societies maintain that the members exert a good influence over each other socially; that any members inclined to idleness, dissipation, or immorality, are checked by their associates for their common reputation; that the members pledged to association and mutual aid make the college life more pleasant, and form intimacies that are valuable in future years; that the literary exercises carried on at many of their meetings are the means of special improvement, and that many are stimulated in future life to greater industry that they may honor their society. It is also urged that the irregularities peculiar to the boy's schools of England, and the colleges of America, called "fagging" and "hazing," not known in Germany, nor anywhere except where there are classes in the same institution sharply defined by time and name and the seats where they sit, are greatly diminished by these societies, the members of the same society, though in different classes, not wishing to abuse each other. Also, it is claimed, as a matter of fact, that in the American colleges where these societies are allowed, a higher tone of morality and behavior is maintained, and the authorities have the least difficulty in maintaining order.

On the other hand, the opposers of college secret societies urge that secrecy always leads to the suspicion of mischief; that pledges of union made by persons on a short acquaintance, not to be violated thereafter without taunts and personal abuse, are unwise; that persons thus united are tempted to defend each other in wrong, and to magnify each others merit unduly, and to become contracted and clannish; that the expense

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of such societies is great and wholly unnecessary; and that when a majority of such a society become loose and immoral, usually the whole are injured, and that often they have become nests of insubordination and folly. Moreover, they urge that all the 107 advantages of mutual, social and literary, and moral help could be secured by societies that should exact no pledge of secrecy and require no permanent membership.

On a small scale it will be seen that the larger subject of oath-bound secret societies is somewhat involved in this subject of American college-life.

Probably the best results are reached, both in colleges and in the State, by refraining from passing the most stringent laws on the subject, but by the encouragement of free thought, free discussion, and free action. The consequences are that the possible evils are much diminished, and both those who abstain from them and those who indulge in them are placed more on the defensive, and the advantages of the societies are increased and their evils lessened, while many of the best students will not join them.

Under the new government, which began in 1852, Rev. H. P. Tappan, D. D., was elected President, and was to be assisted by an able Faculty; the claim of the State for \$100,000 was declared canceled, and the institution began to feel the effect of sufficient money to make it respectable. Dr. Tappan was then an eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church, the proprietor of a successful ladies' school in the city of New York. He had written a treatise on Logic, a work on "The Freedom of the Will," being a review of "Jonathan Edwards on the Will," and a work on "University Education," and many articles for various Reviews. As a metaphysician he had achieved a good reputation, and some of his opinions are not infrequently quoted. Through a Presbyterian, he was a decided Arminian, which 108 made his opinions the more notorious. He particularly excelled in extemporaneous speaking, though he confined his practice mostly to preaching and to addresses on university education. He had little sympathy with American colleges, but looked on the Prussian system of education as an almost faultless model. Indeed, in nearly ever address after he became President of the university, for a year or two,

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he eulogized the Prussian system of education. On his recommendation the dormitory buildings of the students were converted to other purposes, an astronomical observatory and a chemical laboratory were established. Professor Boise and myself elaborated the course of scientific study which the Legislature required, equal in length and thoroughness with the old classical course, omitting the Latin and Greek languages; and thus initiated a course which has been copied since in the most of American colleges.

At first the innovations provoked some opposition. President Tappan was severely attacked by some of the newspapers and charged with pride and pretentiousness. He was not accustomed to this kind of strife, and I anonymously entered the lists in his defense. The attacks were frivolous and groundless and soon subsided. For the first four or five years the university increased in popularity and influence faster even than the average of the State.

During the three years and a half of my professorship, first of Latin, later of the English Language and History, I preached nearly every Sabbath and lectured in various parts of the State.

In 1853 there was a great excitement in Detroit on account of the opposition of the Roman Catholic Bishop to the public schools, which had led even to mob violence that had to be suppressed by the military force. The excitement extended throughout the State, and, indeed, was felt all over the country. The University of Michigan, being at the head of the educational system of the State, naturally felt the influence of the excitement, and I, therefore, delivered a discourse on the subject in Ann Arbor, in which I took the ground, now so commonly occupied, that the State has no right to teach religion by compulsion in the public schools. The discourse attempted to show that public schools should be unsectarian and teach no religious doctrine seriously objected to by the parents of any of its pupils. It was printed in full by the papers, and was said to have done much to allay the excitement. It was also deemed so heretical as to prevent my election to a college presidency shortly thereafter. There is no other logical conclusion to arrive at in a free

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State. The Church in this country must do its own work without calling on the State for assistance. Any other doctrine logically leads to communism and the bondage of the individual to the hydra-headed general average. At the same time it is the province of the Church so to indoctrinate and elevate the people that they will approve morality and religion anywhere and every-where.

During these years, also, the question of the higher education of women began to attract peculiar attention in Michigan. The University of Michigan was the only State university that was considered prosperous or promising, and a few enterprising women and their friends began to agitate the question of asking for a State college for women. As early, I think, as 1853, at a State Educational Convention, held in Ann Arbor, I advocated the opening of the University to women. So far as I know the subject had not been suggested before. It was considered wild and insane. Not a member of either Faculty approved it, but usually it was regarded as rather a dangerous joke on my part. It is true that Oberlin College, founded in 1833, as Oberlin Collegiate Institute, was open to both sexes; but Oberlin College did not receive its present title until 1850, and even then was for many years only an academy with a small college attached. The academy part completely overshadowed the collegiate part. Nobody thought of appealing to its as an example. It was not till several years after this that a woman took a regular college degree at Oberlin. I was not myself aware of the practice of Oberlin at the time. Genesee College, at Lima, N. Y., was chartered in 1854, and from the beginning was impartial to the sexes. But this for a long time was a small college attached to a large academy. Still it may claim the honor of having conferred the first regular degree of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts on a woman in America, and the first in modern times, and with few individual exceptions in the world.

It is interesting to observe how rapidly sometimes public opinion changes. As late as 1878 the University College, London, was boasting, and perhaps with good reason, of its liberality in this matter, little aware that from the beginning Genesee College, in New York State, had done the same thing, and that in 1854 Geneva Medical College had 111

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conferred the degree of M.D. on Elizabeth Blackwell, after she had completed her course of study with the other students. Both these colleges were afterward merged in Syracuse University. Seventeen years after I proposed this plan for the University of Michigan it was consummated.

While at Ann Arbor as professor I published the book begun at Amenia Seminary, and already referred to, entitled, "The Young Man Advised; or, Illustrations and Confirmations of some of the Chief Historical Facts of the Bible." It has had a good circulation, and I have had the pleasure of knowing that some of its readers were led by it out of skepticism to faith in Christ. The most notable instances were one who became a useful preacher, and one who read it as a soldier in camp during a short season, who was afterward a faithful superintendent of a Presbyterian Sunday-school and an active Christian. The knowledge of these instances, and some other references of the kind, have given me unspeakable delight; for I would rather be an instrument of the conversion of one soul from infidelity to saving faith in Christ than to write a book that should meet with vast sale and universal popularity.

As usual, my labors were scattered over a wide surface, and I made all sorts of public addresses, with little or no pecuniary compensation, merely for the pleasure of labor and a desire to do good. The religious young men of all denominations in the university had a Society of Missionary Inquiry, and used to hold prayer-meetings, many of which I attended, and there were some notable conversions; and in those days the University of Michigan used to send into 112 the ministry nearly as large a proportion of its graduates as some of the Church colleges.

During these years also I supplied regularly two Presbyterian Churches in Detroit for quite a long time. The one, Central Presbyterian Church, under the truly able George Duffield, D.D., divided into three societies, and I supplied the Fort Street and Jefferson Street Churches successively some months. This gave me an intimate acquaintance with the Presbyterians of that city, and through them with the Presbyterians of Monroe and

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Marshall, both of which churches I frequently visited. The steadiness, earnestness, and consistency of these societies, much like the best type of Puritanism, had for me a peculiar charm, and but for the appearance of vacillation and a conviction that Methodism also, in its peculiar way, has fields of equal usefulness, I should have cast in my lot altogether with some one of these Churches. I became dissatisfied with the life of a professor and desired to return to the pastorate. But Providence had another work for me.

During these four years I took less interest in ecclesiastical matters than usual, and yet participated in some of the warm discussions in the Conference on the great American questions connected with slavery. My sympathies were all with the Abolitionists, yet I desired to preserve Church unity if possible. The leader of the conservative party in the Conference was Rev. Wellington H. Collins, a remarkably able controversialist, and almost every Conference witnessed a fierce war of words. Rev. J.V. Watson, D.D., was at that time editor of the "North-western Christian Advocate," who, though he had resided in the South, 113 really sympathized with the radicals. He was in some respects a remarkable man. In the ready use of metaphors, borrowed and original, and in vociferous extemporaneous speech I have never seen his superior. He was fully equal to the famous sailor preacher, Rev. E. T. Taylor, of Boston, and superior to him in logic and solid thought. At the Conference of 1856 he was a candidate for election to the General Conference, and at the same time many expressed a determination to vote for me. I thought it would be impossible for both of us to be elected, as the Conference would not elect more than one outside of the regular pastoral work. Moreover, the most ardent antislavery men were not perfectly pleased with his course, and expressed a preference for me. He was an invalid, and could scarcely hope for such service for many years. Under the circumstances I renounced all desire for the office and begged the brethren not to vote for me, and entered into the campaign with all my heart for him. The extravagance of thankfulness with which he embraced me and flooded me with joyful metaphors on the announcement, did me more good than a thousand elections could have done. It sometimes pains me to think that such a genius as he was can live and pass away, and in a few years be so seldom

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mentioned. A few of us will ever cherish his memory in our hearts. Whoever will read his book entitled "Tales and Takings," published by the Methodist Book Concern, will perceive that he was an extraordinary man.

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CHAPTER VI. EDITOR OF "ZION'S HERALD."

Having been engaged in labor in Michigan only a little more than three years, I was attacked with intermittent fever and so reduced by it that I began almost to despair of life. Just then I received, unexpectedly, a letter from the Boston Wesleyan Association, informing me that I had been elected of "Zion's Herald." This was a flash of light from the East. It was unpleasant to part from my Michigan friends, and not the least so from President Tappan, with whom I had spent many hours in pleasant social intercourse, and we never had any disagreement.

"Zion's Herald" has as noble a history as any periodical, American or foreign. A consideration of the facts will relieve this eulogy of all appearance of extravagance. Religious newspaper were born in America. The honor of being the first religious newspaper belongs to "The Boston Recorder," which began to be published about 1816, and was accepted as an organ of the New England Congregationalists. By a religious newspaper we understand a newspaper which professes to give the current secular and religious news and also the special intelligence connected with the denomination which it represents and whose cause it advocates.

But "Zion's Herald," established in 1823, in Boston, Mass., only seven years after the "Recorder," may justly claim to be the first of a class of religious newspapers not yet numerous, but certainly the noblest papers published, with no reference to the pecuniary profit of its publishers, but wholly devoted to a Christian and benevolent purpose. The first "Zion's Herald," from January, 1823, to September, 1824, was a private enterprise. It was then purchased by the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

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and was edited and published by a committee appointed annually, the profits, if any, to be devoted to the assistance of superannuated preachers. In 1828 "Zion's Herald" had nearly 5,000 subscribers, but a rival had sprung up in the city of New York, called "The Christian Advocate." It was thought that two such papers could not be sustained! Consequently "The Advocate" purchased the "Zion's Herald" from the New England Conference, and added its list of subscribers to its own. The very next year, so great was the demand for a home Methodist paper in New England, one was started, called "The New England Christian Herald," by Rev. Aaron Summers, a member of the New England Conference. In 1831 the Boston Wesleyan Association was incorporated, which purchased "The New England Christian Herald," changed its name to "Zion's Herald," which has been regularly published since that time. The paper claims, therefore, to be the same as began to be published in 1828, though some irregularities attended its progress till the organization of the Boston Wesleyan Association. This association early resolved that none of its members should ever borrow a dollar from its funds, and that its business should be honestly conducted for the public good, with no pecuniary profit whatever, in any form, to its members. On this noble basis it has established its character, and has become a leading organ of public opinion in the Church. It has repaid to the publishers of "The Christian Advocate" what was paid for its purchase, distributed some profit to the patronizing Conferences for the superannuated preachers, and invested some money in the Association Building, the profits of which are devoted to religious purposes.

It has had able editors from the beginning, among whom may be mentioned William C. Brown, a layman, from 1836 to 1841; Rev. A. Stevens, LL.D., from 1841 to 1852; Rev. Daniel Wise, from 1852 to 1856. At that time I had the honor of an election to this place.

W. C. Brown was still living, and at that time judge of probate of Suffolk County. He was a Christian gentleman, a careful and critical, but not very ready or brilliant, writer. His name will be remembered as the author of an "Ode to Rum," which has been published by the hundred thousand, if not by the million. Undoubtedly millions of copies of it have been printed. It derives its popularity chiefly from the abundance and aptness of the appellations

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applied in smooth verse to rum. There are few languages into which it could be literally translated, and it is worthy of study as showing the copiousness of English speech. During his editorship, and previously, "Zion's Herald" was fair religious family paper, having a circulation of three or four thousand.

It was when Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D., became editor that the paper first began to be a recognized power in the Church and general community. Abel Stevens was born 117 in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1815, and having had the trials of poverty and hard work in childhood, was early converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He began to preach when a mere youth, and before he was twenty-one years of age was regarded as a prodigy of eloquence. Slight in form, about the size of John Wesley, symmetrical in features, with a piercing black eye, fluent in speech, original in thought and illustrations, the people flocked to hear him as to a Summerfield or a Maffitt. Fortunately, at this time he fell into the hands of good advisers, and was induced to go to Wilbraham Seminary, and afterwards to the Wesleyan University, where, though he did not graduate as a classical scholar, he laid the foundations of a liberal education. He subsequently thoroughly studied his own language and some of the modern languages of Europe, and made himself accurate in many branches of culture. He did not maintain his early extraordinary reputation for eloquence, partly, I think, from a weakness of voice, more noticeable as he increased in age; partly from the relatively greater attention given to writing for publication; and partly, I imagine, from his published sentiments on the subject, on account of his too great reliance on extemporaneous ability as a speaker. Nearly all the most effective orators who learn to speak without depending upon a manuscript begin by writing out their speeches and more or less carefully committing them to memory. And, indeed, through life, or so long as they are successful, they more or less continue the practice of carefully writing in preparation for speaking. Otherwise they are apt to become rambling, thin, and repetitious as speakers. Of course, 118 there will be many instances in which such speakers are purely extemporaneous. Careful writers for speaking are generally ready for extemporaneous demands. Dr. Stevens has recommended a different practice.

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Be this as it may, Abel Stevens excelled as an editor and writer in his maturer and later years more than as a speaker. "Zion's Herald" doubled its circulation during the eleven years, from 1841 to 1852, when it was under his care. He opened the vein of American Methodistic history, and gave a long series of historical articles, which afterward appeared in the form of books, and, indeed, entered upon the investigations which produced his "History of Methodism," one of the ablest and best-known works of its class. Also, during his administration as editor the great original Abolitionist controversy arose in New England. This resulted, in 1842, in a secession of a considerable portion of the ministry and membership from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the organization of the denomination that called itself the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. So bitter was the controversy between the two parties that the adherents to the old Church seldom gave the seceders their proper name, but called them "Scottites," after Rev. Orange Scott, their leader. My father joined the Wesleyans, but subsequently returned to the mother Church.

Dr. Stevens is entitled to the credit of conducting this controversy on the part of the Church with signal ability and adroitness. He defended the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church ably, and, while he maintained a strong and decided opposition to slavery, opposed secession from the Church.

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In 1852 he resigned his office to go abroad, and Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D., of the Providence Conference, was elected as his successor. Dr. Wise also was a man of extraordinary ability. Born in England in 1813, he came to this country, in 1833, and had already filled several appointments with signal success. He had acquired a great reputation as a writer for children under the pseudonym of "Francis Forrester," both as the writer of books and as editor of a magazine. He was also an ardent abolitionist, and suited the prevalent feeling of the Methodists of New England. He was editor of the "Herald" from 1852 to 1856, during which time the paper was a decided organ of the growing antislavery party in the Church and State.

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The "Zion's Herald" took so active a part and exerted so strong an influence in the opposition to slavery, which for many years agitated and finally divided the Methodist Episcopal Church, and then continued in new forms in the Church till its overthrow in the great Civil War, that a brief recital of the main facts will be appropriate, and all the more so because as yet no history of this great contest has been written.

It is a remarkable fact that the Methodists historically differ radically from all the other leading denominations in America in their relation to slavery. The Baptists, Congregationalists, Church of England, (which became the Protestant Episcopal Church,) Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics all preceded the Methodists by from fifty to one hundred and fifty years, and were relatively numerous in various Colonies and States when the Methodists began; but none of them in their creeds or rules, by whatever name known, or in the discussions of their highest assemblies, made any allusion whatever to the slavery of the colored people till near the second half of the nineteenth century, when the political discussions which culminated in civil war had already aroused popular interest. All of these denominations had ministers and members who held and sold slaves. Slavery, in fact, was ignored by these Churches as certainly as ownership of cattle, or the wearing of the beard, or long hair, or any other practice totally disassociated from moral character. The Friends, or Quakers, were the only exception with the Methodists. Both began by refusing membership to slave-holders, which the Friends always insisted upon. They were, however, never aggressive, and obtained but few members and had but little to do with the colored people. The Methodists have always striven for growth. Like the primitive Christians, they aim at the conversion of the world.

For about the first quarter-century of their history, terminating in 1784, their organization was so incomplete that they deserve to be considered simply as groups of people interested in religion, periodically visited by itinerant evangelists. They had no Bishops, no ordained ministers, no head, no body. They professed to be followers of John Wesley, by the Atlantic Ocean, not easily crossed in those days, separated them from the feeble

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societies in England. It is not likely that any slave-holders were enrolled in their classes at that time, though it is known that some of their earliest members were slaves. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The signs of the Messiah were not wanting.

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In 1784 these Methodists crystallized into a unique and compact organization, probably better calculated for efficiency than the primitive Christian societies, called the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Rev. Thomas Coke, L. L. D., of Oxford, and Rev. Francis Asbury, originally from England, but already for many years an American, as their Bishops. Their General Rules, "so called," contained a list of things forbidden, among which were "the buying and selling to men, women, and children with an intention to enslave them." But not content with this, their first conference enacted regulations providing for the immediate manumission of all children born in slavery, and for the immediate or gradual emancipation of all slave under forty-five years of age. The preachers in charge were required to keep a journal containing the names of the slaves so freed, and this journal was to be handed down to their successors. No person holding slaves was to be received into the societies in the future, and members refusing compliance with the regulations respecting slavery were to be excluded from the sacraments of the Church.

Then began a contest which was destined to rage for eighty years, without cessation or abatement, and then to cease only by mingling with others in a terrible civil war, in which, on both sides, the Methodist furnished more chaplains and fighting soldiers, both absolutely and relatively, than any other branch of the professed Church of Christ.

Had I time I would like to write a history of Methodism in its relation to slavery. It has never been written, and but few seem to understand it. As Macaulay has 122 shown, the most of pretended histories are superficial and some are silly. There is no thorough—scarcely a reputable—history of the United States. America has not yet produce a writer of history who looks carefully at the origin of customs and institutions. Political histories we have, but not moral, ecclesiastical, religious.

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The records of twelve General Conferences, four years apart, are preserved, previous to 1844, which was the thirteenth thus recorded, though only “the ninth delegated Conference.” No one subject claimed and received more attention in all these thirteen Conferences than the duty of the Church toward the people of African descent, the most of whom were slaves. Other denominations could meet in conventions, assemblies, synods, and associations, and make no allusion to them—Methodist never. Already two considerable denominations made up of colored people had branched off from them: the African Methodist Episcopal Church and the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church; and besides, they had in 1844 a very large membership among the colored people, many slaves, and many who had been emancipated by Methodist owners.

But there were gradually growing up within the Church two doctrines: first, that the original Methodist position was the only correct doctrine—no slave-holding, not even for the sake of mercy, or for any reason whatever; second, that slavery, divested of its abuses, is right, though an evil, and that members, officers of every grade, and ministers, including the Bishops, might with propriety own slaves. By this time more than half the States had no slavery, and the debates on the subject in the General Conference gradually became more violent. The Baltimore Conference insisted that no one of its members (all, of course, ministers) should hold a slave. Wherever a minister received a slave by inheritance or gift—though he might plead it was for mercy—he was compelled to emancipate the slave or resign his ministry. At last one of their number, whose wife had inherited a slave, refused to manumit, was ordered by the Conference to retire, and appealed to the General Conference to protect him as a minister. The General Conference of 1844, after the most violent ecclesiastical debate till then known on the subject, confirmed the action of the Baltimore Conference, and thus the clerical slave-holder was expelled. This seemed providential, for, all unexpected to themselves and the world, a contest was about to rise the issue of which was to be the precursor of an attempt to divide the United States; but this minor discussion had practically compelled that large and powerful Baltimore Conference, though mostly in slave territory, to array itself with the foes of slavery.

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At this General Conference it was unexpectedly found that one of the Bishops, through his wife, had become at least nominally a slave-holder, and refused to manumit. He was requested to suspend his services as a Bishop until he should free himself from this embarrassment. In the long debate which followed this action slavery, for the first time in a Methodist General Conference, was defended some of the speakers. The conscience of the Church was shocked. The result was the separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church into two great bodies. The Baltimore Conference remained with the Northern Conferences, and the Church 124 South really carried away only about a third of the ministers and members. From that time forward the hatred of slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was left Mostly in the free States, slowly deepened, and the allowance of slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, rapidly grew into its defense and approval. The true history and consequences of this great debate and division yet remain to be written. But when it is written properly, if that time ever comes, it will be shown that the Methodist Episcopal Church did more than any other one organization, perhaps more than all others, to break down American slavery.

The first two General Conferences after the division—those of 1848 and 1852—gave less attention to slavery than any other in the history of American Methodism. There was a reaction from the former contest and a lull before a storm. Still the Methodist Episcopal Church densely occupied some slave territory, and was gradually extending itself again into the South. Again a few members were nominally owners of slaves. The Church, however, was universally regarded in the South as an “Abolitionist Church.” No genuine slave-holder would naturally seek to be a member of it. But the North was not satisfied. The General Conference of 1856 appointed a Committee on Slavery, and the old discussion arose with new virulence. Efforts were made to amend the Discipline. In the discussions Drs. Abel Stevens and Daniel Wise, successively the two latest editors of “Zion's Herald,” took a prominent part, the former resisting change, the latter advocating it. Both were elected to responsible offices: the former, editor 125 of the “Christian

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Advocate," of New York, and the latter, editor of Sunday-school Publications. At this time I was elected by the Boston Wesleyan Association editor of "Zion's Herald."

A zealous, not to say acrimonious, controversy was in progress in "Zion's Herald" between these two ex-editors when I took charge of it. After the truth on both sides was exhausted I brought it to an end: but for the next four years the entire Methodist Church, North and South, was intensely excited. The whole nation was on the verge of war. Disunion sentiments were avowed and repelled every-where. Some ministers and societies left the church in the North and endeavored to establish Methodist Congregationalist Societies. During this campaign the "Zion's Herald" advocated the exclusion of slave-holders from Church-fellowship, but avoided that extreme acerbity and unreasonableness which, in some cases, had degenerated into fanaticism. Under its leadership New England Methodism was practically united and calm.

In 1860 another war of thought and speech was waged in the General Conference. The debate was far more protracted and intellectually superior to that of 1844. But that was a surprise. This took place after years of warning and preparation. The result was a nominal but not complete victory of the progressionist. We strengthened the chapter against slavery; we could not muster the two thirds necessary to insert the word "slave-holding" in the General Rules in the list of things forbidden. I was satisfied with the substantial victory, and, indeed, believed that the Church was as truly antislavery before the change as 126 after. Four years after this, when the war was over and not a slave remained in the country, the barren exploit of inserting the word "slave-holding" in the Rules was performed. Had I been a member of that General Conference I should have opposed it. The word is as much out of place as "cannibalism" or "the offering of human sacrifices" would be. I wrote an article to that effect, but the tide was too strong for sober thought. For one, I regret that the Discipline is changed from that under which the Methodist Episcopal Church took its noble position, and fought so hard to maintain it. If any change had been made it should have been, and might well be now, to strike out all allusions to slavery

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whatever. The battle is fought and victory won. Why maintain a useless breastwork and the ashes of burnt powder?

Perhaps the busiest but easiest part of my life was between 1856 and 1863, while editing "Zion's Herald." I had but little editorial assistance; was not absent from my work three weeks in the whole time, (except when attending General Conference;) much of the time had pastoral charge of Churches, (for two years the important society at Malden, Mass. ;) delivered many lectures and addresses at all kinds of anniversaries in all parts of New England; was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, by appointment of Governor Banks, the most of the time, and visited the Normal Schools regularly; was chairman of the Malden Board of Education three or four years, which consumed more than an average of a day every week; was a member of the State Temperance Committee and various other societies; and served two years as a member of the 127 Massachusetts Senate. When I look back upon it and endeavor to recall a little of the experience and labor, I am amazed that I was able to bear it. But all this time I was regular in my habits, always taking a good nights rest, and seldom allowing myself to suffer much anxiety.

In 1862 it was the opinion of the Republican nominating convention for Middlesex District, No. 2, that the township of Malden was entitled to the nomination if it desired it. It was regarded no great honor, as the other party had been in the majority in the district and elected the previous senator. Unexpectedly to me, I was invited to accept the nomination. I consented on one condition: that I should not be called upon to enter into an electioneering campaign, which was agreed to. I was elected by a small majority, thus reversing the politics of the district, which embraced the city of Charlestown, with its Bunker Hill, and the towns of Somerville, Malden, and Melrose.

This brought me, in the most exciting time of our national history, into contact with some of the leading political men of the nation. John A. Andrew was at that time governor, one of the strongest men ever occupying that office. A Christian minister in a political legislative body occupies a delicate position, and will certainly, unless maintains silence,

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be compelled to show his caliber. Almost at the very opening of the session one of the most exciting subjects was brought before the Joint Committee of the two Houses on Education, of which I was a member. A child of Roman Catholic parents, in Worcester, had refused, by instruction of his parents, to read a portion of the Bible, or to repeat the Lord's Prayer, I have forgotten which, and 128 for his persistent refusal had been dismissed from the school. A Catholic priest had brought a petition to the Legislature, that the law of Massachusetts, which then required the opening of the schools by reading the Bible, might be so modified as to prevent the recurrence of such cases of discipline. The Committee on Education were much divided in opinion. I suggested and advocated a special form of amendment which would allow the religious service to be confined to the teachers. The old law was as follows:

“The School Committee shall require the daily reading of some portion of the Bible in the common English version,” etc.

I suggested an amendment in these words:

“The School Committee shall require the daily reading of some portion of the Bible without note or comment, in the public-schools, but they shall require no scholar to read from any particular version whose parent or guardian shall declare that he has conscientious scruples against allowing him to read therefrom.”

This was reported to the Senate, and though the chairman of the committee assented to it, he did not feel equal to the advocacy of it, but left it in my hands. The debate in the Senate was sharp and short, but the recommendation passed by a good majority. Of course, it created some excitement. I could see that many of the good religious people of the State were offended, but I never could see the propriety of attempting to inculcate religious instruction in the public schools by civil law, opposed to the consciences of a considerable portion of the people. When the bill was reported to the lower House a much more earnest 129 and protracted debate spring up. The Hon. Caleb Cushing, one of the

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most eloquent and erudite men I ever came in contact with, was the chief advocate of the bill in that House. The debate continued through several days, but finally it passed, I think unamended, just as I originally drew it up. Massachusetts had, I believe, ever since enjoyed quiet on that vexed subject.

The question of religious instruction in the public schools is too vast and profound to be settled by a syllogism. It is one of the practical questions which lie too deep to be controlled by chopping logic. The real instinct, the vital faith of the people, must be carried out. This real faith, in the average communities of America, is in favor of substantial Christianity, or rather the substantial morality of Christianity, without unnecessarily offending any particular honest consciences on the one hand, and without surreptitiously undertaking to teach any particular sectarian dogmas, on the other hand. The schools should be neither Protestant nor Catholic, but also they should insult neither. I would oppose, equally, the exclusion or the requirement of the Bible. I would, on the principle of skillful statesmanship, dodge the difficulty as far as possible, having the laws of the State as general as well may be; but when a decision must be made seek perfect fairness to all parties. If there must be a contest, why, then of course, the weaker party must go to the wall. The result in Massachusetts indicates that the decision was just.

Another question of immense importance was brought before this Legislature, which was referred to a special joint committee of the two Houses, of which I had the responsibility of being the chairman. This was respecting the proper disposal of the grant of lands by Congress to the State for the promotion of education in agricultural science and in the mechanical arts. To give direction to the fund that should accrue from the sale of 360,000 acres of land, was altogether the most important matter before that Legislature. As usual, there was a great variety of opinions. Governor Andrew was in favor of bestowing it all on Harvard University, and substantially so recommended in his message, and exerted his personal influence in that direction. As chairman of the joint committee that had it in charge, I was extremely anxious to secure unanimity in the committee, and hoped thereby to secure substantial unanimity of the State. A large number of the leading men engaged

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in education and science in Massachusetts came before us, urging their various opinions or advocating the interests committed to them. Among them were Presidents Felton, Harvard, Stearns, of Amherst, Dr. Hitchcock, Prof. Agassiz, Dr. H. B. Rogers, and many of the leading manufacturers. Some desired one thing, some another. After much discussion I was requested to draw up a report, which I did, with accompanying bills, which was signed by all the members of the committee but one, and passed both Houses by a large majority. This was the foundation of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and greatly strengthened the Boston Institute of Technology—both model institutions in this country.

The next year I had the honor of a renomination and re-election to the Senate by a large majority. Besides a vote given for Charles Sumner as United States Senator 131 this year, I will notice only the efforts made to pass a law to establish a Metropolitan Police for Boston, in order to enforce the Prohibitory Liquor Law. I had been a member of the Massachusetts State Temperance Committee several years, and had drawn up three or four of their annual reports, and had been of the opinion for some time that the friends of temperance devoted relatively too much energy to the enactment of stringent laws against the sale of intoxicating drinks, and too little to the enforcement of such laws as we have. Massachusetts had then an excellent prohibitory law, but it was a dead letter in the large cities. Boston was the great feeder of liquor-selling, and the consequent drunkenness and crime of New England. What Massachusetts needed was a police that would do their duty in spite of the dereliction of the city government. Therefore, some of us combined our influence for a Metropolitan Police. We agitated the subject in our State Temperance Alliance meetings, and got up a good form of a bill, managed to have it reported on favorably and unfavorably before the Senate, and I believe passed it. The Senators were besought by liquor-sellers to oppose the bill. The discussion in the Senate was fierce, but we carried it. It failed either in the other House or by veto, but it aroused the friends and foes thoroughly, and out of that discussion sprung, finally, the State Constabulary, which accomplished something for a season.

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If there is any subject on which eternal vigilance is needed, it is in securing efficient laws against promiscuous liquor-selling, and then in enforcing the laws we have. It seems a pity that so few men of sound judgment will turn their attention to this subject. Too many are obstructionists, and oppose every law that does not seem to them the best conceivable. What would be thought of the friends of liberty in tyrannical governments, or of religion anywhere, who were equally scrupulous and exacting? Every prohibitory law, so-called, is to a certain extent a license law, and every license law is to a certain extent prohibitory. The friends of temperance should always combine for the enforcement of the prohibitory part of every law on the sale of these poisonous drinks—unless, indeed, the prohibition is, in their opinion, too severe! Liquor-sellers fear the execution of law far more than its enactment.

Again, the advocates of temperance have largely weakened the moral sentiment of the people by their indirect and often direct apologies for drinkers, especially for drunkards. They are spoken of as good, generous, lively fellows, and others, by implication, as mean and morose—a successful way to recommend drunkenness. They are defended for drinking on the ground of an excessive, abnormal, inherited, unnatural, and, we should suppose from the description, supernatural appetite for intoxicating drink! The cells of their brain are different from those of other men! Poor fellows! they are not to be blamed so long as dram shops are open. All this is exaggeration and mostly false. The physical temptation to drinking is far weaker than that toward licentiousness, but who apologizes for rape and prostitution on that account? Who does not see the folly of attempting to annihilate this class of crimes by procuring an absence of temptation? The weakness and folly of drinking ought to be burned into the common conscience of the young as it is not in any civilized country. Drinking intoxicating liquor should be pronounced wrong, an invitation to another to drink should be a punishable offense, and public drunkenness should be promptly punished. Some instances of this kind among the few of the well educated or of the wealthier classes who are guilty, would have a salutary effect. This would greatly strengthen the sentiment for the enforcement of the prohibition of their sale.

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It cannot be that civilized States will always allow a practice which produces more crime and poverty and degradation and useless expense than all other evils among them.

The time which I spent in Boston embraced the very culmination of the antislavery excitement. Soon the facts on this subject will be doubted. No well-known, pronounced public antislavery man could travel with safety in the South. The North and South were practically more divided in heart before than at any time after the war. The debates in Congress were a disgrace to the American people. I attended and addressed many semi-political and semi-religious meetings during these times and after the war commenced. One, I recollect, to welcome Rev. Dr. Massey, of Scotland, a delegate of the Churches to America, where Dr. Kirk, then in his glory, made an eloquent speech. The resolutions of welcome I was appointed to present—one in behalf of Father Henson, commonly called Uncle Tom, then over seventy years of age, and who is alive now, nearly ninety, while I write this. I edited several chapters, and from his conversations wrote out for him 134 about half of his autobiography, published by Mr. Jewett, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." An incident in the life of this "Uncle Tom" is far superior in interest to any thing imagined of the fictitious Tom. He had actually been beaten by his master and maimed, with a broken arm healed out of shape, but had saved the life of that master in illness; was then hurried off to another master as "boss" of a number of slaves whom he conducted across the country hundreds of miles in safety; was then sent down the Mississippi on a flat-boat with the son of his master, who intended to sell him at New Orleans. On the way, one bright, clear night his young master was asleep on deck. Tom, then a Christian and a slave-preacher, conceived the purpose of killing the young man and making his escape. He had been promised his freedom, and knew he had earned it. He took an ax, sharpened it, went on deck, lifted it, knew he could decapitate the young man with one blow, when the question arose, "Is this right?" He dropped the ax, went into the cabin, kneeled down and prayed. He was drenched with perspiration, and nearly fainted. The result of his prayer was that he would not commit a crime, but leave the result to God. Mark the sequel. The young master took him to New Orleans and sold his cargo, but

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before he had opportunity to sell Uncle Tom he fell sick of yellow fever. Uncle Tom nursed him, and, in the mean time, turned the boat around and started up stream. By the time the fever was subdued they were in Kentucky, and Uncle Tom took the young master in his arms and carried him into the house of his father. How much better than to have escaped into the swamps of the lower Mississippi! Not long afterward he ran away to the North and secured his freedom.

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, was at this meeting, and on the stage when I spoke, and was even then planning his movement, which, had it been successful, would have enrolled his name above that of La Fayette. As it was unsuccessful, as men measure success, men now call him an enthusiast. The verdict of posterity will be in his favor. The wrongs of three millions of human beings, maintained, as they were, by frequent assassinations and all kinds of crime, required an avenger. But Brown's object was not vengeance, but the liberation of the oppressed. It is unreasonable to execrate Brown and eulogize Garibaldi! The world needed to know that not all the blood in Northern arteries was water. I am no advocate of war for aggression, but simply contend that if physical force, even at the hazard of life, can ever be rightly employed it is unwise to select so noble and pure-hearted a philanthropist as John Brown for condemnation. His aim was generous—far above the chivalry of the Middle Ages; he was unwise because he failed. His unwisdom was simply that which the South then shared with him more than the North: an over-estimation of the courage and strength of the colored men. They had not the pluck of the Anglo-Saxon, or he would not have been allowed to perish.

When the war broke out Massachusetts did her part nobly. So did all New England and all the North and West. My young assistant editor of Zion's Herald," Rev. J. Emory Round, recruited a company of soldiers in our office, and was chosen and commissioned a captain. A brother-in-law 136 of mine was one of his soldiers, and subsequently came home to my house with just strength enough to enter his room, which he never left alive. Captain Round, after serving his time, returned, and since the war has been the successful president of the Centenary Theological Institute of Baltimore, where a large

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number of ministers among the colored people have received an education. Quietly and unostentatiously he has been doing a noble life-work. It is doubtful whether any missionary in a foreign field, or any college president at home, whose name is widely known, has done more to advance the best interest of his generation.

How feebly written history portrays the facts! Who, not present, can conceive the condition of Boston when the news was flashed back of the mob attack on the soldiers passing through Baltimore—the first bloodshed of the civil war!

Who shall describe the sleepless night after the first battle of Bull Run? Who can paint some of those public funerals of the heroes of the war? Never shall I forget the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Hempstead, at which I endeavored to preach a short sermon in the thronged Tremont Street Church. Governor Andrew and his staff and many of the State government were present; or of Rev. Arthur Fuller, brother of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, when Congregationalists, Unitarians, and Methodists united to speak the worth of this able young Unitarian minister. Undoubtedly in New England patriotism and a hatred of slavery mingled to produce the war enthusiasm of the day. In other parts of the country it was more largely, and in some places exclusively, a mere love of “the Union,” or a conviction that a successful rebellion would annihilate the United States and open the way to innumerable wars and degradations.

I left New England with the deepest regret. The reasons for this step will be given in the next chapter. In many respects New England is peculiar, and, to persons of certain tastes, the most pleasant and attractive part of the country. There are some disadvantages in such a large and thinly settled country as the United States. The absolute free trade between all the States of the Union, the unity of language, and the numerous rival centers of activity in commerce, in science, art, and all other kinds of power and activity, doom the country, for the present, to great disadvantages in some matters. In England, France, and Germany, for instance, is concentrated the power of a great nation on a territory one tenth or one twentieth as large as that overrun by the people of this country. They have,

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therefore, great leading centers of power. Their literary men, scientific men, religious leaders in any particular denomination, and others of any particular kind, know and often see each other. They add to each other's reputation and help each other. Here a smaller number perhaps, or larger, are scattered over a fifth of the globe, and are broken into fragments, never seen together. There a scientific society, for instance, means a body of men, approximately the same for twenty years; here one set of men this year, next year almost an entirely new or different set, meeting from five hundred to two thousand miles away! What opportunity, for instance, has a scholar or artist in Michigan, Arkansas, or Oregon, compared with one in the obscurest 138 part of England? There he is within six hours and a few shillings' ride of the center of his nation. Here it would take a month of time and a good part of his income for the year to command the influence of personal acquaintanceship with his fellows. No doubt many of these evils are compensated for by advantages; still they do exist. Now, New England hitherto has been more like a small European nation than any other part of our country. She has been a sort of *imperium in imperio*. She has had a high degree of homogeneity. She has had a literary and artistic center. She has had a recognized coterie or band of leaders in public opinion. They were sufficiently united and strong to give some weight to their criticism and decision. They could make a market. They could build and destroy. Moreover, the New Englanders came naturally by vigorous mental power. The Puritans of England of the seventeenth century, whatever may have been their faults, were certainly the most intellectual part of the English nation. They probably read more, wrote more, prayed more, and thought more than all the rest of the people. By them New England was settled. At home the Puritans were overcome and gradually mingled with the rest of mankind. Many of the soldiers of Cromwell gave the names to the families of the Catholic peasantry in Ireland. But in New England they were separated from the rest of mankind, and for about six generations alone, or but little affected by others, they developed into a numerous and strong people. Vigorous in body, well fed, long-lived, all having at least the elements of a book education, all familiar with the Bible, homogeneous, feeling but little the evils of poverty or of an indolent 139 lent or vicious aristocracy—the world will perhaps, never again see such a

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people. A people without any illiterate or any paupers! It is not extravagant to say that their power for good has been felt all over the United States. Other States south of them have exhibited some similar traits and advantages—none, however, of so high an order or in so marked a degree. Therefore to New England may be traced many of the convictions and customs connected with the educational and religious institutions of America.

In government, and especially in law, New England has not exerted so much influence on the West, perhaps, as New York; but in industry, in experimentation, in religious activity, she has been a leader.

New England is positively to-day stronger than ever before, though relatively weaker. But her influence now must be sought all over the nation. A new age is dawning upon America. No one can predict what another century shall produce. Could one have announced to Puritan New England in the last half of the eighteenth century that in a hundred years one quarter of its population would be of Irish origin and mostly Roman Catholic, and that one quarter of its native population would be Methodists, it would have been as incredible as the true picture, could I give it, of what this country will be in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Then some notions in religion that are now deemed heretical will be orthodox; then the line between the known and the conjectural will be more strictly drawn; then there will be more license allowed to intellectual action, less to individual taste and preference in actual life. Then the various recommendations of social 140 scientists will have been tested, and the actual freedom and welfare of the average individual will have been enlarged by the increased restriction and pressure of law. In a word, the universal man will have made some progress in learning how to restrain and take care of himself. But then as now, and as heretofore, many old people, actually and prematurely, will be sighing for the good old days of the golden age!

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CHAPTER VII. PRESIDENT OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

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A rolling stone gathers no moss." True enough, but it gathers many knocks and gets itself well rounded. Moss is not the only ornament of a stone. Methodist ministers are rolling stones. God made me restless and too willing to sacrifice present advantages with a prospect of greater good. Never, however, have I had any sordid objects in view, in any change of position or occupation.

From time to time, during the six years of absence, some of my friends kept me well informed of the state of affairs in the University of Michigan. Some of the private letters, as well as various articles in the newspapers, indicated dissatisfaction. The complaints were that the number of students was rather diminishing than increasing; that the religious people of the State were dissatisfied with the moral influence of the institution; that the faculties were not at peace with each other; that the State rendered no pecuniary aid; and that an antagonism too great to be endured had sprung up between the president and the regents. At first I was invited, by persons who professed to understand the wishes of the regents, to return to a professorship. This I declined to consider. I was then asked if, under any circumstances, I would accept the presidency. I answered that if the office was vacant and offered to me, with the substantial approval of the different faculties, I would accept it; but I had not even the faintest dream that the office would be vacant except by the resignation of the president. This was several months before the events happened and I had not the slightest anticipation that it would so occur. Dr. Tappan frequently had spoken in my hearing of resigning the burden, and I supposed he might at some time resign, and that perhaps my name would then be presented. I really had no desire for the place, and gave it no thought. But at the commencement of 1863 the rupture between the Board of Regents and the president became so severe that the presidency was vacated, and the same day the board elected me unanimously to the place, and informed me by telegram, with a request for an immediate reply. I supposed the vacancy had quietly occurred, and that all were agreed and harmonious; and having maturely determined before that if that office was offered me I would accept, I replied affirmatively, and the fact was announced to the public. Immediately a flood of letters began to pour in upon me,

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informing me that the whole State was indignant; that the alumni, the students, the citizens of Ann Arbor, presided over by the mayor, and many citizens of Detroit, in one of their public halls, had severally held meetings and protested against the action, some speaking not unfavorably of me, by all hoping that I would decline, and that the former president would be reinstated. Also, letters came informing me that a majority of the faculties really were pleased with the change—one faculty unanimously so; that if I declined another person would be elected, (this was official to me,) and perhaps the 143 institution would be ruined. Propositions had been made to remove one department to Detroit, and perhaps the enemies would take advantage of these circumstances to divide the fund and break it down. All this was perplexing, but I felt that it was my duty to accept the place, though I thought the chances of failure greatly preponderated. Also to give up the noble post I had, against unanimous solicitations, with so many perfectly agreeable associations, was the severest external sacrifice I had ever been called to make. My hope was, in case of failure, to return to the pastorate, and I solemnly resolved to be contended with that.

Arrived at Ann Arbor, I found the troubles had not been magnified. I could not obtain possession of the president's residence for weeks, though it was vacant. Many of the citizens would not even greet me personally. It was soon rumored that I was intemperate, and all kinds of slanders were hinted at. The newspapers opposed had much more to say than those favorable, and during the vacation it seemed that when the university opened again it would be stormy weather. I took occasion, however, to hint to the respectable citizens who were interested in business prosperity, that it would be well to secure harmony and stability if they wished their city to prosper; that I did not intend to stay without a re-election by the new Board of Regents, which would convene in six months, and that unless present difficulties were controlled they would have anarchy. At the opening of the year a larger number of students convened than ever before; the strangers were not ill-disposed, and in a few days there were two parties. Our first 144 exercise was reading the Scripture and prayer, which, to me, was not merely formal nor for the first time there performed in public. I was relying habitually on the strength granted in answer to

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prayer. I improved the calmness of the moment to put before the students my view of the facts and of their duty. I repeated to them my purpose to maintain order at any expense, if possible, for six months, and then to resign the authority into the hands of the new board. I eulogized their late president, and asked them to share with me the responsibility of saving the institution from trouble.

I have never yet found college students fail in generosity and manliness when properly appealed to. It was hard, indeed, for the leaders in the older classes, who had been urged to disorder, to refrain from it, but conscience and good sense mastered them, and all began passably well. It is true, the following half year was trying. About two hundred, comprising the literary and art students only, attended prayers with me daily in an uncarpeted room, where to make a noise was easy. Usually not a professor was with me, and it required all the tact and how of authority I had to maintain order. Some personal expressions of disfavor were attempted, which I rebuked or affected not to notice. I commenced a course of sermons to students of all the colleges (some six hundred in number) on the Sabbaths, and also addressed them on temperance, and persuaded many to take the pledge of total abstinence. Also, by my advice the old and practically obsolete Missionary Society of Inquiry was abandoned, and a University Young Men's Christian Association organized—the 145 first of the kind anywhere—in 1863; and long before the semester was over I had hosts of friends.

I cannot forbear to notice what seemed to me at the time almost, if not certainly, providential. Just when the spirit of disorder was waxing strongest a few students requested an excuse to leave college for a few days to visit the notorious Vallandigham of Ohio, candidate for governor, who had fled the country to Canada to escape arrest on the charge of hostility to the nation. I excused them on certain conditions. They went, and the papers were full of a published account of addresses and replies in an interview with the traitor, as though the whole university sympathized with Vallandigham. Perhaps a clear majority of the students were returned soldiers, many of them wounded, and nearly all were indignant. A large meeting assembled and passed a series of patriotic

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resolutions, which were published in the papers. Then it was the turn of the little knot of Vallandighamites to be angry. They also called another meeting to convene in the chapel immediately after prayers on a Saturday morning. It serves to show the semi-disorganization that prevailed (for which I was not responsible) that such a thing could have been done without consulting the authorities. But it worked well to call attention away from our domestic troubles. A foreign war is often good policy to harmonize home discord. It was rumored that the Republicans, a large majority, would violently break up this meeting. Many of the students, it was rumored, had revolvers, and a riot seemed inevitable. I asked two or three of the professors if they desired to attend prayers with me that morning, 146 but at the time I found myself unsupported. The outside of the platform was covered with students, as at a mass meeting, and every square foot of the floor was occupied, students from the Law and Medical Colleges swelling the number. I mentally resolved that the meeting should not be held, and that was just the opportunity I wanted to see them all together on a week day. After devotional exercises I gave them an address on the duties of college students, especially in a State university. I complimented them jokingly on their interest in college prayers, earnestly on their interest in the country. They applauded me heartily. I then told them, in conclusion, that no meeting of the kind could be held on the university premises, and requested them all to leave the room. The great majority were only too glad to obey—the minority found themselves forced along, and the trouble was over. A company did assemble in a city hall and pass some traitorous resolutions and form a procession and march about the streets insulting the national flag; but the people naturally said, if that kind of students were displeased with the university administration sympathy would be wasted on them. Thus, as it seemed to me, my prayers were answered.

But enough has already been said to indicate the lessons which I wish to enforce. I hasten, therefore, to the conclusion.

In January a new Board of Regents assembled, having only one of the former members re-elected. There were presented to them two petitions from the students, signed by nearly

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equal numbers, for and against the restoration of the former president. The result of this meeting was awaited with great anxiety; but the regents simply passed resolutions disapproving of all expressions of opinions for or against any member of the faculty by student, attended to routine business, and adjourned for a month. The trouble was by no means over.

On their reassembling what seemed like another strange interposition of Providence took place. The board consisted of eight members, of whom one was known to be in favor of my retiring, and one in favor of my remaining; the others had not publicly expressed an opinion. Now, unembarrassed by any action of students, they were to meet and decide. To influence this Board of Regents a meeting had been held at Detroit, and a strong address adopted, urging the re-election of the former president; and the Rev. George Duffield, D. D., Presbyterian, author of the address, and Bishop M'Closkey, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, were instructed to present and urge the request of this meeting before the regents. I was by my friends advised to procure some counsel to aid me, but declined. Dr. Duffield, already an aged man, the acknowledged leader of the Presbyterian denomination, deservedly enjoyed the highest reputation as a man of probity and piety and remarkably varied and solid scholarship. He had formerly served many years as one of the regents. He was a man whom I already knew and admired, and afterward often met and learned still more to admire. He was undoubtedly perfectly honest in this address. But he did not then thoroughly understand the subject.

The other man, Bishop M'Closkey, was entirely different in appearance and character. A giant in body, not overstocked with intellect, superficial in scholarship, pouring out volubly a torrent of extemporaneous common-places, haughty in manner, it was scarcely a surprise to me that in later years he came to a disgraceful end.

As this committee appeared before the regents our place of meeting was thronged, and intense interest was already excited to hear the address and the speech of the Bishop. Who could withstand their power? Just then—by what spirit moved, who can imagine—

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the only avowed friend of their proposal made a motion which probably defeated it. It so happened that an eminent citizen of Ann Arbor had lately suddenly died, and the funeral was just now about to be held. This man had been among the foremost during the last six months in advocating the restoration of the late president. He had filled the streets and saloons of Ann Arbor with talk on the subject. Now, then, seemingly to commit the whole board to an indirect expression of opinion, some floating remarks about the deceased were offered, and a motion made that the board, as a testimonial of respect, attend the funeral! Of course, though it was not the prime business of the Board of Regents to attend funerals, and they had never "undertaken" it before, nor have they since, yet they could not well refuse such a request, and thus the expectant crowd were dispersed! Now mark the result. Both Dr. Duffield and Bishop M'Closkey, who had not been consulted on the funeral preparation, had coming engagements at Detroit, and were obliged to leave before the board reconvened. Then one of the regents moved that the board meet by themselves alone to consider the address in the evening; and thus they and the people lost the impressiveness that the author would have given to his own production, and also the wordy harangue that the Bishop was almost bursting to deliver! It seemed ludicrous to me then, and also, I could not help considering it as providently directed in behalf of truth and right.

In the evening the address proved so illegible that our secretary could not decipher it, and therefore, as an old editor, I was allowed to read it. One of the regents said my coolness and just emphasis confirmed him in his intention to vote for "no change!"

At the close of the reading I made a brief address of my own to the regents, simply reminding them that, according to their oath of office, they were bound to do what they deemed best for the university. I explained to them the situation, as I understood it, and tendered to them my resignation, and promised, should they accept it, exert myself honestly to make their action as beneficial as possible to the interests of the institution. They then appointed a committee to consider the matter and report. In a day or two the committee reported, in substance, that the highest interests of the university required that

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there should be no change. One regent only voted against the report, and he afterward, while he lived, was a faithful friend to me. Thus the war was over, but the healing of the wounds remained to be accomplished.

I immediately devoted myself to the following purposes: To accomplish the most I could for the students; to allow no dissensions on account of misunderstanding among the professors; to recommend the university to the people, and to obtain some pecuniary aid from the State. I was the 150 Professor of Moral and Mental Science, which required much labor; and I may say that for the six years following I worked hard every day from morning till night, with only about two weeks' illness during all the time. My sole recreation was change of occupation and the necessary travel, and some occasional short trips in the times of vacation.

Every year I gave about twenty Sunday afternoon lectures before the student's Christian Association, which the public attended. Often an audience of from six hundred to one thousand young men, with the people, were present. One of the courses of lectures, based on the Decalogue, was published under the title "The Pillars of Truth." I also encouraged the meetings of a temperance society among the students. At the religious meetings held by the Christian Association every year some students professed conversion, and almost every year some who came to the university with the other purposes in view finally entered the Christian ministry. All sectarianism was discarded, but genuine Christianity was not neglected.

The project to remove the Medical College to Detroit was set at rest by an enlargement of the Medical College building, to which the people of Ann Arbor contributed. The same policy was pursued with reference to the Astronomical Observatory. I addressed a citizens' meeting, which recommended the city government to make an appropriation, and the Observatory, which was about to be removed, was confirmed and greatly enlarged.

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The number of students increased regularly in all the colleges, until it reached the position of the most numerously attended university at that time in the United States. 151 All the students were then young men, and yet it is but simple truth to say that the amount of disorder and known immorality was a little as in any university in the world. Sometimes a whole year passed without any occasion for complaint or the infliction of penalty.

It was soon evident that the maximum strength of the university was reached unless its income could be enhanced. This could not well be attempted by an increase of charges to students, but was naturally sought from the State. But the State had never yet made one clear and unincumbered donation to the university. Its first aid was a loan, on which it had received a high rate of interest many years and other advantages, so that eminent lawyers were of opinion that the State had been more than repaid when it released the claim.

I attended the Legislature of 1864, and was by invitation permitted to address the members. I endeavored to show them and the people that the university might be, and ought to be, a common benefit to all classes, and appealed to the patriotism and pride of the State in its behalf. The excitement upon the change of administration was so great that I did not deem it prudent to ask for specific help, but unofficial resolutions in behalf of the university were passed and a good impression made on public opinion.

When the next Legislature met, in 1866, I determined that a direct and earnest effort for money should be made. I wrote an address, or memorial, which the Board of Regents approved, and presented it to the Legislature, by which it was referred to the Committee on Education. I 152 did not find one member of either house that expected success, but all with whom I conversed predicted failure. Some said it would be ridiculed and killed at the first discussion, probably by the committee, certainly by the house. But the committee at last consented to report a bill which I had framed, and throw the responsibility on the house. I addressed a public meeting in the State House, nearly all of both houses

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being present, and, to the astonishment of many, the bill, after one failure for want of a constitutional majority, was reconsidered and passed by the lower house.

The bill was founded on the correct principle, laying a tax of a twentieth of a mill on a dollar on the taxable property of the State—so small as to be inappreciable to the taxpayers, but allowing the income of the university to increase regularly with the State. It was intended that, if it once passed, it would be permanent. The Senate, however, attached a condition to the bill, that a professorship of homeopathy should be established in the university or this appropriation should not be made. I could not prevent this amendment, and with it the bill finally became a law.

It was, indeed, a noble law, and, had it been accepted and carried out in good faith, it would have greatly added to the strength of the university. The professorship of homeopathy should, of course, have been optional to the students. In a great university every variety of opinion may be safely expressed and defended. But such was the intense hostility to homeopathy on the part of the professors of the medical department that no possible way could be devised for carrying out the law which was deemed to be safe, and, therefore, the appropriation was lost.

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In 1868 I petitioned the Legislature to remove the restriction and give us the money without condition. This seemed, indeed, more hopeless than the enterprise two years before, and, in urging it, after the first few days I was left alone, while there were many advocates of homeopathy opposing my petition. Success in this petition seemed to men then and seems to me now, more surprising than in the former enterprise. It is a striking proof of the great popularity of the university at that time there was no very strong opposition to the bill. It was, indeed, modified and greatly injured by substituting a definite sum—\$40,000—for the result of a tax of one twentieth of a mill; but it passed triumphantly both houses and received the signature of the governor and became a law. Thus the policy was established

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that the State would enlarge and strengthen the university. This was the result of much hard work. From that time forward the success of the University of Michigan was insured.

The frequent application to the Legislature for pecuniary assistance led to repeated discussions of the propriety of opening the colleges of the university to women as well as men. As early as in 1853 I thoroughly examined this subject, and became convinced that it was unjust for the great State of Michigan to withhold the privileges of its university from its daughters, and recommended one of two courses: either to provide as good opportunities in other colleges for them, or to admit them to the university. The subject was from time to time agitated and reported upon, always unfavorably by the authorities of the university, till the Legislature granted the desired pecuniary aid. Without making it a condition of receiving the money, the Legislature did, indeed, recommend that young women should be admitted to the classes. This met with my approval and defense. Facts have since proved that this theory was correct.

The current history of a university, when all things move on well, presents but few salient points for description. During these six years there was really no trouble in managing the affairs of the university after the close of the first year. It was one steady harmonious progress and growth. My life has had no six year of greater ease and comfort.

Within a year after I resigned the presidency of the University of Michigan I was strongly urged by regents and members of the Faculty to allow my name to be presented for re-election. A leading regent, Hon. T. D. Gilbert, of Grand Rapids, visited my residence at Evanston, Ill., to obtain my consent, and I had many letters and telegrams from various parties to that effect. But, although I did seriously question the wisdom of having resigned a position of so much influence and usefulness, and was not before aware of the earnestness and strength of the support which I enjoyed in the position, I felt constrained to decline the great honor of a re-election. Sometimes during the succeeding ten years, when struggling hard to build up feeble institutions in the Church, with doubtful success and with far less salary, and far more labor and anxiety than I would have had in that

noble post, I did feel something like regret; but I always fell back on the conviction that my intentions had been right, and that in some way the result would prove satisfactory.

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CHAPTER VIII. DR. WINCHELL ON PRESIDENT HAVEN'S WORK IN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

At this point the autobiography proper closes. The hand that was writing it, and which alone could write it well, was called to so many other duties that this work was suspended, and the suspension, alas! proved final. Fragments of what were intended to be chapters on different subjects appear among his papers, and they have been utilized in completing the volume; but the complete record closes with his retirement from Michigan University. Upon his work in this institution Bishop Haven always looked back with honest pride; he probably regarded it as the most important of his life, and this judgment was shared by his friends. And yet he felt that full justice had not always been done him therein. On that subject, however, he could not speak as well as others, and it seems proper, therefore, that another, one who had known him intimately for years, and had been his associate in the institution, and was in every way competent to speak both of him and of the university, should be heard.

After the death of Bishop Haven the Senate of Michigan University requested Dr. Alexander Winchell to prepare a suitable memorial discourse on the life and services of their former president. This appreciative and very able address was delivered in the University Hall, 156 November 6, 1881, and published by the university. It covers his entire life, but is especially full on the important events embraced within the years of his connection with that institution. Speaking of his work there from his first introduction as Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, in 1853, Dr. Winchell says:

The university was at that in process of reorganization. Dr. Henry P. Tappan, an educator and author of distinction, had been called to the presidency in 1852, in pursuance of the

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law requiring a discontinuance of the system of rotating presiding officers. James R. Boise, of Brown University, had been at the same time installed as "Professor of Greek Language and Literature." New life had been imparted to the university through the influence of three causes: 1. The increase in the endowment. 2. The re-organization, and the appointment of a president. 3. The high character of the incumbents of the new chairs. When Professor Haven first entered upon duty, the number of students in the university was 222. Of these, 162 were in the Medical Department, and 60 in the department of "Science, Literature, and the Arts."

Professor Haven, by the simplicity and affability of his manners, and by his attractive public discourses, contributed greatly to the revival of popular interest in the university. He had hardly entered upon duty when the discussions on the common-school question, which had been raised by the claims of the Roman Catholics, led to the delivery of a public address entitled, "Common Schools Unsectarian," the fame of which still filled the air when the present speaker arrived in Ann Arbor, nearly a year afterward.

In 1864, on the appointment of the present incumbent of the chair of Latin, Professor Haven was transferred to the chair of "History and English Literature." At the following commencement he delivered the annual address before the literary societies on "The Increased Mental Activity of the Age, its Causes and Demands." This was one of the best considered addresses which he ever delivered. He inquired, first, into the *causes* of the modern enlargement of the empire of mind, and discovered them in the influence of Christianized Civilization, and the immediate and ulterior consequences of the discovery of America. The *dangers* of this modern mental activity are the tendency to the demolition of every thing ancient, whether good or bad, and an indifference to innovations, whether hurtful or harmless. The *remedy* is thorough mental culture, especially of the clergy, and a noble, overmastering, if not inspired purpose on the part of scholars. In another address delivered at the inauguration of Dickinson Institute, at Romeo, in discussing the value of science he was led to utter a prediction whose fulfillment is now taking place. Speaking of electricity, he said, "More of it lies quiet in a gill of water than is present in a flash of

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lightning that cleaves the oak of a hundred years. ... Who can say that this power will not yet be controlled so as to move machinery and to light our houses and streets?"

He was honored this year with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College.

In April, 1855, the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association was held in Ann Arbor. On this occasion he read a report "On the Advantages of a Critical Study of the Classics in the English Language in Schools." This was the first time any voice had been raised in Ann Arbor in behalf of a critical study of the English masterpieces. One of his points is thus summarized: "To the most advanced scholars in college or in institutions where any, male or female, enjoy the best advantages of oral instructions, criticism should be taught as an art; some of the best specimens of literature should be exhaustively reviewed; the students themselves should make formal and critical reviews of one or two authors, and the best general directions should be given."

This session of the Teachers' Association was specially signalized by an earnest and intelligent discussion on the question of the admission of women into colleges and universities. A number of the leading educators of the State participated, and among them was 158 Dr. Haven, who, with his characteristic and elegant earnestness, took sides in favor of co-education.

In 1856 Dr. Haven appeared before the world as an author, in a small book entitled, "The Young Man Advised."

From some reason, which to the present speaker was always involved in mystery, Dr. Haven now resigned his chair. So far as the impelling motive was ever made known to me it was done only in confidence. It was an act universally regretted, and apparently inexplicable. He entered at once upon the duties of editor of "Zion's Herald."

His Boston life, for seven years, was one of ceaseless and excited activity. As an editor he accomplished an amount of work seldom equaled. But during a portion of the time

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he also had charge of a church in Malden. From 1858 to 1863 he was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and member of the State Board of Overseers of Harvard College. In 1862, and again in 1863, he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, where he served with considerable distinction as chairman of the Joint Committee on Education. In 1863 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the Ohio Wesleyan University.

On the 25th of June of this year the Board of Regents recalled Dr. Haven by a unanimous vote to the university, to assume the presidential chair just vacated. They also assigned to him the duties of the professorship of "Rhetoric and English Literature." This action, by instruction of the board, was mailed "forthwith" to Dr. Haven, and five days afterwards he penned his acceptance. What would have been his decision had he known by what means the presidency became vacant, it is idle to conjecture. Certain it is that he was uninformed of the removal of Dr. Tappan, and had accepted the position offered before he could have learned the cause of the vacancy. It is equally certain that he must have felt bound by his word, though a more timid man would have shrunk from the storm which was preparing to burst upon him.

As early as July 6th the university Senate made a wise and conservative attempt to forestall the consequences of the coming reaction. Forbearing to express any opinion on the wisdom of the action taken by the Board of Regents, they resolved to recognize the appointment of Dr. Haven as an accomplished fact—as the present legally established order of things in the university—which "its peace and best interests will not allow to be treated as unsettled, or open to agitation and doubt;" and to "cordially extend to our new president our pledge of an earnest disposition to unite with him in laboring for the purposes to which we have agreed to devote ourselves by assuming our respective offices; and we receive him in full confidence that his character and ability will enable him to secure the respect and reliance of the public, and the continuance of the esteem with which we welcome him."

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President Haven appeared at the meeting of the Board of Regents in August, and on the 9th of September the youthful Director of the Observatory, Professor Watson, revealed the existence of a new star, *Eurynome*, which rose upon the vision of men as an auspicious omen for the new administration. At the beginning of the academic year President Haven delivered his inaugural address. His special theme was "Universities in America." While he recognized the disadvantages of "Church colleges," he insisted that State institutions of education are essentially and necessarily religious, because the people who create and maintain them are a Christian people. "I maintain," he says, "that a State university in this country should be religious. It should be Christian without being sectarian." With other words of similar purport, he adds: "Especially should the bonds of union between science and revelation be shown. The professors should be men capable of perceiving and illustrating the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity, in language, mathematics, the laws of material things and of vegetable and animal life; in history and art, and in the mind of man. ... Those questions upon which denominations differ—however vital they may appear—should be left to their acknowledged teachers out of the university, or be so respectfully and impartially stated as not to offend the conscience of any sincere believer." 160 Nor does he apprehend for the university any political complications. Our freedom from political embarrassments creates a feeling of wonder that dangers from this source can appear so large in the eyes of Eastern educators. President Haven also maintains that the means of a university may be legitimately employed to promote scientific investigation. But he holds fast here, as every-where, to the importance of the study of the ancient classics. He recommends an extension of the elective system. He seems to feel the pressure of the problem which in our day is bearing with such weight that we shall be compelled to seek its solution. In the multitude of subjects of study which modern science has made important, what shall be set down as compulsory, what elective? And how long shall the undergraduate be detained in the courses deemed "secondary?" The most obvious way to relieve our embarrassment is simply to make the greater part of these studies elective. This was the recommendation of President Haven; and this simply is the extent of the relief afforded by the next recent action of the university. President Haven

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recommended, likewise, as a prospective measure, the appointment of a “professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages,” and a “professor of Ecclesiastical History.”

President Haven's familiarity with current national events is shown in his “Annual Message to the Third Moot Congress of the Law Department,” and his marked ecclesiastical breadth and liberality toward those who had plunged the nation into war, are exemplified in a Thanksgiving sermon preached this year.

On the first of February, 1864, an entirely new Board of Regents entered into office. Those who deposed the late president and installed his successor were now powerless; and it was the belief of a considerable number of people that it would be the duty of the new board to restore the former status. The friends of the old president and the new were manifesting a deep interest in the issue which it was understood would be re-opened. Of all these fears and hopes President Haven seemed to have no knowledge. Of the thousands interesting themselves at the beginning of this year in the affairs of 161 the university, President Haven seemed to be the least discomposed. On meeting the assembled board he proceeded at once with his official communications. After some appropriate formalities he referred to the enlargement of the Medical College building as a immediate necessity. He renewed his recommendation of the two professorships mentioned in his inaugural, and set before the board the necessity of a gymnasium for the use of the students. To this time the steward had never kept an office apart from his private place of business in the city, but President Haven now urged the importance of removing his office to the university grounds. In the course of the morning, however, one of the regents introduced memorials from students requesting the re-instatement of the late president. It is impossible not to feel that the situation of the new president had become painfully embarrassing. A certain number of his own students had expressed a wish for his retirement, and had preferred their request before a body possessing full power to comply with their wishes. Many men in the position of President Haven would have felt goaded to some expression of indignation or defiance. But Dr. Haven preserved the imperturbability of a summer sky. Many men would have marked the petitioners for

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future remembrance, but no student signing the petition could ever affirm that President Haven had not always treated him as well as he did his best friends. Every person remained in complete ignorance of the purpose of the board. The crowd of onlookers was in a state of excited expectation. The petitions were made the special order for an afternoon hour. When that hour arrived resolutions were adopted deprecating the interference of students in the matter of appointments, and concluding with permission to the petitioners to withdraw their petitions.

But the friends of the late president did not consider the question as settled. They felt that an act of injustice had been done which ought to be redressed. They accordingly made preparations to press their demands at a meeting of the board, which was to be held on the sixteenth of the following month. On the appointed day a delegation 162 of "distinguished citizens" from Detroit appeared before the board to present memorials for the re-instatement of the former president, and to argue the question on its merits. The memorials were considered at an executive session on the evening of the same day, and referred to a special committee, who reported on the 18th of February, two days afterward. The report was an admirably temperate and courteous consideration of the claims of the memorialists, and the alleged facts on which they rested. It pays a tribute of esteem to the late president, but recommends, in conclusion, "that the request of the memorialists be not granted." The report was adopted with but one dissenting vote.

It is impossible to estimate justly the character of our deceased friend without considering his conduct in this painfully trying crisis. I take no pleasure in recalling the struggles of 1864; but justice to the memory of the man who passed unscathed through those fiery trials command me to commemorate the Christian moderation, the heroic fortitude, the unruffled patience, and the unfaltering steadiness with which he bore himself through the prolonged ordeal. I do not wish to reflect the feeblest personal judgment on the merits of the controversy. I should lose my self-respect to take sides on an occasion like this. I admit that the leaders of both parties were actuated by high motives, and sought only the best welfare of the university. But the painful character of the situation was a fact. The most

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admirable bearing of the president was a fact. His grand moral triumph was a fact. That it was one of the most lustrous successes of his life is a fact. That his friends always felt proud, not of his victory over a rival, but his victory over himself, and of his subsequent control of turbulent elements, is a fact. That his subsequent peaceful, dignified, and conciliatory policy won the admiration of many of his opposers, is a fact. Why, then, should we pass in silence over this epoch, so fruitful of honor to one of the chief actors, and one which stands so prominent in the memory of all who have known the university eighteen year? An administration for which many predicted disorder, 163 decadence, and disaster, was led by the hand of gentleness and wisdom to an ever-growing and brightening success. It revealed no heart-burnings, no hatred. There was no proscribed list. Universal amnesty of past hostilities reigned in the peaceful breast of the man who, had he been no more than a common man, would have felt the chafing of the situation during his term of office, and might have sought to bury his enemies even beneath the ruins of the university. We can all unite in honoring such a man. He has left us a grand example of Christian character.

At the ensuing Medical Commencement he delivered the annual address to the graduates. The discussion presented was "On the Relation of the Medical Profession to Science." He considered the historical and the subjective relations of medicine to the growth of the natural sciences, and advocated high scientific acquirements for physicians.

In his Annual Report to the Board of Regents, presented in September, he announced that the standard of admission to the academical department had been raised, so that none could enter unless qualified for admission to either the classical or the scientific course. He advised moderate rigor in fixing the terms of admissions; and recommended that the proceeds of the Detroit property, amounting to \$22,000, be constituted the nucleus of a library fund. This recommendation was adopted, and for some years the board struggled to maintain it intact; but the dire financial pressure which succeeded reduced its existence to a nominal thing, which at the present time, I think, is no longer even named.

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At the March meeting of 1865 a "School of Mines" was established; and at the Commencement of the Law Department, President Haven delivered the address to the graduates on "The Legal Profession in America." He spoke of the abstract nature of the conception of law. Unwritten law, he said, antedates statutory law, and exists in human consciousness long before written law is known. He pointed out the ancillary character of all other knowledge in the theory and practice of law. "All science," he said, "converges here."

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On the 15th of April 1865, intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln thrilled the civilized world. On the 19th a mass meeting convened at Ann Arbor, at which President Haven presented one of the finest outbursts of extemporaneous and impassioned oratory ever heard in the city. The peroration closes with the following apostrophe:

"And then Lincoln! thou hast so suddenly been called away from a nation just jubilant with gratitude at thy success—though thou wert not permitted to live and receive the grateful thanks of the whole reunited people and the whole Christian world, yet perhaps from the serene regions of immortality, surrounded by thousands of the brave officers and men who, like thee, have sacrificed their earthly life for their country's good—thou shalt look down, first upon a weeping, and then upon a thankful, nation, among whom, in proportion to its purity, integrity, and patriotism, thy virtues will be emulated, and thy name honored; and America will ever point with patriotic pride to the two grand historic names, Washington and Lincoln, the Father and Preserver of their native land!"

In his Annual report for 1865 he advises the connection of all professional schools with the university; he deprecates haste in beginning the study of the professions; he again recommends more exacting examinations for entrance to the medical department; he sets forth the pressing need of a suitable chapel, and makes appeal to the private munificence of the State in behalf of the university.

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During the following year appeared a work from his pen entitled "The Pillars of Truth." It consisted of twelve Sunday afternoon sermons delivered to the students of the university, and offered to the public in pursuance of a request from the Young Men's Christian Association of the university. I have not the time to my disposal to point out the characteristics of this volume in respect to style and doctrine. It must suffice to state that in method and substance it possesses the simplicity and the transparency which so pre-eminently 165 belonged to the character of the author. His breadth of view, his doctrinal catholicity, his philosophical apprehension of idolatries and heathenism, his disregard of shadows, tradition, cant, and conceit, his love of man, and especially of young men, his faith in Christianity and his universal reliance upon it every-where conspicuous, make this a volume on which seekers after religious counsel may rest with trust and affection.

The breadth and generosity of his nature were further reflected in a "Centennial Sermon on Methodism and the Sources of its Power," delivered before the Detroit Conference in September.

The university had now reached a narrower financial strait than had been passed since 1841, on the first opening of its doors to collegiate classes, and when the State loaned the institution one hundred thousand dollars and collected interest and principal out of the Endowment Fund. The cost of all materials and commodities was enormously enhanced by the inflation consequent upon the prosecution of the war; but the income of the university was a fixed quantity. All the unprofessional *employés* of the university were demanding increase of compensation; and the increase granted between 1864 and 1866 amounted to fifty per cent. The salaries of the professors had remained the same as in the ante-bellum period, until the present year, when a slight increase was temporarily ordered. But the treasury was absolutely exhausted, and the current expenses were in excess of the regular income. It was truly saddening to witness the perplexities and anxieties of those placed in charge of the interests of the institution. The Finance Committee gravely pointed out the seriousness of the situation. They enjoined the most scrupulous and

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exacting economy, but ended their report with the following painful confession: "We have passed the point where the current revenues of the university meet the current expenses. ... It is very important that immediate steps be taken to increase the permanent fund of the university. Your committee are not prepared to recommend a plan to that effect, but urge the consideration of the subject upon the board at its present session."

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But the board was powerless. The constitution forbade the imposition of charges upon the students for tuition, though the ever-increasing number of students imposed an ever-increasing burden of expense. A slight advance was made in matriculation and annual fees, but the relief to be anticipated was trifling. It was at one time contemplated to make an appeal to the people of Michigan, declaring the present condition of the university, and urging the immediate attention of the people to this subject. It was pathetic to contemplate the distressing anxiety and dark forebodings of those who had undertaken to guard the interests of the university and secure its perpetuity. I desire to tender the thanks of all friends of higher education to the brave hearts and clear heads which sustained our university through the peril of those days. I will not withhold even here the expression of my admiration and gratitude to the successive Boards of Regents who, from the sole love of righteous well-doing, have devoted their unpaid services to the custodianship of a great university, which has too often demanded of them wisdom and forbearance and patience more than human.

In all the anxieties and expedients of this trying period President Haven was a large participator. But no despairing cloud ever shadowed the sunny cheerfulness of his nature. He grappled personally with the grave difficulties of the situation, and it was his geniality, wisdom and tact which finally led the university through the strait. He drew up a carefully studied memorial to the Legislature of 1867, in which he set forth plainly the serious fact that the university of the State had attained the utmost limit of its development unless the endowment could be increased. He demonstrated that in this condition it must begin immediately to fall in the rear of all progressive institutions of similar grade—even of those

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of more western States which had, so far, followed the University of Michigan as a model. He vindicated the popular character of the university; cited the eulogies which had been bestowed upon it by the highest educational authorities, and expressed his rational trust in the purpose of the people to come to their own university with such aid as seemed to be imperatively needed. He suggested an addition of \$200,000 to the endowment, or, what would be better, a small annual tax upon the property of the State.

The appeal succeeded. A bill was introduced imposing an annual tax of one-twentieth of a mill on the property of the State, and it seemed likely to pass by large majorities. The friends of the university began to feel jubilant. But at last a proviso was appended conditioning the aid on the appointment of a homeopathic professor in the Medical Department of the university, and thus hampered, the bill became a law.

The cloud of gloom still hung over the heads of the president and Board of Regents. At an April meeting the regents at first contemplated establishing a separate homeopathic college, as they were persuaded that the introduction of homeopathy into the Medical Department would result in its disintegration. The project, however, was postponed for a year. Meantime the accommodations of the Medical Department imperatively demanded enlargement. Women were pressing for admission and accommodations in the university. The chemical laboratory was also calling for larger quarters, and a sum was borrowed from the "Reserve Fund" to supply this demand.

The president in his *Baccalaureate Sermon* this year re-affirmed the essentially religious basis of American colleges. He ably defended national education against charges of secularism. He pressed the claims of Christianity upon young men, arguing that the religious character is most perfect, and that the tendency toward perfection is the law of nature. He showed the superior strength of a religious character, and exhorted young men by their ambition to impress and improve the age, to seek the alliance of that strength imparted by Christian symmetry of character.

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His Annual Report for 1867 echoes first of all the cry of the over-crowded medical faculty for enlarged accommodations. He states that opportunities to students for elections have been extended until six courses of study were now offered. He renews his recommendation for more rigorous entrance examinations in the medical department. 168 He describes his labors with the Legislature, but argues against the admission of homeopathy, and advises the regents to decline the proffered aid with its impracticable conditions. The question of co-education of the sexes in the university pressed again upon the attention of the authorities. President Haven argues it in his report, with a sincere desire to promote the higher education of women, but concludes with the recommendation that no change be made.

The universal good will felt toward the president was well exemplified in October in an invitation to address the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Benevolent Society of Ann Arbor, and the president's easy and affable adaptability to all situations is equally exemplified in the happy strain with which he responded in his address.

One of his university sermons delivered in November, on "Science and Religion," attracted marked attention. It was affluent in those crisp and often metaphorical and antithetical phrases, tense with thought, which he delighted to project upon his audiences. As there was no subject on which he did not at some time formulate an opinion, so here he lays down the proposition that the Bible contains nothing either for or against pre-adamites.

His university sermon of February 2, 1868, on "The Responsibility of Finite Beings," was one of the best-elaborated and thoughtful essays of his life. I regret that the time at my disposal is insufficient to justify an abstract.

At the March meeting of the Board of Regents he again urged the importance of a gymnasium. At the same meeting the government of the university felt itself so oppressed by increasing demands for ampler financial means that it was decided to accept the aid offered by the State, under the belief that the law would be fulfilled by the location of a

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homeopathic college at some other point than Ann Arbor. The State Supreme Court, however, did not sustain the correctness of this view, and the university remained, therefore, groaning beneath its burdens. In his Annual Report for 1868 President Haven deprecates the tendency manifest in some of our high schools to exclude the ancient languages. He repeats for the third time the 169 statement that “we ought to have a gymnasium,” and then proceeds to lay down certain general principles which render indefensible the position that the university may be justly called upon to maintain instruction in any special theories of medicine. All that is true and useful is embraced in the purview of the recognized science and practice of medicine, based on the totality of human knowledge; and no professional narrowness should exclude from this science any thing of such usefulness that a medical sect could base upon it an appeal for public countenance and support. It is known to the speaker that President Haven felt this to be an impregnable position, and experienced peculiar satisfaction in summoning the regents and the people to its defense. He makes this an occasion for returning to the discussion of co-education, and caused no little surprise by reaching a conclusion the opposite of that enunciated the year previously. He closes with an appeal prompted by the question then uppermost in all minds. “Michigan has a population,” he says, “of nearly a million; it will yet have several millions. Shall the university then have no more income than now? ... The Fathers of Michigan did well, and the university has repaid their far-seeing enterprise in honor and usefulness. Will not the present generation imitate as well as eulogize their fathers?”

On the assembling of the Legislature of 1869 the president of the university was invited by resolution to address that body on the needs of the institution. This was the kind of opportunity which the president might well have coveted. Few could resist the winning simplicity and honest earnestness of his customary public address. He plead for the removal of the impracticable condition on which public aid had been offered by the preceding Legislature. He succeeded. As a consequence of this, the tax of one twentieth of a mill levied and collected for two years, was then due the university. The whole amount

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was eventually paid. The university experienced relief. The Board of Regents was jubilant. The president professed profound satisfaction, but maintained his usual undemonstrative composure.

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This was consummation of triple significance: 1. It brought immediate relief to the university. 2. This relief was based on the just principle that the amount of annual aid should grow with the population and wealth of the State. 3. It inaugurated the principle of legislative support for higher education, and established a precedent which would predispose future legislators to contemplate the university with more enlarged and more generous views than had heretofore been entertained. The fruits of this single achievement we are still gathering. The State tax now yields the university \$31,500 annually, which is equivalent to an endowment of \$453,000 at seven per cent. interest; and the other appropriations to the university at the last session of the Legislature aggregate \$100,000. It can now be truthfully boasted that the State University subsists not chiefly by the bounty of the general Government, but the munificence of the State.

I know personally that these results were intelligently forecast by President Haven. It is not surprising that he felt that he had accomplished a culminating and supreme service for the university. To us who acknowledged unreservedly our gratitude for such service, he seemed to be upon the threshold of still greater usefulness. We were picturing a future of assured peace, public confidence, and growing prosperity. But at this juncture we were astounded and dismayed by President Haven's announcement of his intention to resign his office at the close of the collegiate year.

To this announcement the Board of Regents responded as follows: "We have heard with deep regret from Dr. Haven that he tenders the resignation of his trust as president of the university; that the continued prosperity and enlarged usefulness and fame of the university, in all its branches during the past six years, has been to a large extent due to the learning, skill, assiduity, and eminent virtues of Dr. Haven; that we accept with

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deep regret his resignation. At the same time we respectfully request him to remain with us until the next meeting of the board, or until the board shall have had time to take action under the delicate and highly responsible trust 171 again devolved upon us; that we feel undiminished confidence in the peculiar fitness of Dr. Haven for the position of president of an institution of learning, and confidently trust that his usefulness may remain undiminished.”

At the board meeting of August 17, President Haven read his sixth and last Annual Report. In this he recites the history of his transactions with the Legislature, and congratulates the board that the Legislature of Michigan passed “the noblest act ever passed for higher education by the Legislature of any American State.” On this occasion he enumerated several important advances in the working of the university, and these I shall presently embrace in a general summary.

During this year President Haven again appeared before the public as the author of a work entitled “Rhetoric: a Text-Book designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study.” This is a work which our Professor Tyler held in high esteem; but I am compelled here to forego all examination of its merits.

The presidency of Dr. Haven was signalized by great progress and solid prosperity in the affairs of the university. He found the Literary Department with 266 students, and left it with 422; the Medical Department with 252 students, and left it with 358; and the Law Department with 134 students, while he left it with 342. He found the university with 652 students, and left it with 1,114. Two years before he left there had been 1,255; but during two years the Medical Department fell off 167, or from 525 to 358. Had it held its own, the total in the university in 1869 would have been 1,281. The Law Department also fell off 53, or from 395 to 342. Had this also held its own, the total in the university in 1869 would have been 1,334. The number of new students admitted to the Literary Department in 1863 was 113; in 1868 it was 156. The number of old students who returned was annually increased.

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The progress of the university during President Haven's administration was further shown by the following consummations, which I name in the order of time: the office of the steward was located 172 upon the grounds, and he was required to devote his whole time to the duties of the position, (March 30, 1864.) The Rominger collection of European fossils was purchased, (March 30, 1864.) The Houghton Herbarium was received, (June 28, 1864.) A Reserve Fund for the endowment of the Library was created, which, in August, 1869, amounted to \$17,166. A School of Mines was inaugurated, (March 28, 1865.) The Astronomical Observatory was enlarged, (Sept. 26, 1865.) The Sager Botanical Collection was received, (March 29, 1866.) The policy of conferring honorary degrees was adopted, (June 26, 1866.) The Fletcher Law Library was received, (March 27, 1866.) The Fletcher Professorship of Law was established, (June 28, 1866.) State aid through a property tax of one twentieth of a mill was obtained, first with conditions, (1867,) and afterward without conditions, (1869.) The Medical College building was enlarged, (April 9, 1867.) The Ford Anatomical Collection was purchased, (March 25, 1868.) A Course in Mechanical Engineering was organized, (Dec. 22, 1868.) The University Hospital was established, (March 31, 1869.) The Sager Anatomical Collection was purchased, (April 1, 1869.) Steam-heating apparatus was introduced, (April 1, 1869.)

President Haven could easily have accomplished the admission of women; but his scruples regarding the practicability of the measure, expressed in 1867, led him to throw his influence at first in the opposite direction. The co-education of women in the university had been before the attention of the authorities and people since the memorable discussion in the State Teachers' Association in 1855, in which Professor Haven was a strong advocate of the principle, and when it was "*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this association, co-education of the sexes is in accordance with true philosophy, and it is practically expedient." The State Senate adopted a report in 1857 strongly favoring the system. In March, 1858, Miss S. E. Burger notified the Board of Regents that she and several other young ladies would make application for admission in June; and this was done; but the application was refused. In September, 1858, the 173 regents, after

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long examination of the question, were led to adopt an adverse report, resolving that “at present it is inexpedient to introduce this change into the institution.” In 1859 a petition was received from 1,476 citizens in favor of the admission of women; and Miss Burger and three other ladies renewed their application. The regents, however, only re-affirmed their action of the previous year. It is a traditional fact, however, that their action would have been favorable but for opposition proceeding from representatives of the faculties of the university. The question now remained dormant till 1867, when the Legislature adopted a joint resolution, declaring “That it is the deliberate opinion of this Legislature that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized will never be fully attained until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges.” In pursuance of this declaration, Regent Willard introduced the board, in April, to refer the question again to the Executive Committee. I do not learn that the Executive Committee ever reported; but the subject was discussed by President Haven in his Annual Report for 1867, and the measure was pronounced inexpedient. In his Report for 1868, however, he expresses the conviction which he had enunciated thirteen years before, that women have rights in the university which it is expedient to respect. But the subject was passed over by the board until the April meeting of 1869, when Regent Willard renewed his attempt by introducing the resolution, “That in the opinion of the board no rule exists in any of the university statutes which excludes women from the university.” It was the impression of the majority, however, that the conservatism lingering in the faculties would prevent the experiment from receiving a fair trial, and they perhaps still believed that some expensive rearrangements of the buildings would be demanded. Mr. Willard's second attempt, therefore, found its way to a resting-place “on the table.” This was the status of the question when President Haven took his final leave of the university. But the germ of success was developing. At the first regular meeting after the retirement of President Haven, Regent Willard, with the persistence of a true reformer, returned to the attempt to secure the natural and legal rights of women in the university, by introducing the following unostentatious resolution:

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“Resolved, That the Board of Regents recognize the right of every resident of Michigan to the enjoyment of the privileges afforded by the university; and that no rule exists in any of the university statutes for the exclusion of any person from the university who possesses the requisite literary and moral qualifications.”

The resolution was laid upon the table, but was subsequently taken up, on motion of Regent Willard, and adopted by a vote of six to two. This was on January 5, 1870.

Though the consummation was reached after President Haven had entered upon another field of duty, it was only a fruit whose ripening he had nurtured and watched.

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CHAPTER IX. PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

In the summer of 1869 I visited Evanston, to participate in the exercise of their commencement. I had been interested in the North-western University from its beginning. Rev. C. T. Hinman, D. D., its first president, and among its projectors, was my intimate friend, and several times we conversed about the project before it was started, and after the first purchase of lands for its foundation was made. Up to 1860 it had never accomplished much, except in the form of a good preparatory department for the Garrett Biblical Institute, a theological school. The trustees unanimously urged me to accept the presidency, and offered me all possible inducements to do so. Having conquered the situation at Ann Arbor, and feeling that I could probably be more useful at Evanston, I consented to receive the appointment. I believe now it was an error of judgment to leave so strong an institution, where everything had assumed the form of stability, and yet where there was so good an opportunity for expansion.

“Still, in those days of pecuniary inflation, when the atmosphere was full of hope and speculation, it appeared an easy thing to command money enough near Chicago to make the North-western University equal to any in the country. Moreover, I felt a strong desire to

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be more intimately at work in a religion institution. After accepting 176 the passing through the usual ceremony of inauguration, at which Bishop Thomson made an elegant address, I betook myself heartily to the new work. In a few days I recommended a plan whereby the Chicago Medical College was united with the university. This was then the only medical college in the United States that required a three-years' course of graded study, with careful and repeated examinations. The Dean of the Faculty was Noah S. Davis, M. D., who was really the founder and first president of the American Medical Association, and to whom the medical profession is as much indebted as to any other man. This medical college consisted of a few able professor who were resolutely determined to raise the standard of medical education. I was proud to be able to induce the North-western University to adopt it, and to render it some pecuniary help, and thus to promote sound scholarship. As the new and elegant university building was then completed, the number of students rapidly increased, and the institution began to be a great power.

“Evanston had already an organization of trustees to establish a Woman's College, but had not yet succeeded in obtaining any pecuniary foundation for it; principally, because there was a flourishing private institution of the kind in the village. I directed all my efforts to induce the proprietor of the private institution to surrender its influence to the university, and by public efforts and private solicitations brought about a union of the proposed Woman's College with the university, and obtained large contributions for the erection of an elegant building.

“All the classes of the university were opened to women 177 as well as to men, and the North-western University at once entered upon its successful history. Arrangements were also entered into for the establishment of a Law Department in Chicago, in conjunction with both the North-western and Chicago Universities, which were not, however, practically completed till after I left the institution.

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“The three years which I spent in Evanston were to me full of labor and enjoyment. Much of my time was employed in the solicitation of money for the educational institutions and churches of that place and vicinity.

“In 1871, October 8 and 9, occurred the great Chicago fire, which deserved to be commemorated as certainly one of the most disastrous conflagrations recorded in history. The destruction of London in 1666 and of Moscow in 1812 did not surpass it in terribleness and grandeur. Nearly all of a great city was swept away, the fierce flames and winds leaving scarcely any thing that was combustible unconsumed. Iron was melted, stones were broken to fragments, and the very ashes were consumed or blown away, leaving piles of brick and ruins in all sorts of fantastic shapes along the sides of the elevated wood and concrete-paved streets, which, strangely enough, alone seemed to have power to escape the ravages of the intense heat. Evanston was filled with fugitives.

“The university, happily, lost but little property, for its estate was in the solid earth, too real to be overcome by any superficial fire. But the Garrett Biblical Institute was not so fortunate. Its chief productive endowment was a block of buildings in Chicago, which was destroyed. Supposed to be beyond the reach of contingency, it was found 178 practically bankrupt, retaining only its school building on the university site. In a few hours the attention of the whole civilized world was called to Chicago, and there poured in from all parts of this country and from abroad contributions of food, clothing, furniture, and money, to supply the wants of a homeless city. But none would be likely to think of a bankrupt theological school. Therefore its friends rallied, and some of us were sent out to visit the churches and obtain aid for it. It fell to my lot to present its cause in Baltimore, Washington, and vicinity, and the friends responded nobly. Others presented its wants in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, and in various other parts of the country, and the result was the saving of this noble institution. One of the chief good results of such a calamity is to bring out the kinship and resources of the Christian world. The burning of Chicago was an unparalleled catastrophe; its rebuilding was a wonder never surpassed.”

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The foregoing sketch of the progress of the North-western University under his administration was written by President Haven himself; and, though not incorporated with the autobiography, it doubtless contains the substance of what he intended to insert.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Oliver Marcy, for several years acting president of the North-western University, and associated with Dr. Haven during his presidency, the following sketch, covering a part of the same period embraced in President Haven's account, but containing much additional information, is furnished:

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The opening of the college year in 1869 was a great epoch in the history of the institution. Instruction had been given for fourteen years; but now for the first time there was a proper building for the accommodation of the college. The faculty had always been small and the students few, and much of the time the institution had been without a president. Dr. Haven's organizing power was immediately felt. During the first year he brought rapidly together the more immediately available elements of enlargement and strength. The Chicago Medical College became a department of the university. A chemical laboratory was established; a Department of Civil Engineering was organized; the library was enlarged by the addition of 20,000 volumes; a College for Ladies was organized in the place, with encouragement from him and the trustees that its students should have all the literary and scientific privileges of the university, and young women began to study in the regular college courses. The Garrett Biblical Institute also came into closer relations with the university. Its catalogue formed a part of the university catalogue.

Dr. Haven's report to the Board of Trustees, June 1870, gave a history of the institution in the past; a statement of the work accomplished during the preceding year, with plans and recommendations for the future. Every department had grown in numbers, and was in a healthy condition. The report was full of hope and courage.

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At this meeting a committee was appointed to inaugurate Law Department. Arrangements were made with the Norwegians and Swedes for the instruction of their young people, especially those preparing for the ministry. Measures were taken to remove the old college building to the college campus, and greatly enlarge it for the occupancy of the preparatory school, which had grown very much in numbers during the year.

The second year of Dr. Haven's administration was very prosperous. He built a residence for himself, took an active part in the Philosophical Society of the place, which contained many men of fine 180 culture; his society was much sought by men of position and influence; each Sabbath he preached a sermon before the college in the college chapel, to which the citizens crowded to listen; he was invited to lecture before other colleges and before educational associations, and the presidents and officer of other colleges honored him with calls. The plans for strengthening and perfecting the university which he had initiated the preceding year were developing with success. The Medical College had erected its new and commodious building, and the "College for Ladies" had been chartered. But though this was distinct institution, it was expected to so co-operate with the work of the university as practically to form a department of it without expense to the general fund. The large and beautiful plot of ground which the college now occupies had been secured, and the corner-stone of the present building had been laid. The number of students had increased in all departments, and at the time of his second Annual Report to the Trustees, in June 1871, every thing was so hopeful and so pleasant that apparently nothing was thought of but a long life a Evanston, and the successful establishment on a secure and permanent foundation of a great university for the Church of the country.

After referring to the disastrous Chicago fire, and its effect upon the finances of the university, and the part taken by Dr. Haven in presenting its cause before the eastern Church, Dr. Marcy proceeds:

Dr. Haven was a member of the General Conference at Brooklyn in 1872. He was elected by that body Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He

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was its first secretary. It was a new field. The whole Church and the whole country were before him. All the educational institutions properly belonging to the Church could be made to feel his touch. It was a fine for his organizing power.

His third and last report to the trustees, made in June, 1872, did not refer to his election. Professor Noyes had died during the year. He was one of the first faculty of the institution, elected in 1854. By his death that faculty ceased to be represented in the institution. The report made touching reference to his memory and suggests that appropriate resolutions be passed by the board. As the vacant chair was to be filled, the report recommends that it be the policy of the trustees "to call young and promising men to fill its chairs when vacant, giving them, at first, salaries considerably lower than the *Maximum*, and as they grow in years and experience let their salaries be raised. In this way the faculty will always have a proper proportion of men of various ages."

This policy combines the promise of the future eminence of the professor with the advantages of his zealous and enthusiastic work in youth, and in the end secures to the institution the reputation of his well-earned fame. The financial items saved by this policy can be made to furnish material necessary for the work of the institution.

In this report, also we find his thought in regard to the problem of the liberal education of young women. The report recommends that "all young women [students recognized by the university] be required by the university to register as members of the Ladies' College. They need care, home, and cheap board." He would not have them left as they are at some institutions, without regulations than those prescribed for young men. To remunerate the Ladies' College for the care those who received their education in the College of Liberal Arts, by his advice the trustees paid to the Ladies' College the contingent fees, reserving only the regular tuition to defray the expense of instruction.

His judgment was always good, his action always deliberate and prudent, and his counsel always safe. The very expensive building which the ladies saw fit to erect never met his

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approbation, and events have proved that his suggestions were wise. The report pointed out the fact that many additions and improvements to the institution were needed, but, without recommending any immediate expenditure, it advises to “wait the increase of our income, which we are constantly 182 expecting from the liberality of our friends and from an improvement and development of our property.”

The election of Dr. Haven to be Secretary of the Board of Education caused much anxiety among the members of the Board of Trustees. A committee on the presidency was appointed, who, in a later part of the session, reported as follows:

“Your committee, to whom was referred the subject of the presidency of the university in connection with the fact that Dr. Haven has been elected by the General Conference to another position, beg leave to report, that they have had the subject under consideration in conference with our president, and feel justified in coming to the conclusion that, while we have in Dr. Haven the right man in the right place, we also believe that if the friends and patrons of the institution shall be faithful in their efforts to make Northwestern University in reality and university, giving to the young men and women of the great Northwest advantages with the older institutions of the country, as he has been in filling the president's chair, that we need not apprehend any danger of his being removed from his present position; and we earnestly recommend that this board unanimously request Dr. Haven to continue in his connection with the North-western University.”

This report was signed by J. V. Farwell, chairman, and was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

It was a critical period with Dr. Haven. He withheld his resignation, hoping that means would be provided through which the university would be placed in a superior and independent condition. But seeing no prospect of immediately realizing these hopes, he chose the broader field of immediate usefulness to which he had been elected. In September he sent to the Executive Committee the following letter:

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” Evanston, Sept. 12, 1872.

“To the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Northwestern University:

“Dear Brethren —Having concluded to accept the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist 183 Episcopal Church, it becomes my duty to resign the presidency of the North-western University. It is painful for me to sever relations that have been so uniformly agreeable and pleasant. I rejoice with you, not only in the great promise of the university for the future, but also in its healthy and rapid growth in the past, and in its present usefulness and power. Al its departments are, I believe, abundantly prosperous. It has a noble and faithful faculty, and the number of students is larger than ever before. It is only because I have high hopes that the Board of Education will be useful to the entire Church, and that having been called to engage in its work, it is my duty to do so, that I consent. It would not become me to detail what has been done for the university during the last three years. Suffice it to say, that it seems to me to have kept pace with the wonderful progress which characterizes that portion of the country in which it is located. May its future be as the past, only more abundantly!

“With sincere gratitude for all your kindness in the past, and earnestly praying for the divine blessing upon you officially and individually, I am, Very truly yours, ” E. O. Haven .”

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees, held Oct. 23, 1872, the following resolutions were adopted:

“Resolved, 1. That in accepting the resignation of Dr. Haven of the presidency of the North-western University we do so with sincere regret—a feeling which we believe is shared alike by trustees, faculty, students, and the community at large.

“2. That the administration of Dr. Haven has been marked by wise prudence and an enlightened progress; that in him the trustees have found an experienced educator who

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believes in the possibility of constant advancement, the power of a profound thinker, the fidelity, dignity and modesty of a Christian scholar and gentleman.

“3. That the increased number of departments, with the large addition of students, and the successful policy indorsed and sustained 184 by Dr. Haven in opening the college classes to women, attest the wisdom of his administration.

“4. That we believe Dr. Haven to have carefully considered the question of his resignation, and that he is impelled to leave by no want of interest in the university, but from a deep conviction that in his new field he can be more useful to the cause of education and religion, and in this he may be assured that our prayers and wishes for his success will follow him.

“5. That we regard with special gratification the statement that he may continue to reside in our midst; that in any event he will remain a member of the Board of Trustees, where his presence and counsel will always be most welcome.

” Wirt Dexter, “R. F. Queal, “Richard Haney, ” *Committee.*”

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CHAPTER X. SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In the early history of Methodism in the United States the ministers devoted themselves to the work which lay nearest their hearts, the salvation of souls. Called of God to the duty of spreading scriptural holiness over this New World, they gave themselves to this one work with an intensity of devotion which left no time to deplore the defects of their own early training, or to form any comprehensive plans for the education of their children. Nor were they on this account, probably, any less fitted for the work in which they were engaged. They were of the people, and in full sympathy with the classes from which they sprang. Nor were they slow in mastering the arts of ready and effective speech by which to reach and save their fellow-men. The ministry which the Church demands to-day not

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have been effective then. The ministry which proved so mighty then could not reach the masses to-day. From the beginning, the wisest features of the Methodist Church have been those adapted to meet some immediate exigency. Thus arose the class-meeting and the itinerancy. In the New World the Church found its secret of success in pursuing the method which had proved so successful in the Old. It had neither colleges nor theological schools, nor men of wealth to found them, nor scholars to man them. But it did not waste its time 186 in deploring the want, nor grow faint-hearted that it was not better equipped; it wrought right on until the providence of God should supply the deficiency. Had the fathers known what years must elapse before education should flourish among their sons, they might have cherished fears for the future of their Church. Happily the future, in this as in all other respects, was hidden from their eyes; and they were content to scatter the good seed of the kingdom, expecting the Master to bring in the appropriate harvest in due time.

Nevertheless, the Methodist Church was not indifferent even then to the cause of education. As early as 1780 we find Mr. Asbury engaged with John Dickens in preparing plans for a seminary and raising funds to put it into operation. The outcome of this effort seems to have been Cokesbury, at Abingdon, Maryland, eighteen miles north of Baltimore. The corner-stone of this institution was laid in 1785, and it was formally opened September 17, 1787.

In an appeal to the public at this time, Bishops Asbury and Coke say that they have “three objects in its erection: first, to provide for the education of the sons of ministers; secondly, for the education and support of poor orphans; and lastly, but not least, the establishment of a seminary for the children of our friends, where learning and religion may go hand in hand.” The history of this institution was brief, In 1795, eight years after the opening of its classes, it was burned to the ground, together with its library and apparatus, apparently by the hands of an incendiary. No attempt was made to rebuild upon the 187 former site, but the friends of education in Baltimore purchased a building in that city, and the school was

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re-opened there. Within a year from the destruction of the first building the second caught fire and was consumed.

While this educational work was in progress in and near Baltimore, Bishop Asbury was busy in encouraging the establishment of seminaries of learning in the South and West. But these disasters appear to have been taken as providential indications that his specific work was the preaching of the word, while the work of founding institutions of learning was to be remitted to other hands. This relation of Methodism to such a vital interest could not long exist. The life of the young Church was too vigorous, and the affinity between Christianity and education was too powerful to permit the continuance of the unnatural divorce. Accordingly academies were founded in Baltimore, New York, and New England, as early as 1820; Augusta College, in Kentucky, was founded in 1823, and Madison, in Pennsylvania, soon after. These were soon followed by Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., Dickinson College, at Carlisle, and Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pa.

Since that time the tendency of Methodism has been to attempt too much rather than too little in the cause of education.

No effort was made to systematize the educational work of the Church until 1860. In the General Conference of that year a special committee was constituted, charged with the duty of providing a plan for a Board of Education. This was not followed by any other corresponding action 188 on the part of the Conference, and the matter was permitted to rest. From this point the history of the movement can best be given in the language of the corresponding secretary. In his report for January, 1874, Dr. Haven said:

To answer the many questions proposed it will be proper to recapitulate the fact of the organization of the Board of Education.

Origin of the Board. —The Centenary Committee appointed by the Bishops, according to the instructions of the General Conference of 1864, which consisted of all the

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Bishops, twelve traveling preachers, and twelve laymen, unanimously recommended the organization of the board, to take charge of whatever moneys might be contributed during the Centenary Celebration and thereafter, for the general purposes which were afterward specified in the charter of the present Board of Education. The next General Conference (of 1868) unanimously approved the action of the Centenary Committee and appointed the board. The funds placed under its charge amounted at the time to only \$84,000, and after full deliberation and with the consent of the few Conferences from whose bounds the money had been contributed, the money was invested, and but little was done for the next four years, except of a preliminary character. In the meantime a Charter of Incorporation was obtained from the State of New York, and a Constitution and By-laws were adopted. The General Conference of 1872 re-affirmed an approval of the Board of Education and appointed a corresponding secretary, with instructions to devote all his time to the promotion of its object. This General Conference also ordered that a collection for education be taken annually in all our congregations, and that unless the proceeds were directed by a special vote of the Conference to some local education society, auxiliary to the board, they should be forwarded to the Board of Education.

This Conference also recommended all our Sunday-schools to observe the second Sunday in June as "Children's Day," when the 189 great subject of education and the interest of the board should be brought before every Sunday-school, and a collection in its behalf be taken.

Objects of the Board of Education. —The objects of the board, as stated in the constitution, are as follows:

Sec. 5. The Board of Trustees herein provided for shall have such power as may be necessary for the management of the affairs and property of said corporation not inconsistent with this charter or the rules and regulations of said General Conference, and shall make quadrennial reports to that body; and it shall be the duty of the board to receive and securely invest the principal of the Centenary Educational Fund of the Methodist

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Episcopal Church whenever the same shall be committed to it by the proper persons, officers, or board now having the same in charge, and to appropriate the interest only from time to time to the following purposes, to wit: To aid young men preparing for the foreign missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church; to aid young men preparing for the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These two objects to be reached through the Missionary Society, the Bishops, and such educational societies of the Church as may be approved by the board.

To the aid of the biblical and theological schools now in existence, and of such others as may, with the approval of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hereafter be established.

To the aid of the universities, colleges, or academies now existing under the patronage of said Church, or which may hereafter be established.

Provided, That no appropriation shall be made by the board at any time for building purposes, whether for biblical schools or for universities, colleges, or academies, and provided further, that no university, college, or academy not now in existence shall be aided by the board, unless the board shall first have been consulted, and shall have approved of the establishment and organization of such institution.

All future contributions to the fund shall be held in trust by the 190 board for the aid of needy and worthy young persons seeking an education, and for such specific educational purposes as the donors shall direct.

It shall be the duty of said Board of Education to receive, separately invest, and augment the Sunday-school Children's Fund commenced during the centenary year, which shall be administered according to its original design, namely, by appropriating the interest only to assist education. Each Annual Conference shall share in the annual proceeds of this fund proportionately to the number of Sunday-school children under its care; provided no Conference shall share in the proceeds of money contributed hereafter which shall not

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take annual collections in behalf of this fund in the Sunday-schools within the bounds of said Conference. The beneficiaries within the bounds of each Annual Conference shall be selected in such a manner as said Conference shall direct. The board shall also serve as a general agency of the Church in behalf of ministerial and general education. It shall recognize as auxiliaries all educational societies now existing within the Church, and which may be hereafter formed, on condition that such societies send an annual report of their statistics to the board. Any Annual Conference may form an education society, auxiliary to said Board of Education, with the understanding that all collections or contributions for educational purposes made by the order of said Conference shall be appropriated at its discretion. All contributions to permanent funds made by order of an Annual Conference may be held and administered by the Conference auxiliary if it be incorporated, and if not, shall be forwarded to said Board of Education, to be held in trust for the purposes specified by the donors.

The board shall seek to promote the cause of education throughout the Church by collecting and publishing statistics, by furnishing plans for educational buildings, and by giving counsel with regard to the location and organization of new institutions, and shall also have authority to constitute a general agency for communications between teachers desiring employment and those needing their services.

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The proceeds of the Sunday-school Children's Fund can be applied to needy students of both sexes, properly recommended, who are preparing for higher usefulness in the Church.

After giving a *resumé* of the work of the year—of visits to Conferences and struggling institutions of learning—this Report proceeds to discuss—

What Ought to be Done. —This part of my report, if properly written, would be far the most voluminous and suggestive.

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It has been proposed that the Board of Education should exert some influence to classify and harmonize our institutions to prevent their undue multiplication; to secure the pursuance of studies appropriate to the names of the institutions, and which shall best subserve the public good.

The board has no authority to attempt this, and can only exert an advisory influence. As it regards the undue multiplication of schools, much of the dissatisfaction upon the subject arises from their improper classification, and the want of a suitable division of labor. We need more institutions of learning than we have, but every school should have a well-defined object in view, and its aim should be perfection in its own kind. There is also a various demand in different parts of our country. The universities, colleges, academies, normal schools, as the country advances, should confine themselves respectively to their own fields. Of these, our academies or Conference seminaries constitute the foundation, and in many respects are the most valuable, and if they can be developed to perfection the others will be sure to prosper. In the older parts of the country these academies are usually independent of the colleges, and are situated in other places, having evidently the proper ambition to do their own work in the most efficient manner possible. They do not aspire to be called colleges or universities, or even departments of such. In the newer portions of the country in the South and West these academies largely constitute preparatory departments so-called, of the colleges and universities. The most of our colleges in the newer 192 States actually have a larger number of preparatory pupils than of students pursuing a college course of studies. In the most of such instances the work of the faculty is divided between academic and college instruction. The effect is in some respects embarrassing to both. The preparatory schools are subordinate and do not develop into so high a character as where they are alone, and it is difficult for a college or university to maintain a proper grade of study and a proper public opinion among the students where so much miscellaneous work is required.

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If there is any theoretical opinion in which our educators are nearly unanimous, it is that the cause of higher education among us would be greatly promoted by a concentration of our college and university work in a few institutions, with a corresponding enlargement of all their working material. At the same time, if there is an opinion upon which all ought to agree, it is that academies or seminaries are among the most useful of our institutions of learning, and that they ought to be increased in numbers, and that they ought to be endowed, and that each should aim not only to prepare students for college, but also to afford the best advantages it can command for a general business and literary education to such students as complete their school work in them. Also, there should be perfect harmony and co-operation between the two classes of schools.

These desirable objects can best be reached by a recognized division of labor. As the country grows wealthier and more thickly settled, and our schools gain in power, the different classes of schools should assume their distinctive character. Each, then, can help the other. If the reasons be sought why the most successful State university in the nation has surpassed all others, one fact will deserve attention, that from the beginning it has had no preparatory department, and in the days of its feebleness it was a college and a college only. The consequence was that the preparatory schools in the State were content to be preparatory schools and proud to be associated with it, not fearing any rivalry in their special work.

No person in the Methodist Church has ever had better opportunities for reviewing the importance of the conference academy or preparatory school than Dr. Haven, and no one has ever appreciated it at a higher valuation. He refers to it more than once in his Journal, and recurs to the subject again in this report:

The conference seminaries are still accomplishing their great work. The table numerates fifty-one under this class. Some of them have university charters, and with more or less efficiency sustain college courses of study, as many if the colleges also are doing the work of their seminaries. The students are about equally divided in sex. Some attend but

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in term, and some several years. In some parts of the country the public high schools in the cities and large villages seem to have weakened the demand for some of these seminaries, and an apprehension has been entertained that conference seminaries, are no longer needed, and will be likely to pass away. This in an error. Wherever the seminary is simply a local academy, taking the place of a public high school, it will be likely to fail, and it has small claim on the general public; but wherever it is so managed as to attract students from abroad, and to maintain extensive courses of study, the demand will increase with the growing excellence of public schools. These seminaries should all prepare students for college, and should also be particularly thorough in the elementary branches of study. We would call attention to the advice in our Discipline upon conference seminaries. These seminaries have exerted an influence for good that it would not be easy to over-estimate. In these thousands of young people have been educated that would not have been reached without them. They are the feeders of our colleges and universities. Multitudes have been won to a Christian life and character in them. Every Conference should be interested in at least one such academy. Some of the larger Conferences can easily sustain more than one. Better, however, have one strong academy than two or three feeble ones. The time has come when our oldest institutions of this class should be seeking, at least, a partial endowment. 194 A sufficient endowment to pay the principal is the least that should be asked for. It will noticed that but a small proportion of them as yet report any endowment fund, and several of these express an intention to become colleges.

Respecting the manner in which these and higher institutions should be established, and their great importance to the Church, his views are equally clear and sound:

As it regards the foundation of permanent academies, or seminaries, or colleges, in the newer portions of the country, while we would encourage benefactions from able and liberal persons for this purpose who reside in the older and wealthier portions of the country, and would gladly see them multiplied, we desire to suggest to our pioneer Conferences that they are but repeating the history of all the older institutions. Our seminaries have not been usually helped from aboard. The most prosperous are those

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which have commanded the zealous efforts of their own respective Conferences. It is, indeed, true that, had the Board of Education one hundred thousand dollars to expend within a year for that purpose, it could undoubtedly secure donations from those in the vicinity of the schools to be established, amounting to at least two hundred thousand more, and this accomplish a work whose magnitude it would be difficult to overestimate; but as yet our Church does not supply the money. Our wealthy members and friends do not yet see their opportunity and appreciate its importance. But it is unwise to wait for them. Schools, where needed, can be founded now as heretofore. We have not too many of them. This sentiment is all erroneous. Every Conference should have at least one. When the work is to be done *de novo*, let a large site be secured, and, if possible, more land than is immediately needed for school purposes. Debt should be avoided. It is better to expend only the income, and increase the expenditure and efficiency with the growth of the school. When these schools are properly located and wisely managed they always become permanent and the sources of great good.

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The most thoughtful historians and critics who have studied the origin and growth of Methodism in all parts of the world where it has exerted its influence, have frequently observed that it has followed the indications of Providence rather than a preconceived plan. This should not be claimed boastfully, but with profound gratitude to God. Undoubtedly the intellect as well as the heart is a divine endowment, and it is not wrong to lay comprehensive and far-reaching plans for the future. How much the Church has lost for the want of sufficient foresight can never be known. Still, when we see similar movements springing up under the most various circumstances, often seemingly without premeditation, and sometimes overcoming prejudgment and opposition, we cannot fail to recognize the existence of a universal demand and law. Such is the fact with reference to the interest of Methodist Churches in education. It has been discovered that a Church cannot exist long without it. Or, waiving all theory and confining our attention to naked facts, a Church never has prospered long without it. Ignorance is an atmosphere of death

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to Christianity. A vital Church always will attend to the cultivation of the intellect and heart together. We might illustrate this principle by all Christian denominations that have prospered as long as through three generations. It could be confirmed by a particular history of every prosperous branch of Methodism.

In his last Report as Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education, and but a short time before his election to the episcopacy, Dr. Haven gave utterance to his views upon the duty and propriety of providing pecuniary aid for students struggling to obtain an education. It has become quite a fashion of late, in some quarters, to condemn the practice of extending this assistance, and slur the students receiving it. Dr. Haven's long and wide experience and sound judgment should give his opinions on this subject peculiar weight. He says:

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Few that are not connected with our higher schools can have any adequate idea of the demand for assistance, or of the great good that can be effected by a little timely aid to needy young men and women who seem to be influenced by purest motives to seek an education. The most of them are destitute of money, and if they are compelled to earn enough to meet their expenses while attending school will consume from ten to fifteen years in the work, and then find it most unsatisfactorily done. One hundred dollars a year, loaned to them for from two to eight years, will enable them, with much self-denial and hard labor, to prepare for their life-work. Our Wesleyan brethren in Great Britain support all the needy students in the various branches of their Theological Institution. Other denominations do the same thing. More than half of the university students in Great Britain are sustained by "exhibitions" and other funds, and three fourths, if not all, of the other half are supported by their parents or friends. It is largely so among other denominations in this country. It is not too much to say that the chief reliance of the Roman Catholics in America is in their schools, in which, on certain conditions, any needy student can receive support without any personal expense, and such an education as they give. It is possible for Methodists to be so squeamish and proud on this subject as to injure the cause of God,

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and exhibit folly rather than bravery. Sound common sense, according to the estimation of the vast majority of men competent to have an opinion on the subject, requires that these young people should receive a proper and discriminating assistance. John Wesley was a beneficiary student in academy, college, and university, and with his sagacity advocated the practice by words and work as long as he lived. Let us profit by his example.

During the first years of his connection with the Board of Education Dr. Haven traveled extensively throughout the Church, visiting Conferences and inciting the ministers to punctuality in the performance of their duties to the cause of education; lending his aid and counsel to institutions of learning, struggling to gain permanent footing; and making such surveys of the field as would best qualify him for intelligent planning and vigorous and comprehensive execution of his work.

He traveled extensively through the southern as well as the northern States, visiting Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, and others, and every-where keeping uppermost the education of the ministers and masses of the Church. In 1874 he was offered the chancellorship of Syracuse University. Owing to the prostration of business, resulting from the financial revulsion of 1873, and the difficulty of augmenting the revenues of the Board of Education, he determined to accept the proffered position, and, while continuing to discharge the duties of his secretaryship, relieve the board of all charge for salary. This double position he continued to sustain until elected to the episcopacy. In closing his relations as Secretary of the Board of Education, he says:

During the eight years of office the Corresponding Secretary has received the following sums of money from the treasurer, which, according to the principles approved by the board, was to be distributed to needy and worthy students:

In 1873 \$300 00

In 1874 4,477 00

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In 1875 10,095 00

In 1876 8,554 56

In 1877 7,626 50

In 1878 7,786 14

In 1879 8,217 00

In 1880 4,000 00

\$51,056 20

Expenses of stationary, writing, postage, and printing 610 59

\$50,446 61

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This entire balance of upward of fifty thousand dollars has been distributed among about six hundred students in more than forty academies, colleges, and theological schools. No partiality has been shown in distribution, and no regard had to complexion or caste of any kind. We have aimed to help merely students of our own Church who were seeking an education for the ministry, or, at least, to increase their usefulness in the Christian Church. The names of all aided have not reached me, but I have on my list at present 553 names. Among them are about twenty names of young ladies. A goodly number of the young men have completed their education and are members of Conferences, and nine are known to be missionaries in some of our foreign fields. Within a year or two we shall have at least enough of our beneficiaries in the ministry to form an average sized Annual Conference, besides half as many more professed Christians engaged in teaching, in the practice of

medicine, and in other occupations in which education will render them more useful. Such are the first fruits of the Board of Education.

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CHAPTER XI. CHANCELLOR OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

After a somewhat discouraging experience of many years, in their attempts to establish an educational institution of high grade, the Methodists of New York, and especially of the northern, western, and central portions of the State, determine to found a university worthy of the name, to locate it in some central portion of the State, and rally to its support such financial strength and intellectual patronage as should render it worthy of the great denomination it was to represent.

The enterprise took definite shape in the Methodist convention held in Syracuse, N. Y., in February, 1870. In this body were gathered the leading laymen and ministers of the Empire State. Its president was Rev. (now Bishop) Jesse I. Peck. With a degree of unanimity and enthusiasm not often witnessed in such gatherings, it was resolved to established at once in Syracuse, or its immediate vicinity, a first-class university, and that immediate steps be taken to raise at least three hundred thousand dollars for its endowment. Large subscriptions were received on the spot, the president of the convention pledging twenty-five thousand dollars. Subsequently the city of Syracuse donated bonds amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. A Board of Trustees was organized; an eligible site, embracing fifty acres of land in the immediate vicinity of Syracuse, 200 and overlooking the city, was selected; a substantial, commodious, and elegant building was erected; a faculty was organized, and the enterprise was fairly started under the most promising auspices. In 1873 Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Professor of Geology in Michigan University, a scientist of broad general attainments, and more than national reputation in his especial department, was elected chancellor. Finding the duties of a presiding officer, in an institution so new and partially organized, to conflict with his scientific tastes and aptitudes, Dr. Winchell resigned this position in the following year,

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and Syracuse University was again without a head. At this time Dr. Haven had been serving the Church for two years as Secretary of the Board of Education. Finding his way in promoting this important interest much obstructed by the monetary stringency resulting from the great financial revulsion of 1873, Dr. Haven now consented to accept the chancellorship of Syracuse University. Every intelligent friend of the institution felt peculiar gratification that one in every way so well qualified was to be placed at its head. Great expectations of its future had been from the beginning entertained by its projectors and friends, and their enthusiasm had given rise to corresponding expectations in the Church at large. Up to this time these expectations had not been fully realized. But now, at any rate, they were to be, to the utmost. So all thought. And if any were destined to suffer a measure of disappointment, the fault lay not in the chancellor, but in the grave difficulties which confronted him. He was still in the full prime of life, possessed of a capacious and many-sided mind, well-disciplined and richly stored, with a uniformly successful history of more than thirty years behind him, and that, too, in many departments of Church work, but especially as an organizer and administrator of educational institutions of the highest grade. With incentives enough to inspire ambition, and the prospect of years enough to realize his plans, the university had obtained its desired and needed head. And yet Chancellor Haven's administration did not, in all respects, realize these expectations. No disappointment was felt respecting the performance of his legitimate duties as the head of the university. In his classes he was the accomplished teacher; in the faculty he was *facile princeps*; in his relations with the students he was the wise administrator, and his presence inspired confidence among friends and patrons of the institution.

But the skill of the navigator is not tested by the safety of his craft in pleasant weather so much as in his success in outriding the threatening tempest. Chancellor Haven found the university in the midst of dangers which imperiled its very existence.

During the past four years over \$500,000 had been obtained in each and subscriptions to start the enterprise on a scale commensurate with the expectations of its friends. Its faculty had been filled and its departments had been organized upon a corresponding plan. All of

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this success had been achieved during prosperous times. Had the business of the country continued to prosper, while some reaction might have been felt after the tremendous exertions which had been put forth to start university, this would scarcely have retarded its progress under the skillful and 202 energetic management of Chancellor Haven. But a great and general financial reaction had set in. Many of the subscribers in the past found it impossible to pay their obligations, additional funds could not be obtained without the greatest difficulty, and then in but small amounts. To add to the perplexity of the situation the Wesleyan University, at Middleton, Conn., and the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J., both of which were largely dependent on New York city for their revenues, found themselves now in a straitened condition, and were putting forth vigorous efforts to gain a more secure financial footing. Under these circumstances many staunch friends of the university feared for its very existence. These were some of the difficulties which met Chancellor Haven when he entered upon his duties. In addition he found a floating debt of \$50,000, for which immediate provision was necessary; a funded debt of \$100,000 on the university site, and a call for \$10,000 to secure the Medical Department of the institution. A less buoyant and self-reliant spirit might have been disheartened. He addressed himself with faith and courage to provide the needed funds; to tide the university over its present shallowness, and to provide against future contingencies. Respecting the influence of his reputation and presence, Rev. E. C. Curtis, the financial agent, writes:

I must confess that it gave me increased courage and hope when Dr. Haven entered upon his work ad Chancellor. Knowing, as I did, the financial embarrassments with which we had to contend, I was not surprised that the institution had to continue its heroic struggle for material support, even after securing for its head a man of such eminent ability.

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Among the first things which he did was the securing, in connection with the general agent, of a subscription of \$100,000 from Philo Remmington, Esq., the conditions of which were, that the university should secure a loan for that amount and pay its floating debt; and, or

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pain of forfeiting the subscription, not to permit any indebtedness to accumulate in the future.

Subsequent reverses in business rendered it impossible for this generous friend to redeem his pledge. Otherwise the university would soon have been free from its most pressing difficulties.

The \$10,000 required for the Medical Department was raised, and a valuable property in that way was secured.

With his hands so full of these financial concerns, it was not to be expected that Chancellor Haven would do much toward modifying the organization of the university. Indeed, little of this kind was required until returning financial prosperity should enable him to add to its departments. On this point Professor C. D. Bennett, D.D., writes intelligently and clearly:

Chancellor Haven came to Syracuse in an exceedingly unfavorable time to make a record. The main features of the institution had been assumed before his arrival. Few literary enterprises have been started so nearly complete in the outset, in so far as theory and working are concerned, as was Syracuse University. Its theory and scope had been the subject of discussion for years by some of our best educators, and when the time for its foundation came every thing was ready to move without friction and in exact accord with a previously perfected plan. As Dr. Brown, President of Hamilton College, said on the occasion of the inauguration of Chancellor Winchell, "I had heard that you were thinking of establishing here a college, but what is my astonishment to find a university moving on as beautifully and with as little friction as though it were a century old."

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Dr. Daniel Steele had been at its head, and under him a thoroughly experienced Faculty. Then Dr. Winchell brought what additional excellence could be incorporated from Michigan University, where Chancellor Haven had made his best fame as an educator, so that no

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opportunity was afforded him of placing a molding hand on this university, young as it was. This had been done by others, and the changes and improvements which he introduced were very few.

In short, then, during his term of four years the university successfully weathered the financial storm which was upon the country; the fears of friends for its safety were quieted; it did its work faithfully as an institution of high grade, and steadily gained in patronage and literary reputation; and if the permanent impress of his hand was not left upon its organization, the reason was that, at the time, no work of that kind was required.

The high estimate placed upon his services is sufficiently attested by the action of the Trustee when he presented his resignation.

The say:

Whereas, the admired and beloved chancellor of this university, the Rev. Erastus O. Haven, D. D., LL.D., has been elected and consecrated to the office of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and

Whereas, in consequence of the form of our General Superintendency, which requires him to travel at large throughout the Church, he has this day tendered to this Board of Trustees his resignation of the chancellorship of this university; therefore by this board it is hereby

Resolved, 1. That the resignation of Bishop Haven, as chancellor of this university, is hereby accepted.

Resolved, 2. That, in accepting his resignation, we record our very high appreciation of the services which Bishop Haven has rendered us, and our loss in his removal.

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His name has stood for many years in the foremost rank among the educators of America.

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As a general scholar in many departments of learning, as an intelligent and forcible writer, as a thoughtful and powerful preacher, and as an outspoken advocate of reforms, he has been a standardbearer for the Church and the times.

The breadth and ripeness of his culture, and the general urbanity of his presence, have made him an admirable model, and a molding force for the noblest ends, in his influence on the plastic minds committed to his care.

As the executive officer of this university, and a member of this board, all our intercourse has but increased our admiration for his talents and our esteem for his character.

As a member of this community, and a citizen of this commonwealth, he has been an ornament to letters and society, and a power for good.

In receiving his farewell as a local fellow-laborer with us, while we shall deeply regret our privation, we nevertheless rejoice that the many qualifications which have shone so brightly among us are now transferred to a wider sphere of usefulness. In that high office our prayers and sympathies shall still accompany him; and we receive with thanks his assurance of still-continued and solicitous interest in Syracuse University.

Resolved, 3. That this action be spread upon our Journal, and that a copy of the same, properly engrossed, and duly authenticated by the signatures of the president and secretary of this board, and the seal of the university, be presented to Bishop Haven.

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CHAPTER XII. DELEGATE TO WESLEYAN CONFERENCES AND EUROPEAN TOUR.

Chancellor Haven was appointed by the Bishops as one of the delegates to bear the greetings of and Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to the English and Irish Wesleyans. The Wesleyan Conference, to which he was accredited, was to meet in London in July, 1878. He sailed from New York June 30, 1878, on the good ship City

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of Chester, of the Inman line, and after the usual monotonous trip across the Atlantic, in which, however, he enjoyed the unusual experience of exemption from sea-sickness, landed in Queenstown, Ireland, July 8, about 9 A.M. In the afternoon he rode to Cork, and, in company with Rev. John D. Powell, visited Queen's College. He says: "Buildings stone, only two stories high, grounds less than eighteen acres, well laid out, good botanical gardens, a library of 20,000 volumes, and good museum. The buildings could be erected in America for from \$150,000 to \$200,000."

After visiting the famous Blarney Castle in the forenoon, the Journal proceeds:

July 9.—Also visited a large Model National School in Cork, and had much conversation with Dr. Newell, one of the Board of Education for Ireland, and with the head master of this school. About fifty per cent. of the children are Roman Catholics, though four fifths of the people are of this faith. This is accounted for by the Catholics 207 having other schools. The priests do not encourage the national system. The Methodists, so far as their little influence goes, do. No other denomination seems to be its ardent friend. Four hours a day must be given to secular education; some attention every day to religious education under their respective denominations.

July 10.—Have just visited the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. The river finds itself imprisoned in a vast range of high hills well deserving the name of mountains, and, winding along, forms a series of lakes. The hills are much like the mountains of Vermont in appearance, clothed in a green heather, and with some wonderfully rich shrubbery, but almost entirely destitute of trees. English tourists lavish upon this district the most extravagant eulogy; but to an intelligent American, who recalls what he has seen in his own country, it seems wonderfully beautiful and nothing more. In grandeur it falls far short of the White Mountains, the Catskills, or the Green Mountains even.

Immediately on entering the mountains the traveler is met by a throng of beggars and importunate venders of trinkets and milk and whisky—children, and men and women of all

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ages. I gave a shilling to Mary O'Sullivan for her blarney. They were the most persistent, barefooted, and barefaced beggars I ever saw.

The ruins of Muckross Abbey are really, to an American, full of interest. There once stood a church said to have been built in the eleventh century, and by its side a monastery, said to have been built in the fifteenth century—before America was discovered. The most of the walls still stand. The walks of the monks, walled in from the outside and around the open court-yard, from which they were separated by stone pillars, were spacious. In the court-yard, in the middle of the building, grows a huge yew-tree, more than three feet in diameter, and rising twenty-five feet without a branch, and then throwing its branches out on all sides, and upward, perhaps, a hundred feet, and overhanging the walls, making a beautiful appearance. The walls are massive, the wine cellar is spacious, and all parts of the church and monastery and castle so strong as to show that the 208 old religious society of Ireland more than five hundred years ago was well organized, and had great power. "There were giants in those days." Here is the family tomb of the O'Donohoe family, which has a representative now in Parliament; also of a M'Carthy and an O'Sullivan family, some of whom in former times were the royal families of old Ireland.

Prof. Richardson started with us at Cork last night, but, about twenty miles back from Killarney, got out at a station and did not return to the carriage until the train started. Then he sprung for the platform, in American style, when two men seized him and pulled him off. It is not allowed a man here to get on a carriage after the train starts.

July 12.—Went through Trinity College Dublin. The librarian, janitor, and two students, gave me much information from their different stand-points. The site of the university occupies about fifteen acres, less than one third the size of the grounds of Syracuse University, but how the buildings are stretched out! The windows, as of all the old buildings, are all small, usually consisting of twelve panes of glass about eight by ten inches—the library windows a little larger. Through an archway you enter a great quadrangle. On each side of the archway, without, stands a statue, one of Burke and the

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other of Goldsmith. Of the quadrangle itself one half is paved with concrete and pebble stones, and the other half is covered with grass, but not a tree or shrub appears. On your right is an immense long library building and examination hall; on your left, a chapel and dining-hall; on your front, dormitory buildings.

The museum is small, but the physical and engineering apparatus is abundant and good. The dining-hall will accommodate about two hundred. Most of the eleven hundred students board in the city. All Church students attend prayers twice a day in the chapel. The roll of the dormitory students is called every night at ten o'clock, but students can be excused for cause till twelve o'clock.

I learned that the examinations for admission are about what we require. Any student who could enter the Syracuse University classical 209 course would be more than prepared for Trinity College. All of the students who are fairly diligent graduate A. B. at the end of four years. By extra labor they can get through in a little more than three years—shorter than with us. They have sometimes three, sometime two lectures—we call them recitations—a day. The students are divided into Junior, Freshmen, Senior Freshmen, Junior Sophisters, Senior Sophisters. They meet in groups of about twenty for lectures. There is no class feeling or class organization. There is no hazing. They despise it—say it belongs to lower schools. There are no private societies, but some public ones. They have no regular exercises in elocution or oratory, but are trained in English composition regularly. There is a professor of botany, but few attend his instructions. The study of modern languages in voluntary. There are sizarships of different subjects, the examination for which is fiercely competed for and lasts three or four days. A sizar pays only five pounds admission fee, others fifteen, and a sizar is relieved of all other tuition fees, and may board in commons free during his course. There are several private tutors, or grinds, who charge students three or four guineas a term to coach them along. The students competing for honors need grinds and some others, employ them. It costs students here three or four times as

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much as at Syracuse. The second degree is given in course at the end of three years. The Dublin University has an annual income of about three hundred thousand dollars.

The session of the British Wesleyan Conference, to which Bishop Bowman and Dr. Haven were accredited, met this year in Bradford, Yorkshire, and the address was presented July 31, 1868. In the report to the succeeding General Conference they say:

We were received with great cordiality and fraternity. The address of the General Conference of 1876 was read before the British Conference, and a large congregation assembled in evening session, and the statistics representing the growth and influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, evidently awakened wonder and gratitude. Our personal addresses, which were necessarily brief, were received with approval, and were widely reported in the religious and secular papers. We were happy in being permitted to witness the organization of the first strictly delegated British Conference that consisted of both ministers and lay members, in which the congratulations of the brethren forcibly reminded us of the similar scenes witnessed in our own General Conference at Brooklyn, six years before.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in 1876, had taken action in favor of an "Ecumenical Conference of Methodism," and the Bishops had been requested to appoint a Committee of Correspondence to take the "whole subject into consideration, correspond with the different Methodist bodies in this country and in every other country, and endeavor to arrange for the said Ecumenical Conference of Methodism at such time and place as might be judged most advisable."

The duty of presenting this subject to the Wesleyan Conference was committed to Dr. Haven. His Journal implies that the matter was postponed from time to time, and he felt some doubts as to the success of the plan before that very conservative body. But on the 31st of July the subject was considered, and the recent successful session in London of this remarkable body of Methodists gives additional interest to the entry at this time:

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To-day I presented the subject of the Ecumenical Conference before the Wesleyan Conference. The address was read, after which I spoke about five minutes, showing what was not its purpose—to aim at consolidation or an ecclesiastical authority, or simply to eulogize each other; what was its purpose, namely, to bring together representatives of all branches of Methodism, to compare modes of 211 operation, to learn from each other, and to strengthen ourselves for our common aim. Dr. Jobson inquired whether the American Churches would go on without to co-operation of the Wesleyans. I replied that they probably would, but that they desired the leadership of the Wesleyans. It was resolved to appoint a committee to report at the next Conference. Subsequently a committee was named—a very strong committee.

During the session of the Wesleyan Conference Dr. Haven visited the Wesley College, not far from Sheffield. The account given will bear inserting because it brings into relief the practical workings of institutions in Great Britain affiliated with the London University. After describing the buildings, he says:

It is used mostly as a boarding house and school for boys from eight years of age up to even a completion of a college course for B. A. from the London University. It is especially affiliated with that institution. When any of the boys pass the London matriculation examination, they wear the gown and become gownsmen. A few come back and study till they pass the first and second B. A. examination, and some even linger for honors. The teachers are evidently enthusiastic, and the boys are well trained, and the few who get college degrees earn, them but none have the associations of a genuine college or university.

August 5. I have learned by conversation some points of interest about the Wesleyan mode of business. Female class-leaders are common, and they are members of the leaders' meeting, but not of the quarterly meeting.

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The number of aged men in the active work here is not greater than in America. I am greatly surprised at this.

The English are not larger nor more robust in appearance, on the average, than the Americans. If any difference, the Americans appear more vigorous. This remark I base on careful observation.

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Monday, August 12.—Last Sunday I preached in the old City Road Chapel, in the graveyard of which lie the remains of Wesley, Watson, and many of the fathers. The house was well filled and the congregation were remarkably attentive. They have no organ or musical instrument of any kind, but a thoroughly trained choir. After the service Mr. G. J. Stephenson and family walked with us to our hotel, showing us Milton's street and the church where his monument is, and the only chapel the Wesleyans have in the old city.

Mr. Stephenson said I must have looked much as Mr. Wesley did in his old pulpit. He was a small spare man, only five feet three inches in height, three and a half inches shorter than myself.

August 13.—After calling at the Book and Mission Rooms and on Minister Welch, we went to the Tower. This old pile deserves a letter, though thousand have written upon it before. It must be seen to be appreciated. It is well preserved. The walls are massive. It is stocked with specimens of arms and armor such as have been used for the past thousand years, chronologically arranged on statues of men and horses. The old weapons of torture are shown, and all the bloody deeds of British royal history are brought up by association. The very ax that has chopped off heads and the block on which it was done are shown. The cells with the figures and inscriptions made by the prisoners; the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and where he wrote his "History of the World" are here. I did not think, nearly forty years ago, when I read that history in two large quarto volumes, I should ever see the stone room, stone sides and stone roof, without a window, in which

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he wrote it. How could he have been kept from suffocating! The iron door must have been allowed to stand ajar. The room is apparently in the very center of the building and does not receive a ray of light from the sun.

August 14.—In company with Bishop Bowman visited Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-work figures. This is an extraordinary collection of figures, in life size, of men and women noted in history. 213 Many of these are full of interest, especially Henry VIII. and his family; Wesley, Franklin, Palmerston, and Voltaire interested us most. Bishop Bowman, being weary, sat down by the side of a wax figure of an old lady. Some children came along to examine the lady and himself, supposing they were both alike dummies. But when he winked and said, "I am alive," they ran to their mother as though they were shot. This pleased the Bishop and family very much.

August 15.—This morning we went to see the Windsor Castle, where the queen and royal family reside. We had obtained a note requesting our admission from Mr. Welch, our American minister.

The Journal then proceeds to describe his visit, in company with Bishop Bowman and about one hundred others, to the audience room and other rooms open to the more favored public. Afterward,

In response to our note, the private rooms of the queen and family were opened to Bishop Bowman, Mr. and Miss Burton, of Philadelphia, and myself. A maid of honor conducted us first through an immense stone passage way, at least two hundred feet long, leading from the public to the private rooms. Then we found ourselves in a more snug but large house by itself, though a part of the great palace. In this house the queen, with her immediate family, lives the most of the time. She was now away from home. The first room we entered seemed to be a kind of home parlor, elegantly furnished. Thence we saw three drawing-rooms, white, green, and crimson. We also saw the nursery and her library. But I was most of all interested in her private dining-room. It had only three windows, and was

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not more than fifteen by twenty feet; but high, and the windows had beautiful lace curtains or something like it. The chairs were about as ordinary parlor chairs, and the table was an old cherry or mahogany, no better than we see in many private families. It is a round table, but extended by drawing out segments so as to enlarge the circle. Sometimes, we are told, the 214 queen sits here with only two or three, sometimes with a dozen or more. In this room are only two pictures, a portrait of herself, taken only two years ago, and looking just as she does now, without flattery, and a portrait of her daughter-in-law, the daughter of the Czar of Russia. The guests' bed-chamber also interested us much. It is, indeed, magnificently furnished. And her wardrobe, and the sitting-rooms, and the flower-gardens outside, and the broad walk, three miles long in a straight line and lined with elms. How can we forget them! And then the queen's private pictures, that noble statue of Prince Albert and herself looking into his eye, and the inscription beneath, "He showed the way to heaven and lured us on;" on the family portrait gallery; containing uniform portraits of all her ancestors, cannot be described.

The Albert Memorial Chapel, erected by the children of the queen, in memory of their father, Prince Albert, is the most perfectly finished structure I have ever seen. Its dimensions I should suppose to be about forty by ninety feet, and at least sixty feet high. It is Norman Gothic in style, and elaborately finished. The thirteen large windows are all filled with elaborate Scripture pictures in exquisitely colored glass. All the space between is filled with large panel paintings and bass-reliefs. The floor shines like a mirror. The roof is golden. There is not a square inch in the room that is not exquisitely finished. Before the chancel railing is the recumbent statue or the sarcophagus of Prince Albert. This is a large marble table or altar on a black marble base, itself of white marble, with a black marble cornice on which rests a life-size figure of the prince. The whole sustained by fourteen figures. There is a dark marble seat, or row of seats, extending entirely round the room.

Leaving the queen's palace, we visited Eton College, so famous in English literature. It is a good pile of buildings, occupying about two acres near the palace. Its church is fine. Its

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rooms are old and packed, judging from what I saw. Nearly every seat in the chapel has a brass inscription of some great man who once occupied it.

On our way home we stopped at Stoke Pogis, and saw the very 215 burying-ground that inspired Gray's *Elegy*. There is his mother's tomb, there the very grave and yew-trees where he used to sit. His monument is not far off, with verses from his *Elegy* and lines from his "Ode on Revisiting Eton College" inscribed thereon.

Sunday, August 18.—This morning heard Spurgeon in his Tabernacle. It was comfortably filled with about 4,500 people, many strangers, some Americans. I had an excellent seat in the first gallery, just by the left of the preacher, about twenty feet from him. Its introductory services were all appropriate and impressive. His reading of the Scripture lesson was accompanied with excellent expository remarks. He read the hymns elegantly, and in the course of the morning pronounced only one word contrary to the authorities, prophecies for prophecies. His text was 1 Peter vi, 7, "He that believeth in him shall not be confounded." He began by remarking that last Sabbath evening he preached on Faith in Christ, and his sermon had been blessed to the salvation of the souls of several, at least five young men; and as a good fisherman does not like to desert a spot where he has been successful, he should cast a line near the same place, and show this morning what we are to believe, how we are to believe, and the result of believing.

We are to believe in the person of Christ, dying, living. We are to believe as a stone rests on a foundation, leaning on Christ, with all our might, continually pressing nearer, in spite of sins. The result, we shall never be moved. His language is easy; his style is simple, and yet often metaphorical; his manner easy and quiet; his voice not much varied, and if so, by being still more subdued and impressive. His apostrophes to Christ were eloquent, and his illustrations beautiful and emphatic. All was pervaded with profound sincerity and earnestness. Many speak of his voice; but that, though excellent, is not the source of his power. He has the appearance of profound earnestness, with no affectation and no thought of himself. His logic is not faultless, but his faith and spiritually are undoubted. On

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the whole, he surpassed even my expectations. He is rather stout, and has a naturally gross look, but still appears to have had a 216 naturally strong animal nature thoroughly overcome and beautified by faith and consecration. From this one sermon I should say I have never seen a man that would surpass him as an evangelical preacher.

This evening I preached at Prince of Wales Road Chapel, under Rev. Richard Roberts. Arriving before the chapel, I found one of the class-leaders, a large man with a powerful voice, haranguing at least two hundred people in the street, who soon, with a song, entered the chapel. The congregation was large and very attentive. On my way back, in the course of a mile, we passed three congregations listening to out-door talk—one said to be addressed by an atheist woman, the other two by Baptists. I am informed this out-door preaching is common.

I visited to-day the University College. This is what led to the London University. It has a noble pile of buildings. The main building is two stories high, and about 150 feet long and 40 wide, with two ells of nearly the same dimensions. A fine library, apparatus, museum, and school-rooms, but no endowment. Students pay high fees. No entrance examination. Students get the B.A. as soon as they can, often in two or three years. The degree is given by London University. Had a long talk with the librarian. There is some objection to the cramming system. I really do not think the system makes as good scholars as the Syracuse University. The income of many of the professors depends on fees, and some receive much more than others. Some professorship have partial or complete endowments. There is no lack of buildings, and the institution is a great thing, but I doubt the system.

After visiting Richmond, where the south branch of the Wesleyan Theological School is situated, and spending a brief time there, Dr. Haven hastened to Oxford. Here he visited the various objects of interest with the eye of a Methodist and an educator. Among others mentioned are the Wesleyan Memorial Church, with a “spire as beautiful as any thing in Oxford,” and that was saying a great deal; 217 St. Michael's College; the

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Martyrs' Memorial; the Bodleian Library; the Divinity School; the Convocation House; Balliol College; New College, five hundred years old. Here, as elsewhere, he admired the wonderful beauty of the gardens, and the marvelous profusion of the flowers, A lecture-room in New College, and one of the best, he tells us, in inferior in all respects to the poorest in Syracuse University, and adds that "Money here is lavished in show." But for him the chief interest in this great seat of learning was in Lincoln College, the alma mater of John Wesley. Describing this college, he says:

I called on Rev. Mark Patterson, D.D., the present rector. He is an aged man, somewhat infirm, but he was very sociable, and accompanied me through all parts of the college. We mutually asked and answered many questions. He has associated with him ten fellows, of whom one is annually-elected by the rector and fellows as subrector. John Wesley was once subrector, and would undoubtedly, had he remained there till a vacancy arose, have been elected rector. They have about sixty students. The property consists of two rectangles, most of the building being set off as apartments for the rector, the fellows, and the students, including a dining-hall and kitchens. There is a fair chapel. Church students attend twice a day. The service is about ten minutes long. There are twenty scholars on the foundation. It costs the others about £80 a year. Dr. Patterson told me that the foundation-scholars might be a little more advanced than we require at the Syracuse University, but that the ordinary students were not required to do so much, and that they graduate in three years. All that I see leads me to infer that the average standard of scholarship for B.A. in America is higher than in Great Britain. The larger classes, say of forty, were heard in the dining-room, for the want of a lecture-room sufficiently large. There was no laboratory, and no physical apparatus.

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Saturday evening, August 24, I went from Oxford to Cambridge, and stopped at the Red Lion Hotel. Sunday morning, after a sound night's sleep and a refreshing breakfast, I sauntered forth and soon entered a Wesleyan Chapel, where I heard Rev. R. Peart preach an impressive sermon on "Blessed are the pure in heart." His style, as of all I heard in

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England, is very quiet and conversational. It was, however, a finished and impressive sermon.

This Sunday afternoon I attended the service in the King's College Chapel, and must say I have never been so thrilled through and through by any service before. The accessories were all favorable. It is beautiful, balmy weather—the very perfection of weather. The sun shines, but it is not hot. St. John's College grounds are charming, spacious, clean, lined with trees, one side bounded by the Cam, with sloping green banks, and beautiful vistas opening beyond; the paths of stone and gravel. The buildings are ancient, grand, and in good condition, artistically pleasing. The chapel in the interior ornate and solid. The walls at least sixty feet high, consisting only of massive gothic pillars and windows. The pillars bifurcate into branches that constitute the ceiling, highly wrought, all stone. The windows are ornate. At the lower end of the chapel is a beautiful painting of Christ's descent from the cross. At the other end the room is divided laterally by a partition with an immense arched doorway, and the organ and gallery above. A choir of about a dozen boys, as many men, and, say, twenty women, led the singing and the responses. Many of the people join. The priest read or intoned the service, and the choir and congregation changed and sung the responses, and hymns and anthems. The organ is fully equal to the best I ever heard. The unusual service was, in all its parts, so rich, so expressive, so perfect, that the impression can never be surpassed. It moved me again and again to tears. Such voices and combinations; such wailings and shouts of triumph, and subdued melody and exhaustless harmony, were well worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

And has the Church of England much of this power to exert over 219 the people? Well may we marvel at it. It is not merely ritualism. It is a combination of that with high art in many forms. Observe: architecture, painting, music united their voices, all as handmaidens to religion, to thrill the soul. The audience was evidently made up of cultivated people and their children. I was pleased to see fathers and mothers there, sometimes leading by the

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hand two children each while others followed in the rear. These highly respectable English people seem to rejoice in large families.

Soon after this visit to Cambridge Dr. Haven embarked for the Continent. Here he visited Antwerp, and walked its streets, he tells us, until thoroughly exhausted and ready to shake its dust off his feet; looked in upon its magnificent cathedral with its masterpieces of art, among them some of the works of Rubens. Thence he journeys to Cologne, inspects its magnificent cathedral, and spends an hour in one of its congregations; endeavors; as far as consistent with his religious convictions, to follow its services; is charmed with the music, overwhelmed with the splendor of the edifice, and impressed by the sincerity of the worshipers, but disgusted with the mummeries of the priests. On a trip by water from Cologne he is delighted with the beauty of the Rhine, but thinks it does not equal the Hudson either in size or picturesqueness.

On visiting Geneva his soul is moved over the memory of its mighty dead. What could be finer or more discriminating than his contrast between Calvin and Rousseau in the following passage of one of his letters:

Geneva, where I throw these notes together, is one of the glittering spots that make the whole earth appear luminous. It is a little city, of about fifty thousand people, never was large, perhaps never 220 will be; but the names of Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Byron, are associated with it. What a company! Could five mightier names be picked out from a continent? And yet they all breathed the air of this city, not far remote from each other. Here is the house in which Rousseau was born; here is the house, with a Scripture motto upon it, in which Calvin lived, and the great church in which he preached. This, indeed, is the city which he rigidly governed.

Calvin and Rousseau furnish, perhaps, as striking a contrast as any two names that could be selected out of the whole range of human history. Both were vigorous original men, not content to rethink other people's thoughts and repeat other people's expressions, but

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shining with their own light; and this is about the only element in which they agreed. Calvin was systematically and thoroughly trained in the schools; Rousseau's erudition was a confused mass of facts and thoughts gathered by reading, conversation, and travel; Calvin was methodical and rigidly logical; Rousseau believed and disbelieved and spoke and wrote wholly without method, and just according to his passions; Calvin was thoroughly earnest, and would rather have died than defend what he thought to be false; Rousseau had, at times, a sentimental virtue, and it is claimed for him that he was not on sale, but really he felt and knew no great difference between truth and falsehood, and could not safely have been intrusted with the life of a friend if the keeping of it would have cost him one day's pain; Calvin suppressed emotional expression and strictly executed what he deemed justice; Rousseau was a sentimentalist, weeping like a sick child over evils that he did not try to lessen, or raving like a maniac. But both were mighty. Calvin preached from the Old Testament and occasionally from some of the obscurest portions of the New, arguing out a system of theology which operated like the Spartan training, killing the weaker ones but making heroes of those who survived. He also in some way inspired the most who followed him with a hatred of human tyranny and a love for liberty; so that his Genevan theology and politics have been mighty agencies in the modern world. Rousseau wrote on society and on education 221 in such a strange and fascinating and fresh style—fresh in thought and expression—that he set the whole civilized world to thinking. But while he sometimes wrote almost like a Christian, he never practiced the morality of true religion. He taught like an angel, and lived like a beast, and died as a fool dieth. We ought to be thankful that God has so constituted the human soul that a man who will commit such an act as to take his own children from the arms of their mother and place them in a foundling asylum, where neither he nor she in a few weeks could recognize them, and never more inquire after them, is incapable of being even intellectually a sound Christian. God has associated unbelief with deliberately chosen sin, and seldom does he allow them to flourish much apart.

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Calvin left an express order that no monument should be erected to his memory. I doubt whether the order should be obeyed if any monuments are allowed. Here in this city of his power there is scarcely any thing to remind you of him. But if you visit the university Library you will see his books, and in the Museum you will see a small portrait, and a small painting, often copied, representing him before the City Council. This is all. But that sensualist, whose conduct deserves universal contempt, has a statue in the most conspicuous place that could be chosen. Such are some of the judgements of men.

Soon afterward we find him in Florence, charmed, of course, with its beautiful features. He observes that the city is full of laboring people and buyers and sellers, who seem to take no notice of the works of art about them in the street. Entering, as was his wont, one of the churches, he remarks:

I found a few worshipers who seemed to be repeating their prayers without any appearance of feeling, often looking round to see the passer-by. The priest cackled the service with even more of a rattle and sing-song tone than I ever heard before.

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But it is upon the works of art that his observations are most suggestive:

I am without appreciation of this art. Many of these objects thrilled me. I observed the matchless power in some of Raphael's best productions. I saw that the most skillful copyists could not catch the exact expression, nor produce the exact effect. I examined the copies, and noted particularly what seemed to me the defects. Many of these masters seem to have an eye to see those little combinations of light and shade and tint that show life, and then they succeed in reproducing them. Some have produced better effects, even in separate details, than they ever saw in nature; but, with all this admiration of art, I could not help feeling that Florence is largely an obsolete town. The inquiry would arise, What is it doing now? What has it done for the last fifty years? What do these churches commemorate but an obsolete or obsolescent faith? What effect have these painting on the

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intellect and heart and morals of mankind? Some of them are actually corrupting. It is very easy to charge critics with prudery, and to quote the effusion, "Evil to him who evil thinks." All this requires no intellect and no peculiar refinement. The simple fact is, that some of the pictures emanate from a sensual taste. When a man spends years in painting the most attractive form he can imagine and gather from models of a naked, mere animal woman, he shows what he is thinking of.

At the time when most of these works of art were executed they represented a faith. That faith is now death. The copyists of these paintings are seeking the living among the dead, Imitators of them are simply silly. Is sculpture a lost art? Is painting exhausted? Has sculpture nothing to do but simply to exhibit some of the coarser passions? Are there not modern achievements and modern faiths and modern aspirations to be grasped and represented by painting? All the fine arts enslave themselves too much to tradition, and the world wants a new *renaissance*, not of form, but of spirit—a spirit that shall clothe itself in new forms.

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Happening to be in Naples on the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Januarius, he had an opportunity of witnessing the miraculous liquefaction of the saint's blood. He shall describe the scene in his own words:

I was fortunate enough to-day to witness a scene that I can never forget, and that took me back in fancy some hundreds or thousands of years. I write on the 19th of September, the anniversary of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. This St. Januarius was martyred in Pozznoli, near Naples, the date of his death being September 19, A.D. 305. Every year on this date, and on the first Saturday of May, and the 16th of December, it is claimed that a portion of his coagulated blood, kept in a hermetically closed bottle, becomes liquid by the spiritual power of the saint. This "miracle" takes place in the chapel of St. Januarius, a part of the Cathedral of St. Januarius, usually between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. It is thought that if the miracle is delayed until ten or

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after it betokens impending public calamity; and, therefore, when delayed, shrieks and protestations and complaints to the saint arise among the audience. Devout strangers from afar in great numbers come to witness this performance.

I wended my way to the cathedral this morning, a stranger among a strange people, not knowing a soul in this immense crowd, and reached the chapel just before ten o'clock. I found the large cathedral packed full of people standing up. The side chapel of St. Januarius, which would itself easily accommodate two thousand, was literally jammed full. There could not have been fewer than three thousand. Observe, I do not use these figures loosely, but to state facts. Many talk of thousands who seem never to have counted. Some were tired out, or had business, and were leaving, and by constant pressure into vacated places I was able to make my way up to within thirty feet of the priest who had the "blood" in his hands. The vial seemed to be a brazen case, elongated, say eighteen inches long, having a glass globe, flattened on opposite sides in the center, 224 that would hold about a half pint, according to the thickness of the glass. The chief performer, in priest's robes, was turning it over from time to time, and holding the glass close up to a lighted candle, so that he and his attendants could see whether the substance inside flowed or not. As he gave no signs of satisfaction, and it was now after ten o'clock, some of the immense audience, especially of the women, began to be impatient. Yells arose, shrieks, exclamations, I could not tell what they were. It is said that some cry out in such a case, "*Faccia gialluta!*" "Yellow band!" to satirize the saint, who, or which, being brass, of course has a yellow face, though I should not suppose he ought to be blamed for his complexion. Be that as it may, the exclamations were emphatic and loud. But soon—I have good reason to remember it, for my faithful watch, which the good people of Malden, Mass, gave me about fifteen years ago, must have disappeared about then; it would to me be a great miracle should it ever come back—about 10:15 minutes A.M., on the 19th of September, the priest nodded his head some fifteen times, more or less, in rapid succession, as none but a Neapolitan could do, in token that the thing was done, the blood actually flowed, when there burst from the crowd a shout of exultation. Some body near

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the altar threw into the air less than a peak of what seemed to be little square bits of paper—as I have seen before now mischievous Sophomores, who ought to be ashamed of it, scatter mock schemes just after the opening prayer at a Junior exhibition. Three bevvies of birds, of some half dozen each, were let fly from the altar, and from all parts of the immense congregation there arose an exultant song.

Then there was a rush, or rather a push, upward, I suppose to get those bits of paper, and, perhaps, to look at the vial. It was hot and distressing, and very provocative of perspiration, and after a few minutes I forced my way out of the chapel into the center of the cathedral, and upward near the high altar. My good genius, as Socrates would have said, had led me there, for though just then I found an empty vest pocket, and was thinking of my old-time Malden friends, I saw there was to be a second act in the drama, and curiosity mollified my sense of loss. The candles before and around the high altar were all lighted. The organist and choir were ready. And soon the procession appeared, coming from the chapel, just as I had, toward the main altar of the cathedral. The chief priest with the vial headed the procession. Four men bore the brazen image of the saint in a sitting posture, with a tall pointed cap on his head, and truly he was yellow. Placed on the altar there were many genuflexions and osculations, and among the people oscillations, and murmurings of prayers, and bowing before the brazen images. Then what appeared to be a committee of three, two in citizen's dress and one a priest, approached the man with the vial and inspected it, taking it in their hands. They seemed to be satisfied and were permitted to kiss it, had it pressed against their foreheads. And all the people looked on, some with awe, and some with faces as expressionless as that of the saint.

I had seen enough, and retired. I asked myself, "Am I alive or dead?" "Am I not in a pre-existent state?" "Have I not seen this, or something like it, before, some hundreds or thousands of years ago?" You see, I had lost my time-keeper and was out at sea, and not in a very happy frame of mind. But I concluded that I was in the cathedral of St. Januarius,

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in the city of Naples, somewhere near high noon, the exact minute I could not tell, on the 19th of September, 1878.

In the above description I have used no opprobrious epithets, nor expressed any opinions, but have faithfully stated what I saw. I left the cathedral and plunged into the very heart of the old city, where the stone streets seemed serpentine, about a rod wide on the average, and fifty high or deep, more or less, formed by the stone walls of the building on each side, full of people jabbering, shouting, gesticulating, and some filling the air with shrill cries of what they had for sale, and I thought of the miracles of Christ and his apostles. I thought how benevolent they were, healing the sick, giving sight and hearing and even life, but always accompanied with moral and spiritual instruction, and never exhibited for show, but 226 seeming to be a spontaneous outflow of superior spiritual and beneficent power. I thought, too, of the greatest of all miracles, the appearance among men of the Lord Christ, his life, his teaching, his furnishing to the world a solution of its mysteries, his death and resurrection, and his revelation of immortality. And then I thought of this travesty. Who knows the nature of that substance in the vial? Who does not know that it is easy to manufacture a substance that shall be thick and gummy at ordinary temperatures, but shall be liquefied in a few minutes by the heat of the hand and of a burning candle? And whence this display? What good can it do? Does it make men wiser or better? And my prayer was that God would send, through his chosen messengers, and in his own way, to all the people, the true light and the true message from heaven, which alone can overcome this stupefying superstition and ribald mockery of all religion, which uniformly accompany each other.

Observing that some of the village in the vicinity of Naples had no churches, and others but one, he remarks:

What a want there must be of that collision of thought and mutual brightening of the intellect and improvement of morals which result from having in a village two or three Protestant churches, where the people hear preaching, and which, by a healthful rivalry,

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stimulate a good social moral, and religious life. I have ceased to regret the division of Protestantism into denominations. I believe they should be fraternal, and recognize each other's Christianity, but a sharp honest rivalry is better than the mental stagnation which exist in spite of one Church. Especially is this marked if the solitary church has no genuine preaching, but only the repetition of ceremonies connected with image worship.

On visiting Pompeii he notes the contrast between ancient and much of modern art. He finds there No pictures that represent charity, or domestic affection, or patriotism, or admiration of the truth, or any noble passion. The figures 227 in some instances are admirable, but the general tendency is gross and demoralizing. All this indicates that society had reached its worst condition in the Roman Empire, when Christianity was introduced. The religion of Christ was not a development out of what preceded it. It was an introduction of a new life. It was the planting of a new growth from heaven in a soil reeking with filth and death. It was a divine eucalyptus tree, a "tree of life" powerful to overcome the malaria that was rapidly sweeping the population from the face of the earth.

On visiting Rome he was stirred as Paul, on entering Athens, had been before him, to see the city wholly given to idolatry. Though naturally of catholic spirit, and on all occasions inclined to give full credit to other denominations, mummeries witnessed in the papal churches of the Old World were too much for even his charity, and more than once in his Journal he breaks forth into expressions of indignation and disgust at this mockery of Christianity.

He arrived late on Saturday evening. The next morning, after visiting the Methodist mission, and bearing testimony to the zeal and wisdom of Dr. Vernon, the pastor, he says:

I felt it not wrong, being in Rome, to do somewhat as the Romans do, and visited two of their churches, so-called. The first was St. Paul's without the Gates. This stands on the spot where it is believed the apostle was beheaded. There is no good reason to doubt the tradition. The edifice is a huge gem. Indeed, if you could imagine a beryl, or any other

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precious stone, enlarged to the size of a cathedral, and then hollowed out and beautifully carved within, it would not surpass this reality. Afterward I went to the world-renowned St. Peter's, which needs no description, and will never get one adequate to the theme.

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Later in the week I visited their most eminent church, now under ground, called St. Clement's. It is true they have built a structure on the top of it, above ground, but the real St. Clement's is beneath the surface. Visiting this and exploring it carefully with a torch, you are surprised to find that this primitive building, which may have been standing in the fourth or even third century, is just like one of our plain modern Protestant meeting-houses. There was no sign that there was any altar in it, or side chapels, but simply a good audience-room—a place for common prayer and praise, and to hear the Scriptures read and explained, with probably a parsonage attached, where the pastor and his wife and children lived. There were a few pictures on the walls, but, of course, the date of their paintings cannot be conjectured.

The great want of Rome now is the simple, unostentatious, spiritual communion of the soul with God, such as the apostles used to preach, and for preaching which, in this city, St. Paul lost his life. In the beautiful church over the spot where he surrendered his life without fear an idolatry is practiced as humiliating to man and, I must think, as offensive to God, as any idolatry which he rebuked. Nor in the church to-day would the authorities dare to read, in the language of the people, Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and least of all with fair, honest comments giving the real meaning of the words.

Nevertheless, one by one some of the silliest practices of olden time are being discontinued. How long before Romans will be ashamed to see any of themselves or strangers kissing the toe of an image or of a dead man, or crawling up stairs to induce the keeper of Purgatory to let them or their friends out before their term of sentence is expired?

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I cannot doubt that the fiat has gone forth from the lips of the nineteenth century—would that some modern Michael Angelo would give us a proper personification of this mighty power—to the effect that religious toleration shall hereafter be universal.

A letter to his son-in-law and daughter, Professor and 229 Mrs. Moss, of Bloomington, Ill., written from Rome, not only adds to the impressions produced by these extracts from his Journal, but contains, in addition, such a blending of paternal affection, wise counsel, and sound philosophy, as to justify insertion:

Rome, Italy, *September 22, 1878.*

My dear son daughter: It seems strange to me to address you in this style, but I hardly know how otherwise to begin a letter to you. I am indeed glad that you are associated in the most intimate relations of life, and I feel as though I had gained another member of my family. By this time you have entered, I suppose, on your college work, and I most devoutly pray that the good Lord may give you great success.

Your joint letters have been very conforming to me, the last that I received being one that you wrote just before leaving Purdy's. Your vacation seems to have been a time of laying in a stock of health, and I hope you will not find your work too burdensome.

I suppose it is impossible for the old to communicate all of the result of their experience to the young. One lesson I have learned is that the great work of life is never finished. Alps on Alps arise. Success and failure, too, are more internal than the external. When the world commends us most we are sometimes least conscious of doing well; and when it blames us or neglects us we are most conscious of doing our duty. It seems strange to me to think probably long after I shall have passed on out of sight my children will be at work in this world.

Sometimes I regret that I am not so situated that I could rest or labor as I chose, and set myself to the execution of some plans independent of outside control; but I suppose that

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few, perhaps none, are situated just as they want to be. The best thing is contentedly and earnestly to do the work at hand.

I write this in my room in a hotel. I have been to Naples and have concluded not to go to Palestine alone at this season of the year. 230 I have seen enough for once. You are right about the advantages of travel in later years. There is nothing like knowing how to see. I meet many travelers who absolutely see nothing. Keep up your knowledge of French and German. Some time you will see these lands. It is easy to talk a language so as to get great good from it if you know its grammar and a few words.

I have not been at church to-day, as I was very weary and cannot understand the spoken Italian. Indeed, I cannot read it except from its similarity to Latin. This afternoon I went to St. Peter's and heard the priests sing the vespers. It is mummery, sheer form and idolatry, and I think to the performers mostly a sham. I did not, therefore, enjoy the music much. I have not so much charity for Popery as I had before I came to Italy Lovingly, E. O. H.

When on his way to Paris he stopped for a few hours in an obscure French town, to avoid the necessity to traveling by night. While here he sauntered out into the street to take observations and keep warm. His observations and reflections are worth perusing:

As good fortune would have it I soon struck a procession, which proved to be the funeral of a notable personage, a member of a woman's charitable society. The society were there on foot, veiled in black, preceded by the priest and bearers and some others robed in white and with candles in their hands, and followed by a goodly number of citizens. I observed that all the men and boys in the streets who met the procession took off their hats until it passed, and the church bells, chiming their three notes, filled the air with plaintive melody. I went to the church, not knowing but that I Might meet a prodigy of cloquence, as Wirt did in the blind preacher of Virginia, but instead I heard and witnessed the ceremony of mass for an hour, and heard the priest, an old man of venerable appearance and sweet voice, and his attendants, chant their funeral service.

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231 Though there was not the slightest appeal to the intellect in the whole performance, I could but see that the church which enlists the cooperation of so many in every baptism and wedding and funeral, and appeals to the senses with sweet music and gorgeous display, can never be overthrown by fulminations or political opposition. The true religion of Christ must enter the heart and fill the void before what is substituted for it will lose its power.

The center of interest in Paris at the time of his visit was the Exposition. In the extent of the grounds and elegance of the buildings, he contrasts it unfavorably with corresponding features of the American Exposition, at Philadelphia. Nor did he see any thing in Paris to compare, in its line, with the Corliss engine, in Philadelphia. But in every thing relating to the fine arts he, of course, conceded their great superiority. Omitting every thing else in this department, a single passage may be selected.

But the most wonderful pictorial representation I have ever seen is a panorama of the vicinity of Paris when attacked by the Germans, called "The Defense of Paris." You enter the room and find yourself, with others, standing on the top of a real fort. There is a real cannon just before you. Fragments of exploded shells are around your feet. Over your head is a sort of canopy, say thirty feet in diameter, held up by posts near the center. You stand within a railing that prevents you from reaching the edge of the inclosure. All this is real. You can apply touch as well as sight. Before you and all around you is a view of the country, within a horizon, as distant as it could be in nature. You see above you what seems to be a real sky. You see the forts, the cannon, the smoke, the falling men, the burning buildings, the horses, the ambulances, all the hills and valleys and groves, the distant German guns—all just as vivid as nature. You see no canvas, no frame, no signs of any picture. 232 There is nothing unnatural about the light. It is not too strong nor too dim. It is just simply pure daylight. All seems to be an absolute fact. You scrutinize the men and animals carefully, and you observe that they do not move. The smoke of the cannon does not roll away. The burning buildings are not consumed. But for that, all children and adults alike would persist in declaring that they were not looking at the work of an artist, but

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at the actual fact. The power of painting to reproduce history can no further go than in this panorama of "The Defense of Paris," and diorama of Paris in the state of siege.

By means of such panoramas it will yet be easy to show to all the most famous spots of earth, not appealing to the imagination, not by dim representations, but as impressively and truthfully as the sight itself would be.

Soon after the visit to Paris he turned to England, reaching London early in October. After spending a few days in this city he embarked from Liverpool October 15, and in due time reached New York in safety.

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CHAPTER XIII. THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

"I have not found it convenient, in the rapid recital of my memoirs thus far, to describe my experience in the General Conference, which, for the sake of convenience, had better be thrown into one chapter.

"The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting once in four years, was, till 1872, composed wholly of ministers. At first all full member of the Annual Conferences could attend. In 1800 membership was restricted to elders who had traveled four years. In 1812 the first delegated General Conference was held, and consisted of one member for every five members of the Annual Conferences respectively. Since that the ratio of representation has been modified, until at the present time the General Conference is composed of two lay delegates from each Annual Conference, and one ministerial delegate for every forty-five members thereof. In 1860 I had the honor of an election as a representative from the New England Conference. The General Conference met this year in Buffalo. Almost every General Conference has some one subject before it of surpassing interest, on which parties will be formed, and animated discussions will arise. There was no doubt as to what would command the attention of this Conference. Fierce debates had already taken place in the Annual Conferences, and the members 234 assembled already

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arrayed in two parties. The question was, Shall the Discipline be so changed or interpreted as to exclude all slave-holders from membership in th churches? Some claimed that the Discipline already forbade it. Some that the holding of slaves for merciful and good purposes was not forbidden. No sooner had we assembled than petitions and resolutions of Annual Conferences, societies, and individuals, *pro* and *con*, began to pour in by the hundreds. All other subjects dwindled into insignificance before this. The debate on the subject was animated, in some instances almost angry. The most extreme positions were taken, and some middle men strove to steady the ark. I did what I could to advocate the passage of an amendment to the General Rule, which should pronounce slave-holding a forbidden practice, which carried a majority of votes, but not sufficient to secure the change, so far as the General Conference was concerned.

“Then we advocated a change in the chapter on slavery, which would practically secure our end by a simple majority vote. This we carried, and the result was so much dissatisfaction in Maryland, Virginia, and other slave States bordering on the free States, that many of our ministers and members and, in some cases, whole societies, seceded and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

“This action really intensified the fierce fire which was beginning to burn between the North and the South, and which so soon was to burst into the flames of civil war. Among other subjects of interest which engaged the attention of this General Conference was the question of lay delegation. A report was adopted favoring the measure 235 whenever a majority of the members and ministers desired it. But neither the laymen nor the ministers were yet ready for the introduction of the lay element into the highest councils of the Church, and the measure was, therefore, voted down.”

At this point, what was manifestly intended by the author to be a full chapter on the General Conference comes to an abrupt close. It will be necessary, therefore, to complete the chapter, not indeed as the original projector would have written it, but portraying the

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part which he took in the successive sessions of this great religious body, and tracing the influence which he exerted in molding the polity of the Church.

Of the General Conference of 1864 he was not a member. The country was now approaching the close of the great Civil War, and the spirit and proceedings of this Conference were modified by the martial spirit which pervaded the nation. During this session the General Rule upon the subject of slavery was so altered, the requirements of the Restrictive Rule having been met, as to absolutely prohibit slave-holding in the Church. Upon this action of the General Conference Dr. Haven strongly animadverted in his Journal. The ministerial term was also extended from two to three years, and provision was made for the organization of the Board of Church Extension.

Of the General Conference of 1868 Dr. Haven was a member. During this session an earnest debate arose respecting the eligibility of delegates from the Mission Conferences of the Southern States to seats in the body. Dr. Haven was a member of the committee of seven to which 236 the subject was referred, and both then, and afterward in the General Conference, took strong ground in favor of their admission. This cause triumphed, he tells us, almost unanimously. He was also chairman of the Committee on Lay Delegation, respecting which he says: "The minutes will show the work done, in which I had the laboring oar, but no mention can be made of the arduous committee work." This subject had been voted upon in 1861-62 by both ministers and laymen, and had then been decided adversely to the movement; now, however, the question was to be submitted again, but with a widely different result. More than three fourths of the ministers now favored the plan, and two thirds of the voting members.

The questions, How many new Bishops will be required, and who shall they be? are subjects of prominence and interest in connection with the meeting of every General Conference. Previous to this one it was supposed that two, or more, would be required to relieve the already overburdened Episcopal Board. The name of Dr. Haven was, probably, more prominent in this connection at that time than any other before the Church. Referring

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to that subject, he says, "I was assured by members from different parts of the country that I should have been elected; and I am sure that two of the Bishops, at least, favored it; but I do not desire the arduous office, and have never desired it."

The General Conference of 1872 was, in many respects, the most important and interesting of recent times. Four Bishops, Osmon C. Baker, Davis W. Clark, Edward Thomson, and Calvin Kingsley, the youngest, the most recently elected, and supposed to be the most vigorous of the Board, had died during the preceding quadrennium, as many supposed, on account of overwork. And it was generally understood that an unusual number of additional Bishops would be required. In addition to this an unhappy difference had arisen between the Book Agents at New York, which had at length found its way into the newspapers and agitated the entire Church. This subject was certain to come before the General Conference in some shape. Lay delegates, also, were present, for the first time in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to take their seats in the General Conference.

The first business before the Conference was the admission of the lay delegation who had been duly elected by the Electoral Conferences, and were present and ready to take their seats.

After the transaction of the preliminary business of the Conference a communication was submitted by the Bishops, stating that in accordance with the plan devised at the previous session for the change of the second Restrictive Rule, and for the admission of lay delegates, they had submitted the question to the vote of the Annual Conferences with the following result:

For the proposed change 4,915

Against the proposed change 1,597

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The lay members having voted already, by a large majority, in favor of the proposed measure, and elected their delegates accordingly, it seemed altogether proper that the 238 General Conference should ratify the action of its constituents by the two-thirds majority requisite to complete the measure. The resolution providing for this step was adopted by an overwhelming majority—two hundred and eighty-three voting in its favor, and only six in opposition.

On taking their seats the laymen submitted an address, which, for its elegance and appropriateness, as well as for the wisdom of its suggestions, deserves to be inserted here. The address was presented and read by Dr. James Strong, of the Newark Conference, a layman whose name, for other reasons, will long live in the literature of the Christian Church. He said:

Dear Brethren: An occasion so memorable as this, which brings together for the first time in the select council of our beloved Zion, the clerical, and lay element by direct representation, calls for more than a passing interchange of views and feelings. It is fitting that we the lay delegates, especially, should formally recognized the gravity and responsibility of the hour and the train of Divine Providence, as well as of ecclesiastical adjustment, that has led to it. We, therefore, desire to respond to the summons which invites us to share in your deliberations and decisions by an expression at once of our appreciation of the privilege, and of our sentiment in accepting it, and to do so in a manner appropriate for permanent record.

First of all, we devoutly thank the great Head of the Church for the eminent degree of harmony and brotherly love that has characterized the movement in favor of lay delegation which has thus happily been consummated. Rarely, if ever, has history chronicled so fundamental a change in Church polity effected with so little of acrimonious controversy; seldom, or never, before has the world seen a voluntary surrender of power by any body of men long possessed of it by constitutional right, and not often has there been known such 239 modesty in acquiring it as our laity have generally exhibited. It has frequently been

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alleged that Methodism exhibits in her form of government some features of usurpation and despotism; we may mutually congratulate ourselves on this refutation of the calumny.

In the second place, on behalf of the lay portion of our Church, thus called upon to assume the gravest obligations, we invoke the gracious assistance of our heavenly Father, that we may so engage in and discharge the important duties imposed upon us as to meet the divine approval, and secure the greatest good to the Church at large. We feel that an assuming spirit would be in the highest degree unbecoming those who enter for the first time upon a share of authority thus deferentially ceded to them by their colleagues, and we hope to prove by a cordial and judicious co-operation with our ministerial brethren in this new relation, that their confidence and that of those who have sent us hither, is not misplaced.

Thirdly, we would deprecate any separation of temporal and spiritual powers of this joint body as between its lay and its clerical members. While we recognize the peculiar functions of the ministry in the pulpit and the pastorate, their exclusive right as a rule of ecclesiastical order to administer the word of God and the sacraments of the Church; and while, on the other hand, we equally acknowledge as the special charge of the laity, in the pew and the community, to maintain the pecuniary interests of our Zion, and to be the custodians of Church property; yet as delegates here assembled, we conceive, and suppose it to be conceded, that we all have a common and equal interest and obligation in every question that may come before the Conference for discussion and determination. Bishops, preachers, and people are, in our economy at least, the elementary constituents of the one body of Christ; and whatever affects either of these three classes, truly and sensibly concerns all the rest. Whether, therefore, we meet here as presiding officers, or as members consulting together, and finally voting, either promiscuously, or, if it becomes requisite for a due balance of members, by separate count, we trust that no schism shall be made in this regard, 240 so only that we achieve the full benefit of the maxim that *union is strength*.

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Lastly, we do not enter this body to propose any sudden or radical change in the practical machinery of our Church. Happily, we see no tendency among us to any considerable divergence on doctrinal questions. We hope that no hasty or serious experiments will be made in our ministerial policy. We should especially regret to find the introduction of the lay element into our councils made the occasion of materially modifying the functions or contracting the sphere of the clergy, whether bishops, elders, or pastors. We laymen, as being comparatively inexperienced in our present capacity, must naturally be expected to feel our way cautiously along, if we would tread securely and advantageously in the exercise of our new powers; at the same time we do not wish to be understood as standing committed against any advance in any legitimate and prudent direction, nor in favor of any state of things merely on account of its antiquity. Whatever measures have proved themselves in time past to be wise and useful we would retain if they still continue efficient, or restore to their former usefulness if they have in any degree unnecessarily lost it; and any modes of operation which experience may have shown to be erroneous or defective, and which altered circumstances may have rendered practicably obsolete and inapposite, we would freely—but gradually and not violently—exchange for sounder and more improved ones. In short, we profess ourselves at once conservative in principle and progressive in action, thoroughly true to the Methodism which has ever followed the guidance of Providence—the same always and every-where in spirit—but able to adapt itself in form to the varying exigencies of time and place. We recognize its one grand aim still to be to “spread scriptural holiness over these lands,” and we trust that from his hour it shall receive a fresh impulse in its mission throughout the globe.

In his peaceable manner was consummated a measure which fifty years earlier had seriously agitated the Church, 241 and gravely threatened its disruption; and a somewhat later day, in connection with other sources of dissatisfaction, had resulted in a considerable secession of members.

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The part taken by Dr. Haven, as the chairman of the Committee on Lay Delegation at the preceding General Conference, when the plan which now eventuated so happily was adopted, was altogether creditable to his judgment and wisdom.

The lay delegates having been admitted to seats, the minds of the members again turned to the affairs of the Book Concern at New York, and the best method of adjusting the difference between the Agents. As this was a matter of much interest in its day, and occupied much of the time of this session of the General Conference, it may not be out of place to give some of the causes leading to it.

The Book Concern was transferred from Philadelphia to New York in 1804, with a capital of \$27,000. From this time its business and capital increased so rapidly that notwithstanding a disastrous fire in 1836, involving a loss of \$250,000, and the secession of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1845, resulting in a decree of the Supreme Court of the United States awarding them \$270,000 as their *pro rata* of the common fund, and the payment of many hundreds of thousands of dollars for the support of the Bishops and to meet other expenses not otherwise provided for by the General Conference, its business and capital had grown so enormously that large houses had been opened at Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other points in the West, and an extensive business had been built up, and the head-quarters of the eastern 242 Concern had been transferred from the former obscure quarters in Mulberry-street to a magnificent building at Broadway and Eleventh-street. The report of the eastern Agents showed that their net capital was over a million of dollars, and that their profits during the quadrennium, after deducting over a hundred and five thousand dollars for salaries of the Bishops and other General Conference appropriations, amounted to \$256,681,63. A question concerning the management of an interest so large as this, in which every traveling minister felt that he had a common concern, could not arise without creating much excitement. In this case it was intensified by the high standing of both Agents, as well as by the publicity which had been given to the alleged irregularities through the public

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press. Dr. Thomas Carlton, the senior Agent, had occupied his position during twenty years. Under his administration the business had grown vastly, and the Concern had been conducted through great and general financial revulsions with unimpaired credit. Dr. John Lanahan, the junior Agent, had been in his position but four years. He came to it with a high reputation for administrative ability, as well as unquestioned integrity of character.

The charges amounted to an impeachment of the methods of keeping the books and accounts, and of the honesty of the subordinates intrusted with the purchase of paper and with the oversight of the manufacturing department. They did not involve the moral integrity of the senior Agent so much as his business capacity. After much discussion, the entire matter was referred to a special committee of one from each delegation. This committee did not report until near the close of the session. A statement of the method of procedure showed that they had gone systematically and thoroughly into the investigation of the question submitted to them, and their finding was therefore accepted without question by the entire Church. They found that there had been business improprieties in the printing department and frauds in the bindery, and that, in the past, the checks upon subordinates in these departments had not been sufficiently stringent; but they fully exonerated the Agents from any complicity in the fraudulent transactions.

One of the first items of business coming before the General Conference is the appointment of the Standing Committees. These include within their scope all business ordinarily coming before the body. It is customary to constitute them by the appointment of one member from each delegation. As the number of delegations is constantly increasing, these committees are now as large as an ordinary Annual Conference. They organize by the election, from their own number, of a president and secretary, and these positions are deemed posts of responsibility and honor. At this General Conference Dr. Haven was elected chairman of the Committee on Revisals, and Dr. F. S. Hoyt, secretary. A large number of memorials and resolutions always come before this committee, but fortunately for the peace and stability of the Church, most of them are never heard of more. The present session was no exception to the general rule. But, as usual, the reports of the

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committee recommended few changes, and the Discipline of the Church came out of another ordeal unharmed.

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As has been said before, the death of such an unusual number of the youngest and most vigorous Bishops of the Board rendered it certain that an unusually large number of new Bishops must be elected. From the beginning of the session this question divided the interest with every other. During every quadrennium an indefinite number of ministers, in the early maturity of their powers, will rise from the ranks into such prominence, on account of the strength and quality of their mental and moral endowments and attainments, as to gain the attention of the general Church. Out of this number it is customary to select the Bishops.

The question of locality sometimes exerts a strong influence in the elections, and at this time doubtless promoted some who might otherwise have failed of an election. Among the names most prominently mentioned in all sections of the Church was that of Dr. E. O. Haven. His earlier manhood had been spent in New England; his later in the great North-west. As a professor and then a successful principal of Amenia Seminary in a most illustrious succession, as a prominent pastor in New York city, and as editor of "Zion's Herald," he had gained the confidence and regard of the East; while his career in Michigan University, and later at the head of the North-western University, had greatly endeared him to the Church in that important section. But New England centered its vote on the brilliant and versatile editor of "Zion's Herald," and the North-west divided its influence between Dr. E. O. Haven and two other strong men and prominent candidates; and when the list of Bishops was filled out, Dr. E. O. Haven's name was not in the number.

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That the unexpected result was a source of some disappointment, both to himself and his friends, cannot be doubted. Yet his correspondence shows that he accepted the result as providential, and one of his last expressions on that subject to the writer was of satisfaction

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that he had never permitted himself to harbor feelings of discontent under the temporary disappointments of the past.

It was during this General Conference that provision was made for the election of a Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education. When the question of selecting an incumbent for the office arose, all eyes turned to Dr. Haven. His ripe scholarship, large and varied experience, and well-known organizing power, recommended him so strongly for the place that he was elected by acclamation.

The General Conference of 1876 was to have met in St. Louis; but, "for satisfactory reasons," the place of meeting was changed to Baltimore, where the body convened on the first day of May. Dr. Haven, now Chancellor of Syracuse University, as well as Secretary of the Board of Education, was in the list of delegates from the Central New York Conference. On the organization of the standing committees he was elected chairman of the Committee on Education, and, at a later period of the session, chairman of the special Committee on Centennial Observances. This latter committee was constituted in response to a special communication from the Bishops recommending that steps be taken for the proper religious observance of the approaching National Centennial. The Address of the Bishops referred in suitable terms to the death, during the quadrennium, of Thomas A. Morris, their senior colleague; of 246 John Wright Roberts, missionary Bishop for Africa; Thomas M. Eddy, Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Nelson E. Cobleigh, editor of the *Methodist Advocate*, at Atlanta, Ga.; and of D. D. Lore, editor of the "*Northern Christian Advocate*."

The leading interest in the Conference centered in the presiding eldership, and embraced two distinct questions. Whether the Annual Conferences should be permitted to determine the number of districts, and whether the presiding eldership should be rendered elective. The discussions of these questions in the Church periodicals previous to the meeting of the Conference had been general and able, and a large number of the Annual Conferences had taken action thereon. Indeed, the Church had been passing through one

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of those periodical excitements upon this issue which have attended the office from its inception.

When Methodism originated in the United States, and began extending its conquests among the primitive people, it was destitute of an educated ministry or the means of providing one. The founders of the Church, therefore, after the example of John Wesley, their great head, in Great Britain, laid their hands upon such of their converts as appeared, by gifts, grace, and usefulness, to be called of God to the work of the ministry, and thrust them into the itinerant work. Soon afterward, owing to the progress of the Revolutionary War, all the older English preachers, save Asbury, returned to the mother country. The result was that the responsibility of feeding the flock of Christ devolved upon young and, generally, upon unordained men. When the Church was organized, in 1784, of the 247 eighty-three traveling preachers only about thirty had been in the work five years, and many of these were of limited education.

At the request of Mr. Wesley, ordination was restricted to those best qualified, and of these only a sufficient number to travel over large districts and administer the sacraments were to be selected. In accordance with this policy, twelve elders were ordained, and, after being tried for one year and approved, they were invested with all the powers of the Superintendent within their respective districts. At first they were known only as elders. In 1789 they appear in the Discipline as presiding elders.

From this it will be seen that the presiding eldership, like the itinerancy and class-meeting, had its origin in the exigency of the times, and, like them, had become a part of the Church organism. Though the statement is sometimes heard that the office is superfluous, and propositions are occasionally made to abolish it altogether, those who sought to effect a change in the office in this General Conference did not go to that extreme. It appears, both from the minority and majority reports of the Committee on the Itinerancy, that twenty-seven Annual and twelve Lay Electoral Conferences had petitioned for some change in the presiding eldership; that eighteen Annual and eight Lay Electoral Conferences had

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protested against any change, and that thirty-five Annual Conferences had not spoken. The report of the minority adds, that those favoring modification were represented in the General Conference by one hundred and five delegates, and those opposing, by forty-four delegates.

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The general desires of the petitioners were summarized under two heads: That the Annual Conference should be permitted to determine the number of districts within its limits, and that the presiding elders should be appointed by the Bishops on the nomination of the Conference. Other objects were embraced in some of the petitions: as, that the presiding elders should constitute an advisory council in making the appointments, and possess a veto power in the cabinet; but these modifications were not generally desired. The report of the minority of the Committee on the Itinerancy recommendation that the presiding elders be appointed by the Bishops on the nomination of a majority of the Annual Conferences; and that the Conferences be permitted to determine the number of the districts within their bounds. This report was defeated by a vote of 195 to 123. The report of the majority was never reached, but the Bishops were finally instructed to submit to the Annual Conferences the question of so far suspending the "third Restrictive Rule as to permit the modification of the plan of our itinerant general Superintendency" so as to allow the Conferences to determine the number of district within their bounds. At the ensuing session of the General Conference the Bishops reported that they had complied with the instructions, and that they Annual Conferences had voted 1,338 for, and 4,445 against, the suspension.

When it is remembered that during the preceding quadrennium so large a majority of the Annual Conferences appeared to favor some modification of the presiding eldership, this overwhelming majority against the suspension of the third Restrictive Rule requires explanation. The explanation 249 is found in the fact that this large negative vote embraces two classes entertaining widely divergent views: one, composed of those who opposed any modification of the presiding eldership; the other, of those who favored

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some modifications, but held that these would not affect the “plan of out itinerant general Superintendency.”

Chancellor Haven was elected to the General Conference of 1880 from the Central New York Conference. The main interest of this session centered in the elections.

The Bishops called attention in their address to the fact that three of their number, Bishop Janes, Ames, and Haven, had died during the quadrennium. Dr. Reuben Nelson, also, Senior Book Agent at New York, and Dr. R. L. Dashiell, Secretary of the Missionary Society, had passed away. These deaths left vacancies in the episcopal ranks, as well as the other general offices of the Church, to be filled by elections.

In the organization of the standing committees, Chancellor Haven was again elected chairman of the Committee on Education.

The Committee on the Episcopacy reported in favor of the election of four additional Bishops, to fill the places of those who had died.

On the first ballot Drs. H. W. Warren, C. D. Foss, and J. F. Hurst were elected, and on the third, Chancellor E. O. Haven. No previous election to this high office ever gave more general satisfaction to the Church than the present. All the Bishops-elect were men of acknowledged ability and fine attainments, and all, save Bishop Haven, in the prime of life.

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CHAPTER XIV. EPISCOPAL WORK IN THE EAST AND SOUTH.

It will be of interest to note the feelings with which Chancellor Haven viewed his election to the high office which crowned his career. That this was a matter of some thought and occasional remark on his part his most intimate friends bear witness. Writing to his family from Baltimore, during the Conference of 1876, he says:

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“There is an immense amount of talk about the officers. Some favor an early election. A great pressure is brought to bear on me to refuse to run—on account of Syracuse. Others say I must be a candidate. I have to changed my mind. I shall do nothing about it.”

This may be accepted as his uniform position. He did not seek office; he did not decline it when offered. He committed his ways unto God. Hence his election to the Episcopacy neither unduly elated nor agitated him. His letters from Cincinnati previous to his election do not even mention the subject. May 4, the second day of the session, he writes to Mrs. Haven:

My Dear Wife : It is now Tuesday evening and the work of the day is over, and though I have not yet received any news from you I will write a few words. As usual, work accumulates, but the Lord gives me health, and I am enjoying myself much. The good lady thinks I do not look strong enough, and she is feeding me well and giving me cinchona and iron. I open my mouth and ask no questions, and it does not seem to hurt me. I have just been elected chairman of the Committee on Education, which is the second time I have received that high honor. Dr. Hemenway, of Evanston, is secretary of the Committee.

I think of you at Purdy, and fancy and hope that you are resting, and will enjoy this visit to your old home very much. Tell mother and Electa and Phœbe that I love them all, and hope soon to see them.

His first letter after the election is to Mrs. Haven. May 12, he writes:

My Dear Wife: No doubt before you receive this you will have seen in the papers that I was elected a Bishop this P.M. I have taken Bishop Peck's place as the youngest of the Board. It is all right, I suppose. Do not grieve over it. If we have to go to Atlanta we shall have a comfortable home, and no doubt the hand of the Lord is in it. Affectionately, E.O.H.

But his letter two days later is the most interesting and characteristic:

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Cincinnati, O., *May 14, 1880.*

My Dear Wife: I have received one letter only from you yet. I remember eight years ago, when you thought I was disappointed, how very kindly you wrote that I would be welcomed at home. It was a genuine expression and it touched my heart, though I have never mentioned it even to you. Now congratulations are reaching me from all parts of the country. How strangely Providence deals with us. Then my prayer was, that the Lord would not allow office to be given me unless it was best. This has been my prayer, too, all through this Conference. How glad I am that I have never felt a rebellious disposition. Now a new load is upon us, but the Lord will sustain and guide us. I am assured that the Church is pleased. Let us be humble and seek only the glory of God.

It is all uncertain where we shall be called to go. It is thought that Des Moines, Iowa, San Francisco, St. Paul, and Atlanta, will be the residences of the new Bishops. I must take the one that is 252 left. I tell the Bishops that after all have chosen their places I shall serenely survey the field and take the spot that is left. All are pleasant, and any one will be good. We shall find a pleasant home somewhere. I will keep you informed. I trust you are well. It would please me to have you here next Wednesday to see the consecration, but I do not think you desire the excitement of the travel. I trust you will be able to take some journeys with me by and by....

Love to all the family and friends. Dr. Woodruff stands his labors well. Affectionately,
E.O.H.

Another letter of the same date as the last, and addressed to Professor and Mrs. Moss, his daughter and son-in-law, is pervaded by the same spirit:

Cincinnati, O., *May 14, 1880.*

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Dear Professor and Professoress! Do not think I write too often, though I have but little to say. ... Of course, I am very busy, socially and otherwise. I receive many congratulations from pastors and people far apart.

It is thought here that the Church is well satisfied with the choice of Bishops. It was not generally expected that the choice would include me, but some of my former students, and two or three other friends, did fairly urge the members to vote for me. I took no part in it. I only desire now to have strength and grace to spend the remnant of my life so as to do the most good possible. I hope to see you this summer. Of course I am at sea. When matters shape themselves I will let you know. I am delighted to hear you are well, and hope you will be spared to see Nita a mother, and well advanced old lady! Affectionately, E.O.H.

The places of residence of the newly appointed Bishops were not finally assigned until near the close of the General Conference. Immediately afterward he wrote to Mrs. Haven:

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Our home is fixed—San Francisco. Do not be unhappy. It is a large city. Our family will, perhaps, gather around us. At any rate it is settled, and I think a good Providence has done it.

Immediately after the close of the General Conference in Cincinnati, Bishop Haven returned to Syracuse for the purpose of closing his connection with the university there, and to prepare for the work of his new field. An enthusiastic reception was tendered him by the citizens on his return, at which, he says, in a letter to Mrs. Haven, "They piled the eulogy on me as though I was dead."

It was the privilege of the writer to accompany him when he appeared at prayers in the university chapel for the first time after his return, and to witness the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by the students. It was evident that he had full command of the hearts of all under his instruction here, as every-where else in his educational work.

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These duties discharged, we presently follow him to Thousand Islands Park, a beautiful summer resort in the St. Lawrence River, attending the annual session of a Scientific Conference, of which he was president.

And that we may see how many-sided he was, how many interests he touched and guided, it may be well to pause here and give to this Conference more than passing notice. The scheme of the Thousand Islands Park had originated in the active and fertile brain of a minister of the Gospel, Rev. J. F. Dayan, laid by from his work for the time being on account of ill-health. Its aim is well set forth in one of its first circulars:

First. To obtain in one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River a sufficiently large tract of land, to enable families to 254 secure good, pleasant lots for cottages or tents, where they can spend a portion of the summer in a beautiful, cool, and salubrious place, free from the frivolities and extravagances of fashionable watering-places.

Second. To secure to the people while there profitable religious privileges, and to protect the place by proper regulations from all abuses.

Third. To hold, every summer, two or more camp-meetings for special religious worship and instruction.

One of the by-laws requires that, "The property and grounds of this Association shall be controlled sacredly in the interest of the holy Sabbath. There shall be no admission to its grounds, nor travel to or from its shores upon Sunday."

Of this association Chancellor Haven had been elected president in 1875, and annual sessions of growing interest had been held every year since. The programme for 1877 may be taken as an index of the practical working of the organization. It included a camp-meeting from July 18 to 29, inclusive; an International Christian Temperance Camp-meeting from August 1 to 6, inclusive; an Æsthetic and Scientific Conference from August

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10 to 16, inclusive; and a Sunday-school Parliament from August 21 to 31, inclusive. And all of this during vacation.

At the close of the present session, the watch which he had lost in Naples, while in the crowd witnessing the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, was replaced by another, of which event a letter to Mrs. Haven contains the best account. He says:

Last night the Scientific Conference closed, and to-day I am free from that care. The meetings, from the beginning, have been better 255 attended than ever before. Last night Dr. Brown, of Syracuse, exhibited and explained microscopic pictures in the screen, and pleased the people well. At the close, just as they were about to retire, Dr. Draper arose and halted them—a large audience—and proceeded to make a speech. I thought he intended to move a vote of thanks to the speakers, but he proceeded to address me, and presented me, from the friends at the park, a fine gold watch. ... So you see I was not permitted to be watchless long.

His first Conference was the Central German, and was held in Cleveland, Ohio. It closed August 30, and in a letter to Mrs. Haven, the day following, he speaks of having held his first session and read off the appointments for the first time. Then followed the Erie Conference at Corry, Pa., September 22; the Kentucky Conference at Hardensburgh, Ky., October 6; the Holston Conference at Greenville, Tenn., October 20; the Austin Conference at Dallas, Texas, November 18; the South German Conference at Waco, Texas, November 25; the West Texas Conference of Austin, Texas, December 1; and the Texas Conference at Houston, Texas, December 8.

His correspondence contains only incidental references to the Erie Conference session. But the German work in the United States interested him deeply, and his observation thereon are worthy of permanent record. In a published letter he says:

The Central German Conference has just closed an extraordinarily interesting annual session in Cleveland, Ohio. This Conference is appropriately denominated Central, not

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only from its situation, embracing Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and stations in Kentucky, Missouri, West Virginia, and Illinois, but because it includes also the spot, Cincinnati, and the central man, Dr. Mast, where and in whom 256 the German portion of the Methodist Episcopal Church had its origin. The man still lives in full vigor who used to pray that God would raise up one presiding elder's district of Germans; and when that was granted, that he might live to see, at least, one Conference. That, too, was granted; and now there are many Conference, many thousands of members, and the work still goes on.

One day of the Conference session was devoted to a visit to the German Wallace College and the German Methodist Orphan Asylum in Berea, Ohio, only a few miles from Cleveland. The whole Conference went in a body, and discussed and adopted their educational report in the presence of their college. A sister institution, the Baldwin University, under the direction of English-speaking Methodists, is happily situated in the same village, and the two, by interchange of work, are practically one. Both together are slowly but surely growing into great usefulness. Without doubt, both obtaining some endowment, and enlarging and improving their buildings from time to time, a prosperous future is certain.

The German Orphan Asylum is the oldest institution of the kind—(is it not the only of the kind?)—in American Methodism. The Wesleyans of England have an Orphan Asylum in London, scarcely, if any, older than this. This German Methodist Orphan Asylum is, where it ought to be, in a country village, consisting of a plain, economical building, and some twenty acres of good orchard and garden land. Here are about half a hundred orphans or half-orphans, who find, what otherwise they would not have a good home, religious and literary instruction, and a proper training in labor. Many in the neighborhood make contributions to it in provisions, the ladies of the German Churches frequently send in clothing, and the pecuniary expense of sustaining the asylum is marvelously cheap, and chiefly borne by contribution in the churches. The fat and ruddy cheeks and the bright and intelligent faces of the children and youth spoke well for their keeping and treatment.

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I have no doubt that such asylums are needed, and that for the want of them American Methodists are losing great opportunities for good.

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Another peculiar feature of the German Conference is the provision made to meet the traveling expenses of the members. As they come from such great distances, attendance would be extremely expensive and practically impossible to many of them, unless it was borne by a common fund, to which the congregation, also, are expected to contribute.

All the collections are usually taken, and the Conference contributes a handsome surplus to the missionary treasury over and above what it receives. A judiciously distributed increase of appropriations to our Home Missions will greatly increase the net income of our Missionary Society for foreign work. It is a ruinous economy to cut off appropriations to our home work, provided only that the expenditures are judiciously and systematically made. They are so made in the German work.

We think, however, that we detect a little too much inclination among our German brethren to be satisfied with present attainments. There is scarcely enough new missionary work to keep up the character of former days. Are there not yet new fields to be occupied? Are there not more young men called of God to the ministry? And are they not willing, like their fathers, to press into the regions beyond?

There is always an heroic age in every new development of Christian life—the age when enthusiasm is strong, and the hope of immediate victory lead to large results. Then comes an age of new difficulties and more patient toil. American Methodism has reached this second stage. The German Conferences are coming more lately into it. Now is the time for “the second breath” of the struggle. Now is the time when hardihood and perseverance will be put to the test. In this we are confident our German brethren will not fail.

When he crossed into Kentucky all of his fine observing powers were on the alert. He was now in the South, about which he had thought so much as a Christian philanthropist, and

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written so much as an editor. This State had 258 been the bloody ground of the Indians before its settlement by the whites; it had been a battle-ground of ideas when the church was rent asunder in 1844, and it had been one of the battle-grounds of the Republic during the struggle for national supremacy. He at once took in the difficulties of the situation, and admired the heroes who occupied the high places of the field. Hear Him:

It is a delicate matter to write a letter about plans and persons unless it be wholly of a eulogistic character, and with a plenty of color in the brush. The shadows can be thrown in by way of describing historical characters, like the Pharisees, or those who have no friends hereabout, like the Mormons. Every region hears its own praises sung. Of course all Kentuckians, and all who have visited this State, know of its Ohio River skirting its north-west border; of its mountainous region with its primitive rusticity; of its famous blue-grass country, where the best in the grass in the world grows in the greatest natural abundance; of its Mammoth Cave; of its great diversity of soil, and of its early perfect climate, except in the hottest part of summer—when, it must be acknowledged, it is rather warm! But this magnificent autumn—could Paradise itself be better! Kentucky, too, is rapidly coming forward in the race. The new census shows an increase in population and wealth, greater in the average than some of the neighboring Northern States—and there is no stuffing or doctoring of the figures here. Some Northerners seem to be strangely surprised that the States which were once slave, and are now free, are advancing. Why should they not advance? Kentucky, particularly, feels a new life flowing in her veins and tingling in her nerves. It has not reached its maximum, but it is far ahead of the olden times. Railroads are being built, and new industries are springing up. All the Southern States will, probably soon, rapidly advance in population and wealth.

Methodism here has peculiar difficulties to encounter and master. It is divided. We have here the Methodist Episcopal Church and 259 the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. When the division took place, in 1844, a large part of the ministers and people of the old Church were dragooned into—division. Some went heartily. A small remnant would not go at all, but the most of these last emigrated from the State, or at least withdrew from

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the new Church, now called the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. By and by the Old Methodist Episcopal Church was re-established, but how feebly at first! Many of the old members had died. The Church was without property, without an organization. One by one a few fathers returned, and the work has now grown so that I have just had the pleasure of appointing nearly a hundred preachers, the most of them to circuits each embracing several preaching places. The Conference has about twenty thousand members, and two hundred houses of worship, nearly all of which have been obtained within the last fifteen years.

Among the Conference is a good proportion of aged men, and these, of course, have mostly spent a portion of their lives in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Among them is Rev. H. J. Perry, a native Kentuckian, who a year ago preached a semi-centennial sermon, and has just received his fifty-second appointment as a preacher, though the first two were received from the presiding elder. His first genuine Conference appointment was in 1830. A fine specimen of physical manhood, being about six feet and two inches tall, well proportioned, and as erect now as in 1830, he is also in full mental vigor, and nothing delights the Conference more than to be led by him in prayer and praise. Another, who is still a presiding elder, Rev. J. G. Bruce, was invited, at the Conference held in March, 1880, to prepare a semi-centennial sermon for the ensuing Conference, but at the late session, which came only six months after the preceding, (the Conference being changed from spring to fall,) he refused, stating that he lacked a few weeks of being a semi-centenarian in the ministry, and did not wish to be "born out of due time." Whereupon the Conference renewed the invitation, it being the first instance under my notice of a person's being invited twice to preach a semi-centennial sermon.

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That this small Conference should have two healthy, vigorous men who have passed or reached the fiftieth year in the effective ministry, without break or loss, seems to me noteworthy, especially when I observed, four years ago, that there was not, at that time, a

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single instance of the kind in the entire British Wesleyan Conference. Kentucky is evidently a healthful State.

We have here another fine specimen of vigorous old age in Rev. R. G. Gardiner, born in old England, and who entered the old Kentucky Conference in 1836. A better specimen of vigorous longevity could not be found in England or America—showing that change of climate has exerted in this instance no deleterious effect. Brother Gardiner, now in his seventy-fifth year, thinks nothing of mounting his horse in the old style—still practiced here—and riding off his forty miles a day, and more, too, if necessary, on his circuit work. He has had, indeed, a various experience. For many years the proprietor of a large ladies' school, which was attended by the best families of the South, he became widely known; and it was also known that he was not, and from principle would not be, a slave-holder. He did, indeed, buy one local preacher at auction for \$400, but it was to tell him that from that time forward he was free. The colored brother earned and returned the money. Such a man could not be concealed. When the war broke out he was on hand—hunted, persecuted, almost killed—he finally enlisted as a chaplain, served honorably, and has returned to enjoy the respect of all classes and parties as a true and honest man.

The members of the Kentucky Conference have much primitive work to do. Many of the circuits are large, and the pay in money is not high. It is no place for button-hole-bouquet preachers. It is a place for men of piety and good sound sense, who are not afraid of work. But they will have enough to eat and wear, and I verily believe, if they will persevere in it, will have useful and happy lives, and see the cause of God greatly advance under their ministrations. There are some young men here who have enjoyed the advantages of our colleges, and one or two from our theological seminaries, and 261 they are willing, too, to take the hardest work! They have asked from me no favors. God bless them! There is a grand future before them. And so, too, of their brothers who have not enjoyed their advantages, but who have now about as good opportunities as the most of Wesley's

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earliest helpers. Let them resolve rapidly to raise the standard of the ministry in the State. We do not pity, but almost envy, them.

It would be unfair not to state that Methodism in Kentucky meets with some difficulties unknown, or much less felt, in the more northern States. The lack of good churches, the greater number of illiterate preachers in some other denominations who lower the standard of the ministry, the remnant of the blighting effect of an institution which always leaves its mark for a generation; all call for earnestness, for heroism, for perseverance, and for the highest qualities in the preachers of our Church.

We are peculiarly fortunate in having many faithful enterprising laymen in this Conference. It will not be considered invidious if we mention two who were, indeed, both complimented and thanked by the Conference in a special resolution—Benjamin P. Tevis, M. D., of Shelbyville, and Amos Shinkle, Esq., of Covington. Dr. Tevis is one of the native lay-fathers of the Conference, a man of intelligence, scholarship, and energy, who has voluntarily attended every session of the revived Kentucky Annual Conference, and given all of his influence to the cause.

Mr. Shinkle has been a member of three successive General Conferences, and one of the most active members, too. He consecrates himself and substance to doing good. Under his leadership, and by means that he can command, many a member of the Conference is enabled to continue in his work. It would scarcely be wise to hint how much he does for Kentucky. Among other things, by his advice, the Kentucky Conference has organized a Preachers' Relief Society, of which all the preachers are members, and to which all are expected to pay only one dollar a year. From some mysterious fountain—inside or outside of the Mammoth Cave—a monthly stipend 262 of considerable magnitude finds its way into the treasury, so that now, though less than three years old, it has a fund of nearly \$4,000! Brother Shinkle thinks it will yet be \$40,000, and who has a better right to think whatever he pleases than he? Some free thought is commendable. I was present at a meeting where the people paid to the fund about \$200, but when the money was counted

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it turned out about a thousand. I thought they must have strange banking in Kentucky! The object of this was to induce the hardworking Kentucky Methodist preachers to give themselves wholly to the work of their high calling, and not to speculate in petroleum, coal, or brine, or any other products of their State, and to feel that if they are in want in their old age they will not be allowed to suffer.

The missionary money used in the Kentucky Conference is well expended.

Few know that the first Methodist college degrees were conferred in Kentucky. That was even so. Bishop Asbury and his coadjutors were interested in education in Kentucky before the nineteenth century had begun. Write to Rev. Daniel Stevenson, D.D., Principal of Bracken Academy, at Augusta, Ky., formerly the seat of Augusta College, and you will learn about it. E. O. H.

Hardinsburg, Ky., *October 5*, 1880.

After a brief visit to Greenville, Tenn., to hold the Holston Conference, he returned to New York to attend a meeting of the Bishops, and then started upon an extended tour in the South-west to hold the four Texas Conferences. One of his letters written during this journey will indicate the spirit with which he was conducting his episcopal work:

Hempstead, Texas, *November 23*, 1880.

Dear Wife: You would be surprised could you see me now, in a dining-room of a small hotel where I stopped last night. Brother Moss wished to see a church a little off my track, and therefore we separated yesterday morning, he to come by another route and meet me probably to-morrow. I traveled over about two hundred miles of the roughest railway I ever saw, yesterday. We left one broken rail behind us, but happily, the train passed over without wreck. Arriving after dark, I went to the "City Hotel," a little partly one story and partly two story wooden shanty just by the railroad, the best in the place. After a good supper I was taken to my room, a small inclosure over the dining-room, about eight

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by ten feet, with two windows rattling in the storm. The furniture was one small table, a ticking clock, a wash-stand, with bowl and pitcher, a bed that would cost about five dollars—one broken chair, all lighted up with a tallow candle on a small brass candlestick. To crown all, the door-lock had no key. I asked the hotel keeper to find me a key, which he did, and then, having locked the door and fastened the noisiest window with my knife, I commended myself and family to God, disrobed partially and “plunged in”—“all accoutered as I was.” Pretty soon the window began to rattle, my knife having fallen. I found it in the dark, reconstructed the rebel sash, and resumed by recumbent posture. I heard a few trains pass in the night, but did not really notice them, and was soon surprised to hear a clock strike five. Thus I had slept soundly from nine to five.

I shall soon start for Brenham, about forty miles away, I believe, there to meet the German Conference. Would you believe it, my oldest brother, Claudius, died only a few miles from this spot. You can scarcely imagine what feelings it produces in me. If the Lord will, I shall visit his grave before I leave this part of the State. I have a severe cold, but it is getting better. I feel strong and safe in the hands of the good Lord. Ever yours, E. O. H.

Houston, Texas, *December*, 14, 1880.

My dear Wife and Family: We have taken an early start this morning to give Brother Moss time to reach the railway in season for the early train for the North. He has just started homeward. He will probably call at Bloomington and be with his family at Elmira before you read this. He has been a pleasant and useful companion 264 to me, not only doing all he could for my comfort on the road, but doing most effective work in the Conferences. His visits and addresses to the Conferences have accomplished much for the Church Extension and Freedman's Aid Societies. He has also preached every Sunday but one, and seems to have been much interested. I shall feel lonely for a few days without him.

Last evening Brother Moss and I attended a family party at Colonel Tracy's, in this place. The colonel was, I think, forty-eight yesterday, his wife forty-four, and yet there were four

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of five grandchildren present, besides their own parents, the great-grandparents of the little ones. It wa a very pleasant time. The entertainment was good—the people originally from the North.

I preached to an immense congregation on Sunday in a new church, not yet dedicated. Perhaps one-twentieth of the congregation were whites—the rest colored, of all shades. They had a good choir, and the services were impressive.

They listened with great attention to my discourse, and all seemed to be pleased, and I hope were profited. These people, all above the age of sixteen, have been slaves; and the young people are children of slaves or freedmen. Yet many of them now can read, and they are well dressed and well behaved. Our work among them is marvelous. I am anticipating a pleasant time at Evanston. Love to all.

E. O. H.

A striking entry appears in his Diary of December 8, while at Houston, attending a session of the Texas Conference:

I have been talking with Brother Malloy, white, presiding elder. He, a native Southerner, I think, long before the war espoused the cause of the down-trodden negro. He has been hunted and shot at many a time. His life has been wonderfully spared. For years at a time no white man or woman would call at his house, or give him a friendly salutation, except when he occasionally met one believing like himself. His wife was cut off from all white society. In the 265 meantime he was visiting the negroes in their cabins, praying and conversing, preaching in their humble churches on the Sabbath, establishing Sunday-schools and day-schools, baptizing the children and converts, and burying their dead. At one time \$600 of trust money, more than a year's salary, placed in his hands to aid in building churches, was deposited in a bank; and through the defalcation of an officer he lost every dollar of it. Instead of calling on the society to make good the loss, he saved it out of his small earnings, and, in the course of six years, returned every dollar of it. Now,

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was not such a man miserable? How could he be otherwise? But he said to me: "The most of the time feel like one of the these Southern mocking-birds, or like a bobolink pouring out its life in song." He was so full of Christian joy that he could scarce refrain from open vocal exultation. Well, how to be happy is not so great a problem after all, if one will but be convinced by facts.

Rev. Charles T. Moss, referred to in the preceding letters, is the father of Professor C. M. Moss, Bishop Haven's son-in-law. He has contributed a sketch of this trip among the Texas Conferences, which the reader will find full of interest:

Several months had elapsed from the time of the election of Dr. Haven to the Episcopacy when I joined him at Bloomington, Ill., at the residence of our children. In the ordinary way of speaking, he was a "new man" in the work, and one would naturally look for some things to justify the use of that term in his case. The facts, however, afforded no occasion for such a thought. Indeed, in conversations very soon after the close of the General Conference, and in regard to the very perplexing state of things which had arisen in western New York respecting the change in Conference boundaries, it was very clearly shown that no mistake had been made in the choice of this man for the great responsibilities belonging to his new position. In the meantime he had presided at the session of a Conference in Tennessee, and also at the Erie Conference. At both of 266 these sessions grave question had sprung up. In the case of the Conference in Tennessee, the matter of the division of that body on "the color line" had been considered. The Bishop looked upon a division of our work in the South with more favor than I had anticipated. Having known of him as the old-time editor of "Zion's Herald," and champion of the cause of human freedom, I expected to find in him more of pronounced advocacy of the cause of the colored people than appeared on the surface. Further acquaintance and observation gave a more correct view of his opinions in the case.

Our journey southward proved to be very interesting. A brief stay in St. Louis afforded opportunity to see something of the city and of its attractions, and then we sped on our

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way. But it was evident that, quiet as he was in his way, the Bishop was fully possessed with the spirit of this great work. He had not needed an apprenticeship of years to awaken this within him. His eyes were open, his senses and perceptions on the alert to catch impressions. His questionings and conversations, as I soon learned to see and know, were all being turned to one great purpose. He was constantly gathering material for use in the work before him. Plans for the spread of the Church, for the building of its institutions, for the advancement of the cause of education, were forming in his mind. He thought and talked and planned for the *future*. It appeared to open before him in wonderful breadth and fullness, and he seemed to be inspired with the idea of providing for it and its needs almost as if its character and outcome depended upon his own personal efforts.

But while all this was observable quite clear that it was not in new lines that he was thinking and devising. He had been in the South before, and had studied what he had not saw. The vast breadth of information he possessed, and which has ben so frequently mentioned in other connections, was strikingly exemplified in many ways. The climate, the soil, agricultural and other products; the running out of vast lines of railways, with the financial and commercial interests involved, and the effects that were to be produced in law, custom, and society, had all been familiar subjects 267 of study or thought with him, and he never hesitated in the expression of views on any of these of their associate themes of interest.

At the session of the Austin Conference, in Dallas, several topics of general interest came under notice. The Conference was not large in point of numbers, but in it were men who were bearing the burden and heat of the day most heroically. The Bishop was at home with them at once. In a few minutes all were at their ease in his presence and society, for they found in him an appreciative friend and leader. Addressing the candidates for ordination, he said to them, and through them, to the Conference: "If I were a member of this Conference I would be a Texan. We are here in our own country doing our own work. You must be in sympathy with the people *here*. You are not to build up a *Northern* Church. Our Church is the Church, not of a section, but of the *nation*. You must be of the people

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and with the people. Let them understand that you are here, and here to stay; that you propose to live and die with them. Be faithful to your work and duty, but be faithful to this land where you live and labor. If I were with you I would interest myself for the welfare of Texas; seek the prosperity of *Texas*; I would *swear by Texas*! “ And at that there were tears and smiles and shouts by preachers and people. I have given his thoughts in this, and almost his exact words. “I would swear by Texas” is *verbatim*.

The North-west Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was in session at the same time in Dallas. A memorial service in the case of Bishop Doggett, of that Church, then recently deceased, was held in their Conference-room on Sunday afternoon. Fraternal messages had been exchanged, and the presiding Bishop of the Conference had very plainly intimated to the Austin Conference delegation that the Church “South” was able to care for that territory alone. Nevertheless, an invitation came to the Bishop to attend and take part in the memorial service, to which he cheerfully responded, and, as requested, led in prayer, and delivered a 268 brief address of sympathy. Most of the preachers seemed pleased by this action; a few were suspected of feeling otherwise. But, in this matter Bishop Haven only acted in harmony with his own convictions in the case, for, while loving his own Church intensely, his nature would not tolerate any other than the broadcast feelings of Christian sympathy toward the brethren of our sister Church. In several social interviews, arranged by prominent citizens and members of the Church “South,” the charm of his presence was felt, and became the subject of conversation.

Every interest connected with the work of the Conference received the most careful and deliberate attention; nothing was left undone. The Bishop talked and preached to the people in public, much to their gratification and encouragement. The preachers went out to their work comforted, strengthened, and inspired; and all of them expressing their high appreciation of his labors among them.

From Dallas the work called the Bishop to Brenham, the seat of the session of the Southern German Conference. Having to make a detour by the way of Palestine, to

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look after some Church interests there, we parted, and when I arrived at Brenham the Conference had held its first session. Among the German preachers I found the same sentiments in regard to the Bishop as had prevailed among those of the Austin Conference. They were charmed by the simplicity of his manner; delighted that he could talk to them in their native tongue, and had already learned that he knew, or would soon know, every phase of the work of the Conference.

Some twenty miles away there was an obscure country cemetery, in which, close by the grave of Martin Ruter, was the spot where, many years before, the oldest brother of the Bishop had been buried. He had cherished the purpose to visit the spot; had spoken of it on several occasions, and began to plan for the journey. But the roads were rendered almost or quite impassable by mud. The session of another Conference was at hand, and very sadly and reluctantly the project was surrendered. Duty called, and he responded, but it cost him the forfeiture of a hope tenderly cherished through long years, and, as it seemed, on the eve of realization.

During our stay in Brenham the weather was very unfavorable, and the mud in the streets terrible. Of course, this interfered much with Conference interests in the line of public services. Nevertheless many availed themselves of the opportunity to see and hear the Bishop. A very cordial invitation came from Rev. Dr. Mitchell, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and arrangements were set on foot for the Bishop to preach in the church, then not finished, but the plan fell through by reason of the storm and mud. A very pleasant social hour was passed at the home of Dr. M., however, where the Bishop was invited to dinner. His presence left a very grateful impression with the family.

From Brenham we went to Austin, the seat of the West Texas Conference. This body is composed almost entirely of colored men, and the few white men who remain in it do so at a cost little understood. The days of slavery are past, but caste reigns. The lady who became our hostess was the step-daughter of a deceased Bishop of our own Church. Her birthplace was in the North-west. Her husband was an ex-Union army officer, born in New

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Hampshire. He was also an ex-United States marshal, and carried an empty sleeve on his coat, for he had been shot down in the street in Austin in a political faction fight. Yet, with all these facts in the case, it was only after hours of thought and conflict of mind that this lady concluded to entertain us. Wherefore? For the all-powerful reason that the Bishop was to preside in, and I to attend and affiliate with, a “nigger” Conference! Her heart was right, but public sentiment was so full of the caste feeling that she hardly dared run the risk of social ostracism by following her own wishes and feeling in the case. However, the Bishop found there a splendid home, and the work of the Conference was begun and ended in peace.

At this Conference session occasion came more than once for the exhibition of the best qualities of the presiding officer. Mild and genial as he usually was, the Bishop could be firm as a rock when 270 occasion demanded the use of that quality. One brother had become somewhat unruly, and there was quite a little stir in the body when the Bishop sprang to his feet and called:

“Brethren will please come to order!”

“Bishop, I move—”

“No motions are in order,” exclaimed the Bishop, “until we can have quiet.”

“But, Bishop, I want to—”

” Sit down, sir!” came sharp and quick. “No motion of any kind will be entertained until all the brethren are seated and perfect order prevails.”

In a moment all was still. The brethren had learned to know the loving, sympathizing *brother* before; and now they knew that a *Bishop* was in the chair.

When the close of the Conference came every man had learned to love and revere him. They begged him to come again. But, alas! none of us knew that his first visit to the

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Conference was also to be his last. Since then some of its members have died safely and well, and have gone to join the departed leader where caste is unknown.

From this Conference we went to the session of the Texas Conference, held in Houston. It consists also, almost entirely, of colored men. In a few years nearly one-third of the entire body had been changed. The older class of preachers who had received their training on plantations in the days of slavery were disappearing, and a large class of young men, better educated and with better conceptions of Christian life and Christian truth, were rapidly coming to the front.

I confess that some things occurred in the week at Austin and during part of the week at Houston which at the first puzzled me. I knew the Bishop to be a man of broad and warm sympathy, and had known of him (as suggested at the outset) as an old-time anti-slavery advocate. Now I was looking for the showing of sympathy in the usual way, and it did not appear. He was watching, analyzing, planning for them. Once he remarked to me: "Don't you see, 271 these people shout and get happy, but they shed no tears." He had seen, as I had, that they pursued some men against whom rumors were circulated with unsparing severity. Grand outbursts of enterprise had appeared in connection with the work in their hands, but no circumstance had occurred to call forth any showing of the softer side of their natures. But as the Texas Conference it came. Arrangements had been made for the transfer of a white presiding elder to another Conference, for no cause other than exhibitions of the caste spirit and political animosity. The announcement was made in the Conference, and it fell on the body with such a shock as to stop all proceedings in a moment. Strong men wept and sobbed like children. One after another rose and tried to speak, then sat down to weep, overwhelmed with grief. He had been a friend and a father to them, and it almost broke their hearts to think of losing him from their midst. I took the occasion to say quietly to the Bishop: "Do you see these tears?" "Yes, I see it all," was the quick response; and later on he gave larger explanation of his thought in the case. I doubt, however, if he had seen any such an exhibition before.

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The fact was that he was in this thing as in others, searching most keenly for all the elements in the men and circumstances before him for the one end of preparing, by all ways and means, for the future. There was the same forecasting here as in other cases and circumstances. In the cabinet councils of these two colored Conferences he gave abundant evidence of this purpose. To the presiding elders at Houston he said: "You must not fear to move these men because of distance. We want them to learn to be Methodist in fact and spirit. It will be best for them and best for the churches to take them clear away from their old associates. It may seem hard for them, but it will develop them in their manhood, and in Christian and ministerial character. We must build up the men before the churches can be built up. And this is only what is done all over our work." He was ready to do all and dare all himself for the Church and the wants of the world, and he expected the pastors to tread in the same path.

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We had hardly entered the State before calls began to come for work. The vast State itself was not the limit in these cases. Arkansas and New Mexico were asking for help. As these calls came to hand, he would lay them away for a brief space only, and then, at the first pause in the rush of work, sit down with a railway guide before him to study out routes and distances, as if he were gifted with the strength of a giant and had immortal energies.

We parted at Houston. He was wanted at San Antonio, and was to be in Chicago a few days later to meet such of his family as could get together for what proved to be their last interview. I tried in every way to persuade him to modify his plans so as not to overwork more than could be avoided. As we were journeying South he had taken a severe cold, which, in spite of all that could be done, had not been thrown off until just before we separated, even if it was then. Hence my entreaties were the urgent. But to all I could say he had a cheery answer, and assured me that he could work on safely.

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From Houston the Bishop journeyed to San Antonio, and preached at the dedication of our new church there, greatly to the satisfaction of all.

In a few days thereafter he was in the field planning broadly enough to exhaust the energies of a score of men, and aiming to do all the work himself.

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CHAPTER XV. EPISCOPAL WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, AND CLOSING SCENES.

This work in Texas completed, the Bishop returned to Evanston about December 20. He was greeted with a reception by his friends and former collaborators worthy of present position and past services. After remaining amid these familiar scenes about a week, in delightful intercourse with the members of his family who gathered about him, and, as if to demonstrate that his natural force was not abated, preaching, says one, "the best sermon I ever heard from him," he started with his wife and son for the Pacific coast. Halting for a brief space in Utah, to survey the work of the Church among that anomalous and inaccessible people, he hastened on to San Francisco, the commercial center of his great field, and his designated place of residence. Of his arrival and warm reception on the coast, of the readiness and intelligence with which he comprehended the situation here, and of the zeal with which he entered upon his great work, the story can be best told by Rev. H. B. Heacock, presiding elder of the San Francisco District, who, from his arrival until his departure for Oregon, was brought into the closest relations with him:

One of the marvels of Methodist history is, and will ever continue to be, that until 1881 no Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church resided west of the Rocky Mountains.

This cosmopolitan land, settled at first by the most enterprising 274 men from nearly all nations, who eagerly sought for gold without thought of making permanent homes, but where for a score of years the home idea has been steadily growing; where, within a

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third of a century, such commercial, social, and educational centers as San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Salem, Sacramento, San Jose, Los Angeles, Carson, Virginia City, and numerous others of importance, have been built, and in which the value of property compares favorably with those of similar grade in the East. In early days liberal donors offered for church, educational, and benevolent purposes eligible lots and blocks for the mere holding, paying taxes, and within a reasonable time making improvements thereon. Here the ever-watchful eye of Rome saw and improved the golden opportunity, and now owns property worth millions of dollars, secured on the above terms. Had there been a resident Bishop on the coast since 1856, of long foresight, as Rome's Bishop had, and with a well-organized body of men for the purpose of securing and holding property for religious and benevolent purposes, we might own millions of property more than at present, and especially in San Francisco would the advantages have been great. In educational, benevolent, and church property matters, such an opportunity rarely occurs as existed here in early times. The conditions attending the founding of this new empire were unique, and needed a centralizing power to utilize its possibilities. From the British possessions to the Gulf of California, and from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, are included the possibilities of an almost undreamed-of development. Precious metals; and those more needed in material enterprises, coal beds of untold richness; lumber for building purposes enough to supply for centuries; soil and climate for all kinds of fruits and grains—there is capacity to house and feed one half as many people as now contained in the United States. Such resources will sometimes assert themselves. It is one of the problems for both Church and State to so unite this to the eastern by education and religious culture that it may never be dismembered.

“In looking over this vast field,” said Bishop Haven, in the “California 275 Christian Advocate” of July 21, 1881, “I will venture California alone will yet have a population of five millions of human beings. There are those now living whose grandchildren will see it. Many of its mountains will be terraced and cultivated to the top. The dwellings of the people will be mostly of brick and stone. It will abound in cities and villages, and will be divided

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into more than two States. Its people will all speak the English language, and will become homogeneous so as to mingle socially and intermarry irrespective of complexion or origin. Many attempts will be made to root out and undermine religious faith, and convince the people that they are only animals, and that there is no God above them. ... There will be fierce contests between secularism and religion; also between labor and capita; also between the votaries of alcohol and sober humanity. Mexico will become more like the United States, and efforts will be made to join it to the United States, which will be violently resisted. There will be efforts to divide this country. As the marvelous excellency of the climate of the Pacific coast becomes known, emigration from the other States will rapidly increase, and in the conflicts of thought and physical force, which will be as great in the twentieth century as in the nineteenth, the Pacific coast of the United States will have a large share.”

This he styles prophecy. After speaking of the duty and opportunity of the Church to preach the Gospel to the incoming millions, and found institutions of learning and benevolence, he continues:

“And it will be done. The conflict is inevitable, and the victory sure. Christianity and civilization, for some reason or no reason, went with the sun. It grew westwardly, and improved as it grew. *This is its last great arena on this continent.* Here it is about to wage some of its strongest contests, and what, when it comes to be described, will constitute some of the most interesting chapters of its history. There is no west west of us. Beyond lie Japan and China, where the Orient begins, and where, too, when the Pacific coast is growing, Christianity will become, as in the old Roman Empire, the dominant power.”

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This vision of our departed seer does not surpass in its sweep that of many whose ears have heard the tread of the coming millions, and whose prayers to Heaven for divine aid, and the Church of their choice and love for episcopal presence to aid in the gigantic work, were constant and agonizing. The strategic against rationalism, rum, Romanism,

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pagauism, covetousness, lust, is one of a fearful nature, and sometimes has seemed disheartening, and required

“Faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by every foe.”

At last the long delayed answer came, and the General Conference of 1880 gave the Pacific coast a resident Bishop, E. O. Haven. In a conversation with two of the delegate from California, a few days after the election and before the Bishop had designated their respective places of residence, he said it would be his pleasure, should his colleagues so decide, to come to this field. In fact, he was desirous to be assigned to the coast. His comprehensive mind took in the field, and his warm heart sympathized with its great want. With eager interest he inquired about its condition, as the thought took hold on him that this would probably be his permanent and last earthly home. Clad with episcopal powers, his accumulated treasures would be used for Christ and Methodism in this formative society.

A few months after his election he remained in the East to complete his labors as Chancellor of the Syracuse University, and aid in holding the fall Conferences. At the November meeting of the Bishops the Pacific coast Conferences were assigned to him for the ensuing fall, and he soon hastened to his new field, arriving, with his wife, in San Francisco, January 12, 1881. His coming filled ministers and laymen with new hope, and a cordial public reception was accorded him in the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, January 31, presided over by Captain Charles Goodall. An address of welcome was delivered by M. C. Briggs, pastor of the church. The ministry was represented in address by H. B. Heacock, presiding elder of the San Francisco District. C. C. Stratton, president of the 277 University of the Pacific, represented our education work. O. Gibson, superintendent of the Chinese Mission, represented the work of missions. Annis Merrill, Esq., spoke for the laymen. Mrs. Charles Goodall welcomed him and his wife in behalf of the women; and B. F. Crary, editor of the “California Christian Advocate,” represented the religious press. To all of which the Bishop responded in a most felicitous manner.

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The remainder of the evening was spent in delightful social converse and forming of acquaintances. It was a most happy event, and was often alluded to in conversation afterward by him as being the most really enjoyable occasion of the kind he ever attended. It was social, intellectual, religious. He felt at once that the hearts, homes, and enterprises of the Church were opened to him, and he delayed not to enter them. Through the pulpits he gave sermons of pure evangelism, sound doctrine, great strength, being a preacher of rare power. Through the press his valuable and numerous articles presented information and suggestions of deep interest. Not only for our local religious papers, but to nearly all the eastern "Advocates," he contributed frequently. Very soon, with the counsel of the presiding elders, whom he called to meet him in San Francisco, he made out his programme. He designed spending most of the winter and spring in California. Early in the summer go to Oregon and Washington Territory. Thence to Nevada, and in the fall to Wyoming and Utah, *en route* for the November meeting of the Bishops, and annual meetings of the benevolent committees of the Church. This time was to be employed in preaching, lecturing, dedicating churches, attending district associations, the State Sunday-school Convention in Sacramento, addresses at college and university commencements. His zeal seemingly outran his strength, and yet his hour may have been near at hand; and, warned by the thought, he may have been inspired to make the remaining months of his life effective in every possible way. He entered the field as a skilled and powerful warrior, whose chief delight lay in vigorous action, and who dreads nothing so much as slothfulness. The fire of heavenly zeal burned in his breast, and it must find an outlet in constant work 278 for the Master. Like Paul he could say, "The love of Christ constraineth me," and he felt deep in his soul that those who are redeemed by this mighty love should "not live for themselves, but for Him who died and rose again for them." He almost immediately grasped the situation, and entered heartily into both labor and sympathy with the Church in all its fields and departments.

One of the most extensive revivals of religion known in California was in progress, aided to a degree by Moody and Sankey, but which had been gradually rising for months before

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their coming. Into this work the Bishop entered with all his soul—both in its union aspect, and in our own churches. He soon became impressed with two things: the magnitude and richness of the field; the difficulties environing it.

Without reflecting on any one, it may be safely asserted that no man more clearly comprehended the *status* of Christianity in general here, and Methodism in particular, than did Bishop Haven. With his ability to quickly gather, orderly arrange, thoroughly analyze, and correctly generalize, the problem was soon weighed and mastered. He saw the double trinity of closely allied and damning forces—mentioned in another place—citadeled here, as in few portions of our land. To confront, dislodge, and destroy them is left to earnest evangelism. To succeed will be the work of time and every weapon known or to be discovered in the armory of divine truth. Methodism has no mean place nor small share in so important and noble a conflict. That she might greatly strengthen herself and march strongly and steadily, even more than she ever has, into the thickest of the battle, and win trophies new and fresh for humanity and the Master, was his intensest desire and ardent prayer. His eye kindled and his soul warmed with genuine enthusiasm as, with few or many, in his office, at the fireside, or from rostrum or pulpit, he discussed the problem given the Church by her divine Head. He sought to inspire deeper sense of duty, and show the grounds of hope and courage. Like a general at the head of a vast army shouting the hosts to battle, as well as wisely aiding in the plans, and providing material for the advancing columns, he was leading the militant hosts of God's children. From the East new railroads are penetrating the coast, centering at prominent points on the Pacific, soon to weave us into the net-work of iron bands which will connect the Occident with the Orient and Mexico. New centers are being built, and old ones losing their importance. To occupy the new in force, and hold the old ones, demands increased labor, laborers, means, and sacrifice. His watch-word was, "Let us advance all along the line. The waste places must be occupied for Jesus." For a deep and general revival, thoroughly baptizing all the churches, and resulting in conversions clear, powerful, and numerous, his heart sighed, and his prayer, fervent, earnest, constant, ascended.

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The religious press is doing a heroic and successful service, but by our pens we must make it more attractive and better, and by perseverance in effort its circulation can and should be largely increased, he wrote and spoke. His profile pen produced many articles during his short career among us which are worthy of a permanent and practical place in our study. Those on the old, present, and new California are specially valuable, and should be treasured in our memory. Had he lived to complete his tour through the remainder of his outlined field, the contributions concerning them doubtless would have been equally wise, practical, and inspiring.

The educational enterprises of the Church are in various stages of progress, each doing an important work. But the rapid increase of population, the upward grade of education in the high schools, normal schools, and State University, all demand a marked and general advance in our facilities to accommodate and instruct. Increased endowments, more extensive apparatus and buildings, more teachers. He saw and felt all this, and cherished the fond hope that his presence, influence, and contributions might augment these forces. Toward all educational institutions, and especially those of higher grade, he felt the most kindly, and nearly all those in California felt his sympathies, and heard his voice within their walls, and had he lived a few months more, his personal impress had reached to all. In fact, his last public utterances were at the Willamette University, 280 only a few days before his death. Through Christian culture he believed the nation is to be made powerful, and only thus perpetuated.

No school of high grade can long hold a place among the vital forces of the coming ages that ignores that highest and purest of all sciences, the laws relating to man's highest—his religious nature, was his educational creed. His masterly address delivered at Berkley, before the assembled *literati* of California, in connection with the commencement exercises of the University of California, June 4, swayed, as men are seldom moved, that great audience. It was a clear statement of the conditions of existence of the functions of the university that will stand amid the convulsions of human society, and the changes

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in the scientific world, and disintegrating forces of materialism. Have not the educators of the future who aspire to dominance in the higher realms of investigation, and who desire to be leaders whose followers can trust and bless them, marked out in this address the key which unlocks the only door for their entrance? When the reaction against true science comes, as it certainly will, and has come against the only true religion, where will it find a formidable if not irresistible barrier, if not in the forces the Bishop describes, and challenges thinkers to consider?

His Baccalaureate at the University of the Pacific, June 1, was a strong defense of Christianity by the inductive method. The morally bright and dark places among the earth's inhabitants were shown to exactly coincide with the presence or absence of the Bible and its teachings and institutions. Activity of mind in scientific investigation, in invention, in civilization, in all real progress, all follow in the wake of the Bible, the Christian ministry, the Church. So that it is the "pillar and foundation of the truth." Wherever this fruit-bearing tree grows not, and its healing fruit is not partaken of, darkness, gloom, mental and social death exists, and real happiness is unknown. His protest against materialism, as it robs human life of all its higher motives, and continually tends to suicide, was scathing and married. His soul was stirred, as by inspiration, as he rose into 281 the pure realm of intellectual and spiritual life, saw the conflict between truth and error, and called out in tones and words of impassioned eloquence for all true scholars to use these weapons of truth, and dethrone and forever depose error. Induction establishes the verities of true religion as clearly it does the laws of gravitation, and the whole system of modern science.

The problem of pagan emigration is to be solved by the Christianizing and citizenizing the Mongolian. Is there a more rational solution? The remedy for intemperance is in the adoption and practice and enacting into laws the teachings of God's word on this subject. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," is the safe and only true position.

The Church is to be built up the conversion of sinners, and she can only secure this by adding sweetly in communion with her great Head. She must feel continually that this is

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her divine call and work, and not rest satisfied unless this work is continually progressing. The worst elements of society are to be purified by casting in the branches of pure Christian teaching, and good citizens thus made out of them. The Lord Jesus has power to uplift, and the Church must bring the world to him. No pessimism poisoned his fountains of life, or narrow secretarianism stifled his affections, or restrained his actions. He was in fullest sympathy with every agency and organization seeking to elevate man. His address at the anniversary of the California Bible Society was full of broadest catholicity of feeling and expression.

The influence of such man, vested with episcopal prerogatives and position, to make his home among us, was already widely felt, and much of hope inspired for the future. When Powell Street Church, San Francisco, the mother of Methodism in California, was in jeopardy and her existence threatened, his wise and courageous counsels aided in devising the steps which led her into haven of freedom from debt. Long as she lives to bless the city with her evangelizing agencies should, and doubtless will, the name of Bishop Haven be enshrined in her memory and affections.

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Other churches, under the spur of his presence and appeals, provided for the payment of their debts. His motto was, on church debts: Quickly as possible let us pay them all off, be more careful in the future, and devote our energies and means to enlarging our borders and increasing our benevolent contributions.

The unity and purity of the Church lay near his heart. He was planning for the organization of a society in San Francisco similar to those in Eastern cities, for bringing together at regular periods the members and friends of Methodist churches in the city. Social life was to be cultivated, but especially should topics be discussed looking to the more closely uniting our forces in sympathy and work. The planting of new churches and aiding the weaker ones should also be part of the plan. This good work ought to be made efficient though he has gone from our midst. In the debt-paying society of the Central Church, with

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which his family was connected, and which the pastor organized, he took a deep interest, and was a regular and liberal contributor. Here may be mentioned an item showing his inner thoughts. On arriving on the coast the question of an episcopal residence was, of course, a practical and pressing one. The country was yet in the throes of a severe financial depression. Many of the churches were burdened with debt. The schools were seeking to pay off their debts and increase their endowments. Under these circumstances he decided to neither ask nor allow the people to provide him a costly house, but to occupy a simple house, live plainly, and save from his income that he might join in the endeavor to accomplish these ends. He thus might show that a costly mansion and magnificent style are not essential to the highest officer in the Church, and be able to set an example of sympathetic co-operation worthy of imitation. Is it not true that in these days, all over our land, many of our friends and members are spending money for unnecessary and even hurtful things which is sadly needed for our great benevolences, and to endow our institutions of learning, build and maintain orphan asylums, and house for the aged and sick? Was not our religion founded in self-denial, and must not all followers of Jesus see in his life and spirit the moving principles that must control them? Let the example of Bishop Haven be known by all, and imitated by those whose example and influence will be most powerful in checking the tide of worldliness, the love of luxury, ease, display, and aggrandizement. All honor to him for his good example in this respect.

Bishop Haven was eminently cordial in his manner and tender in his sympathies. In him the ministers felt they had a friend in close personal sympathy with them. Approachable as the most common of men, there was a charm and sweetness about his company. His presence dissipated gloom and scattered sunshine. One on the coast writes that, in an hour of gloom and distrustfulness, when ready to say with the psalmist, "All men are liars," the cheer of the Bishop's visit and society scattered all clouds, and the sun of confidence shone out brightly as ever. Others remarked that his personal knowledge of the work and men, obtained by most careful and diligent inquiry, together with his warm generous

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nature, fitted him in an eminent degree for the work of appointing preachers on the coast. An unselfish heart and clear head was the verdict of all concerning him.

Laymen felt that the Church had a chief pastor in their midst whose influence would be growingly helpful in all their varied enterprises for promoting God's cause. So long had they waited and prayed for such a recognition of their great work, that in some cases their joy was exuberant. How soon, alas, did the doom of disappointment and a great sorrow fall upon them and us all!

We cannot estimate the value of Bishop Haven's labors, and the blessing his coming has been by the brief period of his stay among us—less than eight short months from his arrival, until called home by the Head of the Church. And yet what months they were as we look back at them! He called the attention of the whole Church, by his letters, to the new phases of work, and from his stand-point of observation. His pen, like a trumpet tongue, called attention to the future of this fair land, and thus challenged, officially, those who are charged with the power and resources of the Church to turn a 284 clear eye and an attentive ear to the richfield lying on these shores, where the possibilities of the highest type of Christian life and civilization are enshrined. His mingling with other Christian denominations at their educational centers cheered them in their arduous work. His voice in prayer and exhortation, simple as the child, yet with the richness and power of the true greatness, was an incentive to multitudes. His zeal for God and the Church should awaken a new tide of energy in every consecrated soul, and cheer to greater triumphs.

Just as the Bishop was about closing his work in California, and preparing for his trip to Oregon and Washington Territory, intelligence was received of the dangerous sickness of a beloved grandchild, infant daughter of Professor and Mrs. Moss. His letters on the occasion are models of Christian philosophy:

1041 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., *May 23, 1881.*

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My dear Son and Daughter: We have just received your letter of a week ago, and our sympathy is much excited by the condition of little Nita and your anxiety about her. How vividly does it recall our past experience when one child passed away, and the other hovered over the grave! And later, again and again, when yourself and others seemed to be in danger of leaving us. Often I have thought that I could not endure what I have sometimes seen, the loss of all the children; and, indeed, the loss of one would seem to be as sharp a stroke as nature can bear. I can only hope and pray that you may be spared that trial; but if that or any other comes, cast not away your confidence. Never despair.

I wish you could take a journey before June, for a change of air is often of benefit. Remember, little ones bear a great deal. I think when teething they are not so apt to die from lack of nourishment as they are from some kind of inflammation. But all you can do is to obtain the best counsel, and obey it. The child cannot much and be strong till the tooth comes.

... Still I believe in the grand future of this coast, and that within a few years.

As it regards my future, my highest hope of an earthly character is that the Lord will give me a few years of active work—as many as he sees fit—in my present position. If so it seems most probable, too me that they will all be spent with my nominal and family residence where it now is. I do not believe that any episcopal residence will ever open before me that I should prefer to this. Were I a young man I would as soon be in California as in any other State.

We shall be anxious till we hear from you. Give us at least brief information often. Ever yours, Father.

San Francisco, Cal., *May 30*, 1881.

Dear Children: Your mother and I have just returned from San Jose, where I preached a baccalaureate sermon yesterday afternoon, and we find your sad telegram of last night.

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No words that I can write can do justice to our feelings or be of much service to you. You will never be the same, nor life be the same to you, as before your sad experience. One thing is sure, the past has been enriched, and you will never forget the beautiful, lively, and intelligent Nita. You cannot make yourselves what you would have been had you never had that rich experience of parental love. I know something of your feelings. It was a little disappointment to me when our first-born boy proved lifeless. It was a great grief when our little Alida, thirteen months old, passed, in a few hours, from gleeful health to death—modified, indeed, by the promised recovery of the other child.* But how God has comforted us since!

* His oldest son, Professor O.E. Haven.

You will never forget this history. Time will soften the picture, and it will be seen less frequently, but always with a kind of inexpressible pathos. It will be a minor note of melody in life. There is such a thing as painful pleasure; and the best possible is that after a long time the remembrance may assume that form. I need not present the religious consolation. Whatever of religious faith and hope and love we have will assert their power in such an hour.

We hope you will have a pleasant vacation—as pleasant as you can. Give yourselves as much variety of scene as you well can. Divert your minds, and try to be as hopeful and trustful as you can. Life is full of compensations. Let us get all the good and do all the good we can.

Probably I shall start for Oregon, by water, on the 9th of June. Then farewell to home for six months! I shall just touch home once or twice in September, but must go to Penn Yan, N. Y., for October, and remain in and about New York till December. The programme after that is not yet made out. Perhaps I may call and see you on the way east or west. We shall expect letters from you. The Lord sustain you. What has happened must have been for the best. Affectionately yours, E. O. Haven.

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1041 Market Street, *May* 31, 1881.

Dear Children: I write this just about the time, perhaps, of the funeral. Your postal, speaking of going for Allie, has just arrived. I have only one important word. Don't allow yourselves for a moment to blame yourselves for not having done differently. That is a common feeling. At the time, you did what you then thought was best. That is all we can do. What might have been, and was not, is of no account. Make the best of it, and trust.

I am just finishing an address for the State University to-morrow. Shall expect a letter from you soon.... Affectionately, E. O. H.

His work in California being now closed for the present, he sailed, June 9, from San Francisco for the Columbia River. The ensuing Sabbath, the first after his arrival in 287 Oregon, was spent at Astoria, an old and important field, but until very recently almost entirely neglected by the Methodist Church. Thence he went to Portland, where he greeted the churches, and, in company with Revs. H. K. Hines, editor of the "Pacific Christian Advocate," and F. P. Tower, presiding elder of the Portland District, outlined a plan of work covering all the time at his disposal for that portion of his great field. Even then his jaded appearance attracted the attention of his friends, but no one suspected the nearness of the end. The day following he went to Salem, and after passing a night at the house of Mr. Tower, a former acquaintance and friend, he became the permanent guest of Rev. J. N. Dennison, the pastor of the Salem Church. For the remaining incidents of his life I am indebted mainly to *memorabilia* furnished by Mr. Dennison. Almost his first remark on entering the house was, "I must rest." On being shown to his room, and told to make himself entirely at home, he said he would feel quite as much so there as if in the house of his own son, and soon added, "A Bishop has a great deal of work to do. But few people have any idea of the amount. You must expect me to work a great deal." When his mail was brought, several hours later, it was found that he had spent all the interval in writing for the papers and attending to other correspondence. The fruits of his pen during those hours were "The Plymouth Rock of Oregon," afterward published in "Zion's Herald;" "Cyrus

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Shepherd;" and "Observations in Oregon"—all of them for the public press, and quite a number of private letters. As his mail was laid on his table he said, "More work, more work." On being urged 288 to dismiss further writing until the morrow, he replied that he must preach at Dallas, a point about fourteen miles away, at that time, and proceeded to dispose of the additional correspondence. The trip of the day following proved unusually exhausting. In addition to the ride, he preached for an hour in the open air, with the wind in his face, and was overtaken by a shower on his way back. One is not surprised, therefore, to read that he arrived at his home "looking like a different man, so weary and sick did he seem," but, when it is added, still he must write awhile, and would scarcely allow any care to be taken to make him comfortable, the feeling will arise that such a life was too valuable to be worn out in that way. The day following he delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, before the students of Willamette University. The sermon was characterized by his usual clearness of thought, but was wanting in energy of delivery—the mind was more vigorous than the body. The next day he was seized with a chill, and the day following a physician was called. Of his occupations at this time Mr. Dennison shall speak: "These were days of suffering and anxiety, but full of work. He wrote, I think, a dozen letters daily, and on Tuesday, as he was too ill to leave the house, he had me bring his writing material into the parlor, and, in the interval between callers, he began a pamphlet on the 'Sabbath Question.' He wrote several pages that afternoon, but yielded to entreaty and retired early." The next day he was taken in a carriage to a meeting of the trustees of the university, and on the day following, Thursday, attended the commencement exercises and delivered a brief address, 289 being at that very time under the influence of a violent ague. This was last appearance in public. He immediately returned to his home, where dinner awaited him, and sat with the family at the table without being able to partake of food. Rising at the close of the meal, he said with a smile, "I will say good-night now, but will arise soon and say good-morning." The good-morning is yet to come.

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When it became apparent that he could not preside at the fall Conferences assigned him, he wrote to his colleague, Bishop Harris, setting forth the facts, and closing with—"Allow me now to add, that during every moment of my physical illness the Lord has consciously been with me, and I have had a peaceful assurance that he is mine and I am his. May the Lord bless you all! I am, my dear brethren, yours in the love of Christ, and in the care of all the churches."

During the early part of his sickness the activity of his mind and the buoyancy of his spirit were wondrous, and in striking contrast with his physical prostration. His heart was greatly in his work. He wanted letters or sympathy written to presiding elders in Texas, and words of cheer to pastors whom he had assigned to hard charges. Up to the morning before his death he could not dismiss these matters from his attention. At this time the deep spirituality of his mind shown out with unwonted luster. His disease was at times exceedingly painful, and his mingled expressions of praise and pain were touching. Says Mr. Dennison: "The interval between the paroxysms of pain were often filled with joyous shouts of spiritual triumph as devout 290 and simple as ever fell from mortal lips. ... One day, on entering his room, I found him in great pain, his lips set, and his eyes lifted in prayer. Hastening from the room for something to relieve him, I was met on my return with a joyous ringing 'Glory to God' filling the room. I saw his victory, and joined with him in praise. After a moment he paused, and turning his face full upon me, said with a positiveness that is rarely heard, "Dennison, I am not superstitious; I am scientific, intensely scientific; but God heard and answered that prayer.' Those paroxysms of pain never returned."

His last days were soothed by the presence and tender ministrations of his wife and his son, Theodore. About the middle of the night before his death he began singing the familiar hymn, beginning "Blest be the tie that binds." After singing two or three stanzas, his son inquired, "Are you better, father?" He replied, "Yes, yes; I feel the beginning of a new life." He continued in this joyous frame for some time, and then fell into a doze, which

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lasted until morning. He asked, on awaking, after the welfare of President Garfield, and was greatly pleased when told that the bulletins were favorable. Soon afterward he fell into a deep sleep, from which he never fully rallied. Once, as he was nearing the end, he was asked if Christ was precious, and responded with energy, "Yes, yes; O yes!" This was his last utterance. Soon afterward his heart was still in death.

Several days before, and while in the full possession of his mental powers, he had made his will, and given directions respecting his literary remains and the burial of his 291 body. He desired that his writings should be prepared for the press by one of the ministers among whom he had found his final home and field of work, and that his remains should repose among the pioneers of the Church on the Pacific coast. A suitable site was therefore selected in Lee Mission Cemetery, a spot named after the founder of the Oregon Mission, but called by Bishop Haven the "Plymouth Rock of Oregon," where, in company with Shepherd, the friend of his father, and the teacher of his boyhood; Waller, one of the pioneers of that field, and one of the best men of any field; Hines, a true Methodist and evangelist, and other saintly men and women, he was laid to rest.

His funeral was attended by the leading ministers and laymen of the Conference within reach. Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Church South, who was at Corvallis on official duty, came down to Salem, and in fitting words bore testimony to his sense of personal loss. Rev. F. P. Tower, an acquaintance of former years in the East, delivered an appreciative and timely address. As the news spread over the coast, it was received every-where with sorrow. Though his life among us had been very brief, he had endeared himself to all by his simplicity of character and kindliness of spirit, and all felt that the church west of the Rocky Mountains, especially, had sustained an irreparable loss. Memorial services were held in the leading churches of Oregon and California at the time, and suitable reference was made to his death at the ensuing sessions of the Annual Conferences.

In the Oregon Conference addresses were delivered by 292 Bishop Harris, Dr. Hines, editor of the "Pacific Christian Advocate," and Rev. G. W. Izer, of Portland. An incident

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given by Dr. Hines will show how strongly the thought of coming to the Pacific coast in early manhood had taken possession of Bishop Haven's mind:

I saw Dr. Haven first in January on 1853. Myself and Brother Gustavus had been transferred to Oregon, and, in completing arrangements for our journey, were in the counting-room of Dr. Thomas Carlton, Treasurer of the Missionary Society, who had been my presiding elder, when a youngerly man entered, and I was introduced to him as "Brother Haven." He was then pastor of Mulberry Street Church, in New York city. He stated that he had been asked by Bishop Janes to take work in Oregon, and had consented, but that other arrangements had been subsequently made, and another had taken his place. He referred to the fact several times in private conversation with me, subsequent to his arrival among us, and the last time, just before I took my last farewell of him, the Thursday morning before he died. It seemed a wonder to him, that, in advancing years, he should be laboring where his youth came so near being employed.

As the news spread over the East, memorial services were held in those great seats of learning where he had spent the vigor of his manhood. At Michigan University Dr. Winchell delivered a memorial discourse which, for fullness of appreciation and elegance of execution, was worthy both of its subject and its author. As copious extracts have been made elsewhere it need not be quoted here.

At Syracuse, likewise, all classes and denominations united to bear testimony to his virtues and honor his memory. At an early session of the New York Preachers' Meeting 293 their entire hour was devoted to memorial services, in which Dr. Bennett gave an elaborate and able address, and Drs. Upham, Curry, and Woodruff participated. At Saxonville, where he was converted and joined the Church, a striking and appreciative memorial discourse was delivered, on the Sabbath evening following his death, by Rev. R. H. Howard, the pastor. Elsewhere sermons from the pulpit, resolutions in the great Church Boards, and editorials in the newspapers, referred to his death and character in terms of

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such warmth, as to show the strength with which his life and great services had taken hold of the public regard.

Among the speakers at the memorial service in San Francisco, was the venerable Dr. Burroughs, of the Presbyterian Church. In alluding to the burial place of the departed Bishop, he said:

Twenty-two miles from Athens, in Greece, there is standing, to this day, a mound of red earth, two hundred yards in extent and of considerable height, that was raised over the Athenians who lost their lives in the great conflict of Marathon, which took place between ten thousand freemen and two hundred thousand slaves and barbarians. The admiration felt by their countrymen for their courage was so great that they would not remove them, but gathered and buried them on the field where they fought and fell. That was the only fit place for them to abide; and there is the memorial to this day. We all feel that it was fit that such a soldier of Jesus Christ as Bishop Haven should be buried on the field where he died. Long after the storms of centuries have obliterated every trace of that Grecian mound, future generations will cluster round that little grave in that quiet cemetery, and bless of God for having produced such a man, and thank him for the benefits he was the means of conferring upon them.

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The Church at large have ratified the judgment of Dr. Burroughs, and vindicated the wisdom of Bishop Haven's choice of sepulture.

Steps have already been taken for the erection of a suitable monument over his grave, but the most appropriate, as well as enduring, memorials will be the Haven Theological Professorships in the Willamette University, where he delivered his last public utterances, and the University of the Pacific, in which he manifested such an abiding interest.

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CHAPTER XVI. GENERAL ESTIMATE OF BISHOP HAVEN'S CHARACTER.

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Before closing the record of such a life it will be profitable to consider the elements of Bishops Haven's character, and ascertain how he became the remarkable man he was.

Nature endowed him with an alert, observing, and acquisitive mind, which found its highest delight in reading and study. The remark of the Unitarian minister who visited the school which he attended when a boy, that "he would make his mark in the world," shows how early he impressed observers with his intelligence and attainments. We are told that at four years of age he had read the Bible through, and that during the years when other boys are reveling in "Jack the Giant Killer," he was absorbed in "Pilgrim's Progress." He tells us that before he was fourteen he had gone through with his father's library, consisting of Watson's and Wesley's writings, Cowper's Poems, Rollin's "Universal History," Josephus' "History of the Jews," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Walker's Sermons, in two volumes; Good's "Book of Nature;" Sturm's "Reflections," two volumes; "Pilgrim's Progress," and some other works. That he had read John Adams' "Political Papers," and other works from the township library, besides consulting a dictionary for the meaning of all obscure words. He adds that he had probably read a hundred volumes before he entered college.

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Such facts as these can only be explained on the hypothesis that his mind was peculiarly active and inquiring. These characteristics continued throughout life. His reading was miscellaneous, but its range was remarkable. He sometimes refers to this fact in his Journal. In September, 1877, he says, "I still keep up my habit of miscellaneous and heterogeneous reading. It is a second nature to me. Until I become convinced that it is a sin, I shall not discontinue it except on compulsion." On the same point Prof. Moss writes:

Macaulay could hardly surpass him in ability rapidly to turn the pages of a book, and at the last page to rehearse minutely all the positions the author had taken. There would always intervene a running commentary, setting forth his own opinions in favor of the author's views or his objections to them. An armful of books from a library would last him about a

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week. He would spend half of an evening in reading Kant's "Kritik," which, he said, was as hard a thing to understand as he ever met, and afterward run through a simple Sunday-school book and laugh at its contents. Without a book he seemed lost. In them he took as much pleasure as a child with its toys. There is no author in English who has left an appreciable influence on our literature whom he had not read, and from whom he could not quote more or less, and whose positions on different subjects he was not acquainted with. Broach the subject of almost any author's opinion, and he would instantly know by what arguments the author had supported his opinions, and could frequently state, in his strangely simple way, the positions more clearly than the author himself had done. Speak of almost any subject whatever, and he was prepared to throw light upon it. The obscurity or rareness of it was no hinderance, nor was the fact that it might be new. In all these respects his knowledge was encyclopedic. He had a memory that can justly be characterized only by the word prodigious. Forget was a word he rarely used.

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In a similar vein writes Dr. Winchell:

His intellectual qualities were remarkable. In versatility few men excelled him. He knew something on almost all subjects, and if in ignorance, a few glances of investigation set to work that intuition which pierced the subject through and through. His fertility of projects was wonderful. The whole field covered by a practical problem spread before his mind's eye, and nothing possible escaped his notice. He possessed, accordingly, wonderful adaptability to men and situations. He was equal to every occasion. He never shrank from an embarrassment or a trial of strength.

This breadth and variety of information brought him into contact with the diversified interests of the citizen, the scholar, and the Christian minister. How varied were the relations thus sustained Professor Bennett, of Syracuse University, happily sets forth:

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It is probably no exaggeration to say that his name and characteristics were familiar to more classes of our citizens than any other man's who has recently left us. He was familiar with more fields of activity than any other. As teacher in Church academies; pastor of churches; professor in the State University of Michigan; editor of a religious journal; member of a State Senate; active worker in responsible State educational committees; president of a State university; president of Church universities; Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education; and, finally, as one of our Superintendents, Bishop Haven came in contact with more men of more classes, was thoroughly familiar with more interests, and had a more comprehensive view of more enterprises than any Methodist of my acquaintance. I have been acquainted with several who have known some things and some interests more thoroughly; several who have traveled more widely; several who were better known in our communion, or in some departments of labor; but none, I think, who knew more of so many things.

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These observations are in full accord with the revelations of his private Journal. As a result, partly of his wide reading and partly of his independence of opinion, he early acquired the habit of criticising the author before him, and comments made soon after his graduation on authors then less known than now have since been vindicated by the popular verdict.

As a writer, he was distinguished by his transparent clearness and simplicity of style. His earlier Journals reveal a little of the sophomorian; but a marked change is observable during his college career, and the excellences which afterward distinguished him were then acquired. His broad range of information in scientific as well as literary subjects gave him ready command of the choicest language, as well as abundant material for happy allusion and striking illustration.

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As examples on both heads take the following quotations given in Dr. Winchell's memorial discourse:

The widest and perhaps the most lasting fames are not worth enjoying. Sam Patch is better known than any member of Congress that died the same year. He leaped at once into the depth of waters and of future ages: like his great Grecian prototype, who plunged into a volcano for fame, and left his name and one shoe behind; and it would be hard to estimate which of his two estates was worth the most.

Or on another subject:

The manufacture of sermons was even carried on as a business of a few scribes, and the market was supplied as regularly with them as with radishes, cowslips, and other green things.

And in still different vein, to illustrate the value of some scientific speculations:

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Might not a parasite on the back of an ox, ... having found out by actual measurement the circumference of the ox, and by mathematical calculation the diameter of the ox, and having ascertained that as he inserted his proboscis into the hide of the animal, say the sixteenth of an inch, it gradually and regularly grew warmer, infer, in like manner as the geologist, that the center of the animal was red-hot lava?

Not unfrequently a quiet humor sallies from his page, of which the second of the above quotations may be taken as a sample.

In a domestic, written while on his way to one of his first Conferences after being elected Bishop, this mental trait crops out in one of those grotesque associations of which one is sometimes the victims while undergoing the Bishop's uncanny experience. He says:

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The steamer was large and beautiful. My room was near the wheel, and a mosquito or two or some other animal annoyed me. My supper, also, had been baked beans, and when awake I continually parodied a line of our Conference hymn:

“What dangers have we seen, What conflicts have we past: Fightings without and fears within Since we assembled last.”

To me the third line seemed to be—

Bitings without and beans within.

With such a large store of information and a singularly fertile mind, it is not surprising that he made an accomplished editor, and that, down to his last sickness, and even in his sick chamber, editorials, correspondence, magazine articles and essays issued from his teeming brain and busy 300 pen; all characterized by the same variety, facility, grace, clearness, and force of thought and style.

But the productions of his pen were not confined to the ephemeral contributions to the periodicals of the day. While in Amenia Seminary he prepared a series of lectures for the students, in which he set forth the relations of the great events of the Bible to the existing state of knowledge. He discussed in succession the creation, the deluge, the tower of Babel, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the miracles of the exodus, the fulfillment of prophecy, the character of Christ, and other subjects, with rare discrimination and force. The lectures were so well received, and seemed so well adapted to clear away the fog surrounding many young minds, that during his presidency of Michigan University they were issued in a small volume under the title of “Young Man Advised.” It has been said that the title was unfortunate. Indeed, the author himself questioned whether it was well chosen, and inasmuch as it relates to the design of the book rather than to the subject discussed, this criticism may be accepted as correct. Nevertheless, its manifest design and tendency exactly corresponds with the title. In his preface the author says:

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Every age demands its own book—every age of the world and every age of the individual man. This book is written for the present age of the world and for the young.

It did not miss its mark. It contained timely and admirable expositions of difficult passages of the Bible, and threw much collateral light on many of its obscure subjects.

“The Pillars of Truth” was another volume, containing 301 a series of lectures on the Decalogue, delivered before the students of Michigan University, and published at their request. The volume evinces the author's usual deftness in handling his subjects, as well as his transparent clearness of thought and expression. Because of the subjects which it discusses, and the manner of their treatment, it deserves to be better known.

But the preparation of his “Rhetoric” probably cost him more time and pains than any other of his volumes. If any one will turn to its brief but lucid discussions of the subjects involved, and compare them with the cumbersome chapters of many other text-books covering the same ground, he will find fresh reason for admiring the author's happy art of reducing his subjects to the simplest terms and setting them forth in the most appropriate manner. As a text-book for academies and colleges this “Rhetoric” is a model.

And yet, with all his clearness and apparent ease of style, Bishop Haven Affords another illustration that the highest and best qualities of the writer can only be acquired with much pains and retained with constant care. We are told by Professor Moss that “he many times wrote an article out and sent it to the press with a simple revision; but this was not customary, and I recollect that he usually wrote them upon scraps of paper with pencil upon his knee.” From this pains, when he had time for it, arose his ability to write with such rapidity and perspicuity when the emergency was upon him.

As a public speaker and preacher of the Gospel, he was characterized by readiness, clearness, oppositeness, and instructiveness, rather than by the oratorical magic which 302 entrances and transports the hearer. He did not soar like Simpson, nor blaze like

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Punshon, but he enlightened like the sun. Those who heard him during his later years only, when overburdened with affairs, probably could not form an adequate conception of what he was on the platform and in the pulpit ten or fifteen years before. Dr. Winchell quotes many passages showing how he could sparkle and move when occasion required. The fact that he was selected when but thirty-two years of age to succeed the eloquent R. S. Foster (now Bishop Foster) as pastor of the leading Methodist Episcopal Church of New York, shows that his power in the pulpit was of high order.

While president of Michigan University he was in the habit of delivering sermons and lectures to the students every Sabbath afternoon on the different religious and moral questions demanding treatment before young men in their situation; and the number of students and others who thronged to hear him, and the powerful ascendancy over the young men acquired during his stay there, attest the possession of pulpit gifts of a high order. It was during this term that he frequently accepted invitations to preach in the churches of other denominations. Doubtless he felt that his position in a State university, as well as his natural bent, demanded the largest catholicity in lending his services. He refers several times to invitations to assume pastoral relations over these congregations, both in Detroit and Chicago, and at greatly increased salary. A quotation from his Journal about this time will give some insight into his method of preparing for the pulpit as well as reveal one source of his power. He says:

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I generally, after Wednesday, when I think of writing a sermon, pray to God that a subject may be suggested in the treatment of which I may accomplish the greatest spiritual good. I think the prayer is answered.

But, whatever eminence he attained in other directions, he excelled most as an educator. His habit of reading and study when a boy showed the strong bent of his mind toward literary pursuits. Fortunately, at the beginning of his scholastic career, he was brought under the influence of Dr. Fisk, the first great educator of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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When he had completed his studies in college, like many another brilliant but needy young man, he returned his attention to teaching, as the most available means of meeting present wants. His immediate success, both in government and instruction, showed that he had found his true sphere. His reputation as a teacher of a private school prepared the way for his call to Amenia Seminary. From the post of a teacher he passed, on the retirement of Dr. Cummings, to the position of principal. Thence, after a brief but successful term in the pastoral work, he was elected to a professorship in Michigan University. A few years of service in a subordinate position designated him as a suitable candidate for its place of highest responsibility and honor. When a vacancy occurred in the presidency he was recalled from the editorship of "Zion Herald," in Boston, and placed at the head of this rising university. This outlines the story of his advancement to a place among the foremost educators of the nation, but does not fully set forth the extent of his reputation or the sources of his success.

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How early and how widely he impressed men with his abilities in this field may be seen by a simple record of the positions urged upon his acceptance, as well as those which he filled.

He was a successful organizer and teacher of a private academy in Sudbury, Mass., 1842-6; professor and principal of Amenia Seminary, 1846-8; professor of Latin Language and Literature at Michigan University, 1853-4; transferred to chair of History and English Literature in the same institution, 1854-5.

In 1857 he was offered the presidency of Genesee College, and remarked, in recording the fact, that this was the fourth position of the kind which had been offered him. In 1858 Governor Banks appointed him a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education. He remained in this position until his removal from the State, in 1863. During the year 1861 he was invited to a professorship in Wesleyan University, and, about the same time, to the presidency of the North-western University. From 1863 to 1869 he was President of Michigan University. At intervals from 1867 to 1871 his correspondence and Journal

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show that he was invited, at different times and with more or less formality, to take the presidency of the Boston Theological School, and afterward of Boston University. In 1869 he gave a conditional promise to accept the presidency of the North-western University. The terms were acceded to the trustees, and he removed from Ann Arbor to Evanston. On leaving Michigan University, to which he had come in the mist of so much obloquy, he was followed with unanimous expressions of regret from 305 the Senate and Regents, and his private papers show that so long as hope in this direction could be cherished the desire for his return to that post was general and strong. In 1871 the Regents of the University of Wisconsin urged him to accept it presidency, and offered as an inducement a considerable increase of salary over that hitherto paid. His successful career in Michigan had given him a liking for State universities, and he resisted this application with reluctance. In 1872 the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church elected him by acclamation Secretary of its Board of Education. Of this office Dr. Winchell says, in his memorial address: "I doubt if the position was generally considered worthy of him; and it may not be straining probabilities to affirm that such was his own conviction."

Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether any other position in the entire field of education in the United States offered a wider or more promising opportunity for usefulness. He was to complete the organization and shape the policy of a Board which, if brought to its best, will yet control tens of millions and disburse annually millions of dollars, as well as systematize and unify the entire work of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church. To this great work he devoted himself until 1874, when, owing, doubtless in part, to the pressure of the financial storm which lay so heavily upon the country, he accepted the Chancellorship of Syracuse University. At this post he remained until his election to the Episcopacy in 1880. But the invitations to re-enter the field of education did not close even then. After his removal to the Pacific coast he was approached 306 by leading members both of the Board of Regents of the Faculty upon the subject of accepting the presidency of the University of California; and there is little doubt that the formal tender would have been made, had these advances been met with corresponding encouragement.

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It must be conceded that the bare recital of these facts presents a marvelous record. It would be difficult to furnish their counterpart in the life of any other educator of this country. Certainly our own denomination affords no parallel case.

Was it a fortuitous concourse of circumstances surrounding him, or a happy combination of qualities in the man which contributed to this result? Doubtless circumstances favored him; they generally favor men who can and will. At every step of his progress we mark the favoring opportunity; but it was equally open to hundreds of others. He was ready for the occasion, and rose with it. Had this not offered, others awaited him. The French Revolution gave the widest field for Napoleon's military genius, but in any land or era his marvelous executive ability would have asserted its supremacy.

Among Bishop Haven's qualifications as an educator was the breadth and elevation of his mind. Above most others the head of a university must have an ample store upon which the inquiring mind of the student may draw; and when he comes seeking bread he must not receive a stone. Bishop Haven had intermeddled with all knowledge, and the field spread before him with such distinctness of outline and relation that he could direct the seeker after truth to those inviting points best calculated to meet the aptitudes and discipline the powers of the student. And then he was singularly elevated in mind. He seemed incapable of cherishing personal animosity. From the beginning to the end nothing of the kind appears in all the records of his life. His thoughts upon all subjects partook of this elevation of spirit; and all his intercourse revealed it. This gave him his happy art of dealing with students. A lurking suspicion of pettiness, especially on the part of superiors, the genuine college student cannot tolerate. He is passing through the age of generous enthusiasm. He will worship at almost any shrine where he finds elevation of mind, breadth of view, and generosity of sentiment. All of these blended in the character of Dr. Haven. In addition, he believed in the inherent nobleness of young manhood and womanhood. He appealed to this sentiment in overcoming the unfavorable prejudices of the students of Michigan University. The result may be stated in his own words:

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I have never yet found college students fail in generosity and manliness when properly appealed to. It was hard, for the leaders in the older classes who had been urged to disorder to refrain from it, but conscience and good sense mastered them, and all began passably well.

Says Dr. Winchell upon the same subject:

He believed in the inherent honesty and nobility of student nature, and would rather be imposed upon a dozen times than fail to accept the ingenuousness of one at its full value. He was sometimes accused of laxity of discipline. In some cases evil students undoubtedly traded on his good nature and his instinctive trust in man; but I am sure the act brought shame and remorse which must have exerted more of a reformatory influence than sterner discipline. Few persons can continue to impose on an unsuspecting and generous nature. Prying inquisitions, ceaseless suspicion, unrelenting discipline, relieve the student of his distinctive and powerful obligations to generous appreciation.

And in the same vein writes Dr. Bennett:

As an executive, Bishop Haven was *sui generis*. In many things he knew no law. A college code was to him intolerable. Many would say, as they regarded his administration, "He never burns his bridges behind him." This was true in a sense. It would not be fair, however, to conclude that he had no fully accepted principles of government. Rather did he seem to believe that no law could be framed to meet every case, or even most cases; but each case as it arose had peculiarities which justified a separate discussion and verdict. Some would be inclined to say that his government was lax, and at times inconsistent. To one who did not understand his mental processes, it might be troublesome to defend some things. I am convinced that most of his associates found difficulties in appreciating some of his easy and ready methods of treating questions which they had regarded as quite essential to sound discipline. Yet we came to understand the theory of his administration pretty thoroughly. It was a common remark of his in faculty

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meetings, "Nothing is so easy as to govern by cast-iron laws, yet nothing is so utterly senseless." He seemed to say, nothing is absolutely best; you cannot bring mathematics into law; what to-day is expedient may to-morrow be folly to adopt; there must ever be a balancing of probabilities; most measures have some sound arguments to support them; few against which do not lie serious objections; the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, yet this may not be the best way—it is certainly sometimes more difficult, and always least graceful; no enterprise can be pressed into any uniform and unvarying mold.

These, I have thought, were some of the principles which may serve to interpret and understand the work of Bishop Haven as a college executive.

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After such a setting forth of his theories of administration, one is not surprised to hear Dr. Marcy saying:

He governed the college with less friction than any president whom I have known. He had such a facility for doing things well, and was always so self-poised and obliging and kindly, that no student bore him the least ill-will, nor did any seem disposed to annoy him as students frequently do their instructors and governors.

The mature and deliberate estimate of the value and results of college work by one so well versed therein will be worth preserving. In his last Baccalaureate at Syracuse University, he said:

This is the sixteenth time that I have addressed a graduating class, and when I think of the five or six hundred young persons, mostly young men, whom I have sent out, I ask myself the question, "Is college life a success or not?" Of these graduates none have been convicted of crime, none suffered from want, and only two or three have died from the effects of intemperance.

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Another distinguishing quality of his mind was his practical sense, his knowledge of affairs. It is observable that during his first term at Michigan University, and while sustaining a subordinate relation, he was selected to present the wants of the institution before the State Legislature and advocate an appropriation. When at a later period he succeeded in securing a permanent annual appropriation, and in harmonizing all the conflicting elements which threatened to render this success unavailable, he displayed a tact of rare quality. After an intimate acquaintance of long standing and close association during much of the time, Dr. Winchell says: "His fertility of projects was wonderful. The whole field covered by a practical problem spread before his mind's eye, and nothing possible escaped his notice." a striking incident illustrative of this trait is given by Dr. Bennett, on the authority of Chancellor Pierson, one of the Regents of the University of New York:

The college presidents of this State had met at Albany to advise together as to the expediency of unifying more completely the college and university interests of New York. Remarks were invited and several had spoken, but none seemed to have any clear and adequate conception of the method of supplying the felt needs. At last, a stranger to me, a man of small stature and not imposing presence rose, and with a somewhat thin voice addressed the chair. Soon all eyes were turned toward him, and the attention of all was invited by the luminous *exposé* of a plan of union which might be feasible. At the close of his remarks a committee was moved of which Bishop Haven was chairman. His plan was embodied in the report of the committee, was accepted by the Regents, and adopted by the Legislature; a sum of money voted to carry out its provisions, and thus the Regents' higher examination for entrance to college became a fixed institution.

After coming to the Pacific coast Bishop Haven was requested by an old gentleman, who had chance upon a fortune, to become a trustee in the interest of an impracticable scheme of benevolence. The writer was present at an interview in which the attempt was made to give the property a more practical direction. The skill with which the Bishop pointed out the weak points of the cherished scheme, and spread before the mind of the gentleman

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the advantages likely to accrue from the bestowment of his property in other direction, revealed a rare facility in adapting himself to men and circumstances.

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This was characteristic of all his plans for the furtherance of Church enterprises in his new field. He grasped the situation so readily, and took hold of all its interests with such facility, as none but those of superior endowments and rare experience in such affairs could display.

The symmetry of his character was one of its most attractive features. Once in his Journal he expresses satisfaction that he had never separated religion and morals either in theory or practice. As quoted by Rev T. P. Tower, in his funeral address in Salem, Oregon, he said, "Of course, character is always infinitely above intellect." Hence, "there was no waste in him." Every thing about him helped to round out into completeness the symmetry of the man. On this point Prof. Bennett is so full and complete, that he deserves to be quoted at length:

A difference of opinion may exist as to what place Bishop Haven should occupy among our departed worthies. For my own part I should give him a very high rank. His remarkable equipoise was not favorable to the attainment of great reputation. A symmetrical character is not often a striking character. Excess, extravagance—these are apt to arrest attention, and bring temporary reputation. These constitute a genius in the esteem of the thoughtless and the illogical. But with Bishop Haven no power was in extraordinary measure; no gift had been cultivated to the neglect of all others: all had been cared for and given a healthy development. To estimate the character of some men is like a hard problem in the resolution and composition of forces. Tremendous powers may be at work; almost superhuman energies may possess the man; but when the resultant is computed, it is almost zero. Angelic soarings toward heaven may be succeeded by awful depression. Godlike powers of eloquence and persuasion may be coupled with a weak judgment; consuming zeal for the truth may be obscured by unfortunate 312 bursts of passion;

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a winged imagination may not be balanced by a calm, logical faculty. Bishop Haven's powers, his intellectual and spiritual forces, all operated along one line and in one direction along the line of duty, and in the direction of Christian progress and eternal life. While the resultant of the lives of some men who are pronounced great must be reached by a system of subtractions, the resultant of Bishop Haven's life may be gained by a series of additions: intellect, imagination, will, conscience, attainments, possibilities, all worked together harmoniously toward one end, the good of the Church and of the world. If he seldom astonished and blinded by the flashes of genius, the mild radiance of his life was constant and healthful. If he was not a mental and spiritual athlete, he was far better, a well-trained, well-poised, industrious worker, whose influence will, I am confident, be felt to be purer and better as the years go on by the thousands of strong men and women whom his counsels have guided, and his cheering words encouraged.

His portrait would not be complete without reference to a certain judicial cast of mind which he carried into his thinking and acting. This led him to take on all sides of all questions. In his relations with other denominations he was of most catholic spirit, ready to preach for all who sought or needed his services. Dr. Winchell says he began a centennial sermon in 1866, which, of course, demanded special attention to the character and influence of his own denomination, by setting forth some of the excellences of the Catholic Church. He was a Methodist from principle, and in the best sense of the word; but he was more, he was a Christian, and that brought him into fellowship with all denominations.

This gave him peculiar fitness for the presidency of a State university. He was neither bigoted in his Christianity nor sectarian in his Methodism. He could meet on easy social footing citizens of any faith or no faith, and by that very catholicity the better commend his own. When the common schools were assailed, during his first term at Ann Arbor, in 1853, he met the assault by a timely sermon on "Common Schools Unsectarian." At a later time, and while a member of the State Senate of Massachusetts, he introduced an amendment to the school law, providing that the children of parents who declared that

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they had conscientious scruples in the matter, should not be required to participate in the reading of the Bible.

Renan is open to grave criticism from the Christian point of view, and it has generally been deemed safe to criticise him without much reserve; but on reading a review of this works by a writer whose name is quite familiar in the field of religious literature, Dr. Haven exclaims: "When shall we find candor and supreme love of truth?" His sense of justice was so strong that he could not tolerate unfairness even toward a foe of his faith.

A fine illustration of this judicial cast of mind is contained in his reply to a letter from Mr. Weaver, of Philadelphia, who had written in behalf of the Representative Lyceum of the place, in reference to the relative number of conversions in our institutions of learning and churches. The date of his reply will show that it was one of the last letters which he ever wrote:

1041 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., *June 27, 1881.*

Dear Brother: I really write at Salem, Oregon, six days beyond my official residence as given above. This is the seat of Willamette University, the oldest school in Oregon, founded by the missionaries 314 of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this school some hundreds of young people have professed conversion.

I am where I can obtain no numeral statistics on the percentage of students brought to Christ in our schools, in comparison with the percentage of young people of the same age in our congregations. I have no doubt, however, that a much larger percentage have been converted in the schools than out of them. But will you allow me to suggest, What does that prove? There is no more dangerous philosophy than that of Buckle, that great moral questions can be settled by statistics. And there is no more dangerous weapon than that of statistics if not properly used.

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It should be remembered that students in our schools are picked young men and women; some having religious or enterprising parents, who support them; some choosing to obtain an education in a professedly religious school. We have a right to expect them to be converted. In the congregations, however, are found some of far lower grade in both respects.

Again, in the schools are regular religious meetings, carried on mostly by young people who greatly influence their companions; in the smaller congregations this is not the fact. Again, the studies pursued compel thought; many other young people think but little.

I have known some young people, even in religious schools, to wander far away from Christ and right; but not so large a proportion as I have known out of schools.

Our schools are doing much to promote the cause of Christ, and for that deserve support. Yours, for truth and Christ, E. O. Haven.

Another illustration of the same quality of mind is contained in a communication to the New York "Christian Advocate," "Light and Darkness in the Last Hours," written in his best vein, just before he left New York, but not published until after his death. At this time it will not only illustrate his calm and impartial mind, but also reveal 315 the composure with which he reflected upon that solemn ordeal through which he was so soon to pass:

A belief that death is near affects different minds so differently as to render it impossible to lay down any universal rules on the subject. Probably all who are in a fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an indefinable dread and horror. This, in some instances, if yielded to, increases so as to imperil the reason and hasten what it fears. But many human beings can discipline themselves to suppress all manifestations of feeling, and this is probably in many instances followed by an utter absence of fear. It is easy, it is said, in China for a well-to-do criminal to hire a substitute,

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who, for small wages to be paid to his family, will consent to die for his employer. This is a kind of prompt and sure life insurance, when the bargain is closed at once with a death!

A criminal in the western part of New York, not long ago, was condemned to die for an aggravated murder. He was repeatedly visited by clergymen, who vainly endeavored to awaken in him any appearance of interest in religion. He died without the smallest sign of fear, as indifferently as a man would enter a carriage, impressing all with the degree of stolidity which a man can reach. He was but one of a class who nerve themselves to “die game.”

It is also true that men may die martyrs to a bad cause, and sell their lives in attestation of a lie. In the excitement of the first French Revolution, a man deliberately formed a plan to make it appear that he had been killed by an office-holder, to excite prejudice against the Government, and then committed suicide. How strange that a man should slay himself with a deliberate lie in his mouth!

Such instances should teach us not to give a factitious or unreal value to the experiences of the dying. They are not always sincerely uttered; and even if they are, they are less valuable in many respects than the experiences of the same people when they were healthier and more deliberate.

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A dying man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny, or the destiny of those he leaves, than he was before he began to die. Why should he be? Because a dying man fears hell, it is by no means sure that he will fall into it; nor because a dying man expects heaven, is it by any means sure that he will enter it. We need some stronger support than feelings, which may be hallucinations—of no more value in one time of life than another.

While, however, all this is true, and the proper way to prepare for eternal life is to live for it, it is also true that many Christians, when dying, have peculiar peace and joy, such as others do not manifest. Heathen literature has no description of joyful deaths.

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Christian literature abounds in them. Every pastor of a church that cultivates what is called experimental Christianity has more or less observation of it.

One of the most noted instances of the kind under my own observation was a man dying in the prime of life of the cholera. It was in the summer of 1848, when the second cholera, so-called, swept over our land. I was pastor of a church (the Twenty-fourth Street society) in New York, when I was called to see more sick and dying people, probably, than would equal the whole of my little congregation. One of the symptoms of that dread disease is "great depression of spirits," lassitude, pain, indifference to surrounding circumstances. But I saw a man in the prime of life, with all the other symptoms of cholera, die with the greatest joy and triumph of the Christian; and several others, in evident Christian peace and resignation.

One characteristic of Christian comfort in the departing hour is the apparent absence of all conscious bracing up for the occasion. The Christian does not seem to be nerved to meet a foe. He is peacefully or joyfully about to start on a journey, and he seems to fear no lack of pleasant society on the way. It is a parting without the usual grief on his side.

One of my early experiences as a pastor taught me a lesson on this subject. A young man, about of my own age, a minister more than usually promising, was in the later stages of consumption. His mind was clear, his conversation was brilliantly intellectual, and his sky serene, only the sun seemed prematurely dropping down the western horizon. Having visited and conversed and prayed with him several times, and received spiritual strength from his faith, I was at one time drawn out toward him in more than usual sympathy, and expressed faintly but earnestly my deep regret that he, so young and promising, should be disabled and deprived of ability to win the honors of a long and useful life. Never shall I forget the seeming rebuke with which he vindicated the will of God: "It is right!" "It is the Lord's choice!" "I was never more happy than at this moment!" "My best hours have been since confined to this bed!"

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I have learned to observe pretty closely since, both in actual life and conversation and reading, and have failed as yet to find any dying consumptives, not Christians, who, when not suffering pain, had such joyous emotions. Carlyle and his friends give no hint that the skeptic had such an experience. Indeed, the highest high-water mark of a dying sinner's experience is below the lowest low-water mark of a Christian's experience.

Some Christians, perhaps foolishly, indulge fears about death. It is really to one who dies a matter of no consequence at all whether it is slow or sudden, attended with peace or joy, or not. I have long since determined to indulge consciously no choice on the subject. But it is noticeable that some who have feared it, have been wonderfully sustained when the dreaded moment came.

The Rev. George Coles, the real father of the Children's or Sunday-school literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for many years one of the editors of "The Christian Advocate," in New York, suffered much from hemorrhages from the lungs, and from a troublesome affection of the heart. He dreaded death. The passage-way seemed an "iron gate"—like that of a prison. But his whole life had been full of self-denial and cheerful labor. His friends could be counted by thousands. Why should he fear? The dread hour finally came. He was sitting in his chair, unable to lie down. That glad premonition so often given was vouchsafed; and with a sweet smile he said, "Sing." "What shall we sing?" "Sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'" We sung a stanza, and paused to note the rapidly shortening, almost imperceptible, breathing—before so difficult, when, summoning all the little remnant of life, he opened his eyes widely, and exclaimed, "Hark!" closed his own eyes again, and "fell on sleep." What heard he in his last few seconds of earthly life? "Hark!"

Another instance awakened deep interest in me. An aged woman, just closing her eightieth year, suddenly fell, and was taken to her bed. Her hearing had long since nearly vanished, and she had but a few hours more of consciousness. Just before she ceased to

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breathe she seemed to be speaking, though she could not of course hear her own voice. Leaning over, her daughter caught the words:

“Vital spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying!”

The whole hymn seemed familiar to the Christian woman.

Little did the Roman Emperor Hadrian think when writing his ode to a departing soul or Pope when writing his imitation of it, that Christians would die repeating their words. “Life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel.”

An English philosopher could relieve the unconcealed anxiety of his later hours by a fancied dialogue between himself and the ferry-man who should bear his soul over the fancied river; the old Roman could cover his face, and turn to the wall and die; it is left to the Christian to remain unmoved and passive, and receive the summons which thrills the soul with the foretasted joy of heaven.

He was not the less a citizen because a Christian minister. There is, doubtless, a real law of heredity and of solidarity. Ancestral blood tells in character, and so do social surroundings. Both of these influences wrought in 319 molding him into a Christian citizen. He belonged to the sturdy New England stock, where the Christian loved his country only less than his religion, and felt that, like the apostle, he was “set for the defense” of both. A sufficient leaven of the Puritan element still remained to permit this bent to develop in its natural direction.

Hence, he always was interested in whatever related to the welfare of his country. As a student and young man he debated the questions of slavery and the war with Mexico; later he entered into the discussion of the Church, the State, and the School; when the Rebellion arose he was full of the martial spirit, and both by pen and voice sustained the Government and aided in maintaining its integrity. When the contest arose over the

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election of President Hayes, we are told by Dr. Warren, of the "Northern Advocate," among other pleasant reminiscences, that he could neither keep silent nor talk for any length of time, so thoroughly was he aroused by the fear that injudicious counsels would prevail. But after a little he sat down to a table and wrote that calm, wise, patriotic article, entitled "The Great Elections."

..The article was so like the author in his best moments, the embodiment of wisdom and coolness, and after rising from his work he was himself perfectly calm again. He had written himself into composure.

In his memorial address Dr. Bennett says:

From him I have learned many excellent lessons on the difficult question of "The Christian minister as a citizen of the State" and to him shall I long feel grateful for the genial mellowing influence which he has exerted over me and many others of my fellow-citizens.

After coming to the Pacific coast he regarded this as his 320 future home, and possibly the home of his family and posterity. This led him to study its material, social, and religious welfare with peculiar interest. And all of his letters reveal the depth of his solicitude, the clearness of his insight, and the breadth of his view.

Very few knew him better or appreciated him more correctly than Dr. Bennett, his associate in Syracuse University. Of his civil relations this friend says:

I think that he was unusually well informed in matters pertaining to civil government. He was thoroughly American in sympathy. While he had no blind love for what was American for its own sake, he honestly believed that the theory of our government was the best which the world had seen. he had read our history with great care, and was unusually familiar with the genius and workings of our Constitution. He came fully to accept the principle: "The greater the liberty the more the duty. For, the less bound or circumscribed

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we are from without, the more indispensable it becomes that we bind ourselves from within, that is, by reason and conscience.”

It is for these reasons that he took an active and lively interest in all public affairs, whether of the nation or the neighborhood. I think that he best solved the question, To what extent is the minister to be active in matters of the State and politics? With an ease peculiar to himself, he lent his help to ever public measure of the city where he resided, and thought it his duty and privilege to do what he could to make and guide public opinion on matters of public policy.

His industry, too, was remarkable. As a pastor, he put his finger upon every spring of Church life and activity, and every interest responded with vigor to his touch. During an early pastorate in New York the cholera visited 321 the city, and was especially prevalent among the residents of his locality. While others fled he remained at his post, attending to his ordinary duties on the Sabbath, but giving special care to the sick and dying at all seasons. At Amenia Seminary he overflowed with work in all directions. As teacher and lecturer during the week, as preacher upon the Sabbath, his labors were incessant. Not long after his appointment to the editorship of “Zion's Herald,” he was elected to the State Senate from his district. His services gave such satisfaction that he was re-elected, and served as chairman of two important committees. One of the entries in his Journal about this time will reveal something of the amount of his work:

Was at this time editor of “Zion's Herald,” pastor of Malden Methodist Episcopal Church, chairman of the School Committee, member of the Board of Education, and member of the Senate.

This is too much. Bishop Haven always had an astonishing capacity for work, but no degree of capacity could equal the demands of all these places of responsibility. In addition to all this he frequently speaks of attending special religious services, delivering lectures and addresses, and attending to the multitudinous incidental duties growing out

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of his positions. Occasionally, but not often, he complains of fatigue. The wonder is that he did not kill himself. These tireless energies he carried to Michigan University, and their exertion, together with his other fitting qualities, carried that great western seat of learning to its highest degree of prosperity. Nor was he wanting as an incessant worker in varied fields afterward. Every interest of 322 the North-western University felt the magic of his presence. The breath of spring was abroad, and the university brought forth boughs like a plant. Colleges already existing were brought into co-ordinate relations; new departments were organized; the library was enlarged; the museum improved, and the attendance rose rapidly. Thus, also, he wrought, and with similar success, in the Board of Education and at Syracuse University. But nothing in his earlier life could have exceeded his activity after reaching his field of episcopal labor on the Pacific coast. Sermons, lectures, addresses, editorials, and correspondence dropped from tongue and pen with such ease, that one scarce knew which was the greater marvel, the fertility of his mind or the endurance of his body.

Bishop Haven's domestic life was invested with a peculiar charm. He was never demonstrative in the tokens of his affection for members of the home circle, but always carried with him the atmosphere of a refined and gentle spirit. Professor Moss speaks of his domestic government as "a standing refutation of that prevalent and vicious notion that love cannot become a law in the management of a family," and proceeds: "When I first knew him I took delight in seeing how the vagaries of a youthful mind and will could be met so as to produce a result exactly opposite to what they would have led to themselves." Of a younger son he writes:

I recollect his obtaining foolish books from libraries—books that possibly did no harm, but certainly did no good. From my experience I judge that most fathers would have ordered them left alone, 323 or taken quiet means to cause their disappearance. He did nothing of the kind. As if by chance, he took one off the table and read it through, then looked over his glasses with a smile, and with absolute sincerity in look and tone asked: "Do you

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think that is a good book?" as though seeking information. The reply was, "Why, yes; don't you?" "I didn't think there was much useful information in it," was the father's rejoinder.

And this was the extent of the reproof. It was followed by the gift of books more suitable and instructive, and this corrected the evil tendency.

Another picture of his method of guiding the minds of his children, and from the same pen, will prove delightful and instructive:

By deftly drawn conversations he managed to obtain his children's opinions on what they were reading and studying, many times going over their books to inform himself, but almost never commenting on them at the time. He drew them out in argument, encouraged them to talk with him about their work and thinking, never putting a direct question to find out their ideas, but throwing out suggestions in such an indescribably artless way that they did all the talking, while thinking that he was doing most of it. The most foolish or absurd notion never was met in any other way than as if it were a profound idea. He never laughed at or ridiculed their thought. He was always busy reading or writing, but never so engaged that if his children wished any thing they would not receive the most loving attention merely by asking it. I have seen him drop every thing to assist one of them in rendering some tough sentence in Livy.

He endeavored to make his home attractive to his children, not that there was any display, for there was absolutely none; nor that his home was furnished elegantly, for it was not: their fare was the plainest. Still there was a cheeriness, a freedom, a unison among all, begotten by precept and example, and far more of the latter than 324 the former, which led them to choose home in preference to any other place. Its character never was elevated in their eyes by the disparagement of any other place. He never used the argument of detraction in public or private. He taught them, by inspiring in them a just pride for his good name, that evil and evil associates and wrong conduct were to be avoided. The spirit of gentleness and kindness already instilled caused them to give great heed to his reputation.

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There was no harshness or severity or rigidity of discipline to overcome the promptings of regard and love.

Not even in the matter of personal religion and family religious exercises was there any set plan upon which the household was regulated. Beauty of character was trusted to, to draw them, rather than that they should feel compelled to act. He varied the method of conducting family prayer, sometimes quoting Scripture and getting the children to do so, and then uttering such prayers as only he could.

I do not recollect to have seen two lives so even in every phase of temperament as his own and his wife's, and which was the more so it would be difficult to tell. In neither did I ever see an exuberance of love or any other emotion. Neither was demonstrative in the slightest degree. He was always greeted on his return from a day's or a week's absence with quiet indications of love whose force lay in the depth that was plainly visible. A kind word of sympathy, the care lest he should be annoyed with the disposal of his baggage, the willing service in bringing him his books and papers, made the real sentiment of the household apparent. In return he displayed the same sort of interest toward each of them. The expressive look of his eye was a benediction in itself, the more so, as it never had an unpleasant expression even when he was stern.

The result of this was a quiet loving household. There was occasional impatience; sulking, never. Anger, I think, I never saw; and it is a standing wonderment to me, which I never cease speaking of, the affection that exists between the members of the family. Years do not seem to change it; and to such an extent does it enter into the general harmony of their intercourse, that the whole family keep up an incessant correspondence among themselves of the most loving character. I have never seen any thing like it. This is the result of a marked parental influence upon natures by no means altogether like their own.

It must be conceded that this is a delightful domestic picture, presented all the more vividly because drawn by one who came into this genial atmosphere from without, whose

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relations enabled him to see the characters of the inmates as they were, without debarring him from the privilege of portraying them as he saw them.

His Christian character was transparent and guileless in its simplicity, but not, therefore, wanting in positiveness and strength. Before his conversion he passed through the usual alternations of hope and fear; of good resolutions and broken vows. His conversion was clear and satisfactory, and greatly steadied his character, but did not deliver him from periods of religious depression. Like every thoughtful person he experienced the trials of that period of transition from a traditional faith, based upon the teachings of parents and other instructors, to an intelligent and personal faith, fully able to give the ground of its confidence.

His incessant and varied reading brought him into contact with all the subtle objections known to skeptics; and though there was during all the years up to the close of his presidency of Michigan University a manifest deepening of the religious life, and an increasing confidence and strength in Christ, he was still occasionally haunted with doubts and misgivings respecting some of the doctrines commonly held by the orthodox Churches. Notably this was true respecting the final condition of the wicked. To a nature of his fine quality this doctrine was invested with peculiar horror. He speaks of lying awake at night reflecting upon it, and appears to have broached his anxieties in a sermon, in Chicago and elsewhere, so clearly that a question was raised respecting the soundness of his faith.

He says that the question arose in connection with the mention of his name for the Episcopacy, and adds: "I am sure that strong and candid minds, especially if constituted as mine is, must feel that an awful and impenetrable mystery enfolds the condition of the unrepenting after death."

This was the extent and seems to be about the last of his misgivings. This entry was made more than fourteen years before his death, and the subject does not reappear. He was in

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the habit of turning a clear and steady eye upon doubts when they arose; and if he found the subjects enfolded in a mystery impenetrable to his mind, of leaving them where the Bible leaves them. His practice is commended to doubters of all classes. But his Christian faith was peculiarly confiding. After the strength of the opposition in Michigan University had been subdued he writes: "I desire here deliberately to record that it seems to me providential and a direct answer to many earnest prayers, offered by me daily, that the troubles attending my coming here have been completely overcome. God is good. My great and ruling desire is to do right, exactly right, and I am sure that his Spirit has greatly increased my love to him."

This was under date of April 30, 1864. In April, 1867, 327 he writes again: "I never had purer Christian joy or stronger faith in God than of late, especially in night meditations. My religion consists in supreme confidence in God, who, I know, blesses and sustains me."

This confidence in God held him in complete subordination to the divine will. It was expected that he would be elected Bishop in 1872. This expectation was not realized. Instead of repining, he writes: "I earnestly prayed that I might not be elected unless God desired it and it should be for the best. I am, therefore, glad that I was not elected."

A few weeks after the adjournment of this General Conference he visited Hempstead, L. I. Here he says: "Spent some time with my old friend, R. I. He has prospered wonderfully in business. I could not help thinking how different it would have been with me financially had I studied and practiced law instead of being a preacher. But I am not sorry. I delight in trying to do good."

This reveals one of those trains of thought so liable to overtake ministers of the Gospel, who, late in life, are brought into contact with associates of an earlier day, who have prospered far beyond themselves in things temporal. He was doubtless conscious of the possession of gifts for getting on in the world equal to those enjoyed by his friend of early days; and the reflection came but a few weeks after what, to most ministers of large

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endowments, would have been a great disappointment, yet even here his Christian spirit bears him through without a ruffle.

In conversation with the writer after coming to the Pacific coast, and, therefore, after his election to the Episcopacy, 328 he expressed similar sentiments, and especially a sense of gratitude that he had always been preserved from sourness under disappointments. His rule in reference to entertaining plans for personal advancement may be given in an extract from his Journal: "Any ambition which cannot be cherished at prayer, and does not receive increased intensity on the knees, is to be avoided."

When any Christian deliberately subordinates his personal will to the will of God, he will be characterized by evenness of spirit. To him every event is providential, and he accepts it as a part of the discipline of life. In Bishop Haven this was the mature fruit of his habitual submission to the divine will.

In the great emergencies of life he did not lose his balance. But one expression of impatience is now recalled in the entire Journal of his Christian life. In this case his plans had been thwarted by a board of trustees, and he laments that he "threatened," probably, to resign; immediately adding that "some trustees have no snap except to hold back." This single loss of perfect equanimity he deplores more than once afterward, and says that it destroyed his religious enjoyment the next day, Sunday, and interfered with his freedom in preaching.

Of his perfect self-control and superb Christian bearing in the midst of the trials and affronts which encountered him at Michigan University, Dr. Winchell has spoken so well, as to leave nothing more to be said.

Numerous entries reveal an earnest desire for the attainment of perfect love. Sometimes he finds nothing in his heart contrary thereto. But his last entry on this subject 329 is the most satisfactory. It was after preaching the Baccalaureate Sermon at Willamette University, January 26, 1881. Following the brief entry, he adds: "I pray often and earnestly

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that I may have a genuine healthy ambition to do good and please God, and it does seem to me by strict self-examination that God has given me that grace. I am often in possession, so far as I can see, of perfect love.”

This entry was made after preaching his last sermon. Very soon afterward comes the last entry. After referring to the painful phases of his disease, he adds: “In all I have been sustained and comforted by Christian peace.”

The first date in his Journal is March 19, 1838, the last July 19, 1881, and though, especially in his later years, the entries are not as regular as at first, and sometimes are intermitted for even months, he maintained to the last the habit of noting the important events and changes in his life. Sometimes these give but a bare skeleton of dates; at others they contain remarks on current events, prominent characters, subjects of study, authors read, and other items of interest. They would not avail as an autobiography according to the plan on which the author began his, but they have been invaluable as an aid to its completion.

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