

PA
History of the
Genealogy, Life, Labors, & Writings
Of Joshua Martin Snyder.

Who was born in

Monroghela Co. Virginia

A. D. 1825 April 18.

Written by Himself.

Commenced

Apr 1st 1851

At Diamond Lake
in

Lake Co, Illinois.

Written in man's highest ornament & society's greatest glory. [Edging]
It is nearly as ready & immediately taken to form habits of right doing than a song

Of my ancestors I know but little. They seem to have been a hard working, honest, & respectable class of men. Most of them seem to have been farmers.

My great grandfather, was a Dutchman, or rather a German. I know but little of him except that he was an honest, hard working man, & brought up his children to industrious habits. Both he & my great mother could converse in the German language. They seem to have lived most of their life in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Pa. & Baltimore, Md. I cannot learn that they ever took the oath of allegiance to the United States, though I have never heard a hint that they were in the least disaffected toward this government. My impression is, & I think it well founded, that my ^{great} grandfather did not live to see the Independence of the States. I think he died before the Revolutionary war broke out.

My grand-father Snyder was a fine man, a good citizen, & an affectionate father. He was taken prisoner by the Indians when he was between ten & eleven years old. He continued a prisoner about nine years, when he was finally exchanged for an Indian prisoner, who was held by the whites. The circumstances of his capture, & many circumstances which occurred while he was with the Indians, would be interesting to relate, but circumstances of the same character have been so often published to the world, that I forbear to relate them. When he first returned from his

captivity to his mother, (his father, ^{it seem} was dead) she looked at him, & said it was not her son. Some of his friends, who also seem to have been relations, were with him & affirmed strongly that it was her son. She then remarked, "If it is my son I can tell," whereupon she examined his arm in search of a scar which had been created by some accident, & finding the expected scar, at once owned her John. His fancy for Indian life seems to have become quite strong during his residence with them, though they were not irresistible. When he first returned from his captivity, he found it very difficult to rest on a feather-bed. He told one of his sons, who told me, that he become reconciled to the Indian buffalo, ^{rather} ~~rather~~ when taken prisoner, much easier than he became reconciled to a feather-bed after his return to the life of the white man. This, though a single case, may serve to illustrate the injury done to our race by sleeping & lounging on beds of down. He always retained his love for his grass so long as his eye sight remained good. When he came to take ^{the} oath of allegiance, he took it ~~as the name of~~ John Taylor. Taylor in English, being the same as Snyder in German. He moved to Monongahela County in Virginia at an early day of the white settlement in that part. There he took up a large quantity of land, & became an extensive farmer. He owned a few slaves in the course of his life, though

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he was always a hard working man himself, & brought up his children to hard labor also. Though I have no disposition to excuse slaveholding in any one, yet I am free to say that I do not regard the slaveholders of the eighteenth century, in the same light that I do those of the nineteenth century. I regard the latter as being just so much more wicked, as their light is greater than the former.

Notwithstanding all this, I regard slaveholding wrong, & only wrong, whenever, wherever, & by whomsoever done. I shall always regard the fact that my grand father held slaves, as detracting from the glory of a family history, otherwise untainted, for the most part. at least. (untainted, I say, for I know of no crime in any of my ancestors, or even of more modern relations, equal to that of slaveholding.)

My grand father Snyder, was a remarkable instance of constant healthfulness. He never saw a sick day in his life. And on the day of his death, he came from his room, and ate his breakfast as usual; remarking at the same time that he "should want no more." He seems to have had a presentiment that his end was nigh. He live to see all of his children, ~~sons~~ (Sixteen in number, eight boys, & eight girls, all the children of one woman) except two or three who died in their youth, married & raising families around them. His wife, my grandmother, seems to have been a good financier, & to have had good family government. Otherwise she was not re-

able, so far as I can learn. They both belonged to the Methodist, I believe.

Grand father Titus

My Grand father Titus, my mother's father, seems to have been a good neighbor, a kind husband, & an affectionate father. But he never belonged to any church, & I have no reason to believe that he ~~was~~ ever was a Christian. He does not seem to have been an opposer of religion, in the common acception of the word. But it ought ever to be borne in mind, that not to be actively engaged in religion, is regarded by God as being hostile to it, & that it is so in fact.

My grand father Titus, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, which severed the United Colonies, from Great Britain. He volunteered when he was about seventeen years old. In the midst of commotion, & removal so common in those days, he lost nearly all knowledge of his relations. After the war closed he learned the trade of a tanner & carrier, & at an early day of the emigration to the west of the Alleghana mountains, he emigrated to what is now known as Green Co. Penna. Here he settled on a creek known as Big White, & commenced business at his trade, by means of which he acquired a handsome property, though he met with some rather severe reverses of fortune through the course of his life. Between thirty & forty years after he was discharged from the army, he got the first intelligence of his only brother

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who had settled in the State of New York. I do not know what the circumstances were that first placed the information within his reach, but this I know, they soon saw each other after they had ascertained the place of each others locality. They always kept up a correspondence with each other, paying occasional visits, until my Grandfather's death, which occurred about two years ago, (1837)

My Father's Name was Thomas Snyder. He was the youngest of sixteen children by the same mother - eight boys & eight girls. Unlike most youngest children, he never was regarded as a pet, at least if I have been correctly informed. He seems to have been brought up, much as the rest of the children were. He was energetic, & so far reliable as a good boy, that at the age of sixteen years, he had almost the entire management of his father's farm. He seems to have transacted business in his own way, & to have borne all responsibility if any thing went wrong. His father had provided land for all of his boys, upon which to settle. He had made calculations, to give my father the "home farm," as it is generally styled in Pa, & in some other States of our Union. Accordingly, he had made his will, in that will had arranged that my father should have the "home farm," & for it should take care of his father & mother so long as they should live. A knowledge of this, coming to some of my uncles ears, they

set themselves at once to procure a change
 in the will. After laboring with my grand-
 father for some time, they succeeded in getting
 him to change his will, & settle that part of
 the estate intended for my father on my
 uncle Elisha. My father, young though he
 was, knew all that was going on; & short-
 ly after the will was altered, he succeeded
 in ascertaining the fact, & at once left
 home. He went to a sickle making es-
 tablishment, & ~~commenced to~~ learn the
 trade of making sickles. He had not
 been free from his apprenticeship very
 long, when the business failed; & so his
 trade was of no advantage to him.
 From that point he devoted his time to farming.
 He was benevolent, though I cannot say that his
 benevolence was always well directed. About the
 time that he was twenty-one years old he went to
 assist one of his brothers-in-law on his farm.
 His brother-in-law had been crippled by receiving
 a wound in the knee from an ax, & was no
 longer able to work on his farm. My father
 continued to work on this farm, for two years,
 for which he asked no pay, & never received
 twenty-five-dollars. I have often heard him
 speak of these two years, but do not recollect
 that he ever expressed any regret for having
 thus spent his time. He did not, at this time,
 enjoy religion. But I have heard him tell the
 following circumstance relative to his religious
 feelings.

When he was an apprentice, he seems for a
 long time to ^{have} meditated upon the injury which

his brothers had done him in getting away the property which his father had designed for him. The longer he thought of it, the more grievous the injury looked to him. He finally resolved to take revenge.

What the form of that revenge was, I do not know, but have no doubt that it was exceedingly sinful. A few days before his time, which he was to serve at his trade, was closed, he was working by himself. He began to think of the wickedness of his design. Saw its enormity, & at once repented.

An entire change in his feelings, was at once effected. His feelings of hate were gone & now he loved every one. Instead of feeling a desire for revenge, he loved all.

For a short time subsequent to this, he led a life of prayer. But he was seduced by Satan to believe that he could live religion without making a public profession of his faith in Christ. The result was such, as every experienced Christian would predict. He soon backslid, & at the time before referred to, he did not enjoy religion.

About this time he became acquainted with a young lady by the name of Elizabeth Harris. For several years they kept up a courtship, but once, & I suppose that they both entertained thoughts of marriage. But for some cause they were not married. This is another instance of the folly of long courtships. In a few instances, such courtships may do well enough. But if ever such

either fact, it occurs with those persons who are intelligent, & evenly balanced in their temperaments.

Subsequent to this he became acquainted with my mother, & was married to her when he was about twenty-eight years old.

Some years after he was married he became religious, & has always professed religion since. He joined the Protestant Methodist church, & is now (1853) a member of that church.

In the spring of 1826 my father moved from the State of Va. to the State of Ohio, Trumbull Co, where he has cleared a ^{good} farm, & where he now resides.

AMERICAN WESLEYAN, OCT. 8, 1873

Report of the Illinois Annual Conference, on Moral Reform.

The word reform has no meaning when applied to a perfect institution.

Christianity is just such an institution, therefore the word reform can have no meaning when applied to it. The loud talk about reform by those who reject the New Testament as a rule of faith and practice must, therefore, turn to ashes on the very lips which utter the word.

But there is a field where the word reform is pregnant with meaning. This is the imperfect Church and State which now holds the public sentiment of the world in its keeping.

As the Church always gives character to the State, we shall never have any better condition of things in politics than we now have, until we can have a better church.

What then is the real work of reform? Manifestly, to produce a New Testament Church at the earliest possible period of time. The whole matter of interest on this subject then turns upon this one point—How shall we restore a New Testament Church to the earth? This has been the question which has engaged the attention of every reformer since the days of the great Luther, and it is still the question of all questions.

Each in their order has felt that he had found the key to the situation. Luther thought that the doctrine of salvation by faith only was the key. Calvin thought the absolute sovereignty of God, without questioning his will was the key. Wesley thought experimental religion was the key.

We, who now live hundreds of years after these great and good men, see that they all embraced and taught vital truths, but failed to teach all truth, and so failed to get back to New Testament ground. This throws us into the field of inquiry once more. That the present condition of things is bad, and very bad, admits of no doubt. How shall we meet the case and remedy the evil? Here again the example of others comes to our aid. Luther contended with the evils of his own times. So of Calvin, so of Wesley, and so of the apostles. We have no better course to pursue, so far as we can see.

What then are the evils of our own time? What is the root of moral disease now? We answer, most emphatically—COVETOUSNESS. The love of money is the real, and to the observing, the manifest cause of nearly all the crime now taking place. It disgraces our Congress, bribes legislatures, corrupts courts, evades the punishment of the guilty, fosters weak pride, and weak pride causes mothers to lay violent hands on their own offspring, and thus murders both child and mother; and last, and most horrible of all, it stops the mouths of the ministry at the altar, and destroys confidence nearly every where.

This then is the thing to be met. Destroy this, and slavery, secret societies, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, pride, child-murder and falsehood will perish for want of a foundation.

These evils, in detail, and each of itself, are great; so great that no one has, or can over-estimate them. But to attempt an attack on any one of them, or all of them together, and not attack the root of the evil, is only cutting off the

branches, and letting the root remain that it may grow again.

As a Wesleyan Connection we will meet this evil, and show the world the "more excellent way" of New Testament life. We must begin with ourselves. If we fail in this, we may maintain a sickly existence, but can never be a great reformatory power.

What then shall we do? Simply return to New Testament life. Not talk it only, but live it. What then is the New Testament way? Let us hear the Lord Jesus on this point. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Hear the apostles. "Covetousness which is idolatry." "But covetousness, let it not once be named among you." "The love of money is the root of all evil." "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and harmful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The Bible is full of such warnings. How then can we, how dare we fellowship such men and women as Christians? How dare we call ourselves Christians while living in violation of the very spirit of the gospel? Such are not Christians. They are sinners, going to "destruction and perdition." They may be Methodists, or any other parizan, but they are not Christians. We must say it, and then act it. One-tenth belongs to God, and no right to love the remaining nine-tenths can exist. If we love money at all, we must give until we do not love it, if it takes the last dollar, and then takes our lives also.

And it must be practical and systematic.

tic, not guessed at, not haphazard. A people imbued with such a spirit would produce a moral earthquake—would inaugurate an intense moral war, for their teachings and practice would unchristianize the prevailing religion of the day. Such a people would gather tens of thousands of the most holy living, and conscientious members of all existing religious organizations.

We might lose some of our present membership, but we should gain manifold in both numbers, and moral strength. We ought not to lessen our zeal in opposing secrecy, Episcopacy, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, rationalism, Spiritualism, child-murder, and all other kindred evils; but rather double our opposition to these things, until they perish in the furnace of truth.

We shall, most certainly, do this if we do the first. When the love of money is dead among ourselves, we shall be ready to make war on sin among others wherever we can find it. No Grecian athlete ever fought as we shall then fight. May God help us. Amen.

J. M. SNYDER, *Chairman.*

Bliss's Telescope
Nov. 20, 1872

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

Of all the questions which have puzzled the human mind for thousands of years, none have been more perplexing, and none farther from general agreement, than the question of true manhood. Who is a true man? What constitutes a true man? These questions mean the thing—one is a personation, the other the quality to be personated. We can define hero, poet, scholar, and even Christian; but who shall tell us what it takes to make a man?

Diogenes wanders through the streets of Athens at high noon with his lighted lantern, "looking for a man," and Burns, noble in genius, scornful in his sense of honor, withering in his sarcasm, immortal in the beauty and power of his verse, are both looking for the same thing—a man.

Diogenes brought to his aid great native talent to think, to analyze, and to combine, and thus left the world impressed with his native and habitual greatness; and the common consent of mankind has called him a philosopher. We do not object to the title being applied to one so great. If any one of the great Greeks deserved the name of philosopher it was Diogenes. And after saying all this, what have we more than a brilliant singularity, a circumstance, unique; bearing the personal impress of its father,—Diogenes gone to seed: "only that and nothing more." The great question remains unanswered. Diogenes died without

answering it in his writings, or illustrating it in his life. True, he tried both to write it and to live it, but it is just as true that he failed in both. We are not blind to his great qualities, both of head and heart, and to that extent take delight in "rendering honor to whom honor is due." But we dare not shut our eyes to the fact that a world full of such men would be a world full of brilliant failures.

Nor can we write any better, nor indeed so well, of Burns. We love to credit him with all he deserves. Genius he had. In one short poem he dashed to the ground and shivered to minute fragments all the claims of hereditary nobility. Their noble blood dried up beneath the scorching fire of his burning words. With a dash of his pen he ground to powder all their claims to superiority on account of their princely fortunes. The heaven of a great thought, clothed in "words that burn," found its way into the literature of the world when he said "a man's a man for a' that," and it has been spreading far and wide ever since. A real messenger of liberty, it has been working for the freedom of mankind ever since he sung it so scornfully at the dinner-party of those disappointed, "noble lords." Much have we praised it, and well it deserves it.

If Diogenes gave us an immortal act, Burns gave us an immortal phrase. Another sung nearly or quite as well: "An honest man is the noblest work of God." All well said,—but where is the corresponding production? If the philosopher is worth but little as a model, both of the poets, notwithstanding all the beauty and power of their immortal sayings, are worth less. Their private lives would be a poor model for our sons. But bad as they were, there is one thing here well worth saving. It is the truth. It breaks its prison-bars, and is free. There is such a thing as a man, Diogenes to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mark you, we are talking about a MAN—no half man, no creature of the times, blown into universal notoriety by newspapers and other channels of advertisement, and then blasted by a single breath of adversity; but a manhood which carries in itself the elements of imperishable greatness. Crush manhood until the world by universal acclamation pronounces it dead. It is not dead, however. Just as well say that diamond has ceased to be diamond because men had reduced it to dust. The diamond is there, though you change its form ten thousand times. The commercial value may be great when it is in one form, while in another it may be worth no money, and for this reason may occupy but little place in the thoughts of the vulgar herd. But the thinkers of the world know it is a diamond if it has been re-

duced to dust. So of *real manhood*. Crush it; hiss at it; burn it; spit on it; crucify it; *bury* it, and still it is manhood. It breaks through prison-walls by virtue of its real greatness. It quenches the violence of fire. It palsies the arm of persecution, stops the mouth of the vulgar throng who cry at one time "hosanna" and at another "crucify him! crucify him! away with him!"

Kill such a man, and bury him without benefit of clergy, and your children will walk in procession over the unhonored graves of his murderers and set up a monument to his memory and write victory on it. The multitudes followed Jesus with hisses and men killed him. Weeping women pitied him, but he needed no pity. The model man was there. Nails, and thorns, and mockery could not hurt that. But every nail, every thorn, every hiss, went straight to the heart of doctored Jerusalem. More than all else the Jews needed the model manhood of Jesus; but they knew it not, because it was "hid from their eyes." They proved it, and for the want of the real manhood they perished. Honest, brave, pure, and infinitely wise, Jesus was the true model—the true man.

Then what is manhood? We answer, Christianity is manhood. The Christian is brave, pure, true. This is manhood in its highest, holiest, and noblest sense. Woe to America when honest, brave, true, pure-minded men are at a discount. Religion and politics alike need them.

In the light of these thoughts we say to Masonry, fear nothing, or else fear everything. If you are truth, and your initials and processions are based on truth, no TELESCOPE, *Cynosure*, or other print will do any harm to you. Indeed, you discount yourselves very much to even be disturbed by such sheets. But if your position is false, and your initials, processions, &c., are both childish and absurd, as they most certainly are, then, gentlemen, your institution is doomed. Little as these sheets seem, they are large enough to talk all the life out of your worthless rammery. Forty years ago it was a disgrace to be known as a Mason. If there ever existed any just reason for such a public sentiment, that reason still exists, and that result may be expected again. If there existed no just reason why Masonry should be thus esteemed, then it need not fear anybody nor anything. The TELESCOPE believes it to be corrupt from foundation to turret-stone, and essentially antichristian. If you think it is your duty to defend it, just fight on. We believe we ought to oppose it, and we shall most certainly do it; and "may God defend the right."

J. M. SNYDER.

THE MISSIONARY COLLECTION.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD:—Do not let that occasion pass without doing your whole duty. Last year the neglect of this important collection was distressing. There were cases where individuals did nobly. Let it not be left to individual exceptions this year. It can be generally and universally attended to; and it ought to be done. If the pastor of the Church is not present to attend to it, the steward or the class leader or some other one can. We ought to make the first Sabbath of January a kind of denominational Thanks-giving day; and the thanks-giving should not consist of

roast turkey and other good things of that kind, but the giving of a thank-offering in the form of money into the treasury of the Lord. The General Conference designated missions as a proper direction for this thank-offering to take. Can any one name a more proper direction for our benevolent and Christian contributions? It has not been attempted so far; nor is it likely to be attempted. Then let us act—every body act; and everybody act rightly, and this work will not again go by default. Others are looking on to see what we do, and we are willing, nay we are glad that they are. We must do something, or draw down upon ourselves the just censure of other Christian denominations. But that is a small matter compared to the censure we shall incur and deserve at the hand of Him who will soon say "Give an account of thy stewardship." Nearly or quite every other denomination in the land, is working and giving for missions. Many of them have missionaries in foreign lands among the heathen, and we ought to have the same thing. We are abundantly able to do it. We will have it too, just as soon as we all try. But at present the home-field will need all we can get; and much more than we can get could be used to great advantage. Look at Tennessee—Look at the whole South. Think of the Freedmen. What a field! Holy Father help us to do our duty here. Then look at the West; aye, look every where, even in our most populous cities. We can all do a little. The poorest can give ten cents. Nearly every one among us, male and female, can give a dollar each. Many can give more. Now say we could make this collection average a dollar to the member. What a difference between that and the past.

Then, what a field would be opened up at once. Several ministers who have been called to preach the gospel, and who for various reasons have turned to secular business could be taken at once, and thrust out into the Lord's vineyard. Others who are now struggling hard with poverty, and have to give half their time to manual labor, could be aided by giving small sums to them, and thus their whole time be given to the ministry.

Then again; we have said to all the world, "We do not consider our mission ended, and we shall continue our denominational existence." We say amen to that. But now make the logic good. If it is right to maintain our existence, then it is right to enlarge our borders. And again we say amen. Now let us set about this very work. Let us take in new ground. And let us, by all lawful means, improve and strengthen the fields already occupied. It is the veriest suicide, however, for us to confine ourselves to the circuits and stations already existing. *We must enlarge or die. The only way to save what we have, is to get more.* No thrifty farmer thinks of forever confining himself to the first small field he reclaimed

from the wilderness. No, no. He enlarges every year; and very soon begins to make his new fields contribute to the resurrection of the older ones. The rule applies to religious enterprises as well as to agricultural. Others have acted on the rule and prospered. We must do the same, or perish in the course of a few years. It ought to have been done more than twenty years ago. For want of this very thing we have suffered much harm. But it is not too late to do so yet.

In the order of God's providence we have not been allowed to die. Now, then let us understand the voice of that providence. He says to Wesleyans, Your captivity is ended. Now then arise and build me a temple and "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former." Will we do it? Shall the first Sabbath of January 1869 declare it? Shall the collection and pledges reach at least ten thousand dollars? It can be done; and it will be done if all do their duty.

Upon our preachers rests the main responsibility. If they lead, the people will follow. All may not do so the first time, but nearly all will do it sooner or later. But our ministry, and the WESLEYAN are the agents to create a denominational sentiment to this end. We shall never make a grand movement until we have a denominational sentiment in favor of it. A few will skirmish as we have always done; but no grand battle will be fought, and no glorious victory won, until we have a denominational sentiment in favor of it. We want every leader at his post—every non-commissioned officer and private to fall into line. Bring out the colors, and then let us dress on the center. Now for a grand charge on the enemy—Indifference. What say you brethren? Shall it be done? A grand move on the works of General Indifference do you say? Then here is my heart and hand. There is nothing impossible—nothing hard about it. We have been careless, and that is all there is of it. It is not what we have not been able to do; but it is what we have not tried to do. Sermons must be preached. Articles must be written and printed, prayer must be offered, and in all private or social conversation, the claim must be insisted on; and in less than five years our annual missionary collection will be a denominational institution.

Finally: *No fears need be felt for local interests.* Every Conference can have the amount it contributes credited under the head of that Conference; and then direct the Parent Society how they wish to have it applied. Thus we can all collect on one day, and forward to head quarters, and have it so arranged as to apply every dollar according to the wish of the donor. Take Illinois for an example. We have five home missionaries in the field, and every man a true man hard at work.

Most of those who contribute in Illinois will probably wish those men to have their contributions, and all the more so as most of our people believe that it is the mission of Wesleyans to spread the work of holiness through the land.

But some may wish to have their money go for the Freedmen in the South. Let every preacher give an opportunity to all to specify which they prefer to support. It can be done thus. Let it be given out previously that the collection will be taken up and for what purpose. Let each donor write on a slip of paper what they wish done with their money, then wrap the money in the paper and drop it in as the collector passes around. Let those who give pledges, specify to what they give, and the report can soon be made out, and every dollar go to the right place. The Parent Society will be only too glad to be the almoner of those who give, or we are good for nothing in the way of guessing. What cannot be done on the first Sabbath of January can be done after that; but by all means let it be done. May the great Head of the Church help us.

J. M. S.

Funeral.—Died at his residence in Greene Township, Mercer Co., Ill., May 30, 1866, John Frazier, in his sixty-fifth year.

Father Frazier was born in what is now known as West Virginia, near Morgantown, on the 11th of July, 1801, and was removed by his parents in 1802 to Trumbull Co., Ohio, where he grew to manhood. He joined the M. E. Church at 18 years of age, was married to Nancy A. Veach at 21, and commenced to carve out a home for himself and wife in the dense forest of Ohio. Growing dissatisfied with the church government of the M. E. Church he united with the Methodist Protestants about the year 1832. In 1847, with his wife and ten children he emigrated from Ohio to Illinois and settled on the farm where he died. Here he found no Methodist Society of any kind, but hearing of Wesleyans in another county, and being favorably impressed with their position on the subject of slavery, he sent for a preacher and opened his own doors for the preaching of the word.

Bro. C. H. Drake of sainted memory was the first to preach in his new house in Illinois. A church, small in numbers but composed of earnest reformers, was organized. Father Frazier continued to be a member of this church as long as it had an existence, but finding himself again without a religious home he formed a temporary connection with the Congregationalists about three years ago, but in sentiment and sympathy he lived and died a Wesleyan.

The deceased arose from bed on the morning of the 30th ult. as well as usual, but at 6 A. M. was stricken down with apoplexy and at 20 minutes past four P. M. of the same day, he ceased to breathe. The wife of his youth and nine sons and daughters, together with a numerous host of friends and neighbors followed his remains to the grave. And thus suddenly has an aged father in Israel, an ardent reformer and patriot, a good and strong man, full of faith and good works, a most affectionate husband and father, a friend of the poor and a pillar in society been taken away from our midst. Truly we mourn, but not as those who have no hope. Bro. J. A. McGilvra preached the funeral sermon to a large and attentive audience.

J. M. SNEYDER.

Viola, Ill., June 3, 1866.

(Western Methodist Protestant press)

My Mother's name was ^[Type name] ~~Bellevue~~ ~~Stacy~~.
 She was born in Green Co, Ind. The name
 of the particular part of the county
 I do not know, further down this
 there is a creek running through
 that county, which is called Big
 Whately. It was soon where upon the
 waters of this creek that she was
 born. The year of her birth I do not
 know, though I think it must have
 been about the year 1830. 1831.
 Her mother died when she was quite
 small, I have heard her say that she
 has a very faint recollection of the
 funeral, but she could give no
 further account of it
 she before noticed, her father became
 insane upon the occasion of his mother's
 death. He remained in that condition
 for some time, when he was ^{again} returned to
 reason & was permitted to live and
 bring up his children.
 I suppose that my mother possessed
 a beautiful person for in other
 words was handsome. The effect of
 least it may be said.
 But this was not her chief attraction.
 She possessed an amiable, though
 somewhat sensitive, disposition.
 She inherited a sound mind, but un-
 fortunately she never received a proper
 education. Like many others she had
 to feel the force of the semi-barbarous
 system that still was in vogue

Nov 1875
There next 3 or 4 pages not done charity. they are in
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two more
of the

education than to know how to read & write. Such was the view of her father entertained as female education, & that was the education which my mother received so far as science was concerned. She was taught housewifery, so far as people generally understand it, who have not received a scientific education. But it is now a conceded point that science is an advantage to any woman who is fortunate enough to understand it, even in housewifery. Indeed, we see but few things which are more interesting & beautiful than a house managed upon scientific principles. And we think we may say that it is quite as useful as it is beautiful. What science is to the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the minister or the soldier, & the man of "the quill" it is to the housewife. It will differ a little in its application, but is none the less useful for all that. We may be told that many housewives conduct their affairs well, even admirably, who do not know how to read & write.

In a very few cases this may be true, but I doubt whether it is ever true of any one individual, to the same extent that it would have been, if they had received a scientific education. Science is always useful, & always beautiful. The individual who studies it will naturally compare to its natural

arrangement. The process will be going on though the individual may not perceive it, but it is being not see it, others will, & that for may, & most certainly will extend to a greater or less extent.

We are sometimes told that ^{some} women who have received a liberal education are fidgety in their habits, & that their houses are always "in a commotion" if we may use a western phrase.

To this we answer, if such is the fact in a few cases, it may be accounted for upon the following facts. First, their education was probably deficient. They were not taught that manual labor was both useful & respectable, but have been brought up to look upon it as disgraceful, or at least only to be performed by the lower classes. Had they been taught that no education was complete until the individual knew how to perform the duties of life, the ~~world~~ would, most likely, have the same help in their household arrangements. They have been brought up to believe that an education was finished, when they could perform well upon the piano, knew a little of French, Italian & could talk intelligent upon points of history, or philosophy, & not that such were only parts of an education.

And they may, in a few cases, be

deficient in some part of their natural endowment. While their perceptions bear they may be good when brought to bear in certain directions, they may be very poor, when directed in another course. They may be naturally deficient in taste, & order, two very essential attributes, in a good housekeeper - not less, so than they are in a good mechanic.

Finally: Who ever saw a woman, who had received a liberal education, keep as filthy a house, as the ignorant & vulgar Catholic. Irish generally keep? Who does not know that the latter are almost uniformly ignorant, & as uniformly filthy? By the way let me say that I have, probably, visited in several thousand families, & I have always found extreme filth, accompanied by extreme ignorance. And no case have I seen an intelligent woman, extremely filthy. In a few cases I have seen intelligent women who did not keep things in proper order, but they were women whose education had been imperfect. They had not been taught how to work, & when misfortune placed them in a condition where they could not hire servants, they did not know how to manage their family affairs.

But to return: My mother did not receive a liberal education, but she was sufficiently intelligent to see the pro-

...society of it. She always felt
...visionary that her children should
...have a good education, & was willing
...to do what she could to give them
...such an education.

My mother did not become religious
until she had been married some
years, about the time that my father
became religious, & publicly professed
his faith in Christ. This also gave her
heart to God. I can distinctly remember
at the time. He was a faithful
Christian, & ^{possessed} the love & confidence
of his children.

The only reason that I can give, &
I think the only reason which can
be given, is that they have different
hearts & pursue different courses
of conduct.

In a word, my mother deserves to have
the love & confidence of her children
& her neighbors. Can I enter
them any doubt that when she falls
from mortal sight, she will be found
with the robes of her good works "written
in light?"

She has given birth to eight children,
some of whom have reached manhood
& womanhood. They have grown
up under circumstances which
...them to see the need of "womanhood"
...they are sincere, not to say
...advocates for the doctrine

Finally, my mother was a useful woman in the Church, & society in general, a fond & affectionate mother; & with all my affection for her, which of course must be deducted from the account, I think I am safe in saying that in point of natural ability she was quite equal to her neighbors.

She is yet alive; (1853) long may she live to bless her family, & the world of mankind at large.

I am well assured that when she does die, that all of her children who may survive her, will deeply feel her loss, & with united breath will exclaim;

"Peace to her memory?"

Burdette, Sherman Co., N.H., Mar. 15th 1854,

Reviewing this, I find I ought to add that father died in August 1800, at the age of 65 or 68 and it is not certain which. He died of an inflammation originating in the left hand, extending rapidly up the arm, and reaching the regions of the heart, & in less than one week from the beginning of the attack he died. Mother lived to be seventy-five years old and a few days more. She died in peace at the house of my brother Thomas Snyder, on the same farm where father died in Hubbard, Franconia Co., Ohio. They sleep by the side of each other in the old Church yard in East Hubbard.

Last January my brother Thomas and myself purchased a marble, like unto father's, that the resting place may be marked for time to come.

I was born in Monongahela Co, Virginia,
April 10th 1825.

As my father moved to the State of Ohio when I was not quite one year old, of course I have no recollection of my birth place. I have often thought that I would sometime visit the place of my birth, but I have not yet done so. If my life is spared, I may yet do so, but the hope of ever doing so weakens with every increasing year of my life, & the increasing cares of my family.

But if my life is spared a few years, I may be called into circumstances, which will place it quite in my power to see the spot where first I "breathed the vital air."

"Who knows," what a day may bring forth?"

My first recollection of men & things, is associated with Hubbard, Trumbull Co, Ohio.

This is in that part of the State, which is often called New Connecticut, & still more commonly, it is called the Western Reserve.

It was settled, for the most part, by emigrants from Connecticut, though there was a considerable sprinkling from nearly all of the New England States. As might be expected, these pioneers brought with them their New England industry, economy, religion, & intelligence. And I feel safe in venturing the opinion, that no part of the great State of Ohio, can present a set of inhabitants, more intelligent, industrious, moral, & orderly, than the Western Reserve.

I have always been glad that my father settled in that part of the State, for it brought me, & the remaining part of my family in con-

tact with that class of society - for which I feel a decided preference.

Nothing of special interest is associated with my history prior to the eighth year of my life, so far as I know. In the month of July, following my eighth birth day, I had a very severe spell of sickness. It commenced with that well known disease Cholera Morbus. I do not think that there was any special danger when I was first attacked, but my parents called in a physician who had been practicing but a short time, & notwithstanding he was reported to have stood a good examination at college, he came near putting an end to my life. Like most young physicians, he calculated to do every thing by the use of medicines. I find that it is generally the case with young physicians, that they endeavor to do every thing by the power of their drugs. I have always thought, & think now, that I should not have been as sick without any medicine, as I was with the drugs which were given me.

After two weeks of very dangerous illness, in which I sustained injuries that have never entirely left me, I think, & nearly lost my life; the doctor divided his doses, & made two doses out of one. Until this was done I had no symptoms for the better, but after this I soon recovered enough to go abroad. Notwithstanding I was so near death's door, I do not now remember that I had any fears of death. I do not even remember that I had any thoughts that I was in danger of dying. My parents at that time were not professors of religion, & consequently, they had ^{not} taken pains to instil into my mind those ideas of duty

which many a child understands quite well
 at that age. Beside at that time I did not
 know my letters, & of course had not read the
 Bible from which I learn my duty. And still
 more strange, even though I lived in that land
 of churches, I had never heard a ~~single~~ gospel ser-
 mon, unless I had heard it in infancy. I sup-
 pose, of course, my parents used to take me to
 meeting when I was an infant, but after I
 became too large to be carried in their arms, & my
 brothers & sisters began to grow up, they adop-
 ted the practice of attending meetings, sing-
 ing. One of my parents always remaining at home
 to take care of the children, while the other
 attended meeting, the children were most
 effectually kept at home. Let it not be in-
 ferred from the above that my parents did not
 regard the Sabbath, for they were even strict
 in its observance, so far as ceasing from
 manual labor was concerned. And I may add
 that the Bible was their Sabbath reading book.
 But to return. I had no fears of death,
 & no extacies, at the hope of heavens.
 Of course I now look upon such a
 course of raising children as erroneous, &
 think I may safely say, that it is wrong.
 After the immediate danger of my sickness
 was over, I gradually recovered, though I do not
 think that I have ever yet entirely recov-
 ered from the effect of the drugs given
 me at that time.
 About twelve mon.ths after the sickness
 above named, or in other words, the summer
 after I was nine year old, I began to attend

school. I remember my first day's schooling most distinctly. I had heard of school before, but like a thousand other things of which one hears, I had no correct idea of a school, how it was conducted, what all was done, whether it was a pleasant place to be, or not, &c. &c. until I saw for myself.

I would be glad, just here, if my descriptive powers were better than they are. They never were good, & I have almost thought that no amount of cultivation could ever make them good. Perhaps the primary cause of this is to be found in the fact, that I do not have as lively, & deep impressions of things, as others, & perhaps it is something else; but be it whatever it may be, I find myself quite unable to describe my feelings, on the announcement of my parents, that I was going to school that day. It was a beautiful morning, in the month of June I think. The sun never shined more brightly, & the leaves on the trees, & wild flowers in the woods seemed almost to make an effort to look more beautiful than usual, "true liquid diamonds," "nature's tear drops," that hung sparkling upon the grass around me; the birds in the forest, singing their sweetest songs, & in short every thing, animate, & inanimate, seemed to be more than usually happy. But among them all, there was nothing more happy than myself. The morning's work was soon disposed of, & the moments as they passed were cheered on their journey by their singing, in my way you know, of such

verses, as I had been able to learn, by hearing others sing. But finally breakfast was over, & my mother proceeded to arrange me for school. Oh! if I only had the talent of a Milton, or Byron, while I describe how I felt while my mother arranged my dinner & a copy of the American Spelling Book in my little basket, & then when she came to part my hair, put on my hat, & put my basket in my hand & then say "There now you can go" well gentle reader I felt it, & I can remember it, but I cannot tell you about it.

The school house was nearly a mile & a half distant, & the road lay through the woods most of the way. About a quarter of a mile from my father's, lived one of my uncles. I remember distinctly, with what a light step I bounded across the fields, until I had reached my uncle's. I had been to my uncle's many times before, but never before had I gone there with so glad a heart. At my uncle's I fell in company with some of my cousins, who were also going to school. They were soon ready, & away we went. To me the road was entirely new, & you may be sure that it was very interesting. Arrived at school, I took my seat, & began what I believed to be discharging my duty. I began to study. So diligent was I in going to my teacher to ask the names of the letters, & then remember their names, & the shape of each letter, that I learned all of my letters the first day except two or three.

I cannot now tell - partly how many days I attended school during this summer, but this I do know, I made the best improvement of my time that was in my power.

Before school closed in the autumn I was a tolerable reader,

So much for the commencement of my school privileges. Let me here add, that I never had much opportunity, while with my father, to attend school.

As I was the oldest child, & as my father had but little property beside his land, when he commenced housekeeping, & as I could assist him at home more than any other of his children, I was therefore kept at work most of the time, summer & winter. I may add here, that most that I ~~was~~ ^{was} able to gather by reading & study, was accomplished of rainy days, while with my father, & by studying of nights when the rest of the family were asleep. This did I learn while at home, but most that I know, & that is, but little compared with what I wish to know, I have learned since I was twenty years old.

As I was the oldest child in my father's family, & as he "commenced in the woods" to make a farm, I always had enough hard labor to perform to keep me busily employed. I was kept so closely at home that I had but little chance to contract bad habits - especially the habit of roaming about the country, & thus wasting my time. Indeed I think that I had to

hard for my health. I remember very distinctly, that it was a common thing for me to feel so stiffened on awaking in the morning, that I had to move about the premises, for half an hour, or such a matter, before I was sufficiently "warmed up" as it is often said, to move with ease & freedom. It is very good to raise children to hard labor - indeed I doubt whether a child can be properly raised without training them to a life of manual labor to a pretty good extent; but I think in my case the principle was carried a little too far. I am glad that I was raised to a life of active industry, & I am fully persuaded that it was better for me to labor as hard as I did, than to have been raised in a life of indolence. I never had any aversion to labor, but on the other hand I was by nature inclined to the principle "Whenever thy hands find to do, do with thy might." I have never lost sight of the principle, but I think I have modified my manners a good deal by letting my moderation be known unto all men. But to return. A large amount of my labor consisted in chopping timber; all of the labor to be done in reducing the forest wilderness to "a fruitful field," I shared to a greater or less extent in helping to make my father's farm, & I have made several thousand rails, & chopped down

I prepared for the fire a great many
hundred trees, so short I was, raised,
"hard labor in the woods."

It's before hinted my father was not
a man of large means, & for this rea-
son mainly, but partly because my father
did not believe in a different way
of raising children, I was brought
up to a coarse ward robe.

I was born at that time when the
rude ness, & plainness of western frontier
life was just fairly giving way before
the commerce introduced from the
east, But it must be borne in mind
that some men do not progress as fast as
others, I think my father was a little
tinctured with the feature of character.
I almost smile now as I look back & think
of those warm home spun clothes.

They were comfortable, & serviceable, but
as all know who know any thing of them,
they were not handsome.

I will remember how general the desire
was among my young acquaintance to reach
the day when they should not have to wear
their "home spun" to church; There was gen-
erally a display of more or less pride among
the young folks, when they made their
first appearance in "fine clothes," & it
was not very uncommon to perceive
that there was some embarrassment
also to trouble these young gents & la-
dies. But as for myself I was not
much troubled with this habit, for

The best suit of clothes that I ever had, while I lived with my father was, horned-pump.

Thus I lived, & grew up. I had enough of hard labor, & little more than enough, but better than, than not to have had any. I generally had comfortable clothing, though coarse, but do not suppose that I am any the worse for that now, I was fed "with food convenient," & when I now reflect upon my youth, I rejoice that my birth & education, though rustic, were not distressing, & immoral.

From the time that I commenced to attend school, my acquaintance with mankind gradually extended. I thought some of my boy acquaintances, were very wicked, & so they were, but their wickedness consisted mainly in profane swearing, & with too frequent indulgence in anger, & occasional fighting.

But the lower orders of vice, such as theft, & sensuality, known but too well by boys, who have been raised in cities, or large towns, were of rare occurrence among my early acquaintances.

Still the depravity & selfishness of fallen human nature were all around me, & by degrees it unfolded until I had seen much that was very sinful before I was twenty years of age. "Children are creatures of imitation?"

"They learn to imitate every thing," so writes a great man, & my experience goes, alas! so far toward proving the assertion true, another has justly said

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
as to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiarity with her face,
The first endures, then pity, then embraces."

These thoughts tell my experience to a very great extent. When I first heard profane swearing I was attending school, at least I had never been familiar with any profane swearing, until I went to school, at first I was very much shocked, but I gradually became inured to it, & by & by, began to swear myself. Before I was fifteen years old I was a confirmed swearer, I now shudder to think of the extent to which I went in this fearful habit, the tinge of shame is on my cheek as I record so degrading a fact in my history, but I record it that any youth who may chance to read these pages, may be led to avoid my evil ways, & be saved from my bitter regrets.

Perhaps the eye of my own child may yet take these lines, if he let them be warned in time. As I now look back, I can but see that this habit was doing much to demoralize me in every way, it was

rapidly destroying conscientiousness, & when that is gone with any one there is not much left whereon to plant our hopes for good.

Being naturally of an ardent temperament, with more than average competitiveness, my angry passions, were sometimes permitted to lead me to great lengths.

When enraged I never thought of consequences, my aim & only desire was revenge, & I was exceedingly unscrupulous about the means, or the instrument used in obtaining it. I was positively dangerous at such times. I now rejoice that God in His mercy kept me from doing any more mischief than I did at such times. I continued to be the same victim of rage until I was converted. But since that time I have never once been led away with anger as I was previous to that period, & now after an experience of fourteen years I can bless the grace of God that has kept me.

This propensity led me to fight when I was injured, & I now remember with pain, of several of those conflicts with my school fellows.

May others avoid my errors.

I will now endeavor to give some circumstances of interest in the history of my youth.

There were no remarkable, hair-breadth escapes, and almost innumerable deliverances, such as we see in the case of Wesley & some others, connected with my youth.

I am not able to discern any uncommon providence in my youth, unless it be in the case of my sickness at eight years old, which I have described sufficiently already.*

My religious convictions, or in other words my convictions of sin, were the most remarkable among the thoughts & feelings of my youth. I cannot say, as some might safely say, that in this there was nothing more than the

convictions which are common to the young. My convictions of sin, according to the best that I am able to learn by reading biographies, & conversing with my acquaintances, were more than common convictions.

I have gone for whole weeks together, I seem to think of little else; indeed many times I have been almost persuaded to bow down and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive my sins, & yet strange as it may seem, I never opened my mouth in prayer until I went forward to the mourners' bench, or anxious seat as it is called. When I had fully entered upon this last named course, I found peace to my soul in a short time, but to return. My convictions were of a character to produce

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The appearance of the utmost despondency upon
my countenance. Both my father & mother
have frequently noticed this upon me, &
suspecting what was the cause have very fre-
quently, when they saw such appearances in
my demeanor & countenance, approached me with
the most familiar and affectionate advice,
they always endeavored to persuade me to give
my heart to God.

It seems strange to me now when I look back
& call to mind my feelings at those times,
for my feelings were much deeper at some times
than they were at others, I say it seems strange
to me that at such times I never prayed.

I have found since, by conversing with others,
that a very large majority of those whose acquaint-
ance I have formed have been in the practice
of praying, even in their most sinful days.

Perhaps this is the case with a very large major-
ity of mankind. But it was never so with
me. As before remarked, I never prayed until
I had made up my mind to seek God with
my whole heart.

I am at a loss to account for this upon any other
principal, than for the fact that I was a posi-
tive boy, & to a good extent have always been a
positive man. When I said I would, then I
would, & when I said I would not, then I
would not. I do not claim this as any-
thing calculated to show my character in a
favorable light, but simply refer to it as the
best ground of explanation for the fact that
I never prayed until my mind was fully made
up to seek God with my whole heart.

Indeed I have often thought that the very positiveness in my character had too much of stubbornness in it, & I have no doubt now, that I have appeared to a disadvantage to my best friends, more than once, just on account my firmness.

But to return

These convictions must have commenced on me when I was tolerably well advanced in boyhood. I cannot remember with any certainty about this, but my present impression is that I was somewhere between ten & twelve years old when my thoughts first began to be directed to this subject. This thought is strengthened from the fact that I must have been about this age before my father & mother made a public profession of religion.

and as I have elsewhere remarked, my father & mother attended meetings alternately or nearly so, when their oldest children were small, & left their children at home, or rather one of them would stay at home & keep us.

By this means I heard no preaching until I was about that age, & then the first sermon that I can recollect was preached at my father's house by one Robert Simenton, a minister in the Protestant Methodist Church.

As my parents did not enjoy religion themselves at that time, or at least did not profess it, it was very natural that they should not feel very anxious like instructing me in the principles of our holy religion.

These things must account for my not having convictions at the age of four & five years as some others have done.

But when my convictions ^{and} had fairly taken hold of me, they were almost constantly my feelings, on retiring to my bed have very often been of a character to keep me awake for a considerable portion of the night. I felt afraid at such times to close my eyes in sleep, lest I should awake in hell. I have often been afraid to be alone in the dark lest the devil should seize me & drag me off. These feelings had too much of superstition in them, & that superstition was, doubtless, very much heightened by the stories which were told me of the punishment sometimes visited upon the wicked. That I had heard about ghosts, which I supposed was true, & as I believed that they always came to punish the wicked, & as I knew myself to be a wicked boy, I had some fear from them also. But that which most of all terrified me, was the wrath of God. I believed God to be holy, & that it was infinitely proper that I should serve him. So I felt that nothing could exonerate me from this obligation to God, & that I was a wicked rebel, & well deserved to be damned for not doing my duty. And to this the fact that I then believed that hell was a lake of literal fire & brimstone, and that my present course of life would certainly carry me thither, & my feelings can be better imagined than described. (Yes I really believed at that time in my life, that if I did as I then was I should be doomed.)

"To talk to fiery billows, and implore
 The raging storm, to give its furious oar,
 To rid me, to grow, to toss beneath ^{the} load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God's."

And ^{now} after years have elapsed, & the matter under-
 standing of mankind has been attained, & my views
 have ^{been} chastened & corrected by reading & thought, I look
 back upon my feelings, at the time referred to, &
 regard them as entirely natural under the cir-
 cumstances, but quite different from what they
 ought to have been. I had not been taught
 as I ought to have been taught, & as every child ought
 to be taught, that God was holy, & that I was
 sinning against a holy God, & that this consti-
 tuted the great enormity of my crimes. I had learned
 more from the preaching which I had heard, &
 from the views of those who were around me,
 to look upon God as infinitely just, but
 yet to look upon him as a kind of infinite
 vengeance Taker. I did not see as I ought to see
 his benevolence, his justice, & the purity of his
 character in their wonderful, & yet beautiful
 combination which ought to have been before
 my understanding.

Under such circumstances, it will readily
 be seen, it was natural that I should be at
 most, if not altogether a slave to fear. I was
 daily bold & courageous, where I felt myself on an
 equal footing, but when I not only felt that I
 was helpless, but there was an inward consciousness
 of guilt that made me shudder at the thought
 of being brought into the presence of my Judge by
 any means whatever. Of course I was very
 much troubled when anything in the like nature
 was presented to me. Twice, I think, Scarla-
 tine, or as it was commonly called Scarlet fever
 raged terribly in my neighborhood, & a great many
 of my own age, or about my age were taken away.

At one time it ^{might} emphatically be called an epidemic. Several of my cousins, & more were sick, & the young all around me, with here and there an exception, myself among the number excepted, were either sick, dying, or dead. At this time my feelings, ^{were} horribly excited, but I did not pray. I made no request further than a kind of mental one, either to be spared the calamity, or to have my sins forgiven.

At such times, my nervous system was so excited, & so excitable, that the rattling of a bag was capable of starting me. I do not know whether the inspired gentleman spoke his own experience or not, when he said "there is no rest to the wicked," & - such was my experience, most emphatically. Significant was "Like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire & dirt," & I cannot say, & tell the truth, that I ever enjoyed one joyful hour in what could be called unalloyed happiness from the time my religious convictions were fairly commenced, until I found peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, in giving my heart to God. I have no doubt that I have frequently spent hours together, perhaps days, without thinking upon the subject at all, but the least reference to the state of my heart, & the prospects of my soul was sufficient to poison the cup of earthly bliss at any moment, & under any cir. instances. However much excited by the circumstances, of the occasion, however much intoxicated with the cup of earthly bliss, a few moments of reflection on this subject would render me entirely sober.

But why attempt to describe that which no pen nor pencil has ever yet been able to describe?

Only those who have labored under similar feelings will know how to sympathize with, who I felt, & only they will be able to understand fully what I have here written. I do not suppose that every one is exercised in the same way that I was, indeed I have thought that ever since about the year 1845 such feelings were becoming more & more uncommon.

However this may be, I am convinced that some persons have long periods of not happiness, but stupidity in which they have no particular feelings upon the subject of Religion, perhaps, nearly no thoughts upon the subject.

Hence the fact that some persons are never moved when Christian Ministers refer to the agitated minds of ^{some} ungodly men. He is not speaking there of persons to any considerable extent, & they have been entirely unmoved.

But to return. Jackson told any one my feelings, indeed I do not ^{now} remember of ever telling any one my feelings. But my father & mother, & others were frequently able to guess my feelings, & would begin a conversation with me on the subject.

When conversed with on such occasions I generally answered in "Yes if" answers at all, but sometimes I would remain silent, or nearly so, but never thoughtless.

Thus I continued to alternate between fear & reverence, between hope & despair, though my hope was, mainly, that I should sometimes have a hope; until the September following

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My sixteenth birthday, During this month
there was a protracted meeting held within
four miles of my father, by the G. Metho-
dist. I attended most of the time in the
evening, but not at the day meetings.
There were about twenty converted at
this meeting, some of them were my ac-
quaintance, & personal friends.

Many times during the meeting I was "Almost
persuaded to be a Christian," as I had been at
many former periods, but still I held back
until the last two evenings of the meeting.

The third evening before the meeting closed, I had
promised a young man that I would "go forward
for prayer" as it was & is commonly called.

On the next evening he came to me, & I kept
my word & went with him. My feelings at
this time did not partake so much of the
excitable, as of the deep & overwhelming. I was
excited, & felt that I was a guilty sinner
doomed to be damned unless God should have
mercy on me. And then too, for the first time
in my life I implored God to forgive my sins.
My feelings were very deep & powerful; but
less excitable, less nervous, than they
had been on many a former occasion.

There was less of the stormy, boisterous, foaming
waves, & more of the calm, but invincible rising
of the tide. My mind was fully made up
to serve God's Pursement to the end, I saw it
necessary to use all the measures ordained by
God, such as prayer, faith, self-denial, &
unflinchingly taking up the cross at all

times, & in all proper places. And though I cannot say that I always did all of this just as I ought, still I was generally prompt to do what I believed to be my duty.

For this I was blessed, or rather in this I was blessed.

At the commencement of this meeting I made an extra effort to ^{be} wild & ^{sublime} outrageous, going to & returning from meeting, but my conduct was expected, not the truthful exponent of my feelings.

When at last I did see the Lord, these circumstances were used against me. There were those who came to my parents, & informed them of my extra wildness, if I may so call it, at the commencement of the meeting, & that I had now gone forward ^{to ask} for the prayers of God's people, & concluded with expressing the opinion that I was not sincere in what I was then doing. My father seized the opportunity at once, to converse with me, & I believe that when he approached me there was a suspicion in his mind that I was not sincere in what I was doing. But a few minutes conversation ^{soon} convinced him that I was not only sincere, but deeply in earnest.

That evening, though it rained some, I was quite happy, & the meeting four miles distant my father accompanied me to the meeting, & I am not aware that he ever after entertained any doubts of my sincerity in matters of religion. As to those who came to my parents & spoke their suspicions against me, I have always thought that the Devil sent them, though I believe there was one chiefly ju-

A man among them who was not aware of any such thing. I believe that he was honest though in error. As for others, they were ~~not~~ so far as I could ever see excited by nothing better than malice. Could I have been discouraged just at this point, & the confidence of others in me entirely destroyed, I should probably have given up the whole in despair; but, thanks to a kind Providence, this was not accomplished, & I went forward.

On my first going to the "mourning seat" as it is called, I wept profusely, not to say with any boisterousness, but the great depth of my feelings was broken up, & it seemed to me that my tears had never before flown in such a manner. If ever I wept like this it was then.

I did weep so much from fear, perhaps I had never been any less influenced in my religious feelings by the feeling of fear; but I was grieved for having ever grieved my heavenly Father's love & never until then had I seen the love & purity of God's character, & the darkness of my ingratitude; as it really existed. Nor do I claim that my views were then as they should have been; but simply that I had a clearer view of them than ever before. When there around the altar bow in prayer, I bowed with them, & poured out my heart to God in supplication for mercy, for forgiveness, & for a new heart. When I left the altar of prayer that evening, I started for my home I felt greatly relieved in my feelings. My heavy load of guilt seemed so far removed that I felt much more comfortable in my mind than I had ever before felt. I did not, however,

regard myself as converted, forgiven, nor anything
 else that made a Christian. I had always wish-
 ed that when I should be converted, (for I had al-
 ways intended to give my heart to God at some
 time,) that I might lose my strength, & lay
 in a trance for some time. But like every
 one who points out the method of their con-
 version by such means, I was doomed to be disappoint-
 ed. I did not fully find peace until I
 had been at the altar of prayer the second
 evening. Then I felt a sacred peace come
 over my soul, which I believed then, & be-
 lieve now to be joy in the Holy Ghost to
 those who have it. I felt that God for Christ's
 sake had forgiven my sins. But there was no loss
 of my physical power, no trances, nothing but the
 most holy calm, - the greatest tranquility by any
 fold that I had ever felt. My experience may
 more properly be represented by one compared
 a journey of midnight darkness on a path
 glorious sun shines fully, level in the heave-
 than by any other illustration with which I
 am acquainted. When he starts all is dark,
 as he travels on the dawn, the twilight, & finally
 the full orb of sun in the heavens succeed
 each other in their order, and so it was in
 my conversion. But even this I did not obtain
 until I submitted to God with my whole heart,
 I gave up all wish to direct the manner in
 which I should receive the evidence of my ac-
 ceptance with God, & then first did I
 feel a clear evidence that I was his adopted
 child. I have known many who have attempted to
 dictate the manner of their conversion, but have

never yet known one who found peace in the manner they had formerly pointed out to their aching minds. Indeed such a case could not occur, for it would involve a surrendering of the government of the Universe by God, which can never happen.

Then first in my life, could I truthfully sing;
"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

I will not attempt to describe the peace of mind which followed for the next four years. Early all of this time my soul was calmly stayed on God. There ^{were} some seasons of darkness, but they were generally of short duration.

I do not attempt to describe it, first, because the true child of God already knows it, & second, because the wicked man could not understand it if I should succeed according to my highest wishes, in describing it. "The things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned," & the wicked man never sees them as they are until his heart is renewed by the Holy Ghost. [For the present]

And here I will leave my religious experience by simply adding, that about four or six weeks after my conversion a powerful revival broke out in the neighborhood where I lived, in which about eighty were gathered into the C. Methodist Church. Some of these have died in the "triumphs of a living faith," others are still holding on their way, & still others are fearfully backslidden, some of them I fear never to be reclaimed.

Perhaps I ought to add right here, that I did not join any church until about six

Months after my conversion, I had objections to the Church government of the C. Methodist, I still greater objections to the coldness in religion among the Protestant Methodists, & these were the only Churches at that time of which I had any thoughts of joining. I speak of the P. M. in that locality only. I finally joined the C. Methodist, for I loved their manner of worship, & their high toned piety was just suited to my taste.

The friends of my youth:

My friends in youth were not numerous. I was on good terms with some of the better sort of my school mates, & seldom if ever had any misunderstanding with them. But I was too combative, too frank, & too firm to ever be a universal favorite. Some of them who attended school with me, were either so organized, or had been so educated at home as to be capable of doing some very mean things. Some of the larger boys would impose on the smaller ones - some few would occasionally fight & still others would lie.

These things, however exceedingly mean ^{in my} view of character, beside the wickedness of them. But this last did not always trouble me quite so much as it ought to have done, for the reason that part of his time repaid. I was very wicked myself. Whenever any ^{kind} of the character was done, I reprimanded it on the spot if I felt able to encounter the criminal, if not I informed either teacher or parents. If I saw a large boy impose on a small boy, I stepped into the small boys place if I felt able to do so, if not I informed the teacher. I remember a number of times when several

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Boys would be together & the thought of some new mischief would come into their heads, they would consult together, about the matter, but finally conclude that it would not do "as Joshua would tell!" But this course got me not a few enemies. I was never consulted, nor invited to join in any mischief, where there was fear of exposure, & especially if they feared punishment. But while this made me some enemies among the young, it had the advantage of securing the confidence of the older part of the community. I do not now remember of ever being blamed with any mischief which was done in our neighborhood but once. One Sabbath night, a very large bull dog, owned by a man living a little more than a mile from my father's, was severely stoned by two boys, who were on their way home from meeting. The next morning my father & I were passing that way, & the owner of the dog hailed my father, & inquired, with a suspicious look toward me, if he knew of any one who had passed that way the night before about eleven o'clock. My father said he did not recollect any brother & I had passed that way on our return from meeting. He then stated his grievance to my father, charging no one in particular. My father turned to me saying "Did you stone Mr. May's dog?" I answered frankly that I had, & would do it again, & more than that said I, "Mr. May, I will kill your dog if you do not keep him out of the road." I charged the dog with having driven a number out of the road into

the field, & with having bitten others. Part of these charges, but the charges of my father knew were so. There was not much more said, Mr. M. retiring to the house, & my father & I pursuing our way. My father did not even reprove me, nor was I ever punished in any way for what I had done.

I think that I never saw a time in my life when I did not loathe any thing which had the element of unceremoniousness in it. I so understood it. I can always fancy that I saw a difference between a man who would boldly break open a bank & rob it of several thousands dollars, & the man who, ^{usually} sneakingly, steal five cents, & that difference always seemed to me to be in favor of the former. Of course I never saw any thing in either of them that I could approve, but the latter looked more loathsome to me than the former.

I have already hinted that I was not over popular with my young school mates, but there were those among them whom I always loved. One of them was taken into my confidence in a special manner. This young man was my special friend as long as we remained in the same part of the country, & after I left my native place we kept up a correspondence for some time. He was tall, but not handsome. He stood about six feet & three inches in his boots, but was not graceful in his movements. But that which attracted my admiration was his warm hearted friendship, & his fidelity as a friend. If he was ever false to any one whom he professed to regard as a friend, I never knew it. He & I made an agreement when we were quite young

day, fifteen or sixteen years old, that we would watch each others movements, & quietly listen to the opinion of other people as it was passed in our hearing respecting such & such conduct, & such & such persons, & especially about ourselves. He managed to get others to express their opinions about me, & I did the same for him. If anything unfavorable was expressed, we would learn the reason for such an opinion. All this was faithfully reported to each other, & then we gave our own opinions about the same matter, & about such imperfections as we saw in each other.

This was done in the true spirit of friendship, & always when no one was with us. And now after years have passed away I am constrained to say that I look upon this as one of the happiest methods of improving our conduct, & character upon which we could possibly have hit. He never became religious which was always a grief to me, but if possible he was a warmer friend to me after I became religious, than he had been before. He died in the Spring of 1854 if I am correctly informed, but he was among strangers & I have never known the particulars of his death.

There were other towns where I had nothing but friendly feelings, & with some of them I was even intimate in my friendships, but no other one of my boyhood acquaintances, ever became so intimate & familiar with me as the one noticed above. There was one other boy, who

was somewhat younger than myself, who attended
 the same school, & beside he lived in the same
 neighborhood with myself, for several years, so
 that I was frequently brought in contact with
 him. Toward this boy I always felt the kindest
 of feelings. He was born in Maryland, & was a
 noble, high-minded young fellow. His father was
 very poor, & by many the boy was despised on that
 account, but I never caught myself, for so much
 as a moment, inclined to think less of him on
 that account. Indeed, I do not remember ever,
 at any time in my life, thinking any the less
 of any one for their poverty. And I am not
 able to remember of any one instance where
 my parents ever tried to instill any such in-
 fluence into my mind. The truth is my par-
 ents were kind to the poor, & thought they were not
 to say rich, but only "comfortably well to do in
 the world" they gave a great deal to the poor. Indeed
 they gave much more than others who were
 able to give them they were. This kind of
 home influence had more to do with my sen-
 timents about poverty, than I was, probably, aware
 of, but to return: This boy grew up to be
 nearly a man & my affection for him in-
 creased with his stature & his years.
 Had he lived to be a man, I entertain no
 doubt we should have grown into intimate
 friends, for he was only about two years my
 junior, but death claimed him when he was
 about sixteen, or seventeen. He was sick but
 a short time, but suffered terribly while he was
 sick. It was not my fortune to see him after
 he was taken ill, but I was in attendance at

his funeral, I felt very bad when I saw the
coffin let down into the grave. But he sleeps
on in quiet until he shall be awakened by
the trumpet of the mighty angel of God, while
I remain to toil on the journey of life.

I fear that he died without a change of
heart, but he is in the hand of a just, merciful,
& wise God; peace to his ashes.

There were several others in the school & neigh-
borhood where I was brought up, between
whom & myself there always existed, friend-
ly feelings, & an interest sufficiently strong
to take away the coldness of indifference, but
none of them could be called my bosom
friends. Opposed to what I might say I
had some enemies, & some bitter enemies.

These & myself generally avoided each other,
but could not always do so. When we were
brought into contact with each other, we
were more likely to have difficulty, than to
get along peaceably. This was partly owing
to that quality of my nature which always
resisted if I thought myself abused, & I
would always argue for any point if I thought
I was right. But they were really mean
boys, & never made useful men.

After my conversion I was intimately associa-
ted with a young man by the name of Enoch.
He was converted during the revival which
occurred a few weeks after my own conversion,
& to which I have already referred.

We were associated in the superintendance
of a Methodist Sabbath school for four
successive summers; (if my memory serves me

consequently about the number) when I left this part of the country for a short time, & he bore the responsibility alone.

Our friendship was that of brothers, & never received any shock while we remained together. Our intimacies were only broken off by my removal to the west. I have heard that he has grown cold in religion, & become profane, but hope that it is not as bad as I have heard upon the whole; though my youthful days were not what I could recommend as a model, they are nevertheless pleasant recollections associated with it & which I can look back with not a little pleasure.

And especially is this true, after the date of my conversion. Indeed religion so improved my manners, that I began at once to rise in the esteem of those who knew me, & before I was twenty one years old I had become a kind favorite with the most influential members of the church. Those who had been my enemies in my youth had seen it, & more than once remarked, in such a way that I heard of it, "that I was coming out a different man from what they ever expected."

To sum up my reflections on my youth I would say that while the influences thrown around me were not of the very worst character, still they were not of the best by a great deal. As I have already said my parents did not take us to church when we were quite young. Our young natures craved variety - indeed it was nearly impossible that we should be forever satisfied

with home, as an item of variety & something
entirely suited to our feelings, my oldest
brother, (who by the way was only two years younger
than myself) & my wife would solicit the privi-
lege of going to visit our cousins who
lived on the next farm. We were fre-
quently permitted to go & spend an hour
of the Sabbath with them. Sometimes half of
the Sabbath was spent in this way.

When we grew to be older we learned very
easily, to spend the principal part of
our Sabbaths in this way. This soon
led to Sabbath rambling, which brought
us into company with still other boys,
& in this way a "gang" was easily made
up. The Sabbath was broken in this way,
& instead of the wholesome discipline of the
Sabbath school & religious worship generally,
we learned to swear & fight.

Indeed, it is folly for parents to expect
their children to "keep the Sabbath Holy,"
unless they go to ^{religious} meetings themselves & take
their children with them.

It was in one of these Sabbath rambles, that
I first learned the existence of a Sabbath school
in our town. On the next Sabbath I went
to Sabbath school. The school was superintended
by a man whose name was called Tyle, assisted
by another whose name, I think, was Palmer.
This last was an exhorter in the Methodist
Church, if I remember correctly, & was my
teacher. He seemed to be a good man, & I soon
became very much attached to him. I atten-
ded this Sabbath school through part of two

on three summers, I was much pleased with
 the Sabbath school books, & read them with great
 avidity. In this school I learned many things
 about the Bible which I had never before
 known. From the Sabbath School Library,
 too, I gathered very much that was both in-
 teresting & instructive.

I am not certain what my age was when
 I commenced to attend this school, but think
 I was thirteen years & a few months old.

But I am certain that much of the knowledge
 I there gained has been of great use to me since
 if I still retain it with as much clearness
 as any thing which I learned in my youth.
 I feel now, after the lapse of a number of
 years, that this Sabbath school ranks among the
 most pleasant recollections of my life. It
 is one of my youthful recollections which
 still preserves a green place in my memory
 & affections. Where my superintendent is,
 I know not, as he left those parts before I
 did, but my best wishes still go after him
 be he where he may.

And there is no exaggeration in my language,
 when I commend Sabbath schools to the young.
 This is not set before with me, but the deep, true
 sentiment of my heart. How many ten thousand
 might have been saved from crime, from
 the State's prison, & from the gallows, if they
 had spent their Sabbaths in the Sabbath
 school, & in reading the books which ^{they} might
 have obtained from Sabbath School Library,
 & not have spent their Sabbaths in rambling
 over the fields, in hunting, fishing &c. and had

5.
2. many ten thousands are indebted to a much
greater extent than they are at all aware of, to the
Sabbath school, & to Sabbath School literature, for
the fact that they are now respectable & worthy
citizens of community. I do not expect
that any thing short of the judgement day
will ever reveal all the truth upon this subject.
By means of the Sabbath school they are kept
out of bad company, & therefore guarded against
the bad habits of that same bad company.
By means of Sabbath School literature they
are guarded against that kind of vicious
reading which is always within the reach of
youth. I am happy to record here, that the
Sabbath school has been one of God's precious
blessings to my soul, & may be granted that
it may be to others, also.

I might refer to other circumstances of my
youth which might be interesting, but are
not, probably, of sufficient importance to be in-
structive to those ^{who} may come after me, at least
not to any great degree. Besides, I have already
written enough with regard to my youth, for one
whose life possessed no greater interest than my
own.

When I was between the age of eighteen & nineteen,
I began to form an intimate acquaintance with a
young lady by the name of Harriet Frazer.
This young lady was brought up by her parents who
resided about four miles from my father's.
They owned a farm, were in comfortable circum-
stances, though not rich. They were very industri-
ous people, & brought up their children to industri-
ous habits. Harriet was their second child,

having one brother older than herself. She was, at an early age, taught the various duties & arts, which pertain to housewifery. Being the eldest daughter in the family, she was probably more thoroughly taught in all that pertains to the duties of the house than any of her sisters. My acquaintance cannot be said to have begun exactly at the time before referred to, for we had seen each other occasionally from our childhood. But I would simply be understood to say that nothing like intercourse had ever existed between us until the time before named to. At this time we began our acquaintance, if I may so say, for our company began in a kind of mutual regard in which neither of us, at any special interest, but a kind of mutual liking for each other's society, affection, in the ordinary which we generally use the word, could hardly be said to have had a very extensive influence over either of us. And so moderate were we that during the first year after my first visit to her we did not keep company privately but three times. As I grew older, & was more extensively associated with the world of men kind, I was brought more & more into the company of young ladies, & was frequently on terms of intimacy with them, which gave me an opportunity to form an opinion of their character, for virtues, intellectual attainments, & practical worth as women, but especially as wives. And although I saw not a few who were handsome, & well had many other good qualities, with these necessary to make good wives, until I saw none that came so near in almost all respects to my idea of a wife as this same Miss Sharp. In addition to this I always found that I was happier in her company, than in the

Company of any other young lady with whom I
might have since learned that this was ~~the~~ the
her state of feelings with regard to this same thing.
After the first year, my attentions to Miss ^{W.}
were more frequent, though I did not confine
my company keeping habits entirely to her soci-
ety until I had been visiting her occasionally
for about three years. After this she was my
only female friend, or at least was my dearest
female friend.

In about four years and eight months from our
last private interview we were married.

Our nuptials were celebrated at the house of her
father who had previously removed from Ohio
to a Mercer Co. Illinois.

We were married by our Dr. Charles B. Frake, on the
3rd day of April, 1847.

I lacked seven days of being twenty-three years
old, & she was twenty-two years old the 22nd of Feb^r
preceding our marriage.

Our affection for each other had been almost
five years in maturing to matrimony. We had
ample opportunity to know each other, as in
addition to my visits to her father's house, I
had accompanied her father's family to Ill. in
the Spring of 1842, & resided with them several
months, after they had reached their destina-
tion. I am fully persuaded that the whole
world could not have furnished me with
a woman better suited to my tastes than the
one I got. And I may add, that so far as
I have the means of knowing my wife would
have chosen me before any other living man.
With gratitude to God, I record my conviction

that this event in my life was well ordered. It is not intended by this, to indulge in that kind of blind eulogium which we meet with in many illustrious writers who have more of the visionary than the sensible in all of their productions.

My wife is not perfect, & never was so. She is not an angel right from the courts of glory, nor have I ever thought her such, but she is an excellent woman. She has probably exerted more influence over me towards improving my taste and habits than all the world besides.

My affection for her is such, & my opinion of her excellence, of her judgment, that however remote from me I may be, whenever I am about to transact any business, or enter into any arrangement, my thoughts at once turn to my wife, & I am saying, how will this please my wife? & she is giving me her opinion with regard to any measure I always regard it with the greatest attention.

And now at the time I write this (Sept. 1858) we have been married over ten years, and during that time I have ^{very} always regretted it in the end, if at any time I have gone contrary to her advice. She has certainly, in many important points, been an angel of mercy & good to me, though she has the weaknesses of human nature - the imperfections of a woman as well as all other ^{created} beings.

So much for my wife, which is the honest truth so far as I am able to tell it in so many words.

As to myself I brought many imperfections to the marriage state, but I have the satisfac-

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I am of saying truthfully, that I made no effort
previous to my marriage to conceal any of
my habits or imperfections from my intended
wife. She knew what I was, before she mar-
ried me. I have made her borrow the repos-
ite to my secrets, (so far as I ever have any) of
purposes &c. &c. since we have been
married, and expect to always do so, so long as we
shall both live.

And I hope that I may safely say that my im-
perfections, & faults are but less numerous and
less intense than they were at the time of
my marriage. My friends appear this to be
so, and it would be unpardonable in me, if
under the circumstances, it were not so.

Whatever improvement I have made in this time,
is owing, by the blessing of God, to a great ex-
tent to the influence of my wife.

Whether this shall always be so I cannot
tell, but I humbly beseech Divine Pro-
vidence that a less wholesome influence may
never have power over me.

I have now reached a point of no little im-
portance to me, & I should not feel that I was
doing right to pass it unnoticed. I do
not know that it will ever be of any use
to others, but it will at least record the
mercy of God towards my unworthy self.

In order to give the whole truth, it will
be necessary for me to go back a few
years in my history.

When I was converted, I had a little time
for reflection. I began to look upon the
great goodness to God to my soul. I do not

mean by this that I had never thought
 this before, for I had often thought of
 it, & been deeply affected in my feelings,
 in view of the great goodness of God towards
 me. But it do mean that I saw his goodness,
 in a stronger & clearer light than I had
 ever before seen it. My feelings at this
 time were of a deep & solemn character far
 exceeding any thing I had ever felt on
 this subject before. I felt that I could
 never repay him for that goodness. I re-
 garded all that I was, or could become as
 his stow. I soon felt that I ought to be

The Gospel

It was my duty to give my heart to God, and
 then go and preach the Gospel, even years ago.
 I was converted, and I was given the gift of
 God and his promises, so my clear vision
 as to God. What more could I do but
 working to days. But I was only a boy, and
 no other of mine in my church would than
 he expected, and I was told by many a
 child for a season, though I have since known
 that other have my age were thinking of the
 probability that I would be led to preach.

For nearly four years after my conversion things
 remained in this condition with me
 and as this time I received more letters to

I did not know it myself, and others
 thought I was yet very young, and therefore
 seemed to put all off until a delay of a year
 or two. I was thinking the time I should

General Conference Reports.

THE GREAT FIRES OF THE WEST—THE
SUFFERINGS PRODUCED, AND THEIR
LESSONS.

When the course of events in this world take a path very much outside of what is usual, we naturally stop and ask ourselves what do these things mean. Such are our feelings when the desolations of war, earthquakes, and other great calamities come upon us.

The dreadful fires which have recently desolated Chicago, and large districts in Wisconsin and Michigan, are events of this kind. The distress caused by these fires is the most heart-rending which we can conceive of. In Chicago, many lives were lost. How many, will probably never be known, but the number is known to be large. Nine-tenths of the value of the city is in ashes.

The pride and strength of one of the most prosperous cities in the world is laid low in the short space of a day. The value in money can never be known, roughly guessed with any degree of reliability. Enough is known to assure us that no such destruction by fire has ever occurred in modern times, if indeed so great a fire has ever occurred at any time or in any place. The great fires of London, New York, and of Pittsburg, three of the greatest fires for several centuries, fail, when all told, to equal the fire in Chicago alone. Indeed it is doubtful whether all three of them half way equal the latter. The truth is, the destruction is so great that it would appear just as great if it were much smaller. Just as one would seem to sail in boundless waters when in the centre of Lake Superior, the same as when in the center of the Atlantic ocean, so here in the center of this great desert made by fire, it seems boundless; and if it were only half as large, it would still seem boundless to the eye.

The writer walked in the midst of the great des in Pittsburg, in 1845, as now he has walked for hours in the midst of this great waste. The former produced a sense of desolation never equalled until he came to walk among these ruins. Indeed it is of no use for pen to attempt to do it justice. The mind fails to do it justice when walking in the streets over which this ocean of flames so recently swept. Having seen this city a great number of times while in its glory, and now walking through its ashes, we felt a sense of desolation never before experienced, and never again to be desired. No pen will ever write it; no pencil will ever paint it; no plate will ever print it; and yet the scene was, and is, too awfully grand in the voice of the painful Providence which it utters, to be forgotten. What

can be done to preserve it, should be done; what can be learned from it ought to be learned immediately. People in every stage of sickness were driven into the streets. Not a few were roasted alive in the streets, and one instance is known where a man was driving a good horse to a buggy, and both horse and driver were caught in the flames, and burned to death on the spot. More than fifty thousand people were driven to the prairie on Monday night, without shelter, water or food; sick, exhausted by excitement, and dreadful effort to save themselves. What could be more heart-rending?

Few battles, if indeed any battle of the late war, brought any more dreadful night than that Monday night in Chicago. But fearful as all this was, it falls a close approach to its equal in the desolating fires of Wisconsin and Michigan. There is now no doubt that more than one thousand persons have perished by fire in Wisconsin alone. In one instance, where less than ninety men, women and children, were seated around a shingle factory, over sixty of them perished in about fifteen minutes.

The number of persons in Michigan

who have perished, is not supposed to be so large, and yet very many have lost their lives here also. A very large number in all this vast desolation have escaped with life, but so badly injured in various ways, that they can enjoy no health for a longer or shorter time, while some will hardly get of their injuries.

The number of animals which have perished is very large; perhaps many times larger than the whole number of persons.

The destruction of dwellings, barns, crops of grain and hay has been immense. By this awful disaster tens of thousands of human beings are robbed of every thing but life, and the remaining number must witness very great suffering. Large numbers of animals, and indeed entire herds, are perishing from want of darkness. Perhaps the whole district is larger than some of the small kingdoms of Europe.

There then is work for the good of the whole world. Money is needed, clothes are needed, food is needed, beds to sleep in, and bed-clothes to cover the sleepers are needed. In a word, nearly every thing that a destitute human being can need, is needed. Much has already been done, and much more must be done, and when all is done, that can be done, still there will be great suffering.

We may well pause and ask, why is all this. Why did the God of Providence send months of dry weather until every combustible was parched almost to a tinder, and then follow it with high winds, sometimes almost a gale, for several days? We would not be presumptuous in assigning reasons for God's Providence, nor would we let a false

modesty hold us back from saying the right word.

Finally then; we believe that God has rebuked the covetousness money-love of this wicked age.

In the West there is great enterprize, and men like to limit all that is done by that word. But God is not deceived by a word. The Mammon-worship was there, and is yet, with the handsome clothes of enterprize for a covering.

The lesson of this hour is lost to that man who can not read it thus. But while we would thus reverently wish to hear the voice of God in this painful hour, we would not willingly add one needless pang. We do not believe that the people of the West are "sinners above all men." Other sections are just as wicked, just as covetous. Be this as it may, one thing is certain. Twelve hours of continuous rain any time within ten days preceding this great calamity, would have averted it all. The rain did not come, but the fire did sweep in awful majesty over some of the fairest fields of the world. Philosophy says, it can all be accounted for on natural principles. True, says faith, and it does not darken our mind to see the hand of a kind Redeemer in the use of natural causes.

FINIS:

We recommend that prayer be made for these sufferers, a most cordial sympathy extended to them, and such material aid from all the world as can be gathered, be given to them. And let the nation, ye civilized world bow down in the presence of this great scourge, and humbly learn obedience to God.

J. M. SYDNEY, *Chm.*

We must not stay at this point much longer. The half has not been told. ner will it be. But do not forget what has been told. See this sin doing its work. It makes one nation rob another nation of territory, money, or anything it can get. Highway robbery is the same thing on a smaller scale. It is a thief, and does all the stealing which is done on the earth. It is an oppressor, and does all the cruel work of oppression, and has always done it. It is a liar, and does nearly all the lying done on earth. It is a hypocrite, and does the greater part of the deceiving done in the world. A robber, thief, liar, hypocrite, and oppressor, it is yes a coward, and dares not tell the truth when it costs anything to do so. This feature of its character is especially noticeable in writers and speakers. Not is it any better in one who ministers at the altar of religion, than in one who ministers at the altar of country. Both are afraid to say, or write anything which would be unpopular—which would cost money. Both are corrupt. Both are anti-Christ.

It matters nothing for good standing in a Methodist Church—a Presbyterian Church, or any other Church. The man who fails to tell the truth for fear of what it will cost in cash, or public favor is a coward, and sets gold and the praise of men above Jesus Christ. Such a man is a personification of anti-Christ. is an idolator, and not a Christian at all. But their names is legion. That is what gives us the heart-ache. A glimpse, you say? Perhaps it is. But who says the statement is worse than the facts is the case? Will any one do a million read this statement, and doubt that their name is legion? We think not. And why will they not doubt it? Just because they cannot. There hangs the ripe fruit on the tree, and the tree groaning and creaking beneath its load, and no man can avoid knowing the tree by its fruit. This is our "sum of all villainies" in 1871. This is our action. Here is the enemy.

our field of battle, and of our territory. Others dare not touch it—not, I think. They are afraid of it, or we cannot understand them. Many Wesleyans would be alarmed if they thought we were going into a well organized fight with this great crime against God and man. Not a few would withdraw from us, in all probability. Dare we do it? Dare the next General Conference plant us on New Testament ground? Will the denomination respond if they do? If not, where is the people who will? If Wesleyans are afraid to do it, men who among all Christians in America will

take hold of it? Any professed Christian or a deal in plantations against Covetousness, but who dares to stand on New Testament ground? What is the question.

For one I believe that this is the reform demanded by these times. This is our field of action. This is the real one. The Secret Society question is only incidental. We are spending much of our time and strength on the petty devil of Secrecy, while the great devil of Covetousness goes through the land conquering empires every day.

Now we believe God is opposed to all such foolishness—to all such weakness and wickedness. And we believe he will raise up some one to fight this great demon. God has always found a man or people, or both, to fight against the sin of each particular age, or period. Abel, Noah, and Noah had lust to fight. They did their work faithfully. Not that all lust perished in the flood. But never since the flood has lust held such universal sway. Nor do we believe it will ever again reach such proportions, as it reached before the flood.

The more serious of us in the history of the world, the longer we have lived, the more we have seen of the power of God, and the more we have seen of the power of man, and the more we have seen of the power of the children of Israel, the more we are convinced that

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made a great mistake in allowing their attention to be so centered on slavery. They struck at a single horn, (an ugly branch 'tis true,) but only a branch of the great Tree of Covetousness. Had they planted themselves on the broad platform of "Death to Covetousness," there is one could ever have thought that their work was done until covetousness was slain. Failing to do that, some of them very naturally fell into the "slough of despond" just about the time that slavery died, and Church union mis-carried. Poor souls, what could we expect but that such of them should go back to the "city of destruction;" and so they did go back, and a bad city it has been, and a worse city to their memory it will be when the history is written. But must we repeat their mistake, or will we now meet the whole case, and occupy the whole land.

Our case is much like Israel during the four hundred years of the judges. We have crippled along in sin; but could not die—did not dare to die—nay the Lord would not let us die.

"Thus far the Lord has led us on," and more still,

"Thus far his power prolongs our days." What next? Shall we come to the days of David, and go up and possess the whole land, or shall we let our candlestick be taken away from us, and given to another? The distinction between us and others is altogether too small—almost nothing, and in relation to the United Brethren, and some others, it is altogether trifling. This need not be so—ought not to be so. Not one of the churches on earth, Wesleyan included, is up to New Testament living.—Put the Wesleyan Church on the whole New Testament platform, and there would be nearly as wide a difference between Wesleyans and others now, as there was between Christianity on the one hand, and Jewry and idolatry on the other hand in the days of the apostles. Dare we do it? I can only speak for one. I dare to do it. I prefer to do it. I want associates. Who speaks next? But hold on, you say. Let us see what this is going to lead to. Well, it will lead to everything good, and nothing bad. It will lead to Christ. Dare you take it my brother—my sister? Away with fear, away with worldly wisdom—worldly prudence, etc., etc. Let us take it by faith. But it may be best to be specific. Then what is the remedy?

Simply Christ. Nothing else—nothing less, just as there can be nothing more. This will cure all—present and prospective. It did it once, and can do it again. But it must be the real Christ—the New Testament Christ. Not a mythical Christ. Not an historical Christ. Not a theological Christ. Not a party Christ. Not an emotional Christ. Not only an adorable Christ, but the real, living, omnipotent, practical

and Christ our Lord. All-mighty to save, infinite in glory and power, and eternal in his kingdom. Any effort to take any one feature of Christ's character, and exalt it particularly, and neglect others, is a crime of no small proportions. If he is great as a Savior, it is as an entire Savior. If he is great as a Redeemer, offering life to all; if he is great in the world of holy emotions, enabling us to "rejoice always;" if he is great to destroy the fear of death, by "destroying him that had the power of death," then he is equally great as a law-giver, as a living law-giver, as an all-mighty law-giver, as the only law-giver. If he is great as a mediator, he is equally great as a king. If he is great as an Advocate, he is equally great as a Judge. If he seems great to us in what he will be when we see him in heaven, he is equally great in what he ought to be now on earth. If we expect to adore him, and render him implicit obedience when we get to Heaven, he is equally entitled to that adoration and obedience now. Almost, if not altogether, the greatest mistake the Church has ever made, has been the

manner in which Christ has been represented as away in Heaven. Not that eye hath seen, or ear heard, or the mind conceived of more glory, or equal glory, to that which belongs to Jesus in his glorified state. No, not that. But Jesus belongs to *this world* quite as much as he does to *Heaven*. He is alive and in the *earth*, as really as he is alive and in *heaven*. He belongs to *time* as really as he belongs to *eternity*. Let the full power of this truth come to be felt in the Church, and all is well. We are willing for men to do, and not to do, about all they wish to do, and all they wish to refuse to do, when standing in the literal presence of the resurrected and ascended Christ. Not often would men neglect duty in that case. Not very often would men violate the rights of God or man in that case. Oh, yes. Let us have Jesus back in this world, and then keep him here. He will be with us in Heaven when we get there; but we need him *now*—need him *here*.

J. M. S.

If the curative qualities of the Gospel are not able to reach our case, and our times, then indeed have we followed a cunningly devised fable. But if the Gospel is every way adequate to the emergency, then are we standing on the Rock of Ages. And it is present cure—not prospective only. A cure for souls while *in the body*, and not only after they have *left earth*. More—it is a cure for bodies while *in the world*, and not only in the *resurrection*. Not less a future salvation, it is a present salvation to all intents and purposes. But to be specific.

I. IT KILLS THE LOVE OF MONEY.

With that result reached, the following comes next.

(1.) It destroys every wish to use any false or dishonest, or oppressive means to get money. God rises up as *supreme* in the affections of the soul. Then our brother takes the second place. These are both preferred before money, and of course the money comes to look like an inferior thing. This makes it impossible for the love of money to cause us to "rob God," or wrong our neighbor.

(2.) It secures to us right views of the nature and use of money. Money is intended for service, just as air, water, light, heat, and all other material good is intended for service. Just so long as it sustains its natural and proper relation to the thing to be served, it is a blessing. The moment it exceeds the proper bounds, it begins to curse the thing it touches. Take the air, for instance. Enough is a blessing to the lungs and to the whole being, but one ounce too much begins an irritation, and if continued will take life. So of water. Just enough is life, but the least bit more than nature needs is irritation, and if continued in the line of accumulation, it kills. Light is the same. It blesses with enough, and brings blindness with too much. So on to the end. And so of money. What we need is good. What we accumulate beyond that is a curse. Once planted on that point, and all the respectability of wealth vanishes. Who would respect a man for accumulating water to kill; light to procure blindness; air to bring death? Certainly no one. Then where is the respectability of accumulating money to curse ourselves and our children. It vanishes. There is not one morsel of proof to be drawn from the Bible, from reason, or from nature in favor of accumulating money beyond our own needs. The practice of laying up for children—just one incidental endorsement from Paul; but not one single instance occurs where it is laid down as a foundational principle.

The truth is, God intended our children to enjoy good health, and to take care of themselves. This is the rule, and the accidentals are the exceptions. They have claims on us while their childhood remains. It is our duty to provide home, food, clothing, intellectual culture, &c., for them while they are in their minority. Something is due, also, to the child at marriage, if he or she had pursued such a course of life as to have added anything to the material wealth of the family beyond what has been expended for them. Such a principle established would be a premium on obedience to parents. But there is nowhere any proof that one healthy person, (parent or any one else,) should attempt, or even wish to do the work and earn the money for two healthy persons, any more than there is proof that one pair of healthy lungs should do the breathing for two pairs of healthy lungs, while both are alike able to do their own work, earn their own money, and do their own breathing.

Such a view takes away one of the devil's strongest reasons for laying up treasure on earth; takes away the respectability of wealth; makes riches a crime against God and man; and that is just what they are generally,) and so removes one of the very strongest temptations to become rich. As that

goes down, the respectability of being right, and doing right, will be exalted to the top of the mountains. All hail that day. Such a platform will destroy the whole business of pride. Houses will be built for use and not for display. So of carriages, clothes, furniture, in a word, everything.

(3.) It will abolish a large part of the hard labor now done in the world. If we worked for what we *needed*, and not for what we *fancied*, it would relieve us of nearly or quite one-half of the hard work we do.

(4.) It would put an end to fretfulness, or nearly so. Fretfulness generally has some relation to money.

(5.) These out of the way, there would be vastly more time for intellectual culture. How many thousands are wishing for this, but oh the hard work keeps them from ever reaching it. And pray what is the most of the hard work about? Simply to get something to lay up for somebody to spend after we are dead.

(6.) It would make "sharp bargains" as disgraceful as sheep stealing. And why not? The man who steals sheep has some courage, and deserves that much credit at least. But the "sharp bargain" man is a coward, besides being a thief, in every moral point of view. This view would be a powerful protection to men of a naturally weak mind in financial matters. It would secure to them the benefit of the better judgment of their strong-minded neighbors.

II. IT GIVES THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO WHAT MONEY WE HAVE.

Now we work, and worry, and fret, and make a great deal of money, and then make a worse use of it than we should if we burned it, or threw it into the ocean. Then we will use it all for a good purpose.

(1) We will use enough to secure a healthy and comfortable living for ourselves and families. At that point contentment is commanded, and the command can and ought to be obeyed.

(2) The cause of God will get something then which deserves the name. Missions and everything of that nature would be supported. Look at the first Christians everywhere—both among the Jews, and the converts among the Gentiles. The Pharisees gave a tenth, and alms beside, but their gifts sunk into insignificance in the presence of the first Christians.

(3) We should provide homes for our young people where they could have the care of the Church, and the benefit of the truth for their souls. As it is now we are losing them by the thousand every year, and the wild West devours them. This could nearly all be avoided by a little care. And it ought to be done, for it is double ruin as it is—Take one example—and we have others like it everywhere almost—I know a Wesleyan Church in Illinois, with a good house of worship and parsonage—all paid for I think. Its members are nearly all getting old. It would not disappoint me to see that Church one of the weakest Wesleyan Churches in this State in ten years from this date. Now these same Wesleyan families have enough children living in Bates Co., Missouri, to make another good Church; but the children are without a minister, and will probably be swallowed up by some other Church. Now these children could all be living on farms of their own here in Illinois, and see their parents at church nearly every Sabbath, if the Scripture course had been pursued with them. But no, the children wanted large farms, and the parents wanted them to have large farms, and so the children went where land was cheap, and the parents remained here in Illinois on large farms, and thus the money was saved, and the cause of Jesus Christ will suffer for it without doubt. Now put the thing back where it was twelve years ago. Lend those boys money without interest, as could have been done very easily; and then let them obey God and be content with a moderate beginning, and in this way nearly every bad man in the community could have been bought out, and thus the place have been blessed by getting rid of the bad, and by keeping the good. But covetousness said more dirt, and so covetousness won the day, and the Gospel of Jesus suffers harm.

(4) This principle would colonize those of like faith, whenever they emigrated from their father-land.

I must not try to elaborate another point, and so can do no more than state this, and those which follow. My time will not allow me to do more; and besides this, these articles may grow tedious.

III. IT WOULD STOP ALL LENDING FOR INCREASE.

The whole Bible is against the practice of taking interest, or usury. Not unlawful interest, but interest at all. "Lend, hoping for nothing again," said the Lord Jesus, and he meant it—meant every word of it—and the Christians of those times obeyed him too. Whenever a man has money to lend, he has money that he does not wish to use. Just there the claim of benevolence begins, and his ability to respond to the call of benevolence is settled. We may meet with many cases, myriads of them, and not unfrequently our own children, where the gift of money is not a duty; but the loan of money without interest would be of great value to them. We do not need it to use until the feeble-

ness of age calls for it. Then let it be returned, and if never needed, let it go to some benevolent object. But what shall the man do who has made enough and wants to retire from business at forty or fifty? Well, just let him give away his surplus money, and begin business again. He has no right to dismiss himself from business while he is able to work in the vineyard. When God wants him dismissed, he will let him know.

IV. IT WOULD GOVERN OUR DIET.

Luxury would disappear from our tables, sickness in large part from our persons, and plain diet and good health would dispense with a large amount of expense now incurred, but worse than wasted. It would become a matter of conscience to obey the laws of health, and a matter of natural result to enjoy good health. Men would cease to think, and then cease to say that they have a right to do as they please about this matter. They have no such right—can have none. All the right we have in this, as in other things, is the right of obedience—the right to obey God.

Here I must close. But allow me to say that these articles have been written under very unfavorable circumstances. I have many doubts about sending them to the press, and should not do so if I could rewrite them. No critic will see their imperfections more than I do.—But they may awaken thought, and set men of better ability, and more leisure to thinking and writing about it. If so, good will be done, and then it matters but little what becomes of personal reputation for finished authorship.

The doctrine of these articles (poorly stated, it is true,) would revolutionize the Church and society if adopted. It would make a sensation, and kindle the hottest fire which has ever been kindled in three hundred years. John Wesley

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said Methodism was "Christianity in earnest;" and perhaps it was, one hundred years ago. But Methodism never saw the day when it moved men, as a New Testament Christianity, reprobated, would move men now. Will Wesleyans adopt it. No man among us dare claim that we are there now. Dare we venture on it? We should lose some members immediately, no doubt, but we should gain other tens of thousands. May the Lord direct.

J. M. S.

"Section XIX."

NO. I.

It is now more than a year since the section on "Practical Benevolence" was incorporated into our discipline. But the interest in this added section has certainly been very moderate. It is to be regretted that measures so eminently Scriptural have excited no more general interest among a people who claim to occupy advanced ground in the Christian world in point of all judicious and healthful reforms.

It is hardly likely that any one will attempt to defend our existence as a distinct denomination upon any other ground than that of showing a "more excellent way." If we are not reformers, if we do not make a nearer approach to the standard of the New Testament than others, if we do not supply a deficiency in the defense of the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, then most manifestly our existence as a distinct people is indefensible. We stand upon dangerous ground if we cannot give a sufficient reason for our existence, and are liable to the charge of schism, which by the way, is as distinctly condemned by the word of God as any other wrong.

But this remark will be promptly met by the reply that our position with regard to Church government and secret societies is sufficiently distinguishing to give us a distinct name and place among men. As this article is not intended to argue any thing in that direction, we cheerfully concede all to this claim which can be honestly conceded. But we beg the dear brethren and sisters who compose the Wesleyan Methodist Churches of America, to take notice that they have a difficult task to perform, when they undertake to prove to a Congregationalist and others similarly situated, that we have a more scriptural Church government than they. The two are so nearly alike, that we are placed at the disadvantage of showing a distinction without proving a difference, while they have priority of organizations dating back to the days of the immortal Baxter.

Our testimony against Secret Societies you say. Well that is right, and is an element of strength to just the extent that right is stronger than wrong, or truth is stronger than error. But what have we here more than others? The United Brethren in Christ, United Presbyterians, most Free-Will Baptists, many Close Communion Baptists, and a large number of Congregationalists have just as clear a record in this matter as Wesleyans or any body else. It is possible that our administration of discipline in this particular may be more vigorous than in the case of those named, and that in spirit we lead the van. If there was no violation of fact, and no breach of modesty in making the claim, we should be glad to join in sharing the honor of being thus among the advanced defenders of the right. The writer is aware that he can be pointed to efforts made to remove the non-fellowshipping feature of this rule among others, and make it only advisory. He is also aware that the efforts have failed and that officially they still go before the world as correct as others. And it is a matter of great rejoicing that such is the fact; giving ground of hope as it does that we shall yet have something better from the same quarter.

Now if all these things are so, (and certainly there is not much ground for a difference of opinion as to the facts in the case,) then wherein are we better than others except it be in degree, which by the way is a nice distinction to make.

If we turn from these and say that the subject of Holiness is now made a speciality among us as it is not among others, we are met by the fact that there are those in nearly every communion who are pressing this great point; and who dare to say that these are more efficient in this work than those? It behoves us then to look about us, and see well to it that our position is well authorized. The author has no doubt about the propriety of continuing our organization as a distinct denomination of Christians; but he puts it upon the ground that we "do not go to perfection." If there is a failure in the Reformation any where, it is in the fact that the Protestant world have done more looking backward, than they have done looking forward. To be more distinct, the Lutherans are looking back to Luther instead of wholly looking forward to Christ, Calvinists look back to Calvin, instead of entirely looking unto Jesus." Methodists make the same mistake in looking back

to Wesley, and not in letter and spirit constantly beholding the Cross. This mistake has been the bane of Protestantism from the days of Luther until now. If the Reformation means what we think it does, it certainly aims at nothing less than bringing the Church up out of the wil-

derness of the dark ages and bringing it back to Christ—back to the New Testament—back to Apostolic faith, usage, power; in a word, all that was lost when the primitive glory and power was lost.

If this be so, then as a people we but repeat the mistake, if indeed we might not better say folly of others when we attempt to live upon any thing past. We need the living present—the living Christ—all of him, and not a part. Our anti-slavery record is valuable. It is worth preserving; and in spirit applied to living issues, it is worth repeating. Our anti-Secret Society record ranks the same. No exception either to our Church government. All well so far; but we must go on.

Others have noble records as well as we. Others can point to martyr names more than we. Others can point to "spoiling of goods" more than we can. Have we a proud history; so have others. No, the past is not enough for us.

It is not our mission to live on past issues. We join all Wesleyans in weeping at the grave of Scott, Smith, and every true man among the fathers of our organization. But better yet, we will go with you to Gethsemane, to Calvary, and Joseph's new tomb.

It is not impossible that we may succeed in the same way, and by the use of the same means by which others have succeeded. But denominational success is not what we want. We cannot have *Christian* success, then away with the whole thing. We can have an easier time, more money, a larger crowd to go with us some where else. If worldly success is our aim, let us do as others. Our mess of pottage is ready, whenever we are ready to surrender our birth-right—the birth-right of Christian reformers.

Now it has all the while seemed to the writer that the nineteenth section of our discipline puts us on the record as the most practical and exact Christian organization in America. In the first particular, with regard to superannuated ministers, we are not peculiar; and unless we do better than we have been doing in some places, we shall be a long time in reaching the moral altitude of some whom we refuse to fellowship. Brethren this ought not so to be, and it is hoped will not be again. Others not only have the advantage over us in the dividends which their publishing houses pay, but in the uniform interest which their preachers and people take in bringing in their annual contributions for the support of their worn out men.

Now our cause on this point is a continual source of weakness among us. We lose a large number of ministers from the active work just about the time of their greatest usefulness because there is no provision for their support when they grow old. The thing operates thus. A young man comes among us—likes our principles, likes

our measures, is full of zeal to convert the world, feels that he is called to preach, and away he goes up and down the land to convert men to truth. All right so far. God blesses his labors—souls are converted, and notwithstanding he makes some mistakes, he is constantly improving and constantly doing good. Meanwhile, some lovely girl has made his acquaintance, and becomes his wife. At forty he finds himself a husband and father, with nearly no money. His children need education, and his age will need a home, and protection; but he has no prospect of either. The M. E. Church offers him a pension in his age, and for his widow and children in case he dies. If he does not like that, the great rich West offers him a quarter section homestead for ten dollars. So he turns to one or the other, just at that age when his usefulness was fairly beginning, and his mistakes were fewer and less grievous than ever before, and our cause loses him; when a proper effort to provide for superannuated men would have saved him. This kind of folly we have now, practiced for twenty-five years. May God grant that our folly may depart with our youth.

Some one may start up a high sounding reply to the latter that some succeed any how; all might if they would only trust God and not trust a farm nor the M. E. Church. But we are talking facts, and not what might be. Every well informed person knows that we have lost scores upon scores of ministers who were useful men in just the way here specified. It is all very well to talk about faith in God doing such wonderful things; but God don't do that for us which we can do for ourselves by the simple exercise of common sense, and fair dealing. Wesleyans every where would take care of a faithful old animal which had served them until it was worn out; and if there is one among us who would not, he ought to be expelled. Shall we any longer treat ministers of Jesus Christ, worse than a decent man treats his faithful horse? "Oh, shame, where is thy blush."

The letter in the book is dead matter, until we can have living action. Four collections in the year—one each quarter thus—ten cents—fifteen cents—ten

cents, and fifteen cents, nearly fills the discipline. The only reason why it is not done, is a criminal carelessness. My ministerial brethren, will you allow this thing to weaken and wither us longer? Can we not have action? Aye, vigorous, healthy action?

May God help us,

J. M. S.

Soon preparing myself for a teacher, and
 in the summer before I was twenty years
 old I taught my first school in a place
 of Pomeroy about three miles west of Pomeroy.
 The Capital of the County. I
 attended meetings at Pomeroy, and was in
 the village occasionally on other days be-
 side the Sabbath. I saw more the dif-
 ference in the lives of a Methodist min-
 ister, and successful laymen and more
 than men. I saw myself teaching
 for ten dollars per month, and yet my
 school was out I had a few more months
 for two months and a half at twelve dollars
 per month. I had known for some
 years that the lot of Methodist preachers
 and their families was a hard lot, but I
 had never really tried to, or shown back
 from it. My own life had been in
 my hard work, and my father and mother
 had always shown hard work before
 me, and really I hardly thought there was
 any other way to live. I expected to get
 a dollar the hard way, and was not surprised
 or disappointed when I had to get it on
 those terms. But now I saw that
 there were men who could get more
 money, and get it easier than the
 way I had always seen my father
 and his neighbors get money -
 several other things helped me to these
 thoughts. In April before, just
 one day before I was twenty years
 old, (April 9th 1845) I left Kurlbards, Tenn-
 essee Co, Ohio with a degree of the
 Bible as a hired hand.

country in Passaic. This took me
 across the Allegheny mountains
 in the early part of May. I saw
 its beauty, saw the sublimity of my
 surroundings, I drank in the
 grandeur, and was much inspired
 by it. We went down the Passaic
 river at Stroudsburg, then through the
 garden of America by the way of
 Carlisle, Lancaster & to Chester
 but I went within thirty four miles
 of Philadelphia - then returned
 home fast, stopping at Pittsburgh to
 take a good look at the devastation
 wrought there by the fire while I
 was gone east of that with the drive
 of cattle. It was on this return trip
 that I purchased in Allegheny City the
 first broad cloth coat of my life.
 It was while I was east of the mountains
 on this same trip that I first saw
 a rail road, I had never seen a
 train of cars or a rod of rail road
 before. All these things were
 operating on my mind and feelings
 more than I knew at the time. There was
 no moral tendency in these things,
 but my mind I was taking in a
 wider range of worldly things. There
 was more to awaken in me a worldly
 ambition, and it stole upon me unawares,
 and chained me before I was aware of
 danger. I had never once thought of
 forsaking my Saviour, and yet I was
 all the while drifting away from him.
 While going on with my first school

I had for a pupil one Daniel Brown. His parents were Catholics, but were not over particular about religious matters. He was about my own age, & had some valuable books, such as Plutarch & other works more or less meritorious. "Dan", as we all called him, was deficient in his education, except his reading. In general reading he excelled all in the school, and all of the young men around him so far as I was acquainted with them. Dan had read some about the Southern States, and had conversed freely with men who had been in the South. Slavery was then in its glory, and a ten dollar gold coin was no great thing to a Southern planter. Dan had grown up in the woods of Western Penn., and like myself had sought to help make a home for his father's family, only the soil where he was raised was not as good as where I had grown up in Ohio. His talk about the South led me to take still a wider range, and more than I then saw I drank in the spirit of adventure which ran hot in his blood, and when he denounced his hard surroundings, and cursed the country occasionally as a poor country, I began to feel yes, though perhaps I never really felt yes. - Then it must be remembered that I had twice walked across that fine portion of Eastern Pennsylvania within less than a year before. Here too, while teaching the school I became acquainted with one Jacob Corvins. He was a

and carriage maker by trade, and for some years had spent his summers at work in Pittsburgh. He was the oldest of several children, sensitive to a fault, but generous and high spirited. He and I were much together, and of course I heard him say a great deal about the city and the world in general. I really was benefited in several things by my friendship with these two ~~young~~ men, nor would I indicate that they ever thought of injuring me, I have no idea that they still think of it, nor had I any idea at the time that anybody was doing me any harm -

But they were men of the world, and not Christians at all, and though I was a very regular attendant upon worship in the A. B. Church, and active in work when there, still my religious enjoyment was diminished. I had reached the early stage of what one might call religious habits, I was habitually religious, and rather established for one of my age. I think the whole church loved me, and had confidence in me, and I can now affirm in all honesty that I had no thoughts of ever being any thing else but an honest Christian. My minister was a most excellent man by the name Wilson, (I remember the name ^{very} well) and he and several others were quite in the habit of speaking to me as though it were a foregone conclusion that

I was to be a Methodist preacher.

I had never talked much to any one about preaching, when they talked to me. I had allowed them to say about what they wished to say, but was not communicating myself. To my mother I had talked some, but not a very great deal even to her. She was the first one to whom I ever communicated my convictions about preaching, and not ^{until} her until I had been a Christian for a year or more. There is something strange about this, and now I am not able to account for it. I was and am naturally communicative, secretiveness I have, and can use it if need so require, but it is not, and never has been a prominent trait in my character. But some how I was slow and careful when approached on this subject of preaching. As time went on, others talked more and more to me about it, and though I answered freely, never denying my conviction of duty, but ~~and~~ in cautious phrase admitting it, if I admitted it at all. ~~to~~

My three months school out, and two and a half months chopping added to my stay in Penn. I was away again, and spent the remainder of that summer going to school in Ohio. Here I began to see my wife more frequently, and she began to indicate more interest in meeting with me. The return to Ohio found me ambitious as never before. I was having serious thoughts of the Law, and the more I

The woman who was to be my wife, the more I could not bear to think of making her the poor Methodist preacher's wife she must be if I preached and she married me - I think she never allowed me to hear a discouraging word out of her lips, but I began to talk of the law to her, and it was evident that she liked well enough to hear it - She knew well that there was a general opinion that I ought to preach the Gospel, and that it was generally expected that I would do so. But, though she joined the church at the same meeting where I was converted, still she was much backward, and began to be fond of fashionable society. Time went on, and my thoughts of the law were growing to a purpose. In the winter of 1846^{to} 47 I taught a few months school at the center of Coitville Township, in what was then Trumbull, but what is now Mahoning County, Ohio -

For this school I got fifty dollars, all drawn at once. That was the largest ^{sum} of money I had ever moved at one time. I really felt quite like a wealthy man - I have never had any sum of money since that time which made me feel so much like a rich man -

It was now over two years since my father had said to me "If you think you can get an education, you are at liberty to try!" I was not quite

Rec'd by 3 to 4 months
New Boston of Long with
the other after teaching my first school
I had acquired a limited knowledge of
science, had read what I could travel
a little, and heard a good deal of talk
from men in various walks in life
My father had helped me just thirty
dollars, and I had helped myself what
I could, My wife's father traded
off his farm in Ohio for 240 acres
land in Ill, getting \$1200 "boot money"
My face was toward Farmington
Academy in Trumbull Co, but
as the time of departure for Mr. Fre-
zier and his family drew near
in May 1847, I made up my mind
to come with them to Ill. I soon
settled on the point of departure ~~of~~
after I gave up going to school at Far-
mington's On the 6th of May 1847
at evening, we entered a Canal boat,
called a "packet" in those days, and
about noon next day we reached
Beaver on the Ohio River.
In two or three hours more we were
all loaded on the steamer "Vigo"
bound for St. Louis. *I had seen
my first steam boat, about four miles
below Allegheny City, some two years
and four months previous to
this, but this was my first ride on
a steamer. I left Ohio with

Twenty two years old, but I had been
doing what I could for myself for
two years - I had spent two summers
at school, one after my return from the
long journey on foot through Pennsylvania,
the other after teaching my first school.
I had acquired a limited knowledge of
science, had read what I could travel
a little, and heard a good deal of talk
from men in various walks in life.
My father had helped me just thirty
dollars, and I had helped myself what
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great deal of decision of character. My purpose to succeed in the law was strong and very pronounced. I had no thought of surrendering to any small difficulty. I was determined to like ill, if there was any such thing. Fever and ague were regarded as very possible, but if others had succeeded west, why could not I? So I thought, and so I purposed.

But leaving Ohio was not all fun. My parents and best friends saw that my simple innocent piety of five and a half years earlier was no longer there. I was improving in intelligence, in the ease and grace with which I entered society, and no bad habits had returned, or new ones had been adopted, and my friends and enemies began to think I was born to succeed. I continued to attend meetings regularly, and was active in religious work.

But the tenderness, the spirit, the power, and the life was gone - my prayers were mechanical - my testimony in class meetings were not so of old. My special friend, John Black, and others saw it and mourned over it. I began myself to think I was wearing the life a hypocrite, a thing I had ever detested.

My purpose to enter the law grew apace, and I was putting far from me all intention to ever preach. I thought I saw money and honor in the future, and of hard work

could win them I was willing to put forth the hard work.

On the sabbath before leaving the west I asked for a letter. One of my Cousins who had been envious towards me for years objected to my having the letter, but gave no reason for the objection. The preacher played into his hands, and the meeting was dismissed without giving me a letter, and without giving any reason for not giving the letter. This angered me, and especially as I would have no other opportunity to be heard, I at once, and indignantly withdrew from the church. The preacher had tried very hard on Saturday to get me to leave my work and travel nearly two miles to give him a dollar, refusing to give me any good reason why it would not do for me to give it to him when I should meet him on the sabbath. This move made me suspicious of him, and though I did intend to give him the dollar, I watched him as close as he did me, and the result was he never got the dollar. This preacher turned out afterwards to be a most consummate hypocrite. I am frank to say that I do not think my then state of heart was worthy of a letter, but there were no charges against me in regard to my outwards life, and no means to prove charges if there had been. I was backslidden in heart, that is true, but these men preach deceit

in town afterward when I would
 exchange with either of them, my
 cousin lived a few years, always
 keeping his envy to me, and
 finally dying ~~more~~ miserably ^{than} ~~enough~~
~~any one I had in the~~

The preacher kept along about
 three years, I think, when his
 illness was uncurable, and in
 shame he went out of his con-
 fessure an expelled man.
 In less than six years from that
 time I went back and preached
 to a crowded house in the very place,
 and on the very floor where I
 had been refused the latter in a
 dishonest and illegal manner.
 I also preached in several other
 houses in the same town while
 on the same visit, and every time to
 large congregations.
 My mother and other dear
 friends followed ^{me} to Illinois with
 many air aspirations, tearful prayers,
 My best friends were afraid
 that it might go ill with
 me in the far west. When mother
 bid me farewell, she asked me amid
 a flood of tears to promise her that I
 would meet her in heaven. I made
 the promise, and it proved afterward
 to be a great blessing to my soul.
 But for the present I was out of all
 church relation, I was westward
 bound, and yet the change was not
 so promising as it might have been.

I now saw that my heart was farther from God than I had been willing to believe. Still I had no thought of giving up the law. I saw that I was in a state of rebellion against God, and could not be honest in any sense, and profess to be a Christian while rebelling against what I verily believed to be my duty, after no little reflection on the subject I made choice of the course I would pursue in the west. I ceased for some four or five months to pray, seeing that it was vain and wicked to pray while every feeling of my heart rebelled against God. I came out to Illinois resolved to tell every body who spoke to me on the subject that I was not a Christian. This would be the truth at least, and I kept my resolution. I was several times approached upon the subject, and twice I was asked directly to lead in prayer. On both occasions I refused to pray, but my opposite condition was made painfully apparent to my own mind. My outward life was calculated to lead strangers to regard me as a Christian. I had not departed from the regular habits I had adopted while in the church. I was not happy by a great deal, but my habits were quite as regular as most members of the church. Sometimes my thoughts were very wicked, but they never broke out in any violent action. The most wicked feelings I have ever had in my life was during the

summer and autumn. At one
 time in October I was alone in a thick
 set of hazels, and my thoughts were
 on the ever present subject of pre-
 ach-ing the gospel. Oh the wickedness
 of that moment, I have always
 shuddered when the memory of it
 came back to me. It was about
 ten o'clock in the fore noon, the day was
 dark, the skies were curtains with
 lead, and I was looking to the North
 West and looking upward I thought
 this thought, and was deeply tempt-
 ed to speak or out in words, though
 alone. It was this — God can
send me to hell for not preaching.
I can stand or. It seems to me
 now that I clenched my fist, closed
 my teeth tightly, and for a moment
 felt like shaking my fist at the
 heavens — Oh that moment, that aw-
 ful moment, and that awful place.
 To me there is only one such place and
 only one such moment. It was two
 miles and a few rods exactly south of
 where New Windsor in Chertsey Co, Ills
 now stands —

I shuddered the experience of many, and heard
 many more narrate their call to preach
 the gospel, but I believe I have
 never known any man to suffer as
 much ~~as I~~ as I suffered, and
 sin as deeply, and get finally
 escape sin. I think now the
 very air must have been full of
 devils on that dark day in Oct

1847, at least the air about me,
 had I said the ugly word, had I lifted
 up my right hand and sworn to
 defiantly in the face of my God, it
 is nearly certain that my feelings would
 have ceased or once and for life.
 From that hour, it is most likely, I
 should have been forsaken of God.
 But thanks to God it was not done,
 and now I live to write this warning to
 all others who may read this narrative.
 At the time I was boarding at the house
 of Daniel Jones, a noble good Baptist
 man, with a still more noble wife.
 I was attending school under a teacher
 whose name was Warren, an Oberlin
 graduate, who was teaching in Offord,
 Henry Co, Va. at the time. This Offord
 was on the road from Galerburg to Rock-
 Island, near the line between Henry
 and Mercer Co.
 While here I met one ~~man~~ ^{Mr} Markham,
 a Wesleyan Methodist minister, whose
 throat had become diseased, and he had
 given up trying to labor on a circuit
 here to, for the first time I saw the
 Rev. G. H. Drake. These brethren and
 some Baptist ministers held a protes-
 tant meeting while I was in Offord,
 and not long after the struggle of
 my mind which I have just
 recorded, Bro Markham came to me one
 night urging me to attend meeting that
 evening. Urging the necessity of getting
 my lessons I tried to excuse myself.
 But he refused, and finally with some

air of petulance. I said yes, throw
 down my books more emphatically than
 gracefully, and started off with him.
 He had gone but a few rods when he
 took my arm and said "Bro. Snyder
 you stand in the way of every sin-
 ner in Oxford". I felt insulted and
 told him so. Saying to him "I have
 never said a word against religion
 since I came to Oxford". "I know
 it" was his answer, "but they are
 all looking to your example". We
 were soon at the place of worship.
 The weather and roads were de-
 lightful, and the air was not yet
 cold enough to need a fire in the
 stove. I took my seat as far
 back as I could get. I was not amu-
 sible - but I was stubborn, though very
 thoughtful - I forgot the sermon,
 text, prayer meeting, singing and
 every thing nearly only my own thoughts.
 Bro. Drake preached, and I suppose I
 heard him give out his text, and heard
 the sermon, and heard every thing that
 was said, but I gave little atten-
 tion to it, and can not now remem-
 ber any thing about it which I can
 recollect correctly. But I shall never
 forget the workings of my own
 mind. There was my foolish plan
 to get rich, be a great man, live
 to be old, then give my heart to God when
 I should be so old that God would
 excuse me from preaching, then
 I should be so old that God would

deprecate all that plea morning, then
 the supreme sin and folly of getting me
 even if I could be certain of it, and
 yet losing my soul, then the harm
 I was doing others, dragging them from
 me, and giving my God ingratitude
 and disobedience for all that mercy.

Then the promise I made my mother
 when I left her, and what a living hell
 I was making of my life, then the
 danger of losing my wife if I turned
 from the law, and took to the ministry, and
 all the more so as she had an unconverted
 brother, two years older than herself, then
 studying medicine. He liked me for my
 pluck, and my choice of the law, but
 I knew that he would go against the
 idea of my ever being a minister.

Many other things I thought of which I can
 not take time to write.

The sermon passed, and the prayer
 had been in progress some time when
 I reached a conclusion - a choice -
 I resolved to obey God and go and preach
 his word, I gave up wife & I made
 riches, honor, all in a word of I
 must, but resolved to end this two
 years of misery, but especially the
 last six months. I rose from my
 seat and those who saw my actions
 supposed I was leaving for my room.

When I reached the center of the
 house, or about that point I began
 to confess my sins, my awful back-
 sliding of heart, and the cause
 of it. Then and there I set my

my new, unconverted friends

the first movement bench ever offered by me to penitents, requesting all unconverted people to join me in my new resolve. There were several unconverted school mates, and others present. The result was that every one came forward at once - I knelt down to lead in prayer, and thought I had not prayed for several months, yet I had a full heart to pour out to God. Never before had I prayed more earnestly. We had a glorious meeting which lasted well into the evening. A precious revival followed -

With me the case was settled for life. I could never forget the misery of those two years, nor wish to repeat it. In less than one week from that time I made my first attempt to take a text and preach a sermon. I am now writing this in March 1875, more than thirty years after the above described experience - I am more than satisfied with the surrender I then made to God. I have seen hard times, very hard times since, and in order to be true to my convictions of duty and manhood I have walked in the presence of men who knelt on me with their teeth as I passed them - I have spoken my sentiments in the presence of earnest men who stood round me ready for blood, with their written threats sent to me in advance to keep me

away from the occasion; and more
 than once have been surrounded with
 mobs who only waited for the word
 to be given that they might pour out
 the vials of their wrath on my head.
 My family have needed medicines, and
 the common mercies of life and for
 months at a time I have not had fifty
 cents wherewith to buy. And some
 of my child companions have grown
 wealthy, while my means at best only run
 a few thousand dollars. What the
 world calls a grand success could hardly
 be suspected of me. And yet I
 am more than satisfied that I went
 forth to preach the Gospel, I am
thankful to God that I did it.
 Could I walk the ground all over, I
 would preach another life time, and
 not contend with God until I had
 almost committed the sin against
 the Holy Ghost. Yet I am glad for
 what I suffered in my mind, great
 though it was, seeing I sinned as I did.
 It was best for me that I should be pur-
 sued by the Holy Spirit just as I was.
 There, all alone, with the eyes of
 my God beholding me or nearly so
 midnight hour, I write to the
 praise of His name that he ever counted
 my poor soul worthy to be put into
 the ministry, glory to His name forever.
 An angel might well be glad to take
 such a work - Ah who knows but
 some good angels did hold me back for
 a last awful moment when I was

try that hazle thickets,
 but I will not add more here.
 If I live to finish what I wish
 to write I shall say more on the
 same subject.

My final decision was made on
 Saturday night. The next morn-
 ing was beautiful, and my wife,
 and ^{some of} her brother, and sister, and
 some of the neighbors came into
 the village just in time for the
 preaching. They had come twelve
 miles that morning. A Baptist
~~brother~~ brother by the name of
 Walker preached, and I was called
 on to make some remarks. My
 wife smiled at the mention of
 my name knowing how I had been
 living for some months. But the
 arrow went into her heart when I
 arose and began to talk. It also
 led to the conversion of her eldest
 sister - then it led to an appoint-
 ment about four miles west and
 two miles north of Offord, known
 then and now as Hopewell. Then
 to another appointment six miles
 farther west, known as Bethel -
 All these is of Hopewell Circuit
 to day grew out of my action
 that night. It might all have
 been without my action, but
 the history made the work of that
 Saturday night the stepping stone
 to all that has followed. Since
 the time of my relocation

I had engaged a school about five miles nearly south of where called, the present county seat of Mercer & now stands. I taught here six months for \$16.00 per month. This was more money than I had ever before received for a month's service in any thing. I earned my first money at 3 1/2 cents per day. And when working by the month got nine dollars and was very glad to get work at that. For work in harvest I got 6 1/2 cents per day because I was considered a first rate hand, and I was very glad to get it.

On the 3rd of Apr. 1848 I was married to my present wife. I am writing this a few days before the thirty years are completed. Very merciful has God been to us, and some of these mercies I hope to record. I am so well convinced that every healthy man ought to marry some good woman, even poor preachers not excepted, that I have advised my children to be sure and marry, as a virtuous girl. Standing at this point in my life it seems to me very evident that our marriage was providential. Our acquaintance began in early childhood, and our close acquaintance extended through nearly five years. We have proved to each other that neither were angels. Both are human, with a full share of faults for each, but it is very doubtful whether either of us could have been better married a child

It is very certain that neither of us could have been so well off if always unmarried. In the ^{October} previous ~~month~~ I had united with the Wesleyan Methodists under the labors of Bro. Drake. I had some knowledge of them previous to joining them. I had heard "Father Jagers" as we called him preach several times the previous winter. He was the first Wesleyan I had ever heard preach - and his statements of the case, and many things I heard others say, and some things I began to read about slavery was opening my eyes to the enormous sin of the "sin of all sinners". I had never been satisfied with the Church government of the M. C. Church, and while I could have united with the Methodist Protestant Church and felt at home, still I saw that they were as much mixed in the slavery question as any body. I made up my mind to plant myself squarely on the whole platform of truth, and leave the lies all out of my creed. In May after my marriage, I met with the 11th Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America at their session in Union Grove, Putnam Co, Ill. I was received as a licentiate. I soon discovered that I was among a band of moral heroes, led for the most part by the men of God, Rufus Turney. Others were there who bore up bravely against the hardships and self denials of an unpopular work in the wilds of the west.

John Cross, Alexander McArthur,
 W. H. Drake, Wm. Whitting and others,
 were there. I was sent to Rock River
 circuit as junior preacher, with R. T.
 Markham for my preacher in charge.
 I had ever liked Illinois from the first day
 I entered the State, and the fact that I was
 sent into the Rock River country to travel
 my first circuit was in my favor. My cir-
 cuit was in Winnebago, ^{Boring} Apple, and De Kalb
 Counties. It was a beautiful country and
 I had a pleasant year in many things.
 I received one hundred and forty-three
 dollars and earned some money by man-
 ual labor beside. The winter was long and
 very cold, the snow beginning in Nov. and
 continuing until March, having a thaw of
 several days, and very high waters in Feb.
 Then all was frozen and icy for several weeks.
 I had my feet injured with the frost more
 different times, but at no time frozen so
 bad as to unfit me for work.

Here on the 15th day of January 1849 our first
 child was born. We were now happy
 with our new treasure of a boy, and more
 than ever felt that we had something to
 live for. He has lived through dangers of
 various kinds, and by the blessing of God
 is still with us.

In those days our annual conference
 met in May, so that our last quarterly
 meeting was usually held in April.
 This year we had our last quarterly meet-
 ing in April, and it was held at
 the Kickwaukee appointment, about
 20 miles south of Rock River.

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The circuit was divided by the consent of nearly all, and a new circuit formed north of the main Hickmankee, and its southern branch. This new circuit was called Roscoe circuit, and they invited me to be their pastor the ensuing year. This I consented to the more readily as the only revival we had during the year previous, was on this part of the circuit, and I was much attached to the converts. I had a good year, and one precious revival on South Prairie, about eight miles south of Belvidere. The place is now called Flora circuit. At Roscoe, where I lived we had a long protracted meeting, two Free Will Baptist brethren by the name of Davis and Smith doing the most of the preaching. I was learning in these various associations, to be more skillful in my work. The meeting in Roscoe did much good, the fruits remaining unto this day. I received about three hundred and twenty dollars this year, and we were more comfortable in worldly goods than we had ever been before. At our last quarterly meeting I was recommended to the annual Conference as a suitable person to receive Elders orders, and was asked by a unanimous vote, except one, to return to Roscoe circuit next year. Our Conference met at Orion Grove in Whiteside County, in the month of May. There I was ordained to the ministry, and my perchment is

Down, at his residence in Roscoe, Ill., March 6th, 1850, Rev. ALBERT TUTTLE, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Bro. Tuttle was born in Paris, New York, on the 13th day of Nov. 1794. When he was about four years old, his father removed from N. Y. to North East, in Pennsylvania, carrying his family with him. Bro. Tuttle continued to live in this place until his removal to Illinois. When he was about eighteen he experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church, of which Church he continued a member till about three years ago. At the time of his conversion, his father, though a very moral man, did not enjoy the forgiveness of his sins.

Not a great while after the conversion of our brother, his father was taken sick, and died. But before he died, his son endeavored to explain to him the way in which he might know his sins forgiven. Several days of his sickness had elapsed, and he had not yet obtained the witness that his sins were pardoned.

One day our brother felt an unusual desire that his father might know that his sins were forgiven, when he retired for secret prayer, and before he left his devotions he felt that his father would leave the evidence that he was a child of God before his death. On coming into the house he found his father happy in the love of God. This circumstance may serve to give some idea of his character as a Christian, all through his life. His father's death threw the care of the family much upon him, as he was the oldest child. When he joined the Methodists it was a day that "tried men's souls." But persecution did not intimidate him. He was licensed to preach when young, and ever after discharged the duties of a preacher, with honor to himself and profit to the Church of God.

Although he preached almost every Sabbath when well yet he did not appear in the character of a traveling preacher until he joined the Wesleyans. He continued his connection with the M. E. Church until he became convinced that the relation which that Church entertained to American slavery was sinful. He then withdrew and joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of which he continued a member until his death. The last fourteen years of his life was spent in Roscoe, Winnebago county, Illinois, during which time he has done much to build up the cause of God in the surrounding country. His death was one of the most triumphant that I have ever known. In conversation with him a few days before his death, he said to the writer, "I do not wish to live particularly for any other purpose than to build up the Church of God." He said to another, "Brother B., for several days there has not a cloud disturbed my mind."

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of mourning friends and neighbors. A funeral discourse was delivered by the writer, from I. Samuel xxv. 1. "And Samuel died; and all the Israelites were gathered together and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Rama." Nearly if not all wept, many bitterly, to part with one whom they all admired, and many of them ardently loved. He has left a wife and three grown children to mourn his loss, beside several other dear friends and community in general. Society has lost one of its best members; the slave a warm and zealous friend; the wife an affectionate husband; the children a fond and worthy father; and the Church one of its firmest pillars. JOSUA M. SNYDER.

Roscoe, March 22d, 1850.

... of the holy ministry, that unity often comes back to me should any man grow in solemn an obligation? - How my heart and usefulness to be? The obligation must be at the grave, and in eter- - meet my account - ... I looked to be released ... work for two or three months go to Gallego, and ... at Knox College, then ... charge of Pres. Blanchard, I ... of a better education, and ... were quite limited to ... spend what I had in ... knowledge - My wife was ... of trying it, but others ... urged me to give up ... take a circuit. After ... thought, and in ... my choice did ... I ... a circuit, and was ... to Lake County circuit, ... I ... most ... visit among my ... in ... County, I ... went, and from ... through ... to my circuit.

I felt a degree of grief in leaving here for a new field. The first two years of my ministry had been spent here, ... my ... friends.

expressed by Rev. Keapel I was
 I felt deeply solemn in taking upon
 me the vows of the holy ministry, that
 sense of solemnity often comes back to me
 now. Why should any man grow in-
 capable to do solemn obligations? It was
 the pledge of my heart and usefulness to
 God for life. The obligation must
 go with me to the graveyard in eter-
 nity I must meet my Account.
 After this conference I asked to be released
 from ministerial work for two or three
 years that I might go to Galzburg, and
 attend school at Knox College, then
 under the charge of Pres. Blanchard. I
 felt the need of a better education, and
 though my means were quite limited I
 was willing to spend what I had in
 search of knowledge - My wife was
 much in favor of trying it, but Father,
 Lurvey and others urged me to give up
 the idea and take a circuit. After
 some days in thought, and in hearing
 every phase of my choice described, I
 agreed to be a circuit, and was
 appointed to Lake County circuit,
 now called Summit Lake.
 After a short visit among my
 wife's friends in Mercer County, I re-
 turned as I went, and from Hobbs
 moved eastward through Chemung,
 to Henry to my circuit.
 I felt a degree of grief in leaving
 her for a new field. The first two years
 of my ministry had been spent here,
 and my most concerted friends were

were here. There wife and I had just
 learned to love another home better yet than
 we loved a fathers house. There we had suffered
 and some. There in the waters of Wash-
 ington I had nearly lost my life at
 two different times during the first
 year. There too, we were leaving some
 of the dearest friends we had in the church
 militant. But a brave heart, bound on
 work, can not long stop to spend time in
 regrets. So I was away with my wife
 and child in my buggy & look for
 new friends and hard work in Lake Co.
 When I got there, I found that the whole
 circuit were expecting the return of Bro-
 ther Whitley who had served them the
 preceding year. They had been so
 confident of his return, and so un-
 derly desired it, that they had purchased
 him a buggy in anticipation of his re-
 turn. No body knew me except Bro. James
 Kennedy, now of California, and no one
 wished me on the circuit. Indeed they
 knew but little or nothing about me, but
 they knew all about Bro. Whitley.
 Bro. Kennedy had seen me at the time
 I joined the Conference as a Deacon,
 and had not seen me since, and so knew
 but very little about me. The general dis-
 appointment at not seeing Bro. Whit-
 ley back, my very youthful appearance,
 notwithstanding I was now past twenty-five
 years of age, and the fact that they had
 sent no delegates to the Annual Confer-
 ence, and so they neither knew nor
 desired my coming, and felt that they

were not bound by any appointments.
 Bro. Kennedy received me cordially, but
 others were cautious how they received
 me. One Bro. Linslee told me he thought
 I had better go home. I asked him if I
 might pray first? He said yes, & I kneeled
 down and prayed, after prayer his wife
 asked him if he was not ashamed?
 Well he afterwards became a very warm
 and reliable friend to me.
 My wife was not really well, and our
 child had been growing worse with a
 chronic diarrhea for some months and
 by July had become very weak, needs
 medicine and much care. I had
 abandoned the use of tobacco some time
 in March of the first year of my
 ministerial labor, and now it was begin-
 ning to tell very unfavorably upon me.
 No horse could be found for us at
 that time of the year.
 What could I do but cry to God, and I
 did cry to God if I ever did.
 The prospect of support was limited
 to fifty five dollars, but a Bro. Hall
 in Penashe Co, Bristol Township, in Wis.
 was leaving his horse for a circuit
 in the M. E. Con. and would let me
 have the premises, and the crop on
 four acres of ground for fifty dollars
 and I could stay until the next
 March. Determined to succeed if I
 sunk my horse and buggy in the
 attempt, I took the fifty dollars
 offer and went into the horse-

Peter's health began to give out - His
 own health grew worse until many
 were expected I would die. Wife & I
 talked freely about what she would
 do, and how she would get along
 when I was dead - The child grew
 worse, until we thought at one
 time for nearly two hours that he
 was dying. Such a day was dark
 enough. I should not wish to re-
 vive it, or see another repetition.
 In September my own health began
 rapidly to grow worse and went on
 growing worse until nearly the last of
 November. Before any symptoms of
 relief began. The case was made
 worse by the rebellion of a class
 near McHenry, rebelling against the
 action of the annual conference
 in separating them from Chennung,
 the conference had acted in the
 absence of delegates from either the
 Chennung circuit, or Lake Co. circuit,
 and appointed Bro. E. Goddard to Ros-
 con circuit with Chennung added to it,
 and I had been sent to Lake Co. with
 McHenry added to that work.
 One Mr. Winebrink was particularly
 active in bringing about this trouble.
 He had sold me a cow on the subscrip-
 tion for their appointment. First they
 let the arrangement go on three months -
 then they broke it up, giving no other re-
 son only that they wished to preserve the
 organization of the old Chennung cir-
 cuit, taking advantage of my ab-

went on Saturday, (for I was always
 away from home on Saturday if well
 enough to go) & Mr. Estlin's worth the price
 his right to be called a man and come
 to my house and by force took the
 cow away from my wife, I have ~~travels~~
 traveled now nearly thirty years and in
 that time no other man, saint or sinner
 has treated me and my family with such
 consummate meanness as John Estlin
 worth, But it did him no good, and
 the Channing Circuit closed many
 years ago to be known on the mem-
 orates of the I. O. O. F. I watched
 Estlinworth for some years, and he was
 to dismount every year. The last I know
 of him his family star was wearing, but
 for several years I have known noth-
 ing of him, nor am I aware for the pres-
 ent. I wrote him a severe letter
 after he took the cow, more severe than
 I ought to have written, He followed me to
 the next conference, tried to get me ex-
 pelled for the same, but he failed to
 injure me in any sense so far as I
 know. Finally he promised to settle by
 paying me eleven dollars, but he never
 has paid a cent, though he was a man
 worth several thousand dollars beyond
 all debt. My brethren in Lake Co
 regarded me as a badly abused man,
 and by remonstrance & voice I went
 back to them a second year. Bro. James
 Kennedy was delegate for my circuit,
 stood by me like a man, and
 worth an every hour. The

we met in Batavia, Ills, in May following my appointment to Lake Co. During the year about seventy souls had been converted, the circuit more than doubled in membership, and my child was well, and my own health was nearly restored.

I received two hundred and forty dollars, and my fifty dollars was paid and we were out of debt for things to live on. The Lord was with us in great mercy, and though I began in tribulation, and the first months of the year were sad, still it ended well. On the 21st of Nov. of this year our second child was born. Lake County Circuit had given a unanimous vote to me to return, and with me they had invited a young man by the name of Mr. A. A. A. to be my colleague. He proved not to be sound in the faith, and before the year was out he had gone off with the spirit rappings. I lost sight of him in two or three years, and do not know what became of him, but the last I heard of him he was a "mending star". During my second year here we had some conversions, and some valuable accessions, but the crop had largely failed in the summer, and winter brought all of us hard times. My brethren were kind to me, and paid me what they could, but I found it necessary to cut cord wood in the fall, and teach school in the winter. We got through the year with

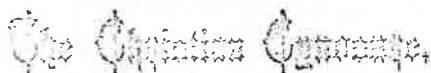
there & Tyler joined in the spring that
 I was ordained, and was received at the
 same session of conference. From the
 first night I got a hint I told my wife
 that he was a libertine. He proved
 to be a most outrageous hypocrite, keeping
 a mistress in his own house with his wife
 always present. But he could make a
 speech that called the crowd. He had
 unusual power to impress and deceive
 men. During his second year, the case
 against him became clear enough to
 justify the filing of charges - He was
 suspended, but about half of Farmington
 Circuit believed that he was innocent,
 and that his pretended adopted daughter
 was really such, and so they continued to
 pay him and hear him preach until
 the end of the year. He failed to put in
 an appearance at the annual conference,
 and the findings of the committee
 which had suspended him were con-
 firmed. Immediately after he had
 preached his last sermon for which
 he was likely to get any pay, he went over
 to the spiritualists, soul and body. He
 ran down rapidly in moral standing,
 and his lectures ceased to be desired -
 He went into preaching flows two or three
 different times, and though he was in the
 constant practice of doing two men's work
 of the circuit, he broke down in busi-
 ness every time - The last I knew of
 Tyler, or rather the last I heard of
 him, he joined a free love colony,
 and went away to some island

In the Pacific Ocean, The colony appearing
 as all might know it would, Tyler came
 back to Central on the 1st of January, 1847,
 from there wrote to his wife, asking her
 and her children to forgive him. This old
 man was now grown to manhood, and he
 wrote to him that his mother forgave him
 all but she did not wish to see him -
 Poor wretch, he found out that the
 way of the transgressor was hard -
 I found plenty of use for all the skill
 and all the grace I could command
 in going onto this circuit.

The first man I met was the local prea-
 cher who prepared the charges against
 Tyler. He told me they did not want
 to see me, and was foolish enough to
 boast of it nearly twenty years after-
 ward. The whole circuit watched me
 closely for nine months, each expecting
 that I would espouse the cause of the
 opposite party & so one of them took an
 interest in Tyler now, but the treat had
 divided them from each other, and the two
 parties thought almost as ill of each other
 as they thought of Tyler. But I disap-
 peared them most effectually by not taking
 either side of the strife & by partying
 the cause of Christ and the interest of
 the church, and I succeeded in convin-
 cing them that such was the fact -
 They had no passage, and I could
 not rent a horse. But had as the
 circumstances were, I borrowed money
 at ten per cent to go to take logs
 over the mountains. I then went to

I bought my buggy, bought half of
a lot, went in debt for Carpenter work,
and for material to finish up a
blacksmith shop which I bought &
moved onto the half lot - They don't
have work, and by the help of friends,
I got a house and moved into it -
I saw but little revival this year, but
took me all the time, and more too, to
get things in remaining condition - There
were four Sabbath appointments, and I
brought up some weak day school. At
the end of the year I had received, in
three hundred dollars, and was unwilling
to ask to continue - I can't give a full
report - My second year was much
better; I had the confidence of all my
congregations - They professed with me, and
worked well with me; We had some
good meetings and some precious con-
versions - The church was strengthened
every where only in Farmington.
It still seem as though nothing could
strengthen us there - Tyler's trial had
been up - At the close of the year
I had received over five hundred dollars,
and had a most cordial invitation
to remain a third year - This I did
with help of the Synod - which was
now divided, though I had removed
my family to Middle Co. toward the
close of the second year on Farm-
ington circuit - Several other pre-
achers followed me on Farmington circuit,
but it had to die, and after some years it
did die. The dear brethren there

has been written in
 ink on the copy of
 the report of the
 Executive Committee
 of the National Church
 and met in Wheaton
 the name of Pres.
 Blanchard, and the
 Chicago Times was
 the only copy
 in the house.



CHICAGO, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1873.

VOICE OF A WHEATON TRUSTER.

Published by advice of the Executive Committee of Wheaton College.

"When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers." Such are the words that ring in my ears as I look out from my work here in this Kankakee country, and see the awful, the utterly unscrupulous methods resorted to in order to crush President Blanchard. I feel a conviction that I ought to speak out, and that failure to do so curses me in the language of the above Scripture. Not that President Blanchard needs defending. He does not. All his life he has been more than a match for those who have assailed him. Beginning with M. L. Rice in Cincinnati, around via Knox College at Galesburg, bringing up the final struggle at Wheaton,—all of this long journey God has been with President Blanchard and defended him. The aged man will not be forsaken now. Nor is there a fear for his future reputation beyond the grave. He will "live in honored youth" long after the memory of his traducers will be forgotten. Their only hope of posthumous fame is to so abuse him that they may go to history linked with his name, as John Wilkes Booth will go to history linked with the name of Lincoln. The present generation may refuse to give bread to Jonathan Blanchard, but a future generation will give him the monumental stone. Then I write, not to benefit him, for I cannot do that; but I write because I ought to; because it would be cowardly in me not to write; because I have known him long before several of his own children knew him; because for thirty years he has opposed wrong just as he opposes it now, and for more than thirty years he has been hated just as he is hated now.

The readers of the *Cynosure* ought to know what I and some hundreds of others know, but which you will not, generally, know, unless some of us who do know tell you. For thirty years I have known him well, and I should ever think myself a poltroon not to speak out.

Then let me tell you why he is hated. He preaches against all sin, slavery, whisky, tobacco, the lodge, and all devil worship and devil work generally. He preaches for all righteousness. In all his teachings he insists that Jesus is King. He names the things that are wrong and specifies what is right and insists upon it. Such men have ever been hated, and ever will be as long as sin remains. So far I have told you nothing new, but there is more.

President Blanchard SUCCEEDS, and there are men who hate success, especially in a man who reproves sin. [They hate him that rebuketh in the gates, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly.—Amos 5: 10] President Blanchard has a large family. His boys always go

home sober. Their worst enemies dare not attack their private characters any more than they dare attack the private character of their father. The boys have brains and learn well, and make good use of their education when they get it. He has a large family of noble girls. They too have use for knowledge. They have the nobility of soul and womanly taste to marry men of like qualities of character with themselves. These sons and these daughters and their husbands are all drawing in the same harness with the man whom that overshadowing *ex-parte* council brands as using "indecent" language. If there is another father in Illinois, or in the world who has gathered around him such a family, both of his own children and those married into his family, all working harmoniously in a great though unpopular cause, and not one recreant among them, then I confess I never saw it, and do not know where on earth it is. No one of his enemies who hound his track can show anything that can approximate to it. This comparison is a most damaging contrast to some of them. More than three thousand people in DuPage county can honestly testify to the truth of what I say.

But not alone in family matters does he succeed. But for him Wheaton College had ceased long ago to be Wheaton College, and well his enemies know it. But for him the "Christian Association" opposed to secret societies had never seen its present success. More than any ten men living or dead he has

lead it up to what it is. It hurts to see his family cleave to him without exception; the *Cynosure* run up from a feeble folio once in two weeks, to a noble sixteen-page weekly, and a capital of \$50,000 as good as completed. All this hurts men who hate these principles, and though some of his opposers are worthy men and have worthy families, yet they are keeping company with and co-operating with men whose only merit is a few thousand dollars. Long time they have waited for President Blanchard to fail in the College, fail in the *Cynosure*, fail everywhere, and yet he does not fail. "Citizen committee," "*ex-parte* council," the lodge and the devil vote him a failure, and yet he never fails, but goes right on conquering like a Cæsar. The *Chicago Times* barks like a *canis latrans*, and the council furnishes their jug of thunder, and all the pit from beneath help what they can, but yet the hated man, the hated family, the hated College, and the hated *Cynosure* will not die.

And now a word about those stupid trustees which the President "owns." What a mighty man he must be to own the Faculty, the College, the trustees, all his sons in law, and the whole Christian Association work! Well, I am one of those stupid trustees which the

President owns, and not one man of us are aware of the fact. But so many "honorable men" (?) say it is so, that we may yet conclude to admit it. Well, we shall see.

Last June a "citizen's committee" came to us and asked us to dismiss President Blanchard. They brought no money, not a dollar, and but one contingent promise, and only one name for president, viz., Dr. Walker, suggested to take his place. And Dr. Walker assured us that he would not touch it under any circumstances. To grant their request was to shut up the College. Leaving out of sight every other consideration this one alone was sufficient for refusing their request. But there were other and very weighty reasons for refusing any such unreasonable asking. Our sinning is not that President Blanchard owns us, but that the "citizens' committee" and citizens' movement" generally could not get possession of us. Had we closed the College to suit them, or dismissed him and furnished our own money and men to carry on the College; in either case these same men, and this same *Chicago Times* would have praised us to the sky. We were there to act the true part in the use of money and principles entrusted to us both by the living and the dead, and we did it. As to Professor Webster,

the time had come when the two men could not and would not work together any longer. Some of us had known, at least had believed, for years that this would surely come if Professor Webster did not change. He chose not to change, and the issue was on us as trustees without any choice of ours. Every evidence before us, Professor Webster included, showed that the endowment of the chair of Rhetoric and Logic was without any conditions expressed by the donors at the time of giving. The only expression of a wish in the matter was got up eleven years subsequent to the endowment from donors, and then only one side of the case was represented to us. If Professor Webster came to us with a case lame in all its parts it is no fault of ours if he lost it.

Why then is President Blanchard so strong, so successful everywhere, though so hated by his enemies? Simply because he is careful to be right; never warring on God or truth; never failing to accept Christ as King and Saviour. President Blanchard is no angel. He is only a man, like other men in most things, but in any case too strong for council, lodge, or devil so long as he is right.

Neither he, nor any one living, out of my family, knows of my writing this. It has never been suggested to me by any human being. I shall get much hate for it, perhaps a few thanks, but neither of these considerations have influenced me. I dread not the one; I covet not the other. Simply that I may not be of those who "all forsook him and fled," and that I may "dare to do right," "so I write."

J. M. SNYDER.

American Wesleyan.

"First Para. Then Peaceable."

SYRACUSE, MARCH 6, 1878.

What Might have Been.

Wesleyanism had its birth nearly thirty-five years ago; but we will call it even thirty-four years. Much of that time we have had twenty thousand members in Connection, some of the time more, and some of the time less. Especially were we diminished by the "Union movement." But we will average it at sixteen thousand, which is very near the facts in the case. We are now getting back to the highest figure we ever touched, and very much above that in financial strength and efficiency. Then we have had an average of, perhaps, one thousand additions each year, which have been wasted by death and removals. This would add something to the calculation I am about to make, but I leave it out so as to convince the reader that I am leaving a large margin for it &c.

Well now to my work. We might have paid fifty cents per member every year for thirty-four years for a college. That would have been \$8,000 every year, and in thirty-four years it would have made the handsome sum of \$272,000. Had the Leoni, Wheaton, or Adrian schools been run free of debt, doing just what we could have paid for and no more, and every Wesleyan for thirty-four years paying in their fifty cents, any one of these schools might have been ours to-day, and worth every cent of \$272,000. But it would have been worth much more than that, or rather it is every way likely we should now have two good colleges, and both endowed so strongly that the cry of hard times would have no effect on either of them. Such a course would have commanded the confidence of all, and many thousand dollars would have been bequeathed to us. Most likely we have lost in bequests a round \$100,000 for want of this systematic giving, and honest and judicious using. Put the whole thing down as a round \$400,000 which is not one cent too high. To-day we have only Wasioja and nothing else—all because our people have not been taught, or if

taught have not regularly, systematically, and persistently given fifty cents per year for each member to a denominational school or schools. The loss to us to-day is \$380,000 cash, and more than twice that in denominational prestige and a truly educated ministry. Every word of this may be applied to missions. Now who doubts that we might have had every dollar of this money, and much more if our denominational sentiment and practice had been educated up to this mark?

There is no chance for doubt. This is our balance sheet, and the showing

is a sorry one sure enough. The poorest Wesleyan could give a little at least and the wealthier brethren of every circuit in the Connection could have brought up the average. I have been in this boat for over thirty years, and I know that no year, not even from '57 to '61 need have been a failure. Every year might have been a success, and ought to have been a success. We have had a small part of the money and sunk it too except what went for missions, and what Wasioja has saved. The long debates of our General Conferences, and the long debates in the columns of the WESLEYAN for the last thirty-four years would have been worth at least \$800,000 in cash more to us had they been directed to awakening a scriptural practice of giving money. That is a pretty strong sum of money to give for what these debates have brought us. Will we stop now? Will we go to work and rectify the mistake? Are we all tired of such folly? Are we hungry for something better? I hope so. I would like to live long enough to see our ship maimed and sailing in this line. I think I could die quite easily then. I could lie on my dying bed and look out upon a great future for my religious home. To say we can not do it is a shame and a disgrace. I think we have sinned greatly in the past by not doing it.

Once more. The practice of raising nearly all our money, except salary for our ministers, at the Annual Conferences is wrong in principle, and deeply injurious in practice. We shall never be right until everybody gives, and until it is done every Lord's day, and as the Lord hath prospered us—at least one-tenth.

Our missions and Wasioja are indorsed by our highest authority—the General Conference. Can each have fifty cents from every Wesleyan in the year 1878? Can that be reduced to a general practice? Shall the answer be no? If so, may God pity us. What a shame to even think of saying no.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

J. M. SNYDER.

Norton, Illinois, Feb. 18, 1878.

Soon after this appeared I received from very cordial thanks, and flattering expressions of my hopes to get well better for it as well as the quite some amount high, and the struggle between the Judge

The press response to this was a fine article from Bro. J. N. Stratten, editor of the Wesleyan, sent to me in a registered letter,

American Wesleyan.

—First Page, Third Peacable.

SYRACUSE, MARCH 13, 1878.

What May be Yet, Wasioja.

Just fifty cents for one year from every Wesleyan and Wasioja can ever after stand alone. Just fifty cents, and Wasioja need never go east of Chicago to ask for another dollar. What they now have, and the ten thousand that this would add to them, and what they could get from the far west after that would make them all right. Then the heavy part of our Connection could join in a movement for some school farther east, and every year add fifty cents per member, and very soon we should have a number one school. I should like Wheaton very well, but some other place, say in Ohio, will do just as well, only let us be at it, and keep at it.

Then comes our mission work. Take Kansas as a specimen. A few thousand dollars in missionary money is all we have laid out on Kansas, and it has given us a Conference greater in numbers and efficiency than some of our older Conferences are after more than thirty years. A like result could be hoped for in other western territories if we could only have a few more brother Bessels and Kansas boys generally to do the work. The truth is our missionaries and not our missionary money has done this for us. Then there is the South. Why not a Conference in North Carolina, and vigor in Tennessee? Of all people on earth, the Wesleyans ought to succeed in the South. Our whole history is in our favor. Ten thousand dollars each year and we can do every bit of this work, and do it well too, and have money to spare for other purposes. Only fifty cents a year for every member and we are all right for work. Only fifty cents for each and we have ten thousand from the whole. No other way will ever do our work. This thing of one man, and he a poor preacher generally, giving one hundred dollars to a particular thing, and then five hundred or a thousand members give nothing will never do it. At the Illinois Conference, this Fall we raised some \$1,300 and upward for Wasioja, but the first bid was from a preacher for \$100 and the second was like it. Lay brethren did as well afterwards, and brother Cooper doubled it, but the whole number of names on this subscription would not much exceed twenty. Now why these twenty pay over \$1,300 and nearly one thousand others pay nothing? The practice is wrong all the way through. The Illinois Conference, subscribed first and last, about \$3,300, to the new Publishing House, and a good share of it is paid, but only a few gave it. The mass of our members in Illinois have not a five cent piece in that new Publishing house. All ought to have helped and ought to do it yet.

Can it be done? I believe it can. A general agreement of leading minds can inaugurate the practice of giving a tenth, and doing it every Lord's day. It could and it ought to be used in connection with the work of holiness. No man ought to be taught, nor even be allowed to believe that he enjoys the blessing of holiness while he is deficient here. He is a deluded man if he does think so, for a plain commandment requires us to give a tenth and to do it on the "first day of the week." A holy man indeed! A holy people while we neglect plain commandments of God's word! Away with all such holiness. Put money in the Lord's treasury on these terms and all of our stewards would have something to do beside vote at the Quarterly Conference. They would have money for their preacher, for missions, schools and the good work generally. Each Church could vote their appropriation, or each donor could signify their wish on a little piece of paper when the money was deposited.

Let this once be reached and it would make the Wesleyan Connection the leading light of the world. There can be no mistake about this. It would most certainly do it.

Covetousness is the crying sin of this

age. Nothing else is equal to it, though many other things are exceedingly wicked. In other ages the crying sin was something else, but in this age it is covetousness. Now any people who can reform the world here, will lead the moral reform of the world. For years I have felt that this ought to be our field. Once up to New Testament ground and not even the Moravians, or evangelicals could match us unless they took higher ground. Oh how far one dollar a year from each member for the two great works of Christian education and missions falls below the New Testament, and yet to our great injury we fall a long ways below that one dollar.

In conclusion let me say our brethren at Wasioja, by a vote of the Trustees, asked me several months ago to become their agent and secure the second ten thousands for their school. They now ask me to attend the session of the Eastern Conferences this Spring. This would be a great pleasure to me, but if expense can be saved and the end secured, I shall most cheerfully stay at home. It can be done thus. Let every preacher do all he can, and every Circuit aid their preacher to realize success. Let the first Circuit which succeeds report through the WESLEYAN. Let the first Annual Conference where all the Circuits respond, and every member is in with fifty cents, be announced as the banner Conference. Suppose we begin with the Syracuse Conference. They go the rounds. Then send the money and report both to brother Kinney. This saves all expense for agency, and my soul shall thank you all and do without the pleasure of coming to see you.

Don't forget brethren and sisters, just fifty cents for missions. Let the poorest pay it. The wealthy can pay more and bear a large part of the work in paying your ministers. But let everybody, rich and poor, old and young, male and female be on hand with that fifty cents.

J. M. SNYDER.

Norton, Ill.

American Wesleyan.

—First Page, Third Peacable.

SYRACUSE, MARCH 20, 1878.

Cheap Land, Oh!

BROTHER STRATTON:—I am now nearly half through my third year on this circuit. During that time I have read much, especially in the New York Witness, about cheap land in many different places. It has often occurred to me, to let the readers of the WESLEYAN know about this Kankakee country.

1st. You may begin within seventy-five miles of Chicago, and then reach out for seventy-five miles more. In any direction you might choose, I think every farm would be within less than twenty miles of some railroad; the farthest I know of, is about 16 to 18 miles. This has always been called "Grand Prairie," and in the older times, before any of these railroads were built, it was grand prairie, sure enough. Almost ages went by, and this vast plain was avoided, though crossed from East to West by tens of thousands of men and teams going on to that part of Illinois, where you were born, and to Iowa, beyond the "great waters." No timber, or nearly none, and not many beautiful streams of water, sent men "ever onward" to the West.

2nd. Here is as rich a soil as I ever saw. I do not suppose there is a richer soil in the world, and in most of the world, the soil is not one half so good. But it is a level country as compared with many others. Not so level, however, as to preclude the most ample drainage, both by tiling and open ditches. Much has been done in this way, and much more will be done to great profit. When the drainage is secured, there will not be a yard square of waste land in 160 acres, out of the open ditches.

3. Nearly all of this land where I am can be bought for thirty dollars an acre, and down to twenty-three. That is the lowest figure I have known, but very many farms are now offered for less than thirty dollars per acre. One of our brethren has just purchased an excellent farm of 113 acres, good house and other things very fair, seven miles from a railroad, for twenty-seven dollars per acre. I think I could find more than one hundred such chances in less than two weeks' ride. The reason of this, is the fact, that hundreds of men came in here ten, twelve, and fifteen

96.

years ago, and bought up this land at seven to ten dollars an acre, mostly on credit, then made more debt to improve, and now the times are breaking them up, and they are compelled in hundreds; yes, in thousands of cases, to sell and go farther West.

It. This will, ultimately, be a very wealthy country. So near Chicago, and such a soil, must make a wealthy country at no great distance in the future. I think the child is now born, that will see all this land worth three dollars to the one it costs now. But it is a muddy country in a wet time. This, however, will change for the better every year. There are many men here, who came here poor, and are wealthy now. If any of you like this description, we shall be glad to see you.

J. M. SNYDER.

American Wesleyan.

"First Page. Then Peaceable."

SYRACUSE, MAY 8, 1878.

The Spring Conferences.

To a man who has been long identified with the Wesleyans, any signs of vigorous life are intensely interesting. I have now had the privilege of attending three of these Spring Conferences, and of receiving a most valuable response from the Syracuse Conference beside.

A denomination of Christians, a nation of men, or for that matter a herd of cattle thrive by what they feed on. The health of Wesleyanism will be in just the ratio that they feed on truth. If we attempt to feed on just one truth, then we must make that one truth cover the whole ground of our necessities. This can only be realized as we receive a whole Christ. Dividing Christ, or making any attempt to do it is a bid for disease, it is a premium on a sickly existence, and a sure way to secure that sickly existence.

Many of the early Wesleyan preachers did this very thing. They were intensely anti-slavery—all anti-slavery, and nearly nothing but anti-slavery. They had anti-slavery for family worship—anti-slavery for visiting conversation, anti-slavery for public worship, and indeed anti-slavery for everything. The whole Bible to these men ran into the second table of the law. These were good too—just the excellent of the earth; nay some of them were real martyrs. But a denomination of Christians can not grow on one truth any more than a nation can grow on a single industry. Neither a whole Christ nor a whole Bible was necessary to prove that they were both opposed to slavery. They were both opposed to slavery of course, but then both were opposed to some other things beside slavery. Both Christ and the whole

Bible were in favor of human freedom, but then both were in favor of something else as well. Now it happened that all of our preachers who ran all to anti-slavery, and neglected nearly everything else, got on but very poorly at establishing circuits and fields of labor. Indeed much that others builded would perish as soon as these good, but mistaken men touched it. Down went everything only anti-slavery, and sometimes that did not thrive well. Out of this and some other things very like it have grown our sorrows, and surely every old Wesleyan knows we have had enough of them. To prevent anything of the kind occurring again should be the ambition of us all.

We must not run all to opposition to sececy, nor will it do to direct all our energies to the money question, nor to the temperance question, nor yet to that best of all points in theological truth—viz, holiness. But all of these, and several others must receive due attention—neglecting no one and not absorbed by any one.

J. M. SNYDER.

American Wesleyan.

"First Page. Then Peaceable."

SYRACUSE, MAY 22, 1878.

Spring Conferences.

NO. II.

Now, it is just because I am more than ever hopeful upon all these points, that I write these words.

Our experience has cured us largely of this feature of weakness. We all begin to feel hope and courage in our

Publishing House success. We have found out at last, that Wesleyans can save a dollar. One noble structure has gone up for us all, in the name of our whole people, and not a dollar of debt.

For once, we have done a noble thing, and paid for it as we have advanced. There is not one sign of sinkage so far as we can all see.

The amount of money paid is not half, we suppose, of what has been paid heretofore, and yet this half has secured to us, at least, twice as great results as the best days of the old regime. This is a difference of four to one at least. All of this has been gained in eleven years. Our people all see this—it begets hope. Courage is on the enlarging side of work. We now see the value of living within our means, and not spending a dollar before we have it. This is marrow in the bones of a Wesleyan—healthy marrow. It tells everywhere, and every way, countenances brighten, contentment gains strength, and our people are ceasing to look for "a home and field of labor" out of our fold. And all because the sainted Crooks taught us how to use a dollar, and because his mantle rests on other shoulders, who

are determined that they will do as well, or better. This sentiment is permeating the whole denomination, and educating all our young men everywhere. If we can keep this truth about financial health growing among us, we shall make it impossible to ever vary from it. The man who should attempt it would find himself in a hornet's nest in short order. Sound it out, then, and fill every Wesleyan with the doctrine, "Owe no man anything."

Then, at last, we have found one Paine, and some associated brethren as trustees, who can carry on a school—a real Wesleyan school—and not spend the endowment. They are poor enough, that is certain, brother Paine could get two dollars to every one he gets now, I suppose, but not a bit of it does he do, nor do the trustees. They go right on, living within their means, taking the poverty as it comes; but evermore proving that at last a Wesleyan has been raised up who can teach a school, and not sink it. Thank God for the man! Thank God for this one success at last. Long have we waited for it. Glad we are, that it comes to us and stays with us. It might have been just so thirty years ago, and it ought to have been so then as it is now. Our people see, and thank God it gives them courage.

They have resolved in four Conferences to average fifty cents for every member, to help it on. The resolutions have not been opposed, but have been received cordially. I think our whole people will wheel into line, and if they do, the work is done. And all these glorious results from the right use of a dollar. The Lord help us to have it more and more after this fashion.

J. M. SNYDER.

American Wesleyan.

"First Page. Then Peaceable."

SYRACUSE, JUNE 5, 1878.

Spring Conferences.

NO. III.

A good General never says "run boys," so long as there is any good ground for victory. An honest General will never represent things as hopeful and flattering, when there is decay and death in his cause. The immortal Generals have fought the Thermopyles, or "fought it out on this line," or "don't give up the ship," "we have met the enemy, and they are ours," or something else of that kind. The skillful General always makes all he can for his cause out of the forces and means at his command.

We, as Wesleyans, need to study all these points. A hope that I may drop a helping word, calls out this article. The two things named before are doing us great good everywhere. Wesleyan courage and hope are greatly enlarged

by the success at the Publishing House, and at Wasioja.

Now, what about our rule on secrecy? Some have feared it, and have even wished we could keep quiet about it. Some have thought that we lost strength by it. Not so. It is a source of strength, rather, and many have come to us already, and many more are looking to us, and will come to us, just because we can be trusted with the opposition to secrecy. We have many numbers and many dollars to-day, that we never should have had, but for that very fact in our character. One noble man in the M. E. Church, never a Wesleyan, only in his heart, offers us his fine fortune of fifty thousand dollars, to establish an orphanage among us. Another noble spirit, from the same quarter, has united with us, and has already set his fine property to work at the same thing. And his noble wife has put her own hands to the blessed work. Glory to God for such Christians, and oh, how glad I am that they find a congenial home among Wesleyans.

There is Wheaton College, worth in all, a round hundred thousand, or very nearly that, ready to fall like a ripe apple into our hands, if we will do anything worthy of it, and all because we are so sound in our principles. Never, in more than thirty years that I have sailed in this Wesleyan ship, has such a valuable cargo been offered us as is now offered us in several different ways. My hope and faith is that God directs it so. In a very few cases and to a very limited extent we may lose by persons becoming disaffected with our opposition to secrecy. This is to be regretted; but it would be vastly more to be regretted should there be any going back in our principles. Personally, I have wished that our rule and denominational sentiment could have remained as it was before the last General Conference; but I should dread any lowering of our standard as I should dread leprosy. Then faint not brethren! Send for brother Stratton's pamphlet on the "Religion of Masonry." Scatter it far and wide. Put plenty of anti-masonic literature in circulation on all of our circuits, and on all of their borders. It is strength to us. Never let the colors trail.

Then, again there is a wheeling into line on the subject of giving money. A handsome number are giving a tenth of their income to God, and more are covenanting to do so. Several rising votes on this subject, have been taken in my presence, and on every occasion a goodly number in every Conference have covenanted to "bring in the tithes." This is as it should be, only let it be more so. The Bible ground is one-tenth of our income, and that brought in every Lord's day. The time has come when these very words can be preached to Wesleyans and they take it kindly. Some churches are already practicing it so far as weekly collections are concerned, and it works admirably.

This is a grand advance on the old order of things. Oh! will the Lord let me live long enough to see this general among our people? If he does, my soul shall praise his name. Send for brother Besse's pamphlets. Scatter it with brother Stratton's, and make them both thick as Autumn leaves. Every preacher in the Connection will reap a reward far beyond the cost. If we want success, if we want a good salary, just put this kind of Bible reading matter into the hands of the Church. It pays. Will not our brethren try it—try it everywhere and always?

J. M. SNYDER.

American Wesleyan.

"First Peace. Then Peaceable."

SYRACUSE, JUNE 19, 1878.

Spring Conferences.

NO. IV.

[The following article was prepared by Rev. J. M. Snyder, several weeks since, but in the jostle of a multitude of other articles, it has been inadvertently crowded out.—Ed.]

There is a growing demand among us for system in our work. We begin to feel, and sharply feel, the need of system. We have been too free. No mistake about it; we have been *too free!*

We struck out to oppose Slavery and Episcopacy, and we had such a horror of oppression that we set up a discipline with just a little authority and law in it; but the great feature of our discipline, has been, and is, *freedom.*

The annual Conferences have been run on the line of "State Sovereignty." Every Conference, so far as I know, has a missionary society of its own, instead of one missionary society at the center to do our work for us. Then each preacher has been another State Sovereignty within the annual Conferences. Not to put too fine a point on the matter, we have had too much individual independence, and not quite enough of the "appointing power." As a consequence, we have no systematic sentiment about class-books, church records, or the work of a church clerk, quarterly Conference records, annual or general Conference records, deeds for church property, or what is to be done with church property where a church becomes extinct. The most intelligent men among us have seen this for years, and regretted it, too.

Now, there is a move for system—a deep feeling that we need it. A more hopeful thing could hardly have occurred among us. We begin to see that it would be the best life insurance in the world to our preachers, to have every member pay fifty cents every year for superannuated ministers. No young minister could have a better outlook for old age, than a denomination religious-

ly educated, to give fifty cents for every member, every year for this purpose.

Oh! how it would strengthen men, and make them contented with a religious home, which thus provides for the aged. So we have felt the need of some better system to secure very much larger income for mission. And the educational interests have suffered sadly, almost suffered death, for want of system. There begins to be an earnest cry—a kind of heartache cry—throughout all our border, for system. God bless and answer the cry. Let us have systematic giving, systematic class-books, church records, quarterly Conference records, and all other records, systematic every thing that is good. Amen and amen. The prayers of Joshua are ended.

Well, there is another good thing coming to us. For years we have felt the need of holiness as a power among us. Some have been devoted to this work, and in some cases the labor has

been greatly blessed. But in others there has been a great want of skill. This has done harm, and that pleased the devils, for he is a great hater of holiness. But now, thanks be to God, the work is taking the shape of perfect love and purity. Judging brethren is disappearing, censoriousness is dreaded as we dread earth, but love melts and draws with great power. Thank God, oh, my soul! The doctrine of holiness is Bible from one end of the book to the other, and when enjoyed in the heart, and wisely directed in the life, is the mighty power of God in his church. In the form of love and purity, the doctrine of holiness will meet but very little opposition among Wesleyans. This fact is becoming known, and already God has blessed the labors of brother Hawley and sister DePew very greatly. The labors of others in this direction, is producing good fruit. Noble spirits in various denominations, but more among Methodist, are looking toward Wesleyan homes. The work is strengthening us greatly, and why should it not? Surely it is of God, and if we are of God, then we may expect His blessing in this form.

My brethren, everywhere, East and West, North and South, let us arise and build. This is the most auspicious day I have ever seen among Wesleyans. Foolishness could kill it now. Neglect of duty, or rebellion against God can cripple us back for years. But a wise course, a truly Christian course, and we shall see "the morning light is breaking."

J. M. SNYDER.

Wheels vs. Wheels.

That is, good wheels and poor wheels. Wheels are very important things in the general economy of nature. This world of ours has been on wheels ever since it was made. Not simply in the astronomical sense, but in the providential sense as well. The astronomical wheel is now accepted by the whole civilized world, except now and then a Richmond pundit who lectures in Washington, just for fun, perhaps. But preacher or no preacher, Pope or no pope, the fact remains that "It does move," that is, it wheels gloriously through the fields of space.

Then Providence has wheeled the history and destiny of this little planet of ours right on through all opposing forces and through all neglecting agencies as well. With or without friends, with or without enemies to help him or hinder him, our "God goes marching on," and with his Providence leads the race to destiny. Calvinism do you say? Be it so then, if it is so clearly Bible. Does the reader doubt? Then read again, and let your Bible add the reading of "Hand of God in History," by Rev. T. H. Road.

Yes the "World on Wheels" is the right idea. The war element, the religious element, the scientific element, the artistic element, the commercial element, and not a few other elements have made up the great wheel of Providence and ever more that wheel rolls on. No sane man, and especially no Christian will be expected to doubt the perfect working ship, and perfect soundness of this Providential wheel. Will my Wesleyan brethren and sisters sit down and contemplate this wheel? Like all of the wheels which our Father makes it is perfect in all its parts. Happy is the man and happy the people who copy closely the work of our father. God makes strong wheels as well as very symmetrical wheels.

Now let me begin a new paragraph. No wheel is stronger than its weakest place. Make the hub strong and sound then every spoke sound, and the felloes and the rim, and then out in twin from inside to outside, and you have a good wheel. Nobody wants to trust it to carry a load, and no one wants to step over such wheel. Then if you allow any of the joints loosen, and the wheel goes creaking along the way nobody wants it. If the observer does not see the capacity of such a wheel, he is loath to ride on a matter of taste if it may more. Then a man might step on the road with such a thing, and pick up some foot-sore traveler, or other, for nearly begins to pay for a better thing, and if it were a good day for troops he might get load enough to knock him down flat in the road. But

number one men would not ride with him. They would drive right by him, and if they gave out any manifestation as they passed, it would be a disposition to avoid "the old thing" altogether.

My Wesleyan brethren we must have good wheels. We can't do business without them. Now we all agree that Christianity is the best wheel ever brought into use in the history of our world. Let us then look at that fact. The conquests of Christianity for the first hundred years after the crucifixion are absolutely unparalleled. Nothing like it in any religion or philosophy was ever so propagated among men. So we all say, and so history says and must continue to say. Very well. That proves Christianity to be the very best wheel ever used, if success is what we want, and we do most certainly want success. Here we have it then. Christ is our center, and everything that is Christian must connect to him. Methodism is a good spoke, anti-slavery is a good spoke, anti-secrecy is a numeral one spoke, "holiness unto the Lord" is rather more than number one if we go into the business of making selections, the one-tenth for God, and that brought into the treasury on the "first day of the week" is another, Christian education in Christian schools is another, separation from the world and non-conformity to the world is another, temperance clear through until a man's body is the "temple of the Holy Ghost" is another, "sound doctrine" and a great deal of it is another, a holy Sabbath is another, God in the constitution and in

every thing else that is right is another, and so on until all truth is in the wheel. Then it unites. No broken places, no separated parts, and no rotten material. The power of the first century was lost because Jewish forms and gnostic philosophy rotted the wheel. We shall make nearly as grave a mistake if we omit any part of the wheel. One spoke will not make a wheel. The Free Methodist may do something and spend about all their strength on flowers and rings. Wesleyans may do something with the anti-secrecy spoke, and both may and will succeed somewhat with holiness overshadowing every thing else. Or we might get up a grand movement in giving money according to the Scriptures, and slay the Goliath of covetousness in the presence of two friends. But no one or two nor yet ten truths make the Christian wheel. It takes all truth to make that wheel. Wesleyans here is our strength. Nothing neglected, nothing left out, nothing called small, all truth of equal size and strength.

J. M. SNYDER.

Norton, Illinois.

The Council.

The call for a council to ordain Prof. C. A. Blanchard, Prof. Fisher and Brother Daniel Bailey to the office and work of elders in the Church of God, convened in chapel of Wheaton College, at 1:30 p. m., June 5th.

The letter missive invited eight congregational and Independent Churches, not including the College Church of Christ in Wheaton nor the Independent Church of Big Woods which were more immediately interested, one Wesleyan Methodist Church, and one Free Methodist Church, to be present by their representative or representatives. One United Brethren bishop was invited, one Free Methodist minister, and two Wesleyan Methodist ministers.

Rev. Wm. H. Brewster called the council to order, and read the letter missive. A scribe was appointed to make out the roll. The first ballot chose Rev. W. H. Brewster for chairman. The examination of the candidates was conducted in the presence of a deeply interesting and interested audience, and occupied the whole afternoon until time to adjourn. The council voted to be alone, and when the roll was called for the

third time there was a unanimous vote that the examination had been sustained by each one of the candidates. In the evening a large congregation gathered in the College chapel to listen to a deeply interesting sermon from the pastor of the Congregational Church in Geneva, after which those three young men kneeled down, and President Blanchard led the council in the laying on of hands and the ordination prayer. Rev. W. H. Brewster gave the charge, and the right hand of fellowship to the candidates. Two others delivered short addresses to the Church, and then Prof. Blanchard pronounced the benediction, and we all returned homeward giving glory to God. The occasion was full of interest throughout. The whole transaction was free from even a remote taint of the lodge, and for once presented America and the world an occasion where congregational usage and a Christian occasion throughout was completely divorced from the "God of this world." Other occasions of similar character may be expected hereafter.

J. M. SNYDER.

AMERICAN WESLEYAN.

—First Page—Then Peaceable.

SYRACUSE, JULY 3, 1878.
Wheaton—The Commencement.

BROTHER STRATTON:—Do help me shout. I want to shout until you can hear me clear to Syracuse. You know something about what a commencement at Wheaton means. Well there have been eighteen of them in all, and this beats any one that has gone before it—beats them very much. Twelve graduated. The house could hold no more.

The orchestra acquitted themselves with honor, as did all the graduates. The trustee meeting was a grand success, and no war this year in the faculty. Oh how I wanted you, and two brethren from Cleveland there. You were unanimously re-elected trustee for the next ten years. Three others were elected, known to be true, and somewhat tried as well. Brother Dow of Sycamore, Manville of Turner Junction, and Christie of Wheaton. We might just as well have had two more Wesleyans on the board if my persuasive power could only have prevailed with them to take it.

Well the enemies of Wheaton College, and of President Blanchard did let us alone once. They had ostracised him in every way possible; cast him out of Elgin association and of the State association and we could not expect such a time as we had. But God was with us, and the friends of the college came from far and near to be with us. We have peace. How long it may be until fury comes down on us God alone knows, but at present we have peace.

The last year has been the most prosperous year of the college. Hard times and hard enemies to the contrary notwithstanding. Brother Stoddard having secured the endowment fund for the Christian Association, he will now give valuable service to secure the payment of the debt on the college. It is believed that he will see it done in one year. During our trustee meeting I had the comfort of seeing Prof. O. A. Blanchard drive home in a handsome new top buggy which the Hon. Samuel Plumb of Sycamore, Illinois, had just given him. This same worthy and noble man has agreed to give Prof. Blanchard five hundred dollars per year hereafter to sustain him in his work. Oh, but I did stand there and wish that some of our wealthy Wesleyans would treat brother Plumb that way. Dear brethren please try it, and see if it will not please God and man and make you feel good. We have quite a handsome number of Wesleyans whose wealth is known to be several times greater than anything Mr. Plumb is known to own. But he was formerly an Oberlin man, and a trustee of Oberlin College I think. There he learned how Tappan gave his large income all away to Oberlin. How Stewart, the famous stove man, gave all his income in profits to Oberlin College. Mr. Plumb now comes forward to repeat this line of work on Wheaton. It is noble in him to thus honor God with his substance. Oh, that our dear friends would catch the fire, and do nobly for God and truth, and not impoverish themselves either, as did the men named.

From Wheaton I went to Chicago to attend the annual meeting of the National Christian Association, and there saw Mr. Carpenter deliver up the keys and title papers to 221 West Madison street, to Dr. Walker, president of the Corporate Board. So by the blessing of God, the movement is endowed with value

estimated at \$65,000, or over, if my memory is correct. That mighty man from Missouri, George W. Needles, was present. When I left he was arranging to have our dear brother Rathbun go home with him. Everything in that direction looks well for Wesleyans. North Carolina and Tennessee may soon find themselves closely pursued by a noble competitor in Missouri. Oh, how I have wished for this, and talked to brother Kinney and Stratton and urged it! Now all at once the Lord brings it in his own way and it is done so easily. Well, may it all end in giving glory to God. Oh, I want to go back to twenty-one and just work one more lifetime. Our prospects are perfectly glorious if we will only work pray. And why should God bless us more? Just look at the host of ordained farmers, mechanics and merchants among us; who have ordination vows on their souls. Some of them suffered some before they retired, and others retired from preference, perhaps. But which Wesleyan ever suffered like an apostle before giving up? Who among us that ever suffered much, was ever known to surrender? There may be some, and I suppose there are, but the number is small.

Then again; how few of our people are giving a tenth of their income. Few indeed of our preachers would retire if the Church gave a tenth. Here we are then. A world of work to do, and men ready and waiting to do it, but where is the tenth? For want of it men starve out, Circuits languish, talents are buried, Conferences lost and souls damned, all for want of the tenth. Ah my brother, "vow and pay thy vows unto God."

J. M. SNYDER.

Norton, Ill.

OUR LINCOLN LETTER.

Senator Geo. N. Saylor, who represents Sherman county in the upper house of this legislature every where recognized as a conservative, level-headed man—one who has never yet betrayed a trust. He is not a man who talks much but he is a hard worker and always votes right.

He is chairman of the committee on soldier's homes, and a member of six other of the most important committees of the senate. He is the author of fifteen bills, all of which have passed through the legislature.

The first is a bill to consolidate street railways and provide that no company shall get a franchise to own and hold the same, without a bond for building and operating some street railway.

The second is a bill to provide that no person shall be liable for the liability fund in outstanding warrants.

The third is a bill to allow townships to vote a large bond fund.

Other bills have been introduced in Senator Saylor's favor, and elected by the labor reform movement. He was elected an elector in New Hampshire on that ticket 20 years ago.

Allen Dick, a representative from Sherman county, is a member of the legislature. He is a very good thing about Albany, and a very good thing

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.
A YOUNG MAN OF THE SENATE.
LITTLETON, ILL., FEB. 1875.
The following is the biography of one of the ablest and most successful men of our generation, and one of the ablest and most successful men of our generation. He has had a rough and stormy life, but has by industry and perseverance overcome all obstacles. He was born in Monongahela county, West Virginia, April 10, 1825. He was about 18 years of age when he rode on horseback from the plantation of the Hon. James G. Blaine, where he first saw the light. His father moved to Tipton county, Ohio when the chaplain was ten days less than one year old. Here in the congressional district of Joshua K. Huntington the chaplain grew to manhood. His first vote was for David Todd, the noble Democrat war governor of Ohio. When the war broke out, though this was several years after the last vote referred to, being convinced that the democratic party had espoused the slave holders' cause, Mr. Snyder joined himself to the abolitionists, and in 1848 voted for Martin Van Buren, the free soil candidate. In 1852 he voted for John P. Hale as all abolitionists did. In 1855 he voted for John C. Fremont. In 1860 he voted for Lincoln, and in August, 1862, took a company of 100 men and, as their captain, marched away to fight. After the war was over he returned to his family in Illinois and remained in that state until 1870, when he began to open a new farm in Sherman county, Nebraska, where he now resides. At 27 he left Ohio; at 28 was married to Harriet Frazier in Mercer county, Illinois. Four children were born to them, all of whom still live and are married, and all have children. At 51 the chaplain came to Nebraska, where he has had a good degree of prosperity, and thinks he is reasonably well fixed for a worn-out Methodist preacher. He is now nearly 68 years of age.

He has four children, ten grand children, one great grandchild, and has been almost forty-five years a minister and preacher; married, and so far no funeral in the family anywhere. The case is a remarkable one when one reflects that he has passed through pestilence, war and all other mortal calamities common to man. True to his early convictions, he is still a man of the people and for the people, and so he thinks duty to God and country requires him to work with the independents in the present conflict of ideas.

Chaplain Snyder is nearly six feet tall and stands erect. His full head of hair and full beard are as white as snow. He has an honest, open countenance. He is the possessor of a clear, loud voice, and in prayer his words roll out with a rich fullness equaled by but few preachers or speakers. He has none of that droll and sanctimonious cant so common with men of his profession. In his daily morning prayers he seems to comprehend the situation and asks him who governs all things to have a watchful care over the members of the legislature and to unerringly guide them in the discharge of their duties. He remembers the sick members, their families and friends; the deceased statesmen and their afflicted families. He searches out beyond the narrow sphere of the senate chamber and embodies all whom he thinks needs the saving influences of divine grace. In every word he utters there is an evident sincerity of purpose. During the senate session of prayer all heads are bowed and the greatest respect is shown.

At the solicitation of many members of both houses he has arranged to preach in the senate chamber at 2 p. m. tomorrow, and it goes without saying that there will be a crowd out to hear him.

to find him. He is always in his seat and he ALWAYS votes one way—namely the right way.

Mr. Dackett is a member of the following committee: asylums; school lands and funds; roads and bridges.

He is the author of two bills. One provides that all property shall be assessed at full cash value, the other provides that mortgaged property shall be appraised and sold in subdivision and that the debtor shall have the right to redeem for two years.

One of the most original figures about the legislature is Chaplain Snyder, of our senate, also of Sherman county. His venerable appearance, his presence and his logical and eloquent language have made him a marked figure from the first. He is very popular with the independents.

remained gave me several invitations to go back and be their preacher, and on one occasion sent a committee to see me about it. That I returned I think the circuit could have been saved, but by this time a good work had grown up around me in Mercer and Henry Counties. I could not serve both, and it was as difficult to leave my new work as it was painful to know that the old work was suffering for want of my labor. I write this in 1878 and Farmington Circuit has had no Wesleyan preacher for several years.

In Mercer to the Lord blessed us very greatly. In my second year we had a glorious revival of religion at Hamlet, and I organized a church of over thirty in that neighborhood. We had prosperity in all our borders. The abolitionists of all churches for a long way around me called upon ^{me} to preach on Bible Service, and various other ~~interest~~ subjects. My labor extended into Rock Island, Henry, Knox, Warren, and Henderson Counties beside the much I had to do in Mercer Co. I was near to Galatzburg; and Thayer College and President Blanchard enjoyed some notoriety in those days as reformers. But I had all that I could do for all that. Few men had warmer friends than I had, and it would be a pity for any man to have more bitter enemies. I was twenty-nine years of age when I went back to Mercer, having been

married six years, and traveled and
 preached the same length of time. By
 the time I was thirty my presence began
 to be felt. I was old enough now to be
 held responsible for a full manhood,
 & no allowance was longer made for me
 as a boy. My friends expected a good
 deal of me, and my enemies made no
 allowance for me. I was fully launched
 for the rough voyage of life. Never have
 I fought harder, never been more in ear-
 nest, never had greater victories, and never
 paid a higher price for victory than
 I paid here. One might say that
 I fought over every acre of effect, and
 much of the adjoining counties, just
 before the fourth of July, 1850 I was en-
 gaged by a committee of arrangements
 to deliver an address on the 4th at Mill-
 bury on the County Fair Ground. I had
 delivered one or two such addresses on
 the same ground & on previous fairs,
 but political excitement ran high,
 and Mrs Bridgeford and others who
 did not want me there, sent a man
 to me at one o'clock or night with
 a letter warning me not to come on
 the fourth or there would be blood
 shed. I reflected on the letter for a
 few moments, asked the messenger a
 few questions, and found out that the
 man who had engaged me had nothing
 to do with sending the letter. I then
 told him to go back and tell Mrs
 Bridgeford that I shall be there dead or
 alive. If they kill me on the way my
 wife will have my dear baby into the world.

I was not
 I spoke as intended, I was not
 heart, but I was surrounded with armed
 men. My friends were absent, and
 ready for fight, and I think now that
 my enemies would have bit the dust
 had they interfused with me. It was
 a contest for free speech, and no fault
 of mine or of my friends. Ever after
 that I was master of the situation in
 Mercer co. Other trials and dangers,
 very like the foregoing, occurred from
 time to time. My life now was one
 of intense earnestness. We had some
 wonderful revivals of religion beside
 the one at Harriet, at Hopewell
 about forty were converted, and nearly
 that many united with us in church
 fellowship just about one year before
 the war broke out. Here in this
 County near Viola I had eighty acres of
 land and on this I made such a
 home as limited means allowed.

Soon after our return to this
 County our third child was born,
 and on the 21st of Dec, 1857 our
 fourth and last child was born in
 our own humble home. We now
 had two sons and two daughters, all of
 whom still live, and yet they have all
 been down to death's door, and from great
 affliction given back to us.

The youngest is several months past
 twenty, and death has never entered
 our circle. Only one of our children
 was born in our own home, and

1849 - we have always had some kind of a
 which to give thanks, My wife's health
 was very poor at the birth of our young-
 est child, and had been for six months
 before. She was little or no better for
 a year after his birth. Then the
 financial panic and crash of 1857
 caught me in its meshes. I was security
 for my brother and others to the amount
 of several hundred dollars, and for
 five years it was uncertain whether
 I could ever pay my debts. It seems
 to me now that I must have been a
 spectacle to angels, to men, and to Gods.
 I am fully persuaded, and yet my credit
 was had confidence that I would
 pay them, and I did. I was sued
 for some of the security debts, but
 only once for a debt of my own,
 the man afterwards withdrew the bill
 and paid the cost and we settled
 amicably. Hated most intensely
 by the slaveocrats, I was warmly
 loved by the friends of God and
 truth. With a sick wife, and
 a young family and revised fi-
 nancially, I went right on and
 filled all of my appointments and
 even extended my work.
 For over eight years I served the Hamlet
 and Hopewell circuit. Every bit of the
 country was familiar to me, and
 to my faithful "Jim", man, which always
 went very where I went. Poor old "Jim"
 he nearly raised my family, stuck at
 much hard work he did. I was often

seventy-five dollars for her in her
old age, but nothing could buy her,
and she died miserably.

I can hardly tell how I got through
those years. But I did get through,
and paid up the last five cents, prin-
cipal and interest, and my wife came
through alive with me, and our chil-
dren were there, and my "enemies had
not prevailed against me."

Well may I say, and well may my
family say, "hitherto the Lord hath
helped us." These eight years and
some months are written on my
heart as with a diamond point
striking without, and fear within and
yet I plodded on. There was no
poetry in my nature, but there was
I must have faith. But I was made
for dogged perseverance - Work, endless
work was my nature, and God could
use such a nature and I believe he
did use it. I could write par-
ticulars of poverty, of struggle, and
of deliverance worth reading, but they
would not be more valuable than a thou-
sand things of the kind now before the
world. If my eye could be felt by a
poet I suppose it would make some
thrilling poetry. But it was only
felt by one of the plain plodders
of earth, and though doing a work
that pleased God the poetry must
rest with "flowers born to bloom
unseen, and waste its sweetness
on the desert air." There stung
we have invested their reputation

Country I am describing with an
 interest that no other place pos-
 sessed to me. There is something
 in deep and long continued conflict
 that invests its surroundings with
 imperishable interest. Such are
 my feelings to-day as I ride ^{through}
 the country, I could take you
 over many a weary mile, and show
 you here and there how I was lost in
 the dark ~~dark~~, and wandered over the
 trackless wild. How I contended with
 the cold here, and here, and here etc.
 How I fought with the deep waters
 here, and there. How I toiled ^{through}
 the mire every where - How I have
 toiled all night here, with only
 wolves to make music for me
 whilst others slept.
 Part of these years I slept but little,
 sometimes working and travelling
 all night. The best part of it was
 made up of daily toil and nights of
 laborious study. Perhaps my
 nature could have carried a heavier
 cross, but I do not know how.
 On Sabbath Aug. 15th 1852. I preached
 my farewell sermon to a church
 that had borne with my failings
 for over eight years. I had my
 scriptural hundred homes here. They
 shared their bread with me.
 Some were only children when
 I began to preach to them, but they
 were at the close valuable young
 men and women in the church.
 I loved them all dearly, and they

1861.

would me all they ought to love
me, and perhaps some more.
On Monday morning the 11th I
went with a company of 150
neighbors and relatives
men, perhaps, to Harrodsouth
in Warren County, to be mustered
in as soldiers in the Union Army.
I had spent a little more than a
week previous enlisting men, and
we had 114 names in roll. Only one
hundred could be accepted according
to law, and so the rest were rejected
and sent home. Before going to
the public square to be mustered
in we had an election for officers.
I got 56 votes on first ballot
and another man got 36, a motion
was made to declare me
unanimously elected Captain, and
with a cheer and a hurrah over
one hundred men declared me Capt.
Snyder, and in all that part of the
County, I am Captain Snyder yet,
but when I die I suppose the
word will go round that Capt. Snyder
is dead. My competitor for
the position of Captain was
made first Lieut. Mr. Robb by
acclamation, and one more ballot
made Dick Sykes 2^d Lieut, and we
were ready to march to the ground
to be mustered in, which we
did, and Capt. Christie of the
U.S. Army soon examined us
and swore us all into the U.S.
service. This done he turned
to me and said "Captain. The

from company and go to quarters, "107"
There was work for a "new man at
business" and I knew enough of the company
to stand in two ranks, and the two lieutenants
were on the front with me,
I knew enough to call out "right face",
and then order a "forward march" which
was duly done. When we reached
the street as we left the public square,
I wanted them to file right, but I did
not know enough military to tell them
so. When we reached the hotel, where
we were going to stop, and where we
took dinner before being mustered in,
I told them to "halt". They did so, and I
wanted them to front but did not know
enough military to tell them so.
However, they fronted, and then I
gave them a speech. That was just
what I was fit for, if I was fit for
any thing. I made them a short
speech, and they broke ranks without
my telling them to. It is funny to
write this, and whoever goes to read
it will have more fun yet. But if
any body ever laughs at it more
than I have, they will have
to work for their fun.
I found one copy of *Barclay's*
Tactics in town, and made it
mine just as much as I
could buy it. I studied
hard, and in a few weeks
I was somewhat more of a
captain than I was when
first elected, and a few
in each company were picked
up for a few days.

And the remainder camped
 in the fair grounds.
 On the 21st of August the morning we
 received marching orders, and were
 off for the war. I went back to my
 family the evening of the 19th and at
 midnight of the 20th bid my wife
 a final farewell. These were the
 "dark days of '52 when Gen. Bess had
 driven Gen. Brell back to the Ohio
 River, I little expected that I should
 ever see my wife again, and I now
 suppose that I felt much as a man
 feels when he sees the wife of his
 youth breathing her last. All that
 is solemn in a funeral was there
 and nearly all that is hopeless.
 I have parted in sadness before,
 such was my leaving home in this
 fifteen years earlier, but to leave
 my wife and four children at
 such a time was the reverse, the
 mightiest effort of my life.
 The memory of that hour does not
 "dim with age". It is fresh and
 vivid now after fifteen years,
 have grown, to write its
 recollections, and makes one
 feel it over again. My two
 oldest children; a boy of thirteen,
 and a girl of eleven; a brother
 three months older than my
 boy, and another brother. wife went
 with me to the Army, some twenty
 two miles away. We arrived
 a little after day light, at first
 breakfast was served on the spot

with my company, The last man
 any of other company I was standing
 in the rear of the last soldier I was,
 but a father as well. That girl
 eleven was laying on the arm of her
 brother of thirteen, she was as pale
 as she could be and be alive, and he
 was little else. My wife and the two
 younger children were at home I
 smiled away, my brother, and sister
 in law were there with my two
 children about twenty feet from
 me. Before she was over, bath
 death. I knew no more. I do
 not now remember any thing until
 the car reached the bank of the
 Mississippi just opposite Bur-
 kington. The last I saw were those
 four, and my wife and babes in the
 distance. The car went away, and
 my children were left behind
 but I saw them vividly, and
 see them yet. Oh for some
 painters bold as poets pen to do
 justice to my feelings there.
 It will never be done unless
 the Judgment day does it.
 It may be proper here to give my
 reasons for going into the army.
 I do not believe in war if any power
 can prevent it on right principles.
 But our army was only a police force
 on a large scale - The rebels were
 highway robbers or next thing to it.
 And we kill rabid dogs to save com-
 munity, so we will nurse rabid men.
 I know in the intercourse of laws.

I have never felt that I did wrong, and do not think now that I did wrong. It was a fight for all that is best in free speech, free press, and free men. He never doubted, and do not doubt now that we should have carried the cause of slaves on this Nation for ages past to come, if the country had submitted to Jeff Davis and the South. The press would have been enslaved, the pulpit would have been enslaved, and the nation would have been, practically, enslaved. Inside we had no choice but to fight or be slaves. They commenced the war, organized the first army, fired the first shot, and marched to the destruction of the first property. Besides the fathers did the same thing as to practice the original war when they left slavery in the Constitution. The war came as an necessary consequence of their bad mistake. I would not join an army for aggressive war under any circumstances that I can think of. Were we now at war with Mexico, trying to sweep territory from her, I would not help. I would rather suffer before I would do so. But when the highwaymen is at my door, and the murderer is at my throat, I must fight or die. I may fight and die too, but then I have done what I could in self defence, and can not blame myself, for lacking all the elements of a manly courage. In all matters of law, or touching any thing on the line of jurisdiction, the track of duty is the only one.

order, but when the very eye of
 a nation is opened, and law is
 dethroned, then the civil magistrate
 "does not bear the sword in vain".
 My views may be wrong, but they do
 not seem so to me.

In about forty eight hours after we
 camped opposite to Burlington, Iowa,
 a steamer arrived, bringing two bar-
 ges with it to carry our regiment
 down the Mississippi River as far
 as Cairo in Ill. I do not remem-
 ber just how long it took to pass
 there, but it took several days.

The water in the river was low, and
 our progress was slow. We tarried
 at Cairo a very few days, and our
 Springfield detachment arrived.

We were then ordered, and accounted
 as soldiers. In a day or two after that
 we were sent forward to Fort Henry
 on the Tennessee River. Here Com-
 modore Foote had immortalized his
 name the winter before we arrived.
 We tarried long enough to unload some
 things and in three or four hours we
 were on the march to Fort Donaldson.
 We marched most of the night, reach-
 ing our destination only a little before
 day light. The march was a hard one
 on new recruits. The night was warm,
 and the labor exhausting. Many of the
 men gave out, and continued to
 come in as stragglers until nearly
 noon the next day. We camped
 in a grass yard, fit as possible
 with us. The men were

I found the grave of my brother
 Thomas S. Snyder who had died at
 Fort Donaldson the 12th of the pre-
 vious April. He was a private in
 Co. C. 30th Reg, Ill. Infantry -
 He was under Gen. Grant when the
 place was taken from the Rebels
 the previous winter. He died in
 the hospital, but not of wounds.
 Here on this field fell my cousin
 Oliver Jeter. His remains were taken
 home and buried in Ill. in Knox Co,
 at the village of Pio. Some time
 after my arrival at Fort Donaldson
 I procured the erection of a miss-
 sile stone at the grave of my brother.
 In the morning after our arrival
 at Fort Donaldson, a detachment of
 the 11th Ill. and 71st Ohio marched
 away in search of rebels, and left our
 raw recruits to "hold the fort."
 Nothing of any moment occurred for
 some time, but in a few weeks
 we had been drilled enough to be
 marched in various directions in
 pursuit of the rebels. We had frequent
 skirmishes with them, but for the
 first few months our fighting was
 with rebels quite as "raw" in the
 service as our selves. Things went
 on much this way with us until
 the third of Feb, 1863. Then seven
 thousand rebels marched against us
 to retake the place. It was a time
 of great importance. Sixteen thou-
 sand Federal troops were coming
 up the Cumberland River, and

our way to join Rosecrans near Nashville, and they ac-
 tually arrived at Fort Donaldson the
 very night. Forty five hundred rebels
 attacked us at 1 P.M. Col. of our regi-
 ment was away at Nashville, and nine
 companies of our Regiment, one com-
 pany of light artillery, and seven teen
 Cavalrymen fought them until
 nearly nine o'clock. The rebels
 remaining two thousand five hundred
 were thrown across the road to
 keep Col. Low of Iowa, and Col. Young
 of Wisconsin from coming to us from
 Fort Henry. All those weary hours we
 continued with the galling cold, rain
 and our works were better than a
 regular man trap. Eight dreadful hours
 we fought on. Three times the rebels
 charged upon us, and we shot them
 down within twenty steps of us. Every
 time we drove them back. They left
 about one hundred and fifty dead men
 for us to bury, and nearly two hundred
 were badly wounded that we got many of
 them. We captured forty three prisoners
 who were not hurt. We took about
 seven hundred men into action, and had
 over fifty killed and wounded. Our es-
 cape was a marvel to all the world.
 The fight was one of the bravest and most
 successful on record. It seemed that
 every news paper in the United States
 took it up and commented on it
 as nearly as we could learn we drew
 blood on as many rebels as there were
 of us altogether. I have some in

The evening there, gun boats arrived
 which were escorting the transports that
 were bringing up the Sixteen Thousand
 Troops before referred to. We got com-
 munication with them, and they took
 position in the river where they could
 shell the rebels who had camped down
 around us, intending to renew their attack
 in the morning. The gun boats put
 an end to the fight, the rebels left as
 quick as legs and horses could get
 them away. About midnight the troops
 from Fort Henry arrived, and we went
 to our beds, and left them to hold the
 field. The next morning, the field
 was a awful scene to behold, dead
 men and horses, and mounds, and
 wounded men made a picture to
 satisfy any craving for carnage. The
 Cumberland River was full of boats,
 as all had arrived and tied up until
 morning. All the fore-noon, officers
 and men were coming on board to
 behold, and to praise us for our brave
 fight. Had we lost this battle, the
 Sixteen Thousand men would not
 have joined Polk's army in time to
 reach the next contest with Bragg.
 It did seem as though our victory was
 of God, and that He helped us.
 Col. A. C. Herdner who commanded us
 was speedily promoted to Brigadier
 General, and soon after resigned and
 returned home to be elected to Con-
 gress for two successive terms.
 Thus ended our first really hard
 battle, and it was a hard battle.

a son mistake. This fight gave us
 a reputation terrible but all destroyed
 men for a long way around Fort Don-
 aldson and Clarksville. As a result
 we were divided, five companies
 of our Regt. being stationed at each place.
 The final result was police duty
 in this region of country until the
 close of the war. We scouted roads
 all over this region of country until the
 close of the war. Once, and only once,
 four companies from Fort Donaldson,
 and four companies from Clarksville
 were ordered on a real campaign
 in pursuit of the Gen. Wheeler, and
 then again another in Forest. They
 were gone several weeks, but Company
 2 of our Regt. and my own Co. B, I
 were left behind, the former at Fort
 Donaldson, and mine at Clarksville.
 This cheated us out of our stay with
 the men to Atlanta, and then to the
 sea. But we had to obey orders, and
 our life was one of great respectfulness
 to the service. No doubt we came
 home with some hundreds more
 shells than we should otherwise
 have done had we been at the front.
 Still we had many hard, though
 brief fights. We were finally
 ordered to exchange, Texas, to be
 mustered out, and on the 26th day
 of June 1865 we were mustered
 out and the next day started to
 Chicago, Ill. to be paid off.
 We had gone through the war
 with the men came to the station

The report had from afar, the fall
 of Pickensburg, the battles in the west,
 the campaigns in the west and center,
 the fall of Richmond, and the surren-
 der of Lee. Oh how the bells of
 the churches did ring, how men
 did shake hands, how every demon-
 stration that men could make to
 express their joy went forth to declare
 a nations gladness, that the war was
 over. The cities were illuminated, and
 a shout of gladness filled the air. I had
 never seen the like before, nor is it likely
 that I shall ever see the like again.
 Indeed, I have no desire to ever see it again
 if it must cost such a price to bring it.
 I had suffered much, notwithstanding I
 had not lost a drop of blood. Still, I had
 suffered in my mind. I had parted
 with my family as one parts with the
 cold remains of a dead friend, except
 that I had a little hope left. My wife
 had been once on the borders of the
 grave for several days during my absence.
 One day a time I had stood on some
 high point of land in Tennessee or
 Kentucky, and looked in the direction
 of home until I could fancy that I
 saw my wife and children moving
 about the house, the yard and the
 farm. A sense of heart sickness
 would come over me, and finding that
 my thoughts were injuring me, I
 would turn away, and seek some
 thing to engage my attention and draw
 me from thoughts of home, still
 with a deep love as well as

my family, & my father before me, & I
 the patients, and some of them soldiers,
 one of them under Washington. As I
 went on, sharing, momentary and in way of
 distress, all the sorrows when our armies
 were mowed down by the enemies
 shot, but also sharing the joy of victory
 when we prevailed. To a man of deep
 feeling like myself, these very feelings
 were a tax on the health, & at one
 time I was some months so unwell,
 that there was great danger that I would
 never recover. But I kept out of the
 hospital, and held to my place at the
 head of my company. Courage prevailed
 at last, and I had become insured to the
 top of the Corp. I think there were ^{about}
 years of good service for soldier life
 was when the war closed. Not well, ^{but with}
 But it was over, and we were home ^{bound}
 bound now. After we crossed the Ohio
 River at New Albany we were ^{contin-}
 ually greeted with the waving of flags, but more
 generally with the waving of something white.
 Sometimes it was a handkerchief only, but
 generally something larger. We reached
 Chicago by way of Michigan City, and spent
 the 4th in Chicago. That was a great fourth
 of July to us. The great Sanitary Temple
 in Dearborn Park was still standing
 in that Temple Henry Winter Davis of
 Maryland delivered one of the best
 speeches of his life to about six thousand
 people. Patriotic songs were sung,
 and the Declaration of Independence
 read. Rep. W. H. C. read the Procla-
 mation of Government then by Lincoln

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Every word of Lincoln was done to a
chorus, then they closed by singing
"We will rally round the flag boys"
Gen. H. Root led a choir of four teen hun-
dred picked singers, accompanied with
various instruments of music. The
whole audience joined in the chorus.
That was the culminating hour with me,
I could hardly tell whether I should live
or die for the patriotic joy I felt.
Probably I have never been so excited
in my life. And it was pure, patriotic
excitement, for there was not a drop
of egotism in me. That was
one of the things I was not guilty of -
I never followed for the sol-
diers and all was over.

The next day our men were paid, and
on the 6th the officers were paid.
I reached home on the 7th of July
1865, having been in the field 3 1/2 days
less than three years. The joy of
meeting my family exceeded any thing
of the kind before or since, and we
hid parted in the depths of sadness, but
was met in the raptures of joy that
no pen can write, and more would
the "long roll" call me to face the
"hall of death". The pipe and drum
were in the distance, and I awoke
to the sweet songs of my children,
and the smiles of my wife. The
tumult, the conflict, the noise of
battle, the roll of cannon, and the
rattle of musketry, and the clatter
of labor were gone, and I
saw down a peaceful country of

my home. I was more I took
my family Bible and of course
I would even worshiped God in my
inside, I certainly worshiped Him in
this way. Henceforth, I was devo-
ted to the arts of peace.

the Country was saved. The slave
was free. My children could go
henceforth sing, without a blush, the
land of the free, and the home of the
brave. Did I regret what it had
cost me? No for a moment, nor
have I ever regretted it.



I found little difficulty in accom-
modating myself to the life of my
former years. The soldier life was not
so fixed as to unfit me for returning to
my former life, my wife had left the
farm in Mercer Co, in the fall of 1864 about
Sept. 1st and taken a house at Normal, Ill,
and kept the children in school at The
State Normal University until the close of the
school year. Here at Normal I found them.
I looked about for some twenty days and
found no opening to visit me for business.
Went to Alton, Ill, where I was must-
ered into service, and from which place
I marched to the field. Found business
in the U. S. mail service. Rejoined my
family to Alton, Ill, and placed my chil-
dren in school there until the next spring.
Here my wife had a protracted attack
of inflammatory rheumatism, and for three
months was helpless. For a whole year
she had to use crutches in order to walk at

Correspondence.

Three Cents.

Just money enough to pay the postage on one letter, and many a foolish letter costs three cents. Now if twenty thousand Wesleyans write one letter each week in the year, and put on a three cent stamp on each letter, it will cost the nice sum of \$31,200 per year to pay the postage on these letters.

Let us change the application. If twenty thousand Wesleyans give three cents every Sabbath morning to Wesleyan or to Christian education generally and to missions and superannuated ministers, it will amount to \$31,200 per annum for these noble purposes. That is, it will give \$10,000 to Wesleyan, \$10,000 to missions, \$10,000 to superannuated fund, and then leave \$1,200 simply for post office orders, stamps on letters to send away money &c., &c. What a glorious result for three cents a week! Now count this on an average ever since the Union Convention, that is thirty-five years. It makes the astonishing sum of \$1,092,000. The amount is simply amazing. When I first reckoned it, I was so astonished I could not believe my eyes when I looked at the result. But there it is, and "figures won't lie" you know. Only three cents ever Lord's day, and we shall be rich at the end of the next thirty-five years. It was easier to put this into the discipline, and reduce it to practice at first than it will be now. But it is not too late yet. Oh, that we had practical statistics from the first:—Oh, that we might get at it now! What a glorious work! brother Kinney would only report from every Conference the amount paid for each purpose, and for all purposes, and the amount per member in each Conference:—How it would stimulate to action! It ought to be done, and could be done easily. We ought to have an account of the amount paid by each Conference, to the new Publishing House, and the average per member. Some of our brethren are afraid it will give offense, but no right-minded men or women ought to be grieved at the truth and they will not be. Brother Crooks always promised us that every name, and the amount given by each should be published in a book. If that is done, (though nothing more is said about it now) it will not be hard to get at the main facts touching each Conference.

Now this three cent arrangement will meet our necessities for these three things! Where our Wesleyans live remote from church, or in cases of bad weather on the Sabbath, or where a Church meets only once in two or four weeks; then the collection could be taken in the family, and put away in a treasury kept for the Lord. If there be no money, then a postage stamp, and if no stamp then a little note, dated, and the amount due the Lord acknowledged as a debt, and paid up afterward, of course no one of us can make much of a system by ourselves. But all who like the doctrine of this article can join in and help. Think of laying by \$1,092,000 for God in the next thirty-five years all in three cent pieces! And we shall go very far beyond that if we can get every Wesleyan family and every Wesleyan member to adopt this. The child will read this who will yet live to see every dollar of the money come in if we get three cents from every member every Lord's day. Then we shall have a college worth \$351,000 for the use of for missions, and a \$100,000 for every Wesleyan preacher, and a fund of which is \$301,000. Now we have three hundred preachers, and we want who will continue in the work and we want in it. This money goes to them and their wives and children the sum of \$1,092,000. It is a large sum in this time, but it is really of no value. And all this for three cents on the morning of each Lord's day. Ah!—we have lost money by our want of system—for want of method.

Some of my brethren concluded that I am too vehement, to be persistent in presenting this phase of our matters. Well

let us see. It is not nearly twenty years since I began to advocate these same truths in one way and another. More than that length of time have I opposed starting a college when we only had money enough to carry on an academy. Now every Wesleyan knows I have been right all the time on the school question. In these twenty years a systematic gathering of three cent pieces would have brought us \$624,000 at \$31,200 per year. We have had a small part of the money, 'tis true, and lost it nearly all, which is just as true. But most of this sum we never had. And all because our men in high places and General Conferences in high places, and the general people in high places have passed by on the other side. Is it any wonder that I am vehement? The sum of \$624,000, the colleges of three colleges, twenty-five years of blasted hopes, and all this could neglect of what would have made us a powerful people in America is enough to make a man vehement. You think I ought to be patient; and so do I. But how will twenty years do for patience? Perhaps you think it feels good to plead for a most valuable truth for twenty

years, and see your brethren give it a left-shoulder reception. If you think so, just try it. Wear out a life at it. Give one of the best constitutions in America to it, and then see it neglected. Try it if you want to know.

J. M. SNEYDER.

Norton, Ill.

I have posted this in here on Dec. 9th 1878.
It has been before the denomination nearly five months. Bro. Stratton, the editor of the Weekly, has never returned Bro. Kinney's report has never been read; no person near me has interest in the paper, woman, or child. The article on page 98 of this issue who might have been, and on 95 on what may be your Weekly, have both showed the same thing. Wheel's & Co. Weekly on page 98 has received the same treatment although as usual in paper as the Christian but a man called on a large part of the article, and expressed his indignation. It is plain as daylight that we have not been provisionally dealt with in favor of such systems, we have no leaders who have either the skill or courage to attempt to lead us to it. There are times when these things tempt me to see what might be done if the

Bro. Kinney's report to be published in a book.

In March 1865 I returned to my parson
 in place for the time for which it had
 been rented, having applied. I looked my
 self with family matters until Sept. 1865
 and then attended the A. S. Conference at
 Linnacott. The "Union movement" in
 all its strength was upon us. The effort
 to unite Wesleyans and Methodist Protestants
 into one ecclesiastical body had divided
 us, discouraging many of the stoutest
 hearts. Practically, no union was ever
 accomplished, though a discipline was
 agreed on and published. Luther Lee,
 G. Prindle, and others had given their
 strength to it, and in the beginning of
 the movement I. B. C. C. took sides with
 it and for it. But he was not united
 with the final shape which matters took
 and drew off, but only to go back to
 the A. S. C. Church. Lee and Prindle firmly
 went the same road. It was claimed,
 further on; that as many as one hundred
 Wesleyan ministers went the same way,
 and it may be so, but I have never seen
 a document to prove it. It is probable,
 however, that one hundred or more ministers
 left us. Some went to the Congregationalist,
 some with the Methodist Protestant, some to the
 A. S. C., and others elsewhere.
 It was common for whole churches
 to vote themselves and their church
 property out of the Connection and
 into something else, whatever suited them
 best. Some whole conferences, I think,
 did the same.
 It was a dark day for the outlook
 of Wesleyanism. I remarked to a friend

I was leaving for Dominick
 that I was going up to Conference to
 see "Willie"; I never expected this
 from anything else. Bro. Mattack was
 present at this Conference and asked
 us to extend a letter of standing he
 had taken about fifteen months
 before. This brought on debate, and
 I am not able to record just how it
 was decided, I think the vote exten-
 ded his letter about three months, but
 on what ground I do not remember.
 During this debate I made a short
 speech - the only part of which
 I need repeat over this - "If the
 Wesleyan Connection is destroyed I
 have no religious home" (and I
 responded a number of the Cons.)
 Several years ago Bro. Mattack, prob-
 ably, Lee and others, took me and
 other young men of my age into
 partnership. The work to be done
 was to build ourselves a religious
 home. I now deny their right to
 bargain us away as a gift, or other-
 wise, without our consent. They can-
 not release themselves, by their own
 choice, from honorable obligation in
 this matter. They accepted these young
 men as helpers and partners, encouraged
 their hopes, and gave no hint of any
 future dissolution of partnership. Now
 they are bound by the bargain implied in
 all hopes. Thus, inspired. These brethren
 accepted of the position and responsi-
 bility of leaders, and all the way
 from the Utica Convention until

now have led us to believe that ^{we were} building for perpetuity. ^{I now deny their right to destroy what} we have thus been building all these years, and I am glad that Bro. Metlack is right here so here I can lay my hand on his shoulder and say "It is to his credit"

It is doubtful whether, ^{in any other thing} during the more than thirty years that I belonged to the G. L. Conference, I ever uttered as many words to have as much result ^{as this} to meet, if not all, it was a ^{bullet} note to rally, hearts were lifted up, and began to hope, I was astonished myself at the effect it had. It was uttered simply to express my own feelings and views, but it proved to be the expression of other hearts beside my own, Bro. Cook had not yet arrived, and did not get there until this part of our work was done. In the evening he arrived, Bro. Metlack left the next morning, if I remember correctly. With him went the last young men in the Conference, and they had left the ordering remark that we had no young men left, but we had old men left who had learned to trust in God and not in young men. The Rock River Conv. of the C. M. C. Church was in session at Ottawa, at the same time, only about twenty miles from us. Thither went Bro. Metlack and several others with him. Humanly speaking the outlook was not very encouraging, but we knew reasonably well what

we had left. However, there were
 those still with us who had doubts
 about our future. But there was
 nothing from that time until the
 close of the Conference to disturb our
 peace. We proceeded with our
 work so well as we could, and in
 peace. I was asked to accept of the
 work of Evangelist, and consented to
 undertake it. I saw a field before
 me full of responsibility, with much
 to discourage, and hardly joy enough to
 foot the bill of necessary expenses.

But my finances at home were in a
 reasonably sound condition, and some
 one was needed to do this work, and I
 would by the help of God to try.

During my first year I found many
 Wesleyans looking for a home in differ-
 ent directions. Some thought of the
 Free Methodist, others of the Baptists, and
 so on all round the circle. I had
 much work to do in persuading Wesleyans
 to "abide in the ship" but at the end of
 the year there was a marked improvement
 in hope, courage, strength every way.

In the winter following this Conference at
 Kaminak a Convention was called
 at Adrian, Michigan for all who wished
 to join the M. C. church. I went there
 to see for myself. Lee, Prindle, et al.
 were present, and some thirteen others attended.

A few letters were received and read.
 The convention consisted of one afternoon,
 and one fore noon session.

The same letters were read at both
 sessions. The whole thing was a very

public affairs, and no great credit to any body concerned in it. While here I got a reasonably full understanding of the way in which Adrian College had been and was then being lost to us. The whole thing has been written of so much that I need not re-write it. Suffice it to say, we lost it, and no credit marks will ever be set down by any right minded man, opposite the names of the men who sunk it for us.

Similar management had previously sunk Wheaton College for us. Both of these institutions of learning had cost Wesleyans heavily. Both would be ours to day if they had been conducted on a scale of expense within our means to pay. Both were lost by undertaking more than could be paid for at the time.

The fidelity to our interests, and soundness of administration which have characterized Broth Paines course at Wassa, in Miss. could and would have made Wheaton and Adrian two prosperous

Wesleyan colleges finally. If those whose management lost them to us can take any comfort in reflecting upon it they are welcome to all they can get. I should not wish to be in their stead.

The 3rd Con. was held at Bush Point in DeKalb Co. in Sept. 1867. During the previous year we had a glorious Camp meeting, several prore meetings, and various other meetings that had greatly strengthened us in the Conference. One new house of worship had been finished and dedicated, and several more were projected.

At this conference I was again appointed Evangelist, & at this conference I was elected to the General Conference held at Cleveland, O. in October,

Bro. Milton Smith was the other ministerial delegate. Bro. R. Pethrick, and one other, name not remembered, were appointed lay delegates. At the General Conference we were met with not a little of the feeling that our prosperity and perpetuity as a people was a matter of many doubts. The conference was a good one - the effect on all present was good so far as I know. We were stronger by a good percentage at the close of this conference than we were at its ~~beginning~~ beginning. Rev. C. P.indle had gone to Cleveland, on leaving the Book Room at Syracuse, and taken the pastorate of the Wesleyan church at Cleveland. He acted the truly honorable part in providing places for the ample entertainment of the Gen. Conv. He had left the Wesleyan office saying that the whole thing would soon be closed out, and no doubt expected it would. He must have felt some disappointment when Bro. Brooks reported a handsome balance to our credit in Bank.

From the General Conference, (after making a short visit to my mother and other friends in Lumbull Co. Nc.) I returned to my work in Chls. God was truly with us, & this year's results were much greater and better than the previous year. Some young men

and entered the ministry among us, their after life proved them worthy of the place, Bro. J. L. Black was ordained an elder at the end of this year, and brother Adolbert Spencer, Cummings, Cheney and others were among the licentiatees, Our next Conference was held at Diamond Lake in Lake Co, This meeting was full of promise, Several souls were converted at this session, The work throughout the Conference was well supplied, I was again appointed Evangelist. The work of building new houses of worship, new parsonages, and securing denominational property and permanence had advanced to a good degree, and was every where felt to be a sign of increasing strength. I continued in the work of Evangelist for four years from the beginning until the close of this form of my work. Much had been gained, and nothing lost that could be saved so far as I am capable of judging. To me they were four years of much labor, much care, and not a little anxiety for the general welfare of the people called Wesleyans. Personally, I found much enjoyment. I was, almost, everywhere met with kindly treatment from brethren and sisters. The cooperation was all that I could expect. The success was a matter of joy and encouragement to all so far as I know. They were liberal in money for my support after the first year. More than once I received fifty dollars at a single meeting, and once at Chelsea Church in Jo. Davis Co I received one hundred dollars. These, however, were exceptions. I

visited many places where I did not receive enough to pay my expenses for going and returning and sometimes not help enough to pay expenses. But I paid no attention to that, wherever there was a chance to reclaim a doubting Wesleyan, or organize the beginning of a circuit I went to those places. Bro. T. R. Brooks now of Kansas, and Bro. J. Campbell of the same State were of the number I sought out. Bro. P. B. Campbell, son of Bro. J. Campbell was then a boy with his father, dying out a home in the hills of Spencer in Fulton Co, Ill. He belonged to the No. Brethren then, but years afterwards that visit to his father's house, twelve miles away from my meeting, and half of that distance in a lumber wagon, and the other half on foot, resulted in bringing this noble young man to the Ill. Conference. His father had given up hope of Wesleyanism and was on the point of going to the No. Brethren, but the visit was in time, and he agreed to take pasture of Prairie City mission, with only six members to begin with, and every one of them poor. I doubt if he got thirty dollars for his first two years work. But God blessed him, & the circuit grew to a good circuit afterwards. From there he went to Bald Bluff and built a house of worship and I had the privilege of dedicating it. From there to Kansas where his usefulness continued. I heard of the Brother Sheperdson, being in Ill. and Ohio. Got a horse and buggy and spent a day to get an interview with Brother George and his wife of about one hour, that led to their union.

to the Wesleyans, and the union of the
 whole of the small body of their people
 then called "American Methodists." With
 them also came some church property, &
 out of their connection with us grew
 the beginning of the Bible Standard
 by Bro. W. F. Sheppardson and his good
 wife Mary. There was more of the
 same character for which to give
 glory to God. But labor was taking
 on me, and in four years I had run
 behind in money some six hundred
 dollars. I felt at liberty to leave the
 field to another, & so took a circuit
 in Bureau Co.

The place at which I preached was Wilmar
 on the western part of the county. I had
 held a protracted meeting here the winter
 before, and there were many powerful
 workers. The work, however, lacked that
 thoroughness which gives the assurance
 of permanent good. But there was a
 very general desire that I should ac-
 cept of the charge next year. Bro. John
 Welch was a strong lay brother re-
 siding here, and he had hopes that much
 good might grow out of my coming. The
 desire was general so far as I could
 discover, and as there was no other
 organized church there, and we had
 other good and reliable Wesleyans beside
 Bro. Welch and wife I finally agreed to
 go and try it one year.
 Soon after I entered on my work which
 was in Sept. or early in Oct. — the C. R. & T.
 Co. commenced a branch line from
 Nevada Ill. to Dalton on the

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Mississippi River. The M. E. Conference sent a preacher to Walnut and it was now certain that this new road would pass through the place, as it did.

The population about Walnut - had long been proverbial for fickleness of character, and the principal business men argued that the M. E. Church was numerous in the United States and many new settlers from that people might be expected. Almost without any delay even as a nucleus for a beginning, the M. E. preacher got subscriptions, and land on which to build a church, and accordingly a very respectable house of worship was erected, it was a house without a people in an important degree. A serious debt was created. The house was afterwards sold at a very low price and Andrew Ross of Ohio Township bought it, intending to use it as a house of worship for the Campbellites or Disciples, as I understood it. A rally was made, money raised and I believed the M. E. welcomed it. All this had to give to defeat me, and though my congregations continued good throughout the year, and though I have always been greeted with large congregations at every return to the place, still these things had the effect to defeat my hopes and no progress was made in the

elements of permanent growth
 giving no satisfactory hope of an
 success at all (wondering whether
 my ideas) I accepted of an invita-
 tion to go to Bycamore, the county
 seat of De-Kalb Co, Ills.

Brother O. J. Sheppardson had served this
 church the previous year, and the
 house of worship had been built
 while he served them. I found
 a good degree of harmony among
 brethren, devoted Christians, and
 a liberal support according to their
 means. But there was some debt
 to be met, and previous subscriptions
 previously made, failed to be
 paid. The debt was, finally, paid, and
 at the end of two years I had the
 satisfaction of leaving this charge
 in a good and healthy state.

While I was in charge we had a
 preachers meeting nearly every week
 morning, in which we labored to
 mutually improve our preaching, our
 methods of work, and promote the
 work of religious truth.

During these two years the Congregational
 Church had two ministers, the Baptist
 two, and the M. E. Church two, but the
 preachers meetings were not varied
 in character or usefulness in consequence
 of this change, - there
 was denominational unity all the
 time represented in these meet-
 ings. We organized a movement
 to unite all churches in our
 after noon service in the year

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and on the ground in the Court
house square, it was a beautiful
place for a religious service,
and the congregations were
generally large - often very
large, it was mine to preach
every four weeks, and never
did I enjoy preaching more.
We avoided all denominational
peculiarities, and preached on
some subject in which all
orthodox churches are supposed to
agree. For myself I generally chose
to show the preeminence of Christia-
nity. One of my sermons on the
independence of the religious nature
of man, and so far as I could learn
it was regarded as the best ser-
mon I ever preached in appearance.
But the two years went by without
any remarkable results, we had
some valuable accessions, and so did
all the churches in the four de-
nominations, but there was nothing
very remarkable to report in
any of them.

When by and by I removed to the
Wesleyan parsonage and church at High-
land, Tennessee - to which I
continued for two years.

The first year we had a most pre-
cious revival of religion, and between
twenty and thirty additions to the
church - as nearly as I can now
say it was nearly thirty. Not a few
of these additions were children
of Wesleyan parents, belonging to the

Church. The year was one of
 pleasure to us, and of blessing to
 the whole church. The invitation
 to remain a second year was unan-
 imous, and I entered on the work
 of the second year with hope and
 courage. My two younger children
 had united with the church during
 the first year of my stay here, and I
 was every way engaged with my field
 of labor.

But Satan withstood me for all that,
 and in a way not to be expected.
 Several young men and large boys were
 my constant opponents at the church
 who were not religious at all, and not
 a little inclined to the noisy & turbulent
 they had frequently disturbed the
 address by laughing, whistling, and
 other means, some of which were
 so vulgar to our ears here.
 I reproved them. They resented the
 rebuff and acted worse than ever,
 one calling reppiam was son of a
 widow who was a constant atten-
 dance at a church, paid twenty-five
 dollars each year - was somewhat
 wealthy, but she was not a member
 of any church, and never had been
 a proponent to leading men in the
 church to sustain her in the stea-
 diness for order in Gods house, and
 my field with me. To reduce it
 and offend these members of the
 congregation, but not of the church,
 and finally became louder, more
 defiant, and more profligate,

My youngest daughter was treated
to some very vile language,
& then began to talk privately to
the leading men about resigning.
They offered this too. Once I
went to the house of a magistrate
to prosecute them, but the magis-
trate was not at home, and my re-
solving known, I was earnestly
importuned to drop the matter.
The rest of the year was away unpleas-
antly, and unprofitably to all of us,
with the last quarterly meeting. I
was invited by a hour trust to one
to remain another year, but
there were nine votes against me,
the whole of my previous ministry
taken together had never furnished
nine votes against me in the church,
Wicked men and wicked principles I
was in the habit of opposing, and
expected no quarter from them.
But opposition from my brethren
and sisters was nearly unknown
to me. These nine voters had no
hope or prospect of a majority
against me, but they were pious
and zealous of the disturbances
outside of the church who had
caused all the trouble, and they
feared that they expected to lose
a minority vote would be sufficient
to cause me to leave. They calculated
correctly, & after counting the vote
I rose and remarked, that I thanked
my friends who voted for me, and
I bid to every one to go, but

It must be clear them that it would be very unwise for me to stay with such a minority gainers. I then told them that this was not the best year for them. So much they deferred to the clamor of the ungodly outside of the church that I should leave, and that nothing but sorrow could ever come to them. In thus seeking to please those out of the church. Time has terribly vindicated all I said. The widow is much though of in all this painful work has since been dishonored. Her womanhood that her own children refuse to speak to her. Years of sorrow, divisions, estrangements, and several withdrawals have given that church a long and severe chapter of sorrow. Things are some better now, I hear, but ten years have gone and I have never since been in the neighborhood, and most likely I never return. I have felt very sorry for the church, her ministers, and the dishonor done to God, but have not felt at liberty to interfere in any way. Indeed, it could not without being misunderstood, and misrepresented. It may be seriously doubted if any church ever yet listened to the voice of the world and so it came in the deed. The thing ended bad enough after I left it but I am rather inclined to think it would have been much worse if I had remained there and then

I could not have escaped being considered a party to the injury they followed, & at this writing (Jan, 1885) I still think I pursued the wise course to leave and not stay against the will of a respectable minority, and just as much as I believe that no church can do a worse thing for themselves than to allow the voice of the majority to influence their action towards their minister or towards any body on any thing, their business is always with God and their brethren.

From Highavenkin I removed my family to Wheaton, Ill, while I went into Hanokahee Co to preach.

This is a very level country, but it had some historic interest, especially in connection with Peter Cartwright - a colony of french Catholics had espoused the protestant faith, and some war records. The path of the singular Cartwright I had often crossed in other places. His travels were nearly every where in middle Ill, and most work had largely been in the same field; His life had taught me a valuable lesson in courage and perseverance, and when I came to some spot where he had wrought I felt moved to do and dare. It had a touch of Longfellow

in it -

"Tomb of great men all remind us"
 Here in Hanokahee, Livingston, Ford,
 and Quincy Counties I spent three
 years, occasionally preaching in it.

Grandy and Will Counties.

I never saw so much, and in three years as I saw here, I was a weary and uncomfortable three years so far as the roads were concerned. But brethren and sisters were kind. I met a cordial welcome in many homes, found things generally hopeful, Bro. Francis Barton, an English brother, had preached here in three previous years, and he remained here and worked with me most cordially and faithfully. There was one exception, and it was an ordained minister too, and a member of the A. B. Conference. He had, however, the honor and good sense not to allow one beyond the simple fact of withholding his presence from our meetings. Some progress was made the first year, a good temple hall was purchased to be used for a Wesleyan church - some valuable collections were made to our number, new appointments were added to the circuit, and at the end of the year the whole circuit were unanimous in asking me to stay another year. This year brought us better roads in the winter, I commenced a protracted meeting at the Hall we had purchased. The interest increased - the cooperation over ran the place, and the meetings were removed to the M. E. Church two miles away.

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until many more converted to
God. This collection closed, others
were held and God wonderfully
blessed, a many were converted
One new church, strong in members,
and of people in good social position
them was organized, and at the
end of this year we had a little
over one hundred members added
to the churches.

I had now served them two years,
and they unanimously invited
me to remain another year.
I told them I did, they would
build a parsonage so that my
wife could be with me. Some
very good Baptists had become in-
terested for us and worked well
with us. The subscription for a
parsonage was soon made up to
some over four hundred dollars.
The house was built and wife left
our home in Wheaton to spend the
year with me in the new parson-
age. But the winter was an open
one and a awful frost soon
of the storm and every where
to be met. When the roads were
frozen for a short time they
were so rough that it was
dangerous to travel - few could
reach the places of meeting, and
very nearly no special work
could be done. What effort I did
make produced but little
fruit.

At the commencement of my first year on this circuit our General Conference was held at Sycamore, Ill. I was a delegate from the Ill. Conference, as I had been at the two preceding General Conferences held at Cleveland, O., and Syracuse N. Y. Proposition was made to change our rule on secret societies, striking out the words "such as Masons and Odd Fellows". Rev. Foster from the Champlain Con. and others, with myself opposed the change to greater stringency on this point. The debate continued several days, and though it was conducted with dignity and in a Christian spirit, it was a severe debate. I need not repeat its history. The leading members in the church at Sycamore were opposed to the change and were so grieved with the debate and all that took place there the church there was about the same as destroyed by fire. It has been a feeble church ever since, and unless the money of God interpose there is reason to fear that the church there will, ultimately become extinct. The action finally taken was so clearly unconstitutional and illegal that the Rev. W. Gardner who was both Chairman of this General Conference, and leader of the party in favor of the change, went home to the Champlain Conference and in due form sent out a proposition to the Winter Conference to bring about the change in a constitutional way, a two thirds vote of the Conference!

The next session of the All. Conference, following the actions of the Champlain Conference, was held at Sugar Creek in Walworth Co, Wis.

When the action of the Champlain Conference came up for approval, I again opposed it, and the debate waxed warm. It occupied nearly a day, and an evening session was held in the basement of the church for the purpose of finishing the debate and reaching a vote. There was a majority for the change, but ten votes were given against it. In the same autumn I visited the Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin Conferences, and in all of them used some efforts in opposition to the change; however, they all gave majorities for the change. I returned home to my work submissive but not convinced, nor have I ever been convinced of the wisdom of the change.

After returning home I received some very abusive letters for my opposition to the change, and the work I did in opposing it. I did not feel called upon from a sense of duty or from self respect to take any action about any of these letters except one sent me by Rev. A. R. Brooks, who had preceded and followed me in the pastorate of the church at Fishersville. His letter was so very bad that I asked him in a letter to retract, he replied, I then sent another to Bro. Wm. Davis of Fishersville, asking him to take Bro. Brooks

(brother with him and read my
 second letter and interpose their kind
 offices to procure a retraction, I
 had good reason to hope that this ought
 to succeed for I had been of uniform
 usefulness to Bro. Brooks, having adven-
 tured in the Wesleyan to hunt him
 up in the days of the serious move-
 ment and thus called him from
 an obscurity in which he had vol-
 unterily buried himself in Eastern
 Ills. I got him to work in a Mason
 Co, and after a severe sickness from
 getting a fish bone in his throat I
 secured means for him to attend a camp
 meeting in a Mercer Co, where we raised
 him over thirty dollars. They introduced
 him to a camp meeting in Bureau Co,
 which led to his pasture on Bureau
 for two years. Removing from
 Bureau to Richwood the first
 time I had greatly aided him by
 writing letters, in getting that charge.
 But it was all in vain, neither the
 uniform kindness I had shown him for
 years, and which he never denied so far as
 I know, nor the kind offices of Bro
 Davis and brother could secure any
 retraction of the evil letter.

I sent charges to the president of the
 conference to assert the passage of
 his character. This last act was but
 a few days before the session of the
 conference at Flora Church in Boone
 Co. Ills. I sent a copy also to the
 secretary, not having time to take
 the scriptural steps in laboring with

- me alone, nor of bringing "one or
 two with him" to "gain a victory" nor
 yet willing to wait longer than the
 session of the conference for an
 action against me, he resorted to
 a violation of both Bible and dis-
 cipline, and preferred charges against
 me. It told him to his face of its il-
 legality and that his action had sub-
 jected him to a new charge and
 he admitted to me that he knew it
 and that I was right. The case though-
 out was so transparently against him,
 and the whole conference saw it so
 clearly, that there was a determi-
 nation from the press to prevent a trial.
 Every effort that could be made was
 made for two days to get me to with-
 draw the charges. Great labor, perhaps,
 was expended to get him to retract
 and confess the wrong.
 I think the charges against me were
 not even read in conference, but I
 am not sure as to that. However, they
 were so entirely gratuitous and un-
 founded every way that I do not
 even remember any part of them.
 I was very sure then, and am very sure
 now, that no body attached any impor-
 tance to them, not even the men that
 preferred them. After repeated meetings,
 I became sure in my own mind of
 two things, first that Brown had allowed
 himself to be drawn into all this trouble
 by two or three malicious females,
 and that some men who concealed
 their heads over back of that

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That the Conference lacked the
courage or the disposition to meet
the case, and that a trial would be
avoided if it could possibly be avoided.
These two days were days of many and
deeply sad reflections to me. I had long
been the senior member of the Confer-
ence. Entering it in almost boyhood I
had remained faithful from the first
hour of my connection with it.
I had spent youth, manhood, health, com-
fort, money as far as I had it, every thing
to build and preserve the old Conference.
Three times in succession they had sent
me to the General Conference. I had
served continuously as their president until
a sense of propriety had led me to posi-
tively and unconditionally refuse a re-
election. I had struggled with Sumner,
Cross, McArthur and others through all the days
when abolition was a word fraught with
meaning enough to get a man mobbed in
a very few minutes, I had outlived Bro.
Milton Smith by some years, and he was the
last of the old guard to die. A new race
of men had entered the Conference, and I
had been largely instrumental in getting them
there, even the men charged before them.
This all went for nothing with men
"who knew not Joseph", and though the
case was too clear for doubt there was
a clear determination never to call it
Warred, pained beyond expression, disgusted
to almost nausea I consented for Bro.
Wm. Hinney and Bro G. I. Riley to fight
it to suit themselves. I can't
tell just what was done nor how

What was done; Bro Brooks made
some kind of a Confession and perhaps
some retraction, but I am not able to
say now what it was, This character
was passed, & my name was called -
no objections were made, but all
around me sat men and women
deeply imbued with the spirit of
dislike, not to use a stronger word,
because I had opposed the change of
the rule on secret societies,
I do not remember what I said in
my report for the year. It was not
much I presume, for I was in a poor
condition, resting under at least an
implied censure from those to whom
I had done all the good I could, and
no harm - men and women from
whom I might have expected almost
any other kind of treatment,
I remember that I told them with
a good deal of deep feeling that I
loved my brethren, and that is the
only thing that I can now remember
of what I did say.

The conference continued and I staid
until it closed, but I left with little
wish, and no real intention to ever
meet them again, and I never met
them afterward, The next conference
I sent them a letter reporting my circuit
and the years work, telling them that
I was going to Chabanka Land asking
for a letter of my standing as
there was no conference in Chabanka
to which I could be transferred.

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A letter of standing was granted,
and Brethren Wm. P. [unclear] and W. H. [unclear]
[unclear] were appointed to write me
a farewell letter. These brethren wrote
me good letters, which I appreciated
and of the whole conference felt
as these brethren wrote there was
a good deal of improvement on the
spirit and atmosphere of the year
before. However, in the minutes as
published, it was reported under
the head of "withdrawn"; this I con-
sidered as quickly as a letter could
reach Syracuse.

I staid in Wheaton and preached to
the Wesleyan Church there until the
next January & then left for [unclear].

My coming to Nebraska seems to have been providential,
certainly it came of circumstances which I could not
foresee and over which I had no control. I had no
taste or wish to venture into a new and wild
frontier life at the age of fifty-four, I had toiled
there when a boy to help my father clear a farm in
the forests of Ohio. At twenty-two I had taken
up my abode in the then wild State of Illinois.
I felt fully satisfied with what I had experi-
enced of western life, and did not wish
for any more of the same kind.

But most unexpectedly my youngest son's eyes
failed while pursuing his course in Wheaton
College - both optic nerves failing at once, and
so entirely broken down were they that doctors
all assured me that he could never again
follow study or any occupation that required
attention with the eyes.

I was much at loss to know what to do with my boy, he had no trade, had no education for business, except such as he knew of farming, and that was limited as it is in all boys of his age. For months we worked to save his eyes and saw them improve. While this suspense continued Bro. B. J. Armitage of Adams Co, Neb, who had been my friend in Ills, and was earnestly urging me to follow him to Nebraska, procured a pass for me to come to Nebraska, giving me sixty days to make the trip and return. This was all unknown and unthought of by me until Prof. Bent of Wheaton tendered me the pass. I came out to see the country, not predisposed in its favor, but no man, probably, was ever more greatly surprised than I was on seeing this new country. I was charmed with its natural beauty and wealth of soil. I felt sure that in the near future here would be one of the greatest among the great States of these United States. It gave a most ample field for my boy, especially in raising cattle. I had no doubt that in the moral field I would have all I wished to do. In less than two weeks I had made choice of land in Sherman Co, and returned home reported the Country to my family and friends. This was in August 1878 and in January 1879 I came to my homestead in Nebraska. My son C. H. Snyder, for whose sake I was coming in a larger sense than from self interest cause, was detained in Wheaton by typhoid fever until April, but my eldest son, J. D. Snyder, came to me with a car load of things, tools and

various material in March. Before
 the youngest son reached me the old
 son had secured a half section of land,
 soon after the younger son secured a
 half section. In July my wife came
 to see how we got along, but a few
 weeks earlier my oldest sons wife had
 arrived for a short stay. In Sept,
 my son-in-law, C. A. Wheeler surprised
 me by showing himself at our door,
 he was married to my youngest daugh-
 ter. In Oct, E. S. Robinson, who was mar-
 ried to my eldest daughter came on, both
 Wheeler and Robinson soon secured each a
 half section. Thus my children had all
 obtained land near me, and all but the
 elder son expected to reside on their land
 it had not been the intention of my
 wife or myself to remain in Nebraska the
 rest of our days, but things having taken
 this turn in family matters we yielded
 to the inevitable and concluded to remain
 the rest of our days.

In the fall of 1879 we made an attempt
 to organize a Wesleyan Methodist Con-
 ference in Nebraska. We had in the
 State four elders beside myself. We met
 at the house of Bro. B. J. Armitage in
 Adams Co, but only Brother Philo Colyer,
 and Bro. Rob. Walker attended,
 Bro. J. B. Hawley and S. Beeson did not
 come. We did what we could to set
 the ball of Wesleyanism rolling in Neb,
 the labor was much and the progress
 slow. But we got no ground of any
 importance, and did gain none.

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I write this over five years after our first meeting, & many of the circumstances have been discouraging, and yet we have succeeded in organizing churches in at least four counties, and awakening an interest in other counties, the outlook is hopeful, though not brilliant. During these years I have traveled several thousand miles, mostly in a buggy, and preached a large number of sermons. Some of the time has my health been good, and part of the time it has been too poor to leave home even five miles. Still I am not without hope that my Heavenly Father will yet let me live to see a vigorous conference in Nebraska. I am better suited with the country than I expected to, at the time I came here, and have enjoyed reasonable prosperity in earthly things, and now if I can see God glorified in a good conference I shall feel that my life work is drawing well on to a close.

Apr. 10th 1891

I am this day sixty-six years old. To the glory of God I record that "Goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life." My face is still turned heavenward. I hope & expect to abide in the true faith until the end shall come. The mercy of God still spares the life of my wife, my children, and all my grand children, except three I never saw - all of whom were silent or feeble births, & taken before they lived less than one half day.

It is now over seven years since I wrote a word in this book. In that time the whole face of affairs in the Wesleyan Connection have changed, and all for the worse. The present condition of affairs may be set down as a wreck. So it seems to me. Of course it is a sad change to one who has toiled so long and so faithfully, but it has revealed a valuable fact to my own eyes relating to my own heart. I find now that I attach much more importance to being a Christian than I do to any denomination whatever. I do not expect to form any new church relation and so I shall, probably, die in the fold where I commenced to preach, if indeed, the fold is not destroyed before I reach that time. To Thee O God I commit my ways, though I fear Christ my Lord, and as I may possibly never enter a pen here again I turn for hope to the Eternal.

Feb. 15th 1896

Two months more would just complete five years since my pen entered the last words in this book. That is, if I live two months more I shall be seventy-one years old. All that I entered in my last relating to the mercy of God toward me and my family continues to be true to this date. Our family history is regarded by all who know it as remarkable, and quite beyond what is common among mankind. With much reverence, and deep gratitude my pen

Thanks to God, of course a break in this chain of family life must come at no distant day in the future. Within these last five years no less than three great grandchildren have been born to us, and these too have shared the full measure of money previously granted to our children and grand children.

These five years, last passed, have, however, cut deeply in all our earthly hopes in other directions. These years of drought has brought us one total failure of harvest and two harvests which have been greatly reduced in quantity and quality. In 1891 the crop of wheat, our staple, was very abundant, but in 1892 the wheat, our staple, was poor. The price of wheat has fallen to a point which has been sold and the farmers who remain have a very small margin of profit. The land no longer smiles with plenty as in former days. This scourge, however, has had some compensating features. Irrigation interest is extensively awakened, and many ideas of conserving water have been awakened. In the end it may prove a blessing to the country, but the birth into the better life and methods was very painful.

In religious matters I am even less a sectarian than I was five years ago. I am not more convinced of any thing than I am that all sects will melt away at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. I can see no good reason for building up a thing when I am so fully convinced that God will destroy it all.

Our wholesale conference has gradually met

away, and a few of the last remnant. I am
 sure of their standing, of these I am one,
 so I am carrying my church standing in
 my pocket, and so far as I know it
 will be there when I die.

Meanwhile I am deeply impressed with the
 signs every where visible that the King of all
 righteous^{ness} is marching on. The upheaval
 of human thought is immense. The laborer
 thinks at last, and arises and shakes
 himself. The kingdoms feel the throbs
 of universal unrest, nations, henceforth,
 need not hope for peace until they in-
 corporate the teachings of Jesus into law.

Little did I think when I was contending
 for the slave forty five years ago that I was to live,
 and finally end my days in the midst of a
 struggle far more intense than the struggle
 with slavery ever was. Besides, this involves
 the whole human race, while that was more
 especially confined to a particular country.
 But the kingdom represented by the stone
 cut out without hands is, at hand - a king-
 dom of righteousness, of justice, of equality,
 and of brotherly love. Neither to selfish-
 ness, nor to made law, administered law, neglect
 the state, crushed the poor, and ignored the
^{poor} with the "blind and fools" who con-
 tended with Jesus, even not all limited to
 that age. Kings, Parliaments, Councils of
 States and a whole blind world have moved
 on ruled by human greed and lust of power,
 and knew not that the truth preached by

The Lord Jesus Christ was the true law, and
 the only true law for the social compact com-
 monly called a nation. But their blindness
 has in no sense changed the decrees and purposes
 of the great God. The march of truth is onward
 without waiting a moment on man's ignorance
 or selfishness. Justice and judgement are the
 habitations of His throne, the destiny is decreed,
 and the coronation of our glorious King is only
 a question of time. Labor produces all value
 in the commercial world. To labor belongs the
 product of labor. The non-producer lives
 on another man's labor, and is robber, pirate,
 any thing but an honest man, while he
 thus lives. He now I am here at almost
 every one in the heat of this struggle to
 take away the power to rob and protect the
 producer by law, custom, policy and just judgement.
 What it may cost to establish, God only knows.
 The language of Daniel and Jesus indicate great
 trouble. Probably a vast destruction of property.
 The treasures gathered by the rich may evaporate
 in smoke. Possibly many lives will go
 out in violence and bloodshed.
 However this may be, one thing may be de-
 pended upon. Truth will take no step
 backward. Both much or little men must
 cease to accumulate millions by devouring
 others. Jesus Christ is against this whole
 business, and this pen writes the faith of one
 honest believer that Jesus will triumph.

Birth Day, Apr 10th 1899

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I am seventy four years old today. My health is not good and has not been very good this winter. Still I have preached and attended religious meetings with a good degree of regularity. My wife passed the seventy third milestone Feb 22nd 1899.

Her health is also poor. That we are nearing the end we both consider a settled matter. Any considerable extension would surprise us. Apr 3rd 1898 our golden wedding was celebrated, but the family and friends were not convened until July 2nd when we got together and in due form and importance honored the occasion. We are not aware that any other couple which ever left Hubbard, Ohio, has reached a golden wedding.

My oldest sons wife died in Wheaton, Ills, March 7th 1897. This was our first family funeral. Last Nov our youngest great grand child died, aged about three months. This was the first, and up to date, the only family funeral in the direct line of descent. The honor and praise of the all merciful God I write it here:

Two years ago I served as member of the State Legislature. I have ^{the} comfort of knowing that I did my duty faithfully and no money tarnish attached to my soul. Since I wrote ^{that} opposite page three years ago - developments have greatly intensified all that is said there and opened a wide field to say much more. It now looks as though the Capital will force a bloody struggle. It may not finish in blood, and in all other ways, but the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth". The Kingdom represented by the rock will not fail, but will crush all that stands opposed to it. Then all hail to our glorious King. I live in this faith. A man is a man.

March 1st 1900.

The companionship of my life since a Apr. 3rd 1845 fell asleep in Jesus at 11-45 this eve. Nearly fifty-two years and four months together. She was 74 years and 7 days of age. She sank away without a struggle or a groan; and sweet peace yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it. I try but not for any long time I presume I follow on expecting to meet her again. Both part in a struggle

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS in His providence it has pleased the Almighty to call to His Heavenly home the beloved wife of Colorado J. M. Snyder, be it Resolved That Perryville Post, No. 231, G. A. R. extend to Comrade Snyder their heartfelt sympathy in this his hour of bereavement, and it is further Resolved That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Post and published in the Mitchell Monitor.

J. LITTLEFIELD,
M. L. HISLOP,
A. THROCKMORTON.
Committee.

*Published in Mitchell Monitor
March 16 - 1900*

The death of J. M. Snyder is a sad loss to the community. He was a man of high character and a devoted Christian. He was born in Ohio and came to Nebraska in 1845. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a faithful worker in the cause of Christ. He was a man of high character and a devoted Christian. He was born in Ohio and came to Nebraska in 1845. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a faithful worker in the cause of Christ.

Nebraska Independence
Sioux Falls
March 17 1900

Jan 10th 1900.
The Centenary of the
and 75 years of age
I wish to see you at
Sioux Falls Dec. 31st
That is possible I know
and the next century!!
What my children
and that century?
I am sure
her century, who
to know the next?

OBITUARY

Mrs. J. M. Snyder Falls asleep
March 1st, 1900.

Harriet Frazier was born in Highland, Trumbull county, Ohio, Feb. 27th, 1825, and died in Loup City, Nebraska March 1st 1900, being 74 years and 7 days old. She grew to womanhood in the town of her birth. In 1847 she came with her father and family to Mercer Co., Ill. April 3rd, 1848 she was married to J. M. Snyder. This union lacked only 44 days of being 52 years at the time of her decease. In 1879 she came to her husband on his homestead in Sherman Co., and Sherman Co. has been their home since. She had four children, two sons and two daughters, all of whom survive her; beside these, two adopted children have become an integral part of their family life. The first to die in the direct family line was a great grand child, and she was the next; thus her husband, all her children, grand children and four great grand children live to mourn her loss. Rev. Matthews preached her funeral in the M. E. church, and she was borne to the grave and laid to rest in the Vandergrate cemetery March 3rd, 1900. Thus ends a noble and truly heroic life; her life was laborious, with all the variations of trial and triumph. Her husband being a minister, and three years in the army to save the Union was much of the time away from home, and the forming of the character of her family developed on her in a large degree. Devotely and faithfully she met the responsibility and lived long enough to see and rejoice in the fruit of her labors. She was a most sincere Christian, joining the Methodist church in her teens, and in her long and protracted sickness drew nearer and nearer to God as she approached the end; she died without a struggle and in sweet peace yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it. She was much loved and deserved it too, and will be much missed and deeply mourned, and this last is the result of a long life of unselfish devotion to the good of others and forgetfulness of self.

Upon the casket rested several very beautiful floral offerings, and placed on one which formed the word love was the following verse.

Sleep soft beloved: we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids weep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break her happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep"

FAREWELL

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder celebrated their 50th anniversary of their wedding day or Golden Wedding in the opera house in this city on July 2nd, 1898. Mr. Snyder is now 75 years old and will continue to be a resident of Loup City. We extend heartfelt sympathy to him and other bereaved ones.

Loup City, Neb.
Independent
March 9th 1900

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April 10th 1901

By the mercy of God I still live and this
day I am seventy six years old. During the
last year my eldest daughter, Maggie S. Robinson,
has died, and Oland Wheeler my grandson
came near death's door. My wife has been
in the grave for more than a year.
It is somewhat strange that I remain, but
I am trying earnestly to let the light
of a truly Christian life shine. This
is the only good reason I can
think of why I still live. So my heart
says "Thy will be done!" In health & energy I
enjoy astonishes me and all others. We may
not enter the 77th year of life, possibly
to see the end of it, but more likely to go
to God, and wife is dead and during the years

April 10th 1902.

And still the years go by, and still
I stay in the country of my birth. It is seventy seven
years since I was born in Monongahela County. Then it
was Virginia now it is West Virginia. What a vast
change and growth in my country. The R.R. - telegraph, and
a thousand things then unknown are here to stay. Our
territory has taken on a new name ^{in health it may be, but} ^{in winter}
There is much to fear in the present condition of things.
Empire is hazardous - very hazardous. Entering as
The declaration of Independence is damnable. The
Supreme Court has, by its decisions, said the Consti-
tution does not follow the flag. All of this is dan-
gerous ground - a stroke at liberty's May God defend
the wrong and save the country my country, and for
which my fathers and I have fought & suffered.
Last word last evening that Brother Dr. W. B. Eaton
was buried Tuesday last. His wife was my wife's
sister - two years younger. So they were set up a head
stone at daughter Maggie's grave. The last year has
been, comparatively, uneventful. Father Almighty I
thank thee for thy mercy in my case, thy love, Amen

Apr 10th / 1903

More astonished than ever before, and surely
 as grateful as ever before, I find myself alive, and
 in usual health and strength at the end of seventy eight
 years. Three or four of my early acquaintances, older than
 I am still live in Ohio & Penn. For myself I have no
 special presentiment. The current of life seems quite
 even. I never cease to miss my dear wife, but
 wait on for the end of persecution. There has been no
 great convulsion in society, except blime, South Africa
 & the Philippine debate, but the great day comes some
 space. Sabot & Capital are ministering. As the angel
 told Daniel the storm will come, I am awaiting
 the fork minister. War & blood shed are predicted.

Apr. 10th 1904 =

And still alive by the mercy
 For the last four weeks my death was
 expected, & at one time for two days & night
 no hope of life seemed. Friends from far & near
 came to see die, & my recovery is really a sur-
 prise to all. Thanks be to God for his abounding
 mercy to me. Oh that the all of my life may
 be well pleasing to Him. And now I commit
 all to God through Jesus Christ

...the following by J. M. Snyder
...Lincoln.
...several points worthy of con-

Barrows:—I see your request
...to Uncle John's question in
...of Feb. 21st. It is not at all
...but I feel quite sure I can partly
...He supposes a class of people
...entirely out of work, and no work to be
...had anywhere. Of course such people
...can earn nothing. A million of them
...could not earn a dollar in a year. The
...history. But
...that were analo-
...gous, and we are rapidly approaching a
...point where it will be no longer a suppo-
...ed case. When one looks at England
...with a million paupers at this moment
...on her hands, conjecture at once becomes
...a probability. The power of steam, elec-
...tricity and discoveries in chemistry taken
...with ever improving machinery and we
...are moving very rapidly to the very point
...supposed. When we get there then
...what? That's the question. Let us look
...at it

NEGATIVELY.

1st. They will not die so long as they
...can avoid it.

Life is a divine gift. The love of life
...to all sentient existence, and per-
...vades water, air and land and all inhabit-
...ants of either. Life is a gift. This is an in-
...alienable right pointing to the Divine
...source of life, to its sacredness and to its
...right to be so. Human reason is not
...needed to affirm it. Instinct does that.
...Then men can never become so ignorant
...so degraded, or so brutish that they will
...neglect it and insist upon it.

One of the means of earning the
...money for maintaining life, the weaker
...elements in this class will beg or look to
...charity in any form. Failing in that,
...many will perish with want. The strong-
...er will look to more vigorous measures,

2nd. They will not cease to repro-
...duce.

With or without marriage, reproduc-
...tion will go on. Most likely increase from
...this source alone will take place. If not
...their ranks will constantly increase in
...number by drawing new recruits from
...the ranks next above them. But increase
...from both sources means an ever increas-
...ing danger to society and all the interests
...of civilized life.

3rd. They will not cease to vote.

The Proletariat of Rome did not cease to
...vote, and this class will be our proletariat.
...They were descended from citizen parent-
...age, and ours be the children of citizens.
...They were hundreds of years away from
...the four and seven acres farms of their
...ancestors. So will ours be far away from
...the farms of our fathers, from Washington's
...ancestors as ancestors, but all the same
...they will be citizens. In Rome they had
...no money for sale, only votes and nothing else.
...They will have votes for sale here in
...the United States.

Demagogues needed them in Rome.
...and of them too with a vengeance. So
...demagogues will need them here, and use
...them. Nay, they do it now, and the
...more will not yet come.

POSITIVELY.

4th. They will not die as long as abundance
...of food is obtained—if they will increase in
...number, and will vote, what then will
...be done of them?

1st Necessity knows no law.
The condition of such a class will be
necessity. The voluntary power and vol-
untary conditions are gone. A man in
the water may be said to have a choice.
He can consent, possibly choose to drown
rather than swim or try to swim. But
this is far fetched. The general fact in
the case is one of necessity. So a man
without food or means to earn it affirms
his right to live, just as the man in the water
affirms his right to swim and save his life.
Of necessity or choice, he chooses may be
he seizes the most available means at
hand, it may be beggary, an almshouse,
theft, counterfeiting money, forgery, per-
jury, highway robbery, piracy, selling his
vote, selling a child, bartering his wife
or daughter for money or bread, and mur-
der if it is that or starve.

He feels nothing but necessity—that
excuses everybody and everything to him.
His right to live he never doubts. He
cannot be ignorant of the means and luxu-
ry of others if he wishes to be. He feels
that he is God's creature as really as a
millionaire. The poorest man feels that.
How he has been robbed, by whom and
by what means he may never be able to
tell, but he sees that he is robbed from all
God's arrangements to support life. His
right to have his share of these means is
too plain a case to be doubted. There is
no way to get it only to take it. So he
seizes it in the way and by the means
which his intellect tells him to be the
most likely to furnish him the most en-
joyment and risk the least.

2nd. Conscience will not help.
All experience tells us that man's
narrowness with want is a terrible thing.
What disposition does man have of them
finally is not now the question. The
question is what will he do with them.
We may and do at times with a religion
without beneficence to men. With
liberty in name—a religion with no sub-
stance. Religion and liberty are not
hypocritical words he or we can use.
shall such creatures feel a burden or
moral obligation, honor, or duty, or
love of home or any noble impulses? So-
ciety, statute, courts, moral customs
have made him a human tiger, hyena,
sloth—anything but a man. Now soci-
ety must endure him or kill him. If en-
dured, ignorance increases in all its forms,
books are burned for fear its success, the
state staggers, falls, and civilization dies.

Kill him and it is no better, that bruti-
fies the executioner and calls down the
wrath of a just God.

Such is the end as things go now. Is
there a remedy? Yes, yes, yes!!! God
and nature can cure. Let men put land
back where the All Father put it in Le-
vitical law—let government own the
highways, make roads and land inalienable
except by citizens and let them be
—destroy land taxes and labor, and as safe—
civilization then is safe.

We have gone wrong so long that it

may take fifty years to reach it, but we
can begin now, lay the foundation wisely
prudently, and stop the constantly in-
creasing abuses. From that we can build
safely.

I cannot extend further in this article
Details cover much ground, and must be
postponed to the future.

[To be continued]

MINIERS' OPINIONS.

Uncle John's Question.
No. II.

Vernon, Neb., March 1, 1887.
My former article showed I hoped that
the present conditions and tendencies
were to barbarize a percentage of civil-
ized countries. I propose to notice the
difficulties and remedies in this article.
But let no one think lightly of the bar-
barians growing up in our cities. We
increase their number every year by
immigration and growth in our midst.
The births and importations are thou-
sands of thousands. The danger is no
longer a small thing.

Rome found the barbarians in the
North Land. We shall find ours in
every back street in the large cities and
towns. Many of the nations of Europe
would now be confronted with immen-
sely great danger, but for colonization. Of
course, there is yet room for expansion,
but the limits narrow every year. And
it now stands these nations have a great
weight on their hands, and every year the weight
grows. We shall be further removed,
perhaps, from the final abolition of war,
not avoid it if we slacken.

THE DEMOCRATS.

They are not and will not yet be a
foundation was never sound. The
democrats to America for a century
long. They found that the
their plans of government were
largely from European models. They
had then moved the world with
transfer ten on companies, a constant
very strange that the pillars of
as the danger in land was given in
to land were given in the
had time before them. They
not seen for the very first time
God when they saw the land. No
usage of buying land for a
dred years back of us must be
Here then centers a long line of errors,
and a strong barrier to be broken. It
will be hard to break it. There is no
certainty that it can ever be done. Sci-
ences, court decisions without and
old and venerable, prejudice, wrong
reason, bigotry, ignorance and
less are all in the way. And that
at conscience, patriotism, virtues and
intelligence.

Hercules, Samson or Beahm, might
tremble to undertake the work. Min-
erals had a light task to perform com-
pared to this.

Next comes in your want of land. No
nation ever was or ever can be better
than the men who composed it. If our
sixty million were all had men and
women of the Spartan, early Roman or
Moses and Joshua type we could
take anything, but alas, my country-
men are not a majority. Would to God they were. But
must be had first. Without them suc-
cess is impossible.

Next comes in religion. This is the
last I shall name, but it is far from
completing the whole list. Men are
never better than their religion. No in-
stances are recorded where they ever
have been. Some one says, "Let us
make the songs of a nation, and I care
not who makes their laws." I repeat
back—let me make the religion of a na-
tion and I will make both the songs and
the laws. The religious force has ever
shown itself a controlling power. Wis-
dom, all deep-seated, earnest, honest, de-
votion to the heathen gods, Apollo or
Buddha, Isis and Osiris, and or any, so

...and the result will be...
...the world, and will do it all...
...the purpose of dis...
...pride and scorn for...
...What is a fashionable sor...
...astronomy, history or some...
...that character. If sin is de...
...Pharaoh or...
...their dues occu...

But who expects to hear the
...the pride, the treachery,
...of these present times
...True we have Talanage
...Some others are equally
...but the aggregate, ah,
...!

...I see the cure. Anyone can
...But the remedy. If
...Well if we can be
...and all ye are brethren" and
...well as believe it we can be
...and we will be saved. What
...the result if we did that? Sta...
...to every man all his God...
...rights. And what are they? Just
...in all of God's gifts to
...and what are God's gifts to man?
...to support life. Has
...and are ye sure of it?
...There is gold, silver,
...lead, tin, iron, gold, silver,
...and of the long chap...
...are indispensable to
...the. Can any one of these
...anything dies, be it fish,
... Now I find myself
...How I got here,
...development, or respect I
...This I say, it is all one fact
...I am here, all men are here
...the same terms, by the same
...the same.
...I am here, all these good
... But we all come here
...the same door and all arrived
...the same hour and everyone of us
...the same consent or even knowing
...there. What then? There
...with all her blessings. She says
...Yes, children. What shall
...we want? What do we say? One
...all the rain, and another all
...another all the water, another
...all the sun to the end of the
...all of it would we say,
...all say let each man have all
...he needs to see, and we should
...That is the true doctrine, too,
...ever said out. No govern...
...at a bid of sale or deed in
...any one of these blessings,
...and we own them, or
...them, or ever will own
...them, to him and he gives
...them. Not so, they,
...When government has
...them. When the use of his
...them. But if hundreds of
...them. If hundreds of
...them. Let it be their
...them. If it will
...them until it is all
...them. If it will
...them. If it will

- First. Abolish all land monopoly and every other monopoly, for I want, from lead, gold, silver or any other.
- Second. Will you give me God-given rights in nature's life?
- Third. Abolish slavery.
- Fourth. Make overgrown barons impossible.
- Fifth. Abolish debt of land.
- Sixth. Abolish debt by abolishing all forcible collections of debts except for taxes and labor.
- Seventh. Abolish mortgages and limit, perhaps destroy, interest.
- Eighth. Make slavery impossible.
- Ninth. Reduce exchange to cost of carriage.
- Tenth. Make credit impossible to any but men of honor, thereby greatly elevating the type of mankind.
- Eleventh. Secure the homes of all in perpetuity.
- Twelfth. Make a patent of every man, invariable, because fighting for home.
- Thirteenth. Greatly elevate morals, purify society and, perhaps, perhaps ten-fold the goal of our schools.

For God and humanity.
J. M. S. D. D.

Answer to "Uncle Jake,"
No. III.

I am not writing a book. I am only stating fundamental principles and that in fragmentary installments. Therefore, I hope any want of method may be excused. In this article we wish to notice the measures suggested to make the...

My hand trembles to write it—my heart nearly fails in the attempt. Oh, to be a Newton, or some equal genius now. But I am no good by long, long—some future talent must finish it. Bellamy, George and others are moving the world. God is marching on. We shall get to the right in a while. Can I help some? I will try. Then

1. The principle set forth to begin with. "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."—Lev 25:23. This is the Bible statement of the case. In No. 2 we gave Nature's statement of the case. Now we ask attention to history—to experience. For experience is history. Take the nations which acted on the human selfishness rule—self interest—and paid no attention to this law, to nature's law, nor any law of justice, and what a mass of ruins. Begin in Egypt, go to Syria, Assyria, Persia and so on around to Rome. It is the black path of death of buried civilizations all the way. The very language they spoke is dead. China and India show the unique splendor of "arrested civilization," but for practical purposes to the poor they might just as well have gone with Babylon or Rome. Here then are three witnesses to the principle—Bible, Nature and Experience. These all come into court and give one testimony, and no credible witness to contradict them. What more or better evidence can be given that the principle is correct? Call that settled and then
2. As man can give only better than he gets. But you say the land holder has his title from the government. Exactly so, but the government had no title. The government has usurped, whereas it had no higher function than to guard and protect. Government is enjoined by higher authority. The Supreme Court of the Universe says it shall not...

...to denote the motto, the inspiration, in
...The title, but long he had not.
...Things must and will grow until the
...title is earned, none to be crowned, our
...and not imprisoned.
3. *Vested Rights.* Yes, vested rights
is no small giant. Call him Samson
Heracles, anything. But he is a big
one every time. Still vested rights
comes into the moment his heels are
shorn. If the title is defective, and it
is, then what of the giant? Little harm
can he do then. But whose rights are
vested? Not the generations that are
dead surely. Nor yet the generations
not yet born. Whose rights then, are
vested? The present generation alone
can have vested rights. If we see this
and concede its truth the road to free-
dom is not so very long after all.
Make the law say occupancy and use,
with heredity and descent in the same
family, thus securing all improvements
of the land to him who sweats for it,
and his children after him, and just wait
for monopoly to die. One generation
ended and the question is settled. The
law might concede ten years to all non-
resident and foreign land holders to sell
to actual settlers only who are Ameri-
can citizens and no others. This alone
would rid us of corporate and foreign
monopoly in a very short time, and it
would add immensely to our produc-
tion. Then wait for resident monopo-
lies to die. Limit all holdings to say
320 acres, though I think that is too
large. Stop sales and bequests to all
but actual citizen settlers. Let all land
not so disposed of according to law, es-
cheat to the state, and be subject to
homestead. But in every case of title
acquired after the passage of the law,
make sale or mortgage illegal. Put an
end to this abuse forever. The school
lands might be homesteaded at once,
and the tax forever dedicated to the
schools. If men wished to abandon
land there is nothing in the law to hold
them another can take it.
4. *But the father!* Yes, that is another
large matter in the way. But the fa-
ther's title is imperfect, and he has only
held it by toleration all the last years
of his life. Where then comes in the
title of the heir? At best, in the nature
of the case, the title works by the
transfer, for the heir has no vested
rights and the father did have that. But
here is another heir. Here is natural
and eternal right putting in a claim.
Here is the Supreme Court of the Uni-
verse. Who is to be preferred now?
You will ask them: Shall children be
disinherited? No, nor is there danger
here worth the name or thought. Say
I have two sections of land. I have four
children. The law takes effect and
limits all holdings to 160 acres. In one
week my children will each have a deed
to 160 acres; but I have another section.
Well, I have eight grand children. Per-
haps I will give each eighty acres, per-
haps sell it to a settler, but sure it is I
will soon have it all fixed for my fune-
ral day.
5. *Men's Rights.* Many will object
that this takes away a man's rights to
do what he pleases with his labor. Not
a bit of it. I have no wish to adopt vio-
lent measures with present investments.
Nor is there the least need of it. Death
will help us out wonderfully fast. Just
make the law sound and true to cover
all future transactions. Then when a
man chooses a piece of land he knows
in advance what the terms are, and has
no cause of complaint. Had the con-
gress put a condition in the homestead
law forbidding alienation during the
lifetime of the homesteader, there would
be half a million of happy homes in the
great west, where now we have ruined
families. Of course, I am not exactly
sure of the number, but there is little
danger of oversteating it.
Here I will close this number, for my
proximity. I will pursue and try to fin-
ish in one more number, though the
subject is only stated.
It is not elaborated and cannot be in
newspaper articles without growing
wearisome to most readers. This I must
avoid. But let the reader note that all
these articles keep close to nature and
to God. I dare trust nothing less.
Human opinion is never safe. I dare
not trust mine, nor others, strong
though they be. But God and Nature
are infallible. Let error attack the
Rock of Ages if she wishes to.

Answer to "Uncle Jake."

NO. IV.

There is danger of being misunderstood here. Many, I know, so regard these articles. There is no paternalism beyond the Divine analogy. That much is always safe. How much is there of that? Just this—the gift of my being—myself to myself. Then air, light, water, land and steel. The tools I must find or make, and the work I must do, for: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread all the days of thy life." Put the gift and the work together, and you have the exact boundary of paternalism and individualism. Here some may think half the world will fail and become paupers. Not a word of it, for all any man will not work, neither shall he eat. That settles it. Give him his full share of the Fathers' mercy and his last excuse is gone. A tramp, a beggar, a thief, a sluggard and all others are left without excuse. *It is reduced to work or die.* If then he will starve, the world is better off without the creature. Some may fear for young men just come to their majority. Never a fear about

it. There will even be a greater demand for labor than there is now. He can work as long as he wishes to before reaching his homestead. Others will say that we ought to buy out these vested rights. Not in land. The vested rights expire by limitation, and that means no national debt, and that means no tax on labor to pay interest. I incline to think we would have to pay a fair price for some railroads, telegraphs, etc. Others were paid for long since.

Mr. Katerbach. Some will be alarmed for fear it will kill all enterprise, and a nation without enterprise would be nothing in the Nineteenth century. Let us see about this. There is the broad ocean, rivers of water, commerce, the yet unknown in science and mechanical arts, the right to acquire land in the simple in all incorporated towns and cities and raise brick blocks to his heart's content, the whole railroad field to be occupied, and, finally, the privilege of building and improving his home to any extent he might choose. He might build a house and barn of marble if he wished to do it. How will that do for a field for enterprise? Not much would enterprise be limited or hindered. Every probability looks the other way. Hundreds of thousands of men will now add nothing to the general wealth in a year would at once be transformed into valuable producers and consumers as well.

Mr. H. Say rather hail the auspicious day which proffers a notice to all the eyes that are open.

Mr. Hazden. I am all the time saying that I do not wish up these details, but that I cannot and must not. The mines are needed for the war. They can be reserved until they are sold or pass in any form of personal ownership. Civil engineers and competent agents or officers can be appointed to be held accountable for the manner in which they are operated, to prevent waste and destruction, and the owner paid for the risks he takes in operating them. Perhaps, instead of wives and children in case of death from injury in operating them, a reward might be given the wife instead of wails.

land and silver, gold, reserved as a store for the iron, and all others that he may want now. A certain number of these certain very heavy commodities to be needed, and the output be arranged to meet it. It is impossible to say how much, if any, amount of these commodities that the cost need be increased in any thing, and in many things it is reasonable to expect reduction. But monopoly would surely command in all matters. The people, and the whole people, would be secured against that. As mines are not universal like land and water, safety to the whole people would make it necessary to reserve them, and never sell them. Less might do. But much of all this ground could only be properly determined and averaged through experience. We know the present arrangement is oppressive.

Mr. Hazden. This is the last item I shall touch now. All writers see that increase of population increases competition in exchange. If the human race consisted of ten families and no more, the question would be easily disposed of. But with hundreds of souls it grows to a mammoth. Time and experience may show the necessity for exact annual returns in all a citizen's property such as, growing lands, pounds, yards, etc., in cash and every kind of product as Government reports of demand for the market and the supply of the market. It is necessary to have a measure of these in form of production or exchange, a percentage, and to have a given price for the exchange by which the market is to be regulated. It will come to that it will be a new and long time and experience to perfect it. Certain it is that a small quantity of shoes, hats, cottons, silks, woollens, cloths, etc., must be taken from his big brother who makes the market of the world in these things. Whether agriculture will need anything of the kind, the question is at least likely to arise. It is only now for the first time in six thousand years that we have to deal with a thing. It is a new thing, and preparation is needed. Conditions are already too difficult, and this must be met by low and simple means to meet the new conditions of the change will destroy us. That much we can see now. An eye can also see that every new discovery and invention in which only improve the world of the fish, and the poverty of the poor. The thing grows worse each day. A very drastic measure must be taken. If Lycurgus, Solon and Washington were to come out of their graves the world would need all of them, and then not have enough such men. But we have God and nature to get, and the great dead and no more. We see how starvation may be stopped. Ten acres of good land can feed a family and insure a house. Hunger is the first great danger, then idleness and crime. This danger must be first met. Having the constitution there, we can fill out the details. And now, "Uncle Jake" this is what I would do with your article out of work, and I begin to believe if Jesus Christ were here to spend, he would approve my sending you, and perhaps some of the details. J. M. SNYDER, Vandalia, New-Harps, 1891.

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

Mr. Barnett—It seems to me that I can serve the cause of truth and human progress by writing a dream for the great Gen. Geo. Washington. It cannot be finished in one number and may extend beyond two numbers.

When the war was over and Gen. Washington had bidden farewell to his army and then to his officers, there he repaired to congress and resigned his commission as General of the army; then turned his face homeward, reaching there in safety. There he rested, and it was the only rest he had known for several years. A month had passed and no boom of drum or boom of cannon had disturbed his rest. He was becoming adapted to the surroundings which he loved so well, and of which he had been deprived so long. One morning he read in the book of Daniel about the remarkable dream of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. Washington had often read it before, but this time it impressed so deeply that he could think of it all day long. He went to bed still thinking of the dream but slept and rested as well as usual.

When he awoke he was as usual, but his thoughts, now, were not so peaceful. He had not been so long as he had been, and he had been changed in his mind. He had thought of nothing all day long. He was answered, but last night I had such a wonderful

DREAM.

You know I have never believed in dreams, unless it was something like Joseph's dream in his Father's house, or that remarkable dream I read yesterday morning in Daniel, but I had a dream last night that impresses me in a wonderful manner. It seems to me that it is all going to come true. I can't resist the impression that it is a prophecy. It seems to be back in Independence hall, and Mr. Franklin, Mr. Jefferson, Adams and a large number of others who stood by us during the war were there too. At first I could not understand it, after a while I saw we were there to make a constitution for the country to take the place of the old articles of confederation. Then I was elected President, and we had to go away off to the city of New York to live. Then a new city was laid out just above Alexandria. Then others were President in the new city. Then great roads were made over the mountains and all covered with stone pounded fine. Great wagens with four, six, eight horses hitched to them, and they hauled great loads. The roads looked almost as white as snow. Then Mr. Jefferson was President and we had war again, but the country came out all right. These wonderful roads led away west into the Indian country west of the mountains. Then it seemed to me Mr. Jefferson got a great addition to our country. Cities were growing up in this wild country. Roads were made everywhere, and hundreds of thousands of farms seemed to be opened up everywhere. Boats were on the rivers and millions of people were going to

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

anywhere. This great country
 I saw in the distance not reached away be-
 fore me. Mississippi clear to the
 west. It was a wonderful country
 all the way east of our country. Much
 wood was on it, but it was very
 fertile. Here were places where a
 man could plow from morning until night
 and never turn his team
 around. Millions upon millions of peo-
 ple were here to live, great cities grew
 up. The land was all covered over with
 wheat, corn and grass. Oh, I never
 saw anything like it. There was enough
 to feed every hungry thing in the whole
 world. Then there were mountains in
 some parts of this country and great for-
 ests of timber in some places; and
 vast mines of many metals. There were
 gold, silver, iron, tin and others that I
 could not understand. Millions of men
 were here too, hard at work, and great
 cities were growing up not far from these
 mines. Then I saw men digging great
 ditches hundreds of miles long, water
 ran in these ditches and boats came.
 These boats could carry a hundred tons
 of cargo and two horses could walk on
 the side of the ditch and draw one of
 these boats when well loaded. Other
 boats were fixed up nice as our best par-
 ticulars which great numbers of people
 were on the greatest of our fort and pleas-
 ure boats. Then the great wagons on the
 roads grew few and finally all dis-
 appeared. Then I saw smaller boats on
 the rivers. I never saw or read of any
 such boats. There are no pictures like
 them. They were as large as a tobacco
 boat but not so high. Men did not
 row with oars but pushed them with
 poles. They had wheels that made them
 go. Inside the boat was a great thing
 of iron. There was fire in it, and
 they threw something black into the fire
 and it burned. There was water too, and
 it boiled and made steam like what
 comes out of our tea-kettle when it boils.
 I think that was what made the boat
 go. Then boats had wheels almost as
 large as Mr. Jefferson's mill wheel which
 we saw when we visited Mon-
 roe the last time.

(To be continued.)

Then I saw men making a new kind of
 road. They dug down the hills, and in
 some places went into a great hole that
 they dug through the hills, and they fill-
 ed up the valleys until the road was al-
 most level. These roads were nearly
 straight. They were not crooked like
 our roads. Then men put wooden sticks
 right across these roads and bridges ac-
 cross the rivers. Then other men came
 with many long bars of iron and they
 were very heavy; these bars of iron the
 men laid on timbers and in some way
 nailed the iron fast to the timbers. Then
 a great black thing made of iron came
 along on these bars of iron. It looked
 some like the things I saw in the strange
 new boats and ships, only it was a dif-
 ferent. But they made fire out of the
 same kind of thing and boiled water just
 as the boats did. They had heavy
 wheels on the outside, and these wheels
 always rolled exactly on the top of the
 great iron bars that the men had nailed
 to the timber. Then coaches came be-
 hind this thing, for it was hauling them
 after it, and they were full of people.
 The coaches looked something like our
 stage coach that goes from Alexandria to
 Norfolk, only they were seven or eight
 times as large as that. Then other coach-
 es came that were larger yet, and very
 nice outside and inside. I should think
 they were as nice as King George's pal-
 ace at St. James. They went very fast
 too. I don't believe that the best horse in
 Virginia could run as fast as those coach-
 es went after that iron horse. The roads
 finally extended all over the country clear
 to the western ocean. I think we could
 ride all the way to New York in one day
 if we had such a road as that to ride on.
 Then I noticed that many of the big ditch-
 es where the boats had been hauling the
 boats went dry. There was no water any
 more nor any boats; but something very
 strange had happened to the cities. At
 night they were lit up with some kind of
 bright light. I saw men standing in the
 street reading newspapers by these lights.
 Everybody seemed to know how to read
 and everybody had a newspaper. I went
 to Mr. Franklin's printing office to see
 how they could make so many papers.
 The men told me Mr. Franklin was dead
 but the printing office was there yet. A
 man commenced to show me all about
 it; he took me away up into the third or
 fourth story of the building. Here were
 men using some kind of machines to lift
 a great roll of white paper all in one
 piece; the men said it was a mile long.
 When they got the paper to its place the
 printing press started, and the paper be-
 gan to unroll. I followed it. It went
 through rollers and other things that I
 never saw until then. But it came out
 all right, printed and ready to be read.
 Then a little thing grabbed it and knock-
 ed it first one way and then another, and
 finished up by tossing the paper into a
 basket, already folded up and ready to
 hand out at the post office. When the
 the basket was full a boy put an empty
 basket in its place and took the full one
 away. Then a man took a little machine
 and printed everybody's name on their
 paper. All this was done without any
 man to turn this great machinery. I
 wanted to know what made it go, it was

such a wonder to see it work. So the
 man took me down into the cellar. There
 was one of those great iron things again;
 there was a big fire and steam coming out
 of it and they told me that it made all
 the power that did the work up stairs.
 Then I went back and looked a long time
 to see the wonderful thing work. They
 had a little thing, too, on the side of this
 printing press that counted every paper.
 They printed one hundred thousand pa-
 pers in a few hours, and when the count-
 er said that they stopped printing.
 [To be continued]

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Then I saw other places where every
 body got pictures of themselves and their
 friends. You know we never expect any
 body to have pictures of their friends - only
 the rich folks; it takes our profile
 painters so long to paint a likeness, and
 it cost so much to pay for them, that poor
 folks can't have their pictures taken.
 Oh! how I wish I could have had pic-
 tures of some of our brave, noble officers
 and men that died for our country in the
 war. There was Gen. Warren that fell at
 Bunker Hill and Capt. Nathan P. Hale,
 that was hung by Burgoyne for a spy.
 They, and many others, would make a
 noble group to hang up in our rooms.
 But they are gone beyond that; all we
 have of them is the memory of their no-
 ble deeds. Then our dear dead family
 friends are gone where we can see them
 no more. But these people all had pic-
 tures their friends, so they could always
 see the faces of their loved ones long af-
 ter they were dead. Many little babies
 were taken on paper plates, and all the
 poor people had them as well as the rich
 people. There were pictures of moun-
 tains, landscapes, public buildings, farm
 houses, horses, cattle, dogs, indeed near-
 ly every thing. How they did it I can't
 tell, but they put paper in little boxes and
 took out pictures. That is all I can tell
 about it.

Then there were great iron works
 where men made everything out of iron.
 It was not made in the old way at all.
 They had great houses, and in these
 great machinery that went by steam.
 There were great rollers, hammers and
 other things that I could not understand.
 Boys held a piece of iron to some kind
 of machine and it seized the iron and
 made it all into nails. Men with great
 tongs held up red hot iron to rollers and
 the rollers laid hold of it and made great
 bars of iron out of it. Oh! I can't tell
 you all I saw, it was so wonderful. One
 man could do as much work as ten or
 twenty men do now. Things made of
 iron will be so plenty and so cheap that
 all the world can have all the iron things
 they want.

I tell you, Mrs. Washington, that I
 have been fighting for a great cause. I
 believe this will be the greatest, and the
 freest country in the world. There will
 be no poor people in it.

Then I saw other great buildings and
 went into them. There they had things
 that could spin wool and cotton. It was

They had something that would spin from seventy to one hundred threads at a time. There is no man now who can spin such nice threads. Then they took the threads and put them into a loom. Then a woman took a little iron and the loom commenced to weave. It worked very fast; I should think one woman could weave twenty or thirty times as fast as our women weave now. They made great loads of cloth. There were piles of cloth large enough to fill a ship, and a great many such piles too. There was every kind of cloth that you could think of, woolen, cotton, linen, silks and all that; some of it was very thick and warm for winter, some very thin and nice for summer, and everybody had such nice, good clothes. The men looked like gentlemen and the ladies were all dressed very handsomely. Many thousands of boys and girls came out of school houses in the evening, and they were dressed the nicest of any children I ever saw. I could not believe so many things could be made, and done so nicely to. So a kind man showed me how it was done. Then he took me into a great brick store and there on the counters and shelves were a hundred wagon loads or more of coats, overcoats, pants, vests and all kinds of things for people to wear. Then we went up stairs the next floor, and here were men at tables cutting the ship loads of cloth I had seen at the place where they make it, into these different garments. These men spent all their time making this cloth into shape for garments. Then we went up stairs again, and here were hundreds of men and women sitting by little things not bigger than Aunt Chloe's little wheel, and they were not like that. The people made them go with their feet nearly the same way, but these things did not spin; they were sewing the things together that the men were cutting out below. I think these things made a hundred stitches as quick as a woman could make two or three. The man who was with me told me there were many hundred such things were made that way that the world was full of these things that sewed cloth together, and nearly every woman had one. Then I saw how it was that every body could have such nice clothes.

[To be continued]

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

Then the kind man who had been showing me all these things took me to another place where women were at work making the clothes for women. The things they made were nicer than any I had ever seen, and they, too, were doing the things that sew so fast. I was very much astonished at the fine work I saw at work there. Now that I think of it, I wonder if I will be a little better in describing them: These women were head some and were all in their appearance and movements. They could talk French, German and other languages as well as English. The hour most working women are

at work, and I wonder if these women were not so. They were intelligent and I should think they were as fine folks, or nearly as fine as the folks by walking at the court of St. James. You know that Mr. Fayette told us what he felt like they had at court in Paris. Well, these were much like he described. They worked hard but did not seem to know they got tired. I can't tell you what I think it is that will make it so, but you may rest assured that the finest American women will be the most intelligent and refined women in the world. I suppose it all come from their being the finest women in the world. I don't know what else will make it so, but I'll say to come.

Then the good man that was with me took me to other places, so I could see what was doing. In one place they were making boots and shoes by machinery. They did as much work in few minutes as one shoemaker could do in a whole day. In another place they made pins, in another needles and in another they were making buttons. As I just made such things by the hand, indeed I might say by the hand, I found them making everything by machinery. In some of the places the forests there were cut up and the logs were cut into twenty-foot lengths. These mills cut up lumber and they did not build a whole log; they did not cut it all ready to go into a house, and there were saws that would cut such and such and everything almost that men make out of wood. In one place they were doing up and some of the best little logs and poles of wood and rubber and iron and steel and stone and more things than I can name. You used these things for making things and they were not things like iron.

It was not so much like iron. It was not so much like iron. It was something of all that made by boring holes in the earth. Some of these holes sent out great streams of steam, all others had to pump it out, but some came out of the ground. Above these great fire holes out in this oil and gas, down a hill in great quantities of petroleum, and the fire was on fire for several miles; it was a strange sight. Sometimes they heated holes and did not get any oil, but something like air came out of them. This would send up a blaze nearly a mile high; it was frightful to see it. For men would get to get this gas into great tanks that were air tight and so carried it to large cities, there they put up long lines from pipes so fixed that they could control it. At night they let out what they wanted of it and it would light houses and cities with it. In some places they used it in manufacturing iron and steel. This stuff can be made into iron.

The world was getting full of wonderful things never before.

You remember what I told you about those new wires that the great iron horse pulled the air carriages? Well, after some years men came along and set up great tall poles and put wires on them. Men told me that they could talk by these

wires. You remember how Mr. Franklin sent up the kite into a cloud with a wire attached to it? Well a wire brought a spark down into a bottle that he held at the end of a wire. This was the beginning and now they talk by lightning over these wires. They have even got so they can lay them in the great ocean and talk to people in London. Then there were other wires by means of which men actually talked to their friends a hundred miles or more apart. They could hear every word too, and recognize the voice of a friend. It is all very strange but I saw it all in my dream, and I am sure it will come true.

The great God of Heaven is yet to do wonderful things with that one cut out without hands. The work of that stone has only just begun. Wonderful things are yet to come to pass among the nations of the earth. These changes will be social and political, as well moral and spiritual.

The four kingdoms of gold, silver, brass and iron which the king saw in his dream were all political. They were all earthly kingdoms, but none of them pleased God; so he sent the fifth kingdom in the stone to crush the other four. It will be a real kingdom on earth like the others, but the fifth kingdom will be all truth. Everything in the kingdom will be good.

To be continued

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

While I was looking at these things and feeling very happy about the great things which had come on our country, I felt like looking up to heaven and giving thanks. As I did so I noticed a dark cloud far away in the north. Then I looked all over the sky and saw another cloud in the south just like the one in the north. At first it did not impress me much, but the clouds rose higher and grew darker all the time. Pretty soon I noticed that many people were much alarmed at the appearance of these clouds, and showed great fear of the coming storm. These clouds were all the time mounting higher in the sky, and all the while they grew darker and seemed more and more to hold a dreadful storm. There were sharp flashes of lightning and I could hear thunder in the distance. Then I heard a kind of warring sound, one might call it a murmur that seemed to fill the air all the time. The clouds kept advancing toward each other and still growing darker and the lightning was sharper and the thunder louder than before. Then the appearance of the storm changed. It was still a frightful looking storm, but the clouds began to reveal men and guns. I could see it was war. Looking a long time at it, the whole thing grew plainer. Our countrymen were fighting each other. This gave me great pain. I seemed to weep like the prophet Jeremiah, and I suppose I did weep too. Then I cried to God to save my country, and after pleading a long time I began to feel sure the country would be saved. But the war went on; there were many awful bat-

...thousands were killed and more
...is yet were wounded. All this
...happened in war, and more
...I ever read of in any war. Great
...cannon were built and many thou-
...sands perished in them. Many of the
...battles were fought right here close to
...plantation and they were terrible too.
...battles were fought in Maryland,
...Pennsylvania, in the far west and in the
...south, and it seemed a long time that the
...lasted.

You know what a pleasure trip we had
...in Mr. Jefferson's folks and the others
...who went with us to Harpers Ferry that
...time. How we all thought the Shenan-
...doah valley was the finest valley in the
...world, and Mr. Jefferson made up his
...mind then to write his "Notes on Virgin-
...ia." Well, that valley was all destroyed.
...The armies marched and counter-march-
...ed and fought battles there until nothing
...was left but the land and running water.
...I saw one general whose horse seemed to
...have flames of fire coming out his nos-
...trils. The General himself looked more
...like a thunder bolt than a man. Where-
...ever he went he seemed to conquer every-
...thing before him. One side shouted at
...sight of this man and his horse: the other
...seemed to melt away before him. The
...rhythm of victory seemed to sail on
...wings in the air above every where he
...went. But there were others in other
...places fighting great battles. And so the
...struggle lasted long and was to the last
...a great distressing to me. But after a
...long time one army grew very weak;
...they began to scatter to the woods and
...mountains, and finally all surrendered
...to the victors and went home and there was
...no more. Then the victorious
...army came into one place and camped
...together. Then there was a great pageant
...in review of troops in the new city where
...the President lived. And the ministers
...and diplomats of all the kingdoms of the
...world came and sat with the President to
...see these soldiers march up one great
...street. All day long from morning until
...night they marched by the reviewing
...stand. The world had never seen such an
...army before that day and this showed to
...the people of all the countries what a
...great nation had grown up here in Amer-
...ica. When these soldiers too, gave up
...their arms and went away to their homes
...to be and live again with their wives and
...children and friends as they had
...before the war. My dear, do you
...think Curtis know that I think this
...will grow out of our slave holding?

You know Mr. Jefferson says he "trou-
...bled his country when he reflects that
...his country and his justice can not sleep
...until the slave is free." Then he says that "God has
...sent me to this country to do what I
...can for the slave." I believe that could take sides with
...the slave holder in a struggle of the slave
...for freedom. There is no such thing as
...being consistent in the war we have gone
...through to get our freedom for white men
...and to fight on holding colored men in
...slavery. I feel sure this thing will some
...day be a great trouble on this country,
...and my part I have made up my
...mind to be for all our slaves free after my
...death and I am going to put it in my
...will. I can't fight as I have
...done for more than seven years, to prove
...that all are not created free and equal."
...I was leaving a large number of
...copies in London, and I shall not

We have talked and fought and print-
...ed books and quoted from the Bible to
...prove that God made all men, black
...men, of course, as well as white, and
...that all are his equal children and all
...have equal natural rights. Now as hon-
...est men we must be consistent and make
...it so or go down to history as hypocrites
...only meaning half we say. For my
...part I shall wash my hands off the whole
...wicked business, and then men can never
...refer to George Washington as uphold-
...ing the wrong side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington's Dream.

By J. M. Snyder.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

When the war was over and all the sol-
...diers on both sides had gone home, the
...country began to grow greater than ever.
...It was astonishing to see how they made
...new farms out of the wilderness, and
...built thousands of miles of those iron roads
...far out into places where no white man
...had ever lived before. Men had great
...plows that went by steam and could plow
...many acres in a day. Other men hitched
...horses to the plows and the men rode on
...the plow. It was wonderful to see what
...nice plowing they could do. Others had
...corn plows with two horses to them, and
...one man could raise forty or fifty acres
...of corn in a year. It would take six or
...eight field hands to raise that much corn
...the way we do it now. Then other men
...had machines to cut all kinds of grain.
...They hitched horses to them and
...they cut the grain and tied it into
...sheaves. One man rode on a machine
...and drove the horses and another follow-
...ed and picked up the sheaves, and that
...was all there was of it. These two men
...could harvest as much wheat in a day as
...twelve or fourteen men could harvest
...with our sickles. They had other ma-
...chines to cut the hay and others to plant
...the corn and others to do almost every
...kind of farming. Some of the wheat
...fields were as large as half of one of our
...counties in Virginia. They had machines
...to thrash grain, and would clean it the
...same time. These machines could thresh
...several hundred bushels in a day.

There was so much of every thing to
...feed the hungry that all could have all
...they wanted. Beautiful carriages ran in
...the streets and you could not see what
...moved them: there were no horses hitch-
...ed to them; nothing in sight to make them
...go, but they travelled right along and
...many people rode in them. Many other
...things I saw that were new and strange,
...but the story is long to tell. One of the
...most wonderful was people travelling in
...the air. But I must close. All had homes
...clothes, food, schools, books and an easy
...way to do their work. Oh! our country
...will be very happy when that day comes,
...and what is to prevent everybody from
...being honorable and good.

REFLECTIONS.

The reader who has followed this dream
...sees history more than a dream, but poor
...indeed is his preception if he fails to see
...an abundance of all good things to meet
...the wants and needs of all living things.
...There's food for all, clothes, lumber and

other material for homes for all, books for
...all, in a word all good things, and if gen-
...erally distributed there could be no want
...any where. Labor produced all of it, ev-
...ery last dollar, pound, yard, nail, button,
...needle, pin, and every other thing in the
...sum total.

SEQUEL.

Does labor get all this? Does it get
...one half of it? Millions answer no. No
...truthful being says, yes. And are men so
...blind as to dream for a moment that the
...Great Father of us all gave this world
...such men as Washington, Franklin, Ful-
...ton, Morse, Edison, and a host of others
...for no higher purpose than to make Jay
...Gould, Vanderbilt, Astor, Rockefeller
...and other millionaires? Are steam, elec-
...tricity, chemistry, printing and all the
...great truths uncovered in the last hun-
...dred years, only intended to increase the
...wealth of the great, and the burdens and
...poverty of the poor? Is an increased
...knowledge of natural law (only another
...name for God's) to be only a bitter curse
...to the millions? Are a few, by their sub-
...tility, to forever devour the many? Shall
...statutes forever make it possible for one
...man, in one lifetime, to absorb in himself
...and in his own name more value than
...four of the small states of this Union?

Senator Ingalls says he has done it and
...the statutes has said all these years that
...he might do it, and he claims he got it
...legally. Did he? If all statutes are law
...then, yes. If only natural justice is law,
...then no, a thousand times, NO!!! Men
...whose hearts throb only for self see no
...better way. Men too lazy to think care
...nothing. Unprincipled bipeds defy us.
...Mercenaries buy up the dirt and vote it
...as they choose.

All the same, is God dead? Will truth
...be down? Has natural justice no right to be
...heard? Wait awhile and you will see.
...God lives, truth and natural justice have
...rights and will be heard from sooner or
...later. Shut yourselves up in the old shell
...of selfishness and usago if you will. Har-
...den your hearts against truth if you will.
...Insist on being blind to the fact that mod-
...ern discovery and art revolutionized so-
...ciety twenty-five years ago, and every
...day carries us farther and farther from
...the conditions known to our fathers. Re-
...fuse all legislation suited to the new con-
...ditions. Suddenly you shall awaken
...from your stupor of self greed, want of
...faith, contempt for natural justice and
...the whole brotherhood of wrong. Sud-
...denly your hard old shell will burst open
...and you will find yourself and all the
...world confronted with a power that will
...have an answer on the spot. Are you a
...patriot? Then help. Are you a man and
...not a thing? Then awake. Do you be-
...lieve in God and His providence in hu-
...man affairs? Then act like a man that
...believes in natural and eternal justice.

That dream has caused considerable
...comment of late, both pro and con, and
...we have decided, if we can obtain the
...consent of its author and two hundred
...subscribers, at twenty five cents each to
...publish it in book form.

Washington's Dream, by J. M. Snyder, which ended in our last issue, has very plainly and fully brought to the mind of our readers, the wonderful progress that has been made in this country since the days of Washington and the great advantages we possess for acquiring the comforts and blessings of life which our forefathers knew nothing of. Even the children read it as they would a fairy tale; which speak volumes in its favor, it being seldom that children care to read newspaper articles. We are sorry that there are some persons, who showed their littleness of soul and lack of judgment in literary matters by casting slurs on the article before a large part of it was printed or its effect was made known. It is probable, by this time, they have learned that it is always best to thoroughly understand a thing before passing judgment upon it. The article is what it was calculated to be, a statement of facts in the similitude of a dream, so plain that both young and old can understand.

all ye are brethren," made its way to a standing point among men. Ages passed and this truth made small advance. It did live and have some effect on legislation and usage, but its progress was slow. In the earlier and ruder forms of statute and custom we see this self-interest was cruel and repulsive in its attitude toward all not included in its benefits. This was just as true of the slave or serf at home, as it was to the stranger abroad or the prison taken in war. We do not so readily see that the same rule of action in a state of advanced civilization, is the same cruel and repulsive thing. It takes mental effort to see that and the masses of men are not partial to hard thinking. Any body can see that an educated and polite rattlesnake would still be a rattlesnake, only plus the education. That is just the difference between savage selfishness and civilized selfishness. Now as long as legislation is built on this foundation, and follows out its logical sequence we shall have the same experience from generation to generation. The same unrest, dissensions, agitations and wars must follow and will follow as long as logic of mathematics are true. One would think that we had learned enough by experience to find the whole world in search of a better foundation. We have tried this at least—the self interest side of the question. The harvest has been thin enough, and still is thin. Let us look at God's way—nature's rule of action for awhile.

Then for the God side of the case, I am here, it matters not how I am here. Moses or Darwin or Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin are equally good authority on this point. That fact, of the other fact, that all else that is human got here just as I got here, and I need for a starting point. I may have been made, or I may be the product of molecular production, or may "sprout I growed" as Topsy did—all these I am here, and all, from air, water, copper, tin, lead and all of nature's gifts here ready for us to use. No man's selfishness just help gods lives. That is the voice of nature—the voice of God. All Father. Men in the old roads on this fact as they could—

has a right to sell all the coal to a few men, then logic says it has a right to sell, may more, make a gift of all coal to ONE man. Hereafter all humanity depends upon one man's will for coal. We can trust God. As long as he owns the coal we can all get coal. But the moment the deed to all coal passes from God to man, then woe to all other men. So of land—so of all other gifts of God. The only office of the state is to defend all men in their birth right to these things. There government ought to end.

After that let every man govern himself and either earn his "bread by the sweat of his face" or bear his own self imposed curse for being a sluggard. "If he will not work, neither shall he eat," after the law gives him nature's intended chance to work. Then let him dig or die. But give him a chance to dig. Deny that and the sin is yours—not his. I do not mean give him a chance to dig your land, but dig the land God made for HIM, not for YOU.

There this article must end, but the subject reaches far beyond this mere statement of the case. This is nothing like an elaboration of the subject—indeed, it cannot be more than a statement. The whole work and field of exchange remains untouched—labor and its product are not named—hardly hinted at.

I may not find time to follow it up, and I may. But this is a clear statement of the case. Let others enlarge for themselves.

J. M. SNYDER.

FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

Communicated.

Gods AND NATURE, OR MAN,—WHICH?

The human family know but little, perhaps nothing, outside of experience. But the word experience must be allowed large latitude to make this position liberally true—as mathematics, astronomy, metaphysics, and possibly some others must be included. But it is true as a general statement that human nature has toiled laboriously through all changes to reach its present attitude. Nature's experience in so palpable a way that all can see it. Advancement was a regulation a necessity. At first nature's march was a sufficient regulator, but as it was law so far as law is no law—had a rule of action, but not in any other sense. As further advancement was reached trifles became necessities. Then came the state—always geographically, at first. As arts and commerce and exchange opened up, and then the larger states grew out of them growing into empires. Thus it all through and the only thing that for a long time is self interest. All legislation, decrees, wars, taxes, etc. began, and here they ended. If the men of their home tribe or state had rights to be defended, that imposed an obligation to regard the rights of those belonging to another tribe or nation. Slowly, very slowly the truth that "one is your father, even God, and

it, made a few rich and many millions poor by doing so, but here they improved God's order? Nay verily. The sunshine, the air and the water they could not govern and that is not the reason they are not sold and money raised to save the rest. These things are not denied to the beggar, nor slowly granted to the prince. What slowly because human selfishness cannot bear to give them.

Now by what kind of logic can I concede to the beggar three of nature's gifts and deny all the rest? The land and all the minerals are just as really the gifts of God and no changes, as the air, the light and the water.

And no life can exist if totally separated from the land any more than it can exist if shut off from air, light, and water. It takes life if it is done, and it is murder by the state. The coal belongs to God just as land, air, water, and light belongs to God. Now if government

Roads or Men. Which?

Shall men own the roads, or shall the roads own the men? That is the question now. As far back as we can trace the customs of men, roads in some form have been in existence. Among savages it is only a trail, a path, but always free for all. No one was forbidden or taxed for the use of these highways, except in case of contagious disease. Leprosy and small pox are forbidden the highway, but only as a means of defense to health. So animals with infectious diseases are forbidden the highway and for the same reason. But the rule is free use to all who wish to use them. Under the head of roads we could include rivers, canals, oceans, seas, bays etc. All these are avenues of exchange, travel for pleasure, travel for profit, finally anything that men want to do while they do not injure their fellows. This is a principle recognized by all countries, men of all ages and all languages. No man of sense or principle will wish

to deny it, but thousands may admit the fact and yet fail to see its bearing.

The next thing to notice is the improvement of roads. Who doubts the right of government to open roads wherever public necessity requires that roads should be placed? Say you have a brick building standing on the bank of a river; public necessity requires a bridge across that river, but there is only one practicable place to cross the river with that bridge, and your brick house stands right on the bank where the bridge must end. You

...the world has not yet seen...
 ...the light will be the poor...
 ...the night ends...
 ...the furnace...
 ...the abuses...
 ...the first grand...
 ...the world ever saw...
 ...the question...

J. M. Snyders

THE WEBB STATE LEADER.
 EDITED BY J. BURROWS.

CIVILIZATION.

...civilization a success? Or is it a...
 ...success. The pessimist sees...
 ...failure in it. Somebody...
 ...error.
 ...facts belonging...
 ...denied...
 ...person.
 ...consider.
 ...strength. It has proved too...
 ...civilized peo...
 ...fact—a fact equal to all...
 ...attention...
 ...speakers. By...
 ...strength...
 ...quality. It is probable that...
 ...strength always has...
 ...will exist. That...
 ...foolish to the...
 ...against it. True...
 ...quality directed...
 ...strength in...
 ...the steam en...
 ...and in the highest...
 ...tiger, and...
 ...and in all vicious...
 ...strength is dangerous.
 ...agree about the proper...
 ...strength when...
 ...representatives. We...
 ...or remorse.
 ...exhibition as an ob...
 ...sometimes confine it in...
 ...But the prevailing rule...
 ...and be done with it.
 ...apply this rule of...
 ...civilization. Whoever has...
 ...to be a dangerous...
 ...application of strength...

in civilization, let it be killed. Any...
 ...corporations...
 ...of humanity...
 ...the quicker the better...
 ...of us.
 ...of land monopoly, so of money mono...
 ...poly, and so of every other injurious...
 ...development of strength in civilization.

What need then of destroying civil...
 ...ization, or doubting its value to man...
 ...kind after we have killed all the wild...
 ...beasts which are preying upon its fruit...
 ...fields? Certainly it is best to try...
 ...this first. Every blow that Jesus dealt...
 ...on evil things was directed at bad qual...
 ...ities and equally bad practices. Not a...
 ...word or act in his whole life is there...
 ...against any good producing quality or...
 ...practice. Then with danger dead why...
 ...may not "every man sit under his own...
 ...vine and fig tree, with none to molest...
 ...or make him afraid"? There is no rea...
 ...son why and the dream will become a...
 ...glorious reality when we have slain the...
 ...vicious in legislation and administra...
 ...tion.

2nd. Civilization has been a valuable...
 ...servant to all. Men inclined to look...
 ...only at the great inequalities among...
 ...men will deny this on sight.

That there are great bad practices...
 ...connected with civilization is undeni...
 ...able. But close examination reveals...
 ...the fact that not civilization is to blame...
 ...for this but only the vicious wild beast...
 ...quality which has seized the harness...
 ...of civilization.

Civilization as applied to steam, elec...
 ...tricity, all we know of the laws of nat...
 ...ure, all happiness that is in all man...
 ...kind, that increases production, in...
 ...greatly improved, houses and conven...
 ...iences of life, by so on and printing...
 ...and indeed in many other things. True...
 ...you say, but the poor and destitute have...
 ...steadily and surely increased in the...
 ...same ratio. We admit the fact but still...
 ...see hope for the most lowly.

The wild beast in this case is in re...
 ...garding all these improvements and...
 ...discovers us the property of men...
 ...There lies the cause of all our woe...
 ...Put down steam, electricity, and all...
 ...things akin to them as blessings from...
 ...God to be applied for the good of all...
 ...and cast into the grave of oblivion the...
 ...whole business of private ownership of...
 ...these things and a beggar child can...
 ...lead up and hope. Nothing short...
 ...of universal destruction of property...
 ...schools, printing, law, word, civilization...
 ...itself, can now remove steam, electri...
 ...city, and the other improvements of the...
 ...last seventy-five years. They are here...
 ...to stay, and they ought to be. They...
 ...are a great gift from the All Father.

Nothing is needed only to apply them...
 ...to the good of all and forever end the...
 ...ownership of the few. If we do this the...
 ...poorest of the poor can have a home...
 ...and bread to eat. If we do not do it...
 ...no one can tell what it may cost in the...
 ...shedding of blood and destruction of...
 ...property. Nor can any one now tell...
 ...with certainty whether the laboring...
 ...masses will rise higher or sink lower...
 ...before the contest is begun and ended...
 ...It is to be hoped, and seems most pro...
 ...bable, that if such a contest is...
 ...fought on the world by the now privi...
 ...leged class, that at the end of the strug...

...it will be the people's jubilee and...
 ...and not their funeral. If the vicious...
 ...prevails, with or without the shedding...
 ...of blood, then the condition of labor...
 ...will sink lower than ever. But in...
 ...either case steam or electricity are...
 ...to stay. As producing agencies these...
 ...and many others will endure every...
 ...thing short of a Noah's flood or a mil...
 ...lennial earthquake.

The safe thing, the health giving...
 ...thing, the national strength element...
 ...resides in truth alone. Truth says kill...
 ...the beast of greed and privileges. A...
 ...first class funeral for the devil would...
 ...set us all right, and save to us and our...
 ...children a grand and glorious civiliza...
 ...tion.

J. M. Snyders, Verdurette, Neb.

Dec. 6, 1893.

THE
ALLIANCE-DEPENDENT.

JANUARY 11, 1894

Save Thyself and Others.

Such is the Bible idea, though I have...
 ...varied the language slightly after the...
 ...word and.

Observing and thinking men the...
 ...world over are now aware of the fact...
 ...that the human race makes but a...
 ...progress until driven to it by...
 ...Even after the intelligence is...
 ...many refuse to act. They still...
 ...their own party associates and vote...
 ...them. This is the fatal...
 ...If such an expression is...
 ...a painful fact, nevertheless...
 ...tens of thousands of them at the...
 ...moment. All reformers ought to...
 ...this into consideration in their work...
 ...We need not hope to get...
 ...this class of men until pain forces them...
 ...to get with us. Right now is when all...
 ...forms of oppression overreach human...
 ...endurance, and bring on their own...
 ...overthrow. In this sense it is to be...
 ...hoped that the greed of the money holder...
 ...will force millions of men to act...
 ...with us. They must and will continue...
 ...to suffer, increasingly so, with the pres...
 ...ent depraved and vicious system is re...
 ...moved. Bad as the facts in the present...
 ...condition may be, and God knows they...
 ...are bad enough, I do not, however, give...
 ...up hope. In this there are some mil...
 ...lions of voters yet to say amen. I have...
 ...thought of a plan by which many can...
 ...be saved from poverty while we are...
 ...waiting and working for the end we all...
 ...desire, and hope finally to reach. It...
 ...will take a long time, or I am badly...
 ...mis taken, to reach the end of our re...
 ...form. I am satisfied that nothing short...
 ...of a final settlement of the land ques...
 ...tion according to nature's law, and the...
 ...Bible, will end this struggle. Many...
 ...thousands of my brethren, who vote...
 ...with us, will now to see this. They see...
 ...the money question, and the transparen...
 ...the question, and both are great ques...
 ...tions, too, but not the big question. I...
 ...am with you on both of these, but pov...
 ...erty and want will haunt the race...
 ...until the land ceases to be sold and...

to overcome the manufacturing... of these countries which have... of the world in the use of... machinery. The transition will... beyond doubt. Of course in a... market they cannot sell, and they... be no market among people... supplied, and themselves com... in the markets of the world.

There are two vast changes in a few of... past years, and each and both... a high order of men to adapt so... to the changed conditions and in... a policy that will successfully... the case. Only the blind will fail or... to see; only the deaf will refuse to... Men who have been trained to... in the Alliance and other labor or... tions, have spent their time to lit... to see if they cannot see by this... that about all the conditions known... our fathers have ceased to exist.

We now adjust usage and policy to... conditions we may be able to go... the change without being de... But inattention to the facts... which we live, and to the forces... have brought us to where we are... in all probability, be our destruc... Convulsions must and will follow... attempt to force in and force steam... and improved machinery into... harness of the past. There must... expansion, enlarged room for applic... expression. Had the men of an... seen this, and acted upon it, it is... my, it is probable, that now... be reaping the benefit of what... now. For want of such adapta... usage to the altitude of their ar... and scientific attainments all is... perhaps never to be recovered... individual classes and neglect... benefited masses seemed the... and to them, at least a necessi... A fatal idea for the national life... experience has proved. We must... something more than ma... supplies in using the God-given... of steam, electricity, etc., or we... a result equally bad with those... were provided us. Men must be... by a just and equitable distribu... of the natural gifts of God and pro... labor. Then there will be soul... in men. Such men are safe... heroes, patriots and pillars in the... But men who are impoverished... foolishness have neither intellect nor... and cannot have them. Always... they, their only thought is the... of any hungry animal. Many... hope, ambition and honor can... their attention and could not... them, if their attention was secured... moment. How can hungry men... attention to elevated things? They... do it, and do not do it. So, then... must be used to make real... not things or baubles, but men; or else... every force becomes uncontrollable... and all are involved in the ruin... say, war destroyed this ancient... That is true, as the last... in the drama of history. But... one suppose for a moment... Caesar could have entered... every Egyptian had been the de... of a twenty-one home, and a wife... but things human things,... Nebuchadnezzar, and not... had been decaying in... for more than a thousand years... conquest was the conse... of destroying manhood. The... destroyed their manhood,... zezar conquered him and... Goths, Vandals, Huns... crossed the Danube and... Rome if every Roman... or a Scipio?

These invasions took place... while Roman man...

After bad laws, bad... bad policy had impoverished the... wealth and luxury had en... Just as those things... the United States today),... manhood was gone. Then... of the energy of any Attila... that way. Then war... destroyed civilization,...

It will be necessary to retrace all... by supplying wants, or circumstances... to develop more power from what we all... working our machinery at this... We can claim the powers of steam, electricity, etc., to capital, char... corporations, and the hands and... numerous pass into the hands of the rich, leave the masses without money, without... without courage, without man... and then sink into oblivion just as... and much quicker than those... of the past did it.

If we choose not to do that we can... the moment and fortify against any... Such use as God intended in giving us these great natural powers and sources of wealth, honesty and persistently applied, can and will save us and our country for free men. We need not lose our art of painting, our knowl... of steam, electricity and improved machinery, but we can lose them by just losing manhood. Men may hoot at this and call it all rot, but just as great things have been lost, and just as strong countries as those United States have gone to pieces. It is not yet thirty years since we narrowly escaped just such a dissolution by the hand of Americans, and the foreigner only joined the helping hand at a distance. Art and science would not have perished immediately had the south gained their independence, but two debts must then have been paid by the very people who are groaning under our double our present hardships and how often would I - lift for the laborer? Nor were strengthened by the votes of 1852 and 1856. Cleveland was elected by more than a million of votes in 1892. Two years later the million went to the Republican, and the first a rebuke to Cleveland. It is some comfort in taking that vote of it. But the fact remains that almost all the honest change in conviction voted with the Populists. The business classes a multitude slippery as eels, and a numerous to the last degree when excited by passion. There was very little conviction or patriotism in their ranks. In mount passion, our nation is a madhouse.

The only safety for the... money power, and the money power will not do it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Might Be.

[CONCLUDED.]

Editor WEALTHY MARKETS:

Forty years ago men called me bad names for wanting them thus about slavery. Today it is a far more powerful and dangerous enemy than slavery. Will men call men bad now just as they did then? Many may, but I hope others will give heed and act in time. They may be postponed out of the evil day for some years to come, and benevolent hearts may perhaps rebel in that much hope. The People's party may get the votes and be allowed to take the government in peace, and save us awhile longer. But that can never reach the seat of the matter. The men who now as a rule lead us, the single silver plank are rendering yeoman service to the wealthy factors, and postponing the day of misery for the wealthy makers. Plutocracy owes these gentlemen a vote of thanks. Monopoly may get a new lease of life for several years if these schemes succeed.

So long as land monopoly and corpora... monopoly remain, so long our trouble will stay with us. Double share of homes for free men can ever save us. Homes can never be secure while

land is sold like hogs and hogs in the market. The law must devote the land to homes, then secure it there by destroying the mortgage and sale of it. Until this is done the strong will always devour the weak, the cunning and sardonic overreach and devour the dull. The weak can be made much stronger than they are now, or ever have been, by just saving them from the danger of being being devoured by the strong.

Steam and electricity are the gifts of God and must be so regarded by the state, but experience may show more safety in allowing latitude in their use. Now it may be that the American people may be saved from ruin for a season by "works meet for repentance," so we hope and ardently pray that it may be. A merciful Providence may lead us out of the labyrinth of debt and special legislation in the interest of greed, into which we have been drifting for thirty years.

However, the fact that our struggle with the slave power did not destroy us, does not make it certain that the money power will not destroy us. The noble fathers who gave us the constitution in 1787 made the fatal mistake of compromising with slavery. We now know that their mistake cost us a bitter and bloody war of four years, billions of money and many precious lives. What the result would have been had they refused to compromise and left the Carolinas and Georgia out of the Union we do not know. It is just possible that the final result is best as it is, and South Carolina which led secession might even now be a leading party in a new regeneration. The men who legislated under the dominion of the money power were, no doubt, lovers of their country. They were patriots at heart, but like the fathers they were human. It is easy enough now to see how they erred, but it is not certain

that we should have done better, or have been wiser had we been in their places. The thing we now know is the difficulty which is on us. It is not certain yet that these mistakes will not finally ruin our country. The man who writes history in the future can tell it all, but we cannot do so now. Many believe we shall overcome this slavery (ever increasing, too) by correcting the wrongs on the money question. The possibility of such a result I do not deny, but the probability of it is very doubtful. Altogether we owe a debt of over \$30,000,000,000, and increasing every day. Labor alone can pay the debt. It is more than \$100 to every man, woman and child in the United States. Can 65,000,000 earn and pay that much money at 6 per cent interest? If they can it will be a new feat in human history so far as I know. Possibly a healthy system of money and financial legislation, funding the debt at reduced rates of interest, and delay of payment may get us out after several generations have been worn out under the load. No man now knows or can know the end. History alone can tell that. But the danger is very great. If there is a parallel case on earth, or if there ever was one, the writer is confessing his ignorance of the fact.

In the midst of this wilderness of doubtful conditions it is the part of wisdom and patriotism, and perhaps Christian duty, to prepare for the worst that may come. The men at the helm point

ise to save us, and perhaps they may postpone a final crash for many years. But it is cold comfort to think of a final crash even one hundred years further on. Our children and liberty for men will be in the wreck. Rome lasted twelve hundred years before the last vestige of the Egyptian court disappeared. But the last half of the twelve was little better than a living death. An ocean of blood and cruelties that shame human nature make up the facts for volumes of history. Such a state of things would be worse than death to Americans. There is no fatal necessity binding us to a like fate. Nor is there a necessity to sit still and wait for some military dictator in the future. Already we have much printed

the mountains on horseback. Of course the intention, but I do not know how far it was saved. We can't take any more place and save a flag for us. God only knows the extent of the war. It is well. We may know it, but I don't think that we may; but if the war must go into fragments, or be accomplished by a Caesar, and then go on further on, we need not lose all our mountains and the Alps, the Rocky mountains differ widely from the Alps, and the Mississippi is not the Tiber. The country is not the same, but waiting, and the question until we are bound hand and foot, may and will forfeit every national advantage. What is here proposed can never injure any one, and may bless millions not yet born. It cannot injure the country, nor any part of it, and may restore the life of liberty for a thousand years. The history of these states from Jamestown and Plymouth Rock to this day is a chapter in history all by itself. It is a parallel, and every American can well afford to be proud of it. To give such a country would be glory enough to any set of men who accomplished it. Can Abolitionists and other reformers save us from the danger of the war? If they cannot, then who can? escape from all the consequences of bad legislation and \$300,000,000 piled up during the last thirty years would be a fortune to expect, but a home for the poor and the national regard for the people may be possible.

The country is settled around one or two great water harbors, thereby securing a uniform communication. Texas, California, Oregon and Washington are all dead points. Here we can acquire land and a country, then two, then ten, then a state comes under our control, and we have it. At first we cannot legislate, but we can incorporate the law of nature and God in all titles for land, putting the land in homes, placing it beyond sale or mortgage, and by covenant at first, and by law further on limit the amount each may hold. The credit system is the worst; taking and force bill collection of debts had no support in reason, and none in the Bible. Hence the abolition of the collection of debts, destroying interest and the credit system. If any objections can be named it would be a fine for breaking the law, taxes and pay for them. This done, and honor would be to the stock in trade for the credit system.

Should a premium nobles man, business, nobles, corrects a thousand evils, and gives us a safe society. Hooped up and entitled estates can be limited to one million, or what you please, in a year of inheritance. Such a community would control transportation at the lowest possible rate. Co-operation of the people, almost naturally, for the wheels and irrigation would get due attention. All minerals would be owned by the state and delivered to the consumer at cost. Schools for all and illiterate would abolish illiteracy. All possible manufacturing would be maintained, and all domestic demands met by home production as far as possible. Deeds in the shape might be allowed in all incorporeal things, as they were allowed in the Middle Ages among the Jews, limiting the number of such a block. Those who are able to take advantage of goods can see no better remedy here for individual things, and competition in every fair trade. You cannot over-reach your neighbor, and you ought not to if you could. The duty is to have to do your neighbors work, nor expect his kind of work if he has it to seek for himself. You must not give a bill and discharge, and no one has to give it away from him. You may wish to remove right soil, to give a reward to the best such improvements as are made, but not the land in which to give and take your quarter section, and to give to your wife, however grand your estate may be, if you give it up your money if you can, and give your children to other people's care, if you are not interested in the children and ample room for

all the energies of a nation. No reckless bargains of peace, no speculation, no mortgaging and drive your wife and children from their home. It is yours and theirs against the world for all time if you change it. Show a community would be stronger than Spainish war, wise as Romans in council, and law, and tenacious as Jews to their convictions. If a small colony of emigrants and refugees could build Rome and maintain the state twelve hundred years, who could guess what we might do for America by infusing such a bureau of wisdom into the new and better world? What greater thing have men by nations? What better thing could man's nature do?

It takes twenty-six years of three centuries since the Magdower anchored off New England's coast. The wildest dream then could not have imagined a title of what has taken place since. Under present circumstances with present advantages, the Farmers Alliance alone ought to be able to control the whole

field in fifty years. This is not intended to say that we could pay out \$300,000,000,000 all off. I do not know that we could do that, but I think we could extract many of its funds. All fear of a military despotism would be gone—would be impossible. The colored millions now in the hands of the white would melt away and disappear. What is ever to be done? Possibly we have the grounds for hope are not without ground. The danger is in the fact, because the doubt that there is a doubt. Another Party Senator might come to the point to an effort to get the law and farm out the rest of the country. I don't know how many of us are more than thirty years of age, and my countrymen are growing old. My countrymen are growing old. My countrymen are growing old. My countrymen are growing old. My countrymen are growing old.

THE NEBRASKAN DEPENDENCY

THE NEBRASKAN DEPENDENCY

THE NEBRASKAN DEPENDENCY

But a Very Difficult Problem to Meet in the Near Future.

OLD PARTIES BREAKING UP.

Upon What Principles Will the new Alignment be Made.

The Independent of the Democratic Party in Nebraska, March 31, 1896.

Editor Independence.—I was somewhat surprised to read your comments on my short article in the 26th issue of your paper. I was surprised because I had never thought of it as such that I would be misunderstood, and to give criticism. But I am not displeased at your comments. No harm to you said it, and I enjoy it will be as a copy righted but in the state of Nebraska. You hit the right thing, but I strongly pushed the wrong thing. I do not know any people party, and I do not know any people party, and I do not know any people party. I do not know any people party, and I do not know any people party. I do not know any people party, and I do not know any people party. I do not know any people party, and I do not know any people party.

depends upon the two letters (two). When they are sent I had supposed that all the world expected a large amount of "gold" to be there beside the population. I still adhere to that application of the little word of two letters. Nothing was further from my thoughts than infidel suspicion and innuendo.

But your comments force me to submit to the conclusion that I did not write so sensible men could understand me, and so I must state the case more fully. Before the 22d of July two national conventions are to be held. The democrats may divide on the silver question just as they divided at Baltimore in 1860. If that month the free silver party will be the democratic party, and the golders will be the bolters, just as 1860. Of course the free silver men will then nominate their man just as Douglas was nominated at Baltimore. Being kindly disposed toward all other free silver men they will appoint a fraternal delegation to come to St. Louis on the 22d and extend the right hand of fellowship to the populist. Meanwhile Carter, Teller et. al. will have their arrangements with the manufacturers, consummated and protection and free silver or a bolt will be the terms to the republican convention. A bolt will be the result, and the bolters will meet us with the right hand of fellowship. The populist will be one of three. All see, and all agree, that nothing short of getting the offices and possession of the government will do the country any good. So for the most exalted reason there will be an effort to arrange and force so as to get the offices.

The situation will then be a democratic party with the silver and tariff reform—the populist with the Omaha platform, with a mixture of prohibition, socialism and a mixture of other reforms now in order. A report is made. The democrats had their reform, but had to free silver and the union and tariff under Chicago. Carter, Teller et. al. drop protection and accept free silver. The populist will be expected to free all except the silver. Not to do it is election and failure to elect. To do it will probably carry the solid south and more or less of the west, and may elect a president, but there is no certainty of it. Many free silver republicans will refuse to be known as democrats. Some populist will mourn for the Omaha platform and refuse to vote. The populist at St. Louis will be confronted with the necessity of expounding without recommending a reform, or else assuming the responsibility of defeat and failure. It will be a most embarrassing situation for every one of them. The result, I think, is likely to be no peoples field in the field—all democrat and free silver. All this is now in sight as possible. Indeed, it is not probable. But suppose the democrat part of it is only a bolt, and not a national party and ticket. Then the elements of difference remain, and are just the same as before. A new platform and new name will then be possible. In the light of these facts, and my words "trim and compromise" offensive? I think not. The circumstances are a controlling power in such a case. The lines broke, the train ran away, the carriage upset and hurt some of the passengers, and killed a few. That is about the situation. I do not really fancy being known as a democrat, but to save my country I think I could stand it. The democrat party swallowed Horace Greely wholly body and all. So have a highly respectable precedent at least. But here is your dose gentlemen. Everything trimmed off and free silver silent on all other things. In Nebraska the World Herald our enemy, and Bryan for generalissimo. He, Albin Allen, Tibbles et. al. once democrat, Wells a great Savior once came out of Nazareth, and Nathaniel had a very bad reputation too. Possibly a great Savior might come out of South Carolina, and that would be a parallel case to some extent. Well be it so—"The Lord's name" and let the wicked be damned and the righteous saved! even if a revolution turns the other way." Amen and amen. J. M. SYMONS.

Not even a single boat in the harbor, for the roads are so full of grocers, dry goods and all the commodities that a population of 500 needs. Steamer navigation is about five months in the year. Rates are maintained and five months on Sandy means big money to boat-owners, who in the other straight populists, St. Louis, and the et. al. will not go

d. The banks are low and crumbly. From Pineville to Catlett's the river twists about and sports the sand that keeps continually up in all sorts of undrinkable water in the channel or dripping out of the channel at a creek. The channel is never in the place two days in succession and times is chaotic, morning, noon and light. But there has never been a serious disaster to a steamboat on the stream, which plays down with it and is always mud-faced, and in flood time proves a friend to the banks.

The Big Sandy is the highway to all far-back counties in northeastern Kentucky. It carries what little produce the farmers up that way have and turns very dearly every dollar of produce of groceries, dry goods and all the commodities that a population of 500 needs. Steamer navigation is about five months in the year. Rates are maintained and five months on Sandy means big money to boat-owners, who in the other straight populists, St. Louis, and the et. al. will not go

William Higgins thinks I am a defard, W. D. Bryan thinks Sheldon is not practical. Of course they are right, and Higgins and many others are right.

Populist with or without a national convention "fall into line," perhaps; silver republicans ditto; prohibitionists the same.

Edwards said: "This country cannot be divided into two halves and half free. There is an irrepressible conflict in this country."

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vision of railroads, telegraphs and tele-phones and possibly some other things. Any legal tender for government paper? No indeed. We shall have coin and gold.

But take it all in all, by one side and down the other, Mr. Bryan elected President, and a democratic congress to back him up, the thing is an uncertain quantity, and will most positively damage the country if it causes our silver to leave us, and turns loose a flood of state bank issues—wild cat—from away back.

These men must know what paper did for England from 1797 to 1820 and for the United States from 1862 to 1868 and no full legal tender in either of those periods. So every year, and always.

giving quality... give them... and do not... hard to take in those lines of cases. No living man... and do not... hard to take in those lines of cases. No living man...

The above article was sent to The Nebraska Independent for publication but it never appeared.

THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT
January 13, 1898
Passed—Present—Future.
ERROR NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT:
I seem to have drawn the fire of the whole battery—Sheldon and Stoddard and the stray shots. If we fall, "go and tell Sparta we all lie here."

tion floors, with bowls and groans. Ask Porter if I got my share of it at Grand Island. Well, we neither; now for the result of this "philosophy—speaking by example."

(1.) A defeated candidate and party. That "philosophy" drew a blank.
(2.) The Populist party has, up to date, been a divided party from the word go. Senator Butler, at this moment, is here and there trying to unite and save us.

Two factions are in sight; one says stand to your guns—every man to his post—work the whole battery boys for all there is in it, win or die.

clear the field with that gun. Yield to this and the ticket for 1900 is now in the field and has been for more than a year. The populists will have no ticket. There will be no populist platform.

And you promise us victory in 1900 with the populist split in twain, and the two old parties with nothing but failure in sight for sixteen years—with a failure to elect in 1898, when we were unlimited, staving us in the face.

The other fellows must have our votes if they ever get in. There is no hope for them without us. Then name the terms and like a macedonian phalanx move on the enemy.

Surrender means death. Nay rather "Give me liberty or give me death!" a manly death please. J. M. SYNOR.

Brother Spyster standing with the tears rolling down his face saying, "Amen and amen"—"Error!"

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March 10, 1898

NO. 42.

THE MAN IS NEEDED.

Hon. J. M. Snyder Favors
Co-Operation To Win The
Battle.

HARD FIGHTING AHEAD.

When The Gold Standard Ad-
vocates May be Expected
to do.

Populist West, East and Middle,
Independent:
Battles fired on Fort Sumpter
of the light. The gold stand-
ard aspirants have shown their
fear and anxiety for a decisive
McKinley's speech at New
York's bill, the Indianapolis
are only a reconnaissance
For the present they may
back and fortify their camp. But
there. They have shown
to us, and it may be that
but divided council among
delays the battle. How-
ever it may be, it's certain that the
action is here. For pruden-
and election purposes
may be a truce until next De-
but no disbanding of their
and fielding, and this is a
desperation. Once than once
history of fights whole cities
and their wives and chil-
set fire to their city and
the scene by charging the en-
and selling their lives as dear as
This will be something like
The money power must conquer
They will die hard, very hard,
at all. If they lose the
in November they can meet
to pass the bank bill, sell
bonds, burn up the green-
slayer to the bottom, and
to which thing should. Sup-
do win the election in No-
and in two years more pro-
them there. You are too late.
is done, the ship is sunk.
is your only alterna-

and shall I do now? Fight,
to die. My vote is for
the motion? Na-
because one of
and thirty thousand men
in Ohio of move-
Washington, on Waterloo, be-
there in just the
We need every man and
I am a
through me, and even
means. But if it
and my dog
to conquer the burg-
light with the dog for
myself is a man

because I did. I was an abolitionist,
then republican, but by side I
fought with democrats who helped to
save the union. I am sorry to do it
again. No one blamed me in the Gas
for doing it, why then blame me in
the 90s? No division of forces now.
Every man to his post, democrat
corps on the right, silver republicans
on the left, populist in the center.
That would be my order of battle.
Bully on the colors, boys. I don't
mean fusion. I just mean coopera-
tion. I shall be a populist first, last
and middle, marching, marching or
fighting, everywhere and always a
populist. J. M. SNYDER.
Loup City, March, 1898.

Times - Independent.
LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

E. A. BEROWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

FRIDAY, MAR. 6, 1899.

A DISEASED PEOPLE.

Slow poison is one of the hardest
things in the world to cure. Its symp-
toms have an element of mystery in them
which make the physician uncertain
that he had menure of virus to decide
either the nature of the case or what is
the best remedy to be used. It is only
when hope is impossible that certainty is
reached about the cause. Take leprosy
as a case similar but always incurable.
This illustration is used to secure atten-
tion to national disease, always fatal to
national life. All the huddled nations of
the east have perished for the same
reason. Details in the final catastrophe
differ, and these details are the promi-
nent things in books of history. Back
of these details lies the cause. THAT
CAUSE HAS ALWAYS BEEN DECEAYED MAN-
HOOD. Some cases are recorded where
men burned their wives and children in
their own houses, and then charged the
enemy and sold their lives as dear as
they could. Two such cases occurred in
one campaign. Blotted out they were,
but not buried. They live to day-immor-
tal heroes—they cannot die. No nation
has long endured after honesty with
gods and men has been lost. Fidelity in
a broad sense, deep and high, is a neces-
sary part of true manhood. Courage will
always be present where honest worship
of the supreme and ability to conviction,
to country and fellow citizen exists
and rule the man. Be it Egyptian,
Chaldean, Mend, Greek or bar-
barous Scythian or black Hun, the
courage is always there if fidelity to
God and men is there. The God may
be a myth, the brother more brute than
man, the religious book believed a fraud
throughout, but honest faith and faithful
action will show a brave man in every

case. While Athens had this kind of
men, ten thousand of her brave drove
one hundred and ten thousand Persians
into the sea, and made the field of Mara-
thon sacred and immortal. Three hun-
dred Spartans made Thermopylae a word
to live while language is spoken. Ten
years later the battle of Salamis cleared
the sea of Persians, and Greece had
reached the zenith of her glory. Two
hundred years, after that came and
look at the same Athens, the same Spar-
ta and Greece as a total. The manhood
is gone; bribes, envy, jealousy, treachery,
assassination and total decay of honor
have done their awful work. The glory
all belongs to goneby days. People are
still there, but men are few and not
valued when found. The land, the
cities, the commerce are there but the
glory of Greece is not there any more.
The field is prepared for the coming of
Philip, and the finishing touch of
Alexander. And now, in these United
States, with a constitution just passed
the 100 mile mark, greed wears the
crown. In 70,000,000 of people it is
doubtful if one in one hundred has ever
read this deeply painful history, and
push on to make money not caring to
know the meaning of it. Blind bigotry
for a party name in the last two years
has covered Illinois and Ohio all over
with shame, and even Wm. McKinley has
followed Hanna in this hell and done by
his telegram the most disgraceful act
ever done by a president of these states,
and to climax all with blasphemy they
sang "Praise God from whom all Bless-
ings Flow."

Several republicans here in Loup City
have told me that they are glad of Han-
na's election. Blind to the moral enor-
mity of the thing—the national degra-
dation involved, to the crucified decency
hung on their party cross—to the dying
groans of their country and liberty, they
swallow it is all because it is a failed re-
publican.

THE NONCONFORMIST.
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

THURSDAY MARCH 2, 1899.

TIDES.

Shakespeare and others have given
the world some fine sentences about
"tides in the affairs of men." But the
poetic feature halts on the border land
of the awfully real. A surfer reader,
with a fair memory, could relate many
things about Egypt, Syria, Parthya,
Greece, Rome and other countries and
never once think of tides. It is just
possible that my mind is over charged
on this point, and so what I say may
have a touch of extravagance about it.
But I cannot resist a feeling that the
first hundred years under the Consti-
tution has carried our country to the
danger line. It took five hundred
years to do it for Rome, and more than
that, probably, in Egypt, but these
United States have far outrun all
that anteceded our day. England, in
some respects, is a fine illustration of
growth in a forward and upward
movement.

From the vale of Runymede, amid
all her conflicts (and they have been
severe tests) she has made steady
progress on the rising tide. But there
is a serious, and I fear a dangerous
element in her greed. As a visibility
she stands out today in sight of all
the world a wonderful achievement.
But prudence would dictate a careful
search for seeds of disease in her body

...example had success with
 ...force with the people of
 ...country. There is a difference
 ...how, and this differ-
 ...may prove fatal to
 ...England it has been the
 ...of a highly conserva-
 ...America it is a
 ...of some hundred
 ...should have to record
 ...came in 1836. The
 ...was carried by hoodie, intimid-
 ...by fraudulent contriving and
 ...method known to men, and
 ...Kinley was declared elected.
 ...work to be done was larger than
 ...grapple with and the repub-
 ...than there to die." Many of your

And now what shall we do? Will
 it be action, or will it be words, only
 words.
 Some one, perhaps Lowell, has per-
 ceived the following lines. They fit the
 whole subject as to Nation, parties
 and persons. I write them here be-
 cause of their fitness.
 "Once to every man and nation comes
 the movement to decide,
 In the strife of truth with falsehood,
 for the evil side,
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 offering each the bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand and
 the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes for ever, twixt
 that darkness and that light."
 Yours for the war,
 J. M. SNYDER.

Loup, Feb., 1899.

and to celebrate their father's death
 day, but sickness and death in our
 family, at that time, prevented it.
 They did not become disappointed
 but decided to wait until we could
 finally present it, and July 28,
 was later decided upon. Invitations
 were issued to all who reside in
 Sherman county as early as 1897
 were invited to appear at the court
 hall in Loup City, on the 31st of
 date. The day arrived and although
 rain was falling upon the plains
 earth, just as it had done 50 years
 previous, so Mr. Snyder, ladies,
 and women drove through many
 miles to be present on this occa-
 sion.

By two o'clock all had arrived and
 the company was entertained by
 Miss Sadie Walworth and Elizabeth
 Odendahl who played several selec-
 tions on the piano.

Now we hear the sweet strains of
 the wedding march, played by Miss
 Walworth, and the large double doors
 leading into the hall swing open and
 through it the wedding procession
 march, lead by Rev. Geo. B. H. Smith
 and Mr. R. J. Nightingale behind
 them are four little maidens each
 bearing beautiful flowers, following
 the bride and groom of fifty years,
 looking as handsome as in their
 younger days. They were followed by
 their children, grand children and
 other relatives taking their place at
 the end of the large hall was the
 stage. Mrs. Snyder was dressed in a
 beautiful black silk dress trimmed
 with white silk and ribbon. Mr. Snyder
 wore a suit of conventional black.

Rev. Mr. Smith, after it was in
 place read the bride and groom had
 clasped hands, spoke of their fifty
 day of matrimony, of their life together
 and the first man generally and of
 the life beyond.

On a table in the center of the hall
 were the presents and at the proper
 time Mr. R. J. Nightingale stepped
 forward and made the presentation
 speech. Mr. Snyder arose and with
 much emotion responded.

At the close of Mr. Snyder's remarks
 a sumptuous luncheon consisting of
 sandwiches, cold meats, pickles, etc.,
 seven kinds of cake, cheese, coffee, tea
 and fruits, was served.

The presents, of which we give a
 complete list, are very valuable and
 show plainly the love our people have
 for Mr. and Mrs. Snyder.

- LIST OF PRESENTS
- Ladies and gentlemen's gold
 watches and chains, by the following:
 H. N. Mathew, R. J. Nightingale, J. W.
 Jones, I. M. Palski, W. P. Lunsen, J. C.
 Fletcher, H. A. Brown, H. G. Elliott,
 John Minshall, Mrs. and Mrs. Travis,
 E. S. Haglund, A. Wall, John Isaac P.
 Bodum, G. H. Scott, D. A. Jackson, J. S.
 Peller, O. J. Odendahl, W. G. Odendahl,
 Gibson & Benschoter, D. C. Doe, David
 Kay, E. N. Sweetland, Verne Almond,
 John Hawk, John Needham, John
 Vandegift, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Snyder,
 Daisy Cowper, Mattie Snyder, J. M.
 Robinson, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Mary
 Fletcher, Sadie Walworth, Charles
 Snyder, Maggie Robinson, Albert
 Snyder, A. H. Patton, E. W. Gowin, A.
 Dickerson, James Stolt, H. Lang, Wm.
 Duch, P. S. Nightingale, G. H. King, P. S.
 Reynolds, J. P. H. Jaeger, C. Smith, W.
 H. Gray, A. Wathusen, J. A. Smith.

Times - Independent.
 LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA,

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1898.

...at Vicksburg, Miss.
 then twenty-three years of age. The
 young man then resided in
 took to be Mr. H. J. Snyder, a
 Princeton. They are related to the
 profession of the military service
 of the Lord Jesus Christ. After the
 war of the rebellion he returned to
 been practicing law in Loup City
 place, near that of his father's
 considered it his duty to
 serve the Union in the war. He
 ize a company, and spent the
 bers of his own church and friends.
 The company was known as Co. D,
 2nd Illinois, and he was elected cap-
 tain. He served in the war three
 years, looking 35 days, when he return-
 ed to his family. They moved to
 Wheaton, Ill., remaining there until
 1874. In February 1874 Mr. J. M.
 Snyder, for such is the name of the
 young man of 1814, then 84 years of
 age, came to Sherman county and
 located south of this city some six
 miles, at a place now known as Ver-
 durette. Mrs. Snyder joined her
 husband the following day.

At Verdurette, one of the most
 picturesque spots in Sherman county,
 they builded for themselves a com-
 fortable home, where they resided
 until last fall, when they moved to
 this city to reside and enjoy the
 fruits of their many years of labor. In the
 evening of their lives, carrying their
 farm over to their son, C. M. Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder are a noble
 couple and their neighbors always
 look to them for advice in all mat-
 ters. Two years ago Mr. Snyder was
 elected to represent his district in the
 state legislature and is now filling
 that office.

As the time April 26, 1898, drew
 near when the wedding was to be
 celebrated, Mrs. Snyder, who had
 and could not be present, she
 they could be present to
 have a grand and happy time.

readers will cry out there is no danger
 of that. Well, there is not if the
 whole nation will come forward now
 and do for the whole country what
 the people of Chicago have just done
 with the Allen law and the city coun-
 cil. But as it stands now, Chicago
 seems to be about the only live spot
 in America. All else is stupefied in
 some way—asleep perhaps—possibly
 dead.

I do not think that death to liberty
 is yet a necessity, but I do see as
 certain a day that the present lethargy
 and indifference will end the day of liberty if
 this lethargy continues. No yoke of
 slavery ever crossed the plains in '49
 more meekly than our seventy mil-
 lions take government by injunction,
 the overthrow of any law of Congress
 or any State by any court that chooses
 to stretch now it. Corporations and
 others exempted from taxes which
 others must pay, silver demonetized
 and robber hands reaching for the
 greenbacks, treasury notes and all
 other money of the people. No Roman
 ever bought the purple more openly
 than we buy a seat in the Senate. So here we go, seventy
 millions strong, with here and there
 an exception of some crank. Yes,
 and is the word, he is so unlike all
 the others in the crowd you see.

Now what is this?—a hail before the
 great battle of 1890—or a graveyard?
 It is one who admits that he does
 not know, and cannot tell with cer-
 tainty. If there is to be a battle royal
 I want a hand in the fight. If liberty
 is gone dead and the funeral comes off
 in 1898, then my prayer is "Lord Jesus
 receive my spirit."

The article of Helen M. Goff in the
 "Sun" moves me to write these
 lines. The noble earnestness of her
 spirit, coupled with a vision which
 shines in the whole field and its neces-
 sity, with prominent good sense
 showing the way to a victory—all
 these together make it an article of
 uncommon merit.

Now remains for the whiskered
 man to object or treat her words
 with neglect. Better perhaps to claim
 that some man proposed this same
 thing long ago.

After looking out, a woman might
 have some credit for far-reaching cam-
 paign plans. Editors and everybody
 else go slow here. Well, we shall see
 if the medicine works. If the pa-
 tient is dead or dying it is too late, of
 course. If only a little drowsy it may
 be wakened up.

The three national committees can
 agree on the initiative and the
 referendum. This point won and it
 is a question of time, and not a
 question of whether the whole citadel
 can be taken. Money must and will be taken.
 The silver, transportation, oppo-
 sition to government by injunction are
 all for action. All reformers can
 do. Further, we shall get all
 the points.

Some Democrats hold on to their
 platform, they are the safest
 center to the nation. But
 action with others will not hurt
 the initiative and referendum be

A VENERABLE LADY.

Mrs. Sarah Bentley Celebrates Her 80th Birthday.

Mrs. M. F. Jacobs was hostess at a very enjoyable family gathering, which was held at their home on West St., last Tuesday afternoon, in honor of the 80th birthday of her mother Mrs. Sarah Bentley.

The day was all that could be desired, and early in the afternoon, her children, grand children and great grand children, to the number of twenty five came with greetings for the day. Delicious refreshments were served to which all did ample justice, and when evening drew near the guests departed, marking the day as one of the most enjoyable of events.

Mrs. Sarah Bentley in whose honor the party was given, and whose portrait appears below, is the oldest resident of this vicinity and is the oldest daughter of William, Hudson Veach, a local Methodist preacher and was born on a farm one mile east of Hubbard, July 9 1811. She is of French-Irish decent, being a lineal descendant on her mother's side of the Duke of Wellington. Her parents were born in Delaware, in which state they were married, after which they lived in Virginia for six years. In 1831 they moved to Ohio and were one of the first four families that settled the



region. Her early life was spent upon her father's farm. She became accomplished in all that pertained to the work of the home, and received the best education that was obtainable at that time. In 1834, at the age of twenty years, she was married to Joseph Bentley, who then lived in Pulaski, Pa., at which place they spent the first four years of their married life.

In 1835 Mr. Bentley purchased a farm about two miles southeast of Hubbard, where M. V. Bentley now lives, and where they lived until 1873 when they moved to Hubbard in order that they might be nearer church.

Mrs. Bentley is the mother of seven children, five of whom are now living, the oldest having died at the age of one year, and one son Emory, who died in the hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn. during the late war.

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Sept. 11, 1902

FRACTIONS

Father Snyder Points Out the Dangers of
Factions, and Urges Co-operation on
the Part of all Opposed to the
Oppression of Greed.

Editor Independent: All history shows us that nations which have perished have been divided by factions before and at the time of their overthrow. This has been the general fact—the exceptions are found only in other conditions which have invited the strong to seize the inheritance of the weak. This country will not escape the penalty of a law which has been germane in all former ages and with all other people. To give heed means a country saved; to disregard this means overthrow and death to liberty in the United States. Liberty will not die from among men, but it will be in some other country, not in this country. Now there is reform and patriotic sentiment enough to save our country if united, but divided there is but little hope and no certainty. Republicans may divide, so may democrats, but such is the man who expects the world that later liberty to come the world will they divide. No, not much will they divide. It then remains to be seen whether these reform factions can be united to save us, or whether each shall go his own way while capital enjoys all of us. This is not a question of opinion, but of conscience. It is a question of life or death. It has its own nature just as has the vine. It is a notion in right time can and will save us, but "neglected the craft falls into shallows and difficulties."

I was three years old when Carroll of Carrollton at 82 years of age laid the corner stone of the B. & O. railroad. Who then dreamed that my eyes would live to see what I now behold? And many children are now born who will weep over our folly if we divide with heartless capital conquerors. All true democrats, thousands of patriotic republicans, populists, socialists, prohibitionists, single taxers, all of one mind on the two vital points of saving the Declaration of Independence, and delivering the country from the tyranny of capital. This done and we are safe for the present at least. No organization need be abandoned—no party need be swallowed up—each can work for their own cause and ideas just as they do now. Simply tell the government, retire these enemies of God and men, undo their mischief and save the country. The grandest work of an age done, no one compromised, no self-respect surrendered, no organization crippled in its work, but the thing believed and wished for by all attained. Now why keep apart, and vote apart and lose all when all can be saved by simply co-operation? For that matter the

same national convention that meets on this platform can easily say all concerned agree to go on with their own preferred propaganda, but co-operation paramount until we are safe. No harm will come of it, but good and only good. Of course there will be opposers to this, and capital will render those opposers all possible aid. Some of them will be well paid for their work. But all true men can see a safe road to a grand result, and place themselves for work to the grand end sought. Put nothing in the platform that divides, but gain these two points and we are safe. Give us country and truth—afterwards party.
J. M. SNYDER.

that time she has made her
her daughter Mrs. Jacobs.
of the fact that she can
16 grandchildren and 20 great
Mrs. Bentley is pos-
a most pleasing and refined pres-
The constant christian influences
rounded her in childhood caused
with the church at an early
Throughout her life she has been
most thoughtful worker in the church,
spread christian life is attested
who know her. While not able to
active part as formerly she still
to manifest keen delight in all
pertaining to the advancement of
ster's cause.
enjoys good health and nature seems
dealt generously with her, as she
in a remarkable degree all the
as of life. She converses upon
of the day in an intelligent and
lucid manner. At the age of 85,
to sight failing, she consulted Dr. A.
ore, who operated upon her eyes,
and has been remarkably good.
in she may live to enjoy many more
of happiness is the wish of her many
le.

Widow at Denver Well Known
in Hubbard.

Mrs. Hannah Busby, who was the oldest
widow in Denver at the last presidential
election, died recently at the home of her
daughter, Mrs. Geo. H. Hays, No. 170
S. 10th street. She was 86 years old and
withstanding her advanced age, retained
her memory to the last. The funeral took
place from the house. The body was
accompanied by her grand daughter, Mrs.
Geo. Hays, was taken to Oklaheesa,
Iowa for interment.

Mrs. Busby voted for Mr. McKinley last
November. She wrote a personal letter
to Mr. McKinley, stating her age and that
she had voted for him and received an
immediate reply. Mrs. Busby was born in
this place June 23, 1811, and on July 3 of
this year she observed the seventy-fifth
anniversary of her marriage to the late
Amos Busby, who died 35 years ago. She
was the daughter of Samuel and Anne
Tyler, who came to the United States from
England in 1799 and settled in Connecticut.
In 1801 the family removed to Ohio and
settled one of the first cabins in that section
of the country.

15 years ago Mrs. Busby went to Denver
to make her home with Mrs. Hays. Of
the 11 children born to her only 2 survive
her, Mrs. Hays and Gen. Cyrus B. of
Washington, who was assistant secretary of
the interior under Harrison's administration.
She leaves these two children 23
grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren
and one great great grandchild who lives
in New Orleans. Among her grandchild-
ren are Mrs. Geo. Hays and Mrs.
George W. Schmitt.

For many years Mrs. Busby was mem-
ber of the Trinity M. E. church, but in
each year transferred her membership to
the Baptist M. E. church. She was a
good Quaker and all her life had a
high opinion of her church and religion.
In the later days of her life, her health
was poor and she was unable to
do much of the work.—The Denver Republican.

St. Paul, Minn. Sept. 11, 1902
Enclosed find one copy of
the paper, please send
one copy to my friends
at St. Paul.