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THE FARMER BOY WHO BECAME A BISHOP

The Autobiography of

The Right Reverend
ANSON ROGERS GRAVES,
S. T. D., LL. D.

Compliments of the Author.

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DEDICATION.

I dedicate this book to all boys who want to make something of themselves.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

AMONG the green hills of western Vermont, where the Pond Mountains almost overhang the beautiful Lake Austin, I was born on the 13th day of April, 1842. It was in the Town of Wells, Rutland County. We then lived by a small stream, the outlet of the lake, on which was a small flouring mill. In a room attached to this mill my father had a shop in which he manufactured hats, both the ordinary wool hats and the high beaver hats worn by many men on special occasions.

My father, whose name was Daniel, was the son of Daniel Graves of Ira, Vermont, who kept the hotel, manufactured shoes, leather and potash, and represented the town in the legislature. He had come as a young married man from Old Hadley in the western part of Massachusetts. My great-grandfather was Deacon Nathan Graves, who was fifth in descent from Thomas Graves, formerly of Hartford, Connecticut, and who came to this country from England about 1640. Deacon Nathan Graves, my great-grandfather, lived on Chestnut Mountain in Hadley, Massachusetts, and both he and his boys were considered great hunters. As they lived at the time of the Revolutionary War, no doubt game was plenty

in western Massachusetts. Perhaps it was from them that I inherited my great fondness for hunting wild game. Nathan Graves bore arms in the French and Indian War and also in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather, Daniel, was too young, but five of his older brothers fought in the Revolutionary War. The great-grandfather of this Nathan Graves, John Graves, and his brother were killed in King Philip's War. My mother was the daughter of Jedediah Rogers, who had moved from Norwich, Connecticut. He was fourth in descent from James Rogers of New London, Connecticut, who came from England about 1635. My grandfather Rogers, when a child, saw the burning of New London by Benedict Arnold in the Revolutionary War.

I was rather a feeble child the first two years and nervous, but gradually became strong and active like my brothers. One of my earliest recollections was attending a district school over Culver Hill when I was three or four years old with my older sisters and brother Orson. My brother drew a hand sled to school in the winter and on our way home we would all get on and coast down the Culver Hill for a quarter of a mile. There were two or three ridges across this road down the hill to turn the water into the side gutter. These we called " thank you ma'ams " and as the sled would strike these and take a jump we would all shout " Thank you ma'am."

One time, when I was about four years old, while

coming up the other side of this hill with my father, we sat down by the road-side to rest. I remember asking my father how men when they cut down trees kept the trees from falling on them. He took a stick and stood it on end to illustrate and explained that when the tree began to fall it moved very slowly and the men could see which way it was going to fall and then ran around the other side. I was much with my father in those days, who seemed to enjoy answering all my questions and explaining things to me. He was a sedate, thoughtful and ingenious man, a friend and often a help to the school teachers in solving their more difficult problems. In those days he invented a water-wheel on the principle of the turbine wheel, and put one into the flouring mill, but its power and velocity shook the mill so much that the owner became alarmed and had it taken out. That was about 1840, and before the turbine wheel was known or used in this country, as far as I can learn.

During the Mexican War some one invented the way of making the high hats out of silk instead of beaver fur, and that ruined my father's business entirely. At the age of nearly fifty years, he found himself with a family of six children without a business or profession. Some of my uncles had moved before this to the northern part of Illinois and taken up land from the government. My oldest brother, Henry, had already gone out to the lead mines at Galena, Illinois. The uncles encouraged my father to move west and go

to farming. His brother, Mr. George Graves, gave some money to help move us out.

This removal to the far west in 1847 was a landmark in my life, for from that time on I remember everything that happened. Part of our household goods were sold and the rest carefully packed in large boxes. My mother cooked up a large quantity of food to last us on our journey. Several teams took us and our goods to Whitehall, New York, which was one terminus of the Erie Canal. While waiting for the boat there, my father took me up to the top of a steep hill to get a view of Lake Champlain and the country. On our way down, I fell and began to roll swiftly down the hill. Fortunately something brought me to a stop on the very brink of an overhanging cliff of rocks.

Presently we entered the canal boat with one or two other families, where we lived for two weeks, while the boat was towed by horses through the State of New York to Buffalo. Somewhere along the line of the canal I saw the first locomotive. The first railroad in the state was just then being built. At one point in this journey, while the boat was being weighed, something on shore attracted my attention and I was thoughtlessly walking off the boat into the canal when some gentleman caught me by my clothes and saved my life. Quite often we passed under bridges and some of these were not much higher than the deck of the boat. Then some one would cry out, " Low bridge

ahead," and we would all lie down on the deck of the boat till we passed under the bridge.

At length we reached Buffalo, where we were transferred to a large steamboat named the Empire State. We were four days passing through three great lakes to Chicago. On the steamer we could run about with great freedom and were very happy. Chicago, where we landed, was then a village of about five thousand people. We found some farmers who had been hauling wheat to Chicago to take us and our goods sixty miles to Marengo, Illinois, where my uncles lived. Before we got out of what is now Chicago the wagons stuck fast in the deep mud, so they had to double up the teams and pry the wheels up with rails taken from fences.

CHAPTER II.

FRONTIER LIFE.

ON arriving at the end of our long journey of a thousand miles, which had taken us three weeks, we moved into a log house which had been deserted by one of the uncles. This was covered with shakes, a kind of long shingle split out of oak logs. These had warped and twisted badly, so the snow blew in and the rain came through. However, my mother, who was a good housekeeper, kept everything neat and reason-

ably comfortable. Here we lived for two years, my father cultivating some land of my uncle's and other neighbors, giving one-third of the crop for rent. Sometimes I rode horse for cultivating the corn, or attended school in a log school house about two miles away. While we were living here I had the measles and was so very ill that my life was despaired of. I can recall now some of the visions or dreams which I then had when delirious. As I became better, I remember falling down in my efforts to walk and how later on I cried because I was too weak to run races with the boys. I must have been for the most part very happy in those days, for besides my two sisters a few years older and my brother Daniel, two years younger, I had plenty of cousins and little friends to play with. I recall that I was ambitious to excel them in running, jumping and wrestling, and generally did those of my age and size. I was rather small of my age, but very quick and active. We lived at the edge of Pleasant Grove with the prairie stretching away to the north of us.

After two years, my father rented a farm on the prairie two miles to the north near another uncle. We moved there into another log house the spring that I was seven years old. I should fail of my duty if I did not speak of another who for thirteen years was a faithful if not a bosom friend of my brother Daniel and myself. This was our dog, Watch. He was born in the family, so to speak, when I was six years old. He was a half-blooded pointer, but yellow as gold, large, strong

and brave; a great hunter of all kinds of game. Prairie chickens, quails, ducks, wild geese, rabbits and raccoons were plenty in those days, and some of these we hunted with Watch before we could carry a gun or shoot. During the wheat harvest of the summer when I was seven, while Dan and I were carrying together the sheaves of wheat for shocking, we heard Watch bark and leap high above the standing grain. My older brothers, Henry and Orson, who were swinging the cradles with which they cut the grain, went to see what was the matter and found a large rattlesnake coiled up which had just bitten Watch on the end of the nose. We dug the root of a plant called snakeweed, pounded it and steeped it in milk. This we applied to the wound and compelled the dog to swallow some of it. The end of his nose swelled up as large as the back part of his head and he was dreadfully sick for a week, but finally recovered entirely.

Across the north end of the farm ran a good sized stream called the Kishwaukee. Muskrats, minks and coons were plenty along this creek. My grandfather Rogers, who lived with an uncle a mile away, had about a dozen traps and used to set them along this creek. He was fond of taking me along to the traps and would carry me on his back over the wet places. My excitement was always great as we drew near each trap to see whether anything was in it and whether it was dead or alive. Watch often went with us on these trips and when there was a coon in the trap, there

followed a great fight between it and the dog. My grandfather taught me how to set the traps, bait them for the different animals, how to skin them and cure the skins. This was of great interest to me then and of use in later years.

That winter my cousin, Henry Rogers, taught the district school in our neighborhood. One day a pupil came across a problem in the arithmetic which neither he nor the teacher could solve. Cousin Henry came to my father for help. That evening my father went as usual to the pasture to milk the cow. I followed along, but could get no response from my father to my chatter and many questions. He was " in a brown study." When we returned, he told my mother he had solved Henry's problem. Many years afterward, when home on a vacation from college, I asked my father about that problem. He told me what it was and how he solved it. To my great surprise, I found he had solved it by an algebraic process which he had invented for himself. He had never seen an algebra. In a similar way he had proved to his own satisfaction many of the theorems of geometry, inventing and studying his way along without a book. Every smooth board about the place was covered with geometric figures.

At this time my two older brothers, being at home, did, with my father, all the work of the farm. My two sisters, Maria Jane, six years older, and Mary Adelia, four years older than myself, helped my mother in household duties. We never had, that I remember, a

servant in the house. When the mother was not well my sisters and all of us used to help with the housework. I can hardly remember the time when I could not make warm bread or cakes for breakfast. We took a pride in doing those things for our mother, who was generally sewing on our clothes late into the night and consequently not up early in the morning. Ready-made clothing was not found in the stores in those days, and my mother, who could do most anything with her needle, made all the clothing for the family from stockings to the best coat. She even carded the wool and spun the yarn for the socks, and used to show us woolen sheets she had woven when younger. She was a great reader, and used to read aloud to us such stories as came in the weekly paper.

Daniel and I went to school when there was school, about seven months of the year, turned the grindstone for sharpening the scythes, axes and other tools, ran on errands, and played the rest of the time. Circus and Indian war dances were our favorite plays in those days.

I remember at this time that we four younger children said our prayers on going to bed and cannot remember the time when we began. I suppose they were taught us by our mother, though neither she nor my father were ever members of any church. During the summer months there was often a Sunday school in the neighboring school house conducted by some Baptist or Presbyterian layman. I can remember commit-

ting to memory some verses of Scripture at that time, but nothing more. Occasionally a rambling preacher gave us a sermon on Sunday afternoon. In religious matters we were left for the most part to ourselves and grew up like Topsy with little thought of such things. Still my parents were strictly moral and honest. No stimulants were used in the family and no tobacco by the children. I do not think any oath was consciously uttered by any member of the family. There was no serious quarrelling, but only slight jars and some complaining by the more ambitious ones.

The singing school was a feature of our life then. An old man named Durgin with his fiddle conducted it for us children on Saturday afternoons and for the older ones in the evenings. He used to stay at our house a great deal, as my brother Henry took lessons of him on the violin. Mr. Durgin was a jolly old chap and a great delight to us children in our monotonous farm life. We all learned his songs and ditties, though most of them are long since forgotten.

The next spring, when I was eight years old, my father rented another farm about two miles away and much farther from the district school. Here was a log house and a stable made of poles covered with straw. Though small of my age, I began that spring to plow in the field alone. My father did not own any horses, but at that time he had a gentle yoke of oxen. One day, when plowing alone at the back of the farm, the clevis on the plow broke. There was a blacksmith

shop a quarter of a mile from the place where I was plowing and instead of going home I took the clevis to the shop and had it mended and then went on with the plowing. At noon my father asked me why I let the oxen rest so long at one time? I then told him of the broken clevis. He was very much surprised and pleased that I had gotten it mended and gone on with the work instead of coming home discouraged.

CHAPTER III.

CHILDISH ASPIRATIONS.

ABOUT this time I recall the first dawnings of an unusual ambition. My father, when a lad of fourteen, had played a fife for a recruiting officer during the war with England in 1812 and had told me stories of the late war with Mexico. These filled me with a heroic spirit and I often called myself General Scott or General Taylor. My mother made me a little flag of stars and stripes, and I would carry it around in the winter till my hands were nearly frozen. About this time I fought the only physical battles of my life. There was a boy about my age but somewhat larger who had said something insulting to a little girl I loved. We soon came to blows, or more likely to scratching and pulling of hair, and fought desperately till he gave

up and cried. Another neighbor's boy a year older and larger than I insulted and kicked me. A while after I pitched into him with might and main. Some time after that my mother was at his house, and calling Erastus to her, asked him how he had scratched his face and hurt his finger so badly. She then learned with indignation that her son, Anson, had made the scratches and bitten his finger. She reported it to my father who punished me in some way for whipping the big lubber. While we lived at this place, the first railroad west of Chicago was built across the back end of the farm. To watch the men dig the cuts, fill up the low places and lay the rails was a matter of great interest and wonderment to Daniel and me. We kept our father busy explaining every detail. In the fall when I was eight years old I uttered my first and last oath. My father was digging an out-door cellar, as there was none under the house. He was doing the work very nicely, as he always did, making the corners perfectly square and the sides straight and smooth. I expressed my admiration, emphasizing my words with the name of our Savior. My father was shocked and asked me if I did not know that was swearing? I answered truthfully that I did not. There had been so little of it in our neighborhood that we had not been even taught about it. My father, though not a professing Christian, had a refined sense in regard to such things. He never told obscene stories and we did not venture to do it in his presence.

For a mile around us the farms were all fenced in and cultivated, but a mile or more to the east there were vast stretches of uncultivated prairie. Here all the cattle of the neighborhood roamed and fed during the summer. After school was out at four o'clock the boys of the neighborhood went in a group with Watch, our dog, to fetch home the cows. We usually had to cross the south branch of the Kishwaukee River. It was a small stream in the summer with occasional deep holes. In these holes, for every one of which we had a name, the boys used to swim. My mother was a nervous, anxious woman, so Dan and I were forbidden to go in swimming, for fear we might drown. The temptation was often too great for us, and there was frequent disobedience, followed by fear of punishment. When questioned about it, we told the truth and took our whipping. The whippings were not very severe, but somehow we dreaded them next to death. Notwithstanding all these, we eventually learned to swim and dive. Some of the most delightful hours of my childhood were spent in the water.

I remember with great affection some of our teachers. One was a spinster, Lydia Andrews, whom I almost revered. Another was my cousin, Lucinda Rogers, who was young, beautiful and lovely. She took much pride in my ability to work out simple problems in my head without slate or blackboard. May God bless them all. One of our teachers, Mr. Frank Warren, seemed to us rather severe. He was also a carpenter

and had planed out a heavy pine ruler which some of the older boys had felt on the palms of their hands. Some neighboring boys and myself formed a conspiracy to destroy the ruler. One night we went nearly two miles to the school house, crawled in through a broken window pane, eight inches by ten, picked the lock of his desk and got the ruler. Half a mile from the school house we cut it to pieces and threw the remnant into a field. Mr. Warren was a good teacher, however, and we learned " to toe the mark " under him. I was not a bad boy in school, but was often careless and thoughtless. I was never severely punished, though sometimes made to stand on the floor for half an hour for some improper conduct.

In the autumn of 1852, when I was ten years old, I remember taking my first interest in politics. Dan and I raised a pole twenty feet high in our front yard with a flag on it bearing the names of Pierce and King who were running for president and vice-president. The next spring my father moved again from the rented place to a farm which had been bought by my oldest brother, Henry. This was on Loco Prairie, adjoining the farm on which we had lived three years before. This farm was one-eighth of a mile wide and a mile long, running back across the Kishwaukee River and into the Big Woods, as they were called. A mile still north of this was a wood lot of thirty or forty acres belonging to the same farm. On this farm we lived in a log cabin for several years. I look back to it more than

to any one place as the home of my childhood. The Big Woods across the river were not fenced in and formed a free range for our cows and those of the neighbors who lived on the prairie. It was the duty of Dan, Watch and myself to start about an hour before sunset for the Big Woods to bring home the cows. We had the faculty of turning all our work into play. Thus, if we had to weed the carrots or hoe the potatoes, we took the job in our imaginations at so many dollars a row and in this way became very wealthy. We transformed ourselves into western rangers. Dan became Jack Rover and I was Sam Roger. Our legs were the finest Arabian horses on which we galloped and ran races and chased the buffaloes. The cows and oxen were the buffaloes. A day of twenty-four hours was a year. From 3 A. M. to 9 A. M. was spring, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. was summer, from 3 P. M. to 9 P. M. was autumn and from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M. was the dead of winter. Each autumn we went on a great buffalo hunt which was really going after the cows. We crossed the Missouri River (the Kishwaukee Creek), then the great plains (the bottom land beyond) and penetrated the Rocky Mountains (the hills and openings of the Big Woods). Like David of old, we had slings of our own make, and a bag of pebbles at our side. The number of cows we hit with the pebbles were the buffaloes we slew each autumn and we often surpassed the feats of Buffalo Bill. It was not always easy to find the cows, and it

was often after dark before we arrived home. We knew every cow-path in the woods for a mile or more, and being the bold rangers that we were, we were never afraid. My mother, however, used sometimes to become very anxious, especially when the river was in flood, so we had to cross in a boat.

My older brothers with Dan and myself had formed a boat company, each taking shares which were a dollar apiece. With this we bought the lumber, nails and pitch, and Henry and Orson built a very plain scow. To this we gave the name of the Kishwaukee Schooner. We had great times navigating the river and its branches. We often used the boat in fishing with a net, which also belonged to a stock company. Sometimes strange hunters would come along, take our boat and run it two or three miles down the river and leave it there. Then we made up exploring parties and hunted the stream through brush and swamps to find it. Generally we had to bring it back in a wagon. There used to be plenty of fish called bull-heads in the deeper holes of the river. These we caught at night in the following manner. We would dig a large number of angle worms and string these on a strong linen thread a yard long. Then we would fold the string up to about three inches in length. Around the middle of this bunch we would tie a strong cord and four inches from the worms tie the cord to a long stick. Anchoring our boat in a place where the water was six or eight feet deep, we would let the stick down to the

bottom and then raise it three or four inches. The bull-heads would bite into the bunch of worms and their hooked teeth become entangled in the threads. Feeling the stick wiggle, we would raise it quickly to the surface, hold the bob, as we called it, over the boat, and the fish would soon drop off. One night we caught a hundred in about an hour. Hot water dashed over these would cause the skins to slough off and my mother, who was an excellent cook, would prepare them as a feast for breakfast.

This leads me to speak of our plain living and poverty. During these years, it was only with the greatest labor and economy that we were able to feed and clothe the family. The older brothers taught singing school each winter and with these earnings made payments on the farms they had bought. Henry played the violin and Orson the accordion and melodion, so they could lead their singing school with instrumental music as well as with their voices. The rough work of the farm made their fingers rather stiff for playing, so a couple of months in the autumn before they started their schools, they would practice each evening at home. The neighbors would sometimes gather around to hear the practice.

From our earliest years we were taught to save our pennies and small earnings. I do not remember ever buying a stick of candy with my own money. Our mother was our banker and kept carefully our savings in a special purse in a special chest. When we had

thus gathered enough, Dan and I would go in company and buy a calf and let it run with the other cattle. It was only the penny earnings for little jobs that were our own. When we worked out regularly for the neighbors the earnings went to buy our clothing or to pay the family debts. With our small earnings and investments I had saved up thirty-four dollars by the time I was eighteen years old. For us that was a large amount of money, and this sum enabled me later to pay my fare to Vermont and start my school life with seven dollars in my pocket.

During these years we always went barefoot in the summer and until quite late in the fall, so that one pair of boots would last us through the winter. In the latter part of October, when the nights were frosty, our feet and ankles used to become blue with cold when going for the cows in the evening. Although we still kept and worked oxen, my older brothers had horses, so we sometimes went for the cows on horseback and became expert bareback riders. We often rode the oxen, too, or one of the cows when bringing them home.

When I was about thirteen, a man came through our part of the country teaching geography by singing. The countries, rivers, lakes, etc., were set to chants or familiar tunes. Either he or one of the pupils would point out on a large map the names as they came in the song. He had an evening class in each of the country school houses for miles around. At the end of

the winter he brought them all together for a final exhibition. It is one of the triumphs of my life that on this occasion he had me start the tunes, point the places and lead the exercises as his most accomplished pupil. In a similar way each country school district had its weekly spelling school in the evening and occasionally a tournament, or spelling match, between two districts. I was fortunate enough to spell the school down part of the time, but often some bright girl would spell me down. I have often wished in late years that I could spell as well as I could when I was eighteen. We also had debating societies at the school house on winter evenings. I must have been about twelve years old when I first took part in these. When I was fourteen, I made my first and last political speech. It was when Buchanan and Fremont were candidates for president. I had read an article in a book called "The Great West," on the Missouri Compromise. My oldest brother was a staunch democrat and persuaded me to deliver a speech on the Missouri Compromise, giving it a democratic bias. The family assembled in the parlor of his new house, and I delivered my address. I only remember that I was very much dissatisfied with myself, and never attempted it again.

Our favorite sport in the winter was snow-ball fights and building of snow forts. Our school house was on the prairie and the wind drove the snow into great drifts along the fences. Our forts were sometimes dug into the snow drifts and sometimes we cut large blocks of

crusted snow with wooden saws and built them high, and again we would wall in a corner of the rail fence. All the boys who came from the north and west were combined against the boys who came from the south and east of the school. Sometimes we fought so furiously and in dead earnest that the teacher had to interfere. Another fine game was "I spy," played on moonlight evenings around the great straw stacks. We would lean a large stick against the stack and one would blind and count a certain number while the others ran away and hid. Then he would find the boys, calling out, "I spy John James and touch the goal before him." If one could get to the goal before him, he threw it down, and all who had been found before him could run out and hide again. The cattle, in feeding, dug deep holes in the straw stacks, which made fine places for hiding. The bright moon, the crisp, frosty air and the keen rivalry all combined to enhance the joy of the game. Sometimes we had husking-bees on winter evenings, when both the boys and girls came. These generally ended up with a feast on pop corn and pumpkin pie. The older and braver boys would see the girls home from these gatherings and from the spelling schools. At the age of twelve I was deep in love with the brightest and to me the prettiest girl in the school. She was just my age and was earnestly religious. Her name was Betsey Ann Gardner and my love was as pure and chivalric as love can be. It was for her that I fought my first real fight as related above.

In the summer time the boys far and near came together, when possible, on Saturday evening for a great swim in the Kishwaukee River. There were some deep holes on my brother's farm, which made fine places for swimming. My forte was to swim the farthest with the fewest strokes and to beat the others in ducking each other in deep water. One time I held my big brother Orson under water till he strangled and I feared he would drown. We also had great contests in splashing water on each other till one gave up.

CHAPTER IV.

FARM LIFE.

ALL these years we had to work hard on the farm eight months of the year, going to school in the winter as soon as the corn was husked. We usually had chapped hands and cold fingers before the fall work was done. My last work of the kind was gathering up small piles of husked corn from the ground out of the snow with my bare hands. I early became quite an expert in dropping corn for planting. I had to drop the corn in hills, four kernels at a time from a tin pail hung by a string from my neck. I was able to drop a row of corn with each hand as fast as two men could cover it behind me. That was an unusual accomplish-

ment. I was always small of my age, but very quick and nimble. Another kind of work in which I had special skill was stacking hay and grain. My father, who was thoughtful and scientific in his work, had taught me to keep the stack full and hard in the center, and I acquired such skill in it that the rain never wet into my stacks. The neighbors used to exchange work with us in order to have me do their stacking. At fifteen I could bind grain after the reaper as fast as the men and earn a man's wages. I could rake and bind and keep up with a cradler, which was considered a difficult task.

These little triumphs fanned the ambition of a heart naturally aspiring and proud. I was not contented with my lot as a farmer boy, and longed for an education. It was in these days that I formed the definite ambition to become a statesman—a United States senator. I remember coming in from plowing one day, my eyes red and my face covered with dust and white streaks down my cheeks. My mother asked me what I had been crying about. I told her it was because I could not get an education and become a great man. Still, for the most part, I was brave and confident that the opportunity would come. With this ambition, I became almost a miser in saving money for the time when I could go away to school.

An incident occurred one spring which was not so creditable to my intelligence. Dan and I were sent to cut down willows in the meadow. The long, dry

grass among the willows was bothersome, and we thought it would be a good scheme to burn it out. We lighted the grass, but the first we knew it had spread into the meadow and was beyond our control. I ran frightened and crying to my father, who was plowing in a neighboring field. He came in haste and fought the fire, but it was not subdued until it had burned over many acres in our own and neighbor's meadow and some of the fence between. Our father did not punish us, but explained how by back-firing along a road in the neighbor's meadow he stopped the fire. We learned more than one lesson that day.

Dan and I began to hunt with a real gun the spring that I was ten years old. There was an old, single-barrel shot gun in the family, the barrel of which was four feet long. It was so long and heavy that I could not hold it out or shoot without a rest. One of the older brothers, probably Orson, showed us how to load it. We started out, Dan carrying the front end and I the butt. We soon spied a small bird, but there was nothing to rest the gun on. Dan offered his shoulder, but that was too high. He then bent over and I rested the gun across his back and fired away. The butt of the gun hit my shoulder pretty hard, but the shot hit nothing. We reloaded and I was putting on the percussion cap, the butt of the gun against my stomach and the distant muzzle on the ground. In letting down the hammer, my thumb slipped and off went the gun, blowing a hole in the ground near where Dan stood.

We looked at each other in surprise and fear. We recovered and went on our way, arriving safely at home. From that time we frequently went hunting and often brought in wild ducks and other game. Later on we used to hunt coons at night in the fall of the year. Two cousins, Virto and Charles Rogers, used often to go with us. When the October moon was full, we would start about ten o'clock with our old dog, Watch. There were some cornfields between the Big Woods and the river. We knew that the coons would stop in these on their way from the woods to the river. The dog would take the fresh tracks of the coon and generally overtake the coon before he could reach a tree. Then followed a furious fight, which sometimes lasted twenty minutes. Whenever the dog made a dash, the coon would rise on its hind feet like a bear, open its fore paws to scratch and its mouth to bite, emitting at the same time a gruff noise between a growl and the spitting of a cat. We could do little to help the dog, but the excitement was intense until the coon was overcome. We rarely failed to bring one or two home. One night, while crossing the river, the dog got something up a tree which we supposed was a coon. Two of the party went back to the house for a gun while the other two and the dog watched by the tree. When they returned, Virto took the gun, and getting the object between him and the moon, took the best aim he could and fired. Down came something end over end which Virto declared was a bear. It proved to be a

bob-cat, or lynx, which weighed twenty-eight pounds. Fortunately the fine shot struck it between the eyes and it fell dead, otherwise it might have given us serious trouble.

Our father had explained to us what banks and banking were, probably in answer to some question about paper money. Thereupon Dan and I each started a pin bank, using pins for specie. With these we redeemed the five, ten and fifty pin bills which our banks issued. With us, and to some extent with our older brothers, these pin bills became the currency for all minor transactions. Our parents so far humored us in this that mother enabled us to get the pins and father made a nice wooden bank vault for Dan. His was called the Putnam Bank and mine the Seneca Bank. To some extent, our paper money became current among our schoolmates and pin lotteries were sometimes drawn.

The fourth of July was the great day of the year with us. We rarely went to town to celebrate it, but devised our own amusements in the country. For months we saved our pennies and invested the money in gun-powder. We had a little cannon made of a piece of old gun barrel, with a wooden plug in one end. We would build forts out of chips and sticks and then set up other sticks behind the fort for soldiers. Planting our cannon in front, we would load it with gravel stones which we called grape-shot and batter down the fort and soldiers. One fourth of July we joined with

some neighboring boys and went to an old, deserted brick-yard in the woods two miles away. We hitched up our old dog, Watch, in a harness and cart we had made for him, put our dinner, fire-crackers and little cannon in the cart and away we went. In the brick-yard were some pools of water. On these we launched chips for men of war, then sunk them with our cannon from a fort on the shore. While we had very little money to spend on amusements, we managed by our ingenuity to have a better time than most other boys who had more money.

In the spring of the year, Dan and I had to leave the school early in March to " get up " stove wood for the summer. Our wood lot was two miles north of our home and across the river. Taking our axes and our dinners we would start in the early morning and plod through snow and mud to our work. At noon we would build a little fire, thaw out our dinner and eat it with a relish known only to a hard-worked, growing boy. One day we resolved to chop up a certain tree before quitting work, which took us until after sunset. We then started for home, but it soon became dark. The river was in flood and had overflown the bottom land so we had to cross in a boat. On the farther bank we were surprised to meet our father, who had come to look for us. Our mother had become greatly alarmed and felt sure we were drowned in the flood.

When I was about seventeen, Dan and I conceived the idea of earning some money by trapping. About

a dozen old steel traps had been left by my grandfather Rogers to brother Henry and we had the use of them. The days were getting short in the fall and the work on the farm was pressing. But by rising an hour earlier in the morning Dan could do all the chores allotted to us both and I could visit the traps before breakfast. I fear the first setting of the traps, selecting the places and changing them were attended to on Sundays. We had planned for this enterprise some months ahead and built a canoe suited to go rapidly up and down the stream. We had found near the river two long, narrow pine planks, which had floated down from some bridge above in the floods. These we dowelled together with wooden pins and fastened with cross cleats. We then hewed off the edges to a point at both ends. We bought three long clapboards, or siding, which were then made half an inch thick and six inches wide. Two of these we nailed to the edges of the plank bottom. As the planks were two inches thick, the boat would thus be only four inches deep inside—so shallow that it would surely dip water when the canoe tipped, or rocked. By ripping the third piece of siding lengthwise and riveting these to the upper edges of the low sides, we increased the depth of the boat nearly three inches. We then made a long paddle with a blade at each end for propelling it as we had read the Esquimaux did. The heavy bottom kept the canoe quite steady and it ran swiftly through the water. I managed to get to the first trap in the morning

as soon as it was light enough to see, going rapidly from the upper trap down stream one morning, leave the canoe there and the next morning going from the lower trap up the stream. While the others were taking their "nooning," that is, the customary hour's rest at dinner time, Dan and I skinned our catch and stretched the skins on boards to dry. That fall we caught eighty muskrats, three minks and a coon. The muskrat skins brought us twelve and a half cents each and the other skins more.

We all inherited from our parent's mechanical ingenuity so we could make our own carts, boats and other playthings. We made cross-bows which would shoot so accurately that we used them after the manner of William Tell to shoot small, round squashes, the size of an apple, from each other's heads. We also made large squirt-guns which we played were fire engines with which we extinguished small fires we lighted for the purpose.

We had almost no religious privileges. The nearest church was three miles away which was rather far to walk after working hard in the fields all the week. Occasionally some roving preacher, or circuit rider, would preach in our school house and such services we usually attended. In the winter and spring of 1857, when I was fifteen, a remarkable revival of religion swept over all the western states. Excited meetings were held in all the churches every night for three months. Everybody seemed to attend and thousands were converted.

My two older sisters, Dan and I went when we could have the team or ride with the neighbors. We all became " converted," or " experienced religion," as it was called in the Methodist Church. My sisters joined the church, but Dan and I were so young that our father bid us wait. I remember how earnest and happy I was for a while and how, after the meetings were over and the hard work on the farm came on, the interest died away, and the prayer meetings became duller and duller. We said our prayers and tried to be pious, but were never looked after by the minister or class-leader. After a year or two, Spiritualist lecturers came along preaching infidelity and I am sorry to say I became a downright atheist, or as nearly so as one so young and ignorant could be. I remained in that condition spiritually for about three years and in my conceit could confound the simple religious people with the arguments which the Spiritualists had drawn from Tom Paine and others.

CHAPTER V.

POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

IN the autumn of 1860 came the memorable presidential election when Lincoln, Douglas and Breckenridge were candidates. Companies of a semi-military character, called Wide-Awakes, were formed

by the Republicans and we had never known such political excitement. Our own family was divided. My father had always been a Democrat, but bolted from that party when the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed by Congress. Brother Orson also was a Republican, but Henry and myself were still Democrats. I had heard Stephen A. Douglas speak two years before and was enthusiastic for the Little Giant, as he was called. I remember shedding tears when the news came that Lincoln was elected. Four years later, during the Civil War, I cast my first vote for Lincoln's reëlection. But great events and changes had come to the country and myself. While in college, my studies in political economy led me to believe in a protective tariff as the best policy for a young country like ours with manufactories only partially developed. Though largely an independent in politics all my life, I have generally voted the Republican ticket at national elections.

I spoke above of my military spirit and aspirations when I was eight years old. As years of peace passed by and I never saw a soldier or a uniform to feed my aspirations in that direction and as I began to read political newspapers and the proceedings of Congress, my ambition took a turn toward a political life. The brilliant and unprecedented career of Stephen A. Douglas, senator from our state, captivated my imagination. I was never so wild as to dream of being president of the United States, but thought possibly I might become a senator and make speeches in Congress.

These aspirations fired my energy and led me on until after I graduated from college. With that career in view, I took great interest in declamation and oratory and took an active part in all debating societies. I afterwards organized one in high school and an extra one in college. As most statesmen were also lawyers, I planned to make that profession a stepping stone to greater things.

The school in our country district was sometimes fairly good, but quite as often miserably poor, according to the teacher we happened to have. From the time I was ten years old I had to stay out of school summers to work on the farm. I attended the winter school about three and a half months each year. One winter when about sixteen I walked three miles to an academy at Marengo, taught by the Presbyterian minister. I made good progress that winter. By the time I reached my eighteenth birthday, April, 1860, I had learned to read, write and spell, and had a fairly good knowledge of geography and arithmetic. I had tried to learn something of algebra from our last teacher, who knew little or nothing about it.

The summer of 1860 was my last one on the farm. Three years before that my Uncle George Graves and his wife, from Rutland, Vermont, had visited us. My father had told him how anxious I was to get an education and had probably commended my natural ability. At all events he offered if I would come to them to let me live in their family and attend the fine school at

Rutland for a year. His son, Cousin Charles Graves, had previously promised that when I was ready I might study law in his office. The two offers seemed to open the way for me to realize the great dream of my life. My father told my uncle that he could not spare me yet, as there were debts contracted some years before which had not been paid, but that when they were cleared off I might go. In that hope I lived and toiled on for the next three years. My brother Daniel entered into my hopes and aspirations most heartily. We planned and toiled and saved together to pay those debts and hardly a day passed that we did not talk of the coming day of freedom. We paid off one of the debts due to a store-keeper by cutting broom-corn for him at seventy-five cents a day. We had to walk three miles to the work and be there at seven o'clock, carrying a cold lunch for dinner and walking home after sunset. A month or more of this work paid that debt. We estimated that the crop of the third year, 1860, when sold would pay the remaining debts, so we began to make plans and preparations for my long-looked-for departure from home. It was late in December before the corn was all gathered in. My mother was busy making me a new suit of clothes. I sold my interest in a cow and some young stock to my brother and sister and got together about thirty-four dollars from my many years' savings. This was in bills on western banks, called wild-cat banks. The bills would be taken for my railroad ticket, but

would not pass current in the east. I had to pay fifteen per cent exchange for the seven dollars in silver which I would have left after paying for my ticket. Those seven dollars bought my books and all other necessaries until the next summer vacation, when I was able to earn something more.

Some home-made socks and a few other things were packed in a small, oil-cloth satchel with lunch to last two or three days. On the last day of the year the horse was hitched to the home-made pung, or sleigh, and Brother Dan drove me to the station. It nearly broke my heart to say good-bye to the dear ones at home whom I had never left for any length of time before. Both Dan and I wept all the way to the station. The man who sold me my ticket asked if I were sick, remarking that I looked very pale. No doubt my eyes were very red. The train soon came along and the last tie was broken. A thousand miles were soon between me and my home. It was three and a half years before I saw any of my own family again.

On the train which bore me from home I sat beside an intelligent man whose observations were interesting to me. He told me that I had always lived on a farm. I asked him how he knew that? He answered that he knew it from the shape of my hand—that my fingers were thick and strong. He called my attention to a young man in a seat ahead of us who was reading a book and bid me observe how slim and tapering his fingers were. He said that such fingers were very good

for thumbing a dictionary, but were of little use for such work as I had been doing.

I arrived in Chicago about noon and as my train for the east did not leave until toward evening, I left my satchel under a seat in the station and wandered about the great city. I had learned so much about it from the neighbors who had been there that I was not much surprised at what I saw. On the train I remember remaining awake most of the night to see all I could of the country through which we passed. It was mostly covered with snow, but I recall the great apple orchards of Michigan. The second night I slept in my seat. There were no sleeping cars in those days and I should not have spent my money for a berth if there had been. It was many years after that before I could afford the luxury of a sleeping car. In the forenoon of the third day we entered the mountains of Vermont. My heart swelled within me as I saw the great, snow-clad hills rising up on either side. I had not seen a mountain before since my earliest childhood, but I soon grew to admire and love them.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL DAYS IN RUTLAND.

MY Uncle George and Cousin Charles happened to be at the station when I arrived and took me at once to their home. I was given a nice room to

myself and had around me luxuries of which I had never dreamt. I entered the public high school after what was to me a tedious and difficult examination. I think I must have been taken in as a special favor, for I do not believe I answered correctly half the questions, so rusty was I in my studies and so bewildered by my new surroundings. My Uncle had a horse and cow whose care was committed to me, and I had the wood to bring in from the woodshed. I gathered up all the tools scattered about the place and had a special place for each. My Uncle soon discovered this and was mightily pleased.

My Uncle's family consisted of a wife, three sons and two daughters. The sons were married and had homes of their own. The two daughters, Emily and Lucy, were at home. Emily was several years older than myself and Lucy was a year younger. Both were highly educated. They were very helpful to me in my studies, correcting my ungrammatical expressions and were lovely to me in every way. My aunt was a modest, retiring woman of much natural refinement. All were earnest communicants of the Episcopal Church and every morning they had family prayers. As my western roughness and rural habits wore off, I fitted in perfectly to the family and came to love them all. I believe in turn I was loved by them as the nearest of kin. It became equally dear to me as my western home and I often returned to it in later years with the greatest joy.

I settled down to my studies with great zeal and was soon at the head of most of my classes, but that did not satisfy me. I was far behind others of my age. From my cousins and the older boys in school I learned about a college career and became fired with the desire to go through college. To prepare for college required in the regular course four years of Latin, two of Greek and one of algebra, and I knew practically nothing of any of them. Four more years in school from the next fall and four years in college seemed to me then an endless period and I could not bear the thought of such delay. It was now at the beginning of the spring term of school, and I was nineteen years old. I asked my Cousin Charles to help me in Latin, which he gladly did. I studied it nights and Saturdays and in one month I was reciting with the class which began it the fall before. As the end of the term drew near, the class in primary algebra was to review the whole book in three weeks, preparatory to examination. I begged the Principal to let me go through it with them. This was about the most difficult thing I ever undertook. Cousin Lucy kindly helped me. I studied nearly every night till midnight and went to bed weeping over my difficulties. I had to skip many of the examples for lack of time to solve them, but in some way I scratched through the examination at the end. The following extract from a letter written home at that time will show the struggle through which I passed:

"RUTLAND, VT., June 9th, 1861.

"*Beloved Friends:*

"When I wrote you last I was about to begin algebra with high hopes of going through it this term, but I have found it, as I said then, more easily said than done. We have had five recitations in it. With the first four I got along very well, but the last lesson on Friday I did not have. I studied all day yesterday on it except about two hours. During one of these I hoed in the garden and got my Latin lesson while so doing. In the other hour I rode out horse-back, but did not enjoy my ride for thinking of my algebra. I studied it in the evening, didn't get through with Friday's lesson, cried over it nearly two hours, went to bed half-past eleven, got up this morning at five, studied till 3 P. M., not going to church this forenoon, and got two-thirds of my lesson for to-morrow. The reason I am so anxious to get through it now is that I want to finish preparatory mathematics this term in order to attain the end I am now striving for. If the teacher we had at home a year ago could have taught algebra as she said she could, I should not now have all this trouble.

"I have not gone to the war, as it seems you expected from what I wrote, but I thought it would be well enough to know how you felt on the subject in case a favorable chance might offer. I must now bid you good-bye for a little while to take exercise, without which I should not be able to stand it long."

On entering the school I was told that each boy had to speak a piece once in three weeks and write a composition once in three weeks, but those who wrote their own declamations and spoke them need not write com-

positions. I told the teacher that I would write my declamations. My first one was a very tame composition on the Missouri Compromise. The principal advised me to read it as a composition, but I begged him to let me speak it and I would try to do better next time. After that I seemed to get into the oratorical style and improved rapidly. Later on one of the boys who was about to graduate delivered an oration to prove that barbarism was a stronger and happier condition than civilization. I asked permission to answer him in my next oration and did so to the apparent amusement and satisfaction of all.

During these months the great Civil War was coming on and both my declamations and letters home were full of the subject. I asked my parents' permission to enlist in the Northern army but this was refused. On the last day of school, the day before the Fourth of July, my declamation was in the form of verses and was full of the patriotic and heroic. I was honored by being placed next to the last on the programme.

My teachers were Mr. D. G. Moore, principal, Miss Hudson and Miss Hodges. I soon came to like them very much, and I think now from the way they overlooked my faults and helped me on that they must have liked me. Some years later, Mr. Moore married Miss Hudson and became a prominent man in Illinois. Miss Hodges was married to Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, a leading lawyer and Churchman of New York City. Not knowing this latter fact, about eight years after-

ward I was calling on Mr. Wheeler for a subscription toward the endowment of the Diocese of Albany. He invited me into his house to entertain me for the night. Great was my surprise and joy to find that my hostess was my old teacher.

During the summer vacation, I worked to earn money for clothes and books. I first hoed the gardens for my Uncle and Cousin Charles. I then made the hay in Uncle's meadow of seven acres and put it in the barn. The rest of the vacation I worked in his boot factory.

When I left home, I weighed one hundred and seventeen pounds, was well knit and strong. During the six months of school and hard study I lost five pounds, but regained it and more during the summer, so that I weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds. I wrote home at this time as follows:

"I do not think I am delicate, for I eat more than any other person at the table and am the strongest boy in school except the soldier. It is my practice to take plenty of food, sleep and exercise, bathe twice a week and, most important of all, sleep with my windows open, summer or winter, so that I breathe the pure air which is enough to make most any person healthy."

Owing to the hard times caused by the war, it had been doubtful about the school reopening, but the teachers accepted reduced salaries and the school went on August 20th. If the school had not reopened, I had decided to enlist in Berdan's Sharp

Shooters and go to the war. The previous term I had earned five dollars by sweeping and dusting the school-room, bringing in the wood and ringing the bell. I undertook the same again. My principal studies were Latin reader, Cæsar and Greek. My time was divided into regular hours, which were systematically observed. I rose every morning at five o'clock, studied until seven, did the chores at home and school until nine, after school until six I swept the school-room and studied. After supper until bed time I did the evening chores and took gymnastic exercises. On the horizontal bar I could draw myself up to my chin twenty-seven times in immediate succession. I was usually in bed by nine o'clock.

The older girls and boys of the school formed a reading circle to which I belonged and the boys organized a debating society. Among my schoolmates and boon companions were the following: Edward L. Temple, who afterwards became the treasurer of a savings bank and the author of several books. He married my Cousin Lucy Graves; Wilbur Atwater, who left that fall for college and afterwards became professor of chemistry in Wesleyan University and one of the leading chemists of the country; Eugene Kelley, who enlisted in Berdan's Sharp Shooters and died in the war; his brother, Edwin D. Kelley, a fine linguist, who graduated at the University of Michigan and became a Baptist missionary in Burmah. He partly translated the Bible into Burmese and was drowned

in Burmah; Charles Mead, the finest speaker in our school, who was shot in battle. There were several girls who led their classes and all became noble women. First among them in beauty and accomplishments was my Cousin Lucy. In a letter home at that time she is described in the following couplet:

"Whose eyes I never meet without a smile,
Whose heart is full of kindness all the while."

She exerted the greatest influence on my life to refine and ennoble it; a debt I never paid except in admiration and love. Many years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of having her on my arm when I was honored as bishop in the White House at Washington.

In October, 1861, six weeks after school opened, under the advice of the principal, Mr. Moore, and Cousin Charles, I gave up for the time the difficult undertaking of fitting for college by the next autumn. Mr. Moore thought I then might teach for the winter and earn some money which I very much needed. At that time I wrote home that I had not had a cent of money for six weeks. My Uncle objected strongly to my teaching, as he needed me to do the chores, so I eventually gave that up and stayed in school. The chores at that time were to cut wood for three stoves, take care of a horse, drive a mile to the pasture and milk a cow and take care of the school building. One Saturday I gathered fourteen bushels of carrots, nine bushels of turnips, three bushels of beets, one bushel of

parsnips, half a bushel of salsify and put them all in the cellar. Having settled down to the regular school course, things went on smoothly to the end of the school year. In the spring vacation I was unable to get work to earn money, so I went into my Uncle's boot factory and made myself a pair of shoes which lasted me a year.

The following letter to my mother gives a picture of my life as it then was:

"RUTLAND, VT., May 18th, 1862.

"*My dear Mother:*

"I think yesterday was one of the happiest days of my life. There was nothing in particular to make it so, but it was one of those days when there seems to be a smile on everybody's face and all nature seemed to twinkle with gladness. I worked in the garden all day, leisurely and perhaps lazily, but my mind ever busy with its own happy thoughts. I thought of you all and in my mind voluntarily went back over the happier events of my life.

"I quit work at six o'clock, washed and changed my clothes for Sunday. After tea I went two miles south of the village after a trunk. It was at the house of Mr. Horace Dyer, a rich bachelor farmer, where lives my classmate, George Ellis. He invited me into the library where we had a splendid chat, recounting the past events of our lives and our future hopes.

"In the evening a son of Rev. Dr. Hicks, of Burlington, came to stay over night with me. He told of the exploits, trials and sports of the college boys until my mind, always overflowing with boyish hope, sped on to the time when I, too, should be a college student.

" Friday evening our debating society met as usual, but as there was not a quorum that night, some one proposed to hear a stump speech from Graves on the war. I happened to have General Hunter's proclamation in my pocket which none of them had read, so I consented. They stepped out and got a couple of girls to help make a respectable audience, when I ' went in extempore ' and fairly surprised myself.

" I wrote a piece on Chivalry to speak last Wednesday and gave it to Mr. Moore to correct. When he returned it, the passages I thought the most eloquent were struck out. I concluded not to speak it thus mutilated, so I learned and rehearsed, to his great surprise, a selected piece, which, by the way, is the first one not original I have spoken since I have been here.

" I have been to church twice to-day, read 188 pages in the life of Alexander the Great and walked two miles for exercise. I received my report Wednesday and found my standing lower than ever, but I am conscious that I have done as well as possible under the circumstances. I enjoy the best of health and am strong and hearty. I hope to hear from you all before another week rolls around and in the meantime I remain,

" Your affectionate son,

" ANSON."

At the close of the school year, I passed the examinations without difficulty and spoke an original piece on swearing. I was honored by being placed last on the programme. I had been looking in every direction for work during the summer, but could find none. In desperation I wrote to President Jackson of Hobart

College, told him what preparation I had, that I could read two and perhaps four books of Vergil during the summer, and asked him if he thought I could enter Hobart and keep a good standing in my class. His answer was favorable. Three days after school closed I began Vergil, studying nine hours a day. The first day I learned the rules of prosody, scanned and translated thirteen lines and recited to Cousin Emily. The next day I got forty lines and soon settled down to one hundred lines a day. By the end of July I was well into the third book, but became utterly tired out. I could not sleep at night for thinking of my lessons and realized that I must stop studying. As I had only nineteen dollars in money, I also realized that I must earn something before going to college. I almost compelled my Uncle to give me work in his boot factory, though he could offer me only eight cents an hour. By rising at four o'clock, doing the chores and eating a bread and milk breakfast, I was able to get to the shop at six o'clock. In this way I worked eleven hours a day and earned eighty-eight cents.

At this time war meetings were frequently held to incite men to volunteer in the army. Three hundred men were required from the town of Rutland and only one hundred could be induced to enlist. My patriotic soul was stirred with indignation at such a condition. Again I asked my parents' permission to enlist and urged it with the best arguments I could. They positively refused. As they and my brother Daniel had

sacrificed a great deal in letting me go off to school before I was of age, I felt I must yield to their wishes. My parents were aged, and for the first time in their life had secured a home of their own. My brother Daniel was working very hard to meet the payments. Had I enlisted, the one hundred dollar bounty was to go toward paying for their home, and twenty dollars a month, which Vermont soldiers received, was to be saved up to help me through college. The forbidding prospects of my being able to work my way through college with so little money in sight may have had something to do with my desire to enlist. After paying my fare to the college at Geneva, New York, and buying a few necessaries, I had only twenty-eight dollars with no one in the world to help me to the value of a cent. Nevertheless, I bravely bid farewell to my second home, not without many tears, and took the train for my college town.

CHAPTER VII.

FRESHMAN YEAR IN COLLEGE.

ON arriving in Geneva, New York, I was greatly impressed with the beauty of the place. The college buildings overlooked Seneca Lake, and there were many beautiful homes with terraced gardens on

the lake shore between the college and the business part of the town. The view stretched away across the lake to the hills, open fields and verdant groves beyond.

Rev. Dr. Metcalf, professor of Latin, examined me in Latin and Greek, and very kindly let me through with my many deficiencies. I also passed in mathematics. I later found that I had the poorest preparation of any in our class except one boy, and he was conditioned and left college at the end of the first term. It took the very hardest study for me to keep up with my class, but I passed all my examinations at the end of the term and was duly matriculated.

Dr. Metcalf helped me to find a cheap boarding-house where I could get a room for seventy-five cents a week and meals for two dollars a week. This, he said, was the best I could do. After buying the necessary books, I had then left only $19. I boarded with a Mrs. Reed, whose husband had gone to the war. I soon arranged with her to get dinners only at twelve cents a meal. Breakfast and supper consisted of crackers and sweet apples at a cost of three cents a meal. Not long after that she let me work for my board. After a few weeks she moved away. In the meantime, a Mr. H. C. Schell heard that I was trying to work my way and kindly invited me to live in his family until I found a place to work for my board. He did not have much for me to do, but I taught his little girl and helped his son with his Latin and copied insurance reports in

his office. Thus matters went on until after the Christmas vacation.

I had been looking everywhere to find a place where I could work for my board, but could find none. I could not reasonably stay longer with Mr. Schell, as he was not wealthy and had a large family to support. I had written out to my school friends, the Kelly boys, who were getting on finely in the University of Michigan. They thought I would have no trouble in working my way out there, and their parents kindly offered to let me live with them until I found a place to work. Accordingly I made arrangements to leave Hobart and pay my way to Ann Arbor with the few dollars I had remaining. I secured an honorable letter of transfer from President Jackson, who seemed to regret my leaving.

These preparations for a change hastened a crisis in my religious life. When I went to live at my Uncle George's, two years before, I was a downright disbeliever in the Christian religion. While there, I had attended regularly the Episcopal Church with his family. The quiet devotion of the congregation, the solemn beauty of the service, the earnest preaching of Dr. Roger Howard, and the genuine Christian life in my Uncle's family, silently and unconsciously softened my heart and began to make me wish I could believe and be a Christian. Still I would not say the Creed in the Service and was still skeptical. When I came to college, I found that all our learned professors were

devout Christians and I began to think that possibly Tom Paine had made a mistake, and that there might be, after all, some reasonable ground for accepting Christianity. Finally I went to our ablest professor, Dr. W. D. Wilson, and told him my difficulties. He talked to me in a kindly way and advised me to read Pearson on the Creed. As that proved everything from the Bible and I rejected the inspiration of the Scripture, it did not help me much. Still, as I read and pondered, it finally came to me that the Christian religion was not intended to be founded on reason in such a way as to compel one to accept it, but that in the final issue the will was the arbiter. That faith and an honest purpose to do God's will, without positive knowledge, was sufficient ground to act on. Accordingly I went to the college chaplain, Rev. Henry A. Neely, afterward bishop of Maine, and told him that I had not very much faith, but that I was willing to make an honest trial of the Christian religion; that I was not at all happy or contented with my infidelity, and that I was willing to try and see if the full Christian life would make me any happier; that I was going off to a strange college and if he thought me a proper subject for baptism I should like to be baptized the next day, Sunday. He said if I had faith as a grain of mustard seed, I ought not to crush it out, but let it grow, and that he would baptize me the next day. Mr. and Mrs. Schell stood as my witnesses and on January 11, 1863, in Trinity Church, Geneva, I was baptized into

Christ. The first Sunday of the next month the Chaplain preached a very earnest sermon on the duty and benefit of receiving the Lord's Supper. I thought if any one needed it, I did, and without waiting for Confirmation or even permission, I went forward and received. I continued to do so until the next autumn, when Bishop De Lancey came and I was confirmed. I might say here that I have never since turned my back on the Lord's Supper whenever I was present at its celebration. I cannot say that my skeptical nature was obliterated, but I set my face against it and tried all the harder to live a holy life. From the moment I determined what to do and was baptized the uneasiness of a skeptic's life left me and a quiet, holy joy reigned in my heart.

A few days after my baptism I was passing a large Sanitarium, where I had been refused work a short time before. I was moved to try again. I was told that the young man who had been doing their odd jobs was going to leave and if I would sweep the Doctor's office, mix such medicines as he required and assist in giving the patients their physical exercises, I could have a room and my board. The same day Dr. Jackson said I could have the John Watts scholarship, which brought in seventy dollars a year. These unexpected promises settled the matter of my leaving Hobart. They made it possible for me to remain, which I greatly desired. They gave me time for my studies and a wholesome life free from anxiety. Putting the stronger patients

through the required movements gave me the best of exercise, while the plain, wholesome food was best suited for a student's life. All things went smoothly and well for the four months I remained there, and in many ways were the pleasantest and most profitable days of my college life.

As I did not seem to be needed for teaching in the Sunday school of Trinity Church, I took work in the so-called Bethel Sunday school, a union school in what might be called the slums of Geneva. The boys in my class were very rough, and I sometimes had to chase them in from the outside, or " round them up," as we would say in the west.

Things went on smoothly the rest of the college year and I was steadily making my way up in my studies from the foot of the class. In May my kind friend, Mr. Schell, moved from the town a mile into the country where he had several acres of land, a horse, a cow and a garden. He was very anxious to have me come and live with him. I was most comfortably fixed in the Sanitarium and did not wish to leave, but as Mr. Schell was badly crippled with rheumatism and had befriended me in the day of my most urgent need, I went to live with him again and work for my board. Our friendship continued many years until his death. He lived long enough to see me a bishop and was very proud of my promotion. His letters always began with " My dear God-son " and ended with " Your affectionate God-father."

During the first summer vacation I worked on a farm, harvesting and stacking grain, and when that work was over, I dug and piled stone on another farm at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. Later I secured work of Mr. James O. Sheldon, a retired merchant, cutting the dead limbs out of the trees on his beautiful estate. While there, a Mrs. J. B. Varnum of New York City was visiting at Mr. Sheldon's home. One day he pointed me out to her in the top of a high elm tree sawing off limbs at the risk of my life. He told her that I was doing that to work my way through college. She immediately became interested, made many inquiries of him, of Mr. Schell, and of the college president in regard to me. She returned to New York without my seeing her. When Mr. Sheldon paid me off, he handed me five dollars extra which he said was left me by Mrs. Varnum. I wrote her a letter of thanks. From that time till her death she remained my steadfast friend, occasionally sending me small sums of money as she heard indirectly or surmised that I needed it.

Near the end of this vacation a regiment of cavalry was mustered in at Camp Swift, a short distance from where I lived. I used to go over and talk to the boys till my former war fever returned upon me. This was inflamed by patriotic letters from my friend, Charles B. Mead, who was then at the front in almost daily battles. I again wrote home most earnestly for permission to enlist. My parents and my brother, who had sacrificed

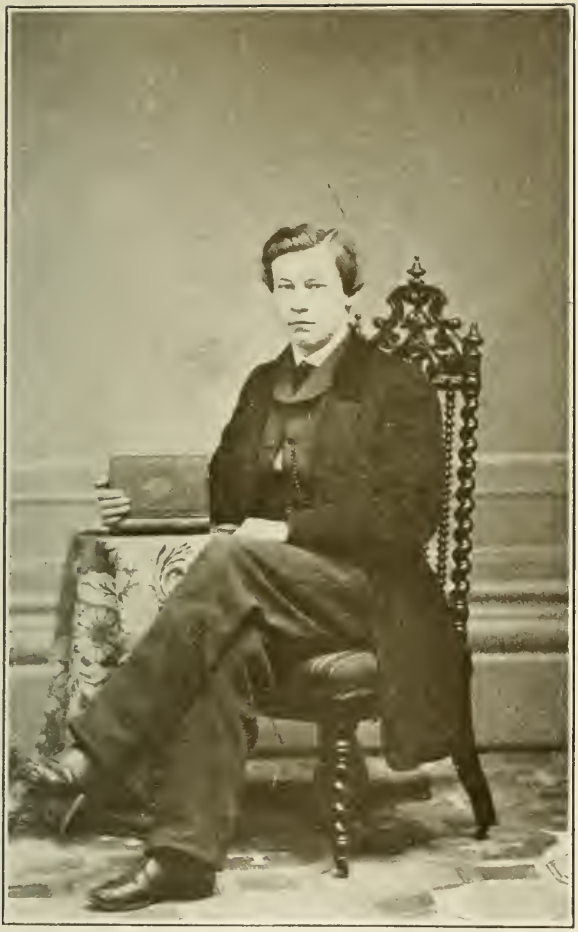
much that I might get an education, wrote me very strongly against it and I realized the justice of the plea. It was well for me that I did, for soon after the regiment reached Virginia it was cut to pieces in an ambuscade and half of them killed or wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

ON the 29th of the next October, 1863, Bishop Delancey, then very old and feeble, visited the college chapel for confirmation. I stood at the chancel rail between two classmates, Asa G. Wells and Charles S. Knapp. They both were preparing for the ministry and I was to be a lawyer and politician. During the following winter both were sick with diphtheria and I helped to nurse them. Knapp recovered, though he was never very strong afterwards and died after being about twelve or fifteen years in the ministry. Wells, whom I loved dearly, became apparently some better so I was able to take him to the home of a cousin in Cazenovia, New York. Two or three days later the news of his death came to us and cast a gloom over all in college. Knapp was my room-mate in college for a year or more.

During the autumn of 1863 there came to the class



ANSON R. GRAVES AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

below ours a boy by the name of Philip Potter. From some cause he and I formed a most eager and romantic friendship. He, too, was to study for the ministry, but his eyes failed him, so he had to leave college and give up his life hopes. The friendship, however, has lasted through fifty years, and we are bosom friends to-day.

Potter had brought with him a little photograph of a girl in his aunt's school at Brattleboro, Vermont, by the name of Bessie Thornton. I conceived a wonderful liking for the girlish face and begged the photograph from him. I carried it in my pocketbook for years and cherished it as embodying the ideal of all that is lovely in woman. Some of my earliest verses were inscribed to her. The following is a sample:

TO BESSIE THORNTON.

Some bring the painful love to light
  That buried long has been,
Some sing fresh love, but I will write
  Of her I have not seen.

They tell me that her eyes are gray,
  Her locks of silken brown,
Her movement graceful, light and gay,
  As nymphs of old renown.

As ruby's tints illume the gold
  That holds the gem in place,
E'en so, they say, her beaming soul
  Lights up her radiant face.

E'en if she should in trifles fail,
It does not dim her sheen,
Since fancy throws its silken veil
O'er her I have not seen.

Though, maiden, we may never meet
Except by Fancy's art,
In love-lit day dreams, pure and sweet,
The Eden of the heart;

Yet in those dear, enchanted isles,
Those bowers of shining green,
May I not share the looks and smiles
Of her I have not seen?

And may I add this little prayer
To her, my fancy's queen,
Of thought she'll grant a tiny share
To him she has not seen?

Eight years later, when in Vevey, Switzerland, I wrote the following of Bessie:

Bessie's Photograph.

Vevey, Switzerland, Oct. 10, 1871.

The sun is bright on Alpine peaks,
Geneva's waves are glancing fair,
While vintage songs of Switzer maids
Come trembling through the autumn air.

Their songs fall dull upon mine ear,
Nor wins my sight this charming place,

My eyes instead are bending o'er
The portrait of a girlish face.

Although those lips ne'er spoke my name,
That little hand was ne'er in mine,
Though never in those eyes I've glanced,
I hold her yet as half divine.

And years have passed since it was so,
Long years of toil and change and care,
Yet oft my lips this picture press,
Oft lisp her name in secret prayer.

But why it is I cannot tell,
Yet something whispers to my heart
That kindred spirits were not made
To be forever thus apart.

'Tis true we may not meet on earth,
But in the world which is to be,
Methinks I'll know those wondrous eyes,
And she, perhaps, will smile on me.

'Tis strangely sweet to think and dream
Of that bright home and those we love,
That lives here sundered yet may flow
In one commingled stream above.

Then fare-thee-well, my spirit's love
Till then remain fair, sweet and free,
And angels keep my wayward heart
From loving one less pure than thee.

A year later, when toiling alone on the plains of Nebraska, I wrote the following of her:

To Bessie.

Crete, Nebraska, Aug. 14, 1872.

Night comes, and resting on my lonely couch,
I think of what I've been and ought to be,
Then think of Heaven, of mansions, angels there,
Then vanish into dreams with thoughts of thee.

When daylight, stealing on the realms of sleep,
Unclasps its bars and sets my senses free,
The chain that lets me down to earth again
Are linked, lingering dreams I've had of thee.

I am sorry to have to close this delicate romance by saying that I never have seen Bessie Thornton, and I do not suppose she ever heard of my existence. However, in the long, lonely struggles of my early life, no doubt my thoughts and dreams of her helped to purify and ennoble my life. I still hope to meet her and know her in a better world. I might add as an associated fact of interest that there was then in that same town of Brattleboro another little girl who afterwards became my wife.

Before I came to Hobart the secret, or Greek letter, societies had claimed and secured all the men of each class except two or three who were called neutrals. Some of these, though not all, were undesirable, and in consequence were, in a mild sense, ostracised. The

class officers, the speakers at public exhibitions and the desirable offices of the literary societies were monopolized by the society men. When our class, the class of 1866, entered Hobart it was one of the largest and perhaps the strongest class the college ever had. The societies got hold of a few of our men, but not the strongest or the best. A large majority of our class remained neutrals and clung together. In consequence the class was not cut up into small, jarring cliques. There was more class feeling and we generally won in all athletic contests with the other classes and sometimes played against two of the other classes combined. The marks for our recitations showed an average well ahead of the other classes. When the Sophomores undertook to haze our men, we retaliated and hazed some of them. This soon brought hazing to an end for that year. The next year, when the freshmen entered, we neutrals made a successful effort to secure a fair share of the men as neutrals. This led to many an earnest meeting and discussion. In consequence two of the secret societies were reduced to two or three members apiece and the college honors, as far as they rested in the hands of the students, were more equitably divided.

On the third day of November, I cast my first vote. It was for Abraham Lincoln, at his second election. All through my youth I had been an advocate of the Democratic party, but the splitting of that party by the Southerners, their secession from the Union and the

conduct of many Northern Democrats during the war had changed my sympathies and interests.

In December of each year came the Sophomore exhibition at which a selection from their number spoke declamations for prizes. After the exhibition we had a class supper at which many of the class spoke in response to toasts given out before. The toast "Par Oneri," which was our class motto, meaning "Equal to the Burden," had been given to me. When the toast-master called me up, I spoke as follows, which I give as also containing some class history:

"PAR ONERI."

Our noble motto! 'tis to thee
We drink and sing in highest glee,
To thee who, born amid the strife
And dangers of a freshman's life,
'Twill ever make our hearts beat high
To hear the words "Par Oneri."

When we each other scarcely knew
Some one proposed for motto you
That equal to the burden we
In peace and war would always be
And on each other we'd rely
To make ourselves "Par Oneri."

Scarce thus decided when the doors
Were fastened by three sophomores.
We burst the doors and drove them out,
Made their defeat a perfect rout,

So for their lives they had to fly,
They found us all " Par Oneri."

At length the Sophs grew mighty bold
And on our classmate laid their hold,
Indignant that he had to treat
We swore the bloody Sophs to meet,
And all their boasted power defy
And prove ourselves " Par Oneri."

One cold, dark night a Soph we seized
And faced him to the chill lake breeze,
To treat or drown his choice to take,
(His fingers felt the icy lake),
Poor Sophy answered with a sigh,
" I guess you are ' Par Oneri.' "

'Twas on the Campus at base ball
We answered to the Sophomore's call,
We fought them well till set of sun
And whipped them out just two to one,
Then loud the welkin rang and high
When victory crowned " Par Oneri."

At length we reached our Sophomore year
And in our turn made Freshmen fear,
Who walked the streets with broken pride
And hugged at night the shady side,
Then trembled at each noise or cry
Lest they should hear " Par Oneri."

One night a sorry Fresh we caught
And to the colored district brought,
Then tightly bound him to a tree

And chuckled in our fiendish glee,
Soon down the street he heard a cry,
The devilish yell, " Par Oneri."

Another Freshman lost his beard
So much unto his heart endeared;
Just for a burlesque on the lake
We thought a bath he'd better take,
The sudzing lake sent up a sigh
Which sounded like " Par Oneri."

But now vacation comes my boys
Let ladies make up half your joys,
And if some maid you try to woo
As Sophomore's are apt to do,
Upon your gallantry rely
To show yourselves " Par Oneri."

Then when our class ship moors at last
And all her anchors safely cast,
When we all from the old ship go
Each one to paddle his canoe,
We'll nail upon each masthead high
The noble words " Par Oneri."

In life's rough storm we'll never fear,
But boldly through the dark shoals steer,
And when upon life's latest wave
Our bark seems tottering o'er the grave,
We'll shout our motto till we die
And prove ourselves " Par Oneri."

The enthusiasm and cheers brought out by this recital of our class victories can be easily imagined.

At the end of 1863 I find the following note in my diary: "I am a Sophomore in Hobart, measure five feet five and one-half inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds and enjoy the best of health. I was obliged to spend nearly all my spare time the past year in earning my board. I have seventeen dollars and sixty-five cents with the best of prospects."

I spent the Christmas vacation at my Uncle's in Rutland, Vermont, and those were very happy days. Cousins Emily and Lucy with myself were invited to all the parties and festivities. I both needed and enjoyed to the full the rest and recreation. On New Year's day with two old schoolmates we made twenty-two New Year's calls and attended a dance in the evening —the best in my life.

After returning to college, I found that living a mile away, the care of a horse and cow, sawing and carrying all the wood used, care of a garden, orchard and meadow, took up so much of my time that I was hardly able to keep up with my class, and that I had no time whatever for side reading. I tried to get back to my old place at the Sanitarium, but that was filled by another. I then determined to board myself in my room at college. I kept this up during the rest of the college year. My fare was exceedingly simple. For a month it was one-half pint of milk and one-third of a loaf of bread for breakfast; for dinner beefsteak roasted on a stick before the fire in the stove and

Boston crackers. Supper same as breakfast. A month or more later it was corn mush and potatoes for breakfast; dinner, potatoes and dried herring or dried halibut; supper, corn mush and a little molasses on the last plate full. Cost, five cents a day. Two months after that I wrote home that the last two weeks I had lived on corn mush one day and flour mush the next, with a little raw, salt pork. For weeks at a time I lived on thirty-three cents a week. In June I wrote home that I had eaten nothing for a month but corn meal mush and molasses. Lack of money was the chief cause of these economies, but another was a strong desire to visit my home the next summer, which I had not seen in over three years. At this time I had not the means in sight and I was saving every cent I could. I had picked up a kind of stenography from an old man who came about the college and presently I had a class of fellow-students learning it from me at $1.50 apiece. Not having to earn my board enabled me to do far better in my studies, so that I came near getting into the honor grade on my examinations. I even joined half a dozen classmates in reading a Greek tragedy outside the course which we recited once a week to our enthusiastic Greek professor, Albert S. Wheeler. Besides this, I read much in Greek, Latin and English literature and Roman history outside the regular course. Still the close application to my studies and the very slim and monotonous diet began to affect my stomach

so that a physician told me that I must take more exercise and be more in the open air.

On the 24th of June, President Jackson, who knew I was boarding myself and probably knew of my poor fare, came to me and said that he was satisfied that I would eventually study for the ministry and if I could so decide now, I could have a scholarship of $120 a year. With that he thought I could get on more comfortably. I told him I thought it needed good men in the law and in politics as well as in the ministry. I could not yet give up the aspirations and ambition of my childhood. From that time, however, I could not altogether banish the idea of the ministry from my mind.

CHAPTER IX.

LATER COLLEGE CAREER.

AT the end of my Sophomore year, July 15, 1864, I started for my longed-for visit home. I had been away three years and a half, and had half starved myself to save the money needed for the journey. On every Sunday during all those years I had never failed to write home. My people at home had sent me occasionally some postage stamps, but were not able to do more. My brother Daniel's labor was practically supporting a family of four and paying for their new

home. On my way home I stopped two days at Detroit to visit with a college friend, P. B. Lightner, and at Ann Arbor with an old school friend, Edwin D. Kelley. I had a long talk with Kelley on religion which, he wrote me afterwards, resulted in his becoming a Christian. Some years after he died a missionary in Burmah. During the summer vacation I helped brother Daniel through his harvesting and stacking, then worked the rest of the time for brother Henry building a tobacco shed and gathering tobacco. Early in September I returned to college with a large box of food prepared by my mother and sister.

During the Christmas vacation I stayed in my room at college with my classmate, Fred C. Rogers, read up on Thackeray and his works, and wrote an essay for the Cobb prize on Thackeray. Much of my spare time during the next term I spent in reading up on Milton's Paradise Lost and writing an essay on it for the White essay prize. I fill out the record of the rest of my Junior year with a few quotations from my diary:

March 6th. I was treated to an oyster supper by Dr. Stebbins. My food for some weeks has been a sort of hard-tack made of flour wet up with water and a little lard and baked on the top of my stove with a basin turned over it for an oven. This food, I fear, is having an injurious effect on my health, and I must change my diet. I have just received thirty dollars from my scholarship. This sum has got to board and

clothe me, pay my college bills, buy books and everything else I have until the middle of July, over three months.

March 8th. This is my mother's birthday. I have this morning resolved, God helping,

1. To improve my time better.
2. To rise earlier and retire earlier.
3. To take better care of my health by taking more exercise, and eating better food.
4. To listen to no obscene talk.
5. To be more devout in chapel.
6. To pray in private twice instead of once a day.

March 15th. Received a box of good eatables from a Mrs. S. S. Gould of Seneca Falls, whom I never saw, but who heard of my struggles from a friend.

April 1st. Received a barrel of eatables from home, nearly one thousand miles away.

April 13th. I am twenty-three years old to-day and came near not thinking of it. I am the oldest man in our class, but in feelings am as young as any.

April 24th. Tried to get some writing or some other work to do this short vacation, but without success. There is nothing that so embitters my feelings as to be rejected by everybody when trying to get employment to keep from starving.

July 8th. Went to Rochester to get a book agency to work by the month, but did not succeed, as their agents all work on commission. I would work on commission, but I had not a cent of money in the world

to begin with. Think I shall try to borrow some money to start on, though it will be the first debt I have ever had. Three years ago my present circumstances would have given me the "blues," but now I feel that it will all be right some way.

July 12th. This has been a great day for me. My essay on "Paradise Lost" took the first White prize, a twenty-five dollar gold medal, and my essay on Thackeray took the first Cobb prize, a twenty dollar gold medal. As no other student has ever taken both these prizes (much less a junior away from seniors), I received many congratulations. Both committees to decide praised my essays.

On July 14th, I began canvassing for subscriptions for the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," written by J. G. Holland. I kept steadily at it for seven weeks, securing two hundred and sixty-three subscriptions. My commission amounted to three hundred dollars, but I did not get the books to deliver until the next winter. I had to go partly on borrowed money until that time.

About the tenth of September I was invited to Mr. Sheldon's house to meet for the first time my benefactress, Mrs. J. B. Varnum, with her husband and daughter. After tea, Mr. and Mrs. Varnum came out to the gate with me, giving me much kindly advice and, on bidding me good-bye, Mrs. Varnum slipped fifty dollars into my hand. With thirty dollars of that I paid back the money I had borrowed. I then took table board at the Sanitarium, which they kindly gave me at two

dollars a week. From this time on I was able to live more comfortably. All went smoothly through the fall term and I easily passed the examinations. The Christmas vacation I spent in my room at college, while all the others went to their homes. The following from a letter to my sister pictures my life there:

"My college mates are all gone and I sit down in my room to contemplate the companions with whom I am to make Christmas merry. There is my English dictionary, a large and sedate looking fellow. By his side are Aristotle's Politics, Smith's Political Economy, Locke's Essay on Civil Government, Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hallam's Middle Ages, Motley's Dutch Republic, Hume's England and De Tocqueville's Democracy in America. This, you will think, is a dismal picture, yet why should it be? Is it not a privilege to listen to and understand the subtle reasoning of Aristotle, who has been a teacher of great men for two thousand years; to follow Locke in his sublime theories of government? Can a man be alone with such companions? Or again to read and contemplate the histories of great nations until you become so familiar with them that whole nations seem to be your companions? On your right sits beautiful and refined Greece and on your left old Rome with her stern visage of war. Sitting with such companions, can you say that you are alone? These are noble thoughts, to be sure, but are they satisfying? These images are indeed companions of the intellect, but not of the heart. Step aside Greece, with all your learning and treachery, and give place to a loving sister! Begone, stern Rome and let an honest brother

take your place! Let this great world, past and present, with which I was sitting a minute ago as a companion of nations be contracted into a home circle; let companions of the intellect be changed for companions of the heart, and I will show you where happiness dwells! "

The books enumerated above I was studying as a foundation for the study of law and politics. At the end of my diary for 1865 I find a list of fifty-three works I read that year outside my regular college course; books on logic and rhetoric, political economy and general literature. It was a habit of mine after we had read a portion or sample of any classical work in the original then to read all the rest of that author's works in translations; a thing I would advise any classical student to do. Otherwise one can get no adequate idea and benefit of classical literature.

Toward the end of Christmas vacation the books I had taken subscriptions for in the summer began to arrive and I spent several weeks delivering them about the country in a sleigh. The weather was very cold, below zero much of the time, and I had no overcoat, so I suffered much with the cold. When I was through, however, I had money enough to pay the wholesale price of the books, pay up my debts and put one hundred dollars in the bank.

It was the custom in Hobart College for the Senior class on Washington's birthday to give a public exhibition in the Opera House, which consisted of reading

Washington's farewell address, an original oration and a poem. I had been elected poet for the occasion and spent ten days and nights writing a poem of four-hundred and seventy-six lines. The subject was the Battle of Gettysburg and the close of the Civil War. It was received with much applause and many congratulations.

Although much out of college during the winter delivering books and on account of some illness, I managed to keep along in my studies and passed the final examinations. My standing was about seventh from the head of the class. My spare time on Sundays, after attending chapel twice during my Senior year, I spent in reading aloud to a blind man, Mr. Franklin, at the Sanitarium. After getting the money from the sale of the books, I began securing a patent for a stove invented by my father many years before and which had been used in our family at home for twenty-five years. In this I succeeded, though it took most of my spare money. During the last term of college as the studies were light, I studied very hard on the first book of Blackstone's "Commentaries on English Law."

On March 13 and 14, 1866, I find the following entry in my diary: "O, how the bright and extravagant hopes of my boyhood come up before me as I contemplate my weakness, unable as I now see I am from lack of genius and opportunity to accomplish the great things to which my early ambition aspired—youth

vanishing like a dream as one approaches the age of real work! O, that I had not such a boundless and burning ambition! I now set it down as my great aim in life, first to gain Heaven, and second to gain as much earthly fame as I can by doing the greatest possible good my abilities and opportunities will enable me to do to my fellow men. This fame, though not the loudest or most dazzling which I might perhaps acquire, will be of the best kind. It will not, it seems to me, contravene my first purpose in gaining Heaven. The particular means by which I now hope to gain these ends are by following the legal profession and perhaps engaging in politics. I am led to adopt this course by a careful study of my own tastes and powers and by the advice of those who best understand my natural and acquired abilities. I shall change it, however, if circumstances seem to warrant it. If these plans are consistent with the infinitely wise purpose of God, I pray Him to assist me in following them and resisting the temptations which will necessarily arise in such a course. If good things result from my feeble efforts, His be all the glory thereof. But if all this seems not best to Him, may He give me strength and grace to bear my failures with Christian fortitude so that my spirit be not soured and distempered by disappointment."

I think I can say without boasting that I have kept fairly well the second resolution. I can say truthfully that I never sought preferment and never accepted

it unless I thought it opened a larger field for usefulness. I never asked for my Master of Arts degree and did not receive it for fifteen years. I never sought a call to a parish or the episcopate. I never sought a university degree and did not receive my D.D. and L.L.D. until after I was elected bishop. It is doubtful if I deserved either of them.

My commencement oration was on the subject of ambition under the title of "Justice to Cæsar," in which I poured out my soul in justifying a laudable ambition. I was not cheered as I came onto the stage, as many of my classmates were, for I had few acquaintances in the town. I ended my oration with these words: "Despise not the powers which God has given us, but boldly use them for our own improvement and the good of our race. Choose in life that sphere of action in which our abilities enable us to excel and in it *be ambitious* to become the first and best. There let us toil on, determined while we live to stand foremost in the ranks of men,

"'And when we die to leave our name
A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame.'"

When I closed I was surprised and nearly overcome by the deafening applause and the shower of bouquets which were thrown upon the stage. Some of our ablest professors left the audience and came behind the stage to congratulate me.

The following from a letter to my sister expresses my feelings on leaving college and Geneva: "To-

morrow I pack my trunk, soon to bid adieu to this fair town forever. I shall not look back upon it as a place where I have passed four years of unbroken happiness, but as a place where I have passed four years of faithful study, where I have endured some hardships, have had comparatively few pleasures except such as come from the satisfaction of duty performed, have achieved some successes, have made few friendships, but those of the truest and deepest kind. Though I drop a tear on leaving Geneva, yet my feelings for the most part are those rather of gratitude than regret. Grateful I am that a kind Providence has given me health, friends, pecuniary aid, energy and perseverance to accomplish my purpose here, the prospect of achieving which has at times seemed so dubious; grateful that I have not wasted my time in foolish sports, or in frivolous society. I have chiefly to regret that in my efforts to lead a true Christian life and be an example to my schoolmates, I have often fallen far short of the standard. I believe, however, my failures in this respect have generally resulted from ignorance, not vice."

CHAPTER X.

TEACHING AND BUSINESS.

BEFORE graduating I had engaged to become principal of the Ury House School for Boys near Philadelphia for five hundred dollars a year with

board and keep. The summer vacation I spent with an aged aunt at Fairfax, Vermont, studying Kent's "Commentary on American Law." I studied eight hours a day, taking fifty pages in advance and fifty pages in review each day and making a written abstract or analysis of the review.

Early in September I went to teach the school near Philadelphia, visiting my uncle's family in Rutland, Vermont, on the way. I found the school was kept in an old family mansion near the post office of Fox Chase about nine miles north of Philadelphia. A long avenue of large pine trees led from the house to the country road and all the surroundings along the Pennypacker Creek were picturesque and beautiful. There were about thirty boys in the school. The older ones, many of whom were preparing for college, were under my care. Mrs. Crawford, the owner of the school, was a middle aged widow, whose husband had lost his property in New Orleans during the Civil War. This beautiful country home of one hundred acres was in her name and all she had left except six sons, whom she had to educate. She began her school on their account and took in other boys until it developed into Ury House School. She was a refined English lady and the boys in the school were from the best families in and around Philadelphia. I had a most delightful year and saved nearly all my wages. Out of school hours I was a boy with the boys and joined in all their sports.

In October the patent on my father's stove was issued, the securing of which had cost me about a hundred dollars. During the year I was planning how I could get up patterns to show to the manufacturers. My father was aged and in poor health, so he could not attend to that part of the undertaking.

On the fourth of November I find the following entry in my diary: "I find that the great desire of my early youth, political fame, is fast vanishing away—not because I fear I could not attain eminence in that field, for I think I could if I devoted my entire energies to it. Somehow I care not for the things I once longed for, nor has their place been filled by new objects of desire. My enthusiasm for the practice of law has declined with the desire for political distinction. It is still my highest wish to do the greatest possible good to my fellow men and to work out my own salvation. Why not, then, study for the ministry? I can hardly tell why, but sometimes it seems as though my work is to be a peculiar one. I diligently improve the present in gaining general knowledge and leaving the future to God, believing that He will guide me by circumstances into the path I am to pursue and will give me strength as I need in my journey through it. With this prayer in my heart I work, watch and wait." At this time I was reading an hour each day in Blackstone and an hour in general literature besides teaching the school.

"February 9, 1867. Am not very happy these days—deep thoughts and misgivings about the future."

"March 24. While in church to-day I thought more seriously about studying for the ministry than ever before."

"April 19. Finished the third and fourth volumes of Kent's 'Commentaries on American Law.'"

"May 25. I have been devoting all my spare time lately to Spanish and finished to-day 'Ollendorf's Method.' Shall begin translating 'Don Quixote' next week. To-day Mrs. Crawford offered to raise my salary another three hundred dollars if I would stay by the school another year."

On the twenty-first of June the school closed for the year and I received fine presents both from Mrs. Crawford and the boys of the school. On the whole, the year was a happy and profitable one to me. Besides finishing the study of Blackstone and Kent in law, and becoming well grounded in the Spanish language, I read about forty works of general literature. I spent many evenings socially with the refined people of the neighborhood.

Immediately after the close of the school I started for my home in Illinois. I spent the next three months in getting up patterns for the stove my father and I had patented and making the first stove for exhibition. To do this I walked three miles and a half each morning to the shop, worked all day with the patternmaker and walked home at night. About the first of October I took the stove to Chicago, Albany, Troy and Philadelphia, exhibiting it to the large manufacturers. All

were pleased with the working excellencies and unique principles, but objected to its round form as being likely to injure its sale. I made a new drawing to improve the appearance, but as a new set of patterns would cost about five hundred dollars and the money I had saved teaching was about gone, I had to give up for the present the stove enterprise. It was now the middle of January and I was obliged to do something to replenish my treasury. For this purpose I undertook selling rubber stamps, a new thing then. I traveled all over eastern Pennsylvania and in four months cleared six hundred dollars above expenses. I had the asthma badly at first, which left me with a cough which I feared would run into consumption. I finally recovered, though it left a weak spot in my right lung. In the latter part of May I again visited the stove manufacturers in Philadelphia, showing them a new model I had made, but they all discouraged me, saying that I could not go on without a large capital. I could see now that all my efforts to introduce the stove would be a failure unless I devoted ten or a dozen years of my life to it and I did not care enough for a fortune, however large, to do that. The time had come when I must return to the study of law or recast my life plans. All one night in my boarding house in Philadelphia I walked the floor and after many tears over the dying hopes of my youth, decided to look toward the ministry of the Church. Still, to satisfy my father and leave no stone unturned toward making the stove a success, I

revisited Albany, Troy and Chicago, showing my new model. I received no encouragement unless I would devote my own time and ingenuity to bringing the stove to perfection in outward appearance. As that might take years and deprive me of any other career, I would not do it. Besides, my father, who was old and feeble, was not likely to live long enough to reap any advantage from it when it should succeed. I returned home with a heavy heart to report to my father the failure after a year of earnest effort. The time had not been altogether lost as I had learned much of the world and business methods.

The following letter to Mrs. Varnum explains the change in my life plans:

" MARENGO, ILL., Aug. 31, 1868.

" *My dear Mrs. Varnum:*

" At the time I wrote you last I was engaged in selling a rubber hand press. I worked at that business four months, saving one hundred dollars more than I earned in the previous year teaching. I then renewed my previous efforts to introduce the stove. In that I succeeded indifferently. I have had some offers which others have considered good, but they were such as would oblige me to make the stove business my vocation in life. That I would not do, if I were sure of making a fortune at it. I was unable to sell it as you proposed in your letter. In order to put it in a shape to sell the entire right I should have to spend two or three years more on it and considerable capital. By that time it would probably be too late to do my parents any good, judging from their present state of health.

It became, therefore, a mere personal question with myself, and I was unable to see in wealth a sufficient reward for a life of such toil. Hence, I have decided to drop the stove and choose a profession more suited to my tastes and desires—one whose reward, if I prove an acceptable worker, will be not of the earth earthy, but of life eternal.

"I have for some time looked upon the Christian ministry as the only great work in which one could engage with a conscience void of all offence and with the feeling that every hour of toil was spent in his great Master's vineyard. I know that I am all unworthy of such a glorious work, but I trust that my Saviour will give me strength and a right spirit to prosecute it successfully and acceptably.

"I hardly know how you, who have ever taken so kindly an interest in my welfare, will look upon my decision, but you were too far away to consult. Judging, however, from the general nature of your advice and admonitions, both oral and written, I hardly think you will disapprove.

"I leave here the last of this week to make my friends in Rutland, Vermont, a visit and thence proceed to the General Theological Seminary in New York City. I hope to enter a year in advance, so it will take but two years before I can be ordained deacon. I have been working this summer on the studies they pursue the first year and shall have to study very hard all the fall.

"The health of my parents, as I intimated above, is very poor indeed. My Father coughs very badly and has failed much in the past year. My Mother is failing all the time, but not so rapidly as Father. I

greatly fear that when I leave them this fall, I shall never see them again. This will make my parting with them a very sad one.

"I long very much to hear of the continued success of your travels and of improvement in your health and happiness. I have just been rereading your last letter which has recalled with painful vividness the hope I used to entertain of some day visiting those places whose very name cause my heart to beat with enthusiasm. But the, in one sense, humble calling I have chosen will hardly afford me the means or opportunity to do so. It causes me, I assure you, no small degree of pain to think that this, like many other fond hopes, is proving but an idle dream—not only not to be realized, but not even to be dreamed again. But I thank my God that there is a brighter hope—that after all the disappointments of this life I shall, if I am faithful, receive mine own with usury at the last great day.

"Please give my kindest regards to Miss Varnum and Miss Coburn and

"Believe me as ever

"Your affectionate young friend,

"ANSON R. GRAVES."

CHAPTER XI.

SEMINARY LIFE.

DURING the summer at home I studied Greek Testament in the forenoons and worked in the field with my brother Daniel in the afternoons. In Oc-

tober I entered the General Theological Seminary, New York City, passing examinations for the middle class, or second year, except in Hebrew, which I had not studied. I decided, however, to enter the junior year instead of making up Hebrew. In November I was offered the Professorship of Mathematics in St. Stephen's College at a salary of one thousand dollars a year, with the opportunity of continuing my Theological studies under Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, the President of the College. I took counsel with Rev. Dr. Seabury, Sr., who said if I intended to devote my life to educational work, I better accept the offer, but if I preferred the work of a parish priest, I better keep on in the Seminary. As the latter was my intention, I decided to decline the professorship. Still the offer was quite an honor and a temptation. On the twelfth of December the Faculty of the Seminary offered of their own accord to advance me and a classmate, A. D. Miller, to the middle class, which was accordingly done.

I spent the Christmas vacation very happily in my Uncle's family at Rutland, Vermont. During the rest of the year I worked very hard in the Seminary making up the Hebrew and the other studies passed over in junior year. The first of May I took charge of the Sunday school of five hundred children at All Saints' Church, New York, and did lay reading for the rector at two hundred and fifty dollars a year. While there I made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Louise Van Wagenen, who had charge of the infant class of sixty

children. She became a life-long friend and in later years a generous contributor to my missionary work. This work at All Saints proved too hard for me in addition to my Seminary studies so that one Sunday I fainted in church and was sick for some time. However, I passed my examinations at the end of the year with credit, but it had been a very hard year.

During the summer vacation I remained at the Seminary, writing sermons the first part of it and later worked under the direction of Rev. Dr. Dix collecting funds in the Diocese of New York toward the endowment of the Diocese of Albany. The next year I carried on the Sunday school work at All Saints' Church and finished my course in the Seminary. I graduated and was ordained deacon in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, by Bishop Horatio Potter in June, 1870.

In the Seminary my warmest friends among the students were Rev. W. B. T. Smith and Rev. J. Lewis Parks. I graduated in the same class as Rt. Rev. Edwin G. Weed, who was the first one in our class and the only one except myself to become a bishop. I made other friends, many of whom have done noble work in the Church and passed to their reward.

As I had spent only two years in the Seminary, I hardly felt like entering at once upon independent work as rector of a parish. I felt the need of further preparation and study. Accordingly, before my ordination and with the consent of my Bishop, I engaged to be-

come for a year the assistant, or curate, of Rev. Dr. B. H. Paddock, the rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights. He was a faithful and systematic parish priest and my home in his family was delightful. I learned many things from his methods and those of his predecessor, Dr. E. A. Hoffman. My duties were to assist at all services, superintend the Sunday school and call on all non-pew-holders, of whom there were a great many among the poor. I had very little preaching to do except when the rector was away on his summer vacation. I spent my forenoons studying and preparing sermons, taking the greatest pains with the sermons. Often I spent two weeks on a sermon, making it the very best I possibly could. I have not been ashamed to use all my life some of the sermons I wrote while a deacon. The afternoons I devoted to making calls, going the full round every month. The year passed pleasantly and profitably.

The special event to me this year was the death of my dear friend and patroness, Mrs. Joseph B. Varnum. From the time she saw me when I was in college to her death she had taken a lively interest in my welfare, occasionally sending me gifts to help me along. Much of that time she was in Europe, but we had corresponded steadily. At her death, she left me two thousand dollars in her will with the expressed wish that I should travel abroad. This made it possible for me to realize a long-cherished wish. As soon as my year was over at Grace Church, I prepared to go. One of

the wardens of the church, Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont, Sr., added one hundred dollars to my purse. On the fourth of June, 1871, I was ordained priest with my friend, A. D. Miller, in Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, New York, by Bishop Littlejohn. On June 24th I took the steamer with not a person on board I had ever seen before.

CHAPTER XII.

EUROPE.

ON the steamer, I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Phillips and a Mr. Van der Wielen. Mr. Phillips was editor of the New York *Home Journal*. Mr. Van der Wielen was a native of Holland, but for a number of years had been a teacher of fine arts in Philadelphia. As their line of travel coincided with mine for a while, we arranged to keep together through Ireland and Wales. The Fourth of July was celebrated on shipboard by the firing of a salute, an oration, a poem and singing of national airs.

On landing at Queenstown we went immediately to Cork and from there visited Blarney Castle in a jaunting car. The things that impressed me most were the light green, almost yellow, color of vegetation, the beggar boys running after our car and the men and

women in the fields trying to make hay in the rain. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could make hay or save the crops that year, for it rained every day except three where I was for the next month. Blarney Castle was the first castle I ever saw and I was greatly interested in the curious passages through the walls, the caves underneath, the witches' kitchen and the stairway in the center of the wall. Of course, we kissed the Blarney Stone, Mr. Phillips holding me by the coat while I hung down head first to reach it and then I did the same for him. At the Lakes of Killarney we went around through the Gap of Dunloe and back through the Lakes. We drank the goat's milk offered for sale by the bare-footed, fresh looking Irish girls, but declined the " mountain dew," whiskey, which they also offered for sale. From there we visited the sights of Dublin, then crossing the Irish Sea we enjoyed the grand scenery of North Wales until we came to Chester in England. There my friends left me for London and I turned north through Liverpool and Lancaster to Furness Abbey in the Lake Country of England. I had planned to walk all through the Lake Country, but was taken sick at Furness Abbey and was obliged to take the stages.

It is not my purpose to write a book of travels nor describe all I saw in the next eleven months, but only give an outline of the course I took and speak of a few things which impressed me most. A few quotations from memoranda made at the time or from letters

written from various places will perhaps best express my impressions:

"Grasmere, July 14th, 1871. Surrounded by the noblest mountains, alone in the quietest churchyard, sitting by the grave of Wordsworth! Whether he had much genius or little, let critics decide. At all events, he was a good man and the good alone are great. If those who had more genius were to crown it as he did with Godliness, they might make this world a sunnier and better one. I wish I were more like Wordsworth, appreciating and loving better the things he loved."

From Carlisle I went through southern Scotland. One day I devoted to the land of Burns, beginning with his grave at Dumfries and ending with his birth place at Ayr. During the early part of the day, I was depressed by a spirit of sadness and I could recall nothing but the serious poems of Burns and the misfortunes of his life. This feeling culminated when I passed the "Woods of Montgomery" and repeated what I could of "Highland Mary." A great change came over my spirits when I arrived at Ayr, walked along the road taken by Tam O'Shanter, looked into old Alloway Kirk and stood on the Brig o' Doon. I became as merry as a bird in spring. About these places were two hundred Scotch lads and lasses, who had come on an excursion from Glasgow. Some of these were dancing hornpipes, some in groups on the grass eating luncheon and some frolicking in a familiar way which recalled many a couplet from the poetry of Burns.

The day I spent in the land of Burns was to me a great day full of noble impressions and pleasant recollections.

Abbotsford and the land of Scott was equally full of interest, but I had neither the time nor the solitude for receiving impressions. In company with a dozen others I was hurried through Scott's house, Abbottsford, and shown a hundred objects of interest in half an hour. "This is the picture of Sir Walter when a child and this the snuff box of Napoleon; this the desk where Sir Walter wrote his novels and this the seal of Mary, Queen of Scots; this the bust of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and these swords from the battle of Flodden Field, etc., etc." If I had had time to sufficiently contemplate the wonderful objects, perhaps Rob Roy's gun might have inspired me to write a border song, or Bruce's armor an oration, or the keys of the Old Talbooth a moral sermon. Possibly I might have absorbed from Sir Walter's last suit of clothes something of that power which enabled its wearer to create all those characters which have become to us synonyms of good or evil people.

I was greatly interested in Lochs Lomond and Katrine, Stirling and Edinburgh Castles, Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys, but the continued rain and my weakness from the bilious attack dampened the joy. In eastern and central England I visited Durham, Ripon, Lincoln, Rugby, Kenilworth, Stratford, Oxford, and London. England, on the whole, I found about as I expected. I was neither disappointed nor much surprised. In better health and under pleasanter circum-

stances, I might have entered more fully into the spirit of what I saw.

"ANTWERP, Aug. 5th, 1871.

"I am not a critic of paintings, and I am thankful that I am not. Yesterday, in the cathedral here, I stood before the great master work of Rubens, 'The Descent from the Cross.' Others praised the shading and the coloring, discussed it in detail and then passed on. After they were done, I sat down before the picture and gazed upon its speaking surface. It was not difficult to comprehend the tale it told. A dead Christ was written on every inch of the canvas. It was in the careful, tearful faces of the disciples, in the desponding features of the women at the foot of the cross and above all in the pallid, corpse-like face and form of Jesus. What must have been the feelings of those disciples engaged in the sad duty of removing him from the cross to the grave, not anticipating the resurrection and the glorious things that followed! We can almost hear them say, 'We trusted it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.' We now know the end of the story when we read about the cross, hence our difficulty in realizing that Jesus was actually dead. It seems more to us as though he swooned away and revived on Easter. But there is the truth on the canvas in all its dreadful reality. That body is heavy, helpless, lifeless and those rigid features, though expressive of all he suffered, are now as cold and senseless as the wood or nails of the cross itself.

"To-day, as I was going through a street in Antwerp, I saw a little girl standing by a very large pump with a pitcher partly filled with water. As I came along, she offered me a drink, which offer I accepted.

I then took hold of the great handle and by a single stroke refilled the pitcher. Another little girl, who had observed the act, came running across the street and put her little hand trustfully in mine. She did not say a word in her native Flemish nor I one in English, but while I looked down into her face and she up into mine, much passed between us in that higher, common language which God was pleased to grant even to the children of Babel. I have since prayed for her in English and perhaps the stranger gentleman, whose name she will never know in this world, has been interwoven with her Flemish prayer. God grant it be so, for He well knows I need the prayers of those who are more simple and more trustful than myself. I saw some little children cross themselves with holy water as they left the cathedral. Perhaps that little act in them was as acceptable to God as the sermons of us rigid thinkers against idolatry and superstition."

Before reaching Antwerp, I had visited the cities of Belgium and there picked up my steamer friend, Mr. Van der Wielen, who was to travel with me through Switzerland. Together we visited Aix la Chapel and Dusseldorf. At the latter place, his eyes, which had failed and prevented him from becoming an artist, were examined by the great oculist, Doctor Moren. An operation would be necessary, but the Doctor told him to go on through Switzerland and build up his physical strength first. Up the Rhine together we went, by all the castles and ruins where even Spain and Sweden had once contended for the mastery. We stopped at Cologne, the Drachenfels, Coblentz, Frankfort, Heidel-

berg and Strassburg. In Switzerland we visited Basle and Bern, then on foot and by boat to the lakes and falls, then over the Great Scheideck to Grindelwald, over Wengern Alp where we saw the great avalanches and heard them thundering down from the Jungfrau, thence down to Lauterbrunnen and to Geneva. From there we went through Lake Geneva to the Prison of Chillon and by rail to Martigny, then two weeks on foot to Chamouni and the great glacier there, thence up to the Hospice of Saint Bernard, where we saw the famous dogs, one of which had saved fifteen lives, thence up the Rhone Valley to the Rhoner glacier, over the Furca Pass and down to Altdorf, where William Tell is said to have shot the apple off his son's head. We climbed Mount Rigi to see the sun set and the Alpen glow on the distant snow-capped mountains then came to Lucerne. Here Mr. Van der Wielen left me for his Doctor in Dusseldorf.

Here I found my Seminary friend, Rev. W. B. T. Smith, in charge of two boys. The four of us then walked through North Switzerland, via Shauffhausen and Constance, sometimes taking boat or cars for short distances, then on foot seventy miles through the Bavarian Alps to Oberammergau. There we saw the famous Passion Play on the tenth of September. Here Mr. Smith and his boys left me to go through the Tyrol, while I turned north into Germany.

The evening I left Oberammergau, I had a thrilling experience in crossing a spur of a mountain by an un-

frequented foot path. It became very dark when I was on the summit and I had to grope my way through the forest down the mountain. At length I saw a dim light and came to a shepherd's cottage. Here were several rough-looking men who directed me across a marshy plain full of ditches. It was so dark that I had to feel for the path and the planks across the ditches with my Alpine stock. I arrived at the little inn of Eschenlohe about ten o'clock. The next morning I walked twenty-four miles before one o'clock to Wilheim, where I took the train to Munich.

CHAPTER XIII.

GERMANY.

IN Germany, I visited in the following order Munich, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Postdam, Leipsic, Nuremberg, Stuttgart and Ulm. An extract from a letter written to my life-long friend, Philip Potter, will show the spirit with which I appreciated and enjoyed the things I saw:

"NUREMBERG, GERMANY, Oct. 1st, 1871.

"*My dear Philip*:

"It is Sunday afternoon, cold and rainy, and I am going to begin a letter to you. Nuremberg is just the quaintest old town you ever saw, or I either. In an art

exhibition in Brooklyn, I once saw a painting called 'Nuremberg by Moonlight,' and I looked at it for a long time. It so happened that I entered the town by moonlight and leaving my bag at a hotel, I strolled through the town. It was after nine o'clock and the streets were deserted, so I indulged in the very pleasant habit of putting my hands in my pockets and talking to myself. 'Quaint old town this, sure enough! Some streets very wide, with the moon shining down on the pavements—others very narrow and very dark—no moonshine at all! What big houses with high, pointed roofs and with gable ends to the street! I wonder how they happened to be so? I suppose some Titan played a trick on the sleeping burghers and turned the houses round endwise to the street. But how high they are! There is one that looks like a pyramid of Egypt. Let me count the stories. One, two, three up to the eaves; above the eaves one, two, three, four, five, six! What a garret there must be! Up to the front edges of the roof there is something like a flight of stairs, only very big steps, made for ghosts to climb, I suppose. What have we here? A little hill all paved over? No, a bridge rather high above the water and wondrous old—made in the time of Noah, when they had high water! And the river, how narrow and slow and deep it is! It looks like a great, black, sleepy dragon creeping through the town, under the walls and under the bridges and under the eaves of the houses. I shouldn't like to be drowned in that river, but if I must be, I'd rather take it up there where the moon is shining on the water than here under the shadow of this grim old house.

"'This thing here in the market place must be the

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reading up on Italy, which we were next to visit. The forenoons were given to study and reading and the afternoons to rowing on the Lake or climbing the vine-covered hills. The fifth of November ended our stay at Vevey. The two boys in Mr. Smith's care went by train through the Mont Ceni Tunnel to Milan, while Mr. Smith and myself started to walk over the Simplon Pass into Italy. The snow was two feet deep on the summit of the Simplon and avalanches had filled the road in several places with deep snow. We were nearly exhausted with hard walking, but the monks at the Hospice warmed and fed us, so we went on and made thirty miles that day. After that we walked two days in heavy rain. Before reaching Como and Milan we had walked one hundred and eighty-two miles through Baveno on Lake Maggiore, Lugano and then Belagio on Lake Como. The mountains were crimson with autumn foliage and the scenery everywhere magnificent. In Italy we visited all the principal cities and art galleries, also Herculaneum and Pompeii. The following is an extract from a letter to Philip Potter:

"NAPLES, December 20th, 1871.

"I have been on the summit of Vesuvius to-day, stood on the edge of the crater, looked right down into his blood-red throat and felt his hot, sulphurous breath on my cheek. Now and then he groaned and muttered and then breathed forth the fumes with greater fury. I loosed some large stones which went tumbling into his throat, but he swallowed them without winking. Saturn-like he took them for his own children which in

fact they were. Vesuvius is a grim old chimney and miles before one reaches the summit there is nothing but lava, cinders and black sand."

From Naples I went to Brindisi and took steamer through the Greek Islands to Athens, where I remained ten days, examining all the ruins and places very familiar to a student of classical Greek. In returning, on account of storms, accidents and quarantine, I was twenty days getting to Mentone, in Southern France. There I spent four weeks, teaching the boys whom Mr. Smith had left in my care and exploring the mountain paths. On the twenty-fifth of February, I sailed with one of the boys from Marseilles, France, to Barcelona, Spain. In that country we visited Saragossa, Madrid, Seville, Grenada, where we saw the Alhambra, made famous by Washington Irving and the events of history. I also went to Toledo to see the cathedral and the factory of the famous Toledo blades, or swords.

On my return to Madrid from the south of Spain, I had this experience. I was then alone and arrived in Madrid late at night. I started to walk half a mile from the station to the hotel with a great crowd of people who got off the train. It was up a very wide avenue with trees between the different driveways and walks. As I went on, the people drifted off into the side streets until at last I was all alone. Ahead of me I saw a tall man with a Spanish cloak over his shoulders. As soon as he caught sight of me, he turned and started at a quick pace to intercept me. It was evident that he

intended to strike me down, probably with a dagger, and rob me. I kept straight on, but quickly changed my knapsack to my left hand, put my right hand into my overcoat pocket and grasped a revolver. The man saw the movement and when within ten feet of me turned off and went the other way.

From Spain we went to Paris and then through Belgium and Holland on to London. There I spent two weeks buying books for my library. I then took the boys through Southern Scotland and around to Liverpool, where we boarded the steamer for New York on the twenty-seventh of April. While in London, I received a call to the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. This was a town twenty miles south of Omaha, on the west bank of the Missouri River. On arriving in Brooklyn, I reported to my Bishop as ready for work. He said there were two places I could have, but that he thought it was my duty, being young and single, to go to Nebraska and help Bishop Clarkson, who found it difficult to get clergymen. I bowed to his suggestion and went.

CHAPTER XIV.

WORK IN THE WEST.

THE seventeenth of June, 1872, found me in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, ready to take charge of my first parish. My friend, Philip Potter, through whose

influence the call had come to me, was then in business twenty-five miles south of Plattsmouth at Nebraska City. I entered upon my work with much enthusiasm, although I should have preferred a newer place and work more strictly missionary in character. There was plenty to do and I worked hard to do it. In December I took a severe cold riding horseback to a mission station in the country, and was taken down with typhoid fever. The physician partly broke the fever, but I was in bed three weeks. Those were the only Sunday services I missed on account of health for the next thirty-eight years. After getting up and holding Christmas services I went to my friend in Nebraska City for a rest. The fever was still in my system so that I was very lame. It finally culminated in a fever, or bone sore on my left arm which remained open most of the time for the next two years, sapping me of strength and courage. I was very lonely in my work at Plattsmouth, caused partly, I suppose, by the drain upon my health. The following lines written to a friend in the east expressed my feelings:

"Alone with God and doing of his work,
Master and man! Mingling with the world
But yet not of it; delving on the earth
For things not earthy; casting at His feet
The gems I find, immortal souls redeemed
And gathered from this world of waste and woe.
Persuading, battling others, yet alone—
Master and man, alone, alone with God."

In the thirteen months I was in Plattsmouth, I wrote twenty-five new sermons, making them the very best I could and always delivering them on Saturday in the empty church before preaching them on Sunday More than half the time I preached extempore, but it came very hard for me and I was often discouraged. I told Bishop Clarkson that I was worked out and preached out and desired a change. He wanted me to go to North Platte, three hundred miles farther west. I shrank from the still lonelier life I should have there and accepted a call to assist Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker in his large parish and many missions in and around Minneapolis, Minnesota. I made some good friends in Plattsmouth, so that many years afterwards, when I became Bishop, the parish sent me an offering every year for my missionary work.

In Minneapolis I had a lovely home in Dr. Knickerbacker's family and my health gradually improved. I had charge of three mission chapels in the city and two in the country, alternating between them and often preaching in the parish church of Gethsemane in the evening. The work was hard but interesting and as I did not have to preach twice in the same place on Sunday, I needed but one sermon a week. I had written twelve sermons while a deacon, twenty-five while at Plattsmouth and this year I wrote only twelve, but took the greatest pains to make them the very best I could write. I gradually gained courage to extemporize much of the time. I here learned the practicability of a parish doing

a great deal of mission work in its vicinity and surrounding country. The three city missions I then had charge of have long since grown into self-supporting parishes.

The striking feature of this year's work was the parochial missions we held in four of the mission stations. Dr. Knickerbacker helped in some of them, but left the most of it to me. A parochial mission, that is, a series of preaching services every day for a week or more, was a new thing in this country then. Rev. Messrs. Morgan and Bonham had lately introduced it from England. These missions which we held in Lent were the first ever held in Minnesota or in the far west. Although the weather was bad they were well attended and resulted in large confirmation classes.

Before the year was over I received a call to All Saints' parish, Northfield, Minnesota, and felt it my duty to accept. There I labored for two years and kept up two mission stations in country school houses seven and nine miles away. There was a Congregationalist college in Northfield and the students, being free to go where they pleased Sunday evenings, began to crowd our little church, filling even the aisles and vestry room. With the evening collections, we started a fund for enlarging the church. About half the candidates I presented for confirmation were from the country missions. A fine rectory was built during my stay there. I often spent Mondays in Faribault with the professors and students of the Divinity School and occa-

sionally a student would spend a Sunday with me. This was a great comfort in my lonely life.

CHAPTER XV.

WORK IN NEW ENGLAND.

AT the end of two years' work in Northfield, I felt the need of a long rest, so I resigned the parish and went east in 1876 to visit the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia and see my old friends. After a month in Philadelphia, I took charge for three months of the old parish at West Claremont, New Hampshire, while the rector, my seminary friend and companion in foreign travel, Rev. W. B. T. Smith, went off, at the request of his Bishop, to start a mission at Sanborn, New Hampshire. Then the rector at Charlestown, New Hampshire, wished to go abroad, so I took his work there for three months. In these places the work was easy and pleasant, and the time spent in them proved as good as a vacation to build up my strength and courage for independent work.

While visiting my cousin, Mrs. Emily Graves Collins, in Brattleboro, Vermont, I was introduced by her in the church to a young lady by the name of Mary Totten Watrous. Her stepfather was a warden of the church there and lived within a block of my Cousin's.

REV. A. R. AND MRS. GRAVES AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

My Cousin knew Miss Watrous well and spoke highly of her character. Social intercourse and games of croquet brought us much together until our intimacy led on to respect and love. I frequently visited her from Claremont and Charlestown and in the autumn we became engaged. The uncertainty of my future work prevented our marriage until after Easter the following spring. My wife has been popular and a favorite in all my parishes and while I was active as Bishop she was the efficient president of the Woman's Auxiliary and Ladies' Guilds of the whole District. While I was in charge of Northern California, she visited all the parishes with me and organized branches of the Auxiliary in many places. She has always been very faithful in our home and made it the home as well of our parishioners and clergy. We have had six children, all of whom lived to grow up and become active communicants of the Church.

After the rector of Charlestown returned from England, Bishop Niles of New Hampshire asked me to take charge of a mission at Littleton, in the northern part of the state. It was in the midst of the White Mountains, a beautiful and interesting country. An old house was bought there for a rectory, which I papered and fitted up with my own hands. On the second day of the following April, Easter Tuesday, I was married to Miss Watrous and, for the first time since leaving my father's home sixteen years before, had a home of my own. The four years I spent at

Littleton were happy and profitable. My salary was about one thousand dollars a year and we managed to lay by about one hundred dollars each year. Here two of our children were born. I started several missions in country school houses and one in the village of Whitefield, where a church has since been built. On one occasion, I took a long missionary trip with Rev. J. B. Goodrich into the north end of the state, where our Church was then unknown. On this trip we held the first services of our Church at Groveton and Colebrook.

I often went camping and tramping among the mountains, sometimes with cousins from Yale College and sometimes with brother clergymen. One time I had a convocation of the clergy of eastern Vermont and western New Hampshire in a deserted logging camp back in the mountains. From such trips I became an expert trout fisherman. I climbed Mount Washington in the dead of winter and visited the Signal Service officers, one of whom had been an old schoolmate in Rutland. While there, the thermometer went down to twenty-eight degrees below zero and I froze my nose while going a few rods against the wind.

While missionary at Littleton, I received calls to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and to Boise, Idaho, but my work seemed so prosperous and blessed where I was that I declined the distant and uncertain prospects in the far west. In 1880, a call came from St. Peter's Church, Bennington, Vermont, and as both the town

and church were larger and seemed to offer better opportunity for work, I felt it my duty to accept. We moved there in the summer. My family and goods went by train, but I drove our pony down the Connecticut Valley to Brattleboro and then across the Green Mountains to Bennington. As I look back upon it now, I doubt if the opportunity at Bennington proved any better than it was at Littleton. There were little villages and country school houses where I opened missions, holding services in them Sunday afternoons, but the Puritan prejudices inherited for over a hundred years seemed to hamper aggressive work for our Church. As the older people of the parish seemed to prefer written sermons to extempore, I improved the opportunity in writing many carefully prepared sermons which proved an invaluable help in my later and larger work in the west. In the three years I was there, I wrote seventy-seven sermons. For recreation I fished the trout streams in the summer and in the fall and winter hunted on the near mountains. Old as the country was, partridges, woodcock, rabbits and trout could be readily found, so I rarely went out for a few hours that I did not bring back all we needed for the table.

The only trouble I ever had in a parish was here with the organist, who resigned because I insisted on my right to have something to say as to what hymns should be sung. However, that was only a slight ripple on the placid waters of a long and peaceful life-work. The bishops, vestries and committees with whom I have

worked have always been reasonable and helpful. If I had laid the matter of the organist in Bennington before the vestry at first, it would have been the wiser course and the vestry would have saved me all trouble. All the people at Littleton and Bennington were warmly attached to me, as far as I could tell, and regretted the separation when I resigned.

CHAPTER XVI.

GETHSEMANE CHURCH, MINNEAPOLIS.

ON the fifteenth of June, 1883, Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker, D.D., rector of Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, accepted the bishopric of Indiana, to which he had been elected. He recommended me to the vestry of Gethsemane, and I was immediately elected rector at a salary of one thousand and five hundred dollars a year. There seemed to open to me then the opportunity for aggressive work for which I had long prayed and waited. Dr. Knickerbacker had begun his work there twenty-seven years before in 1856. He had built the parish up from a small mission of less than a dozen communicants to be the largest and most active parish in the diocese. Although its people were not wealthy, Bishop Whipple spoke of it repeatedly in his annual addresses as leading the diocese both in con-

tributions and active works. It was no easy matter to follow Dr. Knickerbacker as rector who was not only endeared to his people but next to James Lloyd Breck was the most active missionary outside his parish in the American Church. While rector of a city church he started and maintained at one time or another more than a dozen outside missions. He had held missionary services and preached in more than a hundred different places in Minnesota. To him and the Brotherhood of Gethsemane (started long before St. Andrew's Brotherhood), the Church in Minnesota owes an inestimable debt. I accepted the rectorship of Gethsemane, where I had been assistant ten years before and succeeded him on the first of September, 1883.

In the previous May the corner-stone for a new stone church for Gethsemane Parish had been laid to take the place of the dilapidated, wooden building which, with several enlargements, had served the parish for over twenty years. The walls of the new church were about ten feet high when I took charge in September. When the season for building closed in the fall the money paid on the subscriptions was all exhausted. The times were growing hard and it seemed impossible to go on and complete the church. A neighboring parish, more wealthy than ours, offered to buy or new plant and save us from ruin. Our vestry indignantly rejected the proposition and all took hold with renewed vigor. The rector alone during the winter secured a hundred new subscriptions. All the

organizations in the parish, The Ladies' Aid, The Young Ladies' Guild, The Amateur Club, The Industrial School, The Temperance Society, and The Sunday School worked hard for the new church. The next spring and summer the building went forward and was completed in December, 1884.

It was a great day for the parish and the rector when we moved from the old church, where water froze during the service, to our fine new church, which could seat a thousand people. We could not sell at that time the lots where the old church stood, so we had to borrow thirty thousand dollars. We were, however, in shape to do a glorious work in a rapidly growing city.

With the help of the Brotherhood, we were carrying on several missions in and about the city. We started a new one in the south part of the city, which in two years became St. Luke's Church, with a rector of its own. The congregation at Gethsemane increased rapidly. During the six years of my rectorship I presented on an average fifty persons a year for confirmation. There were sometimes a hundred and fifty present at the confirmation lectures. When I took charge of Gethsemane, there were two hundred and seventy-four communicants on the roll. My last report as rector in 1889 showed seven hundred and sixty-five communicants, the largest number of any of our churches at that time west of Chicago. There were then in the parish three hundred and sixty-five families, one thousand, five hundred and thirty souls. Baptisms

for the last year were ninety-two, confirmations sixty, marriages fourteen, burials thirty-five. The wonderful growth during those six years was due partly to our new church, partly to the rapid growth of the city, partly to my noble lay helpers and not entirely to the efforts of the rector. That I worked hard and joyously goes without saying. My Sunday duties for the first three years were generally as follows: Early communion, Sunday school, which I superintended, mid-day service and sermon, a short service and address at the county jail, a drive of six miles to Oak Grove or twelve miles to Minnetonka Mills for service and sermon, then back to Gethsemane for evening service and sermon. There were always two week evening services with addresses and daily service during Lent. After the first year, I had an assistant part of the time, which relieved me somewhat, though most of his time was given to the missions. In some of these years I made eighteen hundred parochial calls. I was secretary of the Board of Missions of the diocese and held a dozen or more parochial missions in the country parishes and mission stations. On the average, I preached two hundred and twenty times a year. The blessed fruits of these efforts which were abundant and apparent made the work simply glorious. Before I left, we sold the old church ground and rectory for thirty-five thousand dollars, which paid all our large debt except some interest money. That small amount alone prevented the consecration of the church. My family had increased to

four children and with my comparatively small salary and no rectory, it was not easy to meet expenses. While the parish was in debt, I would not demand more salary, but the vestry did eventually increase it to two thousand dollars and house rent.

For recreation, which was much needed at times, I ran out to some of the neighboring lakes for fishing or to the forest for a hunt. Two or three days out of door would enable me to sleep and invigorate me for the work. My vacation of three weeks was taken in September, that being the time in the far north when recreation is most invigorating and most needed for the strenuous work of fall and winter. With Rev. C. H. Plummer, of Lake City, Minnesota, and one or two other friends, we would go to the head waters of some branch of the Mississippi and float down in canoes, camping on the banks at night. Those streams ran through the great pine forests of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. Sometimes we would not see a white man for ten days, but only a few Chippeway Indians. We always got ducks and fish enough for meat and several times we got deer. Once we got a shot at a large, black bear. He was opening clams on the shore and Mr. Plummer got a hurried shot from the boat. The adventure is described as follows by Mr. Isaac Richardson, one of our party, in the *Lake City Sentinel:*

"I jumped ashore with my gun loaded with duck shot, hardly knowing which end to shoot from. Parson Plummer followed with his Winchester rifle. Par-

son Graves, who was not quite so excited, took a second's time to change his charge from duck shot to buck shot, then jumped ashore. We all dove into the brush without any caution whatever. Suddenly I saw the bear coming from the quarter where Parson Graves was beating the bush. Parson Plummer was only just in time to get a glimpse of the bear's retreating form, moving away with a rolling, shambling, but speedy, gait, into a densely wooded swamp, just as Parson Graves, who is quick and active, came bounding along, his gun over his head and passing us without a look, followed on through mire and brush and, like the bear, soon disappeared in the thick undergrowth. How far he went or where he stopped, we do not know and, after waiting what seemed to us a long time, we blew the signal whistle for him to return.

" Like a deer hound on the trail, he reluctantly gave up the chase and returned, boots and clothes wet and muddy, hat turned hindside front, face scratched and looking as though he had been up to Oshkosh, having some fun with the boys, exclaiming, as the butt of his gun rested on the ground, ' Boys, we ought to have had the fellow.' "

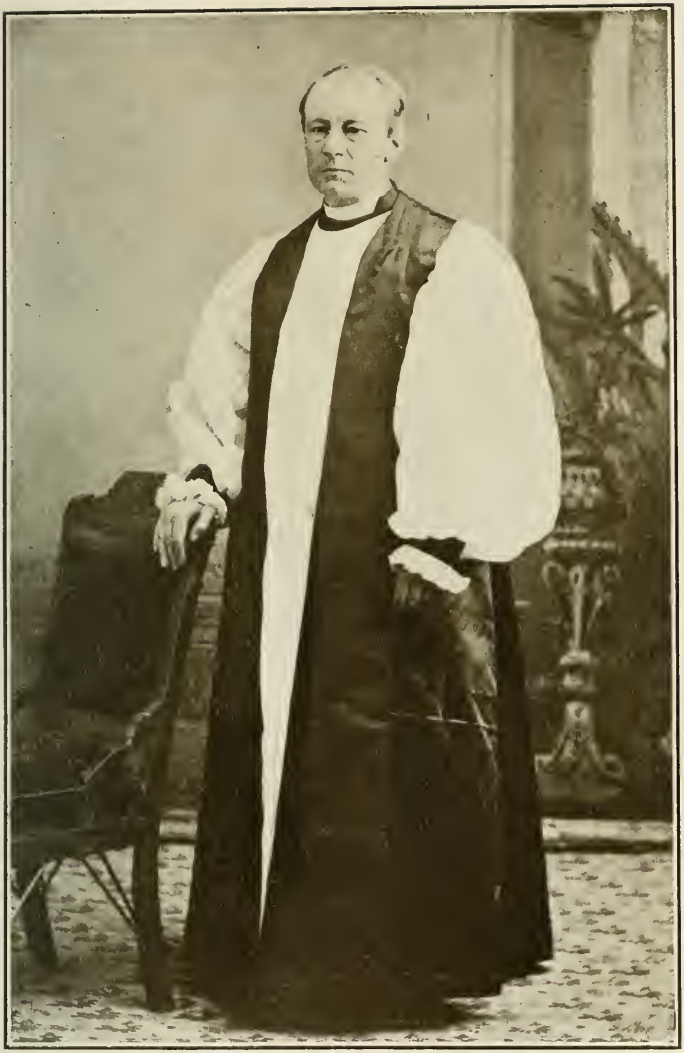
Some allowance should be made for the heroic coloring of the above. That evening I got my first deer. I was hunting partridges and the deer, not seeing me, came bounding by. I quickly put a buck shot cartridge in my shot gun and brought him down. Those trips with the rowing and out-of-door life were very invigorating and of the greatest benefit to me. On one of them I gained ten pounds in weight in twelve days.

CHAPTER XVII.

EARLY EPISCOPATE.

IN the diocesan convention of Minnesota of 1889, I was elected a Delegate to the General Convention of the Church, which met in New York, in October of that year. I had no knowledge that Nebraska was to be divided and a new missionary district erected. Least of all, did I expect that the House of Bishops would think of me for the new missionary bishop. I suppose it must have been Bishops Knickerbacker, Whipple and Gilbert who suggested it to the House of Bishops, but, as their proceedings were in secret, I never knew. When Bishop Knickerbacker called me out of the House of Deputies and told me what had been done, it came like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. As the House of Deputies had also to approve or disapprove of the action, I withdrew until the matter was settled by a unanimous vote in my favor. What encomiums or criticisms were passed upon me there, I did not know, and did not need to know. My district was to be called the Jurisdiction of The Platte, and it contained fifty thousand square miles of western Nebraska.

It was no easy matter for me to leave a large and enthusiastic parish of nearly eight hundred communicants and take charge of a vast, thinly-peopled country with less than four hundred communicants in the whole district. I had to take my growing family from con-



RT. REV. A. R. GRAVES, D.D., L.L.D. AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

genial surroundings and the fine schools of Minneapolis to the pioneer life of a far western country. However, as the call came unsought, it seemed to come from Providence, and I thought it my duty to accept. On the first day of January, 1890, in Gethsemane Church, in the presence of a thousand people, including most all our clergy of Minnesota, many ministers of all denominations, the president of the State University and professors, I was consecrated bishop. Thus it was that the little farmer boy reached the highest rung in the ladder it was permitted him to climb. It was a day that brought tears and an overwhelming sense of responsibility as well as joy that cannot be expressed. That I, who had worked quietly and for the most part in secluded villages, should have been selected out of over four thousand clergymen of the Church, by all the bishops as best fitted to set up the standard of the Church in a new field and lay the foundations for another diocese, seemed almost beyond my comprehension. However, the thing was done, and it was now for me to explore and study my new field and adapt myself to the conditions I should find.

My first official act as bishop, the second day after my consecration, was to confirm a class of ten in the little town of Montevideo, Minnesota, where I had previously held two parochial missions and been instrumental under God in bringing many to Christ. The second person on whom I laid my hands was a physician who, before I held my first mission there, had been

a pronounced infidel. My next act was to confirm a class of twenty-six in Gethsemane Church, which I had prepared for confirmation before my consecration. On the sixth of January I started for my new field, stopping a day in Omaha to consult Church authorities there. My first visit in my own District of The Platte was to a town called Broken Bow, by urgent request of the people there. Their pastor, after getting drunk, had just left. The new church was sixteen hundred dollars in debt. The builders had placed liens upon it and there was every prospect that the building and four fine lots would be lost to the Church. It was thought that by borrowing one thousand dollars from the Church Building Fund Commission, the property might be saved. After the evening service with a full church, I gathered the women in one corner of the church and told them I would borrow the one thousand dollars if they would undertake to pay it off at the rate of two hundred dollars a year. I asked them to reorganize their guild then and there and lay their plans for work. I then gathered the men in the other corner of the church and secured pledges to the amount of seven hundred and fifty dollars toward the support of a new minister. I soon called a missionary who had returned from China, Rev. W. S. Sayres, to the work. In the next five years of drought and hardest times the debt was all paid, seventy-three persons had been confirmed and the missionary had gone to Michigan to

receive deserved honors there and later to become the general missionary, or archdeacon, of that diocese.

The next day I went to Grand Island, where Church services had been held for a longer time than in any other place in my District. I found there a beautiful, new church, which cost seventeen thousand dollars, with a debt of ten thousand dollars on it and every prospect, as far as I could see, of losing their property. I hunted for some time to find the rector, and routed him out of bed at 11:00 A. M. He and the minister from Broken Bow had been carousing the night before. A few years later, in the hardest times, the Ladies' Guild there had paid two thousand dollars of the debt and the men of the parish had paid the rest of it. Later on this same Ladies' Guild built a good rectory and paid for it themselves. Then they bought and paid for a fine pipe organ, besides helping the vestry with the running expenses of the church.

I next visited Kearney, where I found the aged rector, Rev. R. W. Oliver, D.D., and a small wooden church. I was sick with the grippe and a blizzard was raging, but I kept on with the work. The people at Kearney were enthusiastic to have me make Kearney my home. They promised to secure a Bishop's House for the district and eventually make the church there my cathedral. Inducements were also held out to me in Grand Island, Hastings and North Platte, those, with Kearney, being the only self-supporting parishes in the district. I eventually accepted the offer in

Kearney. Evening receptions were given in my honor at Grand Island, Kearney and Hastings and everywhere I was warmly welcomed to my new field.

Aside from these four parishes, I found two missionaries in the district, Rev. J. M. Bates in the country north of the Platte River and Rev. S. F. Myers at Arapahoe, south of the Platte. In the whole district there were six clergymen, nineteen places where services were being held, twelve churches or small chapels and three hundred and seventy-five communicants of the Church. Five railroads ran across the district from east to west. The country had been filling up rapidly with homesteaders and ranchmen, but the villages were all very small and far apart. Taking a missionary with me when I could, but often quite alone, I traversed these lines of railroad, stopping a day in each of the villages, holding service in the evening and making careful family lists of all interested in our Church. I often had to find a place to hold service after arriving in the towns and then go from house to house giving notice of the service. We generally had good congregations and usually several would stay afterwards to give me their names as interested in the Church. The service was printed on a leaflet and we directed the people as we went along what to do. We often had good responses where there was not a single member of our Church present. All were cordial to us and hopeful of the future.

After going over the southern part of the district, I

returned to Minnesota in February to fill an engagement made before I was bishop. This was to hold a parochial mission of eight days in Marshall, Minnesota, where our Church had been lately planted by Rev. J. B. Halsey, then in charge. At first, the services were held in a small hall, but when that became crowded, the Methodists offered us their large church, which also became crowded. Before the mission was over, we had baptized twelve adults and confirmed fourteen persons. A church building was soon after built there and permanent work established. Before February was over, I was back again in The Platte, canvassing the towns on the newer railroads, enlarging the field of each missionary and dividing some fields to make room for additional missionaries as fast as I could find clergymen suited for our frontier work.

Early in May I moved my family into a house purchased for the Church by the vestry of St. Luke's Church, Kearney. They raised by subscription in Kearney eight hundred dollars, and their rector secured twenty-five hundred dollars in the east for the purpose. The balance the vestry was unable to raise on account of crop failures and succeeding hard times. Some more came from the east through me to pay interest on the debt and I paid twenty-seven hundred dollars myself in the form of rent until all was paid.

In September, at the earnest request of Bishop Gilbert, of Minnesota, who was overworked, I visited for him the missions among the Chippeway Indians in the

extreme north of Minnesota. In company with the faithful missionary and old Seminary friend, Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, we traveled through the forests on a buckboard and in birch bark canoes over three hundred miles off the railroad. We visited eight scattered missions and I confirmed thirty Indians. These were prepared mostly by the Indian deacons working under Mr. Gilfillan. It was a most delightful trip, on which we found game sufficient for our party of Indian guides and boatmen. In one place I consecrated, just as the sun was going down, an Indian burying ground. We had some prayers and then we marched around the graveyard in single file singing hymns. Another night we came to an Indian camp, where the Indians were drying a moose they had killed. There, in the gloomy darkness by the light of birch bark torches, I confirmed an Indian woman in the open air. The shining lake was on one side and our hymns were echoed from the dark forest on the other side. Each night the Indians would build up a great fire of logs, which would last all night and keep the damp and chill of the near-by river away. Sometimes we would portage from one lake or great bend in the river to another carrying the canoes and baggage half a mile across the land. The shores of the lakes were most beautiful. Near the banks was a strip of scrub oaks, whose leaves were crimson, back of them a belt of poplars, whose leaves were yellow and then for a background the great pine forests with their dark green foliage.

In October I took my first trip east as bishop to attend the missionary council and a meeting of the House of Bishops in Pittsburg. I then went on farther east to raise money for our missionary work and for our school. In this I was reasonably successful and made a number of good friends, who were a great support and encouragement to our work for many years. It was on this trip that I found Mrs. Eva S. Cochran at Yonkers, who did so much to help found and build up our Church school.

Before the end of November I was back in my District making visitations. At the end of the first year I found I had made three complete visitations of the District and had gone several times to the vacant or more important places. I had traveled twenty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-four miles. We had lost four clergymen and secured three new ones for our work. The summer of 1890 had been extremely dry, so that there was a crop failure almost complete. Many of the poorer people moved out of the country and many others suffered for food and clothing during the winter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1891.

IN February I held a parochial mission in Broken Bow, giving three services a day and delivering four addresses. In March I took the Lenten services in

Kearney and prepared a class for confirmation in the absence of the rector. I began my spring visitations April 1st and kept steadily at them with two short breaks until the first of September. The last of April, while visiting our sod church at Kennedy, in the sand hills, I heard of a ranchman ten miles west of there, who was anxious to see me. Rev. Mr. Bates and myself drove over there and spent the day. I found the ranchman had been a groomsman at my own wedding in Vermont many years before. He now had a wife and young children and had been living several years in the sand hills. In his early home in Brattleboro, Vermont, within the sound of half a dozen church bells, he had cared nothing for churches or religion. Living on the lonely plains, " in close communion with nature and nature's God," he had come to think seriously of religion and his responsibility as head of a family. He now desired baptism for himself and his children, which we gave him after such instruction as the time permitted.

In May I presented a petition from our Missionary District to the Council of the Diocese of Nebraska, asking for an equitable division of such Church funds as had been gathered from the whole state before our portion had been set off as a missionary district. We gave many strong reasons for such division, pleading also the poverty of our drought-stricken country. We got nothing, however, except some sympathy from two or three of the larger hearted speakers.

Early in September, while visiting stations in the northern part of our District, I heard of a college mate of mine living at Swan Lake, twenty miles off the railroad. Rev. Mr. Bates and myself drove to his place, a little sod hut beside the lake. He was living alone and caring for a herd of cattle belonging to others. As there was no wood or coal in the country, he kept warm and did his cooking by burning hay. He would fill a wash boiler with hay packed hard, then turn it bottom side up over the open top of his stove. It would thus burn slowly and fall down as it burned. His food was largely biscuits baked in this way. Mr. Bates shot into a flock of blackbirds and brought down sixteen. These we dressed and baked in his oven as a relish to our meal of bacon and biscuit. I asked why he, a man of education and refinement, lived in such a place and in such a way. He looked up into my face with his large, hungry eyes and said, "Because it is twenty-five miles from a saloon." He had left college on account of his dissipation, had gone from bad to worse, until he had now become a hermit to escape temptation. Not long after he returned to his mother in New Jersey and died there. The night we were at Swan Lake we held service in a sod house, at which fourteen were present. The men laughed to see us put on our robes, but at that service we baptized a woman and her daughter who had driven twenty miles to attend the service. They drove back to their home in the

darkness of the night, but we, the next day, attempting to follow their course, got lost three times in the sand hills. We baptized the sick child of a ranchman on our way back. Mr. Bates, in driving into a pond for a duck we had shot, suddenly came to a deep place so the water ran into the buggy and wet our robes. Such little incidents break up the monotony of our work and add spice to the hard journeys we felt it our duty to make.

In September, for my vacation, I joined our old party from Lake City, Minnesota. We went on the Northern Pacific Railroad to Perham on the Red River of the North and for two weeks floated in our canoes down that river through twelve lakes to Fergus Falls. We got many ducks and all the fish we could use. On my return, I attended and took active part in the Missionary Council of our Church, held that year in Detroit, Michigan.

During that year we had bought an old school-house and fitted it up for a chapel at Holdrege; had done the same with an old saloon at St. Paul; bought property at Ord with a house on it for a rectory, using the parlor for services; built a neat new church at Callaway, and built a sod church in the sand hills, which cost one hundred and ten dollars.

CHAPTER XIX.

1892.

WHILE on a trip in the northern part of the District, April 1st, there came a great blizzard, that is, a snow storm with fierce wind. Thousands of cattle perished and the railroads were blocked. I was storm-stayed so that I missed an appointment—the first one since being bishop, over two years. In May, the great debt on the church at Grand Island was paid and the church was consecrated. In June I was able to visit my good friend, Bishop Knickerbacker, in Indianapolis, which was a mutual satisfaction and blessing to us both. I addressed his diocesan convention and girls' school.

All the spring and summer three large buildings were going up in Kearney for our own Church school. We opened the school September 6th, with seven teachers and a good attendance of pupils. At first we had both boys and girls among the pupils. Much of my time had been spent in looking after the building and preparing for the opening. Soon after the school opened, I went east to raise money for our work and attend the General Convention. I pleaded the cause of our missionary work in fifteen cities and made some more good friends. At the General Convention we worked on revising the Prayer Book and elected seven missionary bishops. During the year I visited all

our missionary stations twice and conducted the services of our Church in nine new places.

I was able to report to the Board of Missions, September 1st, as follows:

"At the end of two years and eight months, I can report the work in this District well organized and systematized. All parishes and missions are filled with energetic clergymen. The active clergy have increased from six to eleven; the communicants from three hundred and seventy-five to nine hundred and fifty; the baptisms from eighty-five a year to two hundred and twelve; the confirmations from about fifty to one hundred and fifty; Church debts have decreased by thirteen thousand, four hundred and sixty-two dollars; Church property has been acquired to the value of thirty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Although the times were still very hard, the Lord seemed to prosper us in financial as well as in spiritual matters.

CHAPTER XX.

1893.

AT the beginning of Lent, I held a seven days' mission at our school, preaching each evening and answering questions. When at home, I have generally conducted service on Sunday evenings at the school.

On the twenty-third of March, a baby boy was born to us—the last of six children—four boys and two girls.

On Ascension Day, I consecrated a new church at North Platte, Rev. L. P. McDonald, rector. It had been just twenty years to a day since the first little chapel was consecrated at which I was also present, being then rector of the church at Plattsmouth, in the eastern part of the state. Bishop Clarkson and Dean Garrett were also present. I received a call at that time to become the first missionary there, but declined the call. It is interesting to note that the first service ever held in North Platte was by Bishop Tuttle, then on his way out to Salt Lake for the first time.

About the middle of May I took a trip with Rev. Mr. Bates to our sod church at Kennedy. In the three days we drove eighty miles, held two services with baptism and confirmation and secured seventy game birds with our guns. A few days later, at Bassett, besides calling on all our people, we bagged nineteen birds. Such recreation, while not interfering with our work, was a great relief from the steady grind of travel, calls and preaching. I might say here that Rev. Mr. Bates, while in charge of from twelve to eighteen stations, took up the study of Botany for recreation. He became an expert botanist, well known at the Smithsonian Institute and Columbia University. He discovered over a hundred plants, which were not

known to exist in Nebraska, and found several which were not known to science anywhere.

After the school closed in June, my two older children and myself visited the World's Fair in Chicago for two weeks. All that year the plastering had been falling off the eighty rooms in the dormitories of our school, owing to the worthless lime used in the work. To replaster them cost us eleven hundred dollars, and was a hard blow to the school. After a law-suit, which dragged along for five years, we got six hundred dollars in damages.

In August three of my children drove with me on a camping trip up to the headwaters of the South Fork of the Loup River. This was partly to investigate two county seats off the railroad, where our missionaries had never been, but was chiefly for recreation. We camped over Sunday at the source of the river and held service in the open air. We went across the valley to a sod hut to beg some kindling wood. We found a lone woman there who said she had not burned a stick of wood or piece of coal for two years. All the cooking and heating were done with "cow chips." We asked for a small pail of drinking water, but she could not spare that, as her man was away from home and water had to be brought three miles in a barrel. We did not wonder that so many of the inmates of our insane asylums are women from the lonely ranches and farms.

In September, Rev. Mr. Beecher and myself were

on our long driving trip at Gering, holding service in the Methodist church. I was nearly through the sermon, when there seemed to be a strange light in the church. Looking out of the window, we saw a neighboring building on fire. In thirty seconds all had left the church but myself and a woman who had driven forty miles to attend the service. After disrobing, gathering up the service books and putting out the lights, I also went to the fire. I saw our missionary on the top of the building next to the fire dashing pails of water on the fire as they were passed up to him from below. He was a stalwart man, six feet and three inches tall, and made a heroic figure between us and the flames. He became very popular there from that time, and fifteen years after was sent for five hundred miles to perform a wedding in the place. At this writing, 1911, he is bishop of that country in my place.

Later in the fall I visited a number of stations in Minnesota for Bishop Gilbert and after that attended the Missionary Council in Chicago. The following is from my report to the Board of Missions:

"The past year has been one of steady progress in our missionary efforts. The working force of our clergy is enlarged; the baptisms and confirmations have increased more than twenty per cent and our money offerings more than thirty per cent over any previous year. Our Church debts have been mostly paid off. Our permanent property has increased by five thousand dollars. I consecrated one church and opened and blessed three new chapels. I delivered

two hundred and eighty-five sermons or addresses, confirmed one hundred and fifty-nine persons, ordained one to the priesthood and two to the diaconate. In mid-winter there were one hundred and ten pupils in our Church school."

CHAPTER XXI.

1894.

DURING the winter we had no one at our school who could teach Greek, and I heard the class recite whenever I was at home. I also held service and preached often at the school. Until my territory and responsibilities were enlarged, I visited all stations in my district twice a year. At that time I had a pass on the railroads and thought nothing of going two hundred miles to hold a service or officiate at a funeral. In those days I often carried my shotgun along, as game was quite plenty. Driving through the country, we often found ponds where ducks and snipe gathered. Rabbits, and in some parts, quails were plenty. In the smaller hamlets I could visit all around in half a day and the other half I could hunt for recreation, holding service in the evening. For example, my diary reads:

"March 29th. At Palisade (a place of about one hundred inhabitants). Bill the town for service and make calls A. M. Hunt P. M. along the Frenchman

Creek, getting seven ducks. Evening, fifty at service in Congregational church." In the smaller places we often had half the inhabitants at service. Sometimes we would drive twenty-five miles between morning and evening services in order to reach two places on Sunday.

One of the interesting trips which I made twice this year with the missionary, Rev. G. A. Beecher, afterwards Dean of the cathedral at Omaha, was to drive from Sidney to the stations on the North Platte River. It took a week with service every evening and the distance covered was two hundred miles. Sometimes we took two teams, a camping outfit and some ladies who were good singers, to help with the Church music. The places reached were usually Camp Clark, Bayard, Gering, Harrisburg and Kimball. On the fall trip this year, as we were walking to church at Harrisburg, we heard the double report of a gun. Very few were at service that night. After service we went to the principal store to find a coroner's jury in session and the body of a tall cow-boy dead upon the floor. We were told that he came into the store drunk, threatening the storekeeper and made a motion as if reaching for his revolver. The store-keeper seized a repeating shotgun and shot him twice. At the trial he was acquitted, but, brooding over it all, he became insane and soon after died.

When I first came to the District of The Platte, we had three army posts, Forts Sidney, Niobrara and Rob-

inson. On my rounds, I always held services in them, being heartily welcomed and entertained by the officers. I once came to Fort Robinson when the soldiers were having their annual target practice. Lieutenant Godson induced me to shoot with the soldiers at a target five hundred yards away. I took five shots and had the good luck to make fourteen points out of a possible twenty-five. The average of the dozen soldiers who were shooting was eleven and a half points out of a possible twenty-five. It was very windy and a bad day for shooting, so it must have been mostly good luck that helped me beat the soldiers.

Sometimes in order to meet my next appointment, I had to take a night ride. On the first of June I was at Grant, in the western part of the state. After evening service, the liveryman drove me eighteen miles to Ogalalla, to take an early morning train. It was very dark and he drove slowly, so it took us most of the night. With all his caution, he ran into a barbed wire fence, which cut the horses some, but not badly. Horses were sometimes maimed for life and even killed in that way.

On the twenty-ninth of June I started with three of my children for our summer vacation. We drove four hundred miles into the sand hill country northwest of Kearney, camping by the way every night. Sometimes we would drive nearly a whole day without seeing a house. Generally we followed dim trails through the hills, but often keeping our direction by the compass

only. For hours we would not know where we were until we came to some lonely ranch house to inquire. In ten days we reached our little sod church at Kennedy, where we spent Sunday and held service. The missionary from Valentine, Rev. Mr. Bates, met us there. With him and Mr. Piercy, warden and lay-reader of the mission, we drove a few miles to Swan Lake, where we camped for several days. There we caught black bass, but had to cook them and all our food with cow chips, as there were no trees within twenty miles.

On our way back we camped one night near a ranchman's house on Beaver Lake. When we drove up, his two daughters were in the middle of the lake swimming for shore. The ranchman had a pack of hungry dogs, which had to hunt for their food, as well as for the ranchman. While we were in the house for a few minutes, they stole a kettle of hot stew off the camp stove and also a tin pail full of eggs. Only for the kindness of the family, we might have gone supperless to bed. Afterwards one of those girls was working her way through our Church school in Kearney and became an earnest communicant of the Church. The next Sunday we camped by a ranch on the Loup River and held service in the house many miles from any village. One night we camped near a house where a little girl had been bitten by a rattle-snake and died a few days before we came. We averaged about thirty miles a day, and reached home the last of July. We

had been gone just a month and had slept in a house only a few times.

The summer of 1894 was a remarkable and most critical summer for western Nebraska. Hot winds from the south blew for weeks at a time. No rain nor even cloud came to shield the crops. The thermometer ranged from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, in the shade. The air was filled with a fine, impalpable dust, which made the sun look dark red like a ball of fire. The wheat and oats were dried up before they ripened. The corn everywhere turned white and dead when two or three feet high. As the people expressed it, "the crops were fired." Pigs and chickens wandered miles from home in search of food, and many of them starved to death. The wild sunflowers, dwarfed by the drought, were gathered for feed and fuel. In August and early autumn, thousands of settlers refitted the covered wagons in which they had come to the country, loaded in what things they had left and moved away. It was a sad sight to see them wending their way slowly over the prairies, homeless and broken-hearted. Some went into the mountains farther west and some back eastward to their early homes. One day I met several such wagons crossing a bridge over the Platte River. I asked them where they were from? They answered, "Perkins County." Where are you going? "Don't know, got to get out of this." A woman I knew who owned a reaper and horses cut several hundred acres of wheat

on deserted farms and secured hardly enough to bread her family. Here and there was a head of wheat with two or three kernels in it. I did not see a single ear of corn raised that year in western Nebraska. If provisions and clothing had not come from the east by car-loads, hardly anyone would have been left in the land. As it was, I traveled twenty-five miles in Holt County without passing an inhabited house where before all the land had been occupied. Other counties were as bad and some of them were worse. In some of the villages and even in Kearney nearly half of the houses were vacant. The people had come out poor, taken up homesteads and exhausted all their means in improvements, so they had nothing left when the drought came. Our missionaries everywhere became agents for distributing charity from the east. I received over a thousand dollars without solicitation for the purpose. Eighteen hundred and ninety had been a very bad year and broke up many homes, but this was worse and took the heart and hope out of our people. Many farms, which were deserted then, sold fifteen years later for twenty-five to eighty dollars an acre.

At the beginning of 1894, I was able to report to the Board of Missions as follows: " In four years our mission stations have increased from nineteen to seventy; our clergy from six to fourteen; the communicants from three hundred and seventy-five to one thousand one hundred and seventy-three; the baptisms from one hundred and sixty-six to two hundred and sixty-six; the

confirmations from sixty-three to one hundred and fifty-nine; the number of services from one thousand one hundred and forty-eight to two thousand four hundred and six; communions administered from one hundred and ninety-six to five hundred and forty-seven; Sunday school teachers and pupils from four hundred and sixty-four to nine hundred and thirteen; value of Church property from forty-nine thousand six hundred and ten to ninety-nine thousand five hundred and forty-six dollars; debts decreased from seventeen thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars and eighty-nine cents to three thousand one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and seven cents; receipts from the District increased from eight thousand three hundred and five dollars and seventy-eight cents to twenty thousand, five hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-three cents. That year I visited all stations twice, delivered two hundred and seventy sermons or addresses and administered communion sixty-eight times. Our Church school was kept going only by help from outside.

CHAPTER XXII.

1895.

AFTER our convocation early in January, I spent six weeks in the east soliciting funds to support our missionaries and school. The drought and hard

times had driven me to this. I visited more than twenty cities, making addresses and appeals nearly every day before congregations, branches of the Woman's Auxiliary, Sunday schools and individuals. I did not like that kind of work, but I got the needed money and made many friends, some of whom helped our work years afterwards.

From the middle of March to the middle of June I was constantly on the road, preaching and confirming almost every night. On one of my trips, I was away from home five weeks, which was the case once or twice each year. For a vacation and change that summer I took our four older children and a daughter of one of our missionaries up into the mountains in Colorado and camped beside the Poudre Cache River. There for three weeks we rested and fished for trout, catching all we could use in camp.

Early in September, with the missionary, Rev. Geo. A. Beecher, I visited the stations on the North Platte River. Starting from Sidney, we drove northwest fifty miles, passing on the way through a swarm of grasshoppers five miles in extent. They had eaten all the prairie grass and a flock of seventy-five hawks and a bald eagle were eating the grasshoppers. At sunset we came to the Post Office of Silverthorne, kept in a sod house of two rooms by the family who had invited us to come. That evening we held service in a sod school-house near by, having a lamp on our desk and a lantern hung from the roof to light the peo-

ple. After returning to the house, the man requested us to baptize him, which we did. Then for an hour or more we instructed him, his wife and daughter in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. Then the three were confirmed and received the holy communion. As the place was off our usual beat, there was no certainty of our being there again, hence we crowded these functions together, working until after midnight. The daughter then went off to another ranch where she was working. As there were but two rooms and one bed in the house, we divided the bed as follows. The man and his wife took the mattress and gave us the springs. We placed the springs on four chairs in the kitchen, put under and over us the blankets we had brought along and thus spent the rest of the night.

The second night after we came to Bayard and held service there. After service a young woman and her husband remained sitting on the front seat. I stepped down and spoke to them. The woman looked up into my face and said, "Mr. Graves, don't you remember me?" I could not recall her looks or her name and she seemed disappointed and exclaimed, "Why, you held me in your arms as a little baby and baptized me." That was true and took place over twenty years before at Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Now she, her husband and father had driven in eight miles to see and hear their old pastor.

After service Mr. Beecher refused to go into the

little tavern fearing the insects which were too common in such places during warm weather. We then drove on five miles by moonlight until we came in sight of a windmill where we knew we could get water in the morning. We turned out of the road on to the prairie, unhitched the horses and tethered them with long ropes so they could eat grass. We then took out our roll of blankets and spread them on the ground. Mr. Beecher on crawling in between the blankets gave a groan as something sharp pierced his side. On looking we found we had spread our blankets over a thorny cactus half buried in the sand. I dug it out with the heel of my shoe and we slept peacefully under the open sky. The next morning we watered the horses at the windmill and got our breakfast in the ranchhouse.

The latter part of September I went camping with the old party from Lake City, Minnesota. We went by train and wagon through the forest to Clam Lake, Wisconsin, where for twelve days we camped, hunted and fished. On the way back I attended the General Convention which met that year in my old church, Gethsemane, Minneapolis. At that convention the constitution of the church was thoroughly revised and the first bishops elected for Alaska and Kyoto, Japan. Before Christmas I had visited again nearly all the stations in my district.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1896.

THE problem of keeping a large mission alive and pushing the work in other missions connected with it during a vacancy confronts all our frontier bishops. Lay-readers can rarely be found for such work and clergymen are too expensive and difficult to find. It seemed to me that Godly and accomplished women might do such work for a while in places where we cannot afford to locate a clergyman. Early in this year I found such a lady, Miss Bertha Childe, a university graduate and a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. I gave her such special instructions as I could and a lay-reader's license. She was to organize and superintend Sunday school, conduct a lay service Sunday afternoons, reading printed sermons or a short paper of her own composition, organize and direct a ladies' guild, conduct a sewing class for little girls and call at regular intervals on every family in the village. Miss Childe did this work most acceptably in different places for several years until a banker took her to wife. I had four other women at different times who undertook like work, one of whom came from a deaconess training school and whom I set apart as a deaconess. The chief difficulty in this experiment has been the lack of such well trained women here in the west. There must be hundreds of such women in the east who might

with some training do a blessed work and keep themselves sweet and attractive for many years.

In my spring visitations in 1896 I tried also another experiment. That was to drive all around my stations with a team of horses instead of taking the cars. I had bought a pair of missionary ponies, weighing about seven hundred and fifty pounds each, for Rev. Mr. Beecher to use in his long string of missions off the railroad. He had now gone to the parish at North Platte, so I took the ponies and drove to all my stations except a few on the Union Pacific Railroad. Although our stations are not near together, averaging about twenty-five miles apart, I was able to make one each day except on two or three long stretches and did not miss a single appointment. Sometimes I drove fifty and even fifty-five miles in a day. Notwithstanding the exposure and fatigue, the out-of-door life kept me well and strong. One day I came near missing an appointment when I had to make twenty-six miles through snow, rain, hail, slush, thunder and lightning. At times the ponies refused to face the storm. I reached the mission at Wood Lake just in time for evening service. Cold and wet I hastened to the school-house. I had a good supper, but not until after the service. One time I had one hundred and five miles to make between Kennedy and Gordon through the unfenced sand-hills. I followed trails when they went my way. Much of the way my only guide was the compass and my only road the grass of the prairie. I forded the Snake

River where the banks were three feet perpendicular on both sides. A part of the harness broke, but the ponies pulled me out. I generally found at night some ranchman's hut where I was always welcome. One of those nights I was entertained by a ranchman whose name was Dan Webster. I drove about fifteen hundred miles that spring and both driver and horses came out in good condition. As the railroads in those days furnished me with passes, I did not continue the practice of driving, but it proved that the thing could be done with a good team and would be delightful with an automobile.

In the summer I made a short visit to my college and seminary friend, Rev. P. B. Lightner, then rector at Manitou Springs, Colorado. In September I went camping with Rev. C. H. Plummer, Isaac and William Richardson of Lake City, Minnesota. We camped again on Clam Lake, Northern Wisconsin. On Sunday we held service in the house of a Swede near by and baptized his child. Later in the fall I attended a meeting of the House of Bishops in New York and visited my oldest son then in Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. On my way home I stopped at the Missionary Council in Cincinnati. I quote from my seventh annual report as follows:

"The past year has been somewhat more cheering in the Missionary District of The Platte than the two previous years of drought and famine. Although the crops have been light and the price of our products

low, keeping our people poor, yet there has been this year no unusual destitution and suffering. People have continued to move out of the District, but not in large numbers as heretofore. None of our clergy have left us. As heretofore our missionaries have had charge of large districts with care of from six to fifteen stations. This involves travel on their part of from four hundred to eight hundred miles a month and absence from home much of the time. Yet all are cheerful and stay by their work. I do not believe a nobler band of missionaries can be found in the Church than we have in The Platte. I want to record their names here: Revs. J. M. Bates, W. S. Sayres, L. P. McDonald, H. J. Brown, S. A. Potter, G. A. Beecher, R. L. Knox, H. E. Robbins, F. Durant, E. D. Irvine, Thomas Bakes, L. H. Young, J. Senior, Howard Stoy, R. M. Hardman, Richard Whitehouse, W. H. Xanders, G. B. Clarke, E. R. Earle, W. W. Wells, A. H. Tyrer, J. R. Jenkins, W. H. Frost, J. L. Craig, A. W. Bell, Wm. Toole, J. A. Tancock, P. B. Peabody, F. D. Graves, G. G. Bennett, A. J. R. Goldsmith, G. L. Freebern. Not all of these were with me at this particular time, but all of them won spurs in my District and I should like to give them all crowns. The work is done systematically by these men and reported every month to the Bishop. On each visitation I spend from one to two weeks with each missionary, talking over individual cases and difficulties, visiting isolated families and considering the possibilities of new openings. Outside a few of the larger places, the Bishop is seen once or twice a year in the home of almost every family interested in the Church.

"Advantage has been taken of the very low price

of real estate to secure Church property which will eventually be a great help in extending the work. At Arapahoe the Ladies' Guild bought a house and two lots for three hundred dollars, which originally cost eight hundred dollars. At Bloomington a Lutheran church was bought for three hundred and fifty dollars, which cost at first eighteen hundred dollars. At McCook two lots beside the church were secured and a house bought and moved on to them for a rectory. At O'Neill the ladies have secured five lots in the central part of the town and fitted up an old office building for a chapel. I also secured lots in other places. Growing confidence in our work and careful use of our means have induced such voluntary gifts from the east as have enabled us to sustain the work without going away to solicit funds."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1897.

THE first of January I accepted temporary charge of the Missionary District of Northern California. Bishop Wingfield who had been bishop of that District for many years had received a stroke of paralysis which crippled him for work and confined him to his house. The care of the District therefore fell to the Presiding Bishop of the Church, Bishop Williams of Connecticut. He appointed me to the work in addition

to that of my own District. I first conferred with Bishop Nichols of San Francisco and Bishop Leonard of Salt Lake who had been doing some work in Northern California. I also went to see Bishop Wingfield who warmly welcomed me to the task. I then made a thorough visitation of the District confirming candidates, encouraging the clergy and securing some new men for the work. This kept me busy until the 5th of April when I returned to Nebraska.

On Easter Tuesday Mrs. Graves and myself celebrated the twentieth anniversary of our wedding, inviting in twenty friends for the evening. Two boys, David and Paul, had been born to us in Nebraska. On the fourth of May I confirmed a remarkable class of twenty-three in the little village of Culbertson. It came about in this way. The Methodists and Presbyterians had united for a revival and employed a noted lay evangelist. He succeeded in stirring up the whole town in religious matters. We had been holding services there once a month by a lay-reader from McCook. The leading business men talked over the matter among themselves and agreed to unite with the Episcopal Church. They sought instruction from our lay-reader who was a seminary graduate and thoroughly competent. The day of the confirmation I gave the Holy Communion to twenty-seven persons in Culbertson. To show the difficulties of our western work I would state that ten years later only one communicant was left in Culbertson, all the others having moved

away. Two days after the confirmation in Culbertson I gave communion to twenty-eight in Trenton. Ten years later there were only four left there. I could name a dozen places in my District which have had a somewhat similar experience. On the twenty-first of May I preached to eighty people in the school-house at Wood Lake, that number being more than the entire inhabitants of the village, some coming miles from the country. I could recall many experiences of that kind.

During July I attended the sessions of the Lambeth Conference in London, England. About one hundred bishops were present from all parts of the world. I arrived there the day it opened and started for home the day it closed, hurrying back to my double charge in California and Nebraska. During the brief intermission between sessions of the conference I visited five families in England who had relatives in my District.

On my return I made many visitations in The Platte and started September 29th with my wife for Northern California. I was busy there until Christmas, my wife going to most of the places with me, meeting with the various ladies' guilds and organizing a number of branches of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Among other things I delivered a course of lectures to the divinity students at San Mateo.

CHAPTER XXV.

1898.

I BEGAN my visitations this year in January so as to get through in time to go to California in the spring. April 4th I was at Fort Robinson just before the breaking out of the war with Spain and addressed the soldiers on the subject of the war which seemed imminent. After service Colonel Hamilton who entertained me said: "We have practiced loading our horses on the cars and are ready to start for the war at a moment's notice, but I think the difficulty will be fixed up in some way and that there will be no war." Two days after that his regiment was off for the war and in three months he died a hero at the battle of San Juan Hill.

On the third of May I started for Northern California, visiting Bishop Leonard and his institutions at Salt Lake on the way. Before the end of June I visited thirty-three places, started several news missions where churches were built soon after and closed up my work as far as the District of Northern California was concerned. In the autumn, Bishop Wingfield having died, the General Convention elected Rev. W. H. Moreland bishop of Northern California. This relieved me of that additional work. With my family we spent two months of the summer at Evergreen, Colorado, in the mountains west of Denver. I held services every Sun-

day in the little chapel there. We caught many trout and were greatly refreshed by the rest and change.

The last of August I accepted an invitation from Bishop Hare to visit his convocation of Sioux, or Dakota, Indians, held at Corn Creek, fifty miles north of my District. With the Bishop of Oklahoma and Bishop Hare we drove the fifty miles in a wagon reaching Corn Creek in time for the sunset service. Some two hundred Indians and the squaws by themselves in bright colored blankets gathered in a large circle on the open prairie. As the sun went down a few prayers were said then Bishop Brooke and myself addressed the Indians. Our speeches were interpreted sentence by sentence. Bishop Brooke told them of the hot climate in Oklahoma and I said I had seen many of them at the railroad stations in my District. The next morning Bishop Hare told us the Indians had a long Indian name for each of us, my name meaning "The Railroad Bishop" and Bishop Brooke's name "The Bishop from the Hot Place." Sunday morning I preached to the Indians under a booth covered with evergreens brought from several miles away. At the sunset service Bishop Brooke preached and that evening fifty-one Indians were confirmed by Bishop Hare. The fifty tepees, or Indian tents, were pitched in a large semicircle and all made on the open prairie a most picturesque and beautiful sight. The Indians had come in from a hundred miles east and west and remained about three days. The business meetings of the con-

vocation were very interesting. The different branches of the Woman's Auxiliary had brought their annual offerings in fancy buckskin purses amounting to about two hundred dollars. One hour after the last service the tepees had all disappeared and nothing but distant clouds of dust on the different roads told us of our departing friends. At 6:00 P. M. we started to drive fifty miles to Gordon to catch the two o'clock night train. Fast driving brought us in sight of Gordon when a hot box and groaning wheel stopped us until we saw our train in the distance, the only one in twenty-four hours, pass by without us.

Early in September I camped for eight days with the old Minnesota party on an island in the Mississippi River near Wabasha, Minnesota. We got some fish and less game, but saw the big steamers with their searchlights at night and great rafts of logs pass by.

In October I attended the General Convention in Washington, D. C. That convention added the eastern half of the great state of Wyoming to my District thus adding fifty thousand square miles and doubling my territory. The name of my District was then changed from " The Platte " to " Laramie " as there happened to be a cathedral building in Laramie, Wyoming. While in the east I visited a number of my good helpers, not to solicit funds at that time, as gifts came from them either spontaneously or in answer to letters, but my object was to let them see my face and realize more fully the character of our work. On my return I finished

visiting the stations in Nebraska. My work that year involved travel to the extent of twenty-five thousand miles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1899.

ON the first day of January I was in the cathedral at Laramie to take charge of my part of Wyoming. The cathedral was barely finished. There were no furnaces in it and the stoves would not bring the temperature above forty degrees. There were fifty-five people present in furs and overcoats to welcome their new bishop. There was a debt of twenty thousand dollars on the cathedral, the people of Laramie were paying about three hundred and fifty dollars a year toward the support of their pastor and the Board of Missions was paying him as arch-deacon five hundred dollars more. I found twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars in debts on all the churches or rectories in eastern Wyoming. In fact all the churches except two were loaded with debt and the one at Sundance was sold by auction on the mortgage. Some of the clergy had followed Bishop Talbot to Pennsylvania and altogether the outlook was dreary and discouraging. I presently succeeded in getting some good men into that part of the District. The people took hold with

me and in three years we had every dollar of the debts paid. Bishop Talbot secured about eight thousand dollars on the cathedral debt. The rest was secured by me writing to friends in the east and from our own people. In the smaller places I offered to raise a dollar and in some cases two dollars for every dollar the people would raise. They all took hold bravely and soon the trouble of debts was over. To help raise the needed money I made visitations for a month in Ohio for Bishop Leonard who gave two hundred and fifty dollars for that work. The cold weather in Ohio was down to zero most of the time, there were but two sunny days and I became worn out and sick. The first of March I began my own visitations and kept steadily at them until the middle of June, riding hundreds of miles in stages in Wyoming..

The middle of June, the pastor having left the cathedral at Laramie, I went there myself and took charge of the work. I had a deacon with me, Rev. Wm. Toole, and we set to work to put things in better shape. Mr. Toole began canvassing the town street by street calling at every house and making a record of what he found. I followed a few days later calling at those places where we thought the people or their children accessible to the church or Sunday school. I made a complete parish register of all families and ages of the children who were at all connected with the parish. We also made a complete call book for the succeeding Dean arranged by street and number. We made many

repairs with our own hands on St. Matthew's Hall and the cathedral. With the help of the Ladies' Guild we secured two large furnaces and set them in the basement of the cathedral. The new Dean, Rev. James Cope from Santa Rosa, California, relieved us the middle of August and began the great work of building up the cathedral congregation into a self-supporting and self-respecting parish. This with his helpful wife who acted as organist and choir trainer he succeeded in doing in the next four years.

I sent Rev. Mr. Toole to plant a string of new missions in the Little Snake Valley. This was an irrigated valley seventy miles south of the Union Pacific Railroad along the Wyoming and Colorado boundary line. An Irish ranchman there, Mr. J. Cambreth Kane, had already started a Sunday school and had done some lay reading. A year before this Bishop Talbot had sent a divinity student there who became a Methodist thinking he would obtain a better salary. The people soon fell away from him and the field was left to us. Mr. Toole with the help of Mr. Kane opened five mission stations stretching fifty miles along the valley. Some of these were in Colorado. The next year Rev. Alfred A. Gilman, another deacon, took up the work there and was instrumental in building a church at Baggs and also a church and log rectory at Dixon. For ten years we held that field without the competition of any other religious body. I visited it every summer spending two weeks confirming the candi-

dates, visiting the ranchmen in their homes and fishing for trout as well as for men. Snake River was what was known in the ranching country as the "Dead Line." North of it were the sheep ranges and south of it the cattle and horse ranges. If the sheep herders encroached on the cattle country their sheep were likely to be killed. One time a band of cow-boys came upon such a sheep herder, tied him to his camp wagon, sawed the spokes out of the wheels and with them beat the brains out of a hundred sheep or more. This seems like cruel justice, but it was necessary as the sheep spoiled the grazing for cattle. Cattle men had been ruined and driven out of whole counties by the sheep. These vast stretches of half desert country belonged to the United States, but were then freely used by the ranchmen.

The latter part of August and early in September I made visitations in Nebraska. I then joined the Minnesota camping party for a short vacation. We took our boat by wagon thirty-five miles from the railroad to Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi River. We spent two days exploring around the lake and fishing. We followed up the stream that comes into the lake to near the large spring where it rises. There we could easily step across the stream. I have sometimes shocked people by soberly asserting that when I was younger and more active I had stepped across the Mississippi River at a single step. For two weeks we floated and rowed down the river, camping each night upon

the shore. We passed through four or five lakes and got plenty of fish and duck for our table. In October I attended the Missionary Council in St. Louis and after that made visitations over the most of my District. At the end of the year I had preached two hundred and seventy-nine times and traveled about twenty thousand miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1900.

ALL the spring I was constantly on the road making visitations until July 4th. On that day I was in Sheridan, Wyoming, and gave up the day to the national celebration. A hundred or more Crow Indians had been invited down from their reservation and promised a feast if they would take part in the celebration. A sham battle was planned between the Indians and a company of the militia helped by a company of regular soldiers. It was to be a representation of the battle in which General Custer, not far from Sheridan, and all his soldiers had been massacred. The Indians at Sheridan were camped in some trees on a small stream. We first saw the company of regulars marching in from a mile away. As they drew near a hill opposite the town, out of the grove came the hundred Indians on their ponies in feathers and paint and giving horrible

war whoops. They strung out in single file and galloped in a large circle around the soldiers. The firing with blank cartridges began and one soldier after another went down. Occasionally an Indian warrior fell from his horse. Round and round they rode until all the soldiers were down. Then out came the squaws with their scalping knives and went through the form of scalping the soldiers. Later the military company appeared on a side hill behind a temporary fortification. Again the Indians came whooping out, but were finally driven back by the militia. These conflicts as seen from a distance were picturesque and thrilling.

The rest of July and August I worked with my son Eliot fitting up St. Matthew's Hall, Laramie, as a Church boarding home for girls attending the state university located at Laramie. Bishop Talbot had had a school in this building which belonged to the Church, but it was too near the state university to succeed. Mrs. Eva. S. Cochran of Yonkers, New York, who had originally bought the building for a school, now gave me one thousand dollars to repair the building and furnish it. We ran this boarding home for two years, but the number of girls attending the university decreased so rapidly that we had not enough boarders to keep the hall running.

In September I heard of a legacy of thirty-six thousand dollars, left to our Kearney Military Academy by the late Felix R. Brunot of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. This greatly rejoiced my heart. We had

had a long hard struggle to keep that Church school going and now the interest on this endowment would sustain it in the bad times. The new principal, Mr. Harry N. Russell, took full charge under me and built up the school into a blessed success.

The following account of a visit to the mission stations on the Little Snake River will be of interest.

A TYPICAL MISSIONARY TRIP.

"On the seventh of August the Rev. Geo. A. Beecher and myself were met at Rawlins, my most western station on the railroad, by Mr. J. C. Kane from the Snake River Valley in Southern Wyoming. At noon we took our dinner at a ranch house, the only house on the road for fifty miles. After dinner our road ascended the great divide of the continent. For the next twenty miles we drove along the summit of this divide. All the streams on our right found their way into the Pacific Ocean and those on our left into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic. Our road lay nine thousand feet above the sea. While there were higher peaks to the right and left of us they really belonged to the Pacific or Atlantic slope, while we were on the very backbone of the continent. As we gradually came down into the valley of the Savory we came upon a covey of sage chickens and Mr. Beecher and I secured a dozen of these with our guns for our larder. At night we reached a sheep camp under the management of a Churchman. He made us comfort-

able for the night, giving me his own bed in the sheep wagon.

The next morning we gathered some more sage chickens and some trout and then drove on twenty-five miles farther to Mr. Kane's ranch on Snake River near Dixon. We called at several ranches in the valley notifying them of services on Sunday. The next three days I spent with the missionary, Rev. Wm. Toole, calling on all the people up and down the valley for a dozen miles. When Mr. Toole went to the valley a year before there was but one communicant of the Church within fifty miles and that was Mr. Kane our licensed lay-reader. There was no other minister or service of any kind in all that region. Methodists, Campbellites and all sorts attended our services and responded heartily. They were very shy at first, but have all come to respect and like the faithful young missionary. One Sunday Mr. Toole is at the stations up the river and Mr. Kane at those below and the next Sunday he goes down and Mr. Kane up the river. At first no money was asked, only collections taken, but now nearly all subscribe liberally. On Sunday I went with Mr. Toole to Baggs and Dixon while the Rev. Mr. Beecher went with Mr. Kane to Battle Creek and Savory. I confirmed one at Baggs in the morning and three at Dixon in the evening. As Mr. Beecher's service at Savory was in the afternoon we all came together in the evening and had a rousing service with the school-house full of people. After confirmation we gave the com-

munion to the newly confirmed who had come several miles to the service. As the missionary was only in deacon's orders this was the first communion service ever held within seventy miles of the spot.

The next two days we camped and fished near the mouth of Battle Creek and then drove to Clayton's sheep-camp again. This was well up in the mountains so that night, the fifteenth of August, water froze in the sheep wagon where I slept. The next day we drove fifty miles east over the Sierra Madre Mountains to Saratoga in the North Platte Valley. There I confirmed a class of four for our venerable missionary, Rev. Dr. R. E. G. Huntington, then eighty years of age. From there in the stage and much dust for thirty miles we came to the railroad at Fort Steele. The Rev. Mr. Toole came with us to Laramie where he was advanced to the priesthood and thence returned to his lonely work for another year.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1901.

IN May of this year I made fourteen visitations for the Diocese of Colorado as Bishop Spalding had died and the diocese was vacant. In the summer I made two long trips with horse and buggy to most of the small towns within a hundred miles of Kearney

looking up students for our school. Under the former principal it had run down very much. I also spent two or three weeks working with my own hands repairing the buildings of the school. Our District Convocation was held August eleventh at Laramie and at that time the cathedral was consecrated, the debt having been all paid. Bishop Talbot, formerly of Wyoming, came out and preached the sermon. After that Mr. Iverson, of Laramie, took Bishop Talbot and myself up the Laramie River where for two days we visited and fished for trout together.

In September and October Mrs. Graves and myself attended the General Convention in San Francisco. On our way out we visited Bishop Brewer of Montana, Bishop Wells at Spokane, Dr. Llwyd at Seattle and Bishop Morris at Portland. It was a great satisfaction to see the work and compare notes with these pioneers of the farther west. At the General Convention the constitution of the Church was still further revised and five or six missionary bishops elected. We returned by Southern California where we again visited friends. The rest of the year I was making visitations in my own District. To show the character of such visitations I quote from my old diary:

"November 24th, 1901. At Valentine, Nebraska. Address Sunday school A. M. and preach to fifty people. Confirm four and address them. Collections for our missions in the District, three dollars and sixty cents. Preach again in the evening to twenty-five.

"November 25th. A. M. Make calls in Valentine and see about exchanging Church lots in Cody. P. M. On to Wood Lake. Preach to fifty in the school-house and confirm two. Collection, one dollar and forty-five cents.

"November 26th. To Johnstown. Write ten letters A. M. Call all around with Mr. Bates. P. M. Evening preach in the Methodist Church, confirm three and address them. Collection two dollars.

"November 27th. Train to Ainsworth. Write ten letters A. M. Make calls P. M. Preach to fifty in the Congregational church in the evening. Collection four dollars and three cents. Gift from Ladies' Guild for our missions, five dollars.

"November 28th. Thanksgiving Day. In Bassett. Service A. M. in the school-house. Preach on thanksgiving and confirmation to forty people. Confirm nine and address them. Collection, six dollars and twelve cents. P. M. Watch a shooting match and make many calls. Write up my register of families in Mr. Bates' stations.

"November 29th. To Atkinson making calls there all day. Evening service in Methodist church. Sixty present. Preach, confirm one and administer communion to five. Collection two dollars and seventy-five cents.

"November 30th. A. M. Confirm one in private at Atkinson and then take train to Ewing. Make calls all P. M. Evening preach in our chapel to fifty and

confirm one. Collection, five dollars and fifty-two cents.

" Sunday, December 1st. At O'Neill. Preach morning and evening, confirm two and address them. Collection, four dollars and forty-five cents. Call all around P. M.

" December 2nd. To Inman. Write eleven letters A. M. Calls P. M. Evening preach in Methodist church to forty-five. Collection, eighty-six cents.

" December 3rd. On train all day and evening getting home."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1902.

I MADE a few visitations early in January, but was sick with nervous dyspepsia. On January fifteenth I started out for rest and change. I first visited my life-long friend, Philip Potter, in Omaha. He and his good wife put me to bed for a week and entertained me for several days after. Feeling the need of out-of-door life and exercise I started for the south, visiting some friends in Missouri and Arkansas on the way. I finally stopped at De Queen in southwestern Arkansas with a truck gardener. For two weeks I hunted rabbits, ducks and quails every day and rested. I gained strength and appetite rapidly

though the weather was dark and damp which brought on the asthma at night. I returned the latter part of February and kept steadily at my visitations until July. The middle of May I took a flying trip to Cincinnati to attend a meeting of the House of Bishops at which we elected bishops for Salina, Honolulu and Porto Rico. In June I visited the missions in Southern Wyoming and drove with the missionaries five hundred miles across deserts and over mountains. We held some services in northern Colorado in places almost inaccessible from Denver. On these journeys I had to carry a jug of pure water as the alkali water from the ranchmen's wells always made me ill.

After our annual convocation was over, early in September, I joined the Minnesota party, to which Rev. Irving P. Johnson was now added, in a camp on Black Lake and Three Island Lake in northern Minnesota, for nearly three weeks. While camping here we explored an Island in Big Turtle Lake which we and others afterwards bought for a permanent camping place. We named the island Mekenock which is the Indian word for Turtle Island. Later on cottages were built there by members of the company and it became a regular summer and autumn camping ground. On my way home I visited many friends in my old parish of Gethsemane, Minneapolis. The remainder of the year was given to visitations in my large District.

In my visitations I always tried to adapt myself to the people and conditions I found. To illustrate this

I relate the following incident. A Church woman in Atkinson had several times declined to entertain me because she felt she could not do it as she thought a bishop should be entertained. At last she was persuaded to try it. After it was over the lady who persuaded her to try it asked her how she got along with the Bishop? She answered, "Oh, fine in every way. Why the Bishop is as common as an old shoe." She may not thought of it as a compliment, but I consider it the highest one she could have paid me. She was certainly pleased with my visit and was anxious to have me again. Speaking of compliments I rarely received them on my preaching for some reason. There were two I remember and highly prize. One was from a boy eleven years old. He told a friend that he could understand every word in Mr. Graves' sermon. The other was from an able clergyman eighty years old for whom I had preached many times. He said, "I have never heard you preach an ordinaire sermon." I do not think my sermons were such as would call forth flattering remarks, but I am assured that they have set many people thinking seriously and deeply.

During 1902 our Church school made great progress so that for the first time we had a surplus over expenses to use in making improvements. The building up of this school had been a long, hard struggle with much anxiety and toil.

CHAPTER XXX.

1903.

EARLY in January I took my wife and oldest daughter to Gainesville, Florida, where we remained six weeks to escape the intense cold of the winter. On the first of March I started out on my visitations, but before reaching the first mission our train was wedged into a snow bank and could move neither way. I joined a squad of passengers and trainmen with shovels to dig ourselves loose, but without success. We had to wait about eight hours before the snow plow on another engine came to release us. We found a large basket of bread and a can of cream in the express car and appeased our hunger. I missed my appointment that night, something which has not happened once a year in all my episcopate. In every case, the cause was being snowed up on the train or a breakdown of the locomotive.

I was busy with visitations until the middle of July. I then prepared my annual address to our convocation and fourteenth annual report to the Board of Missions. I insert here an account of a missionary trip among the Rocky Mountains, which may be of interest:

"On the twenty-fourth of June, the Bishop with his son, just graduated from Theological Seminary, were met by Dean Cope at Laramie. With his own

team the Dean drove us up the Laramie River twenty miles, then climbing to the top of the ridge drove us twenty miles more along the summit of the Medicine Bow Range. At sunset we came to a road ranch kept by a Frenchman where we spent the night. The next morning we descended into the valley of the North Platte River, called the North Park of Colorado. At noon we dined on crackers and caught a few trout in the Platte. All the afternoon we drove west across the Park. Toward evening we passed through the mining camp of Pearl, Colorado. We then turned north and climbed over a spur of the Rockies. Not reaching a ranch house, as we had hoped, we decided to camp on the mountain by Big Creek. Before dark we had caught a nice string of mountain trout. We had brought no blankets and were not prepared for camping, but were prepared as always to make the best of the situation. The seats were taken out and the curtains of the mountain wagon were put up. The bed of the wagon was filled with pine boughs and a bag of grain made a pillow for the Bishop and his son. The Dean put the seat cushion under the wagon for a bed and took the only overcoat in the party for a covering. The Bishop and his son were soon asleep, but the Dean spent the most of the night nursing the fire made of such sticks as he could break with his hands from the willows and sage brush. The frost was heavy all around us and the water pail was frozen over. Still we all enjoyed our breakfast of graham crackers and trout fried on a piece of tin from an old can.

"Soon after sunrise we were on our way again, climbing another spur of the Rockies. At noon we stopped at a stream for lunch, where the Bishop caught

a few more trout. In the afternoon we passed by the mining camp of Grand Encampment and that night we stayed at Cocheron's ranch on Cow Creek, where we were entertained royally.

" The next morning we baptized a grandchild of Mr. Cocheron and reached Saratoga by noon. In the afternoon the Bishop made calls with Rev. Dr. Huntington on all his parishioners.

" The next day, Sunday, we held services in Saratoga and collected six dollars and thirty-five cents for our mission work. Here Rev. Mr. Toole, the missionary from the Snake River country seventy miles away, met the Bishop with his team. After resting over Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Toole, the Bishop and his son started on their long drive over the continental divide. Lunching by the roadside, we reached the little hamlet of Battle Lake, ten thousand feet above sea level. There we picked up copper ore on the very summit of the mountain and walked over acres of snow, some of it twenty feet deep.

" The next morning we jolted over nine miles of the rockiest road in the country, then ever down into the valley of the Little Snake to Dixon. There for several days we rested and made calls on the neighboring ranchmen. The Glorious Fourth of July we spent in the little village of Baggs, watching the races, the contests in riding bucking bronchos and other sports peculiar to the far west. Our Church ladies at Baggs cleared one hundred and forty dollars that day serving refreshments to the celebrators.

" On Sunday morning we were in Dixon for Sunday school, the Bishop teaching a class. In the afternoon, at the Savoy school-house, five miles away, we

preached to sixty people. In the evening at Dixon again we had a congregation of sixty and confirmed a class of six, mostly adults.

"During the week following we visited the ranchmen for thirty miles up and down the valley and two or three times filled our ten-pound basket with trout.

"On the next Sunday we held morning service in the little school-house at Battle Creek, into which twenty-eight people were crowded. In the afternoon we drove twenty-eight miles down the valley to Baggs. There we held the opening service in the new brick church, without windows or pews, preached to ninety people and confirmed a class of two presented by Rev. A. A. Gilman. No Christian services of any sort except our own are held in this valley or within seventy miles of it.

"After a day's rest at Dixon, we took the stage seventy miles to Rawlins and toward evening heard the whistle of the locomotive once more. We had driven nearly four hundred miles since leaving the railroad."

My vacation came in September, when I camped with the old Minnesota friends in the woods twenty miles north of Duluth, Minnesota. In addition to the many ducks for our larder, we shot a young deer and secured some moose meat from a logging camp.

The middle of October I attended an "All America Conference of Bishops," held in Washington, District of Columbia. Bishops from Canada, the West Indies and from all over the United States were present. Some important matters were considered, such as the attitude of our Church toward Protestant Communions,

Methods of Work with Negroes and Indians, the Proper Method of Transferring Clergymen from Canada to the United States and other matters of general interest. This meeting was followed by the annual Missionary Council. While east, I visited some of our friends and helpers in Philadelphia, New York and Connecticut. The balance of the year I was busy making visitations in my District. For the first fifteen years of my episcopate I was at home only about one-fifth of the time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1904.

THE middle of January I was in Kansas City, attending the first conference of the Sixth Missionary Department. From there I visited Bishop Millspaugh and his Church institutions at Topeka, Kansas. To break the cold winter, I went on to a truck ranch, near El Paso, Texas, staying with a Church family there, hunting quails and rabbits for three weeks, and began writing this autobiography. By the twentieth of February I was at my regular visitations, which kept me busy until the first of August. In July, Rev. C. H. Plummer, of Lake City, Minnesota, came to me and together we visited the Snake River Missions in Southern Wyoming. Between Sundays we camped on the banks of the river, caught and ate many mountain trout.

On the seventh of August I ordained my oldest son, Frederick, to the priesthood. On the twenty-fourth of the same month I baptized my first grandchild, son of my second son, Eliot. In September I was camping for a short time in Minnesota and in October attended the General Convention in Boston. In this convention missionary bishops were elected for Hankow, Cuba, Salt Lake and Mexico. The following extract from my report to the Board of Missions will give some idea of how the work of our District was coming on:

"The past year has been a prosperous one for our missionary work on the frontier. The winter and early spring had fewer storms than the previous year and in consequence our services have been more regular and congregations better. The number of confirmations and other spiritual fruits seem much more abundant. There were fewer changes in our staff of clergy, and those not until near the end of the fiscal year.

"CHURCH PROPERTY.

"The property of the Church in this District has increased in many ways. At Gering, Nebraska, lots have been secured and a chapel is being built. At Merriman money is in sight to build a chapel. At Bassett and Stratton we have secured lots for chapels. At Cheyenne, Chadron and Buffalo funds are accumulating for parish houses. At Baggs windows and pews have been put in and the church plastered so it is in constant use. At Sidney the side wall and roof of the church have been extended to make more room for

the choir and a furnace put under the church. The church at Rawlins has been presented with a new pipe organ. The repairs on the church at Sundance have been completed and also on the chapel at O'Neill. About fifteen hundred dollars have been put into improvements on the Kearney Military Academy and, as usual, without debt. The rectory at New Castle is nearly completed and will soon be occupied by the Missionary. At Broken Bow the rectory has been enlarged and improved. At Valentine a fine lot for a rectory has been promised and a good subscription made toward the building. At Alliance and Lexington the debts on the rectories have been fully paid. At Sheridan and Arapahoe the small debts on the rectories have been materially reduced.

" STATISTICS.

" Church families in the District, one thousand four hundred and ten; whole number of baptized persons, four thousand three hundred and fifty-nine; whole number of confirmed persons, two thousand three hundred and ninety-five; number receiving communion in last year, one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight; baptisms during the year, adults ninety-three, children two hundred and eighty-two, total three hundred and fifteen; confirmations in the year, two hundred and sixty-four; marriages, ninety-four; burials, two hundred and ninety-nine; Sunday schools, thirty-two; teachers and officers, two hundred and four; pupils, one thousand six hundred and forty-nine.

" OFFICIAL ACTS.

" In the last year I have taken part in one hundred and sixty-two services; delivered one hundred and

FREDERICK D. GRAVES.

MRS. MARGARET GRAVES BENNETT.

ELIOT V. GRAVES.

CHILDREN OF BISHOP AND MRS. GRAVES.

ninety-four sermons or addresses; administered communion thirty-three times; baptized thirteen persons; confirmed in the District two hundred and sixty-four; married one couple; buried one person; licensed twenty-six lay-readers; ordered one deacon; ordained one priest; received one priest into the Jurisdiction; gave letters dismissory to four clergymen.

"OUR CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

"The Platte Collegiate Institute, or Kearney Military Academy, has had a most interesting and useful year. Over eighty students were enrolled with an average attendance of about seventy. The low price of two hundred and ten dollars a year has brought us many boys from the farms, ranches and small villages, who could not attend our higher-priced Church schools farther east. We are confident in saying that such boys are not only better boys in school, but that they give better promise of a career of usefulness hereafter than the sons of wealthy people. Many of the pupils are communicants of the Church, a number are confirmed every year and most of the younger ones will be in due time. Still a majority of them were not attached to our Church on entering the school."

CHAPTER XXXII.

1905.

THE middle of January, the Missionary Conference of our Department, the Sixth, met in Omaha, at which we had some interesting and spicy

discussions. My visitations went steadily on through the spring. The following will illustrate some of our trips off the railroad:

On Sunday morning, May 7th, I began the visitation of Rev. P. B. Peabody's field, that being the two large counties of Crook and Weston in the northeast corner of Wyoming. We had communion service in the neat wooden church at New Castle Sunday morning. This church, with the rectory beside it, stands on a hill overlooking the town and the vast plains stretching west a hundred miles to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Immediately on the east of New Castle are the Black Hills, extending into South Dakota. The little board shack, twelve by fourteen feet, in which the bachelor missionaries used to live, is now replaced by a comfortable rectory occupied by the missionary's family.

After dinner at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Mr. Peabody came with his horse and buggy to take me to the mission at Cambria, nine miles away. Our road lay up through a deep gorge, down which comes a small stream and the railroad leading from the coal mines. Arrived in Cambria, which is entirely a coal camp in the narrow gorge, we called on those families interested in the Church. At evening the little church was filled and four young people were presented for confirmation. We were hospitably entertained by the people over night.

The next morning the missionary was ready with his

DAVID W. GRAVES.

GERTRUDE GRAVES.

PAUL GRAVES.

CHILDREN OF BISHOP AND MRS. GRAVES.

buggy and we drove on up the gorge and over a high divide in the Black Hills. From there we descended what is aptly termed Break-Neck Hill. The last time I was on this steep, narrow road, a great boulder had rolled down into the middle of the way, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we got our buggy over and past the obstruction. On we drove many miles to a lonely ranch nestled in the edge of the hills. Here we stopped for dinner and found refined, Church people, who most heartily welcomed us to their home. Again we drove on northward over the undulating plains until twenty miles from our starting point we came to a store and not far away a white school-house in a grove of pines. This place was called Horton. Two miles farther on we came to the home of Mr. Cleave, where we were to stay for the night.

After supper neighboring people joined us to drive back to the school-house for service. It soon began to rain and blow and became very dark. The school-house was reached and the horses tied under the shelter of the pines. A wood pile of pine chunks was found, from which we broke splinters and started a fire, for it was wet and chilly. Then we tried to light the lamps, but found that they had neither chimney nor oil. One of the party was sent to the nearest house to borrow a lamp or lantern, but he found the house locked up and the people away. There were nine of us, counting the clergy, and we determined to have the service. The missionary felt his way through the dark-

ness to the cottage organ and announced a familiar hymn, which we sang from memory. Then followed the Lord's prayer and the twenty-third psalm, which we repeated in unison. I lighted a pine splinter at the stove and held it while Mr. Peabody read the Gospel for a lesson. After the creed and evening prayers, said from memory in the dark, followed another hymn. Then came the sermon, while an occasional flash of lightning revealed to my invisible hearers that I was making the appropriate gestures. For a collection, each one handed me his offering in the dark, and we closed with another hymn.

The next day we drove on twenty-five miles to Sundance, the county seat of Crook County. Here we have a church, which cost sixteen hundred dollars. It was lost on the mortgage being sold at auction to Romanists for one hundred and fifty dollars and finally rescued from them by our people. At six o'clock that evening we had a wedding and after that service in the church. The next day I took the stage forty miles to Moorcroft and Mr. Peabody returned as he came.

The spring visitations having all been made, on the Fourth of July my two younger sons, David and Paul, Rev. J. L. Craig and wife and several others started from Casper, Wyoming, for a long camping drive four hundred miles through the Big Horn Basin to the Yellowstone Park. We visited the famous Hot Springs at Thermopolis, spending Sunday there and giving them

a service. We had a large baggage wagon drawn by four horses and a spring wagon with two horses. Five of the party were on horseback. We made about thirty miles a day, camping at night by some stream. We carried water in kegs, as many of the streams were so strong with alkali that even the horses would not drink from them. We passed by post offices once in thirty or forty miles, but no villages until we reached Cody, two hundred miles from Casper. Up to that point the roads had been very rough, cut up by the heavy wagons hauling wool to the railroad at Casper. There would be four or five wagons, heavily loaded, fastened together and in front of them ten or twelve spans of horses with one or two drivers.

After passing Cody we found the United States Government road very fine to the Park. While camping over Sunday by the Shoshone River one hundred miles from the Park, I was taken with an intense agony in the stomach and for ten hours had to fairly gasp for breath. There was no physician or hotel within a hundred miles. After waiting for me two days, they placed me on an air bed in the bottom of the spring wagon and moved on about fifteen miles a day. We at last came to the edge of the Park and a large hotel, but the doctor who happened to be there had no medicines. After viewing the falls and cañon of the Yellowstone River, we moved on through the Park, by the Mud Springs and the Norris Geyser Basin to Mammoth Hot Springs. There we found an army surgeon,

who came to my relief. I was placed in the hotel, under the kind care and hospitality of Bishop Nichols of California, who was spending his vacation there. The rest of the party went on through the south part of the Park, by the great geysers, Jackson's Hole, the Wind River and Lander back to Casper. After two weeks at the hotel, during which I gained very slowly, I started for home by the stage and train. I was very sick all the way. I had to change cars and wait at Grand Island, forty miles from my home. I managed to get to the house of my good friend, Dr. H. D. Boyden, who put me to bed in his house and telephoned to my daughter, Gertrude, to come. Under his skillful treatment I gained rapidly and was able to get home in a week. Since that breakdown, I have never been as strong and have had to take the greatest care of my health and diet. Still, with the illness which came then in my vacation and since up to 1911, I have never lost a single appointment as bishop on account of sickness. In fact, I have lost only three Sunday services on account of sickness in a ministry of over forty years. While this strenuous camping trip did help to break me down, I believe the many other camps and out-of-door life have helped greatly to maintain my health and strength through a long and arduous ministry.

After this illness, I regained my strength slowly, but was able to make my fall visitations. I thought it best to spend the following winter in the south, as the cold weather was a strain on my nervous system. Accord-

ingly, early in December, with my wife and daughters we settled in Bradentown, Florida. For three months I had charge of the mission there under Bishop Gray. I prepared a class for confirmation, confirmed them and made many good friends.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1906.

IN February of this year I made an interesting trip from Bardentown to Fort Myers, then up the Caloosahatchee River to and across Lake Okeechobee on a small steamer. For the first fifteen miles the banks were low and marshy. Then for many miles the banks were high and orange groves were on either side. As I stood on the front deck with my rifle the Captain called my attention to a good-sized alligator sleeping on the bank. I aimed at his eye and fired. The bullet struck him just below the eye and passed through his brain to the skin on the other side of his head. We lassoed him with a rope and drew him on board. He was as dead as a bullet could make him, but for six or eight hours he would squirm when touched. I saved his skin as a trophy.

At some distance from the river we could see camps of the Seminole Indians. The upper part of the river was marshy and passed through shallow lakes until we

came to the big lake. Off to the south of the lake the everglades extended as far as the eye could reach and much farther. We crossed Lake Okeechobee and ascended a crooked river for six miles, where there was a store and a small settlement. On our return we secured a supply of fish from fishermen on the lake. During this winter I wrote the earlier portion of these memoirs. The latter part of March I returned to my own District and to my spring visitations.

During the summer I had another interesting trip to the missions of the Snake River country in southern Wyoming. After a whole day and night on the train from my home at Kearney, Nebraska, I met, at Rawlins, Wyoming, July 12, 1906, Rev. W. H. Frost, our missionary at Alliance. We were out for a missionary trip and a vacation combined. The next day we rode in the stage seventy miles across the desert to the village of Baggs on the Little Snake River. After eating supper there and making five calls on our people with the missionary, Rev. Wm. Toole, he drove us eight miles farther to Kane's Ranch, where we were entertained and rested the next day. The fifteenth being Sunday, Mr. Toole drove Mr. Frost six miles up the river to Savory school-house, where they had a fine service, Mr. Frost preaching the sermon. Mr. and Mrs. Kane drove me eight miles down the river to Baggs, where we had ninety people crowded into our little brick chapel. I preached and nine received the communion. On Monday Mr. Frost, who was an

enthusiastic fisherman, and myself drove fifteen miles up the river to Slater in the edge of Colorado. The water was too high for good fishing, so we got only five trout. While fishing I looked up the river just in time to see Mr. Frost swept from the rapids by the swift current into a deep hole. For some time nothing but the top of his hat and fish pole were seen above the water. I was greatly frightened and ran with all my might to his rescue. When I tore through the bushes to the bank, he was coming up slowly out of the water, his rod still in one hand and the stub of a cigar in his mouth. I asked him if his cigar had gone out, whereupon we both had a good laugh. He caught a bad cold from this dipping, so he was not well all the rest of the trip.

The next day I drove with Mr. Toole twenty miles up Savory Creek and called on the families of eight ranchmen. On Wednesday Mr. Frost and myself were driven eighteen miles up the river and pitched our tent under Battle Mountain. There we camped and fished the rest of the week, getting from twelve to twenty-five trout each evening, thus supplying the neighbors and ourselves with plenty of fish.

On Sunday, the twenty-second, Mr. Kane drove Mr. Frost to Baggs for service, while Mr. Toole and myself held service in the Slater school-house in the morning, where I preached to twenty-five people. In the afternoon I preached again to fifty people in the Savory school-house. In the evening we were all to-

gether in the Dixon church and Mr. Frost preached a rousing sermon.

During that week we were in camp again near Battle Mountain, Mr. Kane and his good wife being with us. On Sunday morning we held service in the little school-house at Battle Creek, which was crowded with twenty people. I talked to them on the text, "Fear not, little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," after which Mr. Frost preached them a sermon. In such places the people would gladly sit and listen to two or three sermons at one service, so rarely do they hear preaching. As Mr. Kane and his wife were anxious to drive with us over the continental divide to Saratoga, we started that afternoon and drove up the river to Honold's Ranch, the last of our Church families in that direction. That night, Mr. Frost was very ill with vomiting and high fever. We thought he must have mountain fever and we had to remain with him the next day. As he was much better on Tuesday, we drove on over two spurs of the Rockies and up a long gorge to Columbine in Colorado, where we spent the night. We had intended to go to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, but as it rained the next forenoon, we had to give that up. We then drove on sixteen miles to the Elkhorn Mine in the heart of the mountains. We spent the night in the log huts of the miners. We found here an English Church woman who had not been inside a church for years.

On Thursday we drove twelve miles over the top

of the Rockies ten thousand feet above sea level. The road was very rough and we all had to walk down the steep mountain road. I was becoming worn out and Mr. Frost was sick again and suffered much that night. We spent the night in a camp of men who were getting out ties for the railroad to float down the Encampment River in the spring. They were very kind to us. Although two of us were ill, we thought best to drive on the next day twenty-seven miles over another high spur of the Rockies to Grand Encampment, where we could find a doctor. The next day being Saturday, I called on all our people and made arrangement for service Sunday morning. That morning Mr. Frost was not able to get to the service, so I preached to twenty-two of our people in a public hall and administered the communion. In the afternoon Mr. Kane drove us to Saratoga, eighteen miles. As we have no missionary in these stations at present, I again preached in the little church and administered the communion. The next noon Mr. Frost and myself, both sick, took the stage twenty-five miles to Walcott on the railroad and then the night train five hundred miles toward home. We had traveled by stage and wagon over three hundred miles and by train over a thousand miles. We had hoped that the camping and change would do us good, but the hard journey made us both sick, so I was in bed most of the time for ten days after reaching home.

In September I joined the Minnesota friends in a

quiet camp at Mekenock, or Turtle Island, in Turtle Lake, northern Minnesota. While there, I wrote a historical sermon, covering the fifty years life of Gethsemane Parish, Minneapolis, in which I was once an assistant minister for a year and afterwards rector for six years. On October 14th I preached that sermon at the Jubilee Service. There were other services and festivities for a week with great rejoicing. These were followed by the meeting of the Missionary Council of the Sixth Department, held in Minneapolis.

This was a crowning year in our Church school for boys, The Kearney Military Academy. There were over eighty pupils and the old buildings were crowded beyond all comfort. On the eighteenth of December I presided at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Cochran Hall. Although it was zero weather, hundreds of people from far and near assembled to take part in the ceremony in the open air. A procession was formed at the old buildings and marched to the foundation of the new one in the following order: The Kearney Midway Band, The Knights Templar, Blue Lodge Masons, Kearney Militia Company, Cadets of the State Normal School, Kearney High School, The State Industrial School, and those of the Kearney Military Academy. Then followed the officials, speakers and the orator of the day. During the exercises, I read a brief history of the school, Archdeacon Cope delivered an able address and Wm. Jen-

nings Bryan an eloquent oration. I give below the historical address substantially as delivered by myself:

THE ORIGIN OF KEARNEY MILITARY ACADEMY.

On my second visit to Broken Bow, in the year 1890, I had gone to my room for a little rest on Sunday afternoon. Soon after, my hostess called me, saying that a caller had come to see me. Supposing that some prominent Churchman had come to pay his respects to the new Bishop, I went down to the parlor. I found there a lad about twelve years of age. I was pleased that a boy should be so thoughtful as to call on his Bishop. After a little talk together, he looked earnestly at me and said, "When can the Church take me?" I supposed he was thinking of confirmation, so I asked him if he knew his catechism and what preparation he had had? He replied, "Oh, I don't mean that. When can the Church take me and educate me for the ministry?" That question was a poser to me. I could not make any promises, but it set me to thinking very seriously. I knew there must be many boys like him on the farms and lonely ranches of Nebraska.

Some time after this a committee of the United Brethren Church came to Kearney with the intention of starting a school there. They canvassed the town to see what could be raised for the purpose. They got the promise of twenty-five acres of land in the eastern part of town and a promise to put up one large building costing seven thousand and five hundred dollars. The committee then went to York, Nebraska, and succeeded in getting a better offer there, so they declined the offer at Kearney. Some of the citizens then came to me and asked me to take up with the offer made

to the United Brethren. I did not see how I could do so then, but promised that on my trip east I would see if I could get sufficient help to enable me to found a school.

On my first trip east to raise money for our missionary work in October of 1890, I was invited to address a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary of a church in Yonkers, New York. There were about thirty ladies present. I told them of our missionary work and then I told them the story of the little boy at Broken Bow and of the offer made me by the people of Kearney. I said I needed three thousand dollars to build a dormitory and with that help I thought I could found a Church school. After the meeting had adjourned, a lady whom I had never seen came to me and said, " I will give you the three thousand dollars." I almost broke down with emotion. Something for which I had pleaded before several wealthy congregations in vain was now put in my hands without much effort. This lady was Mrs. Eva S. Cochran, who became a mother to the school and gave to its upbuilding at one time or another about thirty-five thousand dollars.

On my return to Kearney I told the people that I was ready to go ahead with the school and directed them to go on and put up the large, central building. At the same time the contract was let for the dormitory of forty rooms. It was slow work getting the buildings finished and furnished, so we were not able to open the school until the September of 1892. At first we had both boys and girls in the school and it ran in this way for about seven years. Gradually the boys increased in number and the girls became fewer and fewer until the girls were reluctant to come at all

among so many boys. About this time, 1898, the Spanish War broke out, and taking advantage of the military spirit which pervaded the country, we changed the school from a coeducational institution to a boy's military academy. At this time the name was changed from The Platte Collegiate Institute to The Kearney Military Academy.

The year we opened the school there was a good attendance of boys and girls mostly from the country. The tuition, board and furnished room we offered for one hundred and twenty dollars a year and were meeting expenses at that price. Soon after came the years of drought and famine, so the country people had no money for schooling and the children had to work the year around to fend off starvation. It was a hard time for the school, but sympathizing friends in the east helped us to keep it going.

Professor C. A. Murch took charge of the school the first three years and then Mr. H. N. Russell for the next three years. Both gave up discouraged on account of the hard times. Then Rev. E. P. Chittenden took the school, having, like the others, the whole plant rent free, on condition that the tuition should be kept low so as to reach the needs of our plainer people. The first year Dr. Chittenden did very well, but in the midst of the second year, on account of neglect and complications, the school nearly broke up entirely. I then induced Mr. Russell to become head master and I took the general management of the school myself. I might then have given up the school in despair if just at that time an endowment of thirty-six thousand dollars had not come to the school from the estate of Mr. Felix R. Brunot. This sum I carefully set aside, determined to use only the interest on it to keep the

school going and to help the poorer boys with scholarships. After I had managed the school for several years and put it fairly on its feet, Mr. Russell was again willing to take the school plant, rent free, and assume the financial responsibilities. As the times improved, the attendance increased until the boarding pupils numbered nearly one hundred boys. This greatly crowded our buildings, and there became great need of a large, permanent, fire-proof building.

At this juncture, Mr. F. G. Keens of Kearney came to me and offered to raise twenty-five thousand dollars in Kearney, giving ten thousand dollars of it himself, if I would raise twenty-five thousand dollars in the east for a fine new building. I laid the proposition before the Mother of the school, Mrs. Eva S. Cochran, and after careful investigation, she promised the other twenty-five thousand dollars. The building was to be of reënforced concrete, the walls filled in with pressed brick and hollow tile and the whole entirely fire-proof.

I would here add that in due time the building was completed and occupied. The furnishing of this new building came largely from the generosity of Mr. H. N. Russell and from a legacy left to the school by a Mr. Nathan Campbell of Kearney. As the expenses of living increased and the people were better able to pay, the price of tuition and board was gradually raised from one hundred and twenty dollars a year to two hundred and forty dollars. Mr. Russell remained in charge as long as I was bishop there and deserves great credit for the upbuilding of the school. The school became in every way a blessed success and a helpful adjunct to the Church's work in the District of Kearney and the neighboring dioceses. I would

also add that the little boy at Broken Bow was a free pupil in the school for several years, although he did not finally study for the ministry. Some other pupils of the school, however, are now in the ministry and others became teachers there and elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1907.

I REMAINED at home the winter of this year teaching my youngest son, Paul, who was not well enough to attend school. Every Sunday I was supplying some vacant mission with services or assisting some of our over-worked clergy. From March 1st to July 1st I was constantly on the road making visitations. On June 11th I married my eldest daughter, Margaret, to Rev. G. G. Bennett, whom I had lately ordained to the priesthood. July and August I spent with my family at Mekenock, on Turtle Lake, Minnesota. In October, with my wife, I attended the General Convention in Richmond, Virginia. October 10th, by action of the House of Bishops, I was relieved of the charge of eastern Wyoming, which I had held for nine years. That state was then made into a separate missionary district and a bishop elected for it. This was a blessed relief to me, as all that work with my advancing age was too hard for me. At that convention, missionary bishops were elected for Nevada, eastern Oregon,

western Colorado and Wyoming. The last of November I started with my wife to spend the winter in Key West, Florida. The work of this year is best summed up in the following extract from my report to the Board of Missions:

"The last year has been a prosperous one for our Missionary District. We have raised more money for Church extension and for our missions than in any previous year and ten per cent more candidates for confirmation have been presented than in any one year before. We have been troubled as heretofore for lack of clergymen, but those in the field have made extra efforts to reach all stations. We have some good examples of successful intensive work in the larger places, but the missionary having the largest number of stations has presented the largest number for confirmation. A large per cent of those presented in the small stations are adults in middle life, people much more difficult to reach than children from our Sunday schools. This shows the character of our work and that if we neglect the smaller places and the country stations to concentrate our efforts on the larger places, as the policy of some is, we shall neglect the Church's best opportunities. The fact is that we have few large places and if we confined our efforts to them we should accomplish little in a district like ours.

We have built two new churches the last year, both to replace former cheap chapels and are laying foundations for two more for a similar purpose. There is debt against only one church building in all our district. We have built an additional building for our boys' school at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. Many places

have made permanent improvements in their churches. In many respects the outlook is more promising than ever before.

During the year I have visited all our stations where we have no regular services. In some of these I had confirmation and made arrangements for regular services. There has been considerable immigration into Wyoming and still more into western Nebraska. The price of land has doubled in the last three years. Hardly any of the immigrants are Church people, but their coming gives us more people to work among and they increase the general prosperity. Only a small proportion of those coming from farms farther east are even nominal Christians of any kind. In some respects, they are more difficult to reach than heathen people. Still we welcome their coming and are better able to interest some of them than could be done in their old homes.

A TYPICAL NEW MISSION.

Some four or five years ago I sent a missionary to the little village of Gillette, Wyoming, to spy out the land. He reported that there were not only no Church people there, but none who cared for Christian services of any kind. Cowboys and saloonkeepers ran the town. Last spring I received a letter from a clergyman in Illinois, saying that a Church lady from Gillette was visiting there who named several Church people in Gillette who desired the services of the Church. I immediately wrote to Gillette asking for particulars and received an encouraging reply. Although the place was six hundred miles from my home and my appointments were out for that part of my field, I arranged to stop off five or six hours between trains. On arriv-

ing there a month later I was met at the station by the leading physician and taken at once to his home. His wife, an earnest Church woman, told me that there were some baptisms and several anxious to be confirmed. She took me at once to call on the parties. Two hours after my arrival I lectured on baptism and administered that sacrament to two adults and three children. In the evening forty-five came to the service in the Baptist church. I preached and confirmed five persons, giving them particular instructions. I then arranged to stop over between trains on my return a week later. At that time I baptized one adult and one child and administered communion to six persons, instructing them the best I could in the brief time allowed. They arranged to meet every Sunday afternoon for a lay-readers' service and singing of hymns. Since then the nearest missionary at Sheridan, one hundred miles away, has visited Gillette, instructing them more fully and giving them the communion. The Ladies' Guild, which I organized at first, has already a good fund started toward building a chapel. The secretary of the guild reports to me every few weeks. The enthusiasm of a new mission like that comes like a fresh breeze across the life of a missionary bishop.

OUR CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

The Kearney Military Academy has had a year of blessed and successful work. We were obliged to decline some applications of pupils for lack of room to accommodate them. Between eighty and ninety boys have been in the school during the year. With our new fire-proof building now nearing completion, we shall be able to accommodate a hundred and fifty pupils and the prospects are that it will soon be full. Five of the

boys were confirmed during the year and all the boys have learned to take active and hearty part in the daily Prayer Book service. A young clergyman, a graduate of the school, is to be the resident chaplain and teacher in the school the coming year.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1908.

DURING this winter, from December 1st to March 8th, I had charge of Holy Innocents' Mission, Key West, Florida, at the earnest request of Bishop Gray. With some assistance from a lay-reader, I held three services and a Sunday school each Sunday. I made five hundred and fifty parochial calls, entered into the parish register a complete list of one hundred and eighty-three families, baptized thirty, prepared and confirmed a class of seventeen and found a clergyman to carry on the work. I also confirmed for Bishop Gray classes in three other churches of Key West. The work of a parish priest and parochial relations with the people were very pleasant and satisfactory after the many years of work as bishop. While doing this work, the mild climate enabled me to recover my strength, which the rigor of Nebraska winters had impaired of late years. On my return I was able to visit all my stations by the first of June. Just after the commencement exercises of our school, I started with my

wife and daughter, Gertrude, for England, to attend the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference.

The congress was probably the largest and most remarkable missionary meeting ever held up to that time on this earth. Delegates from all parts of the world were there and meetings were held simultaneously in seven great halls in London. About a hundred different subjects were discussed and probably a thousand speeches made by experts and others most familiar with the various topics. We attended all we could of the meetings, which lasted ten days and were much interested and edified. Between the close of the Congress and the Lambeth Conference we attended several receptions given by Lord Elsmere, the Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor of London. We then made a rapid trip to Oxford, Warwick and Kenilworth Castles and Stratford-on-Avon.

The Lambeth Conference was held in Lambeth Palace, London, the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There were two hundred and forty-three bishops present from all parts of the world where English is spoken and from many other countries where we have missions among the heathen. The first session lasted a week, then, after a recess of two weeks, ten days longer. The more important subjects discussed were the following: A Revision of the English Prayer Book; Consecration of Native Bishops for Different Races; Policy of the Church in Regard to Divorces and Fam-

ily Relations; Social Reform; Increase of the Ministry; Intercommunion and Reunion with Old Catholics, Moravians, Eastern Orthodox Christians and the Various Protestant Churches; The Ministry of Healing; The Relation of the Church to Modern Science and Thought. The discussions were earnest and able and much good should result from the Conference.

During the recess of two weeks, our party took a trip north through the Lake country of England, across Scotland and back by the great cathedrals in the east of England. Nearly every Sunday, while in England, I was out in different cities preaching missionary sermons for the Society for the Propogation of the Gospel. August 7th our party started for the continent, going through Belgium, up the Rhine, through northern Switzerland, to Vienna and the chief cities of Germany. I was taken sick at Dresden and was in bed a week. After that I started for home and arrived in Kearney October 4th. I found several of our mission stations vacant and spent the rest of the year giving them services and securing clergymen for them. The following is a partial summary of my annual report, sent to the Board of Missions:

"As the General Convention relieved me of fifty thousand square miles in eastern Wyoming and twenty stations, our report will show a decline in statistics. Still our work has prospered and I have been able to visit many of the stations twice in consequence. Our greatest drawback is the continuous removal of our

communicants and families. A number of our places have lost half their members by removal to other dioceses. Those who come in to take their places are rarely ever members of our Church, as they come from dioceses where our Church is very weak. I have confirmed in our District about twice as many communicants as we have to-day and nearly ten times as many as we had when I began my work as bishop. Our people seem to be less contented with life in the country and small hamlets than members of the denominations. Still we can show good progress made all along the line. We often hear of those who have left us doing good work in city parishes or helping to establish missions on the Pacific slope. We have opened some new missions in places where we could not get an opening before and are building two or three new churches. All the groups of missions have been cared for during the year except one and that is supplied at present.

"The Kearney Military Academy has had a year of good progress. At Christmas we entered our new building. The average attendance has been one hundred and eight boys with some more enrolled. For the first time we have had a resident chaplain and the services in the new chapel have been inspiring. Less than half the boys on entering are familiar with our services, but all soon take a hearty part in the responses. A voluntary Bible class has been maintained and eight boys well prepared were presented for confirmation. From twenty to thirty receive the communion each Sunday. Only the income from the endowment is used and the outlook is very bright. The Head Master, Mr. H. N. Russell, has made a splendid record and his life seems wrapped up in the school."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1909.

I REMAINED at home most of the winter and held services on Sundays in some of the vacant missions. Early in February I attended in Lincoln, Nebraska, a meeting for the Federation of Churches. A tentative organization was formed in which our delegates had no authority to unite or act for the Church. The discussions were most brotherly in spirit and good words were spoken in favor of church unity. From there I went on to New York to attend a meeting of the House of Bishops. At that meeting missionary bishops were elected for Wyoming and western Colorado. While in the east, I visited a few friends of our work in New York, New Haven and Cleveland. Before the end of the month I was back in Nebraska and began my spring visitations. These kept me constantly on the road until the middle of June. By that time I was worn out, so that for the next two months I was much of the time in bed, dictating letters to my daughter. I also prepared my annual address to our convocation and my report to the Board of Missions. In August I visited some places in the Black Hills for confirmation, at the request of Bishop Hare, who was then on his death-bed at Atlantic City. In September I spent four weeks with my old friend, Rev. C. H.

Plummer, D.D., in Minnesota, camping most of the time on Turtle Island.

After attending the Missionary Conference of the Sixth Department at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in October, I visited for the second time the stations and work of George G. Ware. In the northwestern part of Nebraska is a large district, known as the "Sand Hill Country." It is about two hundred miles from east to west and about one hundred miles north and south. It is a succession of hills and valleys. Some of the hills are four hundred feet in height, but most of them are much less. Between these hills running in every direction are low valleys. In some of these valleys are shallow lakes. In these valleys the wild grass is cut for hay. The hills are green for about four months of the year and are reddish brown the rest of the time. Everywhere through this sand hill country are ranchmen who keep large herds of cattle. The ranch houses are from five to eight miles apart. There are several branches of railroad running into the edge of this country which carry the cattle to market in the fall. One railroad, the Burlington, runs through the middle of this country the whole length from east to west. Along this railroad about every twenty-five miles are little hamlets with from fifty to one hundred inhabitants. There are generally two or three large stores in these hamlets which supply the ranchmen for forty miles each side of the railroad. In some of these hamlets there

is a Methodist chapel with occasional services and in others there are rarely any religious services.

The winter before this I heard of a man who had been a clergyman living on a ranch a few miles from Mullen in the very center of this sand hill country. Some two or three years before this he had become involved in land trouble with the United States Government largely through the fault of others. On this account he had asked to be deposed from the ministry by Bishop Hare. The people of Mullen had asked him to bury their dead and give them services. He wrote to me for a lay-reader's license, which I gladly gave him, with permission to exhort. He went to work in Mullen and in the country school-houses for thirty miles around. In May of this same year I visited his central station at Mullen. As the first fruits of his work, I baptized ten, confirmed twenty-five and gave communion to twenty-eight. I was not able to visit his field again until the following October.

On the evening of the fifteenth of that month, Mr. Ware met me as I alighted from the train at the little town of Seneca, in the heart of the sand hills. The next morning being Sunday, we drove eight miles north to a ranchman's house, where I baptized one adult and seven children. After instruction I confirmed the father and mother of the family. We then drove on four miles farther to Miller's ranch, where I baptized five adults and two children. I then gave an instruction and confirmed six adults. We took dinner there and

then drove two miles to a school-house known as Jimtown, but eight miles from any town. There I preached and baptized two adults and five children. After an extended instruction I confirmed fifteen and addressed them on the duties of the Christian life. We then drove a couple of miles farther to Ricker's ranch where we spent the night.

The next morning I baptized a child there and then we drove eighteen miles against a cold wind to the little town of Mullen on the railroad. That evening we had eighty people in the public hall, that being two-thirds the inhabitants of the town. I baptized a school teacher, preached and confirmed seven adults. The next morning I confirmed one more in the hall and administered the communion to twenty-four. We then held a business meeting with the congregation and decided to build a church or rectory. In the afternoon we looked with the committee at several sites for the church and decided on one which was offered as a gift. On the seventeenth we drove seven miles to Perkin's ranch and confirmed Mr. Perkins and his son. After lunch there we drove several miles to L. C. Smith school-house where we had a congregation of twenty-five which more than filled the little building. After preaching I baptized three adults and seventeen children, confirmed twelve and addressed them. We then drove four miles to Mr. Ware's home on a ranch, where we spent the night.

The following day we drove to Faut's ranch, where

I baptized four adults, gave an instruction and confirmed nine. After lunch there we drove to Mr. Silbaugh's house, where I baptized six children and confirmed Mrs. Silbaugh. We then returned to Mr. Ware's home, having driven twenty miles that day.

On the twenty-second of October we drove fifteen miles to Mahaffey's ranch and in the evening confirmed Mr. Mahaffey. There we spent the night. The next day we drove to Phillip's ranch, where I baptized two adults and two children and confirmed Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. After lunch there we drove on to Gragg's ranch, seventeen miles in all, where we spent the night.

October 24th being Sunday, we held service in Eclipse school-house, where I preached to fifteen people and returned to Gragg's ranch. In the evening I confirmed Mr. and Mrs. Gragg and their son. On Monday I was taken to Carey's ranch, to rest and hunt ducks. On Tuesday afternoon I returned to Eclipse Post Office and held service with Mr. Ware in a private house. I gave an instruction, baptized six adults and two children and confirmed seven. After another day of rest and hunting at Quinn's ranch, we drove ten miles to Huffman's ranch. There I confirmed Mr. Huffman and his son. On Saturday we drove eighteen miles to Stoddard's ranch, near a post office, called Lena. On Sunday, October 31st, I made two addresses in the ranch-house, baptized three adults and three children and confirmed four. In the

afternoon I preached to twenty-six in the hall at Lena, after which we drove twenty miles, facing a cold north wind to Gragg's ranch. This night, as on several other occasions, Mr. Ware slept on the floor with the carriage robes above and below him. The night before both Mr. and Mrs. Ware slept on a load of hay in a barnyard. Mrs. Ware was with us on most of the trip and did her full share of the work in personal talks with the candidates for baptism and confirmation. The next and last day we drove twenty-eight miles to Mullen, where I conferred again with the building committee and took the night train toward home. During the sixteen days we had driven over two hundred miles, held nineteen separate services, not one of them in a church building, delivered seventeen extempore sermons, baptized seventy-two, mostly adults, and confirmed seventy-four. That made ninety-nine confirmations in Mr. Ware's field within six months. A year before there were not half a dozen Church people in his district and very few Christians of any kind.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1910.

AS MY health had not been good for four years, I was afraid to spend another winter in the cold and storms of Nebraska. I, therefore, made arrangements to spend the winter in southern California. With

my wife and daughter, Gertrude, we arrived in San Diego December 1st, 1909. At the earnest request of Bishop Johnson, I took temporary care of All Saints' Mission parish, whose rector had broken down in health. While the work was very interesting, it proved rather too hard for me, so that for the three months I was not very well. Still I carried it on until the last of March, when I returned to my own Missionary District. Although not feeling strong, I began my spring visitations the first of April and kept steadily at them until the first of July. Extra strength seemed to be given me for this work. It was my habit to call on all our people in the smaller towns, administer the holy communion, preach, confirm any candidates that were ready and make a special address to them, also address the Sunday school where we had one. There were about twenty-five miles ride on the train each day or night and many letters to answer all the time. The missionaries all reported to me at the end of each month and I sent them a check for the balance due on their salary. In this way, I kept in close touch with all the work and the workers.

I ended up my visitations the last of June by visiting again the stations in the sand hills in the care of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Ware. This time I took my daughter, Gertrude, to add interest to the services by her singing. She sung as solos several of the most effective Gospel Hymns. Mrs. Ware played the cottage organs and Miss Ware accompanied with the violin. We were

sixteen days on the trip driving every day and holding about twenty services in the school-houses, public halls and private houses. In a little over a year I confirmed in Mr. Ware's field about one hundred and thirty, nearly all adults, and baptized about the same number. During the same time, we built a church building at Mullen and a little rectory. This phenominal work among farmers and ranchmen shows what can be done by our Church among country people, where we go at it in the right way. This was a district practically without religious services of any kind, so there was no opposition to distract the people's minds. Mr. Ware, having been a ranchman, thoroughly understood the people he worked among. Mr. Ware planted, the Bishop watered and God gave the increase.

During the rest of the summer, I gave services at several vacant places and went a number of times to places where we were building churches and a rectory. I did not get away for any vacation. I prepared my annual report to the Board of Missions and my address to our annual convocation. I felt conscious that this would be the last year of my work as Bishop of Kearney. Our convocation met at Holdrege, where my son-in-law, Rev. G. G. Bennett, was in charge on the seventh and eighth of September.

I was able to report to the convocation that I had confirmed during the year two hundred and sixty-four persons; had secured and paid out for missionary work about three thousand dollars; that we had en-

dowment funds for different purposes to the value of sixty thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars; that we had special funds for new churches to the amount of three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven dollars; that the Church school had prospered with nearly one hundred boys; that we had paid the General Board of Missions about one hundred dollars more than our apportionment; that we had opened up new work in several places; and that I should probably resign my work as Bishop of Kearney at the coming General Convention in October.

Soon after the convocation, I sent off the following letter:

"*To the Presiding Bishop and the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church*:

"DEAR FATHERS IN GOD:

"I hereby tender my resignation of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Kearney, to take effect as soon as the Episcopal care of the District can be otherwise provided for.

"The reasons which impel me to this action are as follows:

"1st. On account of my advanced age, sixty-eight years, and the infirmities incident to that age making it difficult for me to do the full duties and endure the strain of a work like that in the District of Kearney.

"2dly. On account of my health which has been failing for the last five years so that I have been seriously ill after most of my spring visitations.

"3dly. Because of the difficulty of securing a mis-

sionary bishop for such work in case of my becoming utterly incapacitated between the meetings of the General Convention." "ANSON R. GRAVES,
"Bishop of Kearney."

This letter was accompanied by a certificate from our family physician to the effect that if I kept on with my present strenuous duties I was likely to break down completely at any time, but that if I could be relieved I might live in comparative comfort for several years and be able to do some lighter work.

On our way to the General Convention, to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. Graves and myself visited friends in Omaha and Cleveland. At Cleveland I attended all one day the convention of the colored clergy and workers of our Church in the United States. I was pleased with the zeal and orderly conduct of their business and with the marked ability shown by several of their clergy. Some of their laymen also were men of mark.

At the General Convention we were entertained part of the time at the home of Mr. Albert W. Schell, who is a son in the family I lived with when in college and whose parents were my witnesses, or God-parents, at my baptism. The parents had long been dead, but I found the son prominent and active in Church work, as well as a successful business man of Cincinnati. The rest of the time we were entertained at the home of Mr. Henry Garlick, the father-in-law of one of my own clergymen, Rev. C. F. Chapman of North Platte.

I was able to attend every session of the House of Bishops and spoke on important questions more frequently and freely than ever before. On the eighteenth of October the matter of my resignation was considered and with many kind words of regret from several bishops was accepted. The Presiding Bishop immediately appointed me in charge of the District of Kearney until my successor should be consecrated. At the request of several bishops, desiring to know my wishes as to my successor, I ventured to nominate three, any one of whom I thought would make a faithful bishop; viz.: Geo. A. Beecher, Dean of the cathedral at Omaha and formerly a missionary in my District, Rev. Irving P. Johnson, rector of Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, and Rev. C. C. Rollitt, Secretary of the Sixth Missionary Department. Of these Dean Beecher received the largest number of votes and was nominated to the House of Deputies as my successor. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by that House. On my way home, I spent several days with Dean Beecher, explaining the condition of the funds and the work and workers in the District of Kearney.

On our return to Kearney, there was much to do in closing up my work and breaking up our home of twenty-one years. The people of North Platte insisted on my coming there for farewell services and a reception. This was an interesting occasion. I had been present at the consecration of their first church nearly forty years before—had then been called as

their first pastor—had consecrated their second church just twenty years later and had sustained intimate relations with the parish for the last twenty-one years. At the reception I received many touching tributes of respect and affection and a purse of fifty dollars in gold. Mrs. Graves also received loving tributes by the speakers.

On the evening of November 28th a farewell reception was given to Mrs. Graves and myself in a public hall in Kearney. Complimentary addresses were made by Mr. H. N. Russell, Head Master of our Church school for boys, and by the rector of the parish, Rev. P. G. Snow. It appeared there that a fund had been raised from the District with which to place a large, framed portrait of myself in the school and also a bronze tablet, commemorating me as the founder of the school. At the same time a purse of forty dollars in gold was presented to Mrs. Graves by the Woman's Auxiliary of the District of which she had been president for many years. There were present at the reception not only the people of our Church but also the leading men of the city. This was my last day in Kearney as bishop.

In my report to the Board of Missions this year I gave them this:

"SUMMARY OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

"A brief summary of my work as missionary bishop for twenty-one years may be of interest to the Board. I have ordained fourteen deacons and thirteen priests.

MRS. A. R. GRAVES AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

We have had eighty-three different clergymen in the twenty-one years. Of these I have transferred sixty-four to other jurisdictions, one of whom has returned. Four have died in this jurisdiction and eight have died since leaving us. We still have fourteen besides the Bishop canonically resident. We have built twenty-six churches and fourteen rectories. I have baptized in my own District four hundred and fifty-six and confirmed four thousand and thirteen. I have married twenty-four couples. Of those confirmed fifteen hundred were brought up in our own Church, five hundred and forty-five had no religious antecedents. The other two thousand and sixty-eight had had some religious training in twenty-four different religious bodies in childhood, but for the most part were not active members of any. The average age of those confirmed was twenty-five, but ranging all the way from ten to ninety-four years. All the baptisms in our present District of Kearney, that is western Nebraska, were four thousand and ninety-five; marriages six hundred and seventy-one; burials seven hundred and seventy-three; public services forty-three thousand five hundred and forty-eight.

" Twenty-one years ago we had not a dollar of funds of any kind. To-day we have:

" School Endowment Fund.....	$36,275.00
" Missionary Endowment Fund....	10,610.84
" Episcopal Endowment Fund....	7,768.31
" Insurance Endowment Fund.....	4,600.00
" Scholarship Endowment Fund...	1,200.00
" Church Building Funds.....	2,398.47
Total	$62,852.62

"When I began my work in this District we had property in churches and rectories to the value of forty thousand dollars. Our property to-day in churches, rectories and the school amounts to two hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and forty dollars and fifty-seven cents above debts, showing an increase together with our funds, in twenty-one years, of two hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and ninety-three dollars and nineteen cents.

"The day after the farewell reception in Kearney we took the train for Omaha to join in the consecration of Dean Beecher as my successor. Again we were guests at the home of my old friend, Philip Potter, who had been a great help to me in investing the permanent funds of our District and in caring for them after they were invested. In the presence of a vast congregation, a large number of clergy and several bishops, on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, Dean Beecher was consecrated the second bishop of the District of Kearney. As my hands rested on his head in the consecration my authority as bishop of that District passed from me forever and my work as such was ended. Here also, I end this account of myself and my life work."

CONCLUSION.

As I look back over my life to the aspirations and inspirations of my youth, I cannot but feel that, in taking up the work of the ministry instead of law and politics, I did the wisest and best thing possible as

social and civil conditions then existed. Politics were managed by party leaders and bosses in such a way that it was almost impossible to gain prominence and promotion in ways that were strictly honorable. There may have been exceptions, but such was the general rule. I hope conditions are better now and will continue to grow still better. Of this much I am assured that my life has been happier and I trust more useful in the course I have followed. The joys of a minister's life, the triumph of winning souls for Christ, the turning of the indifferent and even the infidel from their carelessness and unrest to the peace and glowing hopes of a Christian, are such as can hardly be equalled in any other calling. While a clergyman may not become wealthy he generally has the comforts of life. In the thousands of homes in which I have been entertained I have generally found those of the clergy the sunniest and sweetest of them all. God be thanked that it is so. May many a youth looking forward to his life work avoid the stormy hunger, the burning greed, the bitter rivalries and the crushing disappointments of most of those who make gold their god and become worshippers of mammon. May more of them seek and find the quiet joy, the lasting peace, the blessed affections and loving relationships which come to the faithful priest and pastor of the Church of God.

APPENDIX.

As I never expect to write another book, I append the following odds and ends which may be of interest or amusement to some of those who have read thus far.

In 1908, feeling the uselessness, except to cultivate the habit of prayer, of a child saying the old familiar

> "Now I lay me down to sleep
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take,"

all being about its soul, even before it knows what its soul is, I composed the following, expressing the simple needs and proper aspirations of a child:

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I thank Thee, Lord, for sleep and rest,
For all the things that I love best,
Now guide me through another day
And bless my work and bless my play,
Lord make me strong for noble ends,
Protect and bless my loving friends,
Of all mankind good Christians make,
All this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Lord send me sleep that I may live,
The wrongs I've done this day forgive,
Bless every deed and thought and word

I've rightly done, or said, or heard,
Bless relatives and friends alway,
Teach all the world to watch and pray,
My thanks for all my blessings take
And hear my prayer for Jesus' sake. Amen.

In 1872, inspired by an imaginary incident, I wrote the following:

THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

O where is the blood of that stern old race
Who traversed the sea to that desolate strand,
Who battled New England's forests down
And hunted the red man out of the land?

Who prayed like a Peter and preached like a Paul,
But banished the Quaker and murdered the witch,
Who fought for their rights like a Spartan or Turk
While others they treated to feathers and pitch.

I now see it flow through a maiden's veins
Whose forehead is high and whose eye is clear,
Whose delicate nose and lips and chin
Are classically chiseled, are sweetly austere.

More gently it throbs in her womanly heart,
But still in its beating is firm and high
And the spring of her pulse shows a spirit well wrought
To dare or to suffer, to do or to die.

And there is a purity calm and severe
Which speaks of some hero or martyr of old
Whose ashes have bittered her own limpid mind
With a truth that is harsh and a love that is cold.

The following is the substance and almost literally the words of my daily evening prayer for many years during my episcopate:

O Lord, merciful Father, I pray Thee forgive me for whatever I have done amiss this day in thought, word, or deed, or failed to do that I should have done. Bless what I have done and accept my thanks for the blessings of the past day. Give me sleep and rest this night to fit me for the duties of the coming day.

Guard, guide and bless my wife, my children and their children, my other relatives and friends, all who have loved me or whom I have loved, especially Lucy and Philip. Bless also my God-children, my clergy and Church workers and our Church school in all its interests.

Send Thy blessing, temporal and spiritual, upon all the givers and helpers of our work, especially Mather, Hadden, Auchmuty, Walcott, Cochran, Ward and her helpers, the Woodwards, Lewis, Markoe, Coles, Van Wagenen, Brown, Rogers, Benson, the Pierreponts, Godfrey, Thaw, Castleman, Hunnewell, Browning and Welles.

Bring about the unity of Thy Church in Thy good time and way and the spread of Thy kingdom everywhere.

Have mercy on the suffering and sorrowing, the unfortunate, the lonely, the aged and infirm, the poor, the disappointed, the discouraged, the despairing and the broken-hearted. All this I ask for Blessed Jesus' sake. Amen, amen.

In 1876 occurred the Golden Wedding of George and Adaline Graves, the uncle and aunt with whom I

had a home for two years while preparing for college and whom I loved dearly. I was able to be present and brought the following as my contribution.

'Twas a golden fleece that Jason sought
O'er land and sea of old,
And a god came down to Danæ's bower
In a fleece of showery gold.

'Tis a purse of gold the miner seeks
And delves with laboring pain,
And the farmer bends his back in toil
To reap his golden grain.

But the golden fleece of tender hopes
A love grown ripe and old
And the mellow joys of fifty years
Are the richest feast of gold.

And the fruits of love are good to see,
Brave sons and daughters fair,
And children's children clustered round,
Bright eyes and golden hair.

Nor these alone, but others too,
Who else might wanderers be,
Are nestled in this home of love
And share its wedding glee.

And not a lamb of all this flock,
Or here or gathered home,
But owns the bond the Saviour wrought,
Nor from His fold would roam.

The tender care of parents' love
And wisdom from on high
Have planted here the seeds of peace
And joys that cannot die.

Then blessings on these honored heads
And love, their golden fleece,
Still smooth the downward way of life
Through blessed paths of peace.

Now may the Gracious Comforter,
The Flame, the Holy Dove,
Keep ever warm their failing hearts
And brood their sacred love.

Some time during the hard years of 1894 and 1895, in sympathy with the farmers of my District, I wrote the following in their own dialect. It is safe to say that it expressed the feelings of thousands of farmers in those times:

THE FARMER'S COMPLAINT.

I have something to say of my masters,
It will make your ears tingle I know,
For they have filled this fair land with disasters
And laid more'n a million homes low.

They're the trusts, the combines, corporations
Of the railroads, of sugar and coal,
The factories, machinery and matches,
Most everything's in their control.

The farmer he toils like a nigger
And plows and harrows and hoes,

He fills all his barns full of fodder,
  But that doesn't buy him no clothes.

The market is distant and fickle
  And the freight rates enormous; You've heard
Two bushels won't take one to market
  And commission men gobble the third.

I planted a lot of purtaters,
  'Cause the price was way up in the spring,
And my girls they hoed and picked bugs off
  Hoping dresses and every such thing.

We had a big crop, you believe it,
  The price was good fifty miles down,
The railroad with rules regulations
  Couldn't carry the crop to the town.

The purtaters all rot in the cellar
  And the girls wear around their ole clothes,
But the railroad got rich by a " corner,"
  And that's the way everything goes.

Our corn wasn't ten cents a bushel,
  Though the prices were fair up above,
While the coal it went higher and higher
  And the corn it went into the stove.

The smell of it burnin' is incense
  No doubt to the capitalist's nose,
But it makes my ole heart ache to smell it
  While I shiver in worn out clothes.

The lawyer's foreclosing the mortgage
  And usury's made the thing grow

Till we can't even pay just the interest,
So our hopes and our home they must go.

The mechanic and brakeman's no better,
Their wages are all cut so low
On the plea of hard times to the railroad,
Or the trust can no dividend show.

So we eat our corn cake for our dinner
Without coffee, or sugar, or wine,
While the rich they grow richer and richer
And the trusts they go on to combine.

What we're comin' to no one can tell us,
But the kings and the tyrants of old
Didn't grind their poor subjects no harder
Than these modern monarchs of gold.

One time late at night I arrived at the little town of Culbertson. I went to bed in the hotel intending to sleep late in the morning. About daylight a rooster came crowing under my window and woke me up. It made me think of the " the priest all shaven and shorn." in the nursery rhyme of " The House that Jack Built." As I lay there I enlarged the story by bringing in nearly all the domestic animals and all the words that rhyme or nearly rhyme with horn, as follows:

This is the Farmer who tilled the farm
Where lived the Mouse that squeaked in alarm
To the timid Dove that did no harm
To the lazy Pig of rounded form,
Or the Guinea-hen in her nest so warm,

Or the Peacock spreading his tail to adorn
The scene where the Turkey with beak like thorn,
That pecked the Donkey so long since born,
That brayed to the Horse that neighed in scorn
At the silly Goose that cracked the corn,
That startled the Duck that quacked to warn
The lusty Cock that crowed in the morn,
That Wakened the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn
To the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

It was my lot while doing my work as bishop in Nebraska to spend hours in making connection with trains at the little junction town of Kenesaw, on the Burlington Line. Once while doing so I passed away the time by writing the following:

KENESAW JUNCTION.

There is a dreary junction spot,
A place by angels long forgot,
Where neither reason, sense, nor law
Prevents a wait at Kenesaw.

To wait so long will make you sad,
But there's no use in getting mad,
For smile, or swear, or sing, or jaw,
You're bound to wait at Kenesaw.

The hours come in, the hours go by,
You weary grow and fret and sigh,
Look up or down no train you saw
While waiting long at Kenesaw.

The room is small; it matters not
If fire goes out, or stove gets hot,
By turns you freeze and then you thaw
While waiting trains at Kenesaw.

You sit and read and read and sit
Until you fear a nervous fit,
The seats grow hard, your bones grow raw
While waiting trains at Kenesaw.

The time is up! hope beams on fate!
And then you're told the train is late,
You sigh and groan with hungry maw,
But still you wait at Kenesaw.

With dreary length the hours drag on,
You're sick with cursing Burlington,
In heart or brain there's sure a flaw,
You're paralyzed at Kenesaw.

I had often to return to my home by a branch railroad and on a freight train. They stopped a long time at each little station and sometimes between stations unloading railroad material. I once cheered the weary way by writing these lines:

THE KEARNEY FREIGHT.

Did it ever fall to your miserable fate
To come from the east by the Kearney freight?

Did you get uneasy and somewhat sour
From waiting at Hastings a good long hour?

Did you whistle the tune " Juniata Blue,"
As that wonderful town you were dragging through?
Did you think it a beautiful city you saw,
While they switched for two hours at Kenesaw?

Was delay at Lowell so dreary until
You thought of the " Tale of Metropolisville "
Of its glory departed out of the land?
Did you wish that your train would pull out of the sand?

Was it car-loads of cinders, or car-loads of ties,
They slowly unloaded, ignoring your sighs
And strung them for miles along by the track?
Did the engine back up and give you a whack?

Did you sing while at Newark a bright, cheerful song?
Did the bridge o'er the Platte seem twenty miles long?
And how many hours did you think you were late,
When at last you got in by the Kearney Freight?

In 1908 I noticed in some magazine a demand for a new national hymn or anthem, less provincial and puritanic than " My Country 'tis of thee." I composed the following which can be sung to the same tune as " My Country 'tis of thee," though I afterward wrote music for it myself.

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN.

Our country fair and strong,
We raise a joyful song
To thy great name,

Stretching from sea to sea,
A country just and free,
Our hopes are bound to thee
And thy bright fame.

No tyrants here survive,
Here honest men can thrive
And freedom find;
With open arms for all
Who flee from kingly thrall,
We send a generous call
To all mankind.

Here come and toil and live
And learn with us to give
Our joys, our tears,
Here solve the problems great
Of labor, church and state,
Transplanting love for hate
And hope for fears.

Now sons of noble sires
Light patriotic fires
Through this broad land,
Let wars forever cease,
Let justice, love and peace
Throughout the world increase
By our strong hand.