

The Gordon-Buss-Julius
families of Minnesota and Illinois

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MATERNAL ANCESTORS OF:

1 Robert H. Gordon, Jr.
3319 VAN ALLEN RD
Janeville WI
53546
Present address

6 Earn Julius
 B March 2, 1903
 P ~~...~~
 M June 25, 1924
 P Glenwood, MN
 D August 24, 1973
 P Minneapolis, MN
 Occupation: Farmer

3 Barbara Fay Julius
 B August 26, 1925
 P Morris, MN
 M August 14, 1949
 P Morris, MN
 D
 P
 Occupation: Secretary

7 Mabel Leone Buss
 B August 28, 1894
 P Stockton, IL
 D November 9, 1975
 P Naperville, IL
 Occupation: Teacher

12 Andrew Seiben Julius
 B May 9, 1875
 P
 M August, 1900
 P
 D Feb. 26, 1932
 P Morris, MN
 Occupation: farmer

13 Blanche Smith
 B August 26, 1881
 P
 D Feb. 26, 1932
 P Morris, MN

14 William Ambrose Buss
 B February 3, 1873
 P ~~Illinois~~
 M Feb. 6, 1894
 P Freeport, IL
 D November 23, 1943
 P Monmouth, OR
 Occupation: Farmer

15 Pearl Emma Dow
 B Sept. 25, 1875
 P Stockton, IL
 D Nov. 28, 1956
 P Monmouth, OR

24 Seiben S. Julius, Sr.
 B April 10, 1848
 P Aulsam, Germany
 M September 28, 1869
 P Stephens Co. IL
 D November 30, 1898
 P Lakota, IA

25 Aijelt Tellinghausen
 B December 27, 1850
 P Manslagt, Germany
 D March 3, 1918
 P Buffalo Center, IA

26 ~~Annas~~
~~Q. Smith~~
 B
 P
 M
 P
 D
 P

27 Sylvia Cecilia Abel **
 B
 P
 D
 P

28 Julius Buss *
 B Feb. 23, 1834
 P England (Selscomb, county of Sussex)
 M July 18, 1870
 P Illinois
 D August 31, 1922
 P Park Rapids, MN
 Occupation: Preacher (Circuit Rider)
 29 Phabe S. Nash (Pimley)
 B July 17, 1842
 P Schenago County, NY
 D March, 1925
 P Park Rapids, MN

30 Henry Thomas Dow
 B April 3, 1855
 P Cherry Creek, NY
 M 1874
 P
 D May 14, 1914
 P

31 Frances Elizabeth Wheelock ***
 B June 21, 1856
 P Stockton, IL
 D May 24, 1896
 P Stockton, IL

* Julius Buss' parents: Jesse Buss and Mary Cretenden
 ** Sylvia Abel's parents were Nathan Abel and Lydia Tappen

TN 668216

SPOUSE OF NO. 1

PAULA Elizabeth Flaherty
 B June 15, 1949
 P St. Louis, MO
 D
 P
 occupation: teacher, marriage + family counselor

Lydia's mother was Mrs. Waterman, Venton, Iowa
 ***Frances Eliz. Wheelock's parents: Oscar Uberto Wheelock (Eng)

KELLY HALL

1 Frank

Victor
Dale

2 Willie

No children

3 Lillian
(Married John Blair)

Clyde

MARGARET KILLION

1 Cora
(Married Jess)

Harry
Alton
Dale
Raymond
Dorothy

2 Effie
(Married George)

Floyd
Edna (Curtis)

3 Jessie
First Wife ~~George~~ (Mildred)
Harold
(Married Maggie)
(Mildred)

Harold
George
Marion

1 Edith
Married Bert Gordon
Ruth
John
David
Bob

2 Judd

(Married) Rosie

3 Omie

9 children

Funeral Service: Mr. Bert Gordon
Hallowell & James, LaGrange
Tuesday, February 19, 1980 2:00 p.m.

Bert Gordon was born over 96 years ago to John and Nancy Gordon on Wednesday, July 11, 1883, in Fort Scott, Kansas. There in Kansas he was raised. There he prepared himself for his life. There he began teaching.

In 1907 he came to LaGrange^{ILL} to begin a long and varied 41 year career. He made an indelible mark of contribution and service to this local high school and this community. He taught in the class room; he coached on the field; he served in the administration; he volunteered in community and service affairs.

In the last three or four years he began to be victimized by aging and his body began to betray him. This past Sunday, February 17, 1980, he joined the great majority in death.

We who live in the latter years of the 20th century are quite a sophisticated group of people. We have assembled quite an impressive body of knowledge, quite a collection of facts and figures, charts and graphs. We know more about life and the universe than ever was known.

But, still, we feel a bit mysterious about death. It is still an awesome thing to us—and many times a frightening thing. When a small child dies, we are bewildered. When a young mother or father dies, we are confused. We try to make sense of it. We try to pick up the pieces. We associate death with two emotions, fear and guilt. But, the death of the aged commands our respect and our reverence for life is enhanced. And, the "frightfulness" of death is muted. There is no fear. Things seem natural and in their proper place. There is no guilt. We can more understand the poet speaking of the evening and sunset of life because Bert's life easily symbolizes a full and perfect day.

You are here this afternoon because this is our custom—to come to such places, and do such things, in the wake of death. But, you are not here so much to mourn. But to remember, to celebrate, to pay your respect to the life that you knew. It is not his death that drew you here. You are here because of his life, that life you shared and that life that made your life possible.

96 years! Just four years shy of a full century! There are a few who live a bit longer but a majority live less. 96 years is a lot of years. And, Bert had the great opportunity to live those years during the most fascinating and eventful 96 years that any man or woman has seen since the beginning of recorded history. More has happened in those 96 years than has ever happened in such a like span of time. In terms of war, it has been the most destructive. In terms of knowledge, it has been the most explosive. Most of us younger ones can at least remember the first television we have seen, the first jet plane. He could recall the radio, the automobile. Think of how he witnessed this world expanding—expanding in accomplishment, shrinking in size. Just recalling his life is like a history lesson.

For a moment, let me take you back to the early 1880's. We live in such a youth orientated culture that tends to lose its roots, its perspective and its appreciation for the experience of age and the depth of history.

When Bert was born in 1883, Chester Alan Arthur was president of the United States. Major cities of the United States were not linked together by good roads, or by telephone, or even trains. There were only 38 states in the Union. In 1883, the government split the vast area from the Atlantic to Pacific into four separate time zones—an idea that not everyone was thrilled about. In 1883 the Brooklyn Bridge was completed and the Panama Canal was begun. In 1883 Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show opened in Omaha, Nebraska. In 1883 Mark Twain published "Life on the Mississippi" and Robert Louis Stevenson published "Treasure Island." Vincent van Gogh was painting, Peter Tchaikovsky was writing music, and Rudyard Kipling was in India. Queen Victoria was on the throne.

Because we know Bert, his life and his generation links us to these men and women, these times in history.

Now, also, because of this, and because Bert was a track and field man, and because this is a year of the Olympics, I want to now take you to the Book of Hebrews in the New Testament. The author of the Hebrew letter must have been a sports fan for he writes as if he had been a frequent witness to the ancient Olympic Games. In the 11th chapter, he pictures life as a relay race that we all run. He gives us a glimpse of those who have run the race before us. And in so doing, he outlines the great forerunners of his nation and of his faith: Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and others. And, after the list, he concludes with these words: "Therefore, since we are supported by so great a cloud of witnesses gone before, let us also lay aside everything that weighs us down and the sins which so easily beset us, and let us run with determination and perseverance the race that is set before us."

Here the author pictures life as a relay race and we all are the middlemen. No one starts from scratch. Others have run the course before us, and we start at the point where their lives touch ours. Our parents and their friends and their neighbors came down the track. For awhile we run along beside them, until they are able to pass the baton of their work, their character, and their accomplishment on to us. They hope we will inherit their visions, their dreams. Then they slow down and eventually they step out of the race. And we carry on the responsibility.

Ultimately, we come to the time when we shall transfer our interests and our hopes to our children and to those who follow us. Thus, life is linked to life and generation is linked to generation. And on and on goes the race.

When our lives are seen in this perspective, we are impressed with the sense of responsibility. The responsibility to run our section of the relay to the best of our ability. The Apostle Paul also must have been a sports fan for he too used the language of the athlete. In his letter to the Phillipians he tells his readers, "One thing I do, I try to do my best to reach what is ahead. So I run straight toward the goal." And in his second letter to Timothy, Paul indicates that he feels the time is approaching to leave this life. He says, "I have done my best, I have run the full distance, and I have been faithful."

Bert must have seen life in terms of his responsibility because he proved himself responsible. As a student and learner, he received what a former generation passed on to him. And then, as a coach and teacher, he carried on the torch to a group of younger fellows. In the education world, he received the foundation and on that he built and served and prepared for those to follow him. In his social and community affairs also, he took responsibility and leadership roles. While he was in the race, he carried the baton faithfully.

Now, when we picture life as a relay, we are not only struck with a sense of responsibility but we are also struck with a sense of indebtedness and gratitude.

So, we are here this afternoon "In memoriam," to remember, to recall. And, we are here to pay our respect and tribute. And, we take this opportunity to thank God for this life that you knew and shared. And, we are thankful for what he has contributed to your lives and to your understanding of life.

And, we are thankful for the lessons he passes on, his love of life, his love of the great outdoors, his zest and enjoyment of sports, his meticulousness, his sense of responsibility, his sense of service. He was not one that preached about his faith. But seeing how he lived and loved life, you caught his strong faith of stewardship and discipline. Life and its opportunities were a gift of God to be used and developed and protected.

He shall be remembered as a vital, living presence. His character and deeds, his influence, and his craftsmanship of life, is his legacy to you. They will endure in your acts and thoughts. He passes the baton, the torch, on.

Out of the graciousness of God, you have shared this life and learned to go on.

Since we live by faith and not by sight, we cannot know in detail what lies beyond the grave. But as Christian people, we rely on the goodness of God that it will be above all that the mind of man can conceive. And it is to the goodness of God that we commit our friend and brother, Mr. Bert Gordon, this afternoon.

We commemorate and honor him and give gratitude to God.

Kenneth A. Pokrant, Pastor
First Baptist Church
LaGrange, Illinois

I will begin at the proper end of my experience. As it is nearly forty years ago I cannot go into particulars, but will give an outline of what I experienced and observed as I passed along through the years of the past.

I was born near a little village by the name of Selscomb in the county of Sussex, England, Feb. 23, 1834. My parents were both professedly religious, they belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist church. My father is now dead. He died in the year 1854. He was not the most stayable in his experience; but a good deal like the tribe of Reuben, as unstable as water, he did not excel unless it was in the use of tobacco, for he was an inveterate smoker. The Methodist of those days had not entirely outlived Mr. Wesley's customs, for my father usually attended the five o'clock prayer-meeting on Sabbath morning, held in the village chapel, about one mile from home, and when he was regular to this means of grace he succeeded well in religion, which proves that self-denial, sacrifice, and a constant attendance upon the means of grace secures God's blessing. My father's intemperate use of tobacco made him nervous and ugly at times. He died at the age of sixty-four. My mother was temperate in all of her habits, and is now living in her ninety-first year, she was very firm and uniform in her experience; she has belonged to the Methodist church for seventy-five years. Her family of eight sons and three daughters have all been brought into the kingdom of God. My parents had to struggle with stern poverty most of their lives. There were no free schools in those times; so our educational opportunities were quite limited, although they were a little above the average of poor people. My mother was a tailoress by trade, she earned considerable money to pay for our schooling. Most of the time I attended excellent schools. Many in this country may not be acquainted with the fact, that the Methodists in England built seven hundred schools throughout the kingdom, and furnished them with excellent teachers. They not only kept excellent order at school, but every student was responsible to the teacher for his conduct from the time he left home in the morning until he returned home at night. What a lamentable contrast is that to some parts of our country! Where I am now located, the children are more like Turks or Arabs than the children of civilized families. I fear for my own boys. Let us institute and support Christian schools as fast as God will permit. In addition to the ordinary branches, zoology was taught, and the young ladies were instructed in all sorts of needle work. They were days of precious memory. My parents were strict in their family government, it was what might be termed make-mind government, instead of coax and promise kind. As long as I can remember, we were sent to the village Sabbath-school, I say we were sent, for we never thought of refusing to go, and I do not remember of being absent to exceed three times in ten years, morning and afternoon at that.

Soon after I was fifteen my parents became very much interested about going to America. Three of my older brothers had already gone some two or three years before. Finally preparations were made and we started for the city of London, distant fifty miles, boarded a large covered wagon that made a trip to the city once a week. Notwithstanding nature and art combined had done so much to make the country in which I was raised so beautiful, healthy and desirable, yet I had no regrets on leaving. There was one scene I shall never forget, that was parting with my oldest brother. He had come with us a few miles on the way, but the time had come for him to turn back. He embraced and kissed us all, seven in number, but when he came to mother it was almost unendurable. He wept bitterly! He has since come to this country after burying his wife by the side of my oldest sister in the church cemetery of his native village. I was too much taken up with the sights and scenes before me, and the New Hemisphere to have any disposition to turn back again. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the busy scenes of the great city of London, made our way to the proper docks, got our goods booked for Quebec, Canada, then went and found two of mother's sisters, stayed about two days with them, meanwhile sauntered about the city to see what we could discover, it being the first time that we were ever there, with the

exception of mother, she was there the day Queen Victoria was crowned; but the magnificent place was so large that we could see but little of it. We note but two things that made any lasting impression upon our mind. The first was what is called the London monument, built of beautiful polished granite, two hundred and two feet high, near the top is built a projecting balister, reached by winding stairs on the inside. From this place a woman who was tired of life, precipitated herself to the ground. The result was what might be expected, picked up dead. The whole structure is grand and imposing. The second thing of note was St. Paul's church, seen as we pass down the River Thames, making for the sea. Of course at that distance, we could not tell much about it, probably one mile away. It looked like a mountain of solid stone. Its dimensions, all but its height have passed from my memory, and that is five hundred and eight feet, which is five times higher than any church including the steeple in any of our small towns or villages. We could not stay in London any longer, but must be proceeding down the river toward the broad Atlantic. We had to take passage in a common sailing vessel; steamship passage in those days was too expensive for poor people, then there was not half the competition that there is now. But our vessel was one fitted up nice and clean.

Now all are aboard, the anchor is raised, and the beautiful white sails are thrown to the winds, and we are off for Quebec. Now you must not think that as I stood on the deck of that vessel, that I was without some feeling as we gave the last long look upon native land and home. The God of all grace had dealt in great mercy to the people of my native country. Farewell native land, farewell. Now we are headed for Quebec under a clear sky and fair winds, little knowing what awaits out on the mighty deep. I was always naturally forward and ready, so soon made myself acquainted with all on board, especially with the steward. He desired that I should be his cabin boy, which little office I gladly accepted, for it gave me privileges that some others did not enjoy. Our fare on board ship was quite meager, consisting mainly of hardtack and corned beef. Cabin fare was far superior. There is such a sameness about a sea voyage after you are out of sight of land, that I will sum it all up in five particular things that were of some note to me at least and probably to all on board. The undescribable storm that lasted forty-eight hours. The angry waves threaten to engulf, ship and all, such furious tossing we have never thought of. The awful waves would bear us up as if we were on mountains, the ship would stand a few seconds upon their crest and tremble until you could feel every timber shake, halting apparently, we then to take the next plunge into the awful gulf below. Consternation and sadness was depicted upon everybody's countenance. We had to hold with both hands to save ourselves from being pitched overboard. Finally all had to be ordered below except the untiring sailors. The hatchways were shut down and fastened to avoid confusion and damage by water, amidst the fury of the gale the noble captain could be heard shouting his orders to the poor sailors. Then there was praying instead of swearing. Terrible seasickness commenced among the passengers. It was then and there while tossing to and fro in my bunk that my old convictions returned and I made a vow to Almighty God that if he would spare my life and bring me safe to land I would serve Him the balance of my days. Poor mother suffered the most of all on board. She did not recover until toward the last of the voyage. She wasted to nearly a skeleton. We deplored, for awhile, for her dear life, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. This awful God is ours. "He plants His footsteps upon the sea and rides upon the storm." No damage done to the ship nor anything lost, unless it was some hilarity and folly among the people, for they were more thoughtful after that.

All on deck again. The sky above us is serene and clear, and the ocean is in a beautiful lull, as if anxious to take a rest. I wish to state here that I frequently carried to mother a little dish from the cabin, something she would relish. The hard tack was hard, indeed, for her.

The second thing of note was the northern lights. I had seen them before, while on land, but never as I saw them on sea. They were not only beautiful colors, but gave such light that we could see to read with leisure. The third thing was the monstrous whales that would rise nearly half their length above water for fresh air and to blow the water from their stomachs. It was a sight mixed with fear and joy, but none of them were permitted to swallow us up, so we continued to move on. Fourth, the immense or huge pieces of ice floating slowly down from the Arctic regions. As we glided safely between them we could feel the cold air upon our person. How large they were when they first started I cannot tell. Often floating down to that place right in midsummer the part out of the water was as large as any church I ever saw in my life, except St. Paul's.

Now then, after being tossed on the ocean for seven weeks and three days, we see Canada ahead of us. We enter the river St. Lawrence, and anchor in quarantine.

You see the scribblings are not strictly religious, but I will promise to grow in grace and the knowledge of better truths after this, that is, if you will allow me a little time to get away from Canada, for we started to come to Illinois.

J. Buss

REV. AND MRS. JULIUS BUSS CELEBRATE 47TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The following item recently appeared in the Park Rapids, (Minnesota) Enterprise and will be of interest to friends and relatives of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Buss who were former residents of this section. Mrs. Buss wishes to add that four generations were represented at the birthday surprise and a delicious lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Busor of Warren, Ill., were present.

At the state park they visited the outlet of Itasca lake, the source of the great Mississippi, there so narrow it can be waded or crossed on stepping stones. Mr. Buss is the only living one of 12 children who came from England in 1850 and settled in vicinity of Lena. He began his work as a minister when about 20 years old, and now at 83 years is still blowing the gospel trumpet as insistent as ever, in season and out of season and abounding in God's work.

Celebrate Two Anniversaries

Mrs. Julius Buss celebrated her 75th birthday on Tuesday by enjoying an auto ride out to the home of her son Dan in Straight River township, and driving the car part of the distance herself. On her arrival home in the evening Mrs. Buss found a gathering of relatives and friends awaiting her arrival. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed, the occasion being one that will be a pleasant memory to Rev. and Mrs. Buss for many months to come.

Wednesday was the 47th wedding anniversary of this worthy and happy couple, and to commemorate the day a trip out to Itasca park was arranged for them by their son John. The day was delightful and the trip proved a most enjoyable one. While in the park they had the pleasure of seeing a fine old dog come out into the road close by them.

Rev. and Mrs. Buss have lived 47 many and useful years and their rich experiences in the Christian life makes their companionship and friendship a thing to be highly prized.

CELEBRATE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Euser, while sitting in Park Rapids, were among the guests assisting in the birthday celebration of Mrs. Julius Buss. Rev. and Mrs. Buss are former residents of this locality and the worthy couple celebrated their 47th wedding anniversary a short time ago. Mr. Buss is alone the surviving child of a family of twelve children, who came from England in 1850 and settled in the vicinity of Lena. When about 20 years old, he entered ministry and at the advanced age of 83 is still engaged in this noble work.

Mrs. Buss recently celebrated her 75th birthday at the home of her son Dan in Park Rapids. The trip, made in a car, Mrs. Buss driving, was a great part of the distance. This achievement gives some idea of her wonderful constitution and general good health.

Rev. and Five Sons Survive; Funeral Held at Baptist Church Saturday; Interment Made in Greenwood.

Rev. Julius Buss died at his home in Park Rapids Thursday, August 31, 1922, aged 88 years, six months and eight days. The funeral was held from the Baptist church on Saturday following, and interment was made in Greenwood cemetery.

Deceased was born in England February 23d, 1834, and came to this country with his parents when 16 years of age. His earlier life was spent in the eastern states. When nineteen years of age he attended a camp meeting at Lena, Ill., and there was converted. He at once began preparing himself for the ministry and the years of his life that have passed since then were devotedly given to the positive conviction with which he became possessed.

July 18, 1870, he was married to Phoebe S. Pimley, by whom he is survived and who was a great help and true companion thru the years in his chosen work. In 1902 deceased moved to this locality to continue his work as a missionary pastor, and he became known thruout this entire section thru his oft repeated visits to the rural home. Eleven years ago Rev. and Mrs. Buss moved into town and have since made their home here. Their home life was blessed with five sons, four of whom are living. Ed. Buss being a resident of Los Angeles, Calif., Will living at Morris, and Daniel and John W., who live at Park Rapids. Besides his wife and sons he is survived by one stepson, and twenty-one grandchildren and sixteen great grandchildren.

The funeral service was held from the Baptist church. The gospel songs deceased loved so well were sung by a mixed choir, and three addresses were given: Rev. Greenup, of the Free Methodist church, Dr. H. W. Bell of the Methodist church and Rev. G. L. Lorimer of the Baptist church, each paying a fitting tribute to one who has been their friend and co-worker.

The sympathy of a host of friends is extended to the bereaved companion and relatives of the deceased.

Mrs. Phoebe Buss Succumbs to Pneumonia Last Sunday Morning; Was Resident Since 1902.

Phoebe S. Buss, who came to the community in 1902 with her husband; the late Rev. Julius Buss passed from the things of this life her home in Park Rapids Sunday morning, after a period of sickness lasting ten days. Being 83 years a 3 months of age, she was not physically strong enough to overcome the effects of an attack of pneumonia, and with those gathered about her who were nearest and dearest in life, she sank into that sleep from which the awakening is to know the blessed realities of the life to come.

Her son, Wm. Buss and wife, arrived here from Morris on Thursday on learning of her sickness, and with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Buss and Miss E. shared in the vigils of the last hour and contributed such comfort as the presence of loved ones brings. One son, E. J. Buss, living at Los Angeles, California; was unable to be present.

Phoebe S. Nash was born in Schoharie county, New York, July 17, 1839. Three years later she moved with her parents to Illinois, living there until 1902 when she came to Hubbard county.

She was married at Pleasant Valley, Illinois, on June 5th, 1860, to James Pimley, who was killed in battle during the civil war two years later. One son, J. Henry Pimley, was born to them, he being for several years a resident of Park Rapids, and dying here a year ago.

On July 18th, 1870, she was married to Rev. Julius Buss, and to them five sons were born, one of whom died while young. The four remaining sons are living, E. J. Buss being a resident of California, Wm. Buss living at Morris, Minn., and Dan and W. Buss living here.

Deceased was a member of the Free Methodist church since she was a child, and during all the years of her residence in this community, an age prevented, was active in church and missionary work. The story of her work would take one to many homes where help was needed, where words of comfort were values which money could not buy, and where the comforting influence of the Christian spirit thru intelligent ministrations brought peace and quiet to anxious souls. Her life reflected the deep faith of her soul, and the community was made better through her having lived in it.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon from the Baptist church. Rev. G. Lorimer, pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. H. W. Mitchell of the Methodist church and Rev. W. Kendall of the Free Methodist church participating in the services. A quartette including Mrs. Lorimer, Mr. Harlow, Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Bak sang three selections, chosen by the departed for the services. The text used and the scripture readings were also of her selection. Interment was made at Greenwood cemetery, in a lot where are the graves of her husband and two sons.

Celebrate Golden Wedding Anniversary

REV. AND MRS. JULIUS BUSS, SOONS
AND GRANDCHILDREN HAVE
REUNION.

Rev. and Mrs. Julius Buss of Park Rapids celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Sunday last. This venerable couple, happy in the memory of many years of busy life well spent, are enjoying, considering their advanced years, a fortunate measure of health and strength, and are quite content in the circumstances and surroundings that the fruits of their years of labor have brot to them. It is not what they have been able to acquire unto themselves of material things that satisfies their hours of meditation, but the consciousness of service rendered in a work that has been very acceptable, altho poor paid for. Rev. Julius Buss is now 78 years of age and Mrs. Buss passed her 78th birthday on Saturday last. Rev. Buss began preaching and exhorting when twenty years old, while living in Illinois and continued in that work until his physical condition no longer permitted him to do so. Rev. and Mrs. Buss were married July 18th, 1870 in Illinois, moving to Minnesota in 1875 and locating near Osage, Minn. They lived there until eight years ago when they moved to Park Rapids, where they have since made their home. There was born to Rev. and Mrs. Buss five sons, four of whom are living. Rev. Buss, the oldest son, lives at Rochester, Minn., Will Buss lives at Moorhead, Minn., while Dan and John Buss are located here. There were four generations present at the wedding observed at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Buss Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buss and their little four pound daughter being present to enjoy the occasion.

SEIBEN FAMILY TREE

I - SEIBEN S. JULIUS, SR.

Born in Aulsam, Germany, April 10, 1848, died Nov. 30, 1898. Age 50 at Lakota, Iowa

Married (on Sept. 28, 1869 at Stephens Co., Illinois) to

Aijelt Tellinghausen

born Dec. 27, 1850, at Hanslagt, Germany, died Mar. 3, 1918 at Buffalo Center, Iowa (age 67 years).

THEIR FAMILY

1. Martin I - born May 22, 1870, died July 6, 1870
2. Paulina I - born Nov. 22, 1871, died Aug. 29, 1879
3. Martin S. II - born July 27, 1873, died in 1948
4. Andrew S. - born May 9, 1875, died Feb. 26, 1932
5. Albert J. - born Feb. 23, 1877, died in 1949
6. Paulina II - born Nov. 27, 1879, died in _____?
7. Grace - born Nov. 26, 1881, died in 1952
8. Seiben S. - born July 19, 1884
9. Dora - born July 18, 1886, died in 1952
10. Harm - born April 15, 1888, died Jan. 17, 1941
11. Edward - born May 16, 1890, died July 2, 1927
12. Alice I - born July 2, 1893, died Sept. 23, 1894
13. Alice II - born May 15, 1896, died in 1947

FAMILY TREE

I
 Martin S. Julius)
 married to) one son
 Jennie Fink) Verne Julius)
 Edna Graham) married to) two daughters
) Maxine Joyce)
) born Dec. 30, 1939) two daughters
) married to) Margaret
 John Bacon)) born 1960
)) Corrine
) born Aug. 1961

Shirley Lavonne

II
 Andrew)
 married Aug. 1900) 3 children
 to) Loyd
 Blanche Smith) died in 1920
 born Aug. 26, 1881) Baby
) died in 1911 or 1912
 Earn)
 married June 1924 to) 2 daughters
 Mabel Buss) Barbara) three children
) born Aug. 26, 1925) Bobby - 1950
) married Aug. 14, 1949 to) Bill - 1953
 Bob Gordon)) Jean - 1956

Jim () two children
 married () Jimmie
 Jim Stockwell) Ricky

Handwritten notes:
 Ronald () married
 1928 }
 Genevieve Lewis

I
 bert J.)
 married to) 1 son
 ara Steinblock) Claire - died
 n February 22, 1899)

lina II)
 married to) two children)
 in H. Hill) Clarence) adopted a baby
 married) Mary - it died
 Genevieve Lewis)

Raymond) two children
 married) Howard (born Mar. 14, 1928
 Ruby Newby)
 Ruth (born Aug. 19, 1935)

e)
 married on) no children
 rch 7, 1906 to)
 Gustin)

en S. Julius) two children
 died on Dec. 31, 1909) Russell Merle) three children
) married June 1930) Jerry - died in 1939 (age 7 years)
 ence Galkins) to) Patricia - born July 6, 1944
 Viola Anderson) Pamela Jane - born July 3, 1948

Edna Maxine)
 married May 14,) three children
 1938 to) Jack Eldon
 Neil E. Bickford) born Jan. 10, 1939
 Sally May
 born July 18, 1940, married Sherman Schroder
 Sue Maxine /Oct., 1958
 born July 11, 1945

I
ru)
married May 28, 1914 to) no children
at Hgt. Culmb.)
;

II
rm Julius)
married Feb. 1914 to) no children
ace Euper)

ward)
married Feb. 19, 1914 to) Six Children
ace Westendorf)

1. Ethel - born July 11, 1914)
married to Gerald Holland) Dean (died)
divorced)
Donna) Bruce (1953)
married) Valerie (1954)
Lawrence Grimsley) Ilona (1957)

Remarried to)
John Barkela) 3 boys
He died May 1941)

Later Married)
Sam Klooster) 4 children
Raymond)
Sharon Kay - born July 11, 1944
Wallace - born in 1946
Alfred

2. Alfred - Married Bertha Fotter)
at Buffalo Center) two sons
Alfred Jr.
married Evelyn Hellman
on April 22, 1961

Thomas - born May 1943

3. Cecil S. - married Deloria Kuker)
Dece. 28, 1940) two daughters
Cecile Kay - born July 22, 1944
died 1960
Rietta - born June 21, 1947

4. Marion - married to)
Helen Richmond)
born May 15, 1896)
married to)
Wilton Buckholtz)

Later married)
Doris) one son
Michael - born 1954

5. Wallace - not married

6. Herbert Julius)
married) 5 children
Katherine Becker) Howard, born May 6, 1958
Steven, born Dec. 5, 1955
Dale, born April 10, 1951
Kathy Kay, born Oct. 31, 1959
Donna, born April 6, 1952

born May 15, 1896) 5 children
married to)
Wilton Buckholtz)

1. Ozra)
Married Genevieve) on daughter
Killed in action in Italy) Romaine Simone
born Feb. 24, 1938

2. Lorraine)
Born July 11, 1918) 3 daughters
Married to John Miller) Margaret Ann)
divorced) married) 3 children
Duane Johnson) Loretta
Tamara
Stephen

Sharon Lynn
married
Ed Russell

Sandra Kay
married
Dale Nelson

Remarried to Fern Hicke - no children

3. Wilfred)
married to Fern) two boys
Gerald Wayne - born June 2, 1942
Gale Orrin - born Dec. 6, 1945

4. June)
born June 1, 1924) one son
Married Richard Broadhead) Forrest Orvis
divorced) Jan. 1, 1945

Remarried to)
Ralph Student) three girls
) Dianne
) Pamela
) Jackie

5. Orvis)
born Mar. 9, 1927) two daughters
married to) Kathie
Evie Ellington) Laurie
divorced

Remarried to)
Elizabeth Anderson) 4 children
) Kathy
) Laurie
) Stephanie
) Walter

Lydia Tappen --Her Mother Mrs Waterman.Vinton,Iowa

Nathan Abel

Children

MARRIED

Sylvia Cecelia

Annas Q.Smith

Jacob Riley Franklin Margaret Troop

Elmer Mary Holland --Byrd Leeper

Nettie Perry Olds--Abraham

Ona Lewis Griner

Arthur Mabel

Edgar Katheryn Hunter

Sylvia Smith

Nettie Mae

Gustave Henry Gleiter

Ola Blanche Andrew Sieben Julius

Edna Pearle Otto Koppen

LOLA

Roy Charles Farrington

Jacob Abel

Norma

Millie

Wayne

Patricia

Beryl

William Reed

Elmer Abel & Mary

Edna

Seth Myrick

Flossie

Elmer and Byrd

Lela

Edward H.McMillian

Lavoris

Marian

Arthur Abel

Frederic

Nathan

Dorothy

Edward Thomas

Arthur Harold Jr.

Mary Sayre June 12,1949

Edgar Abel & Kathryn

George

Florence

Nettie and Perry Olds Divorced

Clarence Olds

Ona Griner

Howard George 1895

Leland Edward 1908

REV. AND MRS. JULIUS BUSS CELEBRATE 47TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The following item recently appeared in the Park Rapids, (Minnesota) Enterprise and will be of interest to friends and relatives of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Buss who were former residents of this section. Mrs. Buss wishes to add that four generations were represented at the birthday surprise and a delicious lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Busor of Warren, Ill., were present.

At the state park they visited the outlet of Itasca lake, the source of the great Mississippi, there so narrow it can be waded or crossed on stepping stones. Mr. Buss is the only living one of 12 children who came from England in 1850 and settled in vicinity of Lena. He began his work as a minister when about 20 years old, and now at 83 years is still blowing the gospel trumpet as insistent as ever, in season and out of season and abounding in God's work.

Celebrate Two Anniversaries

Mrs. Julius Buss celebrated her 75th birthday on Tuesday by enjoying an auto ride out to the home of her son Dan in Straight River township, and driving the car part of the distance herself. On her arrival home in the evening Mrs. Buss found a gathering of relatives and friends awaiting her arrival. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed, the occasion being one that will be a pleasant memory to Rev. and Mrs. Buss for many months to come.

Wednesday was the 47th wedding anniversary of this worthy and happy couple, and to commemorate the day a trip out to Itasca park was arranged for them by their son John. The day was delightful and the trip proved a most enjoyable one. While in the park they had the pleasure of seeing a fine old doe come out into the road close by them.

Rev. and Mrs. Buss have lived to many good and useful years and their rich experiences in the christian life makes their acquaintance and friendship a thing to be highly prized.

It has been said that all persons

Rev. Julius Buss Dies In Eighty-Ninth Year

Wife and Five Sons Survive; Funeral
Held at Baptist Church Saturday;
Interment Made in Greenwood.

Rev. Julius Buss died at his home in Park Rapids Thursday, August 31, 1922, aged 88 years, six months and eight days. The funeral was held from the Baptist church on Saturday following, and interment was made in Greenwood cemetery.

Deceased was born in England February 23d, 1834, and came to this country with his parents when 16 years of age. His earlier life was spent in the eastern states. When nineteen years of age he attended a camp meeting at Lena, Ill., and there was converted. He at once began preparing himself for the ministry and the years of his life that have passed since then was devotedly given to the positive conviction with which he became possessed.

July 18, 1870 he was married to Phebe S. Pimley, by whom he is survived and who was a great help and true companion thru the years in his chosen work. In 1902 deceased moved to this locality to continue his work as a missionary pastor, and he became known thruout this entire section thru his oft repeated visits to the rural home. Eleven years ago Rev. and Mrs. Buss moved into town and have since made their home here. Their home life was blessed with five sons, four of whom are living. Ed. Buss being a resident of Los Angeles, Calif., Will living at Morris, and Daniel and John W., who live at Park Rapids. Besides his wife and sons he is survived by one stepson, and twenty-one grandchildren and sixteen great grand children.

The funeral service was held from the Baptist church. The gospel songs deceased loved so well were sung by a mixed choir, and three addresses were given. Rev. Greenup, of the Free Methodist church, Dr. H. W. Bell of the Methodist church and Rev. G. L. Lorimer of the Baptist church, each paying a fitting tribute to one who has been their friend and co-worker.

The sympathy of a host of friends is extended to the bereaved companion and relatives of the deceased

Personal Appearance

The following interesting paragraph, says the *Des Moines State Register*, has been handed to us by a venerable friend, who has had it in his scrap-book over forty years, it having been cut from a paper published at Plattsburgh, New York, about the year 1826:

...of the person of Jesus Christ, as
...
...at this time in Judea,
...singular character, whose name
is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet; but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and revered; his hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably touching his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head; his dress of the sect of Nazarites; his forehead is smooth and large—his cheek without either spot, save that of lovely red: his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair on his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright clear and serene. He rebukes with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language—his whole address, whether word or deed, being elegant, grave, and fully characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise, in short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

Beloved Christian Woman Is Dead

Mrs. Phoebe Buss Succumbs to Pneumonia Last Sunday Morning; Was Resident Since 1902.

Phoebe S. Buss, who came to this community in 1902 with her husband, the late Rev. Julius Buss, passed from the things of this life at her home in Park Rapids Sunday morning, after a period of sickness lasting ten days. Being 83 years and 8 months of age, she was not physically strong enough to overcome the effects of an attack of pneumonia, and with those gathered about her who were nearest and dearest in life, she sank into that sleep from which the awakening is to know the blessed realities of the life to come.

Her son, Wm. Buss and wife, arrived here from Morris on Thursday, on learning of her sickness, and they with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Buss and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buss and Miss Eva shared in the vigils of the last hours, and contributed such comfort as the presence of loved ones brings. One son, E. J. Buss, living at Los Angeles, California, was unable to be present.

Phoebe S. Nash was born in Schenago county, New York, July 17, 1842. Three years later she moved with her parents to Illinois, living there until 1902 when she came to Hubbard county.

She was married at Pleasant Valley, Illinois, on June 5th, 1860, to James Pimley, who was killed in battle in the Civil war two years later. One son, J. Henry Pimley, was born to them, he being for several years a resident of Park Rapids, and dying here a year ago.

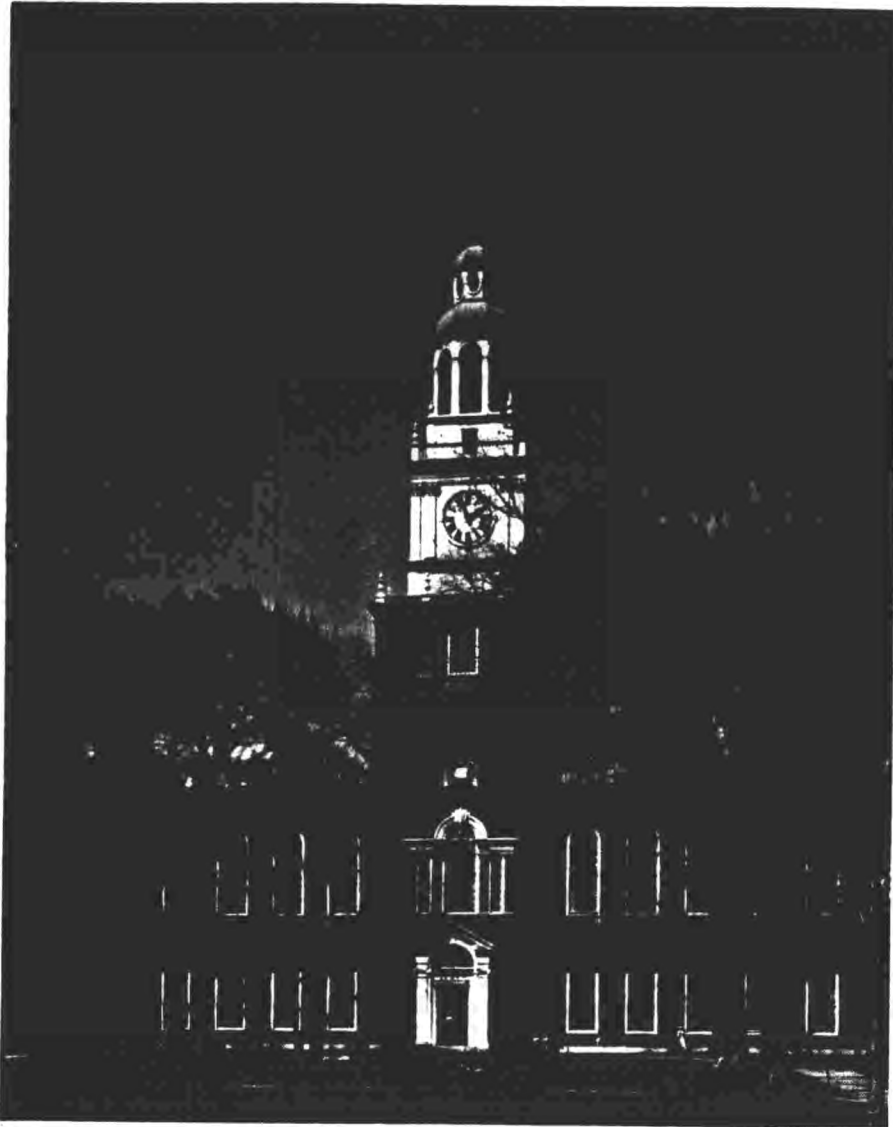
On July 18th, 1870, she was married to Rev. Julius Buss, and to them five sons were born, one of whom died while young. The four remaining sons are living, E. J. Buss being a resident of California, Wm. Buss living at Morris, Minn., and Dan and J. W. Buss living here.

Deceased was a member of the Free Methodist church since she was a child, and during all the years of her residence in this community, until age prevented, was active in church and missionary work. The story of her work would take one to many homes where help was needed, where words of comfort were values which money could not buy, and where the comforting influence of the Christian spirit thru intelligent ministrations brought peace and quiet to anxious souls. Her life reflected the deep faith of her soul, and the community was made better through her having lived in it.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon from the Baptist church. Rev. G. Lorimer, pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. H. W. Mitchell of the Methodist church and Rev. W. S. Kendall of the Free Methodist church participating in the services. A quartette including Mrs. Lorimer, Mrs. Harlow, Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Baker sang three selections, chosen by the departed for the services. The text used and the scripture readings were also of her selection. Interment was made at Greenwood cemetery, in a lot where are the graves of her husband and two sons.

Dartmouth:

The Impossible Dream Come True



Baker Library, on the Dartmouth campus. Photo courtesy of Hathorn & Olson.

In a very real sense, Dartmouth is academe's version of the "Impossible Dream" come true. To understand this, it's necessary to go back to the beginning. Indeed, this history is essential even to an understanding of Dartmouth today, for the circumstances of the college's founding as the nation's ninth oldest have made an indelible imprint on the character of Dartmouth and have nurtured through two centuries the celebrated Dartmouth spirit.

It's a story of vision, of place, and, in the early years, of survival against incredible odds that's become a vital, living legend and produced among Dartmouth men—and since 1972, women—a special kind of pride,

sense of community, and can-do spirit. It's an aura, an atmosphere, that touches each generation, each class of wearers of the Dartmouth Green so deeply that for most of its 40,000 living alumni today—as for all those who've gone before—Dartmouth has always been more than a college; it's a state of mind and affair of the heart.

But back to the beginning. In 1769, when England's King George III "by his special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion" granted the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock a charter to establish Dartmouth, the site did not look anything like it appears today.

Rather, this gracious plain—once the bed of a long glacial lake—was

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DEATHS

Armine Gordon - died April 7, 1897

Otto Gordon - died August 14, 1890

^{Odell}
Lorey Gordon

Bertha Susannah
Raymond } died in infancy

Mother - January 3, 1928

Father - November 3, 1929

A. C. Burnaman, June 24, 1937

Shirley J. Smith Dec. 10, 1948

Berta wife Edick - 1959

Virgil E. Smith Aug. 15, 1964

Anna Burnaman July 22, 1966

Wilson Burnaman July 10, 1966

*(From big family Bible in
Father's handwriting)*

Family Record

PARENTS' NAMES

Father
Husband John Henry Gordon (Dinggaard)
P.M. ^{marrying}
Born ¹⁸⁷⁴ Denmark Dec. 20, 1874

Mother
Wife Nancy Jane Mason Gordon
Born Jasper Co., Missouri Oct. 16, 1875

Married April 3, 1895

Insightless, Kansas

Father's real name:

Johan Henrik Dinggaard
(Logaard, Landbroskole,
Denmark)

Father came to this country
naturalized under name

CHILDREN'S NAMES

² Anna Gordon. Sept. 26, 1874.

³ Bert Eaton Gordon July 11, 1883

⁴ Bessie Jennette Gordon Mar. 12, 1886

⁵ ^{to 7th in 1889} Virgil May Gordon Dec. 12, 1889.

⁶ Dennis Armine Gordon July 9, 1878

⁷ ² William Otto Gordon Dec. 26, 1876

⁸ Bertha Susannah Gordon Sept 21, 1878

⁹ Raymond Gordon June 10, 1880

¹ Lory Odell Gordon June 15, 1888

MARRIAGES

B. E. Gordon - Edith Hall, May 23 - 1906

Anna Gordon - William C. Burnham - Dec. 25, 1909

Virgil Gordon - Shirley J. Smith - May 28, 1933

B. E. Gordon - Midge Woods - 3-12-1976

forested then by giant white pines, which themselves had been centuries in the growing. Those great straight pines—you can still see contemporary examples here and there around town which are perhaps 200 years old now and suggestive of the majesty of that 18th century forest here then—were coveted by the royal governor of New Hampshire. He saw them as an important new source of masts for the British Navy. Indeed, it was an important measure of his twin concerns for pinning down the east bank of the Connecticut River as New Hampshire's western boundary and for assuring access to its timber and other potentials that prompted Gov. Benning Wentworth only eight years earlier, in 1761, to give a town charter to a group of venturesome families from Connecticut.

With the French-Indian Wars ended, bringing peace to the valley, they saw this frontier as a place for a new start, a place to carve out a patrimony of land, and had petitioned for permission to settle here. It's uncertain why they named the then paper town Hanover. Some surmise it was named for the district of another Hanover near their original homes in the Nutmeg State. Others have suggested it might have been named in honor of the royal house of Hanover, since King George III had ascended to the British throne only a year before the Hanover Charter was granted.

Actually, the village of Hanover itself was only a few years old when Dartmouth College was chartered. Although the town was legally brought into being on paper in 1761, the first settlers did not make their way north to new homes from the wilderness until about 1764. Even then, most of them settled initially in the higher ground in the valley to the east about four miles—between the Balch-Oak Hills Ridge, and the next ridge called Moose Mountain.

This stretch by the river was literally still a wilderness traversed only by "trodden trails" first laid down by the Indians of one of the Iroquois nations who had once occupied the area.

Thus, it was a towering forest that greeted Mr. Wheelock when he arrived in August of 1770 with his small band of students and workers—a far cry from the settled communities in which its historic sister institutions were founded.

Why he came to this spot—this inspired location—is an interesting footnote in itself. The Connecticut minister and his mission were well-known in the colonies, and both New York and Connecticut as well as other communities in New Hampshire, had invited him to locate his planned new college on their lands.

But John Wentworth, who had only recently succeeded his uncle as governor of the colony, had the same great interest in establishing the western boundary of New Hampshire as the Connecticut River and in having access to the great pines. Therefore, he made to Eleazar, as students today usually refer to the founder of the college, the most attractive offer of land grants. And since Eleazar thought the area best suited his missionary purposes, this proved the site of choice for reasons of both idealism (Eleazar's) and state (Wentworth's).

In this context, the derivation of the name of Dartmouth is interesting. In gratitude to Gov. Wentworth for his intervention with the court in arranging for the charter, Mr. Wheelock initially wanted to name the college in the governor's honor.

But Mr. Wentworth persuaded the founder and first president to honor the Second Earl of Dartmouth, then secretary of state for colonies in the government of George III and a philosophical, if not very effective, champion of the political rights of the colonies.

It proved to be a practical choice for Lord Dartmouth not only made a handsome donation himself to the cause of the new college carrying his name, but also convinced the king to give an even more substantial sum to what later became known as the English Fund for Dartmouth College. And with those two names at the top of the subscription list, the success of the English Fund, and also the later and separate Scottish Fund, were assured. And those funds together comprised the college's earliest endowment, the financial bulwark that saw the wilderness college through its earliest years.

Although a cliff hanger at the time, somehow—despite the isolation of the college, despite winter pitiless in their intensity to early settlers, despite chronic financial strictures—Eleazar succeeded.

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Writing sketches of
the life of Julius Buss
and the history of the ^{Lat. Am.} Church
built in Chicago while he was
there.

More Grace and Testimony.

Dear Bro. Kent and readers of the Banner:—I will begin at the proper end of my experience. As it is nearly forty years ago I cannot go into particulars, but will give an outline of what I experienced and observed as I passed along through the years of the past.

I was born near a little village by the name of Selcomb in the county of Sussex, England, Feb. 29, 1834. My parents were both professedly religious, they belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist church. My father is now dead. He died in the year 1854. He was not the best stayable in his experience; but a good deal like the tribe of Reuben, as unstable as water, he did not excel unless it was in the use of tobacco, for he was an inveterate smoker. The Methodist of those days had not entirely outlived Mr. Wesley's customs, for my father usually attended the five o'clock

prayer-meeting on Sabbath morning, held in the village chapel, about one mile from home, and when he was regular to this means of grace he succeeded well in religion, which proves that self-denial, sacrifice, and a constant attendance upon the means of grace secures God's blessing. My father's intemperate use of tobacco made him nervous and ugly at times. He died at the age of sixty-four. My mother was temperate in all of her habits, and is now living in her ninety-first year, she was very firm and uniform in her experience; she has belonged to the Methodist church for seventy-five years. Often has she taken me and my younger brother into the bedroom with her to pray with and for us, that we might grow up to know the God of our fathers. And how true. "Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great

things, such as thou knowest not, Jeremiah." Her family of eight sons and three daughters have all been brought into the kingdom of God. My parents had to struggle with stern poverty most of their days. There were no free schools in those times; so our educational opportunities were quite limited, although they were a little above the average of poor people. My mother was a tailoress by trade, she earned considerable money to pay for our schooling. Most of the time I attended excellent schools. Many in this country may not be acquainted with the fact, that the Methodists in England built seven hundred schools throughout the kingdom, and furnished them with excellent teachers. They not only kept excellent order at school, but every student was responsible to the teacher for his conduct from the time he left home in the morning until he returned home at night. What a lamentable contrast is that to some parts of our country! Where I am now located, the children are more like Turks or Arabs than the children of civilized families. I fear for my own boys. Let us institute and support Christian schools as fast as God will permit. In addition to the ordinary branches, zoology was taught, and the young ladies were instructed in all sorts of needle work. They were days of precious memory. My parents were strict in their family government, it was what might be termed make-mind government, instead of coax and promise kind. As long as I can remember, we were sent to the village Sabbath-school, I say we were sent, for we never thought of refusing to go, and I do not remember of being absent to exceed three times in ten years, morning and afternoon at that. That is where we got our thorough training for God and Christianity, and the culture and impressions made have been as immovable as the man's house that was built upon the rock. I never can forget those precious

times. The school numbered all told about sixty, and was one of the most interesting I have ever attended. That was thirty-five years ago; yet I could at this time describe the superintendent from head to foot. Instead of ~~parades~~ and Christmas trees to entertain the children we had annual anniversaries, consisting of addresses by good speakers, dialogues, scripture, (entire chapters) and poetical recitations, interspersed with beautiful singing, then closing with rewards to the scholars, consisting of bibles, testaments, and other good books according to merit.

(To be continued.)

More Grace and Testimony.

(Continued from last week.)

The superintendent and teachers were eminently pious, so they labored industriously for the salvation of all, and God greatly blessed their labors with a gracious revival of religion. It extended throughout the whole school, and reached quite a number in the village. The conviction was deep and thorough. Although I was but fifteen years of age at this time I shall never forget how I used to feel the Holy Spirit striving with me, persuading me to yield to its blessed monitions. Dear Bro. James Sinnock remarked to me that I would turn as white as the wall. Myself and brother yielded finally and sought the Lord. He found him, but I failed to, satisfactorily, and so held out but two weeks. There were seven preachers raised up as the fruit of this revival, all I think became itinerant but one. Bro. James Goodsell the superintendent of the school came to this country and joined what used to be called the Rock River Conference of the M. E. Church, in the state of New York, Bro. James Sinnock the Illinois Conference of the

M. E. Church, and has been the secretary of the Western Holiness Association a number of years. Bro. Samuel Cates united with the Rock River Conference, traveled about ten years, and transferred to the Minn. Conference. Julius Buss, the writer, was a probationer for two years in the Rock River Conference, M. E. Church, and has traveled in the Illinois Conference of the F. M. Church for about nineteen years. Bro. James Clark of Chicago, a local preacher in the F. M. Church. I have forgotten the names of the three others, and have lost their whereabouts; Bro. James Sinnock or Clark may know. So you see, dear Bro. Kent, I was born a Methodist and cradled in her doctrines and usages. (Said the Catholic Bishop: "Give me the first seven years of a child's education and the Protestants may have the rest.") I will not stop to argue the point that where these religious principles are thoroughly imbedded in a child's nature, and are well followed up, that they seldom ever fail to develop into a godly life, for that has been proven in nearly every scholar of the school referred to. Bro. James Sinnock was the one to lead me to the altar of prayer, and to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But for the want of the real evidence of my acceptance with God, and of course I had nothing to strengthen or sustain me, my convictions and seriousness soon went away, and I became more thoughtless and trifling than ever. (Soon after this my parents became very much interested about going to America. Three of my older brothers had already gone some two or three years before. Finally preparations were made and we started for the city of London, distant fifty miles, boarded a large covered wagon that made a trip to the city once a week. Notwithstanding

nature and art combined had done so much to make the country in which I was raised so beautiful, healthy and desirable, yet I had no regrets on leaving. There was one scene I shall never forget, that was parting with my oldest brother. He had come with us a few miles on the way, but the time had come for him to turn back. He embraced and kissed us all, seven in number, but when he came to mother it was almost unendurable. We wept bitterly! Oh a man's heart will cling to his mother! Where had all of his training and Christian counsel come from? It was from that good mother that he was unwilling to leave. He has since come to this country after burying his wife by the side of my oldest sister in the church cemetery of his native village, to wait the resurrection morn when all the families of earth must stand before the inexorable bar of God. I was too much taken up with the sights and scenes before me, and the New Hemisphere to have any disposition to turn back again. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the busy scenes of the great city of London, made our way to the proper docks, got our goods booked for Quebec, Canada, then went and found two of mother's sisters, stayed about two days with them, meanwhile sauntered about the city to see what we could discover, it being the first time that we were ever there, with the exception of mother, she was there the day Queen Victoria was crowned, but the magnificent place was so large that we could see but little of it. We note but two things that made any lasting impression upon our mind. The first was what is called the London monument, built of beautiful polished granite, two hundred and two feet high, near the top is built a projecting balister, reached by winding stairs on the inside. From this place a woman who

was tired of life, precipitated herself to the ground. The result was what might be expected, picked up dead. The whole structure is grand and imposing. The second thing of note was St. Paul's Church, seen as we pass down the River Thames, making for the sea. Of course at that distance we could not tell much about it, probably one mile away. It looked like a mountain of solid stone. Its dimensions, all but its height have passed from my memory, and that is five hundred and eight feet, which is five times higher than any church including the steeple in any of our small towns or villages. We could not stay in London any longer, but must be proceeding down the river toward the broad Atlantic. (We had to take passage in a common sailing vessel;) steamship passage in those days was too expensive for poor people, then there was no half the competition that there is now. But our vessel was one fitted up nice and clean. Now all are aboard, the anchor is raised, and the beautiful white sails are thrown to the winds, and we are off for Quebec. The figure-head of our ship was Eleybeth. Who it represented or what it meant I am unable to define. As we sail down the channel we pass noted seaport towns, such as Liverpool and others. Now Mr. Editor you must not think that as I stood on the deck of that vessel, that I was without some feeling as we gave the last long look upon native land and home. The God of all grace had dealt in great mercy to the people of my native country. The soil had become almost sacred by the tread and prayer of God's saints. You must remember that was the land where Ridley and Latamer burned at the stake for their reformatory principles and godly lives. Ridley said to

atamer as they walked to fagot, we shall light a fire in England to-day that shall never be put out. The influence of the precious sacrifice of their lives had not died before John and Charles Wesley had come to the rescue of those struggling principles of light and liberty in an enslaved and profligate church and scores of others that file into the line of truth and holy living. Fletcher, Whitefield, Nelson, Bramwell, Lady Huntington, Hester Ann Rogers, Carosso and John Smith, all in spreading information and rescuing the people from the moral ignorance and darkness of the church of England and the country at large. Dear readers of the Banner, would you like to have me give a short acquaintance with last named man? Richard Haney, who was a member of the Central Illinois Conference, used to say of him, that he was the greatest enemy the devil ever had. He was a powerful preacher, thoroughly cultured, rich in all the graces of the gospel, and wonderfully successful in winning souls to Christ. Let us meet him in a prayer-meeting among his old friends in the city of Lewis, county of Sussex. He gets so blessed and baptized of God that he runs out into the street bare-headed and shouts life! life! eternal life. If I continue to write I may have occasion to refer to these good men again. Farewell native land, farewell. Now we are headed for Quebec under a clear sky and fair winds, little knowing what awaits out on the mighty deep. I was always naturally forward and ready, so soon made myself acquainted with all on board, especially with the steward. He desired that I should be his cabin boy, which little office I gladly accepted, for it gave me privileges that some others did not enjoy. Our fare on board ship was quite meager, consisting mainly of

hardtack and corned beef.) Cabin fare was far superior. Dear Bro. Kent there is such a sameness about a sea voyage after you are out of sight of land, that I will sum it all up in five particular things that were of some note to me at least and probably to all on board. (The undescrivable storm that lasted forty-eight hours.) The angry waves threaten to engulf, ship and all, such furious tossing we had never thought of. The awful waves would bear us up as if we were on mountains, the ship would stand a few seconds upon their crest and tremble until you could feel every timber shake, halting apparently, we then to take the next plunge into the

awful gulf below. Consternation and sadness was depicted upon everybody's countenance. We had to hold with both hands to save ourselves from being pitched overboard. Finally all had to be ordered below except the untiring sailors. The hatchways were shut down and fastened to avoid confusion and damage by water, amidst the fury of the gale the noble captain could be heard shouting his orders to the poor sailors. Then there was praying instead of swearing. Terrible seasickness commenced among the passengers. (It was then and there while tossing to and fro in my bunk that my old convictions returned and I made a vow to Almighty God that if he would spare my life and bring me safe to land I would serve Him the balance of my days.) Poor mother suffered the most of all on board. She did not recover until toward the last of the voyage. She wasted to nearly a skeleton.) We deplored, for awhile, for her dear life, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. This awful God is ours. "He plants His footsteps upon

the sea and rides upon the storm, damage done to the ship was not lost, unless it was some hilarity and joy among the people, for they were thoughtful after that. Does not sometimes shake the earth and set up whole towns and cities? Judges come too late to save many. Alas me and many others, our souls were always for the time being, by the gospel to save people.

All on deck again. The sky was serene and clear, and the sea a beautiful lull, as if anxious to rest. I wish to state here that I recently carried to mother a letter from the cabin, something she would relish. The hard task was well deed, for her. (The second thing was the northern lights. I had seen them before, while on land, but only I saw them on sea. They were of beautiful colors, but gave such a light that we could see to read with it. Dear Brother Kent let us ever kneel to the "Father of Lights" and his sovereign right to us. The third thing was the monstrous whales would rise nearly half their length above water for fresh air and to get the water from their stomachs. It was a sight mixed with fear and joy none of them were permitted to go up, so we continued to watch. Fourth, the immense or large pieces of ice floating slowly down from the northern regions. As we glided easily by them we could feel the cold air upon person. How large they were, they first started I cannot tell, floating down to that place right in summer the part out of the world as large as any church I ever saw in my life, except St. Paul's. Now then, after being tossed in the ocean for seven weeks and three

the sea and rides upon the storm." No damage done to the ship nor anything lost, unless it was some hilarity and folly among the people, for they were more thoughtful after that. Does not God sometimes shake the earth and swallow up whole towns and cities? Judgments come too late to save many. Alas! for me and many others, our convictions were always for the time being. It takes the gospel to save people.

All on deck again. The sky above us is serene and clear, and the ocean is in a beautiful lull, as if anxious to take a rest. I wish to state here that I frequently carried to mother a little dish from the cabin, something she would relish. The hard tack was hard, indeed, for her. The second thing of note was the northern lights. I had seen them before, while on land, but never as I saw them on sea. They were not only beautiful colors, but gave such light that we could see to read with leisure. Dear Brother Kent let us continue to kneel to the "Father of lights" and own his sovereign right to us. The third thing was the monstrous whales that would rise nearly half their length above water for fresh air and to blow the water from their stomachs. It was a sight mixed with fear and joy, but none of them were permitted to swallow us up, so we continued to move on. Fourth, the immense or huge pieces of ice floating slowly down from the Arctic regions. As we glided safely between them we could feel the cold air upon our person. How large they were when they first started I cannot tell. Often floating down to that place right in mid-summer the part out of the water was as large as any church I ever saw in my life, except St. Paul's.

(Now then, after being tossed on the ocean for seven weeks and three days,

we see Canada ahead of us. We enter the river St. Lawrence, and anchor in quarantine. Dear Editor, you see the scribblings are not strictly religious, but I will promise to grow in grace and the knowledge of better truths after this, that is, if you will allow me a little time to get away from Canada, for we started to come to Illinois.

J. Bues

ion and comes by refrigeration.

sted, some railroad companies furnish in most cases it is furnished by independently provide the car, for which the which a charge is made against the several of these companies, but to-day hands of two or three, of which the pal. Extended investigations by the conclusion that the charges imposed bitant, and that those charges are not

it the furnishing of refrigeration is a f, and that the railway is, under the and maintain these charges for icing. ently insist, first, that the providing ice, not a part of the transportation, under the supervision of any Government even if the Congress might impose rnishng this service, it has not done by private persons, and not, therefore, e Commission.

ance of these charges to the shipper, ought to make that service, by express the transportation itself. We do not rriers should be prohibited from using g the owners of such cars to perform at course to their advantage, but we do should be put on the same basis as all should be published and maintained n charge, and be subject to the same

ND FILING OF TARIFFS.

dates to the publication and filing of as been wholly recast, with the view of l giving greater certainty as to its obli-

EXPERIENCE, AND TESTIMONY.

Words of Grace and Testimony.

BRO. J. BUSS.

No 9

Dear Bro. Kent: To-day is Monday, and I am very tired. Preached three times yesterday, and rode 15 miles in the cold. Besides preaching 4 or 5 times last week.

I wish to acknowledge the good visits of the Christian Voice and Banner. It gives me a great deal of solid pleasure to read it. I can hardly dispense with it for the general information it contains. I must spare a dollar for it sometime during the year. I love to learn of the good work of holiness spreading through the land. Nothing but the limits of Providence prevents me from going here, and there, and everywhere, to spread the sacred truth of God's salvation to the uttermost; yes, in this life. It seems to me that the doctrine of the general atonement is proof and evidence enough that the doctrine and experience of the entire sanctification of our natures is possible.

Would the blessed God in his wisdom be likely to provide for anything short of a perfect cure for the whole moral nature of man in the blessed economy of grace. Why should a living man choose to dispute it? What can he see in the blessed gospel but the successive steps that lead back to God. Let us see, (1) Repentance towards God, (2) confession of sin, (3) forsaking of sin, (4) faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, (5) regeneration, (6) adoption, (7) witness of the Holy Spirit, (8) conviction for and discovery of native depravity, (9) consecration to God of soul's

and body's powers for the entire sanctification of the whole. There is Scripture proof enough for all of these fundamental truths; in short, God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Where did Adam enjoy his innocency from all moral taint and pollution: in heaven or on earth?

You called for some of my experience for the benefit of the readers of the Banner. It seems almost out of the question. My experience is too much like a man out at sea: he is in the midst of so much water that he does not know his way to land; it is all alike to him, but the sun that shines over his head. My poor soul has been for a number of years out in mid-ocean. Nothing specially definite, but the precious Sun of Righteousness above me. My dear Bro. Kent may think that is sufficient. All

true; yes, sufficient to enlighten every man that cometh into the world; especially in regard to the doctrine of a clean heart; but since God has given me such a blessed measure of this rich experience—depravity gone—I see nothing in particular but the present moment. I have said "my poor soul." Poor, because He has subdued and tamed me by His billows and waves that have gone over me, tossing and beating until He has beat and washed all the self-life out of me. Let this same mind be in you that was in Christ. As all the streams and rivers seek their level in the ocean, so all my desires and powers are centered in God. What breadth of sea-room there is in this mighty ocean of God's love! How my soul goes down and rises in this blessed fulness. I would say to the dear ones, never discouraged; if God has undertaken case he will surely bring us through. Do not be frightened at your suffer-

or heavy crosses, that He
If we suffer with Him we
reign with Him. Dear ones,
suffering may have to come
In pure love to you all.

More Testimony and

Dear Bro Kent: I mentioned
my first letter, that the entire
perfect through suffering. This
that cannot be denied. My
Master says, that if any man
after me, let him deny himself
up his cross and follow me,
serving to the same end, being
crucified with Christ, and
I live, yet not by my own
liveth in me, and shall
now live. I live by the
Son of God." This doctrine
cannot be embraced without
suffering is the badge of
of grace. There is but
time there is to further
developments of the inner
grace. For too many men
first, men would get down
despair with themselves,
ing the rod and dragging
them; so he gives them
strength and lays the cross
they are able to bear. The
work begins with suffering,
frating and opposing. The
nature is something of the
tory of the natural life. It
comes in to destroy the
and are willing to wait.
The crowd seems to say
that the dear people should
to live more by suffering.
They are so taken up with
rapture and vision of
paradise in life, that they
that understand the
old but certain of the

or heavy crosses, that He lays on
If we suffer with Him we shall also
reign with Him. Dear ones, your per-
fection may have to come out of these.
In pure love to you all, J. BUSS.

More Testimony and Grace.

Dear Bro Kent: I intimated to you in
my first letter, that the saints are made
perfect through suffering. This is a fact
that cannot be denied. The blessed
Master says, that if any man will come
after me, let him deny himself and take
up his cross and follow me. Paul refer-
ring to the same subject says, "I am
crucified with Christ; nevertheless I
live; yet not I; but Christ
liveth in me, and the life that I
now live, I live by the faith of the
Son of God." This doctrine of the cross
cannot be embraced without intense
suffering in the incipient and first stages
of grace. There is far less suffering
than there is in further progress and
developments of the inward work of
grace. For two very important reasons;
first, men would get discouraged and
despair with themselves of ever reach-
ing the end and designs of God with
them; so he giveth them light and
strength and lays the cross on them as
they are able to bear it. The good
work begins with self-denial. The de-
feating and opposing the bent of our
nature is something new in the his-
tory of the natural life. Now the cross
comes in to destroy what we have ready
and are willing to sacrifice to God.
The second reason for suffering less is
that the dear people of God have learned
to live more by feeling than by faith.
They are so taken up with their present
raptures and visions of their new ex-
perience in life, that they are not aware
that underneath all this lies hidden the
old lust nature of their hearts. The

rooted and seated self-life of indulgence
and developments. Does it not grow
and strengthen in time by having its
own way? Now then there is much to
be wrought in us, and that too by the
cross of Christ as the instrument. Oh
what careful teaching do the saints of
God require. What wisdom and exper-
ience do the teachers of the cross need.
If you will allow me the expression; the
cross is inter-woven into the very tex-
ture of grace and our experience; in-
short there is no advance in the divine
life without the cross. My dear bro. is
there such a thing as receiving grace
without dying-out? I think there is,
that is the pleasant part of it. Peter
James and John enjoyed that part of it
when on the mount with their blessed
Master; but the cross part is not so

agreeable; but it is right here where na-
ture disputes, resists and wards off the
blows that would put it to death. There
must be death before there can be any
real life. These few thoughts sum up
the work of sanctification, at least in
my own experience. Our good Bro. C.
B. Ebey asked me yesterday (Feb. 7th)
when and where I experienced the bless-
ing of sanctification. It was a very
plain question. I told him that I could
tell him much easier when it began than
I could tell him when it was finished.
It was finished when old Adam nature
ceased to be. Is not this scriptural?
If so is it not one and the same for all?
Are we not in danger of being too su-
perficial in the theology of entire sanc-
tification? Oh how sad it is to disguise
or be deceived in this richest and
best of experiences. Your articles on
the nature of revivals are admirably the
precursors of a thorough sanctification.
The former may have much reference
to the outer man. If there is reproach
and crosses in the first, there is surely
suffering in the second. The one is un-

loosing the bands of habit. The other is the destruction of nature, or the life of self. It is lamentable how easily people get discouraged over what would shortly prove their greatest blessing. We must cry aloud and spare not, and tell Israel her greatest need.

J. BUSS.

that the information would be of distinct value.

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the Federal courts have no power to compel the making of these returns by mandamus, and the act itself imposes no penalty of consequence for failure to make the returns. We have provided in the proposed bill a suitable penalty for unreasonable failure to make these returns, and that the Federal courts have statutory authority to act by mandamus.

OTHER AMENDMENTS.

The other amendments proposed in the bill referred to require only a few words of explanation. The sixteenth section, which relates to the enforcement of the Commission's orders and their judicial review, is remodeled in the manner and for the purpose which will readily appear upon examination. The intended effect of this provision would be to compel a carrier to comply with an order of the Commission or resort to the courts for its suspension and annulment on the ground that it was unlawful.

A new section is here added, to be known as section 16a, which expressly authorizes the Commission to review and modify its own decisions. It may be that this right now exists by implication, but it ought not to be open to doubt or question.

The last paragraph in this proposed new section limits the duration of an order of the Commission by providing that an order which has been complied with for the period of a year shall not thereafter be in force as against the carrier so complying therewith. The effect of this provision would be to give the carrier freedom, upon the expiration of the time named, to exercise its own initiative as to the matters affected by the order. The reasons for such a limitation have been heretofore stated and need not now be repeated.

It will thus be seen that the substantial amendments proposed are few in number and easily understood, the remaining changes being merely such as are needful to harmonize other parts of the act with the main amendments. The length of the bill is chiefly caused by the fact that whenever a section of the present law is amended in any respect, however unimportant, the entire section as it would read is set forth in full.

FEDERAL COMMERCE COMMISSION.

with railway officials when the advice was under consideration, it appeared upon the ground of expense in keeping also for the reason that if the public for the transportation of these commodities to create discontent with the rates. It would not be an undue burden and

How faithfully...

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More Testimony and Grace.

Dear Bro. Kent: Your article on revivals, brings to mind scenes of other years. In 1860 I joined the Rock River conference of the M. E. church on probation. A Bro. by the name of Cyrus Stover and myself were sent on to what was called Rush Creek, and Yankee Hollow circuit. We worked harmoniously together during the year. I being a single man, did a great deal of visiting, and a vast amount of praying. It was all manner of prayer and supplication in the spirit; besides a good deal of preaching and exhortation. The result was we soon had one of the greatest revivals on our hands that I ever witnessed, in a large country school-house. People that never went to meeting came and were soundly converted. Children of the age of twelve years, would lead their parents to the altar, and would pass from nature to grace the first night of seeking the Lord. The meeting lasted seven weeks, and there was wonderful manifestation of divine power. There were thirty-five or forty thoroughly saved, besides a number wholly sanctified. At the next conference, which was held at Freeport Ill., in 1861, the circuit was divided and I was sent on to the western end of it, including this appointment where we had the visits of grace referred to. I commenced the work of visiting with a great deal of faith and courage, labouring night and day incessantly. I arose in the morning at four or five o'clock to get my conference studies, then I would slip my books into my saddle bags, and mount my horse and start off to visiting. I would talk and pray with from five to eight families each day. In a few weeks after returning to the old battle-ground, we com-

menced meetings again. I say we, because by this time we had plenty of good help, most all having proved faithful from the former meeting. The same house soon became crowded with anxious souls, and this meeting far exceeded the other in marvelous power and results. Such manifestations of the divine presence I never saw before; nor do I know that I shall ever see again. Oh how the saints of God did pray in those days. Not only prayed; but mightily prevailed with God. The people soon began again to make their way to the altar of prayer, scores became penitent and were soundly converted. Among the saved was an old lady eighty-one years of age, while she was sitting in her chair in front of the preacher. A young man who was deaf and dumb was

also among the happy number that were adopted into the family of God.

When he got home that night he asked his folks by writing, who it was that knelt by his side and prayed for him; they inquired why. He said he heard him. What a marvel of power! Such was the presence of God in our midst, that the people reeled and staggered as if they were drunk. One instance that is hardly credible to most of people, one evening while the people were being swayed to and fro by the mighty influences of the Holy Spirit, I was an ear witness to the jarring of the windows by the power of God. There were Americans, English, Germans, and Irish, all mingling their voices in prayer and praise to one common Lord. We ~~omitted~~ omitted services on Saturday night. Some fifteen or eighteen of the new converts desired to make a surprise prayer-meeting in a distant part of the neighborhood, at the house of a man and his wife who were

From Bro. Buss.

DEAR BRO. KENT: I wish in regard to the character of revival, referred to in my presence, held on Jewell's Farm, endeavored to be thorough. I efforts to bring the people edge of the truth as one that account of his stewardship of God. Every truth emanation was kept before the taught that the Bible was the standard and law for governing the world. And that it was applicable in the reformation of the human race as the physical universe was in order and security. Every department of government ebb and flow of the planetary system. The stars by name and counts their measures their distances made the world the darkness night. And the morning sun the And God said...

labouring under deep conviction. They had been away from home during the day, and had just got their supper or cooking when we got there: but they soon took it off when we told them our errand. We soon commenced our meeting and such scenes followed as an angel's pen could not describe. The meeting did not close until eleven o'clock. Two daughters of a Presbyterian sister had to be carried out of the house like mad persons. The mother was there herself; although she had never seen me like before in her life she did not seem in the least alarmed, but inquired how to pick such people up. Four of them I put them into the sleigh, and when I had got them in I supposed we were ready to start; but to my surprise I found some of the young men praying behind the stable and behind the hay stacks. They finally got all together and started home. In one case the saints got so tired on the road returning from singing, that one of their number lost strength and fell out of the sleigh. It was grand from beginning to end; although twenty-four years have elapsed since that precious season passed; yet the memory of it stirs my soul at this present writing. It was in this meeting that Bro. Joseph Miller, who has been traveling for ten or eighteen years as an itinerant at the Rock River conference, first received his call to preach. I might say that I am generally the most successful in winning souls for Christ. I saw the good man stretch his whole length on the floor more than once under the power of God. A number of local preachers' and exhorters' licences were taken out and renewed to the good of the neighborhood. As further result of this blessed out-pour of the Spirit there were built two churches;

one German, the other English, and a good parsonage besides. Return, O Holy Spirit. Return thou sweet Messenger of Rest, to our circuit, and revive us again. Some are standing firm, still in their Godly integrity; others have turned back into the world from whence they came, some have died in the triumphs of a living faith and gone to their heavenly reward. My dear Bro. can you tell me why I do not witness such revivals in these days? I imagine your first reply is, "it may be you do not do as much knee-work as you used to do; or you do not have as much courage and zeal as you used to have; or you may not visit as much as you used to." these and other questions might arise as hinderances to the work of God; yet I can answer them in the affirmative. I may not visit quite as much as I used to, it is not for the want of interest on my part, I pour out all the grace and truth unto the people that God gives me, yet I have much more light, love, and knowledge of all the graces of the Spirit than I used to have. Does not ones faith keep pace with all the rest? I had in those days more of the life of self than I have now. If self is gone God has no vacuum. He always fills up with his blessed nature. If there is a cause in need about me, I mean to know it if I can get the help of God.

J. BUSS.

ALGONQUIN, Ill.
Reparation claimed. Sections beyond. Section in the matter of elevator allowances. Rates on glass bottles, not otherwise rate, Ind., to Dayton and Toledo, Ohio, Mich., and other points, as compared with Chicago, Milwaukee, East St. Louis, and mission in the matter of rates on iron to western destinations.

From Bro. Bass.

DEAR BRO. KENT: I wish to testify in regard to the character of the great revival, referred to in my former experience, held on Jewel's Prairie. We endeavored to be thorough in all of our efforts to bring the people to a knowledge of the truth as one that must give account of his stewardship at the bar of God. Every truth essential to salvation was kept before the people. We taught that the Bible was God's standard and law for governing the moral world. And that it was equally applicable in the reformation and regulation of the human race as the laws of the physical universe were adapted for its order and security. God has a law for every department of nature, law for the ebb and flow of the sea, and for the planetary system. The stars He calls by name and counts their numbers and measures their distances. When He made the world He made it by rule. And God called the light day, and the darkness night. And the evening and the morning was the first day.

And God said let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so. And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day. Gen. i, 5-6-7-8.

So each successive day had its special work until all of creation was completed. In this we learn that God is a God of order. We see it further exemplified in the revolution of the seasons, seed-time and harvest. The same is seen in the vegetable kingdom. God also gave commercial laws to his ancient people; such as measure, weights, and land-

marks. Also ceremonial and sacrificial laws. And also moral law for the conduct of his people. If a soul sin and commit trespass against the Lord and lie unto his neighbor in that which was delivered unto him to keep or in fellowship, or in anything take away by violence, or hath deceived his neighbor; or have found that which was lost, and lieth concerning it and sweareth falsely in any of all these that a man doeth, sinning therein. Then it shall be because he hath sinned and is guilty that he shall restore that which he took violently away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which was found, etc. Lev. vi, 234 5th verse. Is not this reasoning analogous to the kingdom of God's dear son? So we taught the people conditional to salvation, repentance, genuine and scriptural, that they must drink from the cup its literal dregs. A Godly sorrow for sin, a confessing of sin. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but who confesseth, and forsaketh, shall have mercy." Being comparatively young and less experienced than we are now, we said but little about the sin of dishonesty, and the need of restoration. God came to the rescue, however, and demonstrated His own doctrine in the midst of the congregation and upon the conscience of a man that seemed quite persistent and was earnestly seeking the Lord. He bowed at the altar every night for more than two week, but came up against the insurmountable sin of dishonesty. A difference of thirty dollars between him and his neighbor in a horse trade. We told him to make it right or God would never have mercy upon him. He refused to do it. So he went away with the guilt upon his soul.

(To be continued.)

From Bro. Buss.

(Continued from last week.)

Does not the scripture we have quoted teach this doctrine? Oh how the light of God did flash upon the walls of men's consciences during that meeting. All of our efforts and plans were designed to produce the deepest convictions upon the minds of the people. This was especially seen in the character of our singing. We did not indulge in such sickly trash as "Oh bear me away on your snowy wings;" but we sang out of our old Methodist hymn books such as follows:

"Of him who did salvation bring I could forever think and sing." "Arise ye needy he'll relieve, arise ye guilty he'll forgive." "Ask but his grace and lo it is given, ask and he turns your hell to heaven." "Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus thy balm will make it whole." When the people were seeking the bliss of a clean heart, instead of singing "Dear Jesus I long to be perfectly whole," we would turn to page 323 of our Methodist hymn book:

"Jesus thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad,
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God."

Oh that in me the sacred fire might now begin to glow,

Burn up the dross of base desire, and make the mountains flow.

The praying also was the most earnest and devout I ever listened to. Men and women would wrestle with God until they prevailed. All was calculated to produce the deepest conviction upon the minds of the people. A man by the name of M. T. returning from a sale was so convicted and burdened with sin that he could walk no further, but had

to retire to the woods to pray for God to have mercy upon him. From that time he was at the altar every night. He had for fifty years hardened his heart in sin; so he had a hard and long struggle. They were taught never to give up until they had struck bottom. This man finally came out in a most singular manner. His greatest difficulty in seeking was unbelief. He dreamed one Sabbath morning that he saw the Saviour at the foot of his bed, and that he had come to save him if he school-house was located by a beautiful grove where all were free to hitch their teams. So there was no excuse for staying away on account of exposing their teams. I said to a brother by the name of J. G. at the close of meeting, why don't you bring your wife to meeting? I remarked that she was losing a great deal of good. He said that he did not want to bring his team out. I left the impression on his mind that he might think more of his horses than he did of his wife's soul. A few weeks after the meeting closed, he rode his best horse to the little town of Elisabeth about eight miles from home. On his way his horse sank under him and could not get up. He doctored him the best he could for several days to no purpose. Growing discouraged, he gave the horse to a boy for caring for him; so the boy got a new horse for so little labor, and was well pleased with his bargain. Now, Mr. Editor, you may think it was a streak of bad luck if you will; but I think brother G. felt otherwise, for when he was telling me this sad experience, his countenance betrayed a good deal of compunction of conscience. I will leave my readers to infer the rest with a little bit of Solomon's wisdom. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tend-

eth to poverty." Prov. 11:24. So the mighty battle of God went on for eleven weeks, most of the time day and night. One of our most prominent doctrines in the great revival was that taught in the gospel of St. John 3:7. "Ye must be born again." We gave the people to understand that it was the most fundamental in the Bible. So I would argue and explain as follows. First in the order of things there are two doctrines taught in the text, first, that of justification, and second, that of regeneration. In the former, the wrath of God is turned away from us. He is no longer angry with the wicked. Here we find pardon for the past. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." He blots out the record against us. In the first is what God does for us, in the second is what God does in us. The new birth is the new creation. "If any man be in Christ he

is a new creature." The strong man armed is bound. The necessity of the new birth is found in the fact that we do not belong to God in the spiritual sense. The soul was thrown out of its proper element and relation to God by the fall. We belong to God by creation, preservation, and redemption, but not by adoption. This leaves us aliens and out-casts, ignorant of God and ourselves. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." This is one of the strongest proofs that man is a depraved creation. The principles of righteousness are not there. A man may walk according to the strictest integrity of the moral law, and yet find in him no natural qualities or virtues to recommend him to God or heaven. So the necessity of being born of the Spirit and not of the will of man. Second, the instrumentality of the work is faith. "By grace are ye saved through faith." "He

that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." The Spirit of God is the agent in this great work. His Spirit enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. Fourth, some of the evidences or fruits of this great work. The things he once loved he now hates. He loved to have his own way and will in selfish gratification. And the things he once hated he now loves. He hated self-denial and the cross; but it is now more than his meat and drink to do the will of him who has called him out of darkness into light. The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit was made equally plain. They were brought to expect it. The woman that lost her piece of money sought diligently until she found it. She did not call her friends and neighbors together to rejoice with her until she had found the very identical lost piece of silver; then she was satisfied, and not till then. We must find the identical lost image of God before we can be satisfied. Said the Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." "The Spirit itself witnesseth with our spirit that we are the children of God." "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." It is just as necessary that a man have this blessed assurance that he is born of God, as it is for a man to build his house and put a roof upon it, in order that it be complete. Without it he would be continually exposed to rains and winds; so a man without the witness of the Spirit would be exposed to all sorts of doubts and fears, and would be tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine. When the converts to this truth come through, they, like the woman who lost her sil-

cea for all my sorrow or grief. To say that I did not find severe crosses, hindrances, and difficulties, would be a mistake. It gave me an excellent chance to develope in all the Christian graces, especially that of patience. Another opportunity it afforded: I learned much of human nature; as I never could otherwise have learned. It brought me in contact with their sufferings, trials, and needs. I could advise, counsel, and pray with them, often to their comfort and relief. What days of precious memory they are. To show you what I sometimes come in contact with, I will

relate two or three instances. I called on a family at Stockton Center, Joe Davis county, the eastern part of my circuit. I found a woman and about half a dozen children; I talked with them kindly on the subject of religion, then asked the privilege of praying with them. The woman replied, I could pray if I wished to. I had a good degree of liberty in prayer, but to my surprise, when I arose from my knees there was not a soul to be seen in the room. They had all left me to myself. I set it down as a visit, took my hat, mounted my horse, and rode to the next house, singing almost before I was aware of it:

"Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

Towards the close of the revival referred to in my last testimony, (in 1861) the Lord put it into my mind to go and invite a young man of my acquaintance, by the name of Henry Goodsell, to help me in the work both for his good and mine. He had been recently licensed as a local preacher. I drove fifteen miles to where he was at school, called him out and informed him that the Lord had sent me after him. He said if that

was the case he supposed he would have to go. I advised him to take his books along, for he might be gone a month or more; so he put up his history, geography, arithmetic, and grammar, and we started back the next day, drove to Bro. Rogers ^{where} when the afternoon prayer-meeting had already commenced. They were having a loud time of it, so we hurried and put the horse into the barn and left our things in the sleigh, not without some suspicion of a lot of long nosed hogs that were running around the yard; but in our simplicity and lack of good judgment, we committed the whole thing to the Lord, slipped into the house, dropped upon our knees and fell to praying with all our might. It was a wonderful time of the manifestation of God's power. I was quite elated with the good Brother's introduction into the work. In our joy and interest in the meeting we had forgotten all about the hogs, but when we came outside we found that the animals had made general havoc of the contents of the sleigh, especially the grammar. The young preacher said that it was a mystery to him to know what those hogs could want to do with grammar. Bro. Goodsell is now Presiding Elder on the Plattville District, Wis. Conference. I attended his camp-meeting last August, and we had a refreshing time. I had not seen him for more than twenty years before. It may be our misfortune was all for the best, for we gave ourselves up to prayer and visiting incessantly. A case of the deformity of human nature, was that of a family we visited in the month of March, on Rush Creek. It was a cold, blustry day, we made for the log cabin, rapped at the door, and were invited in. I had become so used to that kind of work, that it was no embarrassment for me to introduce our errand, the first thing was to

ver, "would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh how different these converts from those which the writer saw last summer. The evangelist of the occasion asked them a few scriptural questions, they gave an intellectual assent and went on their way, doubtless like the beasts that went into Noah's ark, they went in beasts and came out beasts. In this sad mistake is where the world is losing confidence in Christianity. Is not the ministry largely responsible for this lamentable state of things? And thus we taught all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible. That these were truths of faith and not of moral philosophy. That the general atonement was sufficient for all the needs and ailments of the entire world.

mission. The general findings in this case are briefly stated as follows:

A railroad company may maintain a point, although it neither builds pens into which the stock is unloaded; the men who do the unloading; and at Chicago have been, in railroad practice, the depot of defendants is immaterial, the point to which the stock is shipped, the contract of defendants.

Excluding the territory covered by the Chicago, participated in by the defendant, 1894, reasonable compensation for delivery at the Union Stock Yard since that date such rates have been included a delivery at the stock yard prior to June 1, 1894. While since advances and reductions, they have been less than 1 cent per 100 pounds remain the same as they were on reductions, as well as the advances, some on sheep, and others on hogs.

No change in the rate has been a terminal charge in Chicago of \$2 such charge. The imposition of a in so far as the cost in Chicago of the trackage charge paid by defend-

Experience in Pastoral Visiting.

Dear Bro. Kent: With your permission, I will give some of my experience in visiting, as a minister of the Gospel. It has been among the best of my life. In this part of the work, I have endeavored to carry out the Methodist discipline. "How can we further assist those under our care?" "By instructing them at their own houses." What unspeakable need there is of this. I also carried out the Discipline in rising early; by so doing it gave me time to pursue my studies. About ten or eleven o'clock I would saddle my horse, and make my way to the first religious or irreligious family I could find on my line of work, and I was generally made welcome. I usually made from one to two visits before noon. I went before dinner, because I found the men at home at that time. It gave an excellent opportunity to talk to them about the salvation of their souls, and to invite them out to a meeting. I would not set it down as a visit, except I read and prayed with each family. Is not this the understanding as to visiting? (But how sad it is to know in these days, that it is largely superseded by fashionable calls, and the preacher's culture is more esteemed than his devotion.) I would follow it up until night; then if I was engaged in a series of meetings, I would bring up at the place of worship under a precious baptism of the Spirit. My heart would mellow and melt like wax before the fire. Often the people would believe what the preacher said, and turn from their evil ways and seek the Lord. O how this kind of work would furnish spirit and matter for sermons. No matter what was the depression or state of my mind, let me make one or more visits, and I would become perfectly free and relieved of all. It would prove a pana-

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relate two or three times on a family of Methodists. Daily study, the discipline. I found a half a dozen children there daily on the street. They asked the preaching. The women, if I wished to. I had liberty in prayer, but when I came down, I had a meal to be made. I had all left me to myself, as a visit, took my horse, and rode to the village about twelve miles.

"Jesus I was once here
At to have and believe
Said, you, I was, I was
Then I was here again"

Toward the close of the period he is my last... the Lord put it into my mind to invite a young man of my name by the name of Henry... me in the west both for my mind. He had been... as a local preacher of... miles to where he was of... him out and informed him... and sent me after him.

invite them out to meeting. In a very
gruff manner the man of the house said
they had something else to do besides
going to meeting. Not in the least
frightened, I inquired if they had ever
enjoyed religion; the reply was that
they had all the religion they wanted.
We urged the claims of God upon them
while the children stood behind the en-
trances of the bed, and snickered. We
asked if we might pray with them. He
said they did their own praying. Dur-
ing all this time, we were not invited to
sit down. We soon bid them good bye.
How little men know what may befall
them! Inside of two weeks from that
time they received word that their old-
est son had died in the army. It came
to my mind that they were wounded by
God's arrow and now was my time to
come after their wounds; so I rode over
to the house again, and found them all
seated around the stove, and O how
they were surprised to find me one
among them again. Their sad counte-
nances bespoke severe grief. They of-
fered me a chair, I could talk with them
about anything personally about the one thing
needful. A testament was handed to
me, we read and prayed. They all got
down upon their knees and wept like
wretched children. They promised re-
formation and invited me to come again.
The showers of blessings fell upon my
head that occasion. Oh ye Pastors
and you lose by failing to hunt
up the lost sheep of the house of Israel.
Oh ye ministers, if you were faithful to
your calling, you would soon girt this
land with fire. The people in the coun-
try are generally neglected, and of
course have but very little religious cul-
ture. Large portions of the country
are in a state of moral wastes. Who is accountable
for the blood of these precious souls?
Who is to give the sword, who is to give the

warning, but the watchman on the wall?
Should some effeminate minister de-
mur against this part of his calling,
and say it will do well enough for Brush
College rustics. Let me call your at-
tention, my dear brother, to that great
pattern of all preachers; hear Him,
"serving the Lord with all humility of
mind, and with many tears, and tempta-
tions which befell me by the lying in-
wait of the Jews, I have kept back noth-
ing that was profitable unto you, but
have shewed you, and have taught you
publicly, and from house to house."
Acts 20:19-20. James makes it stronger
still: - "Pure religion and undefiled be-
fore God and the Father is this: to visit
the fatherless and widows in their afflic-
tion, and to keep himself unspotted
from the world. James 1:27. More to
follow. J. BUSS.

thousands of articles of traffic yields
return upon that value, and, more-
over, the testimony in this case on that
commission to determine the value of
land. In determining the reasonable-
ness of rates are widely different from those in-
reasonableness of the rate upon a single
article. The complaint in this case was the result
of the action of the courts; and while the
of action is in violation of the anti-
monopoly laws, it is the province
of the courts to determine the reasonableness of rates is in
this case the advanced rates resulted from
the action of the courts or com-
missioners. If the rates were reasonably high
on other commodities which are at all
of value, volume, and the various con-
ditions of transportation.
to advance a rate which is already
an adequate return for the service
if revenue is needed.

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162
(Continued from last week.)

In the year 1871 I was laboring in Chicago. I was following up my accustomed work, visiting the poor, destitute, and sick. I called upon a young man who was a Roman Catholic. He was apparently dying with consumption. His mother was in the room with him. I commenced conversation about his soul's salvation and his fitness to meet God. He listened very attentively and with considerable interest, and thought surely the Master had sent me there. Directly the mother got up and went out of the room and left me and the young man alone, which I took as a good omen; but soon came in a very large woman. She listened a few moments and then commenced a fearful storm of angry words and imprecations, threatening to kick me out of the house if I did not leave. I stated I meant no harm by the visit and quietly walked away. She followed me with her fearful anathemas saying get out of this you miserable swaddler, or I will duck you into that gutter. I, feeling quite weak and slender at that time, did not know but what her masculine frame would be too much for me; but God was my shield and safeguard. It was a profound mystery to me where she got the term swaddler. I will explain. In Wesley's day, his preachers used to go into the north of Ireland and preach the blessed gospel to the poor. They frequently quoted the scripture "and they wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger;" so the Catholics called the good men swaddlers to reproach them. You see, Mr Editor, that I must have been in the true Wesleyan succession. When I had escaped the

edge of her sword and had planted my feet on the side walk, I was more than paid for all for the glory that came upon me, O the inexpressable sweetness of soul that I felt! I could gladly have gone through the gutter twice. It was the blessed assurance that God endorsed me in my work. If I may estimate my growth in grace and knowledge of truth through these sources, then have they proved blessings indeed. Thy have given me character and influence with the people when nothing else would have reached them. I often inquired into their circumstances and they would open their hearts to me and tell me about their troubles. Then we would get down upon our knees and tell God all about it, and in some instances in two or three days the good Lord would send them a buyer of their property; so they would find immediate relief. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits to me. The sunbeams may shine on the mire, but their doing so does not effect the sunbeams in the least. All truly good and devoted men that have the work of God at heart, will look after the welfare of their parishioners. Arch Bishop Fenelon one of France's greatest theologians and brightest lights would circulate among his people in the most commonplace manner conversing with them about the interior life. One poor man had lost his cow and could not find her. The Bishop gave him the price of another. As the bishop was returning home he found the cow and drove her back to the poor man.

J. Buss.

ALGONQUIN, ILL.

Algonquin, Ill. 1871
B. Buss

First, to the law and to the testimony. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, go into the streets and lanes of the city and bring hither the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." Luke 14:21. I stayed over night with Bro. Rogers, and remarked to him in the morning that I intended to call on his nearest neighbor and make him a visit. He made no reply, and I supposed he did not hear me; I repeated the statement. He then advised me not to go near them. His reply created some anxiety in my mind. He insisted on knowing why. After hesitating a little, he ventured to tell me by saying that he was very bitter against religion and preachers, and had threatened to give a preacher five minutes to leave in, I remarked that he was just the man I wanted to see. Bro. Rogers said I would have to go on my own responsibility. I mounted my horse as usual, and rode off to face what was before me. As I drew near to the house I must confess I became a little nervous. I tied my horse and was soon knocking at the door of the preacher's enemy. Come in, was the response. The children recognized me and smiled approvingly by offering me a chair. They had met me at some of the meetings before. Let me say right here, that it proved one of the most interesting and edifying visits that I made in that part of the country. God had taught me by experience how to deal with human nature. I commenced my work by making some general remarks about the weather, then about their healthy looking family; by this time I had gained their respect and confidence. Then I ventured to invite the parents out to meeting, then to personal religion. Suffice it to say the man

said he once enjoyed it, and belonged at one time to the Baptist church; but got into trouble with some of its members, and lost all experience from his soul. I do not wish to be thought uncharitable, but was not that an exception of a Baptist? He told me he went to California to get rid of his troubles. I could talk with perfect liberty in regard to his present state of mind, and of the necessity of his returning to ~~the~~ service of the Master. He honestly confessed to the need of doing so. I proposed to read and pray with them; after reading they all knelt with me in prayer. God was very present to touch all of our hearts. The man himself invited me to call again. In those days, my dear Bro., the people used to kneel at prayer time. But now I do not find one in a hundred that respect God or the preacher enough to do so; except it be a few devoted followers of the Lord Jesus. Mine is not the only heart by far, that grieves and mourns over this state of things. To break in a little upon the monotony of my story I will relate an incident of my experience a few years later, about the year 1865. The reading of an article in the Banner of Feb. 14, headed "Being Led of the Spirit." I wish to relate in confirmation of the good brother's position. He says that the cry of fanaticism is often raised if one be found who speaks of being led by personal monitions of the Holy Spirit clearly apprehended in consciousness. The Holy Ghost speaks to a believer in matters of life's duties. I was visiting extensively in the city of Belvidere, Boone county, Ill. I called upon all, rich and poor

or the season of 1906 to purchase or to furnish refrigeration as \$2.50 per

alike; although I did not succeed with the former class through inadvertance to the truth. They were too much taken up with the things of time and sense. Aristocracy and the humbling cross did not harmonize; so they did not wish to entertain me very long. In view of this I made up my mind I would not call on such families any more; but our ways are not always God's ways, nor our thoughts God's thoughts. I frequently went out of town about one mile to stay over night at a friend's house. In doing so I would pass a fine mansion, the owner occupied the whole block, beautifully adorned by nature and art, everything indicated taste and wealth; but my mind was made up not to call at such places. But to my surprise, the Spirit of God began to impress me to call there. No, I thought it could not be, for I never could do them any good, by so doing. No matter, every time I passed the house, and that was two or three times a week, the Spirit said go in. I excused myself by going over to a cottage to the night. I knocked at the door, no one came for they were away from home. While I stood on the porch casting in my mind what to do, the blessed Spirit spoke to my inmost conscience, call at the mansion. The duty was imperative. I obeyed at once. I seemed to be directed to the kitchen door; I rapped, a young lady opened and bade me come in. She placed me a chair and asked me to be seated. I informed her that I had called to inquire how she was getting along in religion, or if she enjoyed it. She looked at me with a good deal of candor and replied that she was glad that I had called, for she wanted to see some Christian friend to get more light than she had in regard to her conscience. Her work being done at the sink she invited me into the dining room, where I com-

menced conversation as follows: How long since you first experienced religion? About a month ago. Do you think you obtained the witness of the Spirit? She thought she did. I stated to the dear girl that it was a truth of the greatest importance to her, without it she would be as uncomfortable as a man would be to build a house and move into it before he had put the roof on. She would be exposed to temptations without any power to repel them. I also urged her to set apart special seasons for secret prayer, to attend upon all the means of grace that she could, to take up her cross at all opportunities, to read her Bible and other good books all she had time for, to bear the burdens of life patiently, to take all her temptations and conflicts to God in prayer. We knelt before God in prayer before I left and I commended her to the care of God. I bid her good-bye and went on my way rejoicing. It seems to me that there is some three or four things in the case, that stand in refutation of the argument, that the Holy Ghost never enters the realm of things which the human mind and reason are adequate. 1. I never passed the house without feeling it my duty to call. 2. Instead of going to the front door as I usually do, I went to the kitchen where I found the pious girl at her work. 3. she expressed herself with a great deal of thankfulness because I had come. 4. God's blessed Spirit endorsed the meeting, for I enjoyed the fulfillment of the scripture "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and the young lady seemed to enjoy liberty. Dear Brother

ent. I wish to honor the blessed Spirit
right here, by saying that I am writing
these few notes mainly by the help of
the Spirit by calling them to mind after
the lapse of twenty-four years; as it
could be impossible for me to do other-
wise. "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
with all thy quickening powers." Now
Brother Kent let us go back to the old
circuit again and call on Brother C. H.
who lives in a log cabin on Rush Creek;
it is getting late in the afternoon we
will stay over night, with his permission,
and make them a good visit. It will be
the first time I have been there as yet,
was in the fall of the year, the door
was wide open, we were invited in by
a good sister without much ceremony,
being a log house, of course bed room,
kitchen and dining-room were
together, and father, mother and
the little daughters constituted the
family. As the evening passed, quite a
pleasantry was indulged in. We
said our prayers in due time, and then
went to the most comfortable lodg-
ing we ever had, for our sense of smell-
was much more acute in those days
now, since we have been afflicted
with a catarrh, and that was not all, for I
could not fight if I would sleep; the en-
sues of my flesh were not so thick as
they were when Peter Cartwright en-
tered them by whole regiments. I
was aware that these are rather delicate
subjects; but you must let me go on
with my story, it will only prove "that
thy day is so shall thy strength be."
I was anchored for the night, and wait-
ed patiently for the day, with which
I had a good degree of relief. I made
myself quite at home with them, talking
of the good things of the kingdom,
and the breakfast was being made.
Soon we were invited to sit
at the table; but alas for the

STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

preacher, for the war was not yet ended.
The door being opened to let in the
light, two shoats or small hogs walked
deliberately into the house as if they
were used to making such kind of vis-
its. They were after the crumbs under
the table. I had to use the toes of my
boots to keep them from upsetting me,
chair and all. The apology of the good
sister, was that they were children's pets.
I asked her if there was no way to get
rid of them. She said the only way
was to drive them out and shut the door,
and after quite an effort I succeeded in
getting them on the outside. I thought
of course that would be the last of the
hogs; but I was doomed to disappoint-
ment. There was but one window in
the house, and one pane of glass was
out of it. It being the only place for
light since I had closed the door, I nat-
urally seated myself by the window for
worship. The house being considerably
backed up on the outside. I had but
fairly got to reading the lesson when in-
came one of those pets through the win-
dow. I was determined on having the
victory, and made him go back the same
he came. I did try my best to be relig-
ious all the morning; but it took some
grace to keep balanced. During the
morning the brother handed me two
dollars, one for quarterage, the other for
the visit I had made him; for I was the
only preacher that had called on him
for seven years. In the year 1871 I was
labouring in Chicago. I was following
up my accustomed work, visiting the
poor, destitute, and sick. I called upon
a young man who was a Roman Catho-

(Concluded next week.)

Dear Sir: I am
to regard to assist
to do with that for
my own as an interest.
I started to write you
in the average year
but at the end of
had to leave the work
to finish. I stopped
then especially the
man. "What the
do it with the night
that I succeeded in
outward, and toward
the corner of
the doctor's garden
finished company
found that I could
thirty rods without
log an extremely narrow
a great deal of substance
there brooding about
The greatest affliction
had brought it all upon
sincerely. I thought
about two years and
language of my night
leader a few years
me for following out
too, you will tell your
days if you say so
Then happened the
corner here to sleep
I had to be kind
above ground yet, and
was however's call.
Notwithstanding I
up. I desired to stay
follow up my accustomed
side, I being the only
or on the street, and
every young people
the holy war, they
help they could get.

11

Dear Bro. Kent: One more chapter in regard to my first circuit, then I will be done with that for the time being. My race as an itinerant was soon run. I started in with as good a constitution as the average young men around me, but at the end of seventeen months I had to leave the work, all broken down in health. I obeyed literally rather than spiritually the injunction of Solomon. "What thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might." The result was that I contracted bronchial affection, catarrh, and exceeding prostration of the nervous system. In short, when the doctor examined me, he said I had incipient consumption. I was so prostrated that I could not walk to exceed thirty rods without resting twice. Being so extremely nervous it caused me a great deal of sadness and grief, sometimes bordering almost on despair. The greatest affliction of all was that I had brought it all upon myself unnecessarily. I imagined that I should live about two years and then die. In the language of my reply to my good class leader a few years before, when chiding me for hollowing so loud, he said, 'Julius, you will kill yourself one of these days if you are not more moderate.' Then imprudent like, I said "I will go across lots to glory." Thank the good Lord he has heard my prayers and I am above ground yet, and trying to cultivate Immanuel's soil.

Notwithstanding I was so nearly used up, I desired to stay on the circuit and follow up my accustomed work as I was able, I being the only traveling preacher on the circuit, and there being so many young people that had enlisted in the holy war, they would need all the help they could get. But God finally or-

dered it otherwise. The enemy of all righteousness took every possible advantage of the weakness of my mind and body, and harassed me unmercifully, but as Mr. James Caughey used to say, "the rougher the devil's file the brighter will be the metal." We are made perfect through suffering. The winter wore away and relieved me of a great deal of hard work. The month of April, 1861, had come with its genial sunshine and fair weather, to welcome the farmer to his accustomed toil of cultivating the soil and putting in his seed. Everybody seemed cheerful and happy

but the poor preacher. He was carrying around upon his back a burden of regrets about the manner and the matter of his preaching. I will take the time here to explain a little on the nature of my work. In regard to the matter, as I have said in a former article, I preached three times every Sabbath. Jewel's Prairie in the morning, Bethel afternoon, Mr. Graft's in the evening, led class after each preaching service, and rode about ten miles. I would occasionally get a little relief by getting a local preacher or exhorter to go with me and preach for me. The good Lord has a happy art of making preaching and exhortation productive of powerful revivals. I invited one of the latter class whose given name was Bascombe, to go with me to Mr. Grafts. I had more preach on the brain than grace in his heart. He had natural and acquired ability enough, had he been faithful, to have made a successor to his namesake; but no sooner had I got him on the ground for real battle he betrayed me by slipping out of the house while I was opening the service and taking a sleigh ride. That was the last of my preacher for that night. Then, besides preaching three times on the Sabbath and leading class each time, I

eached every night in the week excepting Saturday, had prayer meetings early every afternoon for eleven weeks, and made at the rate of a hundred visits a month. Where the exhausting of my strength came in was by extreme loud preaching and praying; praying loud enough, as I have already said, to make a deaf and dumb man hear while kneeling by his side. Alas for me trampling under foot that admonitory rule in our excellent book of discipline, "will you endeavor not to speak too loud or too long?" The power of preaching does not consist in long power as it does in getting solid truth and argument upon the minds of the people, backed up by the blessed regulating influences of the Holy Spirit. Dear Bro. Kent is it any wonder that I broke down? I can see now where I could have done the same amount of work with a great deal less wear, and have not the least doubt that it would have been much more honoring to the Holy Ghost. Oh how the blessed Spirit will enlighten the human mind if we are seeking instruction! Before I leave this precious field of grace, I want to say what I ought to have said in connection with a former testimony on the revival. If you remember, in 1860-61 there was a great pressure of the times, greenbacks were at a discount of twenty to thirty and forty per cent, gold and silver was all the demand, then taxes had to be paid in hard currency, the people did not talk about much else but the hard times; but to the praise of God, in that part of the country where the revival was going on, hard times was scarcely mentioned. The people did not seem to feel the pressure at all; they were too busy in circulating the gold that never gets into human coffers.

Oh how rich we all felt! Does it not prove what God can do for the children of men? The exciting times of war came on and I had four brothers that enlisted, but we kept steady at our work and the captain of our salvation triumphed. Through God we shall do valiantly and he it is that shall tread down our enemies. Received a letter a few days ago from a dear sister who experience, then wrote a good share of this, made four visits this afternoon, the last with an old widow sister that I haven't called on before, took tea with her and had a blessed good time. Now this visiting testimony is an old story, yet, there is much more grace in it than there is in spending the afternoon in sitting around the stores or postoffice wasting my precious time in the seat of the scornful, proving by sad experience the sayings of good men, "the soul's idling time is the devil's working time. It is nine o'clock. My conscience is void of offence; so let us have worship and retire for the night. Mar. 27th. Since we enjoyed quite a refreshing from yesterday's experience, let us go back and finish up our testimony of the past. Then, and as poorly as I was, we could not live on the strength of the grace already received, so we must move around as we are able to stand it, and keep picking up a little fresh manna by the way; so we will leave Bill in the stable, and walk over and call on Mr. F's family. But before we start let us pay a little tribute to Bill. I has been a faithful horse, he is a fine looking dark iron gray, quiet and gentle as a kitten. He has champed the bit for two battle-fields, the spiritual and the carnal, for he was sold into the army. Poor fellow, did he smell human blood? For "because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the

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bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Romans 8:21-22. Read Wesley's sermon on that scripture; it is excellent. Now then we are already on our way to Mr. F's. Since he and wife are both dead and gone, we will not be backward to call them by their proper name. we are before his open door, made welcome, invited to an easy chair, I rest comfortable, we enter freely into conversation, paying strict attention to the object of my visit, the good of their souls. As I have remarked before, I was oftentimes cast down through manifold temptations, it was so at that time.

I finally asked them if I might read and pray. They said yes, and handed me the testament. I opened to Gal. 6, and read on until I came to the 9th verse which read as follows: "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." My feelings in a moment were indescribable, my conflicts left me at once, I felt as light as a feather, I could have run out of the house bare-headed and jumped over the man's fence into the road. It seemed like a vision of grace in regard to the future. That was twenty-four years ago. Instead of dying in two years as I supposed I might, here I am reaping, yes, bless God, I have had a harvest of blessed experience since, and bid fair if God permits to thrust in the sickle for twenty-five or thirty years yet. That was my last regular visit on the circuit. Before I leave I want to say that we had a well regulated official board; they were very good to me financially. They kept me quite comfortably flush with means. Elders Cassady

and Stewart were presiding elders successively. The former has long since died and undoubtedly gone to glory. The latter is still alive and I shall have occasion to refer to him again sometime in the future if I continue to write. Sister C. who wrote me the letter tells me that the Germans have now possession of both churches. Worship in the one in their mother tongue, and in the other in English. "Therewith God granted salvation unto the Germans also." Yes every nation under the sun may have this great salvation.

"Salvation let the echo fly
This spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

Now I must leave the field, although there is much to glean yet. As I have no buggy I will leave my trunk for some future time, ~~put the saddle back on Bill~~ and go to my relatives and friends in Lena, Stephen county, distance fifteen miles. Now I need rest, I will return Bill to his rightful owner, Mr. Fowler, for I had used a borrowed horse all this while. Mr. Fowler has since gone to his reward. I think the editor of the Banner has stayed there several times over night, and if I should call upon him to testify, he would say that it was a good, congenial, free place for the saints to quarter. I will trust God for the future. J. Buss.

ALGONQUIN, Ill.

use was that a ruling that an anteprevious transportation to a competition for a lower charge from the be in effect to approve the equalitiesadvantages as between localities, ioned by the act to regulate commerce was rendered during the year in Grocer Company et al. v. Atchi-

From Bro. Buss. 12

DEAR BRO. KENT: I wish to testify in regard to the character of the great revival, referred to in my former experience, held on Jewel's Prairie. We endeavored to be thorough in all of our efforts to bring the people to a knowledge of the truth as one that must give account of his stewardship at the bar of God. Every truth essential to salvation was kept before the people. We taught that the Bible was God's standard and law for governing the moral world. And that it was equally applicable in the reformation and regulation of the human race as the laws of the physical universe were adapted for its order and security. God has a law for every department of nature, law for the ebb and flow of the sea, and for the planetary system. The stars He calls by name and counts their numbers and measures their distances. When He made the world He made it by rule. And God called the light day, and the darkness night. And the evening and the morning was the first day.

And God said let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so. And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day. Gen. i, 5-6-7-8.

So each successive day had its special work until all of creation was completed. In this we learn that God is a God of order. We see it further exemplified in the revolution of the seasons, seed-time and harvest. The same is seen in the vegetable kingdom. God also gave commercial laws to his ancient people;

such as measure, weights, and landmarks. Also ceremonial and sacrificial laws. And also moral law for the conduct of his people. If a soul sin and commit trespass against the Lord and lie unto his neighbor in that which was delivered unto him to keep or in fellowship, or in anything take away by violence, or hath deceived his neighbor; or have found that which was lost, and lieth concerning it and sweareth falsely in any of all these that a man doeth, sinning therein. Then it shall be because he hath sinned and is guilty that he shall restore that which he took violently away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which was found, etc. Lev. vi, 234 5th verse. Is not this reasoning analogous to the kingdom of God's dear son? So we taught the people conditional to salvation, repentance, genuine and scriptural, that they must drink from the cup its literal dregs. A Godly sorrow for sin, a confessing of sin. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but who confesseth, and forsaketh, shall have mercy." Being comparatively young and less experienced than we are now, we said but little about the sin of dishonesty, and the need of restoration. God came to the rescue, however, and demonstrated His own doctrine in the midst of the congregation and upon the conscience of a man that seemed quite persistent and was earnestly seeking the Lord. He bowed at the altar every night for more than two week, but came up against the insurmountable sin of dishonesty. A difference of thirty dollars between him and his neighbor in a horse trade. We told him to make it right or God would never have mercy upon him. He refused to do it. So he went away with the guilt upon his soul.

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ON THE LAKE.

13

This interesting article was first printed in the F. M. B. S. and is now republished by request.

Chicago July 16, under a
All on board were religious
Had our devotions morning
and evening, which were seasons of
great profit to us. The Captain was
converted last winter and joined the
F. M. Church. He is a zealous Chris-
tian, and works faithfully for his fel-
low sailors.

Sabbath 18th, at 2 p. m. we held
religious service in the cabin, preach-
ing to eight persons that if it is blessed
to hunger and thirst after righteous-
ness, it must be much more blessed
to be filled therewith; and we were
truly filled with the Spirit. Our de-
votions in the evening were very
profitable; for all prayed and spoke,
and suitable singing enlivened the ser-
vice. Never did we see a more happy
and agreeable crew than was that of
the old "Potomac." She is of 400
ton burden, not the swiftest of sailing
vessels, but one of the best in a storm,
as she proved herself by proudly plun-
ging through the furious waves that
beat against her.

It was our first voyage for twenty
years, and there was no escape from
sea-sickness; so with borrowed cap and
overcoat we go on deck and endure it.
The good sailors would say, "Poor Bro.
Buss, he has a hard time of it." But
in the name of the Lord we stuck to
our integrity of patience and courage,
and got the victory at last. Had no
regret for having started on so perilous
an adventure.

A little before sundown we found
ourselves in a beautiful bay, known as
"Green Bay," where we cast anchor.
Our Captain began to inquire how we
might best spend the evening to the
glory of God. Concluded we would
go on shore and see if we could have a
meeting. The people made us welcome.

The place comprised a boarding house
and two or three small houses beside.
About fifty persons were soon con-
vened in the dining room of the board-
ing house, to whom we preached about
making sacrifices for God. A young
man belonging to another vessel an-
chored not far from ours, having been
invited to the meeting, and not exact-
ly comprehending the term "meeting,"
took it to be a dance, and inquired of
the Captain "if the man with the tall
hat on was the fiddler." The idea of
the preacher turning out to be a fid-
dler tested us; and it took all the
grace we had to preserve our proper
balance. We had a glorious time in
the meeting.

In taking this trip we had two ob-
jects in view—study and health. But
our eyes soon began to play truant so
that our object in reference to study
was in part frustrated. All on board
were exceedingly kind; especially was
this true of the Captain. As we have
not the best pair of eyes, as some of
our friends out West well know, the
Captain gave us the use of his spy
glass. And so, being partly frustrated
in our design with reference to study,
we concluded we had better arouse our
moral and physical sensibilities, and
use them in contemplating and enjoy-
ing the grandeur of God's creation.
Paradise was lost in Adam but is re-
stored in Christ; and the glory of God
as displayed in creation harmonizes
beautifully with his glory as enjoyed
in the regenerated heart. You may
imagine our delight, far away from the
dirty, dingy, and wicked city, viewing
the various vessels around us, every
one bound to her place of destination
—and then the groves with beautiful
foliage, presenting a pleasing contrast,
yet all was in glorious harmony. Hal-
leluah!

The following day, July 20, started
what is called "Green Bay" and
sailed slowly. The scenery was beau-
tiful on either shore, various, and

skirted by the foliage of evergreens. We viewed nature in her loveliness; and then as a number of us joined in the sweet songs of Zion, we felt that our hearts were full of melody and praise.

Thursday, July 23, reached Masonville the place of our destination, being the farthest point to which vessels sail in this direction. Three or four houses stand near the shore. It is a wild and desolate looking region. We procured a room in the boarding house and resolved to have a meeting at night; and while the sailors were loading the vessel, the Captain and myself went around to inform the people of the night meeting. A goodly number of lumbermen of various nations gathered at the meeting, and we had a good time in telling them that we were "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The following evening we held another meeting in the same place, at

which we baptized four children, one of them being of Catholic parents, and then preached to the people that it was a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom some of these lumbermen seemed to be the chief. Good attention was given to the word, and we had a prodigious time. But Satan (me also, and directed one of his emissaries to wish that the preacher had been in hell before he ever came to that place. Thank God, the preacher was plucked as a brand from that place long ago, and now he goes crying life and salvation whenever he can get a few together to listen. The meeting closed in the midst of victory and glory, and we again went on board the vessel, where we met a few more than were those sailors, rubbing our hands for very glee and joy, and saying, "Lord, even the devil is subject unto us through thy name."

We had told the people that if we did not get off we would preach again at 10:30 o'clock on Sabbath. We did not get off as we expected, for the vessel being heavily loaded with wet, rafted lumber; stuck fast in the mud, and it took several hours to get her away. Nothing but a dead calm now lay on the water. But suddenly and unexpectedly the wind began to blow, and increased until it was a heavy storm, with much lightning and thunder, but all in our favor until we were two miles out from those shoals, when the wind suddenly ceased, and there I was again a dead calm. We could go no farther, and the Captain shouted "Down with the anchor, boys," and we were stationary for the night. We had expected to sail right along, but it seemed the Lord had more work for us to do on shore. The night passed, and Sabbath dawned in sunshine and beauty. As the Captain does not weigh anchor on the Sabbath, being a pious man, we all, except one, took the small boat, went ashore and held a meeting as we had promised. The people came together. They were of various nations, Irish, Germans, Scandinavians. I told them of the choice of Moses, who would rather "suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," and had a free time. An old gentleman of eighty-three years was greatly affected; said to the preacher that he had heard those things in early life, and was greatly refreshed.

But the key note of the meeting was not struck until the Scandinavians came. They had not seen our vessel at anchor in time to reach the meeting until it was out. We met them first outside of the door. For a moment we knew not what to do. One of our sailors said: "They look like sheep without a shepherd." Five of our crew were of the same nation. So we told them to sing a hymn in

their own language. The...
glorious. The...
all...
bittery. We...
prayer...
The...
interest...
Praise...
reminded...
believe...
will...
had...
in...
schools...
Captain...
fast...
small...
them...
ing...
spirit...
Oh...
don't...
God...
wretched...
to...
One...
of...
great...
and...
consequently...

critical for...
that the...
to...
on...
In the...
Miss...
I. C. C. Rep...
The...
points...
1890...
one and a half...
rates...
differential...

their own language. The scene was glorious. The Spirit of God touched all our hearts. One old lady wept bitterly. We went into the room, and prayer was offered in two languages. The meeting continued to increase in interest and was a time of great power. Praise God! We wept freely and were reminded of the day of Pentecost. We believe the good seed sown that day will spring up and bear fruit. There had been but three sermons preached in that locality for fifteen years. No schools nor gospel in the place. The Captain and myself visited several families, reaching them by means of a small sail boat, sung and prayed with them, and felt our own hearts indulging in strong resolves to spend and be spent for God. Who will look after these few poor sheep in the wilderness? Oh, that we had a voice like seven thunders to arouse and call out laborers into the great moral harvest field of God.

Monday morning about daylight, we weighed anchor, and hoisted our sail to catch the gale, bound for Chicago. Our trip on Lake Michigan was one of pleasure and profit, especially with regard to health. We have grown in grace and are getting back to where everything is converted into loveliness and beauty. Hallelujah! God reigns omnipotently near.

essential for hominy grits and bran, that the differential on corn meal to Texas destinations should not be on corn in force between the same

In the case relating to the rates on Missouri River to points in Wash I. C. C. Rep., 212), the following: The relation of rates on corn and points to California terminals was 1890, a differential of 9 cents against one and a half years it was 9 cents; rates were the same between July differential of 5 cents against c

My Trip To Iowa.

We boarded the "Omaha" at Wheaton, Ill., July 3, 1 p. m., en route for the Guthrie County, Iowa, camp-meeting. We glided swiftly over the rails, until the Father of Waters was crossed and Clinton, Iowa, reached. Passing Cedar Rapids, a few hours ride and the train came to a halt at Nevada, where our good Brother Isaiah Reid, of the Highway, came on board, bound for a camp meeting in Nebraska. Inviting him to a seat, the conversation soon turned upon the subject of organizing the holiness people into independent churches. He favors it; in fact, has already commenced the work. I gave him a few

of my reasons for entertaining different views. The Lord give us wisdom in all our efforts, that God may be glorified, and the cause of holiness advanced.

Reaching Boone about two o'clock in the morning, we found kind friends awaiting our arrival. I say, because two of my little boys are with me.

The scenery on either hand as we came was delightful. West of Rock River in Illinois, the corn is much larger than in eastern Illinois, and in Iowa it looks first class for the time of year. It seems to be fully up to the season. The Lord is evidently blessing Iowa temporally, "Giving them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."

After a lay over of a few hours at Boone, I again boarded the train for Jefferson, Greens Co., and tarried over night with Bro. Blake. In the morning our brother gave us a seat in his wagon. A ride of ten miles brought us to Scranton, where I preached eight years ago; then about miles more due south to Ball, where a marked change has come over the section, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway stretching through the valley of the "low." T

town of Baird occupies an elevated position on the north side of the stream. Eight years ago this was a lonely spot, settlers few and far between. Where we used to ford the stream there is now a good substantial iron bridge. My good wife will not soon forget the fording of the Willow in company with a number of teams en route for camp meeting north of Scranton. The water was high. Herself and the children were in Brother George Merrill's wagon. When going out of the stream most of the tugs broke, letting wagon, driver, and passengers back into the middle of the stream. For a time sadness and joy were mingled; sadness because of the trouble, but joy because no one was injured. Three miles south over the hills at 6 p. m. brought us to the desired spot. Twenty-five miles in ten hours proves that the roads in southwestern Iowa are old-fashioned.

Five tents were up the first day. The good people were tired and ready early to rest. It means sacrifice and effort on the part of some to attend camp meeting in Iowa, some driving one hundred miles to reach the meeting. Tents went up every day until Saturday night—fourteen in all.

We had been on the ground but a few minutes when we met old friends of other days, still untiring in their labors of love for the salvation of their fellow men. Their greetings were cordial and hearty. They all look a little worse for wear. So time is making its changes and doing its work. But it was most pleasing to see them all cheerful and happy in God.

A great many new faces made their appearance and camped on the ground, the fruit of faithful labor. Surely that wilderness country has been made to bud and blossom as the rose. Several new circuits have been raised up

in this region.

Soon after our arrival we made inquiry for the chairman. The reply would be, "Oh, he has not come yet." If we had not been pretty well acquainted with Bro. Harroun, Sr., we might have been a little surprised. But no one seemed tried over it. All hands kept to work. He came Saturday morning bright and early. They have long since got used to him. You would not dare upbraid him for his late appearance, for the grace of God looks right out of him, and the people hold him in great esteem. His sermon Sabbath morning counted for God and his cause.

The preachers present were Bros. C. E. Harroun Sr., O. P. Crawford, A. Stedwell, Riley, Patrick and Buckney, recently from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and the writer. They all did their work faithfully. God was in the midst to bless and save the people. The weather was exceedingly fine all through. As a result, the Sabbath congregations were large, estimated at about three thousand.

The love feasts were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The saints gave evidence of strength and communion with God. Forty-five dollars were called for and raised.

A new departure which proved to be a good one, and with which we were well pleased, developed itself on Sabbath evening. It had been announced on Sabbath morning and afternoon that there would be no public service at night. After the young peoples' meeting the grounds were quietly cleared. The rowdy element showed itself somewhat, on Saturday night, and the committee took the hint and provided against it on Sabbath night. Would it not be well for us to follow this example? Sabbath is a hard day on our camp grounds, and usually but little is accomplished at night. The pilgrims were divided

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up the meetings, one led by the other by Brother Buckney. They proved to be precious seasons of grace.

Character and harmony characterized the entire meeting. The grove was a good one, but they were unfortunate in not having a supply of good water. The camp broke on Tuesday morning, after a most refreshing love feast. It was a precious time to me all through. I was well repaid for my seven-hundred and fifty miles round trip. My heart was endeared to the pilgrims and my faith strengthened.

Yours for more grace,
J. BUSS.
Prospect Park, Ill.

Crystal Lake, Illinois. 15

Our circuit quarterly meeting, held at Crystal Lake, July 22, should not be passed by unnoticed. To the most of us it was awfully grand and glorious all day. Sabbath the love feast commenced at 9 o'clock. It had run but a few minutes before the shout of victory was heard in the back part of the house. The house was nearly full of pilgrims, some from Algonquin and Cary Circuit, with their preacher, Bro. Newcomer. The testimonies were all confined to present experience. God put his blessed endorsement upon the entire meeting. Soon the usual demonstrations made their happy appearance. In this hallowed stream Bro. Terrill, our chairman, waded out with his Pentecost sermon the farthest we ever saw him. The sermon was rich, instructive, and powerful. Hearts melted before the Pentecost fire. Next came the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, another precious waiting at the cross, where flowed the blood that bought our guilty souls for God; and O how we felt its virtue and power applied to our longing hearts while kneeling at

the altar! At 3 o'clock a large gathering of Sabbath-schools from town and country met at the church to hear Bro. Terrill's graphic description of the prodigal. It was the most interesting thing we ever heard. When describing his return, eyes flowed with tears. He had the almost breathless attention of the whole house. The evening service was very good. His claim of \$22 was cheerfully raised. There were twenty-eight teams in the church-yard. A number said it was the best quarterly meeting they ever attended. All praise to our God. Since the meeting the fires of the Pentecost have burned deep in my soul. O how they melt me over! What tenderness, what love they do produce! We are

having on this circuit what we set out for last fall—a revival of scriptural holiness in the church of God.
J. BUSS.

July 29

"Lessons In Holiness."

J. BUSS.

I have just got through reading Thomas K. Doty's book, "Lessons in Holiness." I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I have read it carefully, with profit and pleasure. It has done me good. Its style and spirit are excellent. There is none of the meat-ax style found in it, but the sword of the Lord and of Gideon leaps out of every page in the little book. It will be safe in the hands of the young convert and the adult Christian. I think it will mature and strengthen all that read it. It seems to me to be just the book for these times. It may take the place of some of those good books that are, to our regret, going out of print and use, such as Thomas A' Kempis' "Spiritual Progress," and others. Such books have been a great blessing to mankind.

Baker & Arnold

Grand Editor, III.

This interesting book is divided into thirty-six chapters, all of them on the life of spotless purity. The most of them are subdivided into different sections of the same subject. The good man leaves no stone unturned. Every subject is condensed and short. Every nook and corner of the precious field of holiness has been explored by his able pen; yet all is compassed by two hundred and twenty-four small pages.

It is not a dry doctrinal argument on entire sanctification. It is full of practical and rich instruction, just what the title indicates, lessons in holiness.

O ye Free Methodists, and holiness people of every tribe in Israel, buy it, at the sacrifice of your tea and coffee of which the good man gives us some excellent hints. I prophesy an extensive sale of it. It may be had of Baker & Arnold, Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

He invites any criticism on the book by any one, by way of private correspondence. Others may see some faults in it. Any one writing to me, please call attention to the page, chapter, or subdivision of the chapter. Be particular in your criticisms and write plain. Address,

Dear friends, we passed a night in Chicago and spake the word of the Lord in our neat little Pilgrim Church there. Our Society in the city is small, but composed of souls earnest and true who are resolved on victory. They are united in heart and have blessed times in their meetings. Br. J. Buss has nearly completed his third year as pastor of our Society in the city, which certainly is something of an anomaly in the Free Methodist Church polity, as the law limits the stay of any preacher on the same charge to two years.

The meetings at Woosung have resulted in great good to the community. About twenty professed to have found the pardoning mercy of God, only one or two of whom had ever experienced religion before. The most of them are very clear conversions. They range from the youth of twelve years up to the age of sixty-five. The remark is often made, "What a change in Woosung." Six weeks ago but one good old saint professing to enjoy the liberty of the gospel; now there are quite a number who are in earnest for the kingdom. There is at present a happy nucleus of strength and blessed harmony at that place.

Dear editor, my eyes were never so wide open as now to see the vast harvest field before us. Who is to enter it? Has God reserved it for the pilgrim church? Others do not seem to succeed in that direction. I was seriously impressed with the comparative fewness of the multitudes who attended the means of grace, who enjoyed the witness of the Spirit. The harvest is great, the laborers are few. Thank God there are a few who have got their lives on God's altar for sacrifice or for service.

I wish, Mr. Editor, to call attention, in a few words, to our good sisters from Ridott, Belle Christie and Lizzie Bardell. They are doing good work in the vineyard of the Lord. The people of Woosung have greatly appreciated their labors, and have in some measure compensated them. Dear pilgrims at large, do a little more than pay their fare on the cars; call on the congregation for a collection. They will need what may be thus contributed. A few good books will not hurt them, such as the memoirs of good men and women. Madame Guyon's Journals, I think, would prove a blessing to them. I have read them in other

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...profit. I did not
 ...at least as the result.
 ...children of Ridott will be
 ...through the summer cam-
 ...and camp meetings. If
 ...these daughters of Zion
 ...should perchance read these lines, let
 ...not complain of their absence,
 ...but be thankful that you have not only
 ...sons, but daughters, to lay on God's al-
 ...tar. Their lives are above reproach.
 ...They do not stop to ask of men license
 ...to labor, but are on the wing for God.
 ...If any should question what I have
 ...written, please read Romans xvi.

I was at the district quarterly meet-
 ...ing, held in Freeport, Feb. 18-22, but
 ...part of two days, Friday and Saturday.
 ...The attendance from abroad was very
 ...slim, owing, probably, to the rough
 ...roads, and in part to the meetings that
 ...were in progress at different points on
 ...the district.

Preachers present: Bros. Terrill,
 Kimball, Ferris, Burhans and Buss.
 All preached in the demonstration of
 the Spirit. Our chairman, Bro. Ter-
 rill, has the hearts of the people. We
 scarcely ever saw him more engaged
 in the work than now. His preaching
 does us good. The people seem to ap-
 preciate it.

At our quarterly meeting at Oak
 Ridge, Sabbath morning, we called for
 twelve dollars, and it was all raised
 but nine cents inside of five minutes.

The district conference elected Bros.
 Terrill, Kimball and Ferris tent com-
 mittee, and Bros. Terrill, Burhans,
 Gates and Buss camp meeting commit-
 tee, and ordered that the meeting be
 held somewhere in Ugie Co., in the
 month of June. I have just learned
 from Bro. Gates, who stayed through
 the meetings at Freeport, that they
 continued to increase in interest. The

...Sabbath morning at the
 ...love feast, with increasing power until
 ...12 o'clock, and at the altar Sabbath
 ...evening. My soul is well, bless God.
 Feb. 25. J. Buss.

Grand Detour, Ill. 18

We are having quite an interesting
 time at Woodung, a little station on
 the Illinois Central R. R., between
 Dixon and Polo, and nine miles west
 of Grand Detour. Up to this date
 there has been five or six real clear
 conversions. There are about the
 same number seeking; one man a re-
 formed drunkard. Most of the saved
 and seeking are heads of families.
 Last Sabbath, Jan. 25 was a precious
 day here. There is a wonderful stir-
 ring up of ideas and opinions in re-
 gard to this kind of work. They
 scarcely ever saw it after this fashion.
 Notwithstanding the bad roads the
 congregations are large, people coming
 in five and six miles from the country
 around. Brother Burhans, from Mt.
 Morris, has been over to help in the
 meetings a few days, doing good ser-
 vice. Sister Lizzie Bardell, from
 Ridott, has been with us from the first,
 with soul and body alive to God. The
 meeting has been in progress something
 over two weeks.

Now, for my soul what shall I say?
 Fire, fire, on fire, until my poor body
 is being consumed, yet there is more
 to follow. Bless God, O my soul!
 Now a word for my good wife. She
 heads in Grand Detour a Sabbath
 school that sometimes numbers over
 one hundred in attendance, with good
 Peter Newcomer and wife to stand by.
 Her health is poor. The hall the pil-
 grims have occupied for several years
 was sold last week for a dancing hall.
 It is not all stagnation on this little
 circuit. Jeff is getting a little old, as
 but we are both in the field, champ-
 ing the bit for war. J. Buss. 00
 Jan. 28. m

...under the 12 1/2-cent rate in force
 ...while defendant was en-
 ...the through rate to the through

From Lockridge, Iowa. 19

Our quarterly-meeting and dedication at Coalport was a most interesting time. The religious services begun on Friday night. Though very stormy a good number was out. Saturday and Sabbath were beautiful days. Brother Travis was on hand to preach in his accustomed manner—rich and searching. Our love-feast on Sunday morning failed to meet our expectations on account of the immense crowd of people; yet the testimonies were good. Every available foot of sitting and standing room was occupied; the little church was crammed to its utmost capacity. Financially it was quite successful, an indebtedness of \$160 was paid down and subscribed, and enough over to meet all incidental expenses, such as building a fence around the church, another coat of paint and finishing it off complete. Its dimensions are 26x36, with green blinds and a belfry put up by the citizens, which gives the whole a neat appearance. Three things in connection with the dedication were remarkable and profitable. We had for three weeks prior to the occasion made it a subject of earnest prayer, yea rather wrestling devotion, that God would give us fair weather for the occasion. Our faith was severely tried, for it stormed up to a late hour on Friday night. But Saturday and Sunday were as beautiful and unclouded as a summer day. The next was that God would send out the people by hundreds, and they did come until they could no longer get into the house. The third and last thing asked for was granted. It was that the little enterprise might be freed from debt. Thanks be given to our God who has given us the victory. There seems to be a possibility of stone and mortar, timber and lumber, money and means yielding to the efficacy of prayer before human hearts and wills. Neverthe-

less, we are following up the meeting blow after blow. Bless God! we will not despair—hearts are melting a little, saints are shouting and the power of God is displayed in our midst.

J. Buss.

desired to have transported over defendant Winnebago, Ill.

The interest on the Winnebago Circuit has been gradually increasing ever since conference until it has, in the region of the Ridott appointment, broken out into a glorious tempest. I think its culmination was last Friday night, Feb. 7. Such a meeting I have not been in for years. There were nine prostrated under the power of God and nine professed to obtain pardon. The meeting otherwise I cannot describe. The crying for mercy and shouts of victory and the songs of Zion were almost deafening. I think I never saw the prophecy of Joel more literally fulfilled in my life than of late: "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy." Thank heaven for such grace and glory; yea, and for such workers in God's vineyard. The Winnebago class are stretching out beyond themselves. They come from five to six miles to prayer-meetings. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest until the righteousness thereof shall go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

J. Buss.

one name purporting to name the list consisting of 297 pages, filled with references, indicated by a host of arbiters that the freight officials of the carrier auditor of the Commission found it which did apply. The decision of the

& S. F. Company for the transportation reasonable to the extent that it exceeded the proportional rate of the T. & P.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150

[Faded and mostly illegible text on the right page, possibly bleed-through or a separate document.]

1878
Member of a Dying
Saint.

REV. J. BUSS.

I tremble to write, lest I beggar description. I should be glad to hand my pen to an angel to describe the scene. To do so would give great relief; but we were so profited by the experience that we feel almost inspired to write the account of the sickness and death of Sister Mina C. F. Moore, wife of Bro. David Moore, Freeport, Illinois, and daughter of Bro. Andrew and Sister Mary Banicker, who departed this life March 7, 1878, after an illness of seven days.

Sister Moore was born in the State of Wisconsin, December 13, 1856. She spent her childhood days with her parents in this State, having moved here in 1858. She experienced religion at the age of thirteen years, at Harlem Centre, under the labors of Rev. Mr. Walker, of the United Brethren Church, and proved faithful to God for two or three years. But for want of proper instruction and Christian encouragement she lost her enjoyment. In September, 1876, at an evangelical camp-meeting in Wisconsin, she was reclaimed, and consecrated herself to God in a covenant never to be broken. From that time until the day of her death she enjoyed a rich experience of God's grace. It might well be said that she was a burning and shining light, dressing plainly and exhorting others to follow her example. In her benevolence she would divide the last dollar and loaf of bread with the poor. Ministering to the needy would give her excellent opportunities to instruct them in regard to the salvation of their souls, and she would often pray with and for them before they left the house. Thus doing, our sister grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

She was married to her now bereaved husband Aug. 13, 1876. In the new relation she felt the weight of her responsibilities and would often sing—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

Often has our dear brother, after returning from business at night, found her in her closet engaged in prayer and praise. Bro. Baker and others were eye-witnesses to exercises of her mind at the Ridott Camp-meeting, where she experienced the blessing of a clean heart. She seemed to have anticipations that her stay on earth was to be short, so she redeemed the time and walked with God.

March 1 she was taken sick. On the fourth day she apprehended that she could not recover, but was perfectly resigned. I visited her Monday night, March 4; found her suffering greatly, but recognized me, and began to open her mind to me at once, stating that she did not feel altogether satisfied with her experience, but wanted to know on earth all the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of the love of God. I explained to her the precious privilege of the saved. She began to look to Jesus more directly for the blessing she needed. Learning that the doctor and others might come in soon, I proposed prayer. Immediately she rejoiced at the idea. A number of her relatives being present, we knelt in the presence of God to plead in her behalf. The power of God began to fall upon us, and it was awfully glorious. While Sister Crowden was praying, one of the sisters got wonderfully blessed, and shouted aloud, and every one seemed to throw off all restraint, and was ready to pray at any moment. It was thought best now to leave her alone a while to rest. Her husband was greatly encouraged at realizing so much of the power of God. He thought it possible she might be restored in answer to prayer, so suggested that we get together a number of the praying ones in a private house near by. Soon six or seven came together. After making some explanations in regard to the case of the sick one, and quoting some scripture for the encouragement of

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our faith, and singing that good old
 hymn:
 "O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!"

we knelt together in prayer. If there
 ever were earnest, anxious hearts up-
 lifted to God, it was that night. We
 had already said that faith was the sub-
 stance of things hoped for, the evidence
 of things not seen. The object of the
 meeting was her recovery, if it was
 God's will; and there we wrestled with
 great liberty and unction, while all
 watched the motions of the Spirit for
 the evidence. Was our prayer answered?
 Yes, like Paul's, when he prayed for the
 removal of the thorns: "My grace shall
 be sufficient for thee."

The grace came all day on Tuesday,
 and at night all hope of her recovery
 was given up. God had ordered it oth-
 erwise, and was fitting her up for the
 change that was to come. Tuesday ev-
 ening she slept and rested until about
 eleven o'clock. The writer was not pres-
 ent at this time. But old saints that
 had been in the service of God over
 thirty years had never seen such mani-
 festations of the power of God before, in
 a sick-chamber or prayer-meeting. After
 the refreshing sleep the power of God
 came upon her like the strength of Sam-
 son. She began to exhort all that were
 in the room, calling them one by one to
 her bedside, telling them of their faults,
 and exhorting them not to conform to
 the world. She called to mind her
 sister-in-law, who was sick at the same
 time, and unsaved. She requested them
 to get down and pray for her. While
 doing so, they all got blessed and happy
 together, shouting, jumping, and weep-
 ing all at one time, and she shouted and
 swung her arms in holy triumph as if
 she would fly to glory. She told those
 standing by she could see into glory. It
 was the first sick-chamber that the writer
 ever knew to be run entirely by prayer.
 It was pray, pray, pray, nearly all the
 time. It put me in mind of Mr. Bram-

well; when on his way to one of his ap-
 pointments he fell from his horse and
 broke his thigh. A friend seeing Mr.
 B.'s sad condition, ran to help him. He
 being apprised that he had broken his
 limb, said, "O Mr. Bramwell, what shall
 we do?" "Let us pray," was the reply.

Before break of day a number had re-
 ceived the evidence of their acceptance
 with God. When well, Sister Moore
 thought it would be hard to die; but
 when brought down to the test, she said
 it was perfectly easy. Some one asked
 her if there was any sting of death left.
 She replied, "No; it is all gone." They
 sang, "Waiting and watching for me."
 As she had no relatives that had died,
 she asked, "Who will be watching for
 me?" Her sister, Clingman, replied,
 "Thousands!" "O yes, and I will soon
 be waiting and watching for you." Dur-
 ing this night of power and grace, she
 sent for some of her acquaintances in
 other parts of the city, whom she warn-
 ed against formality and worldliness, and
 exhorted some who once enjoyed the
 power of religion to get back to the old
 paths. That sick-chamber seemed to
 me like a successful holiness meeting,
 where there was work being done that
 would stand most any test.

On Wednesday the 5th, she spent the
 day in suffering God's will and recount-
 ing his mercies and goodness to her.
 About dusk in the evening came a re-
 action of soul and body. How far the
 enemy was permitted to have a hand in
 this I cannot tell. She grew delirious,
 and talked in an irrational manner. Some
 of her younger sisters were frightened,
 and began weeping bitterly. Though
 we assured them that she was safe, that
 God would not leave nor forsake her, yet
 our counsel did not satisfy. Retiring to
 the adjoining room, they importuned for
 her as I cannot describe. She remained
 in the state referred to several hours,
 and then, all praise to our God, the
 clouds began to break, and the invisible
 appeared in sight. A holy calm and
 quiet rested upon all. She was clear in
 her mind for about three hours before
 she died, and expressed herself as being

full of glorious hope and courage in regard to the future. We stood on our feet over one hour in almost breathless silence, watching in our dear sister the ebb of life.

So fell this dear saint asleep in Jesus, leaving a husband, a little babe, and a large circle of family relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Sister Moore joined the F. M. Church on probation last September, and died about two weeks before her probation expired. But who will say that her work being done, she will not be received into full connection in the church triumphant.

The English Evangelical friends showed all possible kindness during the sickness of our departed sister; threw open their large, commodious church for the funeral, and filled it with earnest and attentive hearers, while the writer, with the same unction that fell upon us in the chamber of the sick, preached to them from the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x., 42.

The sick-room and the funeral were like a camp meeting where showers of blessings from God had fallen upon the people. O eternal God, unvail thy face and show us thy glory in the city of Freeport.

Lena, Ill.

A Marriage Feast. 22

Left Woodburg for Ridott early Tuesday morning, Feb 3^d, in Freeport, I took breakfast with Bro. Ferris and wife, then hurried off to the barber's shop, with my head and face, to get them ready for the coming occasion. Then by train east, to Ridott. From the station I was conveyed into the country about two miles, to the house of Bro. Bardell, where forty-four persons gathered as guests at the wedding of Bro. Henry Daughenbaugh and Sister Hattie Bardell. The occasion proved to be the grandest for grace and power the writer ever witnessed; yes, we doubt whether there was ever the like in the state of

Illinois. All seemed to move easy and happy. We counted fifteen plainly dressed and live pilgrims. I said live pilgrims, that does not fill the bill; they were all on fire. So, Mr. Editor, you may imagine a little what we saw and felt. After the marriage, which was about 1 p. m., we gathered around the richly laden table. The physical man having been refreshed, Bro. Frank and Sister Belle Christie, and others joining, sung a very beautiful and appropriate hymn. Now the blessed Spirit began to work. There was a steady shower of blessings until eleven o'clock at night. What a lovely place it was. Singing was never so charming in the world to me. In spite of myself I had to shout a little. I preached to the company in the evening amid tears, shouts, screams and jumping. I took advantage of the stir and noise, and paused to think what to say next. Then following preaching, prayers, exhortations, testimonies of the most fervent and soul inspiring kind, some speaking three times. Bro. Frank, their pastor, was present to enjoy the feast. Sinners wept and conviction was on the people. Now, Mr. Editor, you must not hold me responsible for that kind of order at a marriage; you will have to settle it with the Lord. No human tongue can describe the scene. My poor soul and body had about all they could manage. Truly Jesus was there giving us the wine of the kingdom all the way through. That is my ideal of a wedding. J. Buss.

Grand Detour, Ill, Feb. 11.

discriminations between shippers. *Apple Products case.*—The United States district of Illinois has recently rendered a decision by the Commission against the Chicago Company and others, one to enforce its order the Commission as Chicago Live Chicago Great Western Railway Company in conjunction to issue under section 3 of the same subject-matter.

PARK RAPIDS, MINNESOTA

29

From the Front.

God is with us in this region of country in converting and sanctifying power. Bless his holy name! Our circuit extends into six or seven counties. We are looking after the pilgrims as they come to this new country. The greatest revival has been seen in the State, or at least in this number of years was never before seen in this County. Sixty or seventy-five were saved of saving grace. The war began here a year ago this winter. The place was dominated in almost every respect by two months ago. A large portion of the young converts have been induced by M. E. preacher to join his church. We have had some drops at Scranter in Green Co. converted and some reclaimed. A gentleman after chewing tobacco for fifty-five years gave it up. Said he would never touch it again. Oh how grace can save! Our dear brother Robert Miller has been holding forth at Park Rapids with a good degree of success. He has held twelve courses and has witnessed the blessing of heaven upon all. All to the great encouragement of the brethren. One brother at the meeting gloriously saved that he did not think of his tobacco for three days afterwards. Hallelujah! Reign Lord Jesus until all thy foes are under thy feet.

J. Buss.

Jan. 11, 76.

and the desire to Italy.

Such further action will be necessary.

The Pennsylvania Petroleum
 circuit court of appeals for the
 two cases brought by the Western
 Road Company et al. v. Pennsylvania
 City, Pa. Its decision reversed
 circuit court for the western

DEAR BROTHER EBBY:—Perhaps you will be surprised to receive a letter from us from this part of God's vineyard. Three years ago, we came to this place to visit our sons. As my health had been poor for some time because of nervous prostration and general weakness, my boys often wrote me I would regain my health up here among the pines and the dry, bracing atmosphere, which in a good degree has proved true. Such a vast field our eyes beheld, white ready for harvest and so much precious grain being lost for the want of faithful laborers. Oh, how our bowels of compassion began to yearn over this desolate region. It is a lovely country to look at. Splendid scenery everywhere. It reminds me of the evergreen country, to which we are journeying. Here is the best water I ever drank. How I have cried to our God to use us. And to thrust out workers into this field, and deliver it from the devil's clutches.

It is a lumber region and there are large lakes with as fine fish as most any country can boast of. Sunday is a great day for fishing. All these things stirred our souls, and we resolved to spend what strength we had and could get in the Sabbath-school. So we started one in a schoolhouse, and also a mission society for making comforts, etc., for our dear needy homes at Woodstock and other places, and for some destitute families here. Well, we have done all in our power, both of us.

But all the time for a number of months we expected to return to Illinois. We found a few struggling Free Methodists scattered here and there, and they gave us a royal welcome, and one brother said we were to burn all the bridges between here and Illinois, so we could not return. How we missed the precious communion of saints. We decided to stay here for a time, but we cried mightily to God to send the dear, true and tried pilgrims here. The Northern Minnesota conference was about to convene and no delegate was sent from this little society here. I was so burdened I went into our pine woods and cried mightily to God to direct, as I thought I must write a letter or an appeal for help in this work, for the people said we would not have any preacher here another year. As I plead the Lord asked me if I could not trust Him to do these things. I said, "Yes, Lord, I will," and I knew in some way the Lord would provide. The next FREE METHODIST after the

A TRIP TO MINNESOTA.

The report of this trip should have appeared in the July number of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, but the past has been an exceedingly busy month. Added to the never-ceasing volume of correspondence relative to receiving and placing children, the work of placing and the keeping of records, our own home camp-meeting at Glen Ellyn has necessarily taken considerable time and attention. We had a good meeting and many young people and children were active in the meetings and contributed much to the interest of the occasion.

Our objective point in this trip was the camp-meeting at Burtrum, Minnesota. When our train halted at Woodstock, Illinois, the helpers from the Home brought to us four bright, active children, a brother and sister, aged three and four, and a sister and brother, aged three and five. These were to be placed in two homes which had been previously arranged for by correspondence. We found these homes all they had been recommended to be, and we think there is a good future for these precious ones. We were glad indeed to find homes that would take a brother and sister and thus avoid the necessity of separating them. It is sad enough to be bereft of parents, and we are always glad to place several children of one family together.

Passing through a beautiful part of Wisconsin, we were invited to assist in a tent meeting at Park Rapids, Minnesota. Brother Wait had the tabernacle pitched in the edge of the town near the parsonage. The cool, rainy weather was much against the attendance, but the congregations were good. Here met Brother J. H. Wilson, of the West Iowa conference, who had stopped on his way from attending a meeting of the board of trustees of the Wessington Springs Seminary. Another pleasure awaited us here. Just before the evening meeting Brother P. S. Buss, an old veteran in the Illinois conference, drove up. After meeting he said, "Now, Brother Arnold, I will get up early in the morning and feed my horse,

then I will call you, and we will drive home for breakfast." As we both staid at the parsonage, this was feasible. So next morning at five o'clock a gentle touch on my shoulder, and a voice awoke me. I hastily dressed and went to the buggy, now ready in the yard. The morning was quite cool, the air crisp and bracing, but with a fur overcoat loaned me for the occasion the ten-mile drive into the country was greatly enjoyed. Sister Buss had breakfast all ready, and such a breakfast! Well, only one who has made a study of hygienic cooking could have prepared it. Perhaps our long, cool ride had put the seasoning into our appetite, but it seems as if we never enjoyed a breakfast more. Then after prayers—we must stop here long enough to say that Brother Buss has not lost any of his old-time power and zest in prayer—we had such a good talk about the good old times in the early history of our work—the St. Charles camp-meeting, the old Morgan street church in Chicago

THE COMMISSION.

of enabling the dis-act on the part of the search and seizure of to the Constitution.

any et al., the United of Wisconsin (case not sses to testify and pro-action pending in the f Minnesota under the sed to the witnesses for apart from the produc-constitutional privilege extend to the corpora-said that the fact of n, and in that relation her confidential or not, under consideration. titled to the privilege ced by its officers, or able in such event, the

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uments are subject to pro-ing their custody, unless

what modified by a re-appeals.

1902, a temporary in-circuit court for the of the Attorney-Gen-against the Atchison,

and other places now sacred in memory. Brother ~~has~~ related many incidents in connection with the building of that old church, showing how the Lord helped the handful of working women to build a church in a large city.

I arrived at Burtrum on the twenty-fourth and found the camp pitched in a beautiful grove half a mile from town. Rev. F. O. Lewis is pastor in charge at this place. His esteemed wife, formerly Tillie Brake, gave about four years of very valuable service to the home at Woodstock. Her strength, skill and, above all, her patient perseverance, won the esteem of all and made for her a warm place in the hearts of those who carried the burdens, in those days, of trial and toil.

The camp was not large, about fifteen tents, but the congregations from the community were good and the interest deep. Nearly every evening service brought an altar filled with sinners seeking salvation. Strong men wept; some straightened up their crooked work and came out gloriously clear in conversion. A contribution of twenty-seven dollars and thirty cents in cash and subscriptions was made for the home.

We arrived home safely on the thirtieth, thankful for the good time we had enjoyed:

T. B. ARNOLD, Superintendent.

and that in an action against a railroad company for the death of a servant caused by defendant's failure to comply with the act the court will take judicial notice of what the act provides, and its introduction in evidence is immaterial.

Miscellaneous decisions.—In a case arising in the Texas court of civil appeals it was held that where the rate as filed with this Commission had not been posted in the station at the shipping point and the carrier's agent there was not notified of its existence, but acted on the tariff sheet in his possession and contracted with reference thereto to carry hay for a shipper, the carrier was liable in an action by the shipper for charges in excess of such contract rate collected at the point of destination at the rate specified in the new tariff. (C., R. I. & P. Ry. Co. v. Gardner, 86 S. W., 793.)

The decision of the Texas court of civil appeals in the case of Gulf, C. & S. F. Railway Company v. Moore, cited in our last annual report, to the effect that suits for money damages for violation of provisions of the act to regulate commerce could legally be instituted in State courts has recently been reversed by the supreme court of that State, which holds that a State court has no jurisdiction of such an action. (83 S. W., 362.) But subsequently the court of civil appeals of that State has held, in the case of the Abilene Cotton Oil Company v. Texas & Pacific Railway Company (85 S. W., 1052), that a shipper, in a case of interstate carriage, could be granted relief in a State court

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In our issue of June 13th, we published an article under the above heading, in which we stated that we purposed in the future to present our readers with a photogravure of the old Morgan street church building, and as many of the members who formerly worshiped within its walls as we could gather together, and also photogravures of many of the district elders and pastors who have served the church during the passing years.

We are pleased to say that we succeeded in gathering twenty-four former members, who, with the writer, compose the group. The names of these brethren and sisters, reading from left to right, those standing, are as follows: Messrs. Samuel C. Curt's, Peter Roquet, Silas Gilbert, Henry A. Gates, Barney Ahrnsfeld, John Tollefsen, Charles B. Ebey, Russell B. Edgell (in the rear), Mrs. P. Roquet, Mrs. Florence Barnard, Mrs. Virginia E. Gates, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Alvira Todd, Mrs. Lena Duncan, Mrs. M. Boddy, Mrs. Nettie Holschemacher, Mrs. Martha Peterson and Miss Alice Colburn. The following are the names of those who are seated, reading from left to right: Mrs. Martha Ebey, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Matilda Chapin, Mrs. Charlotte Dudson, Mrs. Parmelia Hare Haecker, Mrs. Amelia Allen and Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke.

In the first group which we had photographed Brethren E. A. Hall and Ingvald Christiansen were present. Securing so many more at the second sitting, we felt warranted in using the one we have.

We shall probably have a photo of Brother and Sister Hall, who were among the first members of the society, and also of these other brethren who failed to be present when the second photo was taken. Allow us to say that any one desiring one of these photos can procure the same by ordering of Charles Scott, 21 Nebraska Avenue, Chicago; price, 50 cents a photo.

After the photo had been taken we together sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," and the writer offered prayer. Our voices quivered as we sang, our eyes moistened as we called upon

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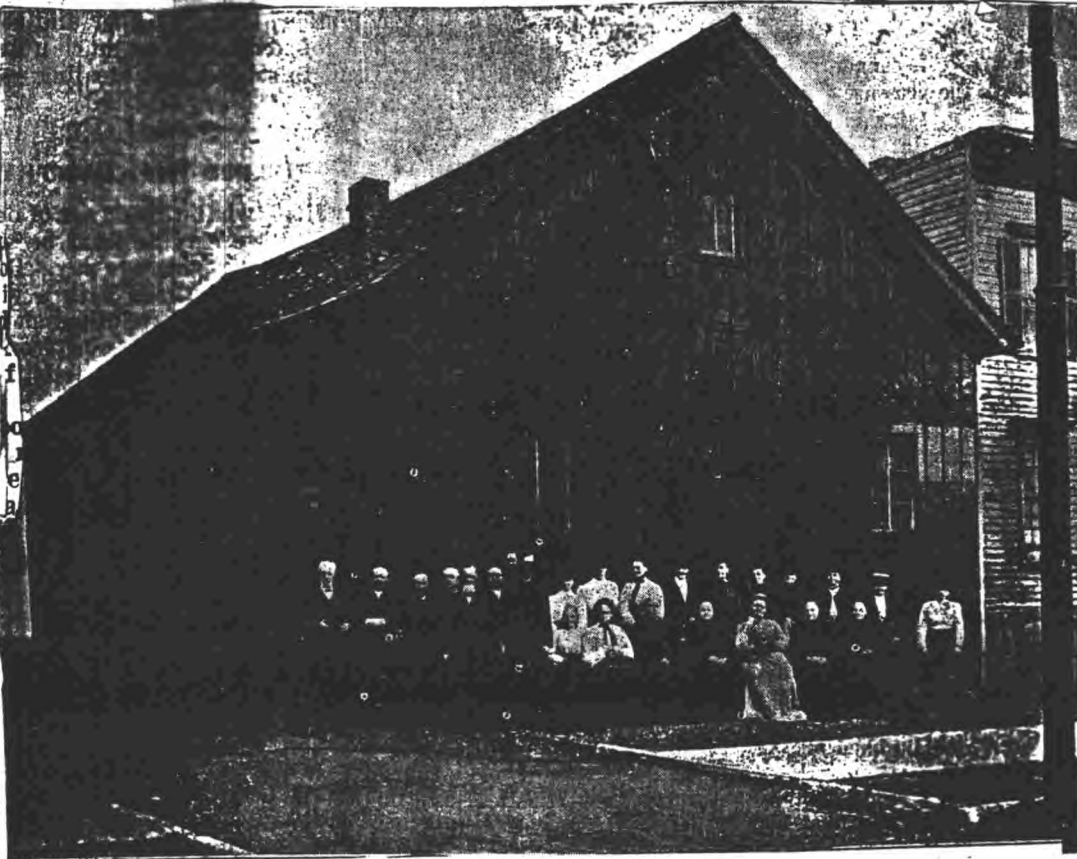
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Him whom we had met so many times within this old church, our breasts heaved with emotion as the memories of the past crowded in upon us. We instinctively thought of the time when not only with this group of twenty-four, but with the pilgrims who met with us here in former days and the blood-washed throng which John saw, who had "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," we shall "stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God" and join in singing "the song of Moses and of the Lamb." As we said in our former article, "The building is not an imposing one; far from it. It is simply a plain wooden structure about thirty feet wide and fifty or sixty feet long, boarded up and down, and finished in the plainest manner possible. The building stands on the east side of North Morgan street, between Lake and Fulton streets, in what is known as the West Side, Chicago, Illinois."

It was with serious misgiving that the little society which had been worshipping in Foster and Kinzie street halls, undertook the task of securing a church building of their own, but few in number and all of them poor. "Can it be done?" was doubtless the query which came from the lips of more than one of the devoted band. Rev. Julius Buss was the devoted under shepherd of this consecrated flock. He was known and truly known as "a man of prayer." He doubtless said to them, "We need a place in which to worship the Lord, and He whom we serve will help us in securing that which we need. We will go forward in His name." And they did. We are pleased to allow you to view the face of this sincere man of God. He still lives and will doubtless read these lines. He, however, walks so closely with the Lord that our weak words of commendation will neither turn his head nor unsettle his firm grasp upon the Lord.

So steadily and courageously they went forward, Brother Buss and his fellow-helpers aiding not only in soliciting funds but in helping to build the walls as well. On one occasion, we are told, that some lumber was needed and no dray being at hand, the faithful pastor

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1869 formed the Chicago district with J. Travis as chairman, and pastor of Chicago and Wilmington.

We are informed that the preachers appointed by the conference, as above indicated, did not all serve First Church, the circuits being divided after the conferences had adjourned; so we are unable to give a connected and correct list of the early pastors just as they served. Revs. J. G. Terrill, then a local preacher, W. F. Manley and J. Buss were the pastors in the earliest period of the church's history. Rev. Lewis Bailey served as chairman for three years, namely, 1871-72-73. In later years Rev. J. G. Terrill served as chairman of the district in 1874-75, and was pastor of the church in 1866, 1872, 1873 and again in 1876.

Our beloved Brother Terrill was the first Free Methodist minister we were permitted to meet and to hear preach; the gospel of full

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salvation: This was in the summer of 1872. At our invitation he came to Whitehall, Illinois, where we then resided and conducted a grove meeting. We were quite disappointed

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in his appearance. We looked for an older man, one not so genial and pleasant; one more sombre-hued. We had read the FREE METHODIST for a few months and from this source alone had formed our opinion of what a Free Methodist preacher would look and act like. Brother Terrill proved to be a fine conversationalist, a sweet singer, and a very able preacher of the gospel.

Rev. Joseph Travis was the next preacher to visit us, and later we had Rev. Thos. S. La Due, and the Rev. Edward Payson Hart. And we concluded from the pulpit ministrations of these mighty men of God that certainly if all Free Methodist preachers were such as these then must the Free Methodist church be most highly favored in having such an able ministry. However, later on, when we came to know more of her ministry we learned that they were not all of them Josephs, nor Edward Paysons or Thomases. For years we were intimately associated with Brother Terrill in the Illinois conference, and with our readers sadly lamented his early removal from earth, as we trust to paradise.

OLD MORGAN STREET CHURCH

III.

As we have already stated in a previous article the first services held by our people in Chicago were held in private houses or in public halls. Mr. David Sinclair, who was one of the charter members of the church, and who is still living here in Chicago, has placed us under no small obligation to himself by furnishing us with much historical fact in connection with the earlier history of the church. He says:

But few are living to give the history of these holy, consecrated spots and very few of God's holy ministry. They are shining in that beautiful land above, but thanks be to our blessed Jesus who brought

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life and immortality to light through the gospel, He is still on the mediatorial throne.

None of my present saved brothers and sisters ever worshiped in the first church of Chicago, 85 Boston avenue. God has watchmen and watch-towers yet, and He will always find a Saul of Tarsus or a Moses.

There came a man of God named Julius Buss, a humble, unpretentious saint, filled with the Holy Ghost, in the early seventies. In appearance and statue he was not a Jonathan, in beauty he was not an Absalom, but he was mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

God and eternity alone will reveal how many precious souls were saved in that locality. He awakened the whole neighborhood for blocks around. They would come to the writer's home and enquire who was sick. It was Brother Buss having silent prayer.

This church was always open and no living men or women were ever turned from its doors without having the eyes of their souls opened. They would have to surrender, as the Holy Ghost was there to convict and the precious Jesus to save or go away lonely and miserable, finding no peace or rest for their poor, lost souls who continued to trample the precious blood of the Son of God under their feet.

This blessed man of God kept crying in Chicago, in the alleys, the byways, hedges, saloons, jails, hospitals, poor houses, infirmaries. His voice echoes yet upon Michigan lake shore. The Lord directed his feet and he stopped for a moment and looking across the street he saw an unpretentious two-story frame house and the Spirit said, "Go in there." He obeyed. There he found one of God's backslidden handmaids hidden in the rubbish of this Sodom and Gomorrah. She had hung her harp upon the willows. She could not sing Zion's songs. Joy had gone out of her soul. After close questions and waking up her sleepy soul, this man of God got down to pray, and getting the ear of the Lord the windows of heaven were opened, the fire fell and this wanderer from God began to weep and confess, unburdened her soul after her many years of wanderings, came back to the fold and there was rejoicing in heaven and in the church militant.

This was the opening of the wells at No. 85 Boston Avenue, Chicago, and the first day one soul, Sister Mary Tuck, of precious memory, was plucked from the enemy and that soul is now in the glory world. It is wonderful, wonderful how the Lord works, and none can say, "Why do ye thus and so?" This brief sequel opens up another precious soul. The light breaking in on this avenue brought the Lord's handmaid, Sister Phoebe Rosecranz, to the rescue and by and by these two sisters, Mary and Phoebe, met. They clasped each other to their bosoms, they laugh-

and they wept, they jumped, they shouted "Glory, glory to God," and their souls became knit together as David and Jonathan's, and they vowed a vow before the Lord that the Lord and His wandering sheep out of the fold should have a home. So in partnership they started a laundry and made a success, for where the Lord rules the people prosper, and then they said to this man of God, "Come, and we will fit you up a home, come and abide with us, come under our roof, thou blessed servant, and we will joyfully do thy washing and mending and add a few dimes for car fare, and your bread and water is sure, for the Lord, your Master, has said so, and the Lord has confirmed it by reaffirming that no good thing will He withhold from them that keep His commandments. Praise the Lord." So the first church was in the house of Phoebe and Mary, at 85 Boston Avenue, Chicago.

The planting of the seed at 85 Boston avenue grew to be a great tree and covered the great prairies of our commercial city of the West. They yet are speaking loudly, although many of these illustrious saints are moldering in the grave; but, like the martyred John Brown, their spirits are marching on and on and will not stop until Jesus comes to make up His jewels.

Sister Phoebe Rosecranz, of blessed memory. Can I pass this one in silence? No, never, never. She was a holy woman of God, and Sister Mary Tuck was another holy woman. Can I find words, or can I lay my hands upon any chapter in holy writ, to describe this loving, tender, sympathetic one. Like Mary and Martha, they loved Jesus and Jesus loved to sup with them. They sat at the Master's feet, but they did not complain or say, "Master, carest Thou for me?" They were always ready in any department of God's vineyard, caring for the poor and needy, visiting the sick and afflicted, caring for the dying. Oh, that precious name, Phoebe, as of old. Her whole soul was wrapped up in making others happy.

If the walls at Morgan street church could speak and those at 51st street, what a revelation of holy living, what a denial of everything of worldliness, of everything impure; those prayers, those songs of praise, those tears of joy and sanctity of purpose filled the very atmosphere and glory crowned the mercy seat.

The Free Methodist church should cry, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jesus Christ's sake I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness and salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Their memory is so precious, cleansed by the precious blood of the Lamb. Theirs will be a special crown, filled with stars and their effulgence will fill heaven and earth.

Sister Phoebe Rosecranz, of whom our brother writes, was a most remarkable woman. She was a cousin of General W. S. Rosen-

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cranz, who was one of the leading generals in the civil war of 1861-65. She was the mother of our Dearborn street church, known as the 51st street church during its earlier years. For self-denial and self-sacrifice, we scarcely ever knew her equal. She was a most humble woman, very plain in her apparel. She would have no pictures upon the walls of her home. She would usually take two tents to the St. Charles camp-meeting and gather up a half dozen or more hungry, seeking souls and take with her, boarding and caring for them during the meeting free of charge. At one meeting she was so burdened in looking after these for whom she labored that she was only in one love-feast, in which she testified to the Lord's saving and sanctifying power. She would return home with a heart full of joy over the precious trophies thus won for the Master. She would ride six miles to church on the street cars on Sabbath (always buying her tickets on a week day). When asked about it she would say, "The Lord allows me to go to the house of worship, and to visit the sick on the cars on the Sabbath, but nowhere else." During the raging of the cholera in 1857 she was among the sick and dying almost constantly.

Mr. Philo Carpenter, who presented the National Christian Association, opposed to secret societies, with their fine headquarters at No. 221 West Madison St., Chicago, a wealthy man, and Mrs. Rosencranz, toiled hand in hand, he furnishing remedies and she furnishing tender, loving, prayerful service. For years she was the one in Chicago who furnished financial backing for our various church enterprises. The cause of God and Free Methodism owes much to saintly Phoebe Rosencranz.

OLD MORGAN STREET CHURCH IV.

We present our readers in connection with this article photogravures of two servants of God who labored in the work of the Free Methodist church in its earliest days in Chicago, and throughout the northwest, and whose labors were greatly blessed of the Lord, and did much to give character and

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Rev. Joseph Travis was a workman who needed not to be ashamed, for he rightly "divided the word of God." Previous to his conversion and call to the Christian ministry, he was a locomotive engineer. He held the lever on the first engine which ran over the Illinois Central railway into Cairo, Illinois; and, as was quite common among railway men at that time, he was addicted to the

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We once heard Brother Travis tell how, after he became a Christian minister, and a district chairman, that in going the rounds of his large district he would ever and anon look out upon the saloons where he was wont to go, when an engineer, to have his flask filled with whisky. Oh, what marvelous changes has the gracious Lord brought about in the conversion and sanctification of poor, sinful, lost men. George Muller, that mighty man of faith, before conversion was a common thief. John Newton, the poet, and wondrously successful preacher of the word, was a most profane blasphemer. What a list of such characters might be enumerated. Truly when the Lord chose Joseph Travis He chose one through whose lips He could pour forth the precious gospel of Christ. He was pre-eminently a preacher of Christ. Of Him he wrote, of Him he sang, and he, above any minister of our acquaintance, could truthfully say, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Through the labors of this servant of God; our faithful sister, Sarah A. Cooke

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(of whom we shall write later), was brought to know of the deeper things of God and united with the Free Methodist church. Such was the power that at times accompanied the word which fell from his lips that the entire congregation would rise en masse and stand listening unconscious of the fact that they had thus arisen. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

Rev. Lewis Bailey, the third editor of the FREE METHODIST, whose photogravure accompanies this sketch, was no ordinary man, nor was he an ordinary preacher of the gospel. He was a native of New York state, having first seen the light of day January 13, 1832. He was converted to God when but a boy in his teens and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. He removed to Galva, Illinois, in March, 1857, and soon after was licensed as an exhorter. In the year 1862 he became a student of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois. While attending this institution of learning he attended cottage prayer meetings conducted by the students. (Such meetings strictly on the line of holiness were held at the home of Bishop and Mrs. L. L. Hamline, of precious memory, in some one of which Miss Frances E. Willard, of world-wide fame experienced this glorious grace.) And while in attendance was sanctified wholly, which precious grace he retained until the triumphant hour in which he went to be forever with his sanctifier.

Returning home he was licensed to preach, and labored for a time as a supply on a circuit in the Central Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. J. W. Dake, of the Illinois conference of the Free Methodist church (who still lives and of whom we will present you with a photo and a life sketch in our next issue), had been sent to labor in the adjoining county of Bureau. God mightily set His seal to Rev. Dake's labors. News of this work reached Mr.

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REV. JOSEPH TRAVIS

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Here Mr. Bailey met Rev. Tracy and wife and a number of other Free Methodist people and become greatly attached to them. His mind at this period, and for some time after, was very much agitated and grieved by the unmethodistic proceedings of the church. His wounded spirit yearned to see a purer state of things, and he watched anxiously for providence to help and deliver them. He met with much opposition in his honest and manly attempts to do right and enforce discipline, which very much unsettled his mind as to duty in remaining a member of a church that was so lax in carrying out its rules of government. During these painful exercises of mind he had put into his hands copies of the *Earnest Christian* and the *Free Methodist*

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Discipline, which he carefully read and studied. His acquaintanceship with the Free Methodists deepened. Soon after this Rev. Dake formed a class at Galva, of which Brother Bailey became a member.

In the fall of 1867 he united with the Illinois annual conference at Elgin, Illinois. He served a number of charges as their pastor and in the fall of 1871 was appointed as district chairman of the Fox River and Wisconsin districts. In the month of December, 1871, he purchased the FREE METHODIST of Joseph Mackey, of New York City, and became its editor and publisher.

On Tuesday evening, December 23, 1873, this faithful servant of the Lord died a very triumphant death. Among his last words were: "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord; washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Our acquaintance with him was but brief. During the month of June, 1873, we were allowed, in the providence of God, to attend the St. Charles camp-meeting for the first time. The meeting was in charge of Brother Bailey. We marked his calm, quiet demeanor, his deep devotion, his wise generalship. Having just left the Methodist Episcopal church, where the preachers bore rule sometimes "with a rod of iron," and where they were ever ready to "steady the ark," we were very careful in our observations of the ministers in attendance, especially so of our brother who was in charge of the meeting. On Monday evening, while the Chicago pilgrims were engaged in eating their supper in the rear of their tents, the mighty power of God fell upon them. The eating of the bread that perisheth ceased at once. Glorious shouts of victory rang out upon the quiet evening air. One after another fell under the power of God. The people came running from all over the encampment and there we witnessed what we had long wished to behold, but up to that time had not witnessed. A load of people drove on to the grounds for the evening service. Seeing the excitement, they quickly alighted from the wagon and hurried to the spot where the power of the Lord was being

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so signally displayed. A young lady outran her companions. On reaching the outside of the large circle which had formed around the slain ones, she stood on tip toe so as to see if possible, inside the circle. Just as she did so, the power of God struck her and she fell backward to the ground as though a rifle bullet had pierced her heart. Soon Brother Bailey, the leader, came. We wondered what he would say and do. Smilingly, he said, "This is a rough, unseemly place for a meeting. I think we better carry these slain ones over to that stand, where the people can be seated. We will sing as we go, and I do not think that the Spirit will be grieved at our so doing." "Ah," we thought, "here is the ark steadier again. I wonder if the Lord does not know where best to do His own work." Strong men picked up the men and lifted the women, and the holy march began. The stand was reached and the slain ones laid before the rustic altar of God, under the leafy covering. The tide was not broken, wave after wave of glory swept over us. On and on for hours the mighty tide surged around us. Perhaps a dozen strong ministers were prostrated in the preacher's stand. I can only think of them as like cord wood. They lay in different attitudes. M. L. Vorheis, N. E. Parks, S. A. Gilley, C. W. Frink and others, whose names have gone from me. Rev. J. M. Y. Smith (glorious man of God as he was) walked back and forth in front of these slain ministers and with outstretched arms and with trumpet voice for over an hour cried out, "Ride on, Thou king of saints, ride on." (Our feelings well nigh overcome us as we recall the wondrous scene. Hallelujah to God!)

Rev. Edson A. Kimball, then a merchant of Elgin, Illinois, had a severe struggle while settling some point in his consecration. He settled it while standing against a post of the preachers' stand. Brother Delos Fay knelt in front of him and repeatedly cried out, "Will you? Will you?" Brother K. responding, "I will! I will!"

Far into the morning hours that marvelous meeting ran. The altar was filled again and

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REV. LEWIS BAILEY

again with seekers and they were gloriously swept into the kingdom. Among those who were there joining in the shouts of victory and who are now we trust all of them among the blood-washed in glory, were Lewis Bailey, J. M. Y. Smith, J. G. Terrill, C. W. Frink, W. W. Kelley, M. L. Vorheis, J. J. Schuyler, Warren Tyler, Luther Finch, O. P. Rogers, Phebe Rosecranz, Michael Best and his sainted wife, Lydia Hackney, George W. Andrus, and scores of others who have changed worlds. Oh, for such scenes again. Has God changed? No, indeed. We sing, "Oh, for that flame of living fire." Send it

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upon us, Lord, from east to west, from north to south. Amen!

A strange coincidence we must relate. Rev. M. V. Clute was sorely afflicted at his home. One day Brother Bailey arose and with deep, tender emotion, said, "Our beloved Brother Clute is very sick. We fear he will not be with us long. We can ill spare him; we love him, and pray earnestly for his recovery. I wish to ask you for a love offering for our brother." Soon one hundred dollars was brought forward and placed upon the table for Brother Clute. Strange to say, a year from that time Lewis Bailey, the speaker, was in his grave, and M. V. Clute, for whom he so kindly asked the offering, was there in charge of the camp-meeting.

Pardon us, our readers. We did not intend to write a second history of the St. Charles camp-meeting. We trust these references to the "former days" may possibly stir your better natures as the recounting of them has stirred ours.

NAME

The old Morgan Street church pilgrims were there, and by their prayers and faith and glad shouts of victory helped to make that wondrous meeting the indescribable one it was.

OTHER WITH
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OLD MORGAN STREET CHURCH

V.

The events to be recorded in this article occurred back in the sixties. Sister Mary Lawton, one of the Lord's true handmaidens, was a sister of Mrs. L. E. Hackney, wife of Hon. Benjamin Hackney, a leading citizen of Aurora, Illinois, who gave most liberally of his means toward the purchasing of the church and parsonage in that place, and who

at his death, left a bequest to the Aurora society of some nine or ten thousand dollars, (the society, however, realized only about five or six thousand dollars of this amount), to be invested securely, the interest of which should go to the support of the pastor of the church so long as the church received the pastor appointed to the charge by the Illinois annual conference. This fund has been and is still sacredly used for this purpose. Sister

Lawton, who afterward became one of the charter members of the church in Chicago, resided at that time at the corner of Franklin street and Chicago avenue, on the north side, not far from where the Chicago Avenue Mission is now held, in which District Elder H. O. Hubbard organized a Free Methodist class in September last. Sister Lawton opened her doors for a prayer meeting. So the first Free Methodist prayer meeting held in Chicago and the latest formed society were in the same immediate locality. Does not the scripture say, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"? In this widow's home for eighteen months gathered for worship Franklin Charlton and wife, David Sinclair, Brother and Sister Geer, Mother Lawton and her son Joseph, and wife, George Sheldon, Gertrude Bailey, Albertina Nelson and Sister Ann Ward, besides the neighbors and friends who came in from time to time. In addition to the weekly prayer meetings this band of devout men and women held street meetings on the Sabbath days and visited from house to house. Following this Sister Bailey, who resided at No. 199 N. Wells street, near where Sister Rachel Bradley, of precious memory, for many years conducted the "Wells Street Mission," now the "Olive Branch Mission," so successfully carried on by Sister Mary Everhart and her faithful band of helpers. In this home the first preaching services were held. Rev. Ezra Cook, known as "Father Cook," and other local, spirit-anointed ministers preached the word of life to the saints gathered in this humble home. Rev. Joseph G. Terrill, then a youthful local preacher, would at times preach for them. One of the regular attendants upon these services says of them, "The pilgrims would shout and jump and the strangers to grace would wonder what strange gospel are these Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Presbyterians and others listening to anyway? All manner of inquiries were made but they could not solve the mystery."

The brother above quoted, David Sinclair, says: "About this time I became acquainted with three trustees of the Foster Mission.

AP Their mission was at this time occupying an upper room at No. 298 Desplaines street.

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Em [Please note another coincidence. The present Olive Branch Mission is located at No. 95 Desplaines street. So the two Free Methodist missions now in most successful operation and the former Wells Street Mission were all on historic ground. Think you this is by chance? No, indeed. They are there, in our opinion, in direct answer to the prayers of those former saintly pilgrims.] In conversing with these trustees we were asked where we were worshiping. We told them, 'In a private house.' They said to us, 'You are perfectly welcome to the use of our hall for your Sabbath morning services (they occupied it afternoons for Sabbath-school and at night for gospel services) without charge and we will instruct our janitor to build a fire and have the room made comfortable for you.'" The brethren were glad to accept of this kindly offer and at once opened siege upon the enemy in that locality. Soon the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. Stones and mud were thrown against the door and windows and the band was roundly denounced as genuine disturbers of the peace. The neighborhood was a complete nest of Catholics. Notwithstanding this, a blessed work was wrought. The good work went on here until 1869 or 1870, when the brethren concluded to secure a new location. In their searching they found a third story flat in a brick building at No. 199 West Kinzie street. The first and second floors were occupied by a commission house which dealt in hides, sheep pelts, and tallow. The surroundings were far from being pleasant, we assure you, but these saints took the opening as from the Lord, and such it proved to be. The brethren noised abroad the opening of the new mission, and the friends rallied and aided them in preparing this unsightly place for worship. Among those aiding in the good but unpleasant task were a number of devout Scandinavian sailors, who had attended the meetings held by the Free Methodists in Buffalo, New York. At the time of the opening they marched the streets and advertised

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cottage prayer meetings. Residing near them was a lake captain, named Bundy, Captain Henry Bundy. Father and Mother Hall made his acquaintance and invited him to attend their cottage meetings. He did so, became interested and as a result was later on soundly converted to God. He had been a very wicked man. Such was his blasphemy and profanity that wicked sailors on his ship would expostulate with him for his profanity, fearing that judgment might be visited on the ship on account of his irreverence and blasphemy. Captain Bundy soon became a preacher of righteousness, and on the streets, in docks amid the sailors, the church and mission halls, his stentorian voice was heard ringing out the message of salvation. Knowing by experience that the islands in the great northern lakes were almost destitute of the gospel, he fitted out a small craft and made a tour of these islands, holding gospel meetings among the dwellers on them and scattering Bibles and religious literature among them. His faithful pastor, Rev. Julius Buss, made a tour with him. This he continued to do year by year. The churches of Chicago later on aided him in raising money with which he had built a most handsome little ship which he appropriately christened "The Glad Tidings," which during the passing years he has used in this gracious work. The robust captain still lives, and, while his body is a little stooped with age, he is, nevertheless, still active in his chosen work.

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MRS. E. A. HALL (DECEASED)

Sister Ada Hall, daughter of the above couple, became the wife of Brother John Tyler, one of nature's noblemen, who during a sermon preached in the old church by the writer, from the text, "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough, turn ye northward," was gloriously sanctified, and has ever since been one of our most solid laymen. He with his family now reside at Foster, Washington.

Rev. F. E. Hall, formerly of the Illinois conference, was a son of this devoted couple. They, Brother and Sister Hall, became charter members of our church at different places in Illinois and Iowa. Mother Hall, some years ago, was called to her heavenly home. Father Hall still lives awaiting the summons from on high. We are glad to present in connection with this article a photogravure of this devout servant and handmaiden of the Lord.

During this period there came to the services a man short in stature, intelligent in countenance, serious in demeanor, who soon became a regular attendant and later on united with the church and became well known as Brother Henry M. Hugunin. He was one of the editors of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, a man of excellent mind and who wielded a facile pen. He had been a Spiritualist medium and afterward wrote an excellent book upon the subject, which many of our readers have perused with profit. For some years he wrote for our Sunday-school literature, editing for a time the *Quarterly Review*. Brother Hugunin felt especially called to visit from house to house, distributing tracts on the street corners and to invite strangers to the house of God. He established a Wednesday night prayer meeting in a large boarding house on West Lake street called "The House of David." He took a deep interest in the mission work carried on by Sister Bradley, often aiding her in her work with the children which she would gather in front the streets on Saturday afternoons. This dear brother spent the last eight years of his life in "The Home of the Incurables" and died at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, all fitted up, we trust, for his heavenly home.

OLD MORGAN STREET CHURCH

IX.

It has been some time since anything has appeared in these columns concerning Old Morgan Street Church, the last article con-

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M. V. CLUTE

cerning it appearing in the issue of March 27th.

In the fall of 1874, Rev. D. P. Baker was appointed as pastor of the church. He had united with the Free Methodist church only a short time before coming to us from the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. He was an able preacher and the year was a profitable and fruitful one. Mr. Baker was afterward made chairman of the Galva and Jacksonville districts. He and Rev. T. B. Arnold purchased of Mrs. Lewis Bailey, at the death of her husband, the FREE METHODIST, and he served as its editor for a number of years, Brother Arnold acting as publisher.

The conference of 1875 appointed the Rev. Martin Luther Vorheis as pastor of Morgan Street Church. We are glad to present our readers with a photogravure of this devoted minister of Christ. While excelling as a preacher of the gospel, he was especially

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112 noted as one of the "sweet singers of Israel." It is doubtful if he had an equal in the church MISSION.

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as a singer. Those who had often listened to the singing of the noted companion of D. L. Moody, Ira G. Sankey, said that for sweetness of tone and depth of spiritual expression Brother Vorhels excelled him. We have seen the swaying thousands on a great camp ground drawn thickly around him and held in subdued silence and holy awe as he would sing one of the sweet songs of Zion. We need not say that his pastorate in Morgan Street was a good one. The blessing of the Lord rested upon the church all the year through, and many were added to the Lord. During this year the church, feeling greatly the need of a more commodious house of worship, and there being a large empty church for sale situated on the corner of May and Fulton streets, three short block west from the site of the Morgan Street Church, it was decided to purchase it. This was done, and the society removed to their new place of worship. A stringency in the money market set in, the times became harder, and the result was that the society gave up their new church home and returned to the old Morgan Street Church, greatly to the delight of all of the older members. Soon after this Brother Vorhels removed to California. His last effective labors in the East was in connec-

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- tion with Rev. E. P. Hart, in the city of Burlington, Iowa. Here a marked revival was held, a strong church organized, an excellent house of worship erected, in which the general conference of 1882 was held. The Lord used Brother Vorheis in a signal manner on the Coast, enabling him to raise up a number of Free Methodist churches. His constitution, which had never been rugged, had been impaired by dissipation in earlier years and in consequence he was a frail man. That fell disease, pneumonia, fastened upon him and he soon fell a victim to its deadly power. His name and holy influence remains as sweet fragrance unto this day.
25. That As has already been noted, Rev. J. G. Terrill was returned as pastor of Morgan Street Church during the conference year of 1876-7. Nothing of especial note occurred during this year. Brother Terrill spent a portion of the year in the East, in an effort to raise funds to save the May Street Church property, but his success was not such as to save it.
26. That The conference of 1877 elected to the chairmanship of the Fox River district Rev. Morse V. Clute, of precious memory, whose photograph you are allowed to look upon in connection with this article. Brother Clute was a brother greatly beloved, an able preacher, a wise and careful administrator of government, a Christian gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, a model of neatness and propriety. For many years he served the various districts and larger pastorates of the conference. No name is held in higher esteem by the pilgrims of the Illinois conference than is that of the Rev. M. V. Clute.
27. That The strong men of the church had served old Morgan Street up to this time: Revs. Julius Buss, Joseph Travis, N. D. Fanning, Lewis Bailey, Joseph G. Terrill, J. M. Y. Smith, D. P. Baker, M. V. Clute and M. L. Vorheis. What a galaxy of able, eloquent, holy men of God! We need not wonder that the church had become noted for its deep-toned spirituality, its uncompromising loyalty to Bible holiness, and the principles of righteousness as held by us as a people.
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OLD MORGAN STREET CHURCH

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- The Illinois conference convened in the village of Clintonville (now South Elgin), in the fall of 1877, and greatly to the surprise of the conference and those in attendance, and especially of the brother himself, saw proper to appoint to "Chicago, Morgan Street," C. B. Ebey. He had united with the conference on trial, only two years before, turning from a life of business activity to one of gospel labor, and was at this session admitted to full membership in the conference. Tears flooded his eyes and his breast heaved with emotion when first made acquainted with the fact of his appointment. Having never lived in a large city, and his acquaintanceship with city life having been confined almost exclusively to large business blocks and large hotels, he supposed that he would be required to move his frail wife and small children into the fourth or fifth story of some immense building, where they would not be allowed to see aught but brick and stone and be compelled to listen constantly to the rattle and roar of the busy street below. So you need not wonder that he trembled over his appointment to this unexpected charge.
37. **F** Much to his encouragement, as the president of the conference ceased reading the appointments, Mr. David Sinclair, the delegate from Morgan Street, came quietly to where he was sitting. Grasping his hand he said in a deeply impressive manner, "I am pleased with the appointment." It was with great rejoicing that we entered upon our work.
- D** The morning after the conference closed, while in conversation with my friend and brother, M. S. M. West, and my brother in the flesh, Rev. L. C. Ebey, Brother West remarked with strong emphasis, "Young man, you have a big job on your hands." My brother spoke up quickly and said, "Yes, and he has a big God back of him, too."
41. **D** During our years of service at Morgan Street we often leaned and leaned hard upon our "big God." Glory be to His name. The first text used by us in this pastorate was given us as we rode on a business errand for a brother beloved to Elgin, Illinois, and was

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this, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

There worshiped at Morgan Street at that time the largest company of plainly-dressed, fire-baptized pilgrims with which we had ever been privileged to associate. The membership numbered ninety-nine. We had in our ranks a number of local preachers. Among them were John Collier, James M. Clark, Ezra A. Cook (father of D. C. Cook, of Sunday school publishing: supplies renown), Thomas Westerdale and others.

- When in 1883, we moved our family to the then new Humboldt Park society, our son Howard, then a small lad, said to us, "Papa, there aren't any loafer preachers in this church, are there?" While it was true that these dear brethren did not preach regular sermons very often, yet they were all of them most earnest workers at the altar and in the street meetings. The class leaders were Joseph Lawton and James Clark, of precious memory, and our beloved sister, Charlotte Dudman, who still lives and fills most effectively the same office in our Chicago Second Church. Oh, what precious class meetings were held. At times all three classes would meet at the close of the morning meeting and we would be in a great quandary as to which to attend, having a strong desire to attend them all, as all of them enjoyed so much of the presence and blessing of the Lord. Shouts of victory, notes of praise, triumphant marchings were the common order of those days, while ever and anon souls would be born again, and believers would be sanctified wholly in the class meetings.

During our double pastorate of four years' duration, Brother S. C. Curtiss (who is also at this time a class leader at Second Church), and Sister Mary C. Baker, so long the office editor of the FREE METHODIST, were also class leaders, whose classes grew and flourished under their wise and spiritual leadership.

We were not long the shepherd of this holy flock until we discovered it to be a most easy place to preach and labor, surrounded, as we were, by hosts of wholly sanctified men and women. Why, yes, an uncultured, inexperienced herald of the cross would find himself at times borne as it were to the third heavens

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and his lips unable to pour forth the volumes of holy truth welling up in heart and mind. We can in memory hear the deep-toned "amens" of James Clark, emphasized with

the descent of his heavy foot; the glad, spirit-filled "hallelujahs" of that saintliest of women, Hannah Coker. And, then, Sisters Tuck, Dudman, Rosecranz, Hare, Maidens and others would all join in a grand, concerted "amen!" which would make the old church ring and re-ring to the glory of God.

Sister Charlotte Dudman, whose photograph we here allow you to look upon, and



MRS. CHARLOTTE DUDMAN

Sister Hannah Coker were in attendance at the Blue River camp meeting with us in June, 1878. A good brother approached us during the meeting and said to us, "Brother Ebey, how many members have you in your church in Chicago?" We answered him, "About one hundred and twenty-five." "Are they all like Sisters Dudman and Coker?" said our brother. "We smilingly answered him, 'No, brother, not quite all.' Oh, those

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...cessless days, those days of wondrous power and victory, those days of salvation. A heavenly atmosphere constantly filled that humble place. The glory of God there shone forth. There He manifested His divinity in a truly marvelous manner.

REV. J. W. DAKE

It gives us no little pleasure to present our readers of this issue with a very good photograph of Rev. Jonathan W. Dake, one of the pioneer preachers of Free Methodism, and also a sketch of his ministerial life. Our individual acquaintanceship with Brother Dake has been quite limited indeed. We first met him in the fall of 1878, in this city, en route to the general conference at Spring Arbor, Michigan, in company with Rev. C. E. Harroun and a sturdy farmer laymen, introduced to us as "Brother Esmon Hall, one of the lay delegates to the general conference from the Iowa conference." Long years have we known and loved Rev. E. E. Hall, one of the district elders of the Iowa conference. We again

met Brother Dake at the general conference of 1898, held in Chicago. His name to us has ever been a synonym for fiery-hearted aggressiveness, and of firm and abiding loyalty to the principles espoused and maintained by the Free Methodist church. His son, Rev. Vivian A. Dake, evidently inherited his father's energy and fire. Brother Dake and his devoted companion are spending the evening of their active life in a cozy cottage home at Shambaugh, Iowa. This home was kindly provided for them by the West Iowa conference.

The Lord bless all of our veteran ministers who toiled amid great privations and practised rigid self-denial in the opening of the work we all so much love.

I was born in Augusta, Canada West, in the year 1827. My parents were of New England origin. They moved into St. Lawrence county, New York, before my remembrance. My mother was an old-fashioned Methodist, a plain, simple-hearted pilgrim. I was trained in the school of early Methodism. At the age of eight I remember the strivings of the Spirit and all through childhood, youth and

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Early manhood the Spirit followed me, but I did not repent of my sins and turn to the Lord. But I did not find salvation until I was nearly twenty-three, which was in the year 1850, on the night of the 17th of September, under the labors of Rev. Isaac Hall, of the Black River conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, in the village of Hammond, St. Lawrence county, New York. God did most gloriously convert my soul. Praise His holy name. I passed from gross darkness into light. All things became new in Christ Jesus to me.

In about three months God called me to the work of the ministry, but I contended against it for ten years. In the meantime I had married and moved to Lafayette, Ogle county, Illinois, where I was brought from a backslidden state in heart to the understanding of the will of God under the labors of the Rev. J. G. Terrill, and the Lord did the work so completely that I did not confer with flesh and blood any longer, but on the 24 of November, 1860, I was granted exhorter's license by Brother Terrill, preacher in charge; also I received a local preacher's license signed at Ogle, Illinois, May 25, 1861, by order of the convention, with the name of Dr. Redfield as chairman; and the following June, at the convention on the rail pile at the St. Charles camp-meeting I joined the traveling connection. My first appointment was to Marengo and Bonus Prairie, E. P. Hart, P. C. My next appointment, in the fall of 1861, was Belvidere, Bonus Prairie and Winnebago, J. G. Terrill, P. C. My third appointment, in 1862, was Marengo and Crystal Lake. James Matthews, P. C. The following year, in 1863, I was sent to St. Charles, Geneva and Wheaton. At the conference of 1864 I was ordained elder and sent to Manlius circuit, Bureau county, Illinois. Here there had been a meeting held the year previous by Brothers Travis, Roe and Clute. A good work was done, but through want of some one to take care for it, it was almost lost. Some fruit remained, among them being Sister Emily Allen (Dickson, of Philadelphia) and Sister Kneis and a few others. The society was disbanded on account of circumstances that surrounded it and was reorganized in January. Then commenced one of the grandest revivals I was ever privileged to labor in. The meeting held for five weeks and eighty were converted. Seventy-seven were taken into the class. When the meeting came to a break sixty came forward for prayers at a single call. Rev. Jenks, of Aurora, was there at the time. He said he had traveled in early Methodist times, but he had never seen the power of God so manifested. It was a grand, glorious and complete victory in a thickly settled community. There were conversions in every house except two, from one to the whole family. Among them were six teachers.

A few nights after this a brother Sebal, of the German Lutheran church, a wealthy farmer in the place, came forward for prayers. I went to him and found he was truly seeking the Lord. He said,

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speaking in broken English, "Brother Duke, I was in California. I was working hard for my pile. I came to a big rock in the mine. I said the Lord will help me to move the rock. I believed I should find my pile under the rock, and the Lord did help me to move the rock and I find my pile. So I believe the Lord will help me to remove the rock from my heart." He did, for he hated the colored man, and he jumped up and ran across the house praising the Lord and saying, "Brother Duke preached that; this gospel be peace on earth and good-will to all men and it is, for I love everybody," and he grasped the hand of the colored man, and I said, "Truly the Lord can convert nigger-baters."

There was also a small class formed at Walnut Grove. This was the work of the first year. I was returned to the circuit and held a meeting at Hickory Grove. Forty were converted. Twenty-five were taken into the class. This being a new field, I did not know where next to open the work, so I went to the Lord for direction and I saw before me on a dark background, in large, clear letters, the name "Sheffield." God was indeed in this work. The first two weeks of the meeting were held in a private

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members withdrew, taking the wealth of the church with them. He was one of the number. He said-if I would drop the clause on secrecy he would warrant me two hundred membership, with ten thousand dollars to build a church. Instead I organized a class of three sisters: Sister Mendenhall, mother of the Rev. L. Mendenhall, Sister David, a merchant's wife, and Sister Poleson, the wife of an engineer. Sister Mendenhall told me several years

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117.

afterward they had never failed in holding their Thursday evening prayer meeting and Sunday class. I also organized a class at Sparlin, on the Illinois river. This closed my work on the Galva and Ke-wance circuit.

At the conference of 1868, I was elected chairman of the Freeport district and pastor of the Freeport circuit. The district embraced the territory from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, to Otter Creek, Iowa. There were two organizations in this part of Iowa, at DeWitt and at Otter Creek. My circuit was one hundred and twenty-five miles around, embracing Savanna, on the Mississippi. It was a good year and souls were saved.

The conferences of 1869 and 1870 stationed me at Lodi, Kane county, Illinois. These were two good years. I organized a class at Blackberry. In 1871 I was sent to Elgin and Clintonville circuit for one year. In 1872 conference was held at Crystal Lake. From this I was sent to the Northwest Mission, Blackhawk county, Iowa. I found six members in three townships and two counties. The Lord was in the work and gave us an increase of twenty-four during the year, making in all thirty. I organized a class in the city of Waterloo also, ten miles north of Denver. I was returned to the mission and God gave us an increase of thirty, making sixty in all. I organized a class six miles north of Waterloo; also one seven miles west of Denver, and one ten miles east of Waterloo, at Barclay Center. From these meetings went out several promising young men, among them H. D. F. Gaffin, of the Michigan conference.

In the year 1874, the work was taken into conference as a circuit and I was returned. There was an increase of thirty, making ninety members, and we built a church in Waterloo, 26 x 52 feet, including vestibule and alcove.

In 1876 I was sent to Birmingham. This year the Iowa conference was organized and I became a member. This was a spring conference, and the year closed in September. I was at this place two years (so-called). At the conference of 1877 I was elected chairman of the Iowa work, which embraced the state, except those counties in the North Iowa and Minnesota conference. This was a year of hard work and extensive travel, all to be done with team, but a year of the salvation of our God. The work was strengthened and built up. From the Birmingham conference I was in 1878 sent to the Alice circuit, in Grundy county. This was a new work, organized under the labors of R. W. Scott and H. D. Gaffin, two young men in the local work. I was on

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this circuit two years, years of ~~trial~~. There was not much done, no salvation of souls, yet a year of hard work. The Lord Jesus laid His hand on a few of the sick and healed them. In the autumn of 1881 the conference sent me to Old Sallina, in Jefferson county, Iowa, M. L. Vorbels, chairman. I stayed on this work about three months, and was changed to Morning Sun, to take charge of a work that T. J. Gates had organized. There were sixty in the class. There were five Presbyterian churches in and about town, but God got hold of the United Presbyterians and Old School and Covenanters and made pilgrims of them. This was a meeting of wonderful power. It held thirteen weeks with a congregation of from three hundred to a thousand. There was unabated interest. The work was clear

and attended with the demonstrations of the power of God. Several went into the ministry from this work. I was returned to this work another year. In 1882 I was appointed to the Cairo work. It was a good and profitable year. Souls were saved and a church built.

At the following conference I was elected chairman of the Waterloo and Bear Grove districts, but resigned Waterloo and moved my family over on to the Bear Grove district. There were only six circuits here. Brother Gates and others were at work in this territory and my time was soon all taken up.

In 1884 the West Iowa conference was organized, classes were formed, circuits were organized, churches were built and the work moved with rapidity and power in the salvation of souls. I traveled these districts for four years until my health failed and for three years was superannuated.

In the fall of 1888 I re-entered the work as elder on Bear Grove district for two years, then took circuit work. I served at Bingham two years, and on the Sidney and Hamburg circuit one year. Then entered once more the superannuated list.

J. W. DAKE.

XII.

Five members of the Morgan Street church resided at Evanston and they were desirous that a meeting be held and a class organized there. So we asked the district quarterly conference to grant us the use of the district tabernacle in which to hold a meeting at Evanston. We were granted the use of the same, but the time which we had arranged in which to hold the meeting was not for some cause agreeable to the brethren, so the meeting was not held at that time. The tabernacle being in our possession, some member of the Morgan Street official board proposed that we hold a tent meeting in Chicago. The board voted in favor of so doing.

This was early in the month of May, 1878. The spring being backward and rainy, the low ground of the city was in many places under water. However, after much traveling and inquiry we secured a vacant lot on West Ohio, near Ada street, which was elevated somewhat and in consequence was nice and dry, and erected our large tent thereon. We had made no inquiry concerning the character of the population in the community, and we soon discovered to our regret that it was largely Catholic.

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We erected the tent on a Saturday, at the close of a day of hard labor. With a very weary body we made our way home, ate our supper, retired to our bed room and poured out our heart to God in prayer for the meeting. The Lord drew near and most graciously poured out His Spirit upon us, and we wept and shouted for joy. Returning to the tent we found it surrounded by a howling, screaming mob of about three hundred children. Two brethren were within keeping the children on the outside. Soon a police officer came and ordered the children to go inside and be quiet. The order was quickly obeyed, and they packed the tent literally full, standing. We sang for them, talked to them for a time, and then asked them to give way for the grown folks, which they did; and the tent was soon filled just as full of grown people as it had been with children. We well remember preaching from the words, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

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Among the throng and rabble which gathered outside the tent was a sadly fallen Scotch Presbyterian by the name of William Moir. The truth took hold upon his heart so deeply that he could not get away from it, and the following Friday night he was most happily converted and became a firm follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. William was employed in a large grain elevator in the city. The next day after his conversion the foreman read off a list of men whom he wished to report for work on Sunday morning and among them was William Moir. When the foreman ceased calling the names Moir said to him, "Sir, I cannot come to work to-

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morrow." "Why can't you **come?**" queried the foreman. "I have been **converted**, sir, and am a Christian and **cannot come**," answered Moir. "Well," replied the foreman, "if you care anything for your job you better be here in the morning."

(See R ed homeward the devil attacked him and said, "Now you will lose your job and what will become of your wife and five children?" He said, "I went down into an alley-way and knelt down and called earnestly upon the Lord, and He assured me that all would be well, so I went my way homeward rejoicing in the Lord." ination.)

Monday morning William reported at the elevator as usual. The foreman said to him, "Moir, you did not come to work yesterday?" "No, sir, I told you I could not come." "Well, Moir, I will pass it by this time, but mind that you are on hand when called for again." The following Saturday the foreman called for sixteen men for Sabbath work, William Moir being among the number. Brother M. went not. On Monday morning the foreman in a gruff manner said, "Moir, you were not here yesterday?" "No, sir, I told you I could not come," was William's reply. The foreman said, "Now, Moir, I can get along all right without you, but the way you are doing breeds insubordination and this man wants to go here and another one there, so I cannot have it at all. Now take fair warning and govern yourself accordingly." The following Saturday the same demand was again made and William went not, so on Monday morning he fully expected to be discharged. The foreman called the men together and said, "Men, I have been hearing about Christians all my life, but here is the first one I ever saw. This man Moir thinks more of his religion than he does of his job. Go on to your work, Moir." So the faithful child of God was not disturbed again. It pays to be true to the Lord always.

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A glorious work was wrought during this meeting, but the Catholics above referred to made a great deal of disturbance at times; yea, many times it seemed as though they would literally tear the tent down over our

heads. But in the midst of the roar and rattle and din of the wild, noisy mob without God would give us glorious victory within by saving and sanctifying precious souls. A goodly number of Swedish people were soundly converted to God who afterward became solid, faithful pilgrims. Some fifteen reliable members were added to the church from among the thirty or thirty-five persons who were converted or sanctified wholly during this series of meetings.

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REV. J. T. LOGAN

OF.
REV. J. T. LOGAN

For the past three years Brother J. T. Logan, whose photogravure appears in connection with this article, has filled the position of office editor to the entire satisfaction of both the editor and publishers, and as we have reason to believe to the pleasure of all our readers. The entire publishing house force deeply regret his departure from us; but, recognizing the fact that his life's work has been that of a minister of the gospel, we

cannot but appreciate his desire to again enter the pastorate and thus fulfil his divinely appointed calling. MISSION.

The close relationship which has existed between the editor and office editor has been most pleasant and agreeable. A brotherly tie has been formed which we trust may never be broken. We have found our brother faithful and painstaking in his work, prompt in all his engagements, and a most agreeable Christian gentleman. We bid him a hearty Godspeed in his pastoral work, and congratulate the Evanston church in securing so devoted and able a pastor. NS. 116.

We are pleased to inform our readers that Mrs. Emma L. Hogue, wife of General Superintendent W. T. Hogue, who for a number of years during her husband's occupancy of the editorial chair filled the position of office editor and greatly aided in bringing the paper to its high state of literary excellence, has consented to undertake the work again and is temporarily filling the place vacated by Brother Logan's resignation. So we have reason to believe that all in connection with that part of the work will move on harmoniously. 2, 7, 9, 01. 105, 110.

Not Too Old to Pray

Dear Brother Flower: How we do appreciate the MESSENGER. It is so full of grand old truth and the blessed work being done. Our almost constant prayer is for the Lord of the harvest to send forth thousands of such Holy Ghost baptized workers all over our land. The harvest is great, the laborers are few. We are too old to go forth but we can do a little with our hands to help comfort those who can work and others who are the Lord's poor, and we remember you at the throne of grace. Our hearts are made to rejoice over the spreading of the rescue work and all the good work. May it continue until it reaches from north to south and east to west. Amen and Amen.

Your Sister,
Mrs. F. C. BUSS, Minnesota.

(See Circumstances)

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APPENDIX C.

- A. FORMAL PROCEEDINGS INSTITUTED BEFORE THE COMMISSION DURING THE YEAR.
- B. INFORMAL COMPLAINTS FILED WITH THE COMMISSION DURING THE YEAR.

**CELEBRATE WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY**

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Euser, while visiting in Park Rapids, were among the guests assisting in the birthday celebration of Mrs. Julius Buss. Rev. and Mrs. Buss are former residents of this locality and the worthy couple celebrated their 47th wedding anniversary a short time ago. Mr. Buss is alone the surviving child of a family of twelve children, who came from England in 1850 and settled in the vicinity of Lena. When about 20 years old, he entered ministry and at the advanced age of 83 is still engaged in this noble work.

Mrs. Buss recently celebrated her 75th birthday at the home of her son Dan in Park Rapids. The trip was made in a car, Mrs. Buss driving a great part of the distance. This achievement gives some idea of her wonderful constitution and general good health.

**Celebrate Golden
Wedding Anniversary**

**REV. AND MRS. JULIUS BUSS, SONS
AND GRANDCHILDREN HAVE
REUNION.**

Rev. and Mrs. Julius Buss of Park Rapids celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Sunday last. This venerable couple, happy in the memory of many years of busy life well spent, are enjoying, considering their advanced years, a fortunate measure of health and strength, and are quite content in the circumstances and surroundings that the fruits of their years of labor have brot to hem. It is not what they have been able to acquire unto themselves of material things that satisfies their hours of meditation, but the consciousness of service rendered in a work that has been very acceptable, altho poorly paid for. Rev. Julius Buss is now 86 years of age and Mrs. Buss passed her 78th birthday on Saturday last. Rev. Buss began preaching and exhorting when twenty years old, while living in Illinois and continued in that work until his physical condition no longer permitted him to do so. Rev. and Mrs. Buss were married July 18th, 1870 in Illinois, moving to Minnesota in 1902 and locating near Osage, Minn. They lived there until eight years ago when they moved to Park Rapids where they have since made their home. There was born to Rev. and Mrs. Buss five sons, four of whom are living. Ed. Buss, the oldest son, lives at Rochester, Minn., Will Buss lives at Morris, Minn., while Dan and John Buss are located here. There were four generations present at the wedding dinner served at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Buss Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Buss and their little four pound daughter being present to enjoy the occasion.