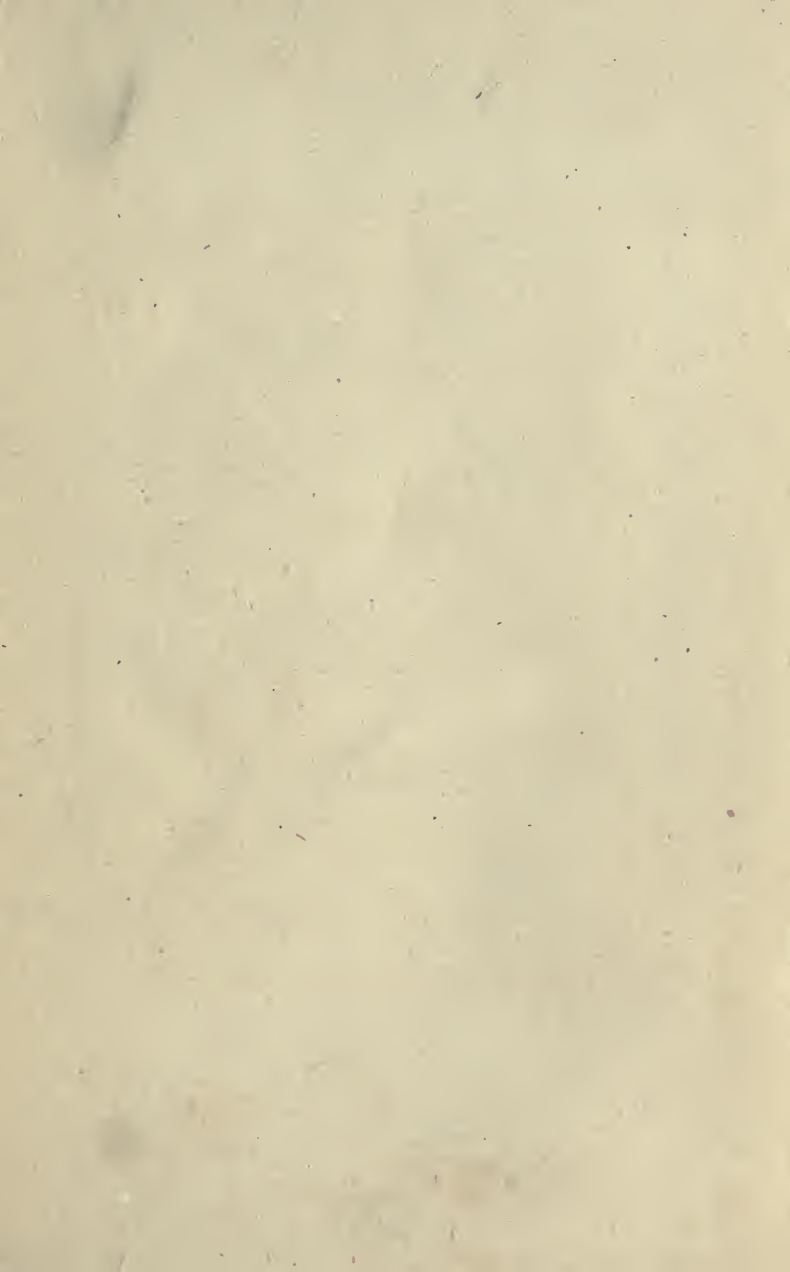
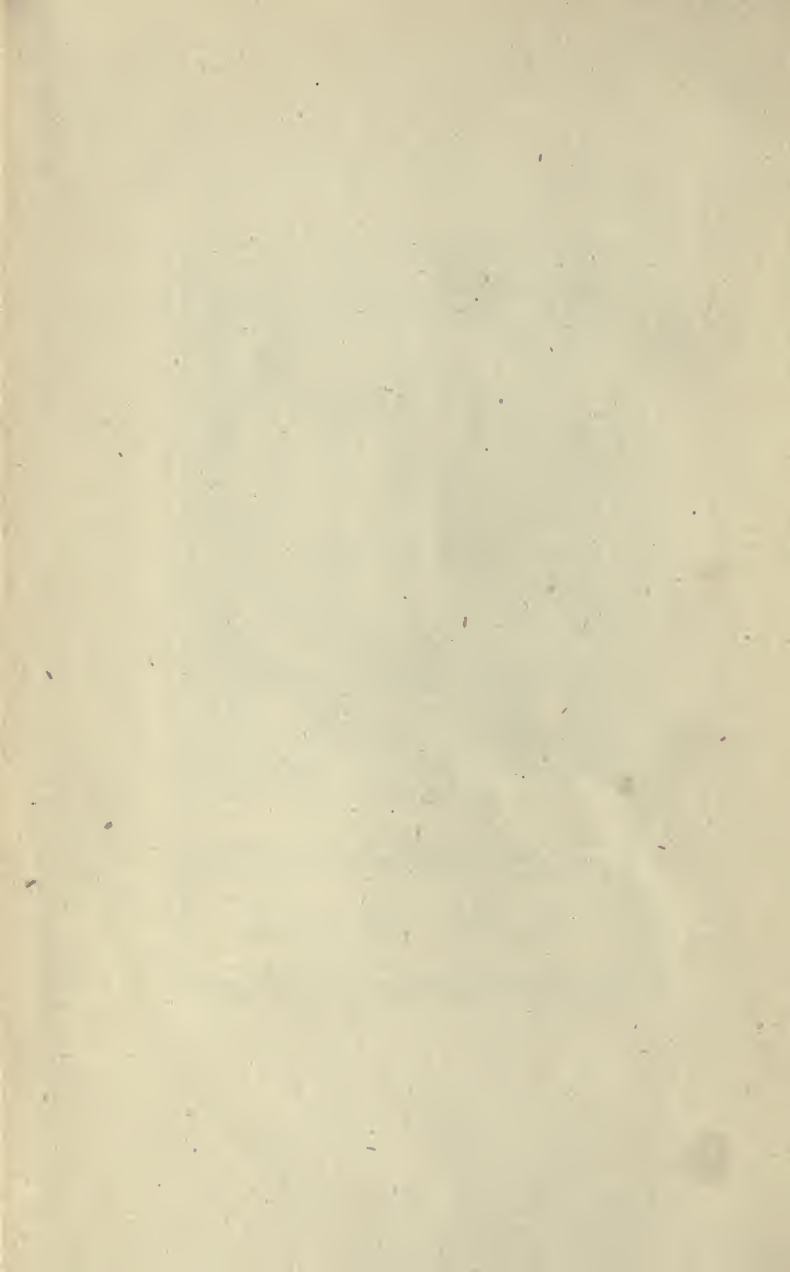


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II.

HISTORY
OF
NEW MEXICO
SPANISH AND ENGLISH
MISSIONS
OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
FROM 1850 TO 1910.
IN DECADES

IN TWO VOLUMES---VOL. II.
BY

THE REV. THOMAS HARWOOD, A.M., D.D.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

EL ABOGADO PRESS

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

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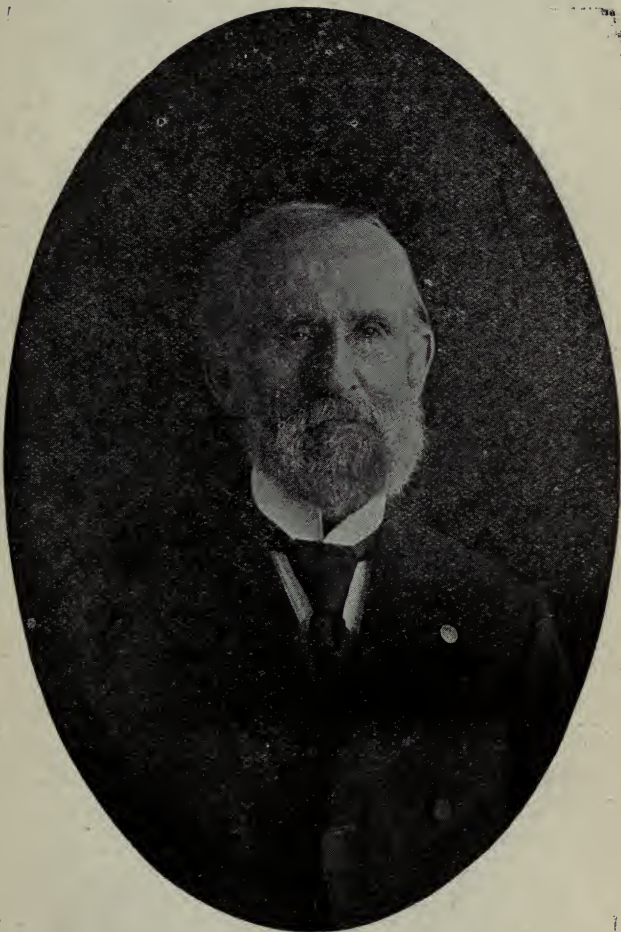
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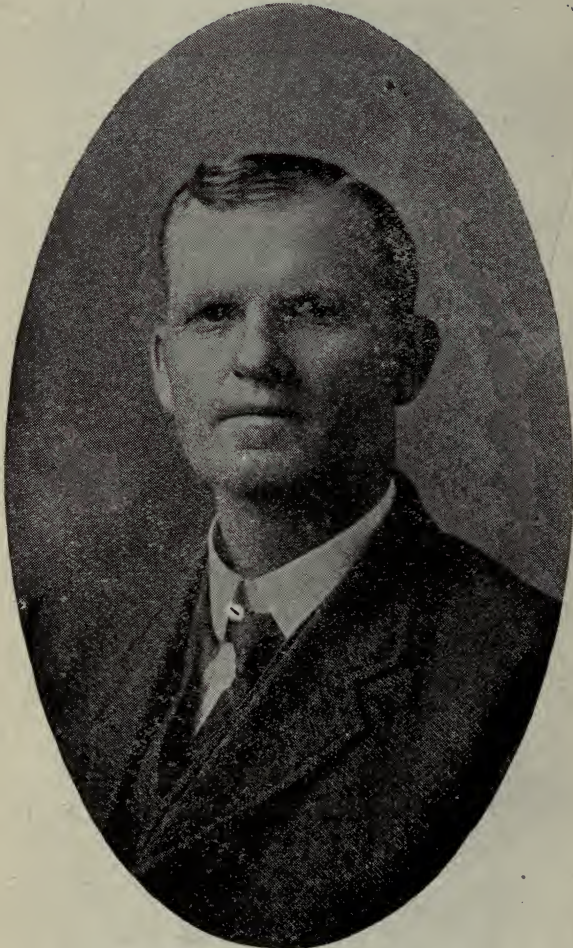
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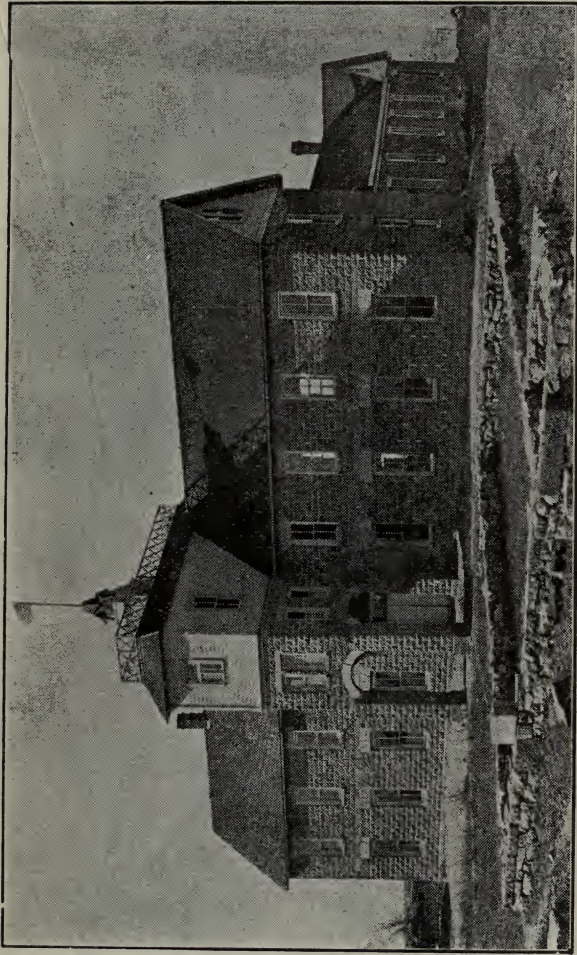
MRS. EMILY J. HARWOOD

Thirty-three years a missionary and teacher in New Mexico.

VIII

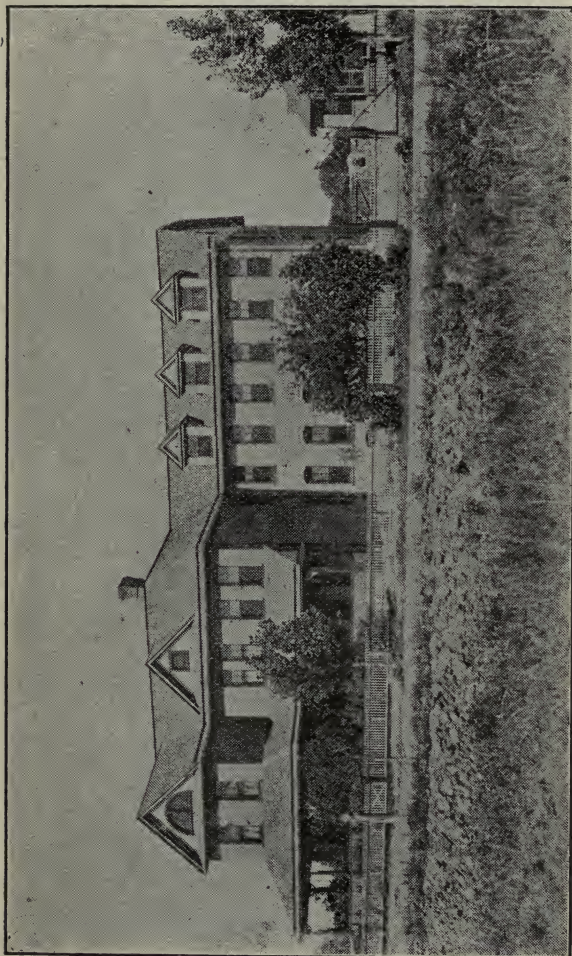


THOMAS M. HARWOOD, A. M.



BOYS' BIBLICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, ALBUQUERQUE COLLEGE





HARWOOD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

DEDICATORY.

These books are affectionately dedicated to the preachers, their families and friends of the New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose repeated requests for this publication has inspired the author with the hope that he might, with the blessings of God, write a history which shall be read with pleasure and profit; and if the perusal of these books should inspire the reader to greater benevolence, activity and zeal for the cause of missions and help to carry on the work for which the author has spent the morning, noonday and evening of his life, he will be content. Vols I. and II, price \$2.00. The net proceeds of the sale shall be applied to aid poor boys at school.

THE AUTHOR,

Albuquerque, New Mexico,

May 1, 1910.

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ERRATA

The critical reader will find many typographical and other errors in this book; but the most serious one occurs at the beginning of the next page, which ought to read, after Introductory Notes: Extracts from a few of the many letters received, mostly from the common readers; showing their appreciation of Vol. I of this history.

Spanish and English Missions

INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

from the common readers, showing their appreciation of Extracts from a few of the many letters received, mostly Vol. I of this history.

I like the common people. As Abraham Lincoln said, "It must be the Lord likes the common people or He wouldn't have so many of them." The following were not intended for publication, but I know my friends will pardon me for the few following quotations:

Note I. Mr. E. M. Schnor's Letter.

Mr. Schnor wrote me, "We have read your book (Vol. I of your History) and we were so much interested in it that we could hardly lay it aside for our meals. The reading of that book has led us both (his wife and himself) to resolve to spend the rest of our lives in the Spanish work."

Since the above was written, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Schnor have spent six months in school work in the Albuquerque Boys' School and they have done well. Mrs. Schnor has been the teacher while he has done much missionary work free of expense to the church. Mrs. Schnor is donating her seventh month of teaching, thus aiding the school in its self-support. I appreciate the above the more because of their knowledge of the Spanish language and ability for the Spanish work. The Lord bless them and make them a power for good among a long neglected people.—Editor.

Note II.

Extracts from a Letter from Mrs. H. S. Kellogg.

Campbell, Calif., Jan. 31, 1909.

"Dear Mr. Harwood:—

I wish to thank you for a copy of your History of New Mexico Missions, Vol. I.

"I do not know when it came for Mr. Kellogg put it away for my Christmas surprise. I am indeed delighted with it. * * * I am now at home and have been reading the book with great interest. We are deeply touched with the struggles and difficulties that you and Mrs. Harwood met with when that country was new and pitifully old with the decay of years, and we might say, centuries of superstition and oppression. I thought as I read, how different it all is now for the Missionary in New Mexico.

"The gospel has brought light where there was darkness. All wrongs are now regulated by law. Traveling is now as safe in New Mexico as anywhere in the United

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States. How much can now be built upon the foundations which you have laid. I am glad that Mr. Kellogg, in his introductory note for the first volume called your work in the New Mexico Mission, 'Your Monument.'

"I enjoy reading your letters to the Board at New York, page 177, etc. Surely you did not fail to put the case clearly before the Bishops and the Board, and state the needs of the work. While the church did much for that Mission, it is quite evident it ought to have done much more. It ought to have put its 'shoulder to the wheel' and helped vastly more than it ever has done.

"I note your comment on the Penitentes, pages 168-9. I always had that same thought about them when we lived there. I went with you in thought all the way from Las Vegas to Silver City and El Paso, Texas. We shall prize the book always and look eagerly for Volume II."

I prize the above more highly from the fact that Mrs. Kellogg wrote the beautiful "Life of Mrs. Harwood and her Husband", the Rev. J. F. Kellogg wrote an introductory note for the first volume.—Editor.

Extract from a Letter by Mrs. Olie Chandler Hove.

That the reader may appreciate the following letter the more, let him turn to page 246-252, Vol. I, and read where the writer of the following letter was baptized by the editor 36 years ago.

Note III.

Wagon Mound, Feb. 1, 1910.

Dear Dr. Harwood:—

"After reading your book, the 'History of New Mexico Missions,' I wonder how I ever dared to write or try to write a poem on your seventy-ninth birthday, and about one who has written such a wonderful book as you have written. Surely no language of mine could tell of your patience and power of resistance, your perseverance, or your victories, or the many other things that mark your life and make your work so grand." * * * "The book is so intensely interesting and inspiring from start to finish that I wish there was more of it. I shall eagerly wait for the next volume, which I understand will soon be out."

The following letter from William Kroenig was not for the book. I reproduced it for the encouragement of some perhaps more timid than I. See Vol. I, page 136.

Note IV.

A Funeral at School.

Mr. Kroenig, when we opened our school at Tiptonville (Watrous), 1870, was said to be a half a millionaire, his family, all, except himself, strong Roman Catholics, but he

Spanish and English Missions

himself a rank sketptic. It was he who said in one of our first school meetings, "I will donate for a site for the school on my lake, four or five, or even six acres of land, and \$400 or \$500 to aid in the building, but there must be no reading of the Bible or religious services in the school." It was this kind of rigid skepticism, expressed at one of the early meetings, that led my wife to make the first public speech I had ever heard her make. It was brief, but to the point and seemed to bring the trustees to their senses, for they all wanted a school. They were tired of sending their children East for an education, or even down to Santa Fe, a hundred miles, at a heavy expense. Mrs. Harwood said, "Mr. Harwood, we have not come down here to build up an infidel school, and I wont teach a school where I can't read the Bible if I want to, or sing when I want to or pray when I want to." This seemed to settle the question, as the following letter will indicate:

Watrous, N. M., May 26, 1898.

"My Dear Mr. Harwood:—

"I acknowledge receipt of your very kind letter of the 18th inst., and thank you with all my heart for the interest taken in our sad misfortune. (His son Alexander who was for several years in our school, had been killed by lightning.)

"This is the second hard blow that I have received in my life. First, my good, kind hearted little Willie and now his brother Alexander" * * *

"We were gradually prepared for the death of Willie, but this was such an unexpected shock that it is hard to bear.

"Thanking you again for your kind words over Willie at his funeral in 1871, and Mrs. Harwood for her singing and now for your sympathy, I remain as ever in old friendship, Wm. Kroenig."

Mr. Kroenig, his wife and the most of the once large family, and Mrs. Harwood, all gone into their future state of existence and I am left at almost eighty-one to write up these reminiscences.

The last time I ever saw my old friend, was at his own house, not long before he died. Fearing that he might object if I should ask the privilege of praying, so, as I was about to leave, I said, "Mr. Kroenig, I want to pray with you and kneeled down and was praying before he had time to fairly get his breath. When I had finished the short prayer, and rose from my knees, I noticed that he had also knelt, and said, as I bade him good-bye, "Mr. Harwood, I thank you for that prayer.

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A Letter from the Rev. Leandro Fernandez, P. E. of
El Paso District.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

Note V.

El Paso, Texas, June 18, 1909.

My Highly Esteemed Brother in Christ:—

“Having been informed that you are writing your second volume of the History of the New Mexico Mission, and desiring, also, although it be but the dash of the pen, to express my thoughts of the necessity of such a work, and seeing that it will be based on a good part of the time that I was with you, I can therefore be a witness of the great work that you have left in new hands that others may continue to prosecute the work of evangelizing the people who speak Spanish.

“Surely in the pages of the ‘History of Brother Harwood,’ it should remain to be written in letters of fire. It is about thirty-eight years that he has served as superintendent in the sacred cause of evangelizing the people in this Mission, remaining to him the honor (let no one take it from him) of having been the founder of the Mission.”

“Another thing: Considering that at the time in which he commenced establishing the camps which now form the Mission, the Christian faith had sore trials. Add to this his lack of knowledge of the idiom of the people at that time, without friends, or funds, or books, without a guide; many enemies, born and reared under the most repugnant forms of fanaticism, in an extensive, (to him) unknown territory and having spent the best and most beautiful years of his life in the great and noblest of causes, that is, the saving of souls by the help of the Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. And this without arms, only faith in the Lord Jesus. * * * Burning on his great heart the sacred fire of divine love, and this for the salvation of souls and for the establishment of the church among the people.”

“Mr. Harwood, I know, and am fully persuaded that in order to establish such a work you could do it only by looking unto the Invisible One and being sustained each moment with the precious mana from heaven, by prayer; and more, this work brings its ready fruits. I do not wish by this to say that the peace which you naturally have to enjoy as the certain security of obtaining the precious ‘inheritance of the Saints in light (como dice San Pablo), but also the example which they have who follow as students,

Spanish and English Missions

observing your example, which will ere long naturally bring its fruits for each one of us who had the honor of being a laborer with you in the propagation of the gospel under your wise direction, inspiring us by your example, knowing better how to fulfill our duties toward God and toward our fellow creatures.

I hope that these thoughts you will accept, not as an exposition of effort of phraseology, but as an exposition of my appreciation of the hard labor borne in the establishment of the work which you leave to the Spanish Mission of New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and extending into Texas, Chihuahua and Sonora.

"It is very possible that when my opinion (as expressed above) shall be translated into English and printed on the first pages of your book that I may have passed into the better life, but my great desire is that you be full of consolation and of the Holy Spirit that He may guide you in your writing. I am always,

Yours in the Lord,

Leandro Fernandez."

I appreciate the above, not for its words of praise only, but more because it comes from one who himself was once a strong Romanist, but seeing the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, he came out into the light and now does not hesitate, but delights to speak well of those who helped him into the light.—Editor.

Another reason why I reproduce the above is that there is a prevailing opinion among Americans that the Spanish-people in either volume of the History, only as it might be speaking people never appreciate favors from Americans. This is a great mistake. It will be noticed, perhaps, that I have said but little about the character of the Mexican inferred from many things said that, as a rule, I think well of the people. Considering their opportunities, I think them a very good kind of people. Gain their confidence and treat them well and they will show their appreciation. Like Americans, there is a great deal of "tit for tat," "strike back" in their nature. Only last evening I heard a young man, from our school, now a clerk in a drug store, say that "a colored man and his wife came into the drug store and the man abruptly asked, "Why wasn't dat medicine sent down to my house sooner?" The clerk politely answered, "I don't know, I was not ordered to take it down; in fact, don't know anything about it." "Haint you a Mexican?" asked the colored man. "Yes," said the

History of New Mexico

clerk. "Well, dat accounts for it," said the negro. "And who are you?" retorted the clerk, "you are nothing but a dirty nigger." And the next moment they were ready for blows. Outside of the saloons and other places where decent people ought never to go there are but few difficulties only as they are brought about in some such way as the above.

Miss Emma V. Newman's Letter.

She spent several years in the Spanish School work.

Note VI.

Ephraim, Utah, Nov. 20, 1908.

Dear Dr. Harwood:—

"I have just finished reading Vol. 1 of your History of New Mexico Missions, and find it so interesting that I wish the second volume were ready.

"You certainly have made all Methodists your debtors by this timely book, which gives the early struggles and later successes of the great field that has been your parish so long. I want to express my sincere thanks for the book. To one familiar with conditions among the Mexicans, the book has untold value." * * *

Rev. S. W. Thornton, D. D.

Dr. Thornton was superintendent of the New Mexico English Mission from 1884 to 1888 inclusive and resigned then, not because he did not like the work, but on account of Mrs. Thornton's illness. He says in a letter to me, bearing date, Dec. 1, 1908:

Note VII.

"I think you know that it was solely my wife's illness which proved to be incurable, that we left the work in New Mexico. All the difficulties I met, only served to kindle my zeal for the building up of God's work. But there came a day in which she said, 'I feel sure that I can never recover, and I wish you would take me to Denver and let me die there.' (At this point, in copying this letter, I had to pause for some moments for the tears to roll away, for I knew so well what it meant to both those noble souls; and I knew it somewhat at the time, for, of course, I was well acquainted with them both.) Then Brother Thornton goes on to say, "It was the first word of complaint she had uttered. She was a brave soul. She had given me up to return to the Army in the winter of '63-4, with true American heroism and in the same spirit of sacrifice that kept her during war days, she had endured during our mission work; yet she never asked me to remain at home from any engagement but once during the four years on the Mission.

Spanish and English Missions

On January 8, 1890, she passed away in great peace. We were then living in the Fifth Ave. Parsonage, Denver, Colo.

"You suggested in your letter that, after the lapse of years (20 years) I express my view as to the probable future of New Mexico.

"Well, I have carried a deep interest in your work there. New Mexico is bound to be a great state. Some day the waters of the Rio Grande will be caught in vast reservoirs and made to irrigate its entire delta, and the resources of the state will be developed and will sustain a large population. And I look upon your work as one of the tremendous factors in Christianizing that people who so long sat in darkness; and getting them ready for statehood. And I always felt that the school would be a great agency in God's hands in forming American sentiments. I am sorry there has been any disposition upon the part of any of the more recent workers in that field to turn the school out from the purposes for which it was started. I know it was the intention of all parties that the school should be under the direction and control of the English Mission. I presided at the first meeting. I wrote to Bishop Warren, the action of the meeting and he interviewed the man who had the property for sale. I heard the speeches of the men of Albuquerque who were present at the meeting and the sentiment of it all was that it was under the English-speaking work. Of course, the idea of a school in which the Mexican youth could be educated and become a factor in the elevation of their own people, was in our minds as one of the great ends of a college.

"I was told by some one at the time that Mr. Strong, general manager of the Santa Fe who granted you and me annual passes, that he made a remark substantially like this, 'A railway can not be safely conducted in any land where lawlessness prevails. Society must be educated and restrained by religious sentiment. These pioneer preachers are the men who blaze the way for civilization, and who lead in the morals and good citizenship. Commerce and industries follow their advance, and the railway can well afford to give them their transportation.' In that saying he uttered the real import of the Mission work to which you have given your life, and to which for four years I gave the best of my service."

I appreciate the above from Dr. Thornton the more because it comes from a strong man and one who knows whercof he speaks. He was a success as superintendent of

History of New Mexico

this English-speaking mission and has been eminently successful wherever he has since been. Just last Sunday, March 20, 1910, I heard a fine sermon by Dr. Wylder of Springfield, where Dr. Thornton now resides and is in charge of one of the churches. He said, "Dr. Thornton is a great preacher. He can preach with any of our bishops." I was glad to hear this as I am always glad to hear that any of our former preachers and teachers who have had experience in New Mexico have seemed to get a fresh inspiration from this New Mexico field and they have generally done well.

I appreciate most highly Dr. Thornton's remarks about the school. It will show clearly that the original idea was that the school was under the control of the English and not the Spanish Mission. While the Spanish Mission will have all the benefits and privileges of the school that the English Mission will have the right of control adheres in the English Mission.

Note VIII.

A brief extract from an Introductory Note to Vol I, from Rev. A. W. Adkinson. He says:

"If his life (Dr. Harwood) shall be spared he will do a yet greater work as president and financial agent of the Albuquerque College.

"If the great Methodist church shall give him the support to which he is entitled and which it is abundantly able to give, this last work will be the crowning feature of the long and splendid career. New Mexico is destined to be one of the great states of the Union, and Methodism must be one of the great controlling influences in the state; the Methodism of the state must be largely molded by the Spanish Mission, and that Methodism must take its stamp from the school."

The above was written at Los Angeles, Feb. 7, 1908.

Note IX.

A Letter from Rev. C. A. Bunker, Ph. D.

Bro. Bunker was our preacher several years in Albuquerque and had a fine opportunity to know all about the school.

Compton, Calif., June 21, 1908.

"My Dear Dr. Harwood:—

"Your little paper has just reached me. I have read your article with pleasure and surprise. I ought to put it stronger than that, indeed, I am amazed that you could

Spanish and English Missions

have accomplished so much in so short a time. I cannot understand it, especially in such a barren field and among such an impoverished people. I cannot compare any work I am familiar with in any mission field with it. It seems to me altogether unique and extraordinary.

"I was surprised at the picture of the buildings on the front page. I was there when you were putting up the first part (the teachers' building) and to see to what you have brought it now and the amount of land you have added and the value of all, you are certainly a genius. Better than that; when I think of the sacrifices you have made and the labor you have performed and the success you have achieved, I cannot help ranking you among the great heroes of the church, a more lovely, beautiful, noble, or heroic character is not to be found in the church today. You lack only one thing, the ability to advertise yourself, and compell recognition, or you have chosen to put the time, strength and thought which others put into such work into a still farther promotion of the work given you to do. When this is finally learned it will still farther enhance your reputation. Your fame is secure, though that has not been your end. Any history of the evangelization of the Mexican people must put your name at the head of the movement as the leading figure and great apostle of that work in the United States."

My Own Personal Introductory Note.

At the beginning of the foregoing introductory notes it was my thought to give only a few notes from the common reader. But complimentary notes have come and had come unsought by me, not only from those who might be termed the "common reader," but from others in such a way that it would seem almost rude in me not to allow some of them to form a part of the book.

I presume the query will come from some, Why did Bro. Harwood allow so much praise to be published in his book when he knew so well that it was not deserved? To this I might answer as a young Mexican answered me when I first began my work among the Mexican people forty years ago. I found the Mexican people were much accustomed to embracing each other on meeting. I wanted to be polite and not ignore the customs of the country, so I asked my friend, "What ought I to do when the Mexican women embrace me when I meet them?" He said, "Just stand still and let them hug you." So I stand still and let the people say what they wish to say.

History of New Mexico

Then again, there is another side. And I have seen and felt so much of that side that it seems good to know that there are those who appreciate the work. Only the other day some one said, "I heard a man at El Paso say that "Harwood is an old granny to spend his time with those Mexicans. He has been down here forty years and only has about 3,000 of them in his church." Well that is better than it was thought it could be forty years ago when it was said, "You will never see any Mexican people converted. You might as well go down there and preach to these telegraph poles as to preach to the Mexican people." But while the pessimist was about it he might have given me credit for what there is, 5,207 including those who have died and moved away and gone into other churches, as per my last report in 1907.

Then again, my ears have been, a few times slightly boxed, because we had not done more on the line of self-support. We regret that fact. The apparent failure on self support I mean, yes, and the "boxing", too.

I am glad that Bro. Bunker so grandly comes to my aid on the matter of money getting so far as the school is concerned. And in the English work, the year I had both Missions (1891) the missionary collection ran up to almost \$1.60 per member. This was the highest it had ever reached, at that time, or since, in this Mission and not above that in only a few of the conferences.

With respect to the Spanish work I am free to admit, that while we have pressed the matter of self-support vigorously there is a point where my conscience says, "halt." And that is where I find the people so poor that they can hardly keep soul and body together. Many times in the earlier history of our work I was compelled to pass the night at places where there were no hotels and of course it had to be with some family. Perhaps there were a few Protestants and like our American country people sixty or seventy years ago, there was sometimes a clamor who should have the honor of entertaining el Ministro. Then, of course, el Ministro must have the best room, if there was more than one, and the best bed (which were nearly always clean) and the best there was at the table, not because he demanded this preferment, but because it was forced upon him. Often have I seen the women early in the morning slipping over to their near neighbors to carry home borrowed bedding, etc. Hardly ever any charge, of course, but a generous American will do better, as I nearly always have done, at least among the poorer people, pay a little something. Often a great scarcity of hotels, food, and a

Spanish and English Missions

greater scarcity of dishes, often no knives, nor forks, the women and children neatly but poorly clad. How could one have the heart to press collections. We have pressed collections, but not as we would have done had our Mexican people not been so poor.

With respect to the school, I am surprised myself at its outcome. Twenty years ago, a shell of a building, and \$5,000 in debt and not an acre of land or a book in the library except about a half dozen old Congressional Records. Now, good buildings, 200 acres of land, a library of 4,000 volumes, thousand dollar printing press, team, wagons, farming implements, school and house furniture, etc.; valuation of all about \$50,000. Of course, all this is nothing compared with what some other schools and missions have accomplished in the same length of time, but to us at this weak end of the line, with the language of the people to learn; the prejudices of the native people to overcome; our own ministry to educate, form and develop; on a small salary compared with that of other superintendents of Missions and American preachers. I say when I think of all these things, I am constrained to say, as was said of Jacob and Israel, "What hath God wrought?" and to say, as in Zachariah, "Not by an army, nor by power, but by my spirit, said the Lord."

Since some have seemed to think that our Mexican boys have made it possible to accomplish so much, I will say that when they work they are paid for it either in money, board or tuition. Some others have seemed to wonder if it might be that missionary money has been used in the school buildings, land, etc., not accounted for? To this I answer, No. If any one wanted to do such a thing it would be a hard matter with our keen-eyed Missionary Board and Bishops and our own Mission always anxious to know how the money goes.

Perhaps the reader will pardon me if in these last words in this book, I should say: 1st—My wife and I were one in our determination to do all we could to build up a school of a high grade in New Mexico. For several years before she passed away, we were doing all we could on that line. 2nd—Since her death I have been living (except in travel) on or nearly so on my \$20 per month soldier's age pension and applying nearly all my missionary salary to the school. 3rd—Several years before her death we purchased a ten-acre orange farm at Redlands, California. The trees were young and of course grew slowly into money. Two years ago I sold the place for \$7,000. Except straightening up

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some odds and ends that have all gone into the school. But didn't I hear you say, "What a foolish man," Perhaps if I could come back forty or fifty years hence, and find that the school has gone into unfaithful hands I might think so, too, but at present the happiest thought of my life is that we have tried to help others. Surely He who has been with us through all these years of toil and brought the work and the school to what they now are will not desert us.

To me no happier thought could be;
Than to leave our work well done;
To know we've lifted helpless souls
Nearer their heavenly home.

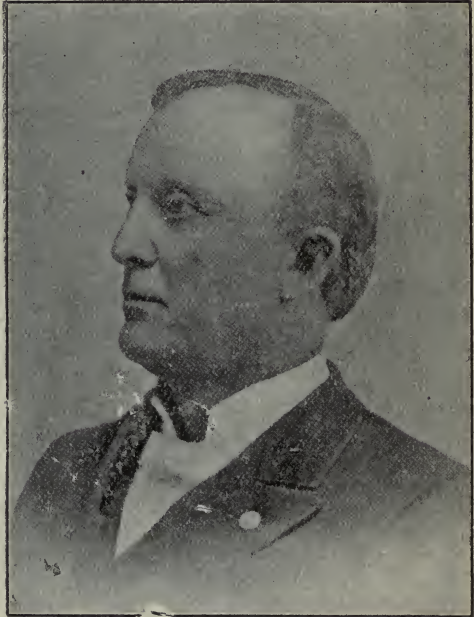
To know we've helped a helpless race,
On higher plains of thought;
Is worth far more to me than fame,
For which the world has sought.

Again and again thanking my kind heavenly Father for length of days, and inspiring me with ambition, animation, courage and patience; and my brethren for their kind words, sympathy and prayers, I am most tenderly,

Yours in the Master's work,

THOS. HARWOOD.

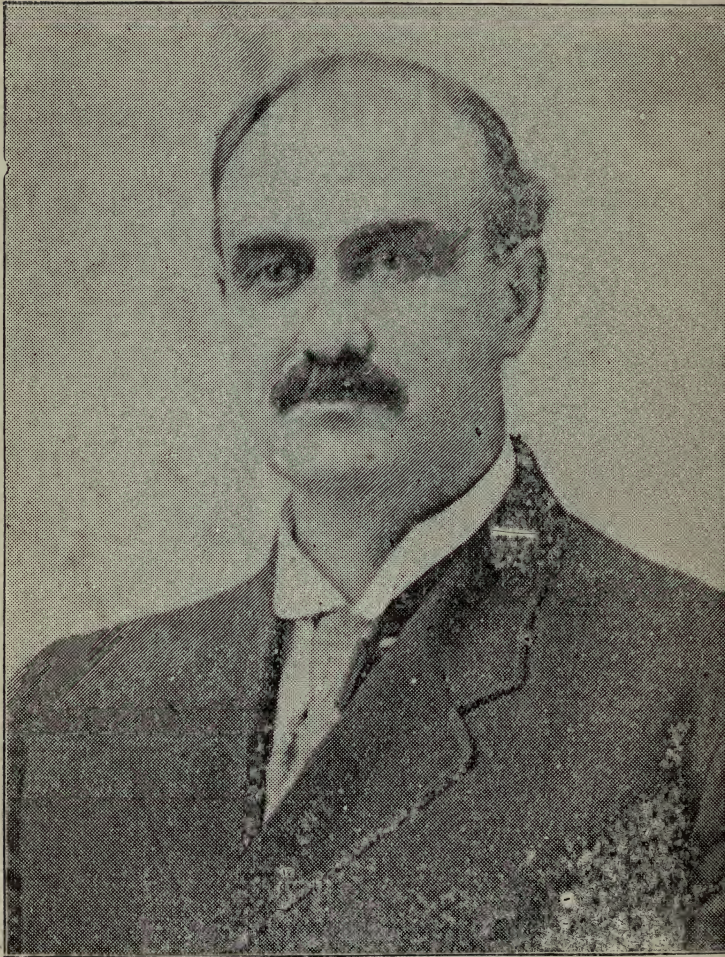
Spanish and English Missions



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Spanish and English Missions

HISTORY OF THE NEW MEXICO MISSIONS

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Volume II. 1885-1910

Fourth Decade, 1885-1890
Chapter I.

PRELUDE

I can think of nothing better, with which to introduce the readers of the Second Volume of this history, than the following prelude.

Since I laid my pen away, July last, 1908, at the close of the First Volume of this history, I have

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made the visits of my life.

I went back to my early home, the state of Delaware, and the eastern shores of Maryland, and had a fine visit with my friends and relatives and old timers and the scenes of early life.

I didn't stroll the woods, climb the trees, wade the ditches, fish in the brooks, cut switches, make whistles, play corner ball, spin tops, play marbles, shoot pop-guns and play anthony over-the-house, and fly kites, etc., as I had often thought I would; for the woods were cut down, the trees were not there, ditches dried up, the boys had become old men, and nearly all gone and I was almost alone, about the oldest left and felt lonely.

I went by way of the Territory of Arizona, towns and cities of Redlands, Los Angeles and San Francisco, where I spent a day viewing the city and especially the awful destruction made by the late earthquake. In all the history of newspapers this was one time they did not and could not overdraw the picture; then Oakland, Sacramento City; then to Ogden, within forty-two miles of Salt Lake; thence Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington; thence down into the Peninsula to Smyrna, Dover, Maryland and many other places.

I crossed the continent twice, saw much of our great country, its marvelous growth and developments, in cities and country; attended three camp meetings, preached several times, two funeral sermons, visited many places; and on my return visited Philadelphia, Washington, Columbus, Toledo, Saint Joseph, San Pierre, Carrollton, Kansas City, Raton, Wagon Mound and home.

At the Camp meetings I made the acquaintance of

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many Eastern Shore preachers and laymen, heard many fine sermons, witnessed a few conversions, met with quite a number of my old pupils of fifty-five and sixty years ago. A beautiful sight and one that still goes with me was to see nearly all of my relatives assisting at the altar services at the camp meeting at Marydel. Some of them were children when I attended the camp meeting at the same place thirty-three years ago. My brother, James A. Harwood, was living at that time and was active in church work. Now to see his four daughters, married and with large families, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Voshell, Mrs. Will Moore and Mrs. Harry Moore and my brother's youngest son, James Irwin Harwood, and brother's widow, Mrs. Joanna Harwood, all at the altar for prayer and song service was inspiring, and like a beautiful picture, it stays with me.

The Camp itself was beautiful. The trees, white-oak, red-oak, peach-oak and I would think all the oaken family, were just large enough to make a perfect shade. The tents, built mostly of lumber, somewhat in military style, except nearly all were a story and a half high and looked quite city-like. The preachers' tent, stand and singers platform and seats were ample. The camp held over two Sundays. The weather was cool for August and a little too cloudy and rainy for comfort. The tents were nearly all water-proof. I think it was estimated that there were 8,000 people on the camp ground on the Sabbath days. Socially and intellectually the meeting was a grand success, but spiritually, it seemed to me there was a lack of the old time flashes of fire from the pulpit and the pew. It did not seem to me to be that burden and passion for souls that I think I saw 60 or 70 years ago. I heard profound

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and eloquent sermons but no rousing exhortations. I heard long prayers, loud prayers and well worded prayers, but it seemed to me they lacked the unction of the Holy One as compared with the early day meetings, but on the other hand there were many things to admire that we had not in the early days.

But what memories often came floating up from the long ago past! Right here, on this spot, seventy or more years ago my step-father used to come and split rails for our farm which was near. I was just big enough with my oldest brother, Peter, to carry a rail on my shoulder. One day a little boy about my size was visiting us and went out to help carry out the rails. Why were you not at school? There was none near enough, and not many anywhere.

Well, this little play-mate was carrying a rail on his shoulder, as he was going along bending under the rail he fell down, the rail on top. He evidently had never learned to swear. I presume this was his first effort; I hope it was his last. As he was trying to push the rail off and could hardly get from under it he began to cry and said, "dod debel de rail," but he soon got from under it and looked all around to see whether any one heard him, as all boys likely do when they swear their first oath. When he saw me it seemed to scare him. I told my mother about it. She said, "It is very wrong to use such words," and said, "Don't you ever use such words." If I ever have in all my life come that near swearing I

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am not aware of it, and that I have no. I owe to my devoted mother. So says Gen. U. S. Grant in his Memoirs.

But where are my father and mother and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts? All have passed away and I visited their graves. They are resting in several different places. My father and one brother and a sister rest at Thomas' Chapel. Grandfather, grandmother, a sister, several uncles and aunts, and other relatives rest in the family cemetery on grandfather's old farm in Maryland, not far from Marydel. My mother is buried at Dover, near the graves of Bishop Richard Whatcoat and Ezekiel Cooper. My brother James, Rev. Thomas M. Harwood's father, rests near Marydel.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In 1875, after an absence of about twenty-five years I went back east. While at Dover I went to the old church yard and stood by the grave of my mother. And now after thirty-three have passed I stood again at the same place. What sad but many pleasant memories.

“What memories floated along that day,

And the trickling tear came stealing on its way.”

For tarrying a moment at my mother's grave I make no apology, for I would rather stand a moment at my mother's simple grave than to stand at the tombs and monuments of kings and emperors or the pantheons of ancient gods or the pyramids of the ancient people; but for the following poem I beg the

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reader's indulgence. The thoughts were partly outlined as I stood alone at her grave. But how little did I think they would ever appear in a book.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O! Can this be my mother's grave
Where rests that sacred form
So lovely once
So fresh in memory yet?
Or may it be some fairy dream,
Delusive hope or pensive mood,
Come o'er my soul
And in my fancy met?

I remember well the sad, sad day,
When the neighbors came and stood around
Her lifeless form,
So pale, and in her coffin lay;
They bore her out with tearful eyes
To the chapel in the town,
And near the chapel door
They laid her carefully away.

Long years had fled and I had wandered far,
Since in that dark, cold grave
They laid my mother
So tenderly within that sacred soil;
Oft had I in my dreams returned
And stood beside that sacred mound,
My mother's grave
And wept, but glad that she was free from

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toil.

Yes, it must be my mother's grave
Though all so changed and strange
 So strange to me
To see no chapel, nor mound;
All these were gone and headboard too,
And trees grown large and weeds and briers
 Fill up the place,
And only two known graves were found.

The two known graves were plainly marked,
Names of historic memory,
 Methodist men of God,
Were Bishop Whatcoat and Ezekiel Cooper,
And near their graves was one unmarked
Another name of precious memory.
 A woman of God
Was Mary Montague, my dear good mother.

But for those graves I could not know
My mother's resting place
 So dear to me
Where memories oft have met,
Time's ruthless hand had changed the scene,
The Sexton borne his dead away
 To other graves
And that dear spot I may forget.

But my mother's look and tender voice

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Are graven with a diamond pen
 Upon my heart,
And fresh in memory yet;
Time's ruthless hand may sweep away
Her grave from memories' store,
 But her kind words
And counsel, I never can forget.

A PLEASANT EPISODE.

It was a pleasant episode at the Marydel camp-meeting to renew the acquaintance of a lady who attended school to me in Michigan fifty-six years ago, and at whose house with her parents I made my home for several years. She was a little girl hardly up to her teens when I was a member of the family as friend and boarder. And now to hear her stirring appeals on temperance, as president of the Miss Frances Willard branch of Temperance in Washington, was elating. I had not seen her, or heard of the family since the beginning of the war. It was sad to learn that nearly all of the W. W. Connelly family, prominent in Methodist circles, had passed away, her father and two brothers in the early part of the war. Her father was a local preacher and fine exhorter. The lady's name is Mrs. Rachel Jane Cusick, now residing in Washington, D. C. Also Miss Emma Virginia Newnom, in fine addresses on Temperance and the Woman's Home Missionary Society's work. She never failed to speak well of our New Mexico Missionary

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work where and in which she must have received her inspiration for platform speaking. It was here in New Mexico where she spent several years teaching. She had charge of our school work at El Paso, and then the Girl's school at Los Angeles.

COMING HOME

On my return I visited Washington, looked up my old captain of Company G, 25th Regt. Wis. Vols., R. J. Whittleton, and what a visit we had! I walked alone up Pennsylvania Avenue. This was our march in the Grand Review at the close of the war. I spent one day at the old home of Washington, down at Mt. Vernon. The place had been fixed up nicely since Dr. Gott, army surgeon, and I went down on horseback when Sherman's army of veterans were waiting for the great review at Washington. At Columbus, Ohio, I spent a few days on special invitation, with one of my early students, the Hon. James H. Dill and his brother, ————. They attended school to me in the State of Delaware sixty years ago. What a visit we had! We called on the preacher. He was determined that I should preach for him. I did so in the ————— church and had a fair time.

From Columbus I hurried to Toledo to attend the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was a candidate for Chaplain-in-Chief of the Grand Army, having been recommended for said honors, the fifth time, by our New Mexico Department, and would have been elected only didn't

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get votes enough, It was a wonderful meeting of the old veterans and to march with 20,000 of them and to be cheered by 200,000 men, women and children was honor enough for me to last the few remaining years of my life.

From Toledo went to St. Joseph, Michigan, where I was the guest of one of my Michigan students of fifty-six years ago. I also preached on the Sabbath of the sixth of September, near where I preached my first sermon, in the year 1855. The next day my former pupil of long years ago, with his most excellent wife took me all over the neighborhood where I used to teach. It was a great pleasure to see school boys, once poor and with parents struggling to clear up the country, now have a country, almost a paradise, and some of those **once struggling** students honorable leaders in church and in civil affairs and a few of them worth probably from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. As I was not only a preacher when there, but a land surveyor, I had a fine opportunity to know where there were bargains in land. I came near buying a beautiful tract of eighty acres. When I saw the place this time, on which was a fine house, a large barn, a fine orchard, meadows and stock and grapes, the principal industry now in that part of Michigan, the thought came, (See what you have lost.) But I have no regrets. But on the other hand I felt to thank my kind Heavenly Father that he did not permit me to settle down into that kind of a

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life. I wouldn't exchange the feelings I have in the experience I have had for all the beautiful farms in that place. But it is simply wonderful how the country has improved.

From St. Joseph I went to San Pierre, Ind., to visit some relatives and friends. At that place I was the guest of a niece, Mrs. Will Payne. Since I was last there the mother had passed away and the daughter was still in mourning. We visited the cemetery where my brother Seth and his wife and two daughters are buried. It was a warm day and the walk from town had tired us and after viewing the graves we sat down on the grass in the shade to rest. My niece had her sleeves rolled up and as she sat down and put her arm out to steady herself she heard the hiss of a big copperhead snake, coiled up, ready to strike, but she sprang so quickly that no harm was done, save the usual scare that such a scene would naturally produce. It is said that the bite of the copperhead is more dangerous than that of the rattlesnake. We all felt thankful to get off with only a scare.

From San Pierre I next stopped at Carrollton, Mo., to visit my only sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Richerson. She had been left a widow, well advanced in years, but now married again. The couple seemed very happy. I asked, Sister, didn't Mr. Richerson ask your age before you were married? She answered, "yes, and I told him I was between fifty and a hundred and he said I guess that is near enough."

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We went to church together at Carrollton. As we came down the steps at the close of the service I was helping sister down, she with her cane to support a weak rheumatic knee, I said to some of the ladies down at the foot of the steps, "This isn't the first time I ever helped this two-hundred pound girl. I am older than she is and when she was little I used to take her up in my arms and carry her all around." "Yes," said sister, "He used to let me ride on his neck like the ladies now ride on horse back and hold onto his hair to keep from falling off."

My next stop was Kansas City to visit a niece, a Mrs. Davis, a merchant. Quite a number of her friends called to see us while there, with the number was Mrs. Dr. Spencer, wife of Rev. Claudius B. Spencer, the able editor of the Central Christian Advocate. Mrs. Spencer having lived in Colorado where she knew much about the missionary work in New Mexico, asked many questions about the work, and seemed much pleased to hear good reports of the work.

My next stop was Raton. I was now at home, as you might say, or at least on my own "domain," or at least what used to be mine, mine to plan, and mine to cultivate; 500,000 square miles including Chihuahua and Sonora, in Mexico; and a population of 500,000. Anywhere within this vast domain, for many years I felt at home and really was at home. But now, as my readers all know, there is another king in Israel. It is hoped his reign will be placid

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and serene, but at the same time firm. The people with whom he will mostly have to do are a very good class of people when taken all in all, but they are very sensitive in their nature, jealous of their rights, quick to resent wrongs, but when they feel that they themselves and their work are appreciated and have confidence in their leaders they are not hard to manage. While here at Raton waiting for the next train I must run in and see our preacher and Father Sinnock, an aged and retired Methodist preacher of long years in the Territory, much honored and loved for his great usefulness as a friend and fellow worker for the Master. I took dinner at Mrs. Guy Howe's, whom I had known from her childhood and who was for several years a student in Mrs. Harwood's School at Tiptonville. She still seems to think there has never been anyone in the world like Mrs. Harwood. Her parents moved to Tiptonville in 1871, when the town was first laid out and the school was first started. Mr. J. J. Chandler was long one of the trustees of the school, and one of its strongest friends.

My next stop was at Wagon Mound, where I met Dr. Cartwright, the new Superintendent of the Spanish Mission. Also Rev. Samuel Padilla, the District Superintendent. Dr. Cartwright preached Sunday morning and at night. He also spoke in the Sunday School in the afternoon and gave me time to tell a little about my eventful trip, which to me is so full of interest. The beauty of that congregation

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was they had nearly all been Mrs. Harwood's and my students at Tiptonville. Hardly one in all the congregation but that could read, write and speak both English and Spanish very well.

The next morning we went out in the country where quite a number of farmers were farming under the "Dry Farming Process." They were raising very good crops. The neighbors came in from a few farms around making about twenty or thirty and we held short services. Dr. Cartwright preaching. While the Doctor was preaching my thoughts ran off for a moment and I thought of the Saviour's figure in which he likened the Church to the mustard seed, which is, he says, the "least of all seeds." but when it is grown it becomes greater than all herbs, and shooteth out branches, so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

Only about one half of those in that congregation are married people and nearly all were once in our day school. The descendants of those who are married already reach about forty, all protestants. The grandfather of the most of those present was converted, became a preacher, then a presiding elder and finished his work and passed away. A son-in-law became a preacher, raised a large family, finished his work and peacefully passed away early last spring, and it was at the house of his widow where we held the meeting. We then went on to another farm and took dinner where there were ten in the family of the same relatives. I presume all of the

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above would look like a small affair to those who know nothing of the history of the case. But look at it. Thirty-seven years ago I went down from Tiptonville into Mora Canon on invitation of Mr. Lachoneus Frampton to visit him and his beautiful little family. After a short time they all became interested in the school and in the Protestant religion and after a year or so Mr. Frampton was converted, also his wife, and they united with the church and had their children baptized. I had their names as follows: Lachonius Frampton, Deodora Frampton, Laura, Alice, Ellie, Marcia, Mara, George, Natie, Lilie, Davie, Leeie, Walter. Several of these last named were born after my first visit. Are not these some of the birds who have come to find shelter under the branches of the Mustard tree? Remember the Saviour called this a tree. 'The greatest among herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.'

The last meeting held on my eventful trip was at Redlands, in California. I always feel at home in Redlands. I helped to organize the Spanish work at Redlands. When the chapel, costing about two thousand five hundred dollars, was finished, I was there on invitation by Dr. Green, at that time the pastor, and dedicated the church. As I was about to say that on my late trip I preached at Redlands. At the close of the service I announced that I would hardly be able to attend the night service as I had been up the two previous nights on the train

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and did not take a sleeper. After the congregation was dismissed a lady stepped up and said, "Brother Harwood, ten years ago you asked me to unite with the church, if you will come back tonight I will unite." Then I said, "I will be back sure." That afternoon I called on the family. Her husband and several of their daughters promised also to join. At the service at night not only this sister, but her husband and several others united with us, making eight of these families. After this one of the male members went out in the congregation and after talking a few seconds with one of the men, a Roman Catholic, he led him up to the altar and as the penitent kneeled at the alter the brother who brought him said, "*aleluya*" and I said "*halleluyah.*" He then went for another and as he brought that man up he said again, "*aleluya,*" and I said, "*halleluyah,*" and went for the third one and he brought that one up and kneeled with him a moment at the altar and said again, "*aleluya,*" and I said again, "*hallalujah.*" Then the lady who had been received started out and talked quite a while with one of the women and led her to the altar and I said for the fourth time, "*hallelujah.*" I saw nothing so beautiful and inspiring at any of the three camp meetings I attended in Delaware.

Was not this a grain of the mustard seed, sowed ten years ago over in Arizona? That grain of mustard seed was becoming quite a tree and the birds, the men, women and children were coming,

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seeking shelter under its branches.

With this prelude I wish to give thanks to our kind Heavenly Father for his guidance and protection on this long and ever to be remembered journey. When I call to mind accidents on the railroads, street cars, steam boats, on land and sea which have occurred since I left home, I feel that I am under unnumbered obligations to my kind preserver for my safe and pleasant journey twice across the continent.

I wish that everyone, on entering a railway car, street car, trolley line, steam boat, carriage, automobile, or what not would think to pray. To cast up a silent prayer for a safe journey.

E'r you left your home this morning,
Did you think to pray?
To ask God's loving favor
To guide you through the day?"

THE SPANISH AND ENGLISH MISSION.

Chapter II

THE MISSION DIVIDED

The reader will remember that the mission is now divided into the English and Spanish. The English is called the New Mexico English Mission and the Spanish is called the New Mexico Spanish Mission.

The change was made at the request of this writer at the General Conference of 1884.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT FOR THE ENGLISH
.. MISSION

Bishop Thos. Bowman had jurisdiction and appointed the Rev. Samuel W. Thornton superintendent of the English Mission and this writer Superintendent of the Spanish. We were both of the same conference, the Colorado. I knew him well and was pleased to have him with us. When he came I met him in the church at Las Vegas. We embraced each other in pulpit in Mexican style. I think it made a good impression. I am glad to say that the same brotherly love continued through his four years of administration and yet continues.

I had served as superintendent from 1872 to 1884.

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It was all in one mission up to the division. In fact, I had practically served from 1870, to the time of the division. for after Father Dyer was removed, at the June conference and I left alone in the mission, I conducted all the correspondence of the mission with the Board at New York and with the bishops, and the preachers, who came, were instructed to report to me. This was because I had been longer here.

HOW THE WORK STOOD

The work started well under the new arrangement.

The Mission gave off to the English Mission six preachers, 181 church members and 11 probationers; seven Sunday schools and 553 cholars; seven church buildings, valuation \$35,000. That left us, for the Spanish work, 16 preachers, 289 members, 132 probationers; Sunday schools, 11; and scholars, 274.

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

Thus we see that the grain of mustard seed had not perished in the earth. True that thirty-four years had passed since the work was commenced under Dr. E. G. Nicholson in 1850. Yes, but the reader should remember that the work was not continued. The small society organized by Dr. Nicholson at Santa Fe was composed mostly of attaches of the army, when the army was removed the little society also went. The same was true also at Santa Fe with the little society that Father Dyer had in 1870. That was composed chiefly of Governor Pile and family. When the Governor and

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family left, the little church had to go also. The early work was continued at intervals from 1850 to 1855. It was then abandoned until 1867-8 when Father Dyer made a horse back ride over the Territory, residing when not traveling, in Elizabethtown and Santa Fe. He did all that could be expected to be done and that was to bring the Territory to the notice of the bishops and the church. New Mexico at that time was a presiding elder district in the Colorado Conference; from 1868 to 1872 Father Dyer was successful in bringing this Territory to the notice of the church. It was then 1868 this writer was asked by Bishop Ames to become a missionary to New Mexico. This was at the session of the West Wisconsin Conference held at Mesamania. The transfer was made at the next session of the Conference, held at Portage. The last Sunday in October, 1869 found me preaching my first sermon in New Mexico at what was then called La Junta, Mora County.

The mustard seed had been sown. It had grown a little, but had not become much of an herb, much less a tree. It should also be remembered that the Oriental Mustard, namely the *Salvadora Persica*; supposed to be the kind referred to by the Saviour, is of slow growth. It is said its growth reaches through years. Its trunk is said to be large enough to be made into boards. Its branches large enough to shelter the birds and strong enough to bear the weight of climbing boys. To a seed of this Oriental

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mustard the Lord compares his kingdom.

The point of this comparison lies in the smallness of the seed and largeness of the tree. Our Lord, himself, sprang from humble stock. He was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. As a man and "Emanuel, God with us, he owned no land and had no home. "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head." He chose a few disciples and began his work. "He came unto his own and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name."

This same Jesus lived and labored and sowed the mustard seed and died the shameful death of the cross; but in seven weeks the hallelujah chorus is being sung by three thousand new, born souls on the day of Pentecost. What a wonderful growth of that mustard seed! Oh that the work in New Mexico could grow like that, but, thank God it has grown and is still growing. I once had a wonderful dream. "Oh, yes, you believe in dreams do you?" "No, only about as Tennyson, the poet, said when he was asked whether he believed in dreams," he said, "No, yes," and then said, "when they are good and I like them I believe in them. When they are not good and I don't like them I don't believe in them." That is about as I believe in them. In my dream I saw vessels, steam boats and ships, coming into the harbors on the southeast of our coast with merchandise more than we could unload; also from the southwest and

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south. I thought I was connected with it some way and that we were greatly troubled to find men to load and unload the boats. The next morning at breakfast I told my dream. After a little laughing by the brethren, (for there were several present) one spoke up and said, "Brother Harwood, I can interpret that dream. This Spanish work in New Mexico is the dream of your life," said he, "and your dream means, that you will live to see the Spanish work spread over all the Spanish speaking countries." Of course it was only a dream and the interpretation only a silly interpretation, but behold, "What hath God wrought?" At that time who had dreamed of the Spanish work in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Phillipines and Mexico to the extent it now is and the Southwest and Arizona and California?

Does the reader know that in New Mexico, at Santa Fe, was preached the first Protestant sermon, (so far as we can find out) ever preached in Spanish? Previous to the revolution of 1868 in Spain, exercises or profession of any other religion by a Spaniard than the Roman Catholic, was regarded and punished as a crime. The mission at Gibraltar, under the Wesleyans reported some progress as early as 1848 and it is possible that some preaching was done in Spanish, but I find no positive information on the subject; but we do find positive evidence that Rev. Benigno Cardenas, a converted Roman Catholic priest, under the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, preached his first sermon as a Protestant,

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in Spanish Nov. 10, 1853, also Mr. Nicholson baptised a babe. See Cyclopedia of Methodism by Bishop Simpson.

Thus it seems that New Mexico should have credit for commencing the Spanish Missionary work first of any other. Let us recapitulate.

The first Spanish Mission ever established was in New Mexico at Santa Fe. This was November, 1853. The first sermon ever preached in Spanish, especially in North or South America, was in New Mexico. The baptism was in New Mexico. The first Methodist church building ever erected in the Spanish work was in New Mexico. The first martyr was in New Mexico. The first Mexican convert, Don. Ambrosio Gonzales, was in New Mexico. The first licensed preacher for Spanish work was in New Mexico. The first ordained preacher for Spanish work was in New Mexico. All the above is correct so far as we can learn. If we find that we are mistaken we shall take pleasure in making corrections.

Note—Since writing the above, fearing it might possibly be a mistake, I have spent several hours for several days looking for something among the Spanish speaking people. I find nothing to contradict the above. Ambrosio Gonzales was converted to the Protestant faith in 1853, was made class leader of Peralta when our M. E. church was organized by Rev. D. D. Lore in 1855. Brother Ambrosio was then left alone until I made my first

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visit to Peralta in 1871. He had been preaching as a local preacher for about fifteen years, but without license. I reorganized the work at Peralta and he was licensed to preach and was made preacher in charge at that place. We reorganized with forty-two members. Benito Garcia was licensed to preach at the same time but was in school with us at Tiptonville.

Miss Milinda Rankin, the first so far as I can learn, who opened a school at Brownsville, Texas, among the Mexican people, and in 1867 opened her school in Monterey.

Miss Rankin says in her "Twenty Years Among the Mexicans," page 120-122, that "No Missionary Society had entered Mexico at that time," (1865.) Miss Rankin, it seems, worked under the American and Foreign Christian Union. She cites a letter in the December number of the Christian Worker, the organ of the above named church. "At about that time the Rev. Thomas Westrup, Bible agent arrived and baptized about forty people by 'pouring.' He afterwards left that work and accepted an appointment from the Baptist Board of Missions of New York and took work at Monterey." Page 160.

She says, page 160, "That the first baptism by immersion was administered by Mr. Hiskey." This was in 1869.

The Methodist Episcopal church began its work in Mexico in 1873. Bishop Haven made a visit to Mexico City. Dr. William Butler was made the

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first missionary, reaching the City of Mexico, February 19, 1873.

November 20, 1853, the first sermon in Spanish was preached in Santa Fe, New Mexico, by Padre Benigno Cardenas. The first in Spanish was preached in South America at Buenos Ayres in 1867. The first in New Mexico in 1853, at Santa Fe.—Cyclopedia of Methodism by Bishop Simpson, page 819.

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Chapter III.

1886

SUPERINTENDENT THORNTON'S FIRST
ANNUAL REPORT

I will give Dr. Thornton's first report to the Mission and this was also sent to the Board at New York. Brother Thornton was new in the work and in his first love and the report will be full of interest. The Board at New York said, "the report has historic interest."

"In presenting this our first annual report (1886) we desire first of all to recognize the gracious Providence that has guided and sustained us through another year.

The New Mexico Mission has an average breadth of 335 miles, an average length of 368 miles; the whole covering an area of 121,201 square miles, divided into thirteen counties. (November, 1908, 24 counties). Of the 78,000,000 acres of land;

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8,000,000 acres are agricultural land capable of growing the finest grain, cereals and fruits, and 70,000,000 acres are pasturage. The population may be set down at 135,000, or a fraction over one person to a square mile. The precious metals are found in every county and more especially in the central and southern portions. There are immense coal fields in nearly every part, especially in the northern. The climate is mild and healthy. The sky is clear as that of Italy, the air is transparent and pure. The afflicted here find health in the pure air and water, the equable temperature and the medicinal hot springs.

The lowest death rate from tubercular diseases in America is in New Mexico. (As per statistics). The census reports in 1860 and 1870 gave twenty-five per cent in New England; fourteen in Minnesota and from five to six per cent in the Southern States and three per cent in New Mexico. We have faith in the future of this territory. When the older states become thickly populated, the tide of immigration will set in and New Mexico will become the home of a large population. The question of the statesman and the Christians is: What will be the religious, moral and educational status of this people?

Of the 135,000 of its population at present, about 126,000 are Roman Catholics. The illiteracy of the United States is seventeen per cent, while that of New Mexico is sixty-five per cent. We are here

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as a church to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in its purity; and to aid in leavening the masses with popular education and good morals. Your superintendent was appointed December 22, 1884, and came at once to the work. The English work had just been set apart as a mission. We found eight charges occupied. All this has grown up under the heroic labors of that faithful missionary, Rev. Thomas Harwood. These eight missions are planted in the centers of population along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, for a distance of 521 miles. It has always been difficult to get preachers here who would stay and grow up with the country. But three of these charges have been favored with pastors the whole of the year. One had three pastors during the year, another two, and two have had but a few months' pastoral care, yet we can report progress.

Our congregations are good and growing, and Sunday schools flourishing. We report 183 members, and with special gladness do we report that we have raised seventy-five cents per member for missions, on the "million dollar call."

In the nine months your superintendent has traveled 11,207 miles, preached 83 times, written about 300 letters, held Quarterly Conferences, love feasts, prayer meetings, etc.

We beg leave to name the several charges.

ALBUQUERQUE

Albuquerque is the county seat of Bernalillo

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county, in the valley of the Rio Grande, on the Santa Fe Railway, and initial point of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. This is a new town, with graded streets, good sidewalks, three miles of street car lines, telephones with twenty-five miles of wire. The town is lighted by both gas and electricity. There are elegant residences, brick and stone blocks, two banks, two daily papers, six churches, five hotels, etc. In this important center we have a neat church, well located. The church is lighted with electricity. Brother W. R. Kistler, who closes a three years pastorate, has carried this church to completion, and made it beautiful. We need a parsonage, and must build at once. We have a membership of 57, a good Sunday School, and the man who succeeds Brother Kistler will find a great opportunity for good.

HILLSBORO, LAKE VALLEY AND KINGSTON

Hillsborro is the county seat of Sierra county, which lies south and west of the center of the territory. These are mining towns, each in the center of its district, and we think they are here to stay. During the last year Brother Harwood formed these towns into a mission, and put in charge J. W. Hardenbrook, who preached until a few months ago, when he resigned. Since that time there has been no pastor. It is a new field and a brave man, full of the Holy Ghost, can do a good work there.

LAS CRUCES

This town is situated in the heart of the Mesilla

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Valley, thousands of acres of which are unequalled for fruit-growing by any other portion of the Union. Apples, pears, prunes, plums and apricots grow in profusion and perfection. Years ago we had a mission there, but it was discontinued. Here is an open door for us, and we are urged to enter and occupy the field. Give us an appropriation and we will employ a preacher at once.

LAS VEGAS

This is the county seat of San Miguel county. Population about 4,000. It has water works, gas works, street car lines, telephone exchange, planing mills, foundry and machine shops, two daily papers, three Protestant churches, and only six miles away are the Las Vegas Hot Springs. We have a good church and parsonage, and although our growth has not kept pace with the town, yet we can report progress. The first three months of the year Rev. D. M. Brown, who had been its pastor, supplied the pulpit until he left our church. Your superintendent had charge for the next six months, and for three months Brother J. S. Smith has been in charge.

MAGDALENA AND CARTHAGE

The former of these towns, lying west of Socorro is a mining town of a few hundred people; the latter a coal mining town southeast of Socorro. Together they would be a good mission field for a single man.

RATON AND BLOSSBURG

Raton, the "Gate City," is beautifully situated at the base of the Raton mountains. It is the end of a

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railroad division, with car shops, round house, etc., employing several hundred men. Population, about 2,000. This town has erected at a cost of \$25,000 the best public school building in the Territory. Blossburg, four miles from Raton, is a town of great coal mines, the pay of the miners being now \$15,000 per month. We have an elegant stone church, and the work is growing under the pastorate of J. W. Sinnock. We need a new parsonage and a bell for the church.

SANTA FE

This is the Capital and also the county seat of Santa Fe county, the oldest city in America. Population about 5,000, one-third of whom are Americans. Santa Fe is the seat of the archdiocese of the Roman Catholic church, embracing the See of Santa Fe, as metropolis, and the vicariates apostolic of Denver and Arizona as suffragans. The dignity of a metropolitan See was thus given under "the ring of the fisherman," February 12, 1875, Pius IX, pope. Here are convents, brothers' schools, Sisters of Loretto, etc. Here is such a blending of the ancient and the modern as can be found nowhere else in the nation, the nineteenth century crowding itself into the lethargy of the sixteenth, and breaking it up. Somehow this has been a sterile field for Methodism. We have this neat church and parsonage (adobe) but our membership is small and our work is not where it ought to be. It has been impossible to get a true missionary here. When I came here, in January,

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there had been no pastor for over a year, and the membership had dwindled to nine. G. S. Hubbs, a superannuate of the Wisconsin Conference, came here seeking health, and consented to undertake the work. Brother Hubbs is a man of faith and a good preacher, and under his labors the church has prospered, but his failing health disables him for such work as is needed here. We want a good man for the place.

SILVER CITY

This is the county seat of Grant county, and contains a population of 2,000. It is one of the brightest, neatest modern cities along these mountains. It is on the edge of a vast silver belt covering the southwest corner of the Territory, and must grow and prosper. It has a public school, banks, elegant court house, hotels, stamp mills, etc. We have occupied this center for seven years, and have a neat church and parsonage. D. W. Potter was placed in charge last Annual Meeting, but has since withdrawn from our ministry and membership. Five months ago the people were so discouraged they asked us not to try the experiment of employing another minister; but we had no thought of giving up the struggle for victory. The Lord sent us the Rev. H. C. Coats, who took hold with a grip of faith and held a revival, souls were converted, congregations filled the house to overflowing, Sunday schools doubled, a live class meeting was established, and now the people feel that victory has begun.

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We rejoice that the Senate of these United States, last April, passed the Blair Educational Bill providing to aid in the establishment and temporary support of public schools, non-sectarian in character, in the various states and territories, to the amount of \$77,000,000, to be distributed through a period of eight years, on the basis of illiteracy as exhibited by the census of 1880. We earnestly hope the bill will pass the House at an early date. We deem it within the province and legitimate aim of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church to provide for the establishment and support of a school "to help in the work of Christian education" within this Mission.

We would recommend the appointment of a standing committee of three on Education, whose duties and powers, limited only by their opportunities and judgment, shall be to lead in a steady aim toward the founding of a creditable institution of learning in this great Southwest.

We recommend this Committee on Education to communicate and co-operate with the Freedmen's Aid Society, with a view to secure, if possible and deemed wise, the establishment of a school within this Mission, under the auspices of said Society. We learn with delight that the Women's Home Missionary Society think favorably of opening an educational work within this Mission. We would heartily recommend to this Society this field, as one greatly in need of their transforming and elevating work.

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CHILDREN'S DAY.

We are pleased to learn that Children's Day was appropriately observed in a number of our charges this year. We recognize that a due observance of this day among us, in its specific design and true spirit, is a great delight and advantage to both the children and the church. We recommend its observance in all our charges, especially the English-speaking.

CENTENNIAL.

With great joy and profound gratitude to God, our Heavenly Father, do we emerge from the first century through which the Methodist Episcopal Church has passed.

We esteem it a great privilege to stand in this far-off land of the Aztec, where the ancient and the modern meet, and to survey this, the first receding century of our organized life, exhibiting marvelous growth and signal victories, and to cast our eyes into the future of hope awaiting our coming.

We are not forgetful of the myriads of our noble dead who have fallen in the immortal conflict for the triumph of truth and holiness, while pressing toward the day now upon us. We longingly hope and earnestly pray to enter the century now upon us in the full possession of that secret of God, which has been the success of this great church.

We learn that within all our American and some of our Mexican charges, most fitting and profitable Centennial services have been held.

We most earnestly hope and pray that the Centennial Conference of the various branches of Methodism, to be held in Baltimore in December,

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will be grand in scope and most blessed in results, according to the riches of grace and glory of Him who hath given to us his Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and blessed us with his Holy Spirit.

D. M. Brown and W. R. Kistler,
Committee.

We have given the more time and space to the above reports than we otherwise would because of their historic value at that early period of our mission. It shows that our preachers were alert to the doings and demands of the church.

Attention was also given to our Church Periodicals, the Bible and Tract Cause, Temperance, Self-Support, Sunday Schools, etc.

Chapter IV.

1886

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ENGLISH
SPEAKING MISSION

The annual meeting of the English Speaking Mission was held at Albuquerque, commencing October 7th, 1886. Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., LL. D., presiding. The secretary of the last session called the roll of the Conference and the following members answered to their names: S. W. Thorneon, J. S. Smith, W. R. Kistler, J. W. Sinnock, O. J. Moore, A. A. Kidder, N. W. Chase and A. R. Jones.

A few extracts from the Superintendent's report for 1886: "Kingston has, during the year, enjoyed a great boom in silver mining, over \$300,000 having been taken from one mine within six months, it has a population of about 1,200; Hillsborro, 200 and Lake Valley, 250, and not a preacher of the

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gospel living in the county. Santa Fe was supplied by Dr. Stoughton, of the Rock River Conference, until March of that year. After that, Rev. O. J. Moore, of Madison, N. J. A series of services were held and twenty conversions were reported and the church greatly strengthened; and that fallacy has been rebuked, that has so often been uttered, that 'God cannot convert souls in New Mexico.' At Las Vegas W. R. Kistler did a good work, having an average congregation of 87. The collections averaged over a dollar for missions and the largest salary of the whole mission, paid up. Rev. N. W. Chase had a good work at Socorro at the same time assisted in publishing our paper. It was called then El Metodista. Dr. Thornton reports for the first time El Paso and Magdalena and Carthage as appointments." The report showed that the Superintendent had traveled that year 24,108 miles. The report of Sabbath Observance was timely and strong. It was timely because as the Americans came in there seemed to be a growing tendency to forget God and his law, especially the law of the Sabbath.

An extract from the report on the Sabbath. "The Sabbath is ordained of God as a day of rest, and is to be observed as a day Holy to the Lord, and we should endeavor to impress upon all our people the fact that God holds it as such in New Mexico.

Resolved, That local customs are no excuse for

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our members engaging in social visiting, amusements and excursions upon the Sabbath day.

Resolved, That the rules of our church should be rigidly enforced, that we may convince the world that we do not approve of nor allow the violation of this day to go unnoticed.

Resolved, That we recognize the organized effort upon the part of the saloon men and Sunday violators for the repeal of the Sunday law, as dangerous to the interests of the territory, and that we hold ourselves in readiness for the defence of the institutions of our fathers."

The above cited resolutions will appear more timely and appropriate when we call to mind that when the railroad reached us there was a tendency on the part of many to almost disregard the Sabbath entirely. The writer calls to mind how he was earnestly solicited when the road had reached Las Vegas to go on the train one Sunday morning down the Mora Canon and preach to the party, "We'll have a platform," said my flattering friend and "the people will be delighted to hear you as you have been out here so long."

In the Pastoral Address of the Revs. J. S. Smith and A. R. Jones, attention was called to the importance of prayer and class meetings, love feasts and attendance upon the public means of grace and the family altar and private prayer, etc.

The Committee on Temperance brought in a strong report. The committee strongly endorsed

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the W. C. T. U. Also the Temperance Alliance was endorsed. Also a resolution expressing great sorrow on hearing of the assassination of the Rev. G. W. Haddock, of Iowa. The resolutions on temperance were wise and appropriate, as they had a strong bearing upon our Spanish work. Only a few years before this one of our best Mexican preachers on hearing an essay by one of our American preachers in which the essayist said, "Selling wine is of the devil, drinking wine is of the devil and making wine is of the devil," sprang to his feet and cried out, "*vamos, vamos,*" we'll go out, we'll go out, and took his whole family. This was at our first Conference in 1877, when Bishop Bowman was with us. It startled the whole audience. The session was soon adjourned. I went over at once and found a few of the brethren laboring with him but he was hard to move. He was a man of strong nerve and will power or he could not have stood off the errors of Romanism as he had so long. Such a man was worth saving. As I went in I heard him say, "what do I care for what Juan Wesley says, It's the Bible I take, show me in the Bible where it says it is wrong to drink or sell wine. I don't care what John Wesley or any other man says, it's the Bible I take." At this I said, "*Ay del que da de beber a sus companeros, que les acercas tu hiel y embriagas,*" (Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him," Hab. 2:15. At this he became calm and came back

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to the church as usual.

Other strong reports were adopted on Freedmen Aid, Books and Periodicals, etc.

THE SPANISH MISSION

Bishop Warren then held the Spanish Mission. It was held in the same American church. Nineteen preachers answered to their names. This number compared with the six who answered to roll call in the American Mission made quite a surprise to the people of Albuquerque. They were not aware that the Spanish work had taken such a hold upon the Mexican people.

EXTRACTS FROM MY ANNUAL REPORT

The Corresponding Secretary spoke as follows of the report:

“Our veteran superintendent gives in the following pages a full and fair exhibit of the work on his very important charge. He says “On presenting this annual report of the seventeenth year of my labors in New Mexico, I pause to express something of my thankfulness to the great Head of the Church for his sustaining grace and protecting power, and for new evidences of the truthfulness of his promise, ‘Lo, I am with you always.’ We are joyful over our past successes, and hopeful for greater victories in the future. We have occupied during the year twenty places. These, with little exception, might be termed centers, but about sixty other places have been occupied adjacent to some of the above.

The first group of places of which I shall speak

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lies north of Las Vegas and east of the main mountain range. Tiptonville, Ocate, Raton, Wagon Mound and Springer, and have been in charge during the past year respectively of Octaviano Torres, Lachoneus Frampton, Epifanio Flores, Benito Garcia and Juan Sandoval.

The second group of which I shall speak lies north of Santa Fe and west of the aforesaid range, and are Espanola, Taos, Costilla and San Pedro, in charge respectively of F. E. Montoya, Laureano Vargas, Alberto Jacobs and Alejandro Marchand. Brother Jacobs reports 23 conversions, Brother Vargas, 40; Brother Alexander, 59. Brother Marchand is a Frenchman by birth and education. He came to us from the Roman Catholic church. He taught our mission school at Costilla during the winter, and since April has been in charge of our new work at San Pedro. Brother Marchand was educated in France and graduated in a medical college, and followed that profession in his own country a few years; he was then employed and became a professor in a theological school for some seven or eight years, during which time the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him.

Brother Marchand gives evidence so far that he is a man of God, strong in the faith, bold and fearless defender of the faith.

Our third group lies south of Santa Fe and mostly on the Rio Grande, and includes Albuquerque, Albuquerque Circuit, Peralta, Chilili, La Joya,

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SOCORRO

This is the county seat of Socorro county, 78 miles south of Albuquerque, in the Rio Grande Valley; a live town of some 4,000 inhabitants, and the center of a county that contains fifty-three mining districts, and is thought by experienced men to afford subsistence for 500,000 head of cattle, besides thousands of acres of bottom land suited to agriculture. It is in such a center of vast possibilities, that we are planting our church here. N. W. Chase has wrought a good work during the past year, in the face of discouragements. We need, and in order to succeed, must at once build a church. The old church is occupied in part by the Spanish brethren, and Brother Chase has the use of the house on Sabbath evenings only. This is a serious drawback, yet though the membership is small, he has a good congregation and Sunday School, and keeps up prayer-meeting.

SPRINGER

This is the county seat of Colfax county, and a town of 400 people. We have no membership at present, but the importance of this and adjoining towns makes it imperative that we occupy the place.

Besides these already named, we have urgent invitations to occupy other places where no one has gone to break the bread of life to starving souls. We trust that now, while the church is raising its "million," we shall be remembered with enough to occupy these needy fields.

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Missions, 8; Money, \$5,600

Bishop Charles H. Fowler, D. D., LL.D., held the Conference and made the following appointments:

S. W. Thornton, Superintendent, Las Vegas.

Albuquerque, J. S. Smith.

Las Vegas, W. R. Kistler.

Las Cruces, to be supplied.

Magdalena and Carthage, to be supplied.

Santa Fe, to be supplied.

Hillsborro, to be supplied.

Raton and Blossburg, J. W. Sinnock.

Silver City, H. C. Coats.

Socorro, N. W. Chase.

Springer, S. W. Thornton.

Bishop Bowman had supervision of these missions but Bishop Fowler held the annual meetings this year and all were well pleased with him, this writer especially as we had had so much correspondence while the Bishop was the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Board.

THE NEW MEXICO SPANISH MISSIONS
Report for 1885

By Thomas Harwood, Supt.

John M. Reid, D. D., one of the Corresponding Secretaries, wrote as follows: The final annual report of the Mission, in its present organized form is now presented to the Church. Its nearness to Mexico and its indirect bearing on all our great Spanish work will at once suggest its importance, and cause the report of the year to be read with in-

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terest. Indeed, already important interchanges have taken place between this domestic Spanish work and our foreign missions in South America and Mexico.

It may yet come to pass that transfers will become general, and thus the life and energy of the whole Spanish mission field would be promoted. Ninety millions of people to the south of the United States speaking this tongue are enduring the worst form of corrupt Christianity, and destined to pass through an era of rationalism or positive unbelief before they reach the truth in Christ, unless the vital churches of our own land measure up to the immense demand of their necessities. An abstract of the Superintendent's report follows. He says:

"I present this annual report of the sixteenth year of my labors in New Mexico with gratitude to Him who "doeth all things well," for that kind providence that has been over us, guiding, directing, and protecting us, but especially for the health, prosperity and triumph of the past year.

I had charge of the English and Spanish work the first quarter of the year, before the division took effect, that is from October 1st to December 31st. During that time I dedicated two churches, one at Raton, in the English work, and another at Wagon Mound, in the Spanish work. Our church at Albuquerque had been ready for nearly a year, but the dedication was wisely deferred until our late Conference when Bishop Fowler dedicated it. This

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place is American work, and is referred to by me in this report only because it came under my jurisdiction until December 31st, when my relations with the American work ceased.

While this change was made at my own request, it brought with it a wave of sorrow at the thought of breaking up a network of so many pleasant associations that could in future be known only in the unwritten history of the memories of the past. Our work had had its storms, but for a few years past, it has been as quiet as the unruffled bosom of the sea, for which we shall ever be thankful and shall ever hold these brethren who helped to bring it about in grateful remembrance. And to these and others who have been with us in laying the foundations of this sterile field, I take this opportunity, as I have had no other, to say farwell

“Until we each the other greet,
At the dear Redeemed’s feet.”

In addition to all the above I will further say, that our school work, especially, needs to be strengthened. We ought to be able to open more schools, and to strengthen some already commenced. We ought to be granted sufficient money to purchase sites for churches, etc., while land is cheap.

At our last Annual Meeting Bishop Foss in his closing prayer said: “O, that each preacher may be able to report at his next Annual Meeting, at least twenty conversions.” Some of the preachers caught the idea, and, in the early part of the year began to

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speak, write and pray for it. The following conversions and accessions to the church are some of the results:

Costilla and Taos, Brother Jacobs, 27; Peralta, T. M. Harwood, 25; Coyote and Red River, L. Frampton, 23; Taos Circuit, 23; Espanola, F. E. Montoya, 25; La Joya, C. Salazar, 25. Total, 147.

The report also showed good results in the school work, schools having been maintained at ten different places, and nearly 300 Mexican children having been taught a part of the year, at a cost of only \$1,000 to the Board, the people paying about the same.

The report on education, with the discussions following, called attention to the importance of a school of a high grade in some central part of the Territory. The Bishop was asked to appoint a committee of one to cooperate with a like committee that might be appointed in the English Mission to locate a school of a high grade somewhere in the central part of the mission.

Missions, 19; Money, \$7,829.59

APPOINTMENTS

Thomas Harwood, Superintendent. (P. O. Tip-tonville, N. M.) Albuquerque, to be supplied; Costilla, Albert Jacobs; Coyote and Mora Valley, Lachoneus Frampton; Dona Ana, supplied by Syl-vestre Garcia; Espanola, supplied by F. E. Montoya; Las Cruces, Marcos Barela; La Joya, supplied by Cristobal Salazar; La Gallina, supplied by Epifanio

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Flores; Manzano and Chilili, supplied by Teodocio Chavez; Palomas Circuit, to be supplied; Peralta, F. N. Cordova; Peralta Circuit, Juan Garcia; Socorro, J. F. Cordova; Socorro Circuit, T. M. Harwood; Santa Fe, to be supplied; Springer, Juan Sandoval; Taos, Laureano Vargas; Tiptonville, Octaviano Torres; Valverde, Blas Gutierrez; Wagon Mound, Benito Garcia.

EDUCATION AND CENTENNIAL

In closing the first volume of this history we were hurried somewhat and failed to make special reference to the Centennial year of our church. At our Conference session in 1884, we appointed a committee on Education and Centennial who made the following report, although made 24 years ago it will be interesting as it will show that we were not inactive nor indifferent on the questions of the Church if we were far away and at times almost forgotten.

Your committee appointed to take under consideration the subject of Education and the Centennial of the Methodist Episcopal Church desire to report as follows:

Ten Mission Schools, in various localities in this Mission have been in progress a part of the year now closing. These schools have been taught as follows, viz:

Peralta, taught by Rev. N. W. Chase; Tiptonville, taught by Mrs. E. J. Harwood; Wagon Mound, taught by Miss Mollie Ford; Coyote, Mrs. M. G. Clark and Edward Walsh; Gallina, taught by Juan

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Sandoval; Toas, taught by Rev. T. M. Harwood; Socorro, by Miss May E. Brown, until a few weeks before her death; Dona Ana, Sylvestre Garcia; Santa Barbara, by William Bullard; Hillsboro, by Rev. A. J. Hardenbrook.

The average length of the terms of these schools has been four and a half months.

The Superintendent of the Mission, in his report says: "These schools are mostly on a small scale, but they seem to meet the demand and accomplish a vast amount of good. Some of them, however, are of an academic grade, as at Tiptonville, Peralta, and at Socorro. It is safe to say, I think, that in all these schools no fewer than three hundred poor children have attended. The interest in the cause of education, awakened by these schools, is of inestimable value as they show what good teachers can do and is a stimulant to the public school teachers to prepare better for their work.

The entire cost of sustaining these schools for the past year has been \$1,790. Of this sum, \$1,000 has been appropriated by the Missionary Society, and the balance paid by the patronizing people. * * *

We view with sorrow the extreme illiterate condition of the majority of the native people of this Territory. The census of the United States in 1880 reports the national illiteracy of this Territory at 65 per cent., the highest rate of illiteracy of any state or territory in the Union.

The Hon. W. G. Rich, ex-Secretary of the Terri-

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tory, reported in 1874 to the Commissioner of Education in Washington, "that the peons, or slaves, when the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was issued, constituted a majority of the people of this Territory."

There has been in operation within this Territory a public school system only since the year 1872; and this system during the twelve years of its existence has been in a very crude state, and quite limited in the extent of its operations. Ex-Secretary Rich in his report of 1874, above referred to, states that "most, if not all, the schools under the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Loretto receive a portion of the public school fund, and supplant, measurably at least, the public schools of their respective localities. The American Cyclopedia quotes ex-Secretary Rich in the year 1876 as follows:

"In a majority of the counties today, the school books and church catechisms, published by the Jesuits (and generally in Spanish), constitute the text books in use in the public schools; while in at least five counties public schools have been placed in direct charge of either the Jesuits or other religious orders or members thereof, kindred in character."

As members of this Mission, we desire to express our approval of the Act of the Territorial Legislature of 1884, in providing for the people of this Territory an improved system of public schools; and any improvement of our public school system, and its more efficient operation, we hail with delight.

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Socorro, Socorro Circuit and Valverde, in charge of respectively, David Alva, F. N. Cordova, Teo. Chavez, Juan Garcia, Cristobal Salazar, T. M. Harwood and Blas Gutierrez. The work has done well as a whole, but with a variety of successes as to individual places. Albuquerque is quite a central place, and a strong place for Romanism. It is said there are now 24 Jesuit Priests living in the old town of Albuquerque. David Alva is an Arabian by birth. He came to us a local preacher from the Methodist Church, South, and from Texas. Chilili lies east of Albuquerque, in and beyond the Manzano range of mountains. At La Joya we dedicated a church during the past year. At Socorro, T. M. Harwood, the pastor, reports 28 conversions during the year. He has also been one of the publishers of the New Mexico Methodist, a monthly published in English and Spanish. He reports in connection with his circuit work, 30,000 pages of Spanish literature during the past year.

The fourth group lies in the south part of the Territory, and includes Las Cruces, Dona Ana, La Mesilla Valley and Palomas Circuit. The Circuit lies west of the Rio Grande and embraces Hillsboro, Santa Barbara, etc., Marcos Barela in charge of the circuit, in connection with his work at Las Cruces, reports 26 conversions during the year."

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

The annual meeting was one of unusual interest.

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The two missions held their meetings conjointly at Albuquerque. Bishop Warren endeared himself to us by his wise counsels, kind words, and masterly sermons and discourses. The Sabbath was a high day. The Bishop ordained, on Sunday morning after love feast, nine deacons, as follows: Thomas Moore Harwood, J. F. Cordova, Octaviano Torres, Silvestre Garcia, Tolocio F. Chavez, Cristobal Salazar, David Alva, Alejandro Marchand and Epifanio Flores; and at night after the sermon he ordained seven elders as follows: Albert Jacobs, Juan Garcia, Laureano Vargas, Marcos Barela, David Alva, Alejandro Marchand and A. A. Kidder. The last named belonged to the American work.

SCHOOL WORK

In addition to our regular work we have had mission schools at the following places, each held about eight months, and scholars as follows: Tiptonville, 65; Peralta, 30; Upper Cerro, 40; Red River, 20; Costilla, 45.

SCHOOLS OF A HIGH GRADE

For several years past the subject of a school of high grade has been under consideration. As early as 1882, at the annual meeting held at Albuquerque, Bishop Bowman appointed this writer a committee of one with authority to call to his aid two or more others of the mission as he might see fit. The following paper will throw light on our first efforts towards the organization of the school. It will also

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show that there was great caution in making the location.

To the Revs. W. R. Kistler and D. M. Brown:

Dear Sirs and Brethren:—

You will remember at the last Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Albuquerque, Bishop Bowman appointed the Superintendent of the New Mexico Mission a committee on School Site, with authority to select two other preachers of the mission who should have authority with him to locate a Conference School. I have chosen you two brethren; and it will be our duty to proceed as early as possible to fix upon some suitable place for said school. If you will allow me, I beg to make the following suggestions:

First—As to Location.

As this is to be a "Conference School," or in other words a school for this entire Territory and other places adjacent to it, such as eastern Arizona, western Texas, northern Chihuahua, and perhaps southern Colorado; its location at once becomes a matter of importance; hence I would suggest that some prominent town as near the center of the Territory as practicable, such as Albuquerque, Socorro, Las Vegas or Santa Fe, be named. Might it not be well to consider each of these places, with its advantages as to location, commercial importance, future prospects, etc., and last, but not least, consider the amount of material aid in money or lands for school site or buildings, each place may

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propose to make, and other things being equal let these be tests and locate accordingly.

Second—As to the Character of the Proposed School.

It seems to me we ought at once to begin the preparatory work for a school that will be first class in every particular; something after the Colorado Conference plans for its school work. And to this end I would suggest that we begin to proceed as early as possible.

First—To locate the school.

Second—Secure by rents or otherwise suitable buildings so as to open school early this fall.

Third—Send east and procure a first-class gentleman and lady teachers as principals, who may proceed to grade the school as fast as the country will demand.

Fourth—Ask the Bishop at our next Conference to appoint the best talent in the Conference Corresponding Secretary and Financial Agent for said school, with authority to go east in earnest solicitation of funds for the erection of first-class buildings for said school, paying him a fair compensation for his services out of funds collected.

In this way we ought to build up the best school in the southwest. We ought to have something that every Methodist preacher and every Methodist man, woman and child, shall be proud of. We shall want only one such school in New Mexico. Let us locate it at some favorable point, this will leave several

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important places for other denominations. And it will leave for the public school, whose hearty advocates we are, an unbroken field. Let the public school be the common school for the country, here as elsewhere, and the denomination school be a specialty. Let us judiciously work, that the school proposed shall be of such a character that it shall ever stand as a monument of the wisdom and energy of its founders and supporters, and let us bear in mind, that a great cloud of Methodist people will watch our movements and rejoice in our success, and we trust will aid us by their prayers and material support.

It must be seen at a glance that the influence of such a school upon the town in which it is located, and upon this vast Territory, which is destined to become the home of millions, and a center of commercial wealth for ages to come, will be good, elevating and perpetual.

The wealth of thought in New Mexico must keep pace with her wealth of minerals and other resources. Her sons and daughters must find at home facilities for education. These facilities should be second to none any where, as her natural resources are second to none. Therefore the plan here proposed should receive a hearty endorsment and cooperation of all who desire the permanent welfare of New Mexico and especially of the town in which the school shall be located. The world moves and we must move with it, or be left behind.

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Respectfully Submitted,
Supt. of N. M. Missions Thomas Harwood.
Methodist Episcopal Church.

After this Rev. D. W. Potter was chosen to represent Socorro and Dr. J. M. Davidson to represent Santa Fe in their claims for the above named school.

Thomas Harwood,
D. W. Brown,
W. R. Kistler.

Chapter IV.

1887.

We spent so much time and space in 1886 that we cut this year, 1887, a little short and let the most of it present our school work. Our school work in New Mexico, as the reader must know, is a great factor in our missionary work.

The report on the location of a school as given in the last part of last year will indicate something of our interest in the educational work of the mission.

Mr. Thornton in his report of last year says: "The good providence of God has been most clearly shown in the establishment of Albuquerque College, in the City of Albuquerque, the commercial and railway center of the Territory.

Year after year a committee had been appointed to devise ways and means for the planting of an institution of learning somewhere in the Territory, but without success.

Since our last annual meeting, however, the way

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has been opened and step by step, we have been graciously led.

Of course, we ought to be careful and not encroach on each others ground. As superintendent of the Mission before it was divided I am sure I was careful, as for instance at Deming. I was the first to preach at that place. I held my services in the depot building. I presume I had larger congregations in the depot than I would now have in any of the churches. A year or so after that Rev. Mr. Willis, a man of considerable ability, who had traveled around the world, was put in charge of Deming and Hillsborro. By that time, however, Rev. Mr. Stanton of the Methodist Church, South, had arrived to take charge of the work. Mr. Willis said, "There isn't work enough here for Brother Stanton and me, besides that I can't bear the thought of succeeding at his expense; for I know that one or the other of us must fail, I like Stanton too well to go against him," said Brother Willis and asked to go on to California. In California Brother Willis has been a grand success and still is.

Well, here we are at El Paso, to determine whether we ought to remain and if so we must build a church and how shall we get at it? As I had advocated our right to share the place with our Southern brethren I rather led the way. I said when the Methodist Church, South, wanted to come into Albuquerque after we had preceded that church by several years one of the leading missionaries, I

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think from Nashville, said, we find that a certain per cent of the town is Protestant. The population is so much. Of that population about so many attend the Methodist Episcopal Church and all others, will be ours. That left us a good congregation. Brother Sinnock, the pastor, did a noble work at that place. The church cost \$6,000, \$2,000 were raised by the pastor. The church was not dedicated until the next year, and then by Bishop Walden, at which time the debt, except church extension, was raised.

First, we were offered the building known as the "Rio Grande Hotel," on Lead avenue, a substantial frame building 36x100 feet, two stories in height, containing thirty rooms, for \$4,000, a property that had cost its owner, \$7,500. * * *

A board of Trustees was elected, and the College chartered under the laws of New Mexico. The rooms on the ground floor papered and painted, school desks and furniture purchased, and Monday, September 5th, 1887, the school opened with an enrollment of sixty-eight students, which number has now increased to ninety-three students."

The faculty consists of Rev. Almon F. Hoyt, A. M., President; Prof. L. V. Wells, Mrs. L. N. Hoyt, Miss Alma R. Steward and Mrs. J. T. Johnson.

The Annual Conference was held this year at Albuquerque, September 29, 1887, Bishop J. M. Walden, D. D., LL. D., presiding. The ordinary work

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of the Conference had close attention. The bishop and the members, on invitation of President Hoyt visited the Albuquerque College Friday in the afternoon.

REPORT ON EDUCATION AT THE CONFERENCE

“We hail with delight the organization and establishment of the Albuquerque College in our midst. We are gratified to know that on the day the school was opened, we had an enrollment of sixty-eight pupils, and since has increased to ninety-three,” etc., etc.

We dedicated a new church at Doña Ana in October. The statistics of the Spanish mission show that there were 300 accessions.

Our annual meeting held at Wagon Mound by Bishop Walden was well attended and was a time of unusual spiritual power. Some of the brethren thought the bishop was a little severe at times. For instance, while one of the preachers was giving his report; the bishop asked how many pastoral visits he had made during the year? He answered, “*yo he hecho dos.*” That was, I have made two. I arose to explain. The bishop said, “sit down, Brother Harwood.” Of course I did. The bishop spent all of twenty minutes with him. In his reproof he said, “I think my brother you have done very little work this year. You have preached twice a week, held one prayer meeting a week and made two pastoral visits.” Then I said, “Bishop, may I speak now?” “Yes,” said the Bishop. “He

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doesn't understand you. He says he hitched up his team, went to the Bermejo and all over that section of the country, spending about two weeks holding meetings where he could, praying with the people where they would let him, also distributing tracts and bibles where the people would buy or accept them, etc. Then he returned and after a while took another journey in another direction, etc." "Is that what he means?" said the bishop, "Yes, that is what he says, and that is what he means." "Well, that alters the case," said the bishop.

OUR SCHOOL WORK

As I said a year ago so will I say again, "We need for our Spanish work a better educated ministry. Public schools, railroads and the influx of American people, all bear along the line of intelligence. We must therefore have better advantages for those who are seeking our ministry. The most of those we now have are doing well, and will likely serve their day creditably; but some of them are showing age and will soon be called out of the ranks of labor to their reward. We still believe that this is the place, here in this hardy, pushing, vigorous southwest, in the midst of these mingling American and Spanish elements, to educate and train men for Spanish work, either for this field or for other Spanish speaking people in southern Colorado, western Texas, Arizona and southern California, all within the limits of our own happy and highly favored republic.

Chapter V.

1888.

The English Mission held its annual mission meeting this year, 1888, at Raton, Bishop Thomas Bowman, presiding.

This was Superintendent Thornton's last year as he had already sent in his resignation. As I gave Brother Thornton's last report in full, however interesting this may be, I cannot find room but for a few extracts of this last one.

Dr. Thornton said: "Four years ago the New Mexican Mission was organized and placed under the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Bowman, from whom I received appointment to the superintendency. In July last, by reason of sickness in my family, and the necessity of their removal to some other climate I tendered to Bishop Bowman my resignation, to take effect at the close of this annual meeting. My resignation was accepted and I now beg to present this my fourth and last annual report."

"While conscious that some of my most cherished

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hopes of success have not been realized, yet I rejoice that the blessing of God has been upon our labors and we can report a marked advance. The past year has been the first in our history of thorough revival work. There have been conversions at all our missions; but in three of them sinners have been convicted and converted, believers strengthened, backsliders reclaimed, and all the people caused to say, "Surely the Lord is in this work." To our Methodists in the states the conversion of sixty-eight persons in our Mission in a year may seem to be a small result, but to us, who feel and know the opposition to the Gospel in this hard, sterile field, it is a mighty pentecostal baptism, and we hail it as a sure prophesy of that day when this land shall be filled with the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

"Allow me to bear witness to the faithfulness of our preachers. We have eleven of them present. Six of them have been at their posts of duty the entire year. They have preached the Gospel faithfully. Some have preached in the jails, have visited the hospitals, and pointed dying men to the cross. They and their families have worked in the face of discouragements enough to appal any man who sought not the glory of his Lord's work, and the Master has rewarded them by great success."

The report then took up the different appointments and spoke well of the preachers.

"At Albuquerque Prof. Hoyt was pastor and also President of the Albuquerque College. The

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school had done well. The church also prospered; there were nine conversions and a gain of thirty-three members by letter. The entire debt of \$456 was paid; a generous friend in Ohio contributed \$300 of it."

At El Paso, J. W. Sinnock and congregation had been worshipping in a skating rink. Bishop Bowman, Dr. J. M. Reid, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, Dr. Thornton and this writer had been called to consult as to the erection of a church building at El Paso. The Methodist Church, South, had the start of us. I preached there as early as October, 1873. Also across the Rio Grande in Juarez, Mexico, at night of the same day. I had about thirty-five in the congregation at El Paso and about sixteen at Juarez. The church site purchased on Myrtle and Ochoa streets 65x120 feet for \$1,200; the Board of church extension paying \$1,750, less \$550, raised by the people. I had earnestly plead for El Paso for some time before the Mission was divided. We had several Methodist families there who were anxious for the old church, but the Methodist Church South was there, and quite strong as many of the people had come from the south.

On January 1st, Brother S. C. Wright, of the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, was appointed in charge. The Lord has blessed his labors greatly. A revival of religion came to the church like fruitful showers

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upon the thirsty ground. Souls were saved, believers were quickened, members increased. The congregations became so large that 100 extra seats had to be provided. Brother Wright is greatly beloved by his people. He is able to report members, including probationers, and \$100 for the Missionary Society.

In March the house was dedicated by Bishop Walden, assisted by Rev. Thomas Harwood, Superintendent New Mexico Spanish Mission, and this writer, and the pastor, Rev. J. W. Sinnock. We raised \$500 when it seemed that every source had been exhausted. Brother Sinnock's health failed and he resigned and O. J. Moore was appointed to the work. The pastor and people are working unitedly and hopefully, and a glorious revival is the next in order.

At Kingston, Brother Chase is doing well and blessed triumphs have crowned his efforts at that place.

Las Vegas. This is one of the oldest and strongest charges, if, indeed any of them can be called strong. We part with Brother Engle with sincere regret. Since his removal two brethren of eastern conferences have in turn accepted the charge, but both have, on second thought, declined to come.

Raton. Brother G. W. Ray, of the Colorado Conference, continued to cultivate this field until the session of his own conference in August, when he was appointed to St. James, Denver, and bade

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New Mexico good bye. Rev. J. M. Rife, of Columbus, Ohio, was secured as pastor. He came to New Mexico inspired by the true missionary spirit, a desire to carry the Gospel into the region beyond.

Santa Fe. Brother O. J. Moore left the charge in July for El Paso. He had been in Santa Fe three years and a half, until he began to feel that his work there was done, and that another man there should give it a trial. This is the longest Methodist pastorate in the history of our church in New Mexico. A man who can hold so long under such discouragements has in him elements which are needed in our work in this Territory. Rev. G. P. Fry, of the Ohio Conference, will take charge next year, if it will be the will of Bishop Foster who is holding this Conference.

Silver City. Brother Williams has put in a busy year at this place. Indeed he is so constituted that he must be employed. Even New Mexico seems too small a sphere for his activities.

Brother Williams has made repeated missionary visits to a number of towns within a radius of sixty miles or more, preached to a large number who otherwise would not have heard the Gospel. This is a kind of work I have been urging all our preachers to undertake. * * * *

Socorro. Our church at Socorro has had a varied history. At times its life has run low. Brother W. T. Ford has been in charge during the year. In meetings held by him a number of souls were con-

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verted. Brother Ford left the charge in the early spring and was absent more than four months, traveling as financial agent of the Albuquerque College, a position to which he was appointed a year ago by Bishop Bowman. * * * We should be the first to enter a town and the last to leave it. To withdraw one year when business is dull, and enter the next when there is a boom, will result in some of our members uniting permanently with other churches, and we will not be able to recover what we have lost.

Springer. Springer is pre-eminently a missionary field. Ours is the only Protestant church in the town; but for us the people would be practically without the Gospel. Brother Harper has not confined his efforts to Springer. He has been going out in the surrounding towns and villages, and into the mountains, wherever he could get a hearing. Nor has he done this for the money there was in it, for the collections have been meager. He has gone to the poor, the sick, the dying, and ministered unto them. I believe there are yet better days for Springer.

Chama. In May, last, Brother O. J. Moore and I went to Chama, held a two weeks revival meeting, and took steps to organize a church.

Chama is a town of about 500 people, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, the end of a division of that road and center of an extensive lumber and grazing region.

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The people were hungry for the Gospel, and expressed a willingness to pay for it. Brother S. H. Kirkbride, of the Troy Conference, who was recommended to me by Bishop Warren, was secured as pastor. He has taken hold of the work with true Methodist zeal, has organized a circuit, has gathered twenty members, most of them a superior class of people, taken a subscription for a church, and won the esteem of all the people. * * *

East of Albuquerque, forty miles, beautifully situated among the mountains, is a mining camp of ten or twelve hundred people. I went over in June and found a few people who seemed to be saying to themselves, "No one cared for my soul." Securing the dining room of the largest hotel for evening service I went from house to house inviting the people to attend. While this was being done the whole town was thrown into the wildest excitement by a murder committed on the street. The coroner's inquest, instead of a Methodist service was held in the evening at the hotel, thus the devil prevented our first service.

Brother Wright has gone several times and is doing good service. He secured \$500 in subscriptions for a church. This is a most needy field. It should have \$1,000 and a missionary next year. * * *

Some Figures—These will show something of what we are doing to build up Christ's Kingdom.

The best of all is, we have had 63 conversions. This is a Territory where for many years it has been

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said that conversions were impossible.

We have raised \$500 for missions—an increase of \$130, or $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent over last year. This is an average of \$1.30 per member, including probationers.

We have collected for church building and repairs \$3,908, and reduced the indebtedness on church property, \$2,400. We have raised for all purposes, local and connectional, \$14,500, which is an average of \$32.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per member, including men, women and children. This is benevolence which we seldom see excelled among people of moderate means.

I have come to feel more and more as the year has advanced that it means a great deal to be a missionary in New Mexico. The work has its peculiar and numerous trials, privations, and burdens. It requires a high order of consecration and Christian heroism. To endure the isolation, to breast the tide of unbelief and worldliness, to sow and plant and cultivate where few sheaves are garnered, and to struggle to make a family comfortable on a meager salary where the cost of living is so high—all this tries the mettle of a man.

At Kingston, Brother Chase had a good year. Early in the year the Board of Church Extension came to his aid with \$500 as a donation and he built a stone church 30x50 feet, at a cost of about \$1,200, this was not finished for dedication until the next year. Brother Kistler was doing a good work at

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Las Vegas but his health failed and J. Engle of the West Virginia Conference took his place. Brother Engle held a revival service and twenty-seven were converted and Las Vegas had a spiritual uplift. At Raton Brother Ray had a fine year. The superintendent in speaking of the pastor said, "he is not only a ray, but a flood of light to his town and people." Brother Moore at Santa Fe was still active, a revival which commenced early in his ministry at that place seemed to continue and from time to time, says the superintendent, souls were converted. Rev. W. H. Williams and family came to Silver City early after the conference and held revival services with good results, eleven souls were converted. Rev. J. A. Lowe was returned to Socorro, but at the end of four months he withdrew from us and joined the Presbyterian church. In the following July, Rev. W. T. Ford, of the Arkansas Conference was employed for Socorro; quite a number were converted.

At Las Cruces Rev. J. H. Fraser had charge. It was found, says Dr. Thornton, that the Methodist Church, South, had members there and Dr. Thornton thought best to withdraw our preacher from there and put him at Springer. I have thus given quite a detail of Dr. Thornton's last year in the Mission, naming, I believe all his preachers. In conclusion he says very tenderly. "In closing this report I desire to express my thanks to my brethren who have toiled with me in this Mission for their uniform love and kindness to me. Our fellowship

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has been sweet and my association with them shall be among the most precious memories of my life." He then says, "My prayer is that the work of the Lord may abundantly prosper in New Mexico."

Dr. Thornton had also spoken of the school, the Albuquerque College. He said, "Albuquerque College has been carried successfully through its first year, and enters upon its second year with flattering hopes of success." He further says, "At Silver City in the southwestern corner of the Territory, the citizens donated a tract of about 200 acres of land, platted into 1,300 lots, on condition that we erect a \$5,000 building within three years. As Silver City is 278 miles by rail from Albuquerque we saw that the two institutions would not conflict, so we accepted the terms and chartered Silver City College." I am sorry to say that I never heard of this college until several years after the charter had been granted. Some one made inquiry about some lots that he had bought. It embarrassed me to have to say that that was the first I had ever heard of it. I don't know what ever became of it.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE SPANISH WORK

"If I should say, as is often said in the general reports in New York, that this Mission was commenced in 1850, it would be true, but the work was not kept up, only at intervals, until 1866 and 1868, and more particularly in 1869, when it was opened, and has ever since been kept up and pushed vigorously.

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To say also, as the General Report has had it for a few years past, that the Mission was organized in 1884, is true in one sense, but also misleading. The English and Spanish were operated as one work until 1884. The work was then divided into two missions English and Spanish, as we now have them, and as the English retains the old name and the Spanish takes the new name, "New Mexico Spanish Mission," we presume it is proper to say our Mission was organized. But I notice the same is said of the New Mexico (English) Mission. The facts are that the Mission was organized in 1872, but we were not visited by one of the bishops until 1877. Then in June of that year Bishop Bowman made us an Episcopal visit—held our annual meeting in Peralta, and organized the Mission. It is true we held a meeting the year before that and had a very interesting time with several of the brethren present. It was held at Peralta, Nov. 26, 1876. The meeting was called by the superintendent, Thomas Harwood, who read and translated into Spanish paragraphs 259 and 260, of the Discipline, under which the work of the mission was done. The session was opened by reading in English and Spanish, the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians, prayer in English by Thomas Harwood and in Spanish by Ambrozio Gonzales. This was our first annual meeting. Thomas Harwood, Superintendent from Tiptonville; John Steele, pastor at Peralta, Ambrozio Gonzales, assistant at Peralta; Benito Garcia, pastor at Ciruelita; George

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Murray, Cimarron, were present. Rev. George Murray was elected secretary for the English minutes, John Steele for the Spanish. At this annual meeting it voted to hold the next annual meeting at Peralta and requested that the bishop having Episcopal supervision make us a visit and hold our next annual meeting, and so Bishop Bowman visited us the next year. This being the first time the brethren had ever met one of our bishops and coming from afar, and some of them had never met each other. It was a time of great joy. Brother Ambrozio, as we all called him, was glad to see that Protestantism was not all dead and that Methodism was still alive. We had at that place a splendid mission still alive. We had at that place a splendid mission school managed and taught by Brother and Sister Steele. They did a grand work at that place, their names and influence still live in the memories of the people.

But back to our subject in 1888. I said that Bishop Bowman made us a visit in 1877. Our mission was surely organized at that time and it was a time of great joy. There were five members present. Ever since that time we have had a bishop with us once a year except once. Bishop Bowman has visited us and held our annual meeting for four years, and has endeared himself to us very much. Our brethren often speak of him as "*Nuestro muy amado Obispo Bowman*," Our beloved Bishop Bowman.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MY REPORT OF 1888.

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A Methodist Colony was formed this year, of Mexican families out on a part of what used to be known as the "Staked Plains." Rev. L. Framton was at the head of the colony. They built a chapel aided by the Board of Church Extension. The colony was among the sheep ranches and the people were scattered, but frequently came from their distant homes and herds to attend religious service at the chapel, the people paid about \$100. We had one time about thirty-nine members at that place. At Wagon Mound the brethren collected about \$100 to fence the cemetery and notwithstanding that our tombstones were broken, head boards marred, fence torn down and burned, we put up a new one.

We erected two churches in the northern group of appointments, one at Española and one at Taos. The church at Taos was badly damaged in a storm, which involved an extra cost of several hundred dollars. It was dedicated December 9th. We were considerably indebted to Rev. Albert Jacobs for his energy in aiding in the erection of the building. He being a carpenter did much of the work with his own hands. Rev. T. M. Harwood, my nephew, was our first preacher and teacher at Taos. He had a good school and a fair congregation. The church organization was due to him more than to any one else.

My nephew made the acquaintance of a Dr. Shade, who had just come to Taos and hung out his shingle and as he could not speak Spanish, the young teacher

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or preacher was a great help to him, in fact, they were a great help to each other. The doctor was Methodist and a devout Christian. They roomed together, boarding themselves. They were both very abstemious, not even using coffee or tea. At one time while my nephew was there Brother Jacobs and I visited them and passed the night with them. It was a splendid visit and we had good religious service but the supper and breakfast were both minus coffee and tea. Nothing was said to indicate but that all was going well until Brother Jacobs and I were on the road next day. While driving along climbing the mountain road, having to walk up the hills occasionally, Brother Jacobs remarked, "I don't feel very well because we had no coffee this morning for breakfast." Pretty soon we were in sight of a smoke. Jacobs said, "That's a Mexican camper getting his dinner, let's go up and see if we can't get some coffee?" Just as he drove up, (by the way, the buggy was mine and horse was his) he saw the coffee pot on the smouldering fire, it pleased him so that he gave the horse a cut with the whip, the horse jumped and snatched the buggy wheel into a gopher hole and broke it pretty badly. That led him to growl out a little roughly and say, "A man to keep such a buggy as this ought to be fined." After we had the coffee and came out to where the buggy was, Brother Jacobs said, "A man to drive into such a place as that is a fool;" at which I said, "now you are coming to your senses," and we both had a

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hearty laugh. Moral—Drinkers, especially coffee drinkers better not quit off too suddenly.

At Albuquerque a nice church has been built this year. It was dedicated at the conference by Bishop Bowman, October 8th, and the debt of \$300 lifted. The bishop paid \$55 of that amount, for which the brethren said to the bishop, "*mil gracias*," that is a thousand thanks.

At the Conference the Bishop baptized three beautiful Mexican babes, kissing each as he handed it back to its mother, much to the pleasure of the audience but especially to the parents of the babies. He also ordained eight Mexican preachers. At Socorro, our dearly beloved pastor, the Rev. Benito Garcia, took sick, and with his family, by advice of his doctor we took him to his former home at Wagon Mound, where after a few weeks he died in great peace, June 17, 1888. He was the first ordained Mexican Protestant preacher in the world, so far as we know. He was ordained at Denver, by Bishop Wiley in 1877. Brother Blas Gutierrez has had an average congregation all the year of sixty persons.

El Paso is new work, but Rev. David Alva has done well, but by the earnest solicitation of the Rev. Dr. Adams, superintendent of the Arizona Mission, he was permitted to go to Tucson and did a good work at that place.

We regret that as our borders have been extended, taking in the state of Chihuahua, that our

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appropriation should have been cut down.

SELF-SUPPORT

We regret that this Spanish work does not look more rapidly toward self-support, but we are doing a little better every year and considering the fact that we are cut off entirely from the American work, I suppose we ought not to complain.

In this respect we are different from any other mission in the world. All others have some Americans and Americans are always liberal because they have been taught and drilled to be so. Take Mexico or South America and you will notice wherever there are Americans the collections and self-support stand well. But here in New Mexico the Americans are supposed to help the American work. Even the Woman's Home Missionary Society, I think, pay nearly all their collections into the English speaking work. Our Mexican preachers are supposed to pay about five per cent of their salary to the benevolent collections. Were the women teachers to do the same, as I suppose they do in Mexico or South America, it would likely add several thousand dollars to our annual collections. I refer to this only to show to what a disadvantage we are put compared with other missions.

A FEW COMPARISONS.

While we express our regret that our Mission is not developing into self-support as fast as it ought to do we are glad to say that it is doing better every year, and compared with the next leading sister de-

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nomination in the Spanish work in this Territory, we stand as fourteen to one; that is to say, all the collections, as per report for the year ending 1888, our Spanish in this Mission has paid fourteen times as much as theirs. While we are in this line we will venture a little further, not with an invidious spirit, for we believe all the missions to which we shall refer, are doing well, a grand, heroic work. Counting the cost of mission funds from 1872 to the present time, 1888, less the value of church property acquired during this time, including the general collections returned to their respective boards, the ratio stands as follows, as per our figures, and we think they are correct:

New Mexico Spanish, 1; New Mexico English, 3; Mexico, 6; South America, 6, 5; Italy, 7; and the aforegoing said leading sister church, 14; that is to say, an American convert has cost the funds of the church, here in the same field three times as much as a Mexican convert; in Mexico, six times more; in South America, six and one half times more; in Italy, seven times more and our aforesaid sister denomination fourteen times more.

With respect to the American it should also be remembered that the most of the members were converted when they came to this territory. Has it not then cost three times as much to keep the American converted as it has to enter the Spanish field and bring these priest-ridden people from Romanism? But not exactly that; the Americans are so restless

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out here, they come and go to such an extent that it becomes exceedingly difficult to keep the depleted ranks in the membership filled up. I find that Dr. Thornton, during four years of his administration has given out about 100 church letters, about 55 this present year, yet his increase that year was 62. His entire membership at the close of his administration was 265 members and 46 probationers. Total, 311.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MY REPORT OF 1888.

But why make comparison as above? I answer, It is in justice to our heroic workers at this end of the line; and to those who have been responsible in leading out the most promising of these native men who gave evidence of usefulness and have clothed them with ministerial honors. Of course it was an experiment, for no one could tell how they would come out. A prominent minister in the Presbyterian church once said to me, "We are waiting to see how your ordained men come out before we ordain many of ours."

If ours are all ignorant and unworthy men how are we to account for the work they do? It is true that most of them have been gathered up from the common walks of life, but they, as a rule, are faithful to their work, the people hear them gladly and are brought out from darkness into light through their influence. We think we see the Lord's hand in all. Two of our most efficient and heroic men have passed away, namely, Rev. Ambrozio Gonzales and Cenito Garcia. As time passes their names become

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more and more honored." But what I wish to call your attention to more particularly in this report is the fact that we need in the Mission a better educated ministry for this Spanish work. While in the past the farmer could leave his stick plow in the field, the herdsman his lowing cattle, the sheep herder his bleating flocks, and the freighter his ox train, and spring into the field of ministerial conflict, and meet the demands of the times, can we expect it long to be so? A new civilization is beginning to shine over this Spanish southwest. The Protestant denominations are vying with each other in school work. It is fair to suppose that, through the mission schools of our own church, more than a hundred Mexican children can read now who could not read a year ago. A question over which two of our preachers disputed ten years ago, as to whether the Philadelphia in which Bishop Simpson then resided is the same Philadelphia of which John the Revelator speaks, could now be answered by many of our little boys and girls in our mission schools. A mistake once made by one of our mission preachers, which cost the superintendent of the mission \$20, could now be solved by probably 300 out of the 400 scholars in our mission schools; namely, how many adobes can be made for \$50 at \$7 per thousand? And still another gave up in despair the solution of the problem: What will be the cost of five oranges at five cents each? The man is now a good preacher and has brought into the church many people. He

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was studious, studied arithmetic, geography, and mastered quite well the Spanish course as laid down in the Discipline. No wonder then we want a better educated ministry. I ought not to forget to state, however, that we have some fairly well educated Mexican preachers among us. I think the most of those we have taken into the ministry compare favorably well with the average local preacher of forty or fifty years ago. It was about sixty years ago that an elder in another denomination challenged the writer to meet him at his house at some time to debate and to prove that the Sunday School, Bible and tract cause were three of the horns of Daniel's ten horned beast. If I had not borrowed Dr. Adam Clark's commentary, and made pretty good use of it, I am not sure but that I would have been beaten in the debate. A little later than that I heard another, who held about a thousand people spell bound with his eloquence, say, "the stars are only lamps the angels are holding out to light our souls to glory." Our Mexican preachers are straight on the Sunday school, Bible, tract cause, but probably know very little about Daniel's beast of ten horns, or astronomy.

At present we are not ashamed of our preachers for considering the opportunities they have had they do exceedingly well. "No wonder," you will say, "that we want schools." Only a very little money would open a bible department in our Albuquerque College. We hear of thousands of dollars being

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poured into the benevolent channels of the South, which ought to be done, but why not let some of it come this way? But we forget, a little is coming this way through the Woman's Home Mission Society, for which we are very thankful. Perhaps twenty or more of our preachers have received boxes or barrels of clothing during the year, for which we return to the good women thanks. We hail with delight the coming of our sisters of the Woman's Home Missionary Society among us to open their school work in our Territory.

Spanish Missions, 10; Money, \$6,000.

My Salary, \$900; Travel, \$100.

Chapter VI.

1889.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT, REV. T. L. WILTSEE.

I know of nothing better in introducing the new superintendent to the work of this mission and to the readers of this history than to give the superintendent's first report. The Rev. Mr. Thornton, four years ago began the superintendency of the Mission. He began with great hopes for success but failed to see his hopes fully realized. But his work was far from being a failure. The man who does his best is never a failure. He may feel that he has failed, but he has not.

Dr. Wiltsee says in his first report to the Mission: "I came to this work as soon as possible, after receiving my appointment from Bishop Bowman, and I have labored ceaselessly without vacation or rest. I have never encountered greater difficulties or worked harder, yet never had a better year, in many particulars.

About four months of the winter and spring I spent helping the pastors in revival meetings. We were made glad at seeing souls saved and added to the church. This encouraged us to believe that New Mexico may have what, as yet, she is a stranger to,

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deep and wide-spread revivals of religion.

I have preached 170 times during the year, and have traveled about 20,000 miles. I have endeavored to be helpful to the pastors, in both their spiritual and temporal work. It has been a great pleasure to me to urge upon our people, the paying of their pastors as liberally as possible, and thus work up to the point of self-support.

In all the work of the year, I have tried steadily to stand with Sami Jones on the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount, and at the same time on the Methodist Discipline. Nor do I find in this effort to stand upon the three, that any great stride is demanded. The three are close together. Our church law as formulated in the Discipline is in harmony with the Divine law, as expressed in the Decalogue and Sermon on the Mount. It is a matter of vital necessity to us in New Mexico that we be loyal to our antecedents, in our spirit and in our methods. To compromise with the evil forces about us, will leave us like Samson, after his nap on Delilah's lap. The devil would be pleased to have us lower the standard of godliness, and with this object in view, plies us with one of his infernal maxims: "When in Rome we must do as Rome does."

We, as loyal preachers, are needed in this Territory. The sins which Methodism has to make war upon are rife here. Sabbath desecration, intemperance, and licentiousness prevail to an alarming extent. Infidelity is wide-spread and bold-faced. A considerable portion of our English speaking population never enter the sanctuary. Many church members do and say things here which they never thought of doing and saying in the east.

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It is assumed that what is black east of the Missouri river, is white west of it. Here are representatives of many countries and most of the states of our country. Here are healthseekers, adventurers, and eager money gatherers. These are coming and going all the time. Thus, the field we cultivate for the Master, is seen to be peculiar. The difficulties with which we contend, arise from these social and moral conditions.

The moral soil of New Mexico, like the arid plains of the Territory, demand irrigation. The streams of salvation need to be turned this way.

Consecration, prayer and faith are the aqueducts which bring the water of life to thirsty souls. These should be largely and constantly employed.

Methodism is adapted to meet these peculiar conditions. Upon the Methodist Episcopal Church rests a large share of the responsibility of evangelizing this great territory. We need more money and more men, but, more than all, we are already in the field, preachers and laymen, need a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost.

It may seem a little tedious and a partial repetition to give the names of appointments and the preachers again but as we gave them when Brother Thornton came on it will be but fair to give them in part for Brother Wiltsee. It will be seen also that there are a few new appointments and quite a change in the preachers. Two of the most prominent had passed away, the Rev. A. F. Hoyt and the Rev. W. R. Kistler.

Albuquerque. Our church in this growing and central city has had an interesting year. At the very beginning of the year a great affliction came upon us.

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Brother A. F. Hoyt, who had served the church very efficiently as pastor during the previous year, while he also managed the affairs of the College as president, was taken sick at the Conference at Raton, he reached home a few days after adjournment, when the disease suddenly culminated in death. The blow fell very heavily upon the charge and upon the family and many friends in Albuquerque and elsewhere. Prof. W. Bowser was immediately placed in charge. He sustained this relation to the church until December 30th, the preaching being done by Rev. E. S. Stockwell, a local preacher.

My heart has been stirred with deepest sympathy for some of those men and their families. One has been separated from his family by five hundred miles because of sickness, and has lived the life of a bachelor. In another case boarders have been kept in order to prevent incurring debts which would embarrass the brother in his work. Another brother has served as private tutor that he might supplement a small salary. Another family has lived in a little three story board shanty, with a ceiling so low as almost to touch the head as one passes from room to room. Another brother, alone in the world, has led a life of such spiritual isolation as could scarcely be eclipsed were he in the heart of Africa.

In the English Mission there were, Missions, 10; Money, \$6,000. Superintendents salary, \$1,000; house rent, \$300; travel, \$100.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

It will be noticed that both Brother Wiltsee and Brother Thornton speak of revivals as an unlooked for thing. It is true that it used to be said that "not a single 'amen' had ever crossed the Raton range

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until the Methodist preachers came." I don't know how that might have been, but I do know that revival services were held before either Brother Wiltsee or Brother Thornton came. Father Dyer held a protracted meeting about two weeks in Santa Fe in 1870. In 1869 he and I held a meeting in Elizabethtown and early in 1870. There were several claimed conversions, but it was not an easy thing for want of lay-help.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE FOR 1889.

The annual Conference was held this year, the English at Silver City by Bishop Foster, and the Spanish at Albuquerque by the same bishop. The bishop endeared himself to the brethren at both conferences.

I have not given much of the Spanish work in this year.

THE NEW MEXICO SPANISH MISSION.

We must content ourselves with only a synopsis of the Spanish so as to save time and space.

Our report at the Conference showed an increase over the previous year of 219, the whole number being 1,256. We thought this a good showing when we called to mind that 40 of our members had gone into Arizona and Mexico during the year.

We attribute the above good showing of our work, in part, to the fact that we have held some old fashioned Methodist revival efforts among us. They have not been attended, perhaps, with that old-fashioned, sin-slaying, and soul saving power witnessed elsewhere, but a calm and deliberate turning to the Lord. Some of the preachers have reported accessions to the Church as high as fifty during the year, as at Taos, Socorro and El Paso.

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If you inquire, as in the prophecy to the Idumeans in Isaiah, "Watchman, what of the night?" we answer, the night is long and dark and dreary, but the "morning is coming," praise the Lord, and the burden of Dumah is, "500 souls next year for this Spanish Mission."

We caught this burden for 500 conversions at the English Mission at Silver City. It was prayed for, for that Mission, in almost every meeting. It was reiterated by the superintendent, emphasized by Dr. Leonard and Bishop Foster. We caught the inspiration and brought it to our mission at Albuquerque, and the burden now is 500 conversions in this mission this year. This number looks large to a poor doubting Thomas, with all the difficulties now confronting us, but, with the promise of him who said, "Lo, I am with thee," we will do our best. It was a great privilege to have Dr. Leonard with us this year.

He is the first of our Missionary Secretaries we have ever had with us. After all our correspondence to have one of them come and see for himself our work and its needs is a great privilege.

OUR SCHOOL WORK AGAIN.

There is no part of our work more important than schools. We have had schools at twelve different places during the year. It is surely a great privilege to visit these schools and see the boys and girls with books in hand studying their lessons. It is true we hear of the Roman Catholic priests making fun of our schools with boys and girls in the same rooms and in the same classes, and reciting their lessons together. It makes but little difference to your superintendent who laughs or who cries so that we

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know that we are doing good. And more than that we know the time is near when in our public schools even here in New Mexico, the same customs must be followed that we are now following, namely, boys and girls in the same school.

If the church could *see* this work as we see it and *feel* its importance as *we feel* it, missionary collections would multiply *dimes* into *dollars*, *ones* into *tens*, *tens* into *hundreds* and *hundreds* into *thousands* of dollars.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MY REPORT OF 1889.

"The Woman's Home Missionary Society is doing good work in our Spanish Mission. In behalf of our preachers I wish to express thanks for clothing received during the past year for them. The Girls' Industrial School at Albuquerque, under direction of Mrs. Norton, is doing good work. Also the school at Las Vegas and the one among the Apaches. We bid our sisters of the Woman's Home Missionary Society God speed in their great work among us.

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Chapter VII.

1890.

We would not give any of 1890 in this part of the history only it is Brother Wiltsee's last year and his last report and it would seem better to finish up his part of the work so as to have his altogether.

ALBUQUERQUE COLLEGE.

As this school has been much on the heart of this writer he desires that others should know more of its earlier history and so we give Brother Wiltsee's last words for the school just a little before he left us.

"The only institution of learning we have in the Territory is the Albuquerque College. It is a necessity to our work. * * *"

Some of the denominations are expending large sums of money for schools. We should do the same. Strong institutions cannot be built up without large expenditures. The College has had its severe struggles in its infancy. Last year our pupils were few and the interest ran low. It looked as if we were going to be swamped. Changes were made in the faculty by the board of trustees, and the new year opens with enthusiasm. We have a very competent body of teachers and the school starts off well. But we have a heavy debt upon the building, which must

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be provided for. We need a new building and endowments, and all that pertains to an institution worthy of the church. Where is it to come from? The Lord has it somewhere, and we believe it will come. We want our chief pastors to do for us what they have done for similar institutions,—plead for us and turn the attention of the rich and liberal men of the church this way.” * * *

In this connection, I might speak of the Silver City College enterprise.

It seems quite certain that to divide our attention and efforts between the Albuquerque school and the Silver City school would result in the defeat and disaster to both. It looks, therefore, as if we should fail to comply with the conditions upon which 1,300 lots were to be given, and they should revert to the city. But since most of the money paid for the lots, or donated, came from Methodists and was designed to aid the cause of Methodist education in New Mexico, and inasmuch as only a very few of the lots have been deeded away by the city, it would seem right and just that the trustees give to this mission for its educational work all of the several hundred dollars in their treasury not otherwise expended.

The writer of this history knew at the time, and after that, that there was a strong effort made to put the school at Socorro, also at Las Vegas and at Silver City, but he did not know until Bishop Hamilton was here to hold our Conference at San Marcial, that lots had been sold and deeded for the benefit of the school at Silver City. I surely was never consulted about it which I ought to have been as I was chairman of the committee on location. In fact, I thought it was a mistake of Bishop Hamilton, until

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he told me that he bought some lots at that place and paid for them in order to help the school. I have no doubt many schools have been started in this way and perhaps both the school and the town have been benefited, but I never felt like risking so much.

In the location of our school at Albuquerque, Bishop Fowler was with us. He went with us all around Socorro and Albuquerque. The business men of both places were with us. The Bishop was always great on a joke. While out about Socorro, one of the business men said: "You don't want to put your school at Albuquerque, it is so sickly there; why dig down a foot or two and you come to malaria." The Bishop asked, "Don't you have much sickness here?" "Not much," replied the other man. Pretty soon we came to a cemetery. The Bishop looked at the cemetery and said, "Why, your people die out here, I see." "Not many die," said the other man. The Bishop replied, "that makes me think of the old timer out in California. A stranger was there from the east. The California people wanted to make a good impression, of course, on the stranger. As they were riding out, showing the stranger the sights he asked, 'How is the health out here?' 'Oh, no sickness at all,' said the driver. 'But the people die, when they die, what do they die of?' 'They don't die, the doctors starve to death.' Pretty soon they came to a cemetery. The stranger asked, 'What's that?' I thought you said the people don't die out here,' 'No, I said the doctors starve to death and there is where we have buried them,' said the driver."

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

"The Navajo reservation, one of the largest in the

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country, lies partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona. The tribe numbers over 20,000. They are intelligent and industrious and have some wealth and are far in advance of most of our Indians. Though surrounded by Christians on all sides, yet for long years nothing has been done for their salvation. During the past few months the salvation of the tribe has been put upon my heart. I have thought and planned and prayed much on their behalf. Having received encouragement to begin the work, I visited the reservation in June, and reported to Chaplain McCabe and the secretary of the W. H. M. S. I was authorized to select sites for schools and missions, find a man to begin the work at once. In August, Brother Thomas Harwood and H. B. Antes and myself visited the Navajo reservation for the purpose of selecting the best sites we could find for buildings on that reservation. Brother Harwood went with me, by request of the Board at New York. Nearly two weeks were occupied by the visit. Brother Antes, with rare consecration, went as our first missionary. We came back more than ever convinced that here is a rare opportunity for our church to do missionary work among a most needy people; such an opportunity as we cross the seas again and again to seek. The Missionary Society that was born on an Indian reservation ought not to let a tribe of 20,000 Indians perish without the bread of life. We will ask the General Committee to make an appropriation of \$8,000 or \$10,000 to begin the work this fall. Brethren, pray that our request may be granted."

Further extracts from Brother Wiltsee's report:
 "I have been cheered and comforted throughout

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the year by the fellowship of my brethren who have become endeared to me. The Lord has graciously blessed us, not only in the sanctuary, but also as we have bowed together in prayer, in the home, on the mountain top and even on the plains. And now I lay down this charge to take upon my shoulders and heart another. I leave this field with the blessed sense of having done my level best to cultivate the field for God and Methodism.

As I undertake this work among the Navajos, two visions have ever and anon risen up before me to cheer and inspire to consecration. The first scene is located as to time just a few years hence. There is a Methodist camp meeting on the Navajo reservation. The Spirit of God is being poured out upon the people. A rude altar is filled with seekers with skin of reddish hue. While they pray and wait the promised blessing comes and the forest of great pines is made to echo and re-echo with the shouts of new-born souls and the singing of Methodist hymns. It is a time of great joy, and, thank God, I am there to share it.

The second scene is located just yonder, a little further in the future. Time is no more. The earth and the works that are therein are burned up. The new Heaven and the new Earth have appeared. The Angels have rolled out the great White Throne. Upon it sits the Judge whose eyes are as a flame of fire. Before Him stands the congregated universe. From His lips falls the sentence of the just, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and as the innumerable multitude of redeemed souls file away to the right of the Judge, I see here and

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there in the mighty procession a company of blood-washed Navajos who have learned to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. It is a scene of greatest joy and by the Grace of God we will be there to share it."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be, blest."

These lines of Pope were well suited to Brother Wiltsee. He was a wonderful man in some respects. He was fluent in speech, far above the average. I remember I told him about the time he was thinking about giving up the superintendency of the English Mission for the Indian work, that he was making a mistake. That, the fluency of speech, of which he was abundantly endowed, ought not to be lost in Indian work or anything that will require an interpreter, for in bringing a second person between you and the person spoken to, your ease and fluency of speech will be in a great measure lost. Hope is a distinct faculty of the mind. It is a wonderful blessing when not too fully developed. Man's aspirations are the tokens of his greatness, but when not tempered by his better judgment they may lead him astray. I went with Brother Wiltsee and Brother Antes on the trip through the Navajo reservation. I was often surprised that they could see so much more in those Navajos than I could. Old Uncle Tom, our guide and interpreter, was an angel, almost, only he wasn't quite converted. Brother Wiltsee and Brother Antes seemed elated with old Uncle Tom, our guide. I think they thought he was almost a Christian. Tom was certainly a fine fellow. He could speak English well enough to be understood. Also a little Spanish and of course

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Navajo, for that was his mother tongue. Three languages for an Indian was good. That made him in demand. Nearly all who came to the Reservation came at once to Fort Defiance headquarters for the military officials, Indian agents and employes, visitors, and Uncle Tom or Old Tom, as the boys generally called him, was in demand for a trip such as we had in view, so he had learned to be polite and this coupled with his other good qualities, made him seem like a fine fellow and so he was. But he was an Indian still. And of course he didn't intend to be anything else at least for the present. Out at a place known as "Wheat Field," we spent the Sabbath. There we found an American Sutler. He had quite a store. Probably made big money. It must have been that the Indians heard of our coming for there were many of them the Sunday morning after our arrival. They were there with large herds of sheep and goats. It was fun to see the Indian women and little boys and girls milk the goats and sheep, cook their breakfast, etc. Their dishes, of course, were few, consisting generally of frying-pans, ovens, kettles, small and large pots. They had plenty of fresh meat, kid and mutton, and milk for the little ones. Their bread was mostly tortillas, biscuit, pain-cakes, and any one hungry enough could have eaten them very well. We had Uncle Tom go out among the men and women and invite them to our church services. We also went out, telling Uncle Tom to tell the Indians that we were not their enemies, but their friends and were there to tell them about the white man's religion. We couldn't get many out, however. The few who came seemed restless and when we were ready to begin our ser-

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vice, Uncle Tom, the guide and interpreter, spoke up and said: "These men who have just come up are the Indian doctors. They want to know if they may hold their service first. At which we consented. It took them a long time to get through. They sang, chanted, danced and went through quite a performance. The dance was a little improvement on the American dance because the men danced alone. We gave attention to them and they in return paid attention to us. We were not certain that Uncle Tom was true to us in his interpretation. That night they had a dance. Uncle Tom attended. That was the last we saw of him. The next morning we waited a long time, but our "almost a Christian," Uncle Tom, didn't make his appearance, and we had to go without him. It would not have been so bad had there been wagon roads, but as the Navajos at that time had no wagons, or hardly any, consequently there were no roads that could be followed and it was therefore dangerous to travel without a guide. Our driver, however, was acquainted with the general lay of the country and thought we could make it and struck out. About the middle of the forenoon we saw an Indian coming who looked a little like Uncle Tom. But our driver insisted that we wouldn't see our guide again and we did not. It was another Indian, however, that Uncle Tom had sent on his horse. We knew the horse and the bridle. The bridle had, so it was said, about \$100 worth of silver on it; silver said to have been dug out of their own rich silver mines. This last fellow proved to be of no account at all as a guide or interpreter. We were making our way very well before he overtook us. We reached the San Juan river

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a little before dark and then we found Americans on the north side of the river and that was just off the reservation. There is not much water on the reservation, but there are fine pine, and natural parks. The reservation is well timbered, pine, cedar, cottonwood, piñon and taking it altogether, it is one of the finest Indian reservations I have ever seen. We had ropes with which we had to hold the wagon in many places to keep it from upsetting.

Taking it all in all the trip was exceedingly interesting. There was, of course, some danger from the Indians, for one never knows at what time or point an Indian may become treacherous and take advantage of you, steal your team, or do you personal injury. Just enough and not too much of this adds spice to a trip of this kind.

It was an eventful trip.

At Jewett we left Brother Antes to go back with the driver and Brother Wiltsee hired a fresh team and left for Durango about 70 or 80 miles up in Colorado. We traveled all night. The wagon upset on the way. I was sound asleep at the time, rolled out in the sand without the least injury except being awakened out of a sound sleep. Brother Wiltsee was sitting on the seat with the driver, fell on some rocks and hurt him somewhat, but he soon recovered. It seemed we were rather unlucky about upsetting the wagon anyway. Our first day out from Ft. Defiance, Tuesday, August 22, with our Navajo and bronco ponies, they acted badly, started to run, and turned the wagon bottom upwards, throwing us all out, catching the driver under the wagon. It took some time to mend up and get started again. When we were fairly started we be-

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gan to discuss the question as to how it occurred. No one seemed hardly to know. Brother Wiltsee said: "About all I remember is that I was the first one out of the wagon." Brother Antes said, "And I was the second one and fell flat on my back." "Well, I saw exactly how it was, that bronco scared at something and sprang forward, pulling the rein through that ring so that the driver had no chance to hold him, but I sat still until the driver told me to jump." "That is so," said the driver. "When I crawled out from under the wagon, Mr. Harwood was at the head of the horses, holding them down, for they had fallen down and were tangled up in the harness." This seemed to be rather an unfortunate year for upsetting buggies. Over at Taos, I think on the same trip, I was with Brother Jacobs. He had a one-horse sulky. We left Taos just after dark and it was raining a little. The lights across the river were glaring and Brother Jacobs thought the pony had left the road. He got out of the buggy to lead the horse into the road, as he thought, but led him off a steep bank. I remained in the buggy holding the reins. Both horse and buggy went off the bank, the buggy turned bottom side up in a small creek, the horse and harness disappeared and no more was known of them until the next morning, while I was thrown across the little creek, landing flat of my back in the mud with consciousness gone for a few seconds or perhaps a minute or more. Brother Jacobs couldn't get down the bank where I was, so ran down the creek until there was a break in the bank down to the creek and then came up the creek calling for me. The cold water and mud soon found their way through my clothes

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to my back and hurried me to my senses. Brother Jacobs soon reached me and we started for the place of the meeting, knowing that there we would find a friend, a home and shelter. We soon met an old man, a drummer, who was trying to make his way into Taos. A Mexican from the railroad was bringing the drummer in in a wagon and they were out of the road and didn't know what to do. We begged them to go with us to find shelter. But of all the swearing that could escape the lips of mortal man about the severest I had ever heard fell from his. I asked the poor Mexican for whom the volley had been hurled, "Whether he knew what the old man was saying." He said he didn't. I thought it better for the old drummer that the Mexican whose team and good-will were bringing the drummer out that he didn't understand what the drummer said. But after a while we were safe out of the rain, in a comfortable room and after supper, seated by a comfortable fire, the chatting became quite general and Brother Jacobs said, "Brother Harwood, that fall of yours, clear from that bank and that sulky turning upside down, throwing you across that ditch and not hurting you any worse than it did is almost a miracle. It was surely a great providence."

The old gentleman spoke up and said, "Well, gentlemen, if it is providence you are after, I think it would have been a better providence not to have come out at all tonight." We concluded that the old drummer was about right.

NAVAJO INDIAN THEOLOGY.

Please tell us something of the beliefs of those Navajos. Yes, I took down the gist of Captain Tom's interpretation. Understand that three of

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their wisest men were present. They were their doctors, but they are supposed to be their wisest men although Captain Tom didn't seem to care much about them. He had been a great deal with the medical men of the post at headquarters at the Fort.

The plan was that they were to permit us to ask questions and we the same. They led the way. The leader said, "We believe in a great Spirit." When we pray, we pray to four great mountains." We asked, "Do those mountains hear you when you pray?" They said, "No, the mountains do not hear us, but the mountains, being the strongest things of which we are acquainted, it is but natural that the great Spirit would rather answer through those mountains than in any other way." What are those mountains through which the great Spirit answers your prayers? Answer: They are San Mateo, San Francisco and two others whose names I did not get. They said also that there was a time when a great destruction came upon the world and all the people died except two and all the animals died except two of each kind. They gathered a little of this kind of stuff I have in this little vial, showing at the same time a small vial nearly full of some kind of yellow stuff which we afterwards found to be the pollen off the corn tassel. The great Spirit told the man who was left in the world to take the vial and scatter some of this stuff toward the east and toward the west and toward the north and toward the south, and the people and other animals would come back again. The man, and the only man who had been left, obeyed and life came and people and other animals. And thus everything went on as before. If a good man dies, where does he go? Answer:

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His spirit goes up to the great Spirit, but the spirit of a bad man or woman goes down." "How do you know that?" was asked. Answer: "It took us a long time to find out that." A long time ago before the oldest man now living was born a very bad man was about to die." The people were anxious to see what would become of his spirit. They employed a man to watch him day and night. At length the man died and his spirit was seen to fly out at a little window. This man followed it for several days and finally it slipped down a small crevice in a rock. For some time the man couldn't see it so he went several days and gazed down that same crevice and finally say the spirit of the bad man away down in the ground washing clothes." It would seem that if anything would deter the Indian, whether he be Navajo, Apache, Chippewa, Sioux, or what-not, it would be the thought of any kind of drudgery and of all things else an "Indian washing his own clothes." Indian men are all lazy. At least I have never known an exception. If to take a gun and ramble over the prairies, foot-hills and mountains and canyons for game is industry, then the Indian is industrious. But the day for game for the Indian is doomed. The cibola or buffalo is entirely gone, the deer is fast diminishing and the chase will soon be a thing of the past. On my way to New Mexico in October, 1869, we could see the buffalo in herds far to the south as the train moved westward in Kansas. For several years after I came the Mexicans would, generally once a year go out in the staked plains country to kill buffalos mostly for their hides, but also the hindquarters for meat. But no excursions have gone for that purpose for many years.

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Mrs. General Wallace in her book, "The Land of the Pueblos," speaks of the Indians being alarmed about the cibalos dying off, and many of the Indians, I supposed thought they would have to die with them as there would be but little left for them to subsist upon. They are already learning to live largely without the chase. The Navajos and also the Apaches are cultivating much more soil now than they did in the past. But even when we made the trip out to the Moqui reservation and thence through the Navajo we found some cultivation, such as wheat, corn, melons, etc. We bought a very fine watermelon. The Indian who sold us the melon had quite a garden. I said, "Give us the melon." He seemed to want to give it to us, but we knew that it would please him to get a dime for it and it was well worth that so we gave him a dime and he seemed pleased. At the Moqui headquarters at a place called "Cotton." We found the old chief had had his coffin made. It was a rough box. He already had put quite a number of things in, such as he thought he might need on his journey to the hunting grounds, the good Indian's happy home in the future life. With many other things he had not forgotten a few implements of war. It is said the last thought of the Indian is that wherever he goes he will have to fight his way. I have lived on the frontier nearly all my manhood life, up in the northwest and southwest and have seen a great many of the Indians. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, especially on surveys often far out from settlements, (of course I ought to be thankful they did not kill me). Then for the last forty years in the southwest where the Jicarilla Apaches and the Mescalero Apache and

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the Navajo and the Moqui, Yuma, etc., live, roam and revel. Of all the nomadic tribes none have been more dreaded than the Apache. It has always seemed strange that so many people see so much in the Indian and so little to admire in the Mexican. The Mexican has always been our friend, the Indian has always been our foe and nearly always on the warpath. It is estimated that from 1849, about the time New Mexico was ceded to the United States, until 1886, he was on the warpath and the Apache and Navajo alone have cost our Government about \$50,000,000. The Government found that it could not whip goodness into him by warfare, it changed its policy toward him and since that has established and sustained schools among them. This is by far the better way. It is far cheaper and will ultimately become a great blessing to the Indian and his children.

INDIAN BARBARITY.

I was born in the south and remained there to cast my first vote for a president, at the organization of the Republican party, for the non-extension of slavery. Down south, if you praised the slave you made an enemy, but if you praised the Indian you made a friend. But when I came west I found all that reversed. If you praised the Indian, as a rule, you made a foe or if you said a word against slavery you made a friend. I do not mean by this that I have ever been a foe to the Indian. I have always been his friend. But while I have always been his friend my eyes have not been closed to his meanness. Why should we expect the Indian to be any better than any other heathen people? Why should we expect him to be anything else than low in morals,

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selfish, clannish, thievish, murderous, unkind to women when they have never been taught to the contrary.

Trained by their mothers to theft and murder from childhood, they are trained to deception, to be cunning.

It is estimated that in the Apache war, ending in October, 1889, more than four hundred white people were scalped and tortured to death by these Indians. It may be the war against them, waged by the Government was not justifiable. At least many of us who were here on the ground at the time did not think it was.

THE CAUSE OF THIS LAST APACHE WAR.

This Indian war began on account of the removal of about 400 of these Indians from their reservation at Ojo Caliente (Hot Springs), New Mexico. This was a beautiful place, ideal for an Indian happy hunting ground. When the news came, they received the announcement with great grief. They could not understand why they should be asked to give up their long occupied and pleasant home for a place in Arizona, with which they were unacquainted and be placed with the Indians of the San Carlos reservation. They didn't like the San Carlos Indians anyway. They went unwillingly because their beautiful home was the land of their fathers, and as they said, "We cannot live peaceably with the Indians of the San Carlos reservation." It was a sad time for the Apaches. They knew that they were unequal to the United States Government. But even an Indian knows when his honor is touched and his rights invaded. The war chief was Victorio; Victorio was successor to Mangos Colorado, and he was

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the most influential and successful warrior, the Apaches had had for many years. They left Ojo Caliente, the home of their fathers and the home of their rollicking boyhood days, with its lovely hillsides and mountains, in the spring of 1877. In September of the same year, Victorio and his people stole away from their new place; saying, "We would rather die than live here." They were pursued by our cavalry, overtaken, and several of them killed, many women and children were taken prisoners. The rest under Victorio escaped, went to Fort Wingate, and surrendered. They were then sent back to Ojo Caliente, and held as prisoners of war until the order was obtained from Washington for them to return to San Carlos, Arizona. It was then they stole the cavalry horses and struck out on the war path. The war with them lasted about eighteen months. It was during this war the writer was making some of his missionary trips in the Southwest. He sometimes fell in with the troops and traveled with them for protection. He could not but observe how slow these troops moved compared with Sherman's army in our civil war. It took the troops so long to get started in the morning. Of course the Indians could know of our camps and could be up and out of reach before our troops would get started. I would almost get out of patience myself. I would want to get on my journey to make the next points. Sometimes I would fall in with the stage and keep up with that all night, thinking that would be safer than traveling alone in the day-time. One night not many miles from Fort Cummings a company of emigrants were waylaid, and seventeen people, I think it was, were killed and several of

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their oxen, the oxen butchered, some of the remains partly covered up. It was a horrible sight, frightful in the extreme. As we were nearing said place I found the hack was getting ahead of me and I was hurrying to keep up, but soon the hack was out of sight and hearing, but after we had passed it a quarter of a mile or so I overtook him. He had stopped to wait for me. As I drove up the driver said, "I won't drive by that place slow, you bet." Who could blame him. The young fellow was from the Texas frontier and I would think hardly out of his teens, but he appreciated my going with him as it was a lonely, dreary ride. Of course we were company for each other. In fact it was not the first time I had run the risk of Indian attacks almost wholly through sympathy for the stage driver. Once, coming from Silver City, when the Indians were said to be on the war path, when the stage coming from the east had not come in. All sorts of rumors were rife as to the incoming stage. No one had heard from it. The general impression was that it had been captured by the Indians. The stage from Silver City, always stopped at the Fort for supper and to change teams. After supper and a little waiting and no tidings of the other stage the passengers, five, I think, including myself, began to discuss the advisability of going on or remaining. It was not long before the majority had concluded not to risk the savages and to stop over. When the driver found that about all had concluded to stop over he seemed a little disappointed. I asked him whether he really had to go? He said, "Yes, I have to go." Then I said, "If you have to go I will go with you," supposing that others would also choose

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to go on, but no one else made any such proposal, and one man said, "You're a fool for running such a risk." But it was pure sympathy for the driver that led me to decide as I did. At about midnight we met the other stage and learned that the wind-storm had so blinded the driver and the horses that they couldn't keep the road. I afterwards heard from the other fellows and that they said, "We are the fools for staying over on expense and the old preacher was both wise and brave."

WE NEED NOT GO TO OUR BOOKS

to learn of Indian savagery. The country is full of men who have been eye witnesses to all kinds of Indian barbarities, such for instance as tying a man's hands and feet and then tying him between two small trees or saplings and then kindling a slow fire under him and literally roasting him, while the Indians stand off and laugh as their victim writhed in pain.

HOW THE INDIANS SCALP THEIR VICTIM.

I quote from *The Uncivilized Races of Men, etc.*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., author of "Illustrated Natural History of Animals," "Anecdotes of Animal Life," "Homes Without Hands," "Bible Animals," etc. Page 1285. When an American Indian slays an enemy, he removes the scalp as a proof of his victory. The scalp is a piece of skin, with the hair attached to it, taken from the very crown of the head, so as to exhibit that portion of the skin when the hair radiates from a centre."

Generally, the piece of skin secured is almost as large as the palm of the hand, and is taken in the following manner: The enemy being fallen, the victor sits behind him on the ground, seizes the

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scalp-lock with his left hand, and with the knife makes two semi-circular incisions in the skin, cutting it to the bone. He then twists the scalp-lock around both his hands, puts his feet on the victim's shoulders, and with a violent pull drags off the circular piece of the skin with the hair adhering to it.

* * *

The scalped man or woman is always supposed to be dead or dying, but there are exceptions to that, as the following will indicate:

THE SAD CASE OF MR. AND MRS. HOPKINS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Hopkins were our near neighbors at La Junta, as it was called until the railroad reached us. This was back in the early seventies. Miss Manuelito, as we called her, had returned from her convent school in St. Louis, a beautiful, bright young lady. Her father, William H. Moore, at that time was a merchant at Fort Union, New Mexico, and was said to be the most wealthy man in the Territory,—a half millionaire. On August 23rd she was married to Charles S. Hopkins and they soon took up a homestead, about fifteen miles from Fort Bascom, San Miguel county, New Mexico. They moved out on the new home: and were busy and happy making their home. On June 11, 1872, about eighty of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians came to their house. At first they pretended to be friendly. At their apparently friendly suggestion, Mr. Hopkins laid down his gun, at which they shot him several times and then frightfully mutilated the body, all before Mrs. Hopkins' eyes and at the same time caught her, tore off her clothes, took everything they had, money, gold rings, wedding rings, etc., and commenced to scalp

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her. At this time, however, an aged Mexican, Jose Salazar by name, who knew some of the Indians, plead for Mrs. Hopkins, claiming that she was his sister. When the Indian who had hold of her, caught her hair and was about to apply the big scalping knife, the Mexican put his hand under the knife, at the same time begging the Indian not to hurt her. At about this time a lull ensued and Mrs. Hopkins slipped away and out and in the dark, assisted by the same faithful old Mexican, made her escape. Mrs. Hopkins was at this time about twenty years of age. They had been married about a year. The above story was related to me by Mrs. Hopkins herself. A few years after this, Mrs. Hopkins was united in marriage to a Mr. Swope with whom I was well acquainted and continued the warmest friends as long as he lived and am still, well acquainted with Mrs. Swope, who is and long has been, a faithful member of our church. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins' property loss from this Indian raid was about \$25,000.

THE HOPKINS INDIAN CASE IN THE COURT.

Jose Salazar y Sanches testified as follows: "We laid our arms down and then they (the Indians) sprang upon us like lions, killing Mr. Hopkins and his foreman, Mr. Bonney. The body of Mr. Hopkins was horribly mutilated after receiving sixteen or eighteen bullets. They cut and beat their bodies with clubs. They then attacked Mrs. Hopkins, miserably maltreating her, tearing her clothes from her, leaving her nude. I was able to speak to them in their own language and in speaking to two of the Commanches in their language, and making them believe that she was my sister, I managed to get her

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away from them after dark, assisted by two Indians with whom we were friendly. I divested myself of about half of my clothing for her. We then trudged, bare-footed, fifteen miles to the nearest settlement, Fort Bascom. Then I left her until I could go and procure some clothing for her. I then brought her to the home of a friend. I left her there. She was bereft of her senses." Others testified to some other things, including her father, Mr. Moore.

HER ATTORNEY'S STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Her attorney said: "On the 11th of June, 1872, the claimant in this case, then about twenty years of age, a recent graduate of a female seminary in St. Louis, Missouri; a bride of twelve months, was with her husband, Charles S. Hopkins, happily settled in a peaceful home on Ute Creek, near Fort Bascom, in San Miguel County, New Mexico, when they were brutally attacked by the Kiowas and Comanche Indians, her husband shot to death and his body barbarously mutilated before her eyes, and after that her own person inhumanely violated and tortured beyond power of expression; her hair cut off, partially scalped, and her life marvelously saved by the intercession of a Mexican by the name of Jose Salazar, who claimed her as his sister. She had been robbed of her jewelry, that consisted of a gold chain, her gold wedding ring, a diamond ring and a silver medal. The Indians also, after the murder of her husband and his foreman, stole and drove away five horses, damaged an ambulance, destroyed a set of harness, stole two blankets, a large shawl, a gold watch, and a rifle and a violin. This case, in enormity," said the attorney, "is without parallel. Without a parallel in the records of Indian and savage

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barbarity.”

With all this humiliation, abuse, outrage, and loss, the government allowed her only a small portion of the amount claimed, when she ought to have had the full amount asked for.

OTHER INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THIS FOURTH
DECADE.

1880.

On February 15, 1880, the First Methodist Episcopal church at Las Vegas was dedicated by the Rev. Earl Cranston, D. D., of Lawrence Street Church, Denver, assisted by the Rev. J. A. Annin, of the Presbyterian church; Rev. D. W. Calfee, pastor of the M. E. Church of Las Vegas; a Mr. Burlingame and by this writer. The entire debt was raised and the church dedicated free of debt. The church at La Gallina was dedicated by this writer, February 22, 1880, assisted by Rev. Benito Garcia, free of debt. The church at Silver City was dedicated, April 4th same year, by this writer, assisted by the Rev. E. L. Green, Episcopal minister and Rev. E. H. Brooks, who had just arrived, like Brother Calfee, from Asbury University. This was also free of debt. The same year, April 11th, the church at Valverde was dedicated by Rev. M. Mathieson, of Socorro, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Blas Gutierrez. I hoped to be back in time, but was delayed by Indians who were on the war path. This year the General Conference was held in Cincinnati. Mrs. Harwood and I attended. It was a grant time.

Eleven years ago we hadn't a dollars' worth of church property in New Mexico. Now we have nine churches, dedicated, two others under way; seven parsonages, all valued at \$40,000. The entire

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debt of the M. E. Church in the United States is about \$10,000,000, or 10 per cent of the entire property. The debt in New Mexico is about one per cent of the entire property. Does not this show good financial management in New Mexico? Albuquerque had an arousing Fourth of July that year.

Our Fifth Annual Conference was held this year at Peralta, March 12th to 15th. No bishop reached us, so this writer held the Conference.

Chapter VII.

1881.

The Conference was held this year by Bishop Bowman, at Socorro, July 4th. Rev. N. H. Gale and L. Frampton were the Secretaries. We had a grand Conference. This year my brother, James A. Harwood, died at the age of 47 years. His last words were, "I am resting at the cross." The president, James A. Garfield, died September 19th, this year. Dr. C. A. Callen is out preacher at Raton. Rev. E. L. Allen is our preacher at Silver City, and the people made a donation for him and Sister Allen of \$107. Brother H. H. Hall, owing to sickness, leaves Santa Fe, much to the regret of the people, but Rev. Harry Miller Hackney, of the West Wisconsin Conference, takes his place. The Rev. D. M. Brown, of the North Indiana Conference comes to Las Vegas. D. M. Brown is the son of Rev. Benjamin Franklin Brown, of the old Black River Conference, of New York. The Rev. Mr. Hackney is a son of the Rev. C. P. Hackney of the West Wisconsin Conference. Bishop E. O. Haven, D.D. LL., died in Salem, Oregon, August 3rd, this present year. The St. John's M. E. Church, at Santa Fe was dedicated April 17th, this present year, by Rev.

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David H. Moore, D.D., of Denver, assisted by the pastor, Rev. H. H. Hall, this writer and the Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. Mr. Smith. The church cost \$3,500. This church now belongs to the Spanish Mission.

EDITOR A. M. CONKLIN KILLED.

Mr. A. M. Conklin was killed at the Christmas tree, at Socorro, at the Methodist Episcopal church on New Year's eve, December 31, 1880.

“A strange sound was heard in this valley a few days ago. It was not the roar of a huge monster; it was not the roar of artillery or of some great explosion; it was not the grumbling of a distant earthquake or the crash of thunder; it was not the roar of some dashing torrent, cateract, cyclone or hurricane. It was a noise such as had never before been heard at this place. The mountains, hills, valleys and llanos, had slept through silent ages and had never heard such a sound before. Men, women and children climbed upon the house-tops to see whence proceeded the strange sound. Cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and even the birds of the air all seemed alike alarmed, confused, and terrified. The black, fiery-looking smoke, snorting demon-like monster came dashing down the valley of the Rio Grande. It was the first arrival of the railroad train in Socorro, yesterday, August 12th, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway reached the old town of Socorro.”

1882.

This year the Annual Conference was held at Albuquerque by Bishop Bowman and E. L. Allen, Secretary, October 5th to 9th.

Bishop Bowman's late visit to the Old World, and his near approach to the Celestial City in his

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late serious illness, only endeared him to us the more, and his stirring addresses, wise counsels and fatherly advice, won all hearts.

1883.

This year the Eighth Annual Conference was held at Las Vegas, Bishop Andrews presiding. Many things of special interest took place during the Conference, but time and space forbid the insertion of but little for this year. The bishop, however, endeared himself to us very much. He preached us a wonderful sermon on the Sunday of the Conference. At the close of the last session, when about to read the appointments he said, after a few well chosen remarks, Thos. Harwood, Supt. of the Mission, but before we go further there is a little matter to regulate and taking out a little package, he said: "Brother Harwood, in behalf of your brethren of the Mission, in order to show their esteem and love for you, request me to present this watch," at the same time handing me the watch. It took me by surprise, as that was the first intimation I had of it. I tried to express thanks to the brethren, but I know I made a poor out at it and that made the brethren laugh. I have carried the beautiful \$150 gold watch with the greatest of pleasure, for 25 years. But where are the brethren whose good will and generosity made me so happy that night? All gone from our Mission except two, my nephew, T. M. Harwood and myself, all of the 22 are dead except six. What an inroad 25 years will make upon a congregation or community. The Bishop, too, is dead.

1884.

The Annual Conference was held this year at Socorro by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D. The

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Bishop endeared himself to the members of the Conference and others very much.

During the year the following preachers and others passed away: The great and eloquent Bishop Matthew Simpson, who attended our Conference in 1879. Rev. Ambrozio Gonzales, Santos Telles, Miss Emma Sinnock, Miss May E. Brown, and La Señora Ana Maria Rael Garcia, aged 78 years. Brother Telles was 102 years of age. Appropriate memorial services were held for the above named. The Conference, by resolution, asked that the Mission be divided into the English and Spanish, which was done at the next General Conference. At this conference, Albert Jacobs was ordained a deacon, and N. W. Chase, an elder.

1885.

This year the Mission was divided, Rev. Samuel W. Thornton, Superintendent of the English, and Thomas Harwood, Superintendent of the Spanish. Bishop Charles H. Fowler, D. D., LL.D., presiding. The English Mission was held at Santa Fe and the Spanish at Peralta. The Spanish Mission gave off to the English Mission six preachers; members, 181; probationers, 11; local preachers, 3; Sunday schools, 7; scholars, 553; churches, 7, valued at \$35,000. That left us for the Spanish work: preachers, 16; members, 289; probationers, 132; Sunday schools, 11; scholars, 277; day schools, 6; scholars, 274. Bishop Fowler dedicated the M. E. Church at Albuquerque, while he was here. It had been ready for some time only waiting for the Bishop to come.

Dr. J. M. Reid, D.D., Correspondent Secretary of the Missionary Society, says in his Annual Report: "Hereafter our work in New Mexico will be

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known and administered as two distinct missions. Thomas Harwood was returned as Superintendent of the Spanish division, and S. W. Thornton was appointed to superintend the English division. Bishop Fowler, after dedicating our church at Albuquerque, went down to Socorro to see the parties who had made offers of land for school site for the proposed church school. He preached a grand sermon, took a ride out with some of the business men to see the proposed site for the proposed church school. He afterwards told us he preferred Albuquerque and its business men to Socorro, and the school was afterwards located at Albuquerque.

1886.

The Annual Conference, English, was held this year at Albuquerque, Bishop Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D., presiding. The Spanish was held also in Albuquerque, by the same bishop. The Conferences were held conjointly and were very pleasant. At the close of my report last year, 1886, I said, "The report tells nothing of long trips across mountains, plains, deep canyons, swollen streams; of broken wagons; of preaching and visiting from house to house, forcing your way against strong opposition, against threats of violence and threats of life, and sometimes in the sight of pistols, etc. It tells nothing of long nights of religious services, followed with answering Romish quibbles and questions, and meeting objections, sometimes into the deep hours of the night. The writer himself has often retired, after midnight, from these weary Spanish battles of words without ideas, to toss and tumble on a narrow bed in the same room, and dream perhaps of "four-footed beasts," and "creeping

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things” and “wild beasts,” etc. He might of thought of “killing,” but not of “eating,” as Peter did.

Neither does our report tell of an old man who became angry because we could not give them a school and let his uneducated son teach it, and how he left us, and took with him twenty others, and made a public road across the site he had deeded to us for a church building. Neither does it tell how sixteen of our Protestants, including children, were last year gathered to their home above; nor how in this number an old lady, about ninety years of age, at our last quarterly meeting at Las Cruces came tottering to the communion table, full of the divine presence, kneeled and partook of the emblems of her dying Lord, and in her feebleness had to be lifted up from the altar, and in a few days after that was lifted up by the angels to her home on high.”

1887.

This year the Annual Conference was held in Albuquerque, by Bishop J. M. Waklen, D.D., LL.D. He also held the Spanish Conference at Wagon Mound the next week, October 6th. The Conferences were both well attended and both missions showed progress on all lines: The Spanish showed 300 accessions, members and probationers. Doctor Thornton had traveled 25,000 miles. The work in El Paso had been organized with 25 members and all were pleading for a church building. Brother Chase, after having done a good work at Peralta, Socorro, and Hillsboro had moved to Kingston and organized the work there with twelve members and afterwards built a neat stone church. A grand work for that place. We all rejoiced also over the success of the Albuquerque College.

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1888.

This year the English Mission held its Annual meeting at Raton, presided over by Bishop Bowman, the Spanish in Albuquerque and the English at Raton. The bishop dedicated the church at Old Albuquerque. We named it Bowman Chapel, after the good bishop. Bishop Bowman had from the beginning manifested so much interest in our Spanish work. It seemed that he could see at a glance so many of our difficulties. Then he has a great soul, a great mind. He could comprehend, at a look that this work meant a struggle, with all this weight of Romanism to confront.

At the dedication of the Bowman Chapel the Bishop was very liberal and helped us with quite a donation, for which all seemed pleased. At the Conference at Raton, Prof. Hoyt was sick, came home and died almost immediately after reaching home. It was a sad time. Following his death Mrs. Hoyt became almost unmanageably insane. Before she lost control of herself she requested the writer to take charge of the funeral and preach the funeral sermon. The body was kept in state for several days, waiting for the arrival of her mother from Ann Arbor, Michigan. Without any consultation with me, I had been appointed her guardian and afterwards appointed administrator of the estate. It was a task and a job I had not sought and could hardly be persuaded to accept again. The funeral was largely attended. I was assisted by all the evangelical preachers in the city. His remains rest in Fairview cemetery in this city. Mrs. Hoyt had to be sent home to her friends at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Assistants had to be sent with her. It all cost

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money. Where could we get it? I had a little unexpended missionary money in my possession. I assumed the responsibility of using some of it. Even the new Superintendent of the English Mission thought I had no right to use that, but I knew that such men as Drs. Reid, McCabe, Peck, and Leonard at the head of the Board at New York, with their great souls, that they would see me out, and so they did. Chaplain McCabe, at that time was conducting the correspondence at New York, and he wrote me such a good letter, expressing so much sympathy in the case and said, in substance, "We take great pleasure in complying with your wishes in the sad case of which you have written." See the obituary at the end of the Fifth Decade.

1889.

The Conference of 1889 was held at Silver City, presided over by Bishop Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D. The Spanish was held at Albuquerque. In Dr. Wiltsee's report he pleads for the Navajos, and went as a missionary among them. His reports showed commendable gains, but like that of his predecessor, mourned the fact that so little, comparatively, had been done. They were both strong men and did a grand work. We on the ground could see it more plainly than strangers, because we knew the difficulties of the work. Dr. Wiltsee says, in his report, that the Mission raised for missions, \$500, an average of \$1.30 per member, including probationers. We have raised for all purposes, local and connectional, \$14,500, which is an average of \$32 and over per member, including probationers, men, women and children."

Brother Wiltsee says that "this is benevolence

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which we seldom see excelled among people of moderate means."

1890.

This year, 1890, will come in the next decade, 1890-1900.

OTHER INCIDENTS AND OCCURRENCES, PICKED
OUT OF MY JOURNAL.

First.—It was at Socorro, where Rev. D. W. Potter was pastor. I often visited them. Mrs. Potter was a very intelligent lady and a very devout Christian. It was an inspiration to a Christian to hear her talk. She was also much out of health. A short time before they were removed from Socorro to Silver City, and I think the last time I ever saw her, she talked very seriously, and said, "Brother Harwood, I think I can't live much longer and when I die I shall want you to preach my funeral sermon and if you will excuse me I will give you the text I want you to use. It is this, 'I have fought a good fight.'" Then she went back to her conversion. She said, "I was converted at the age of 15, away back in the state of New York. My mother was Sophia Burlingame, a sister to Hon. Anson Burlingame, the Congressman. O how I like to think of those precious times," said Sister Potter. But some will say, Why stop in your book to name such little things as the one above? Who's going to take any interest in such things? I wonder why, then, so many read with interest the Savior's talk with the woman at Jacob's well, when she came to draw water and the Lord told her about the living water, when he said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing

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up into everlasting life.”

Second.—October 6th. Today we buried our dear Brother Ambrozio Gonzales. About 300 people attended the funeral, and about 200 went to the grave. The following named preachers were present and participated in the services: Revs. Albert Jacobs, from Costilla; N. W. Chase, the pastor at Peralta; T. M. Harwood, and this writer. It was a great funeral. Ambrozio C. Gonzales was the first Mexican Protestant in the world, so far as we know. He always told me that he was the first in New Mexico. For many years he was hated because he was a Protestant, but for many years before his death he was highly esteemed and loved because he was a Protestant and a good and useful man. He died as he had lived, sweetly trusting in the Lord Jesus. I said above, today we buried our Brother Gonzales, I ought to have said, today, October 6, 1884, as that was the day on which the funeral took place.

Third.—Today, left Coyote with Brother Frampton for Taos, via Mora. When we reached Mora we met the sheriff, a Mr. Robinson. He asked, “Where are you going?” Mr. Frampton replied, “We are going to Taos.” The sheriff said, “You can’t get there.” Mr. Frampton replied, “Didn’t Napoleon climb the Alps?” “Yes,” said the sheriff, “but you fellows are not Napoleon.” “No, but we will cross the mountains just the same.” The fact was that we didn’t know about the snow and the sheriff did, but when we reached the main divide of the mountains we found banks of snow, over which we could not go with the wagon. We worked hard to get up the hill a long time and finally had to go

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back to the nearest house and stop for the night. I was exceedingly anxious to get to Taos not only to meet Brother Jacobs to hold the quarterly meeting, but to be present and assist as Chaplain, at the laying of the tablet at Kit Carson's tomb, at the Masonic cemetery at Taos, so about 4 o'clock on the next morning I awoke, dreaming out a better plan. I was almost afraid to wake Brother Frampton, fearing that he would not fall in with my plans, but when I told him what I thought would be the better way, and that was for me to take one of the horses, borrow a saddle and I go over alone on horseback. He fell in with the new plan at once, for it was a very cold time and the snow was deep in the mountains. So by sunrise in the morning I was on the road. The mercury must have been below zero, but the air was bracing, almost to intoxication, as it often is in these Rockies. I reached the main divide quite early and would have reached Taos that same day only a few Picaris Indians, coming out from another part of the mountains, fell in with me. We were getting along nicely until we came to a trail, not very clear in the snow. The principal Indian, or the one at least who had done the most of the talking, at this trail the Indian stuck out his lips in regular Mexican style and said, "No es lejos a Taos." What is that? "Not far from Taos on that trail? No, Senor, no es lejos." He made me think I could get there before night. So I bid good-bye to my Indian companions and went galloping across the prairie and through the pines, expecting to get in sight of Taos pretty soon. The snow was falling fast and I noticed the trail was filling up and I began to fear it would soon disappear and after riding probably about three

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miles gave up and by the hardest work retraced my steps, back to the road. The result was I couldn't reach Taos that day. I had to pass the night at a little Mexican town called El Pueblo. When I reached that town I saw some men standing out and seemed to be talking together, but I interrupted them and told them I was trying to make Taos, but find I cannot without traveling very late. One of the men said, "No, for it is ten or twelve miles yet." I then asked, "Could you gentlemen tell me where I could pass the night and have something for the pony?" The same one who had done the talking up to that time answered, "Si, Senor, en mi casa si Vd. quere." "Yes, sir in my house, if you wish." He conducted me to his house, and into his best room, introduced me to the family. There was already a blazing wood fire. The horse was cared for. He then politely excused himself, saying my wife will soon have supper and make yourself at home, all in Spanish of course, as he couldn't speak a word of English. He then said, very tenderly, "Our father is dead. He died last night and we are to bury him tonight. But you will sleep here in this room and in that bed. I will be back, however, in a short time." I was very tired and pretty soon after supper I excused myself and retired. The gentleman returned, however, as he said he would. He said, "Now, if you hear any noise in the night, don't be alarmed. As I told you, we will bury my father tonight." But I wasn't prepared for all he had told me.

Away late at night, perhaps about midnight, I heard the most unearthly noises. The dogs barked, the bells rang, and the people seemed to be in the streets grunting and groaning. What can all this

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mean? I said to myself. From early life I had practiced the plan of trying to find out what anything and everything might be that I couldn't understand. So I got up and dressed and went out the back way to a lane. There I wondered what to do. But after a little I ventured up the lane close to where the most of the people seemed to be and where the mourning seemed to be, but just as I reached the end of the lane or where it opened out into the plaza or town, the procession started. It was pitch dark, so that you couldn't tell women from men. They all seemed to be in their night clothes. Just as I reached the open plaza the people came popping by like ghosts. I never did believe in ghosts, but like everyone else, I always thought they were white. It then broke upon me that they were Penitentes. The Penitentes is a secret organization, who seem to think there is virtue in self-inflicted punishment. When one of their members die, especially a prominent one, they make quite a demonstration, and generally bury (as I have since learned) at night. As soon as it broke upon me that they were Penitentes I hastened back to my room, for I knew that they didn't like to have people watch them in their religious performances.

The morning light soon came. My hostess knew that I wanted an early start, and, by the way, a Mexican hardly ever disappoints you in that respect. So breakfast was ready early. I inquired the bill as usual, and as usual, it was nothing, but as usual, I paid what I thought was right, and with a hearty shake of hands with the entire family, babies and all, and a cordial, "Vengo otra vez, cuando Vd. quere," that is, "Come again whenever you wish," and I was off for Taos. Suffice it to say I reached Taos in

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time for the placing of the tablet at the grave of Kit Carson. The tablet had been dug out of the rocks away out on Senator Dorsey's hacienda out east of Springer. It is home made or rather dressed out on the Senator's own place and mostly done, it is said, by himself. It shows the great love and respect the Senator had for the pioneer path-maker and Indian fighter, Kit Carson.

I met quite a number of the "Grand Army" men, some from Santa Fe, and a few from other places. Brother Jacobs, a G. A. R. man himself, was there from Costilla, and the people from the surrounding country came in and made quite an audience and the speeches and ceremonies were very nice. We held our quarterly meeting and conference and left for Mora the next day. It was a hard trip and the cold made it much harder. When I reached the last house next to ascending the main divide I stopped to rest and feed the pony, and went into the little one-room house and asked the privilege of lying down on a rough lounge to rest a little, saying at the same time, "I am very tired." "O sí, señor, con mucho gusto. Pero aquí es mejor cama," pointing to a better bed. The above translated is, "O yes, sir, with great pleasure, but here is a better bed," pointing to the other bed. But were you not afraid of "old settlers"? "Old settlers" is what Mrs. General Lew Wallace calls them. No, I was too tired to think of them. I slept about a half hour, and was much refreshed. As I was about to leave I said to the landlady, "This is a pretty hard world." "Oh, no," said the lady, "this world is all right, just as the Lord made it, but the people in it, that is what makes the trouble." I felt rebuked, and said, "Senora Vd.,

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dice bien, es verdad, el mundo es bueno." I journeyed on, up the ascending hillsides and mountain, wading the snow, thinking to myself if an aged woman, in a pent-up, one-room, small window, one small door, dirt floor, flat roofed house could be happy, surely I ought not to complain. I crossed the mountain and reached the place where I found Brother Frampton, anxiously waiting, fearing that I would freeze on the road. And when we reached Tiptonville, near Watrous, where we then lived, Mrs. Harwood was pleased for she was afraid the cold snap would be too much for us, but she had gotten used to such things, and was not as much alarmed as she otherwise might have been.

Fourth.—It was last April, 1889, a letter came from Washington, saying that the "man whom you have recommended for Governor for New Mexico we think stands a pretty good show, but your old Colonel asked me today a question that will almost startle you. He asked, 'What kind of a governor would my old Chaplain make?' I told him, 'He would make a first class governor.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'If those other fellows hang fire much longer I'll go in and recommend my old Chaplain, and he'll be appointed,' said Colonel or General J. M. Rusk." My friend wrote me at once and said, "If such appointment should be made, accept it by all means." I hastened a letter, saying, "By no means would I accept it, but tell my old Colonel I thank him for thinking of his Chaplain of war days, but I could not think of taking such responsibilities upon my shoulders." A little after that the Colonel asked me whether I would accept the Surveyor Generalship of New Mexico, the Colonel remembering,

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I suppose, important service that I had rendered him in the army on the Mississippi. At this, having much love for such work, and having surveyed lands in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and in New Mexico. I first answered, "Yes," but after much thought and prayer, I wrote him an emphatic, "No," and for these decisions I have been a thousand times thankful.

POINTS ON THE TARIFF.

The following points on the Tariff are taken from the Cincinnati Times:

The Tariff has kept American money in America.

It has given commercial independence.

It has doubled our foreign trade.

It has provided steady work for willing workers.

It has increased manufactures five fold in ten years.

It has fed and clad millions of people with American products.

It has turned capital into thousands of channels of business.

It has raised the average of wages to double that of Europe.

It has made the United States the best workshop on the globe.

It has provided work for millions of people.

It has enabled the poor people to put into savings banks \$6,000,000,000.

THE COLORADO CONFERENCE.

Sixth.—This was at the conference at Colorado Springs, August 1-5, 1889. Mrs. Harwood was with me. We had a pleasant trip via Tiptonville, Fort Union, Cimarron, Red River, Trinidad, Pueblo, the Garden of the Gods, and close to that is

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Colorado Springs. It was pleasant for Mrs. Harwood was just out of her school at Socorro. At this Conference she met with many friends at the Conference and other parts of the State of Colorado and a few from the east. At that I had the pleasure of performing a very pretty marriage ceremony at the Antler hotel. The parties were from New Mexico, Alex M. Story, sheriff of Sierra County, New Mexico, and Miss Florence Smith, an assistant in Mrs. Harwood's school, also her niece.

But the most remarkable thing at this Conference was the large number to be admitted on trial, twelve in all, Mexican preachers for our work. It caused the Bishop to pause and say, "Brother Harwood, a fearful responsibility rests upon you, you are the only one in this conference who knows anything about these brethren whom you are recommending." I said, "I know it, Bishop, but what am I to do? These men have been examined and properly recommended on trial to this conference." I said, "Of course, there is risk to run, so there is with our American applicants. We need these men in our work and I believe they are all right, at least *I* am willing to risk them." They were all voted in. Now the reader wants to know how they came out. A prominent Presbyterian minister once said to the writer, "We are not ordaining many of our Mexican ministers. We are waiting to see how yours come out." They were not all saints, neither did we expect them to be. We often make mistakes in expecting too much of people, not only in preachers, but in children and others. We had to expel one. One left us and went to the Baptists, but soon came back again. We took him back. He did fairly well

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as a preacher and finally died a good Christian. Another left us through the influence of two Seventh-Day American Advent preachers and if proselyting and trying to tear down other churches is success then he has filled the bill. I think his new church think him a grand success. Seven of these men are still with us and are doing good work. One is a district superintendent and does his work well, and the others are doing well. Some of those who have died were grand men. Rev. J. B. Sanchez, one of the best men I have ever been associated with, was with us in the Albuquerque College four years. It was his work to assist in the Biblical recitations at 8 o'clock in the morning and also to correct the Spanish of El Abogado Cristion. He was accurate and hardly ever failed to be with us at 7 o'clock in the morning. After this he was district superintendent of the Santa Fe district and did a good work. At his memorial service at Costilla, where he died, the large school house was full to overflowing with Catholics as well as Protestants. One of the finest eulogies pronounced at that service was by a Roman Catholic politician whose political views differed from those of Brother Sanchez. Several of our preachers also spoke on that occasion.

•Seventh.—Towards the close of the year, 1889, Mrs. Harwood took a trip with me over nearly all the Mission, organizing Temperance Societies. It was in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She found the people much more ready to aid in Temperance work than she expected. She organized societies in every place she visited and I think she visited almost every place on the work. It was a great success in the Temperance

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cause. One reason why she was so successful so many of the children at the different places had attended her schools and the parents knew her through their children. She enjoyed the work very much. The Superintendent of the Temperance work in New Mexico, expressed thanks to Mrs. Harwood for her great work in thus organizing the work, in so many places.

EIGHTH.—A TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.

I had had quite a siege of dyspepsia. I went to a first class doctor in Las Vegas for treatment. He said, "Mr. Harwood, you won't take my prescription if I prescribe for you." I said, "Of course I will. Why not?" Then he said, "Go down to Gross Blackwell and Company and buy eighteen bottles of ale and take it with your meals." I said, "Doctor, you are joking." He said, "No, I am not." I said, "Doctor, I am going to New Orleans to see the World's Exposition; don't you think that will do me more good than the ale?" I think he rather thought so.

It was an enjoyable trip, early in April. I never knew the world was so big until I went through Texas. I found New Orleans a beautiful place. The April air, especially from south was soft and balmy. I found people there from almost everywhere. While there I visited almost every place, including, of course, much time in the Exposition grounds. It would be too tedious to attempt to describe anything I saw especially since that we have had the World's Fair at Chicago, and St. Louis, etc., which were grander than the one at New Orleans. A trip and a day to Lake Pontchartrain was very pleasant, the cemeteries are nicely kept, high above

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the ground. On Sunday, the 15th, attended church at Ames M. E. Church and heard the pastor, Thomas Stalker. He preached a good sermon. It was Easter Sunday and the sermon was on the Resurrection of Christ, from the text, "He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Following the sermon was the class meeting, led by Bishop Mallalieu. It was a grand meeting. The Bishop is a good class leader. He was up to date, that is to say, he spoke as long as he wanted to but that was not long and then about thirty persons spoke in about 35 minutes. Some of those who spoke were from Wisconsin, some from Illinois, some from Indiana, some from Ohio, Texas, Kansas, California. At about that time I arose and said, "I think it is about time for New Mexico to be heard." At which the Bishop spoke up and said, "Brother Harwood, we had never met before." At that the Arizona Superintendent said, "I guess it is time now for Arizona, and gave us a fine talk. There is no better place in which or at which to get acquainted than at church and especially at a class meeting."

At the Exposition grounds I visited the Mexican headquarters. The Mexican building cost \$200,000. When the Mexican who had charge of the Mexico exhibits found that I could speak Spanish he asked me to stay awhile and interpret for him as he could not speak English. Pretty soon a group of people came along and wanted to see what they had at that place. The Mexican said, "Tell them that this desk cost so much. Tell them that it has 37 different kinds of wood in it. That it took me and my son two years to make it. Tell them that there

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are 1,000,000 different pieces of wood glued and put into this fine desk, the finest in the world." Of course it was all in Spanish until I put it in English for them to understand. This group passed along, and then another, and another, and after a while a Yankee, I guess it must have been, when I came to interpret the one million of pieces glued on, took out his pencil and went to figuring. Pretty soon he asked, "Did this man work on Sundays?" The man said, "No, he didn't work on Sunday." Then a little more figuring and the Yankee straightened up and said, "Tell him he lies." Of course I didn't want to tell the Mexican that, but I said, "This man thinks you have made a mistake." "Por que?" asked the Mexican. The Yankee said, "Tell him it would take him, I think, he said, a lifetime to glue on so many pieces." I said, "You had better cut that down a little." "Esta bueno," (all right) said the Mexican, "un million, poco mas o menos," that is to say, "a million little more or less." It is quite a common thing for the people, boys and girls, to see things with large eyes. So here at school the boys will often say to one another, "You had better cut that down a little," or, "You had better divide that by two or three as the case may seem." At one time, not long ago one of our school boys, a young preacher also, as with some of the other boys we had been trying to break him of the habit of exaggerating. As we were nearing a certain house he said, "In that house is a family of Americans. There are a dozen, one great tall girl, O that high," lifting his hand away up, making it appear that she was ten or twelve feet high." "Now, you had better cut that down, divide it by two." "No, Mr. Harwood, that's

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so and if you'll drive up there you'll see." "All right," said I, "I'll drive up and see." As they were Americans and probably lonely I will drive up and get acquainted. As we drove up the lady came to the door of the cabin. I told her who we were. I found they were from the cattle ranges of Texas and really felt lonely so far from home. I inquired how much family they had, she replied, "There are six of us, my husband and four children, all girls."

Well, suffice it to say, that I had a fine visit at the Exposition. Came home by Galveston, where I spent a day or so, came on to San Antonio, where I called on Dr. McClintock an M. D. and a brother of the great John McClintock, D.D., LL.D. This Dr. McClintock has a Mexican wife and five children, mostly boys, overgrown and rough fellows. The Doctor was in the Confederate army, he was wounded at Albuquerque and left at Belen, N. M., where he remained two years. He practiced his profession and taught school. It must have been lonely for him at Belen, at that time, as there was hardly an American there, except the Doctor. He told me that he always told his brother, John, "That he would kill himself studying." A blessed death, I thought, compared with the life the doctor was living. At New Orleans I visited Wisconsin headquarters. When the Hon. E. D. Holton, Commissioner in charge of the Wisconsin exhibit, found that I was General J. M. Rusk's chaplain in the noble 25th Wisconsin Volunteers and that I was a missionary from New Mexico, he at once called a reporter of one of the dailies and said, "Put in your paper that the Rev. Thomas Harwood will lecture tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at Wisconsin head-

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quarters.”

Suffice it to say, I had a good audience and Judge William Sloan from Santa Fe to help me. I reached home, Tiptonville, in good time, found all well, and dyspepsia gone and I felt like a new man. I went into the library and came across the following lines from Byron:

“’Tis done; I saw it in my dreams,
No more with hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few,
Chilled by misfortune’s wintery blast
My dawn of life is overcast
Love, Hope and Joy, alike adieu,
Would I could add Remembrance, too.”

Sad picture! Too sad for one cured of dyspepsia, having such pleasant memories of my New Orleans visit, saying nothing of so many other pleasant memories of the long ago. No hope for the future! Love, hope and joy gone! and memory wished to flee? Let me rather say with L. E. Landon:

“Bring back the scenes of vanished years,
Memory, I call on thee;
Bring back the light that shines through tears,
Bring back those early hopes and fears,
O faithful memory.

Bring back those smiles and sunny eyes,
Those forms I loved to see;
Give back those early smiles and sighs,
Those perished buds and blooms that sight,
Still green in memory!

Bring back the cherished, lost, and dear,
Oh bring them all to me,

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Each glowing smile, and sorrowing tear
To light and cheer the pilgrim here
Oh faithful memory."

Lines suggested at the crossing of the Rio Grande, June 28, 1885. I had written my nephew, the Rev. T. M. Harwood, to meet me at the river, and take me across in the boat. He was there, but the ford had been moved and that confused him and was waiting for me to appear on the opposite side of the river. I had often had to wait down at the river, sometimes in winter, sometimes in summer, and often in the heat, in the burning sunshine and sometimes in freezing weather, etc., and while waiting a long time in burning heat on the day above named the following verses were outlined. I reproduce here, not because they are worthy of a place in a book, but because of their historic suggestions:

We soon shall meet our kindred dear,
Safe on the other shore,
Oh, how it will their spirits cheers,
To see us safely o'er.

Through cold and heat and burning sand,
We've pressed our weary way,
And now by faith we see the land,
The land of glorious day.

I trust we'll not be left alone,
To cross that dangerous stream,
Oh see its dashing waters foam,
See how its billows gleam.

We've reached the foaming river's brink;
We pause, and sigh, and pray,

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And from its frightful torrent shrink,
And fear its foaming spray.

We look across, below, above,
To spy the boatman pale,
And wonder if that promised love
Is now about to fail.

We soon shall hear the boatman's cheer,
And see his splashing oar,
We soon shall hear our kindred dear,
Speak from the other shore.

We soon shall reach death's turbid stream,
Down at the river side,
We need not dread the fearful scene,
The Boatman's at our side.

SCEPTICISM AND INFIDELITY IN NEW MEXICO.

Early in the history and American occupancy of New Mexico it seemed that this country was running wild with scepticism in all its phases. It was often humiliating to hear little boys and even girls say, "I don't believe the Bible." They would sometimes add, "and my papa don't believe it," as if that clinched the subject. And once in a while you will hear a woman say, "O, I don't believe the Bible." I once heard a lady here in Albuquerque say to Mrs. Harwood, my wife, "O, I don't believe one word of that old book," meaning the Bible. I was pleased with Mrs. Harwood's prudent reply. She said, calling the lady by name, "I don't like to hear anyone say that and especially a woman, when the Bible has done so much for women. Think of it, in all countries where the Bible has not gone, the

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women are slaves to the men and are often treated as brutes. And when the Bible and its teachings have done so much for the women, I can't see why women should not welcome it as their friend."

But I was going to speak of scepticism in certain places in New Mexico. In December, 1869, when at Elizabethtown, up in the mines in Colfax county, the leading men had organized a lyceum. At one of my appointments, I heard that the question for debate was on the "Immortality of the Soul," and that some of the strongest men of the place, judges, lawyers and merchants were on the negative side, to oppose the soul's immortality; while two young men, smart, but inexperienced as public debaters, were to affirm the soul's immortality. I went out to the large hall to hear the debate. The house was crowded. The young men did well. The judge, whose name I might give, but will not, and the name of one of the lawyers I might give, but will not, but, suffice it to say, they indulged in a great deal of sarcasm, scoffs, blatant generalities, which proved (if it proved anything) too much for most of the audience, and caused a revolt in the feelings of the people. There was a paper being published in the camp, and the editor rose and said, in substance, "I am not much of a Christian, myself, but my mother was as good a Christian as ever lived. She believed in that book that has been assailed here tonight. It was her guide in life and its promises were her comfort in death." He then, with much feeling and with uplifted hand, cried out, "My mother's religion and my mother's Bible have been assailed here tonight." He then called for this writer to reply to these insults against people's reli-

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gion. I must say that perhaps the first time in all my life did I enjoy being called in public to speak to a crowd of people. But I was glad of the opportunity to defend the good old Book and *my mother's* religion and *my* religion. I had hardly spoken a minute, as it seemed to me, when I was called down on the time limit, five minutes. At that the same editor was on his feet again and demanded "unlimited time for Rev. Mr. Harwood." This was refused on the ground that "an outsider couldn't change our Literary Society's laws." Then the determined editor, determined to defend his good mother's religion and Bible moved, "that this house respectfully ask the Rev. Mr. Harwood to preach on this same subject tomorrow night." The question carried almost with a shout. I need not say that I had a crowded house the next night. I will say, however, that I had great liberty and great joy in speaking. I will further say that I was much indebted to Bishop D. W. Clark, D.D., LL.D., for his most excellent work on *The Immortality of the Soul*. The work had not been long out and I had recently read it and it came up in my mind almost like a picture on the wall from a panorama.

Close on to this exciting experience we held a series of meetings which I did not think was much of a success at the time, but as I now look back and call to mind that I was alone with only one member present at that time to help, and remembering that the church membership was increased six fold, making seven members then present, eight in all it was not so bad. The above was one side of church life in New Mexico in those early days.

JUDGE LEONARD.

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I take great delight in giving the following, even if we have to go out of New Mexico to get the conversion:

Judge Leonard was a prominent lawyer in New Mexico. I think his widow is still living and when last heard of she resided in San Bernardino, Calif., with a son. One son is, or was, a minister of the gospel. I will let the Judge relate his own case, being a lawyer, I presume he will be able to do it. It was in one of Mr. Moody's meetings in St. Louis, as given in the *Globe-Democrat* at the time. The paper quotes the Judge as follows:

"My friends, this is the first time in my life that I ever got up before an audience of this kind to speak in behalf of Christ. I am glad of the opportunity. I believe I can say truthfully that God has drawn me fifteen hundred miles here to St. Louis to be converted. I came here about two months ago, with the expectation of remaining in the city not over a week or ten days at the outside, and while I was here it was about the time Mr. Moody first commenced his meetings.

"Of course, coming that long distance, southeastern New Mexico, I had heard of Mr. Moody, I had read of him, and I had a natural curiosity, as any stranger would, coming into the city to hear him. I went and heard him. Well, it was on Sunday in the afternoon, and he told the audience that he was going to preach at some church in the western part of the city, and that he was going to preach the same sermon, and he did not want any of that audience to appear at that meeting. Well, I thought I wanted to hear that sermon again. I had never cared anything particularly about Christianity. For a great

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many years it had all gone out of my mind.

“Well, I went and heard that sermon. I could not see Mr. Moody, the house was full, but I could hear him. And the next morning when the papers came out I got the sermon and read it, and in the course of the forenoon I read the sermon again, and I read it two or three times. “Well,” thinks I, “there is something in this. I will consider the matter, I will think of it.” But I didn’t attend the Moody meetings any more for several days or perhaps a week or ten days, but during the time I read the sermons, all the sermons that appeared in the newspapers. Every morning I was anxious to get hold of the papers to read the sermon, and reading those sermons made an impression upon my mind, and I felt like going again to the meetings. And I thank God that I have found Him, that he has led me all this long distance here to St. Louis to find him, and I trust, my friends, that when I go back into that country where I am going that I may be able to carry the testimony with me. and tha. I may be able to do something for that Savior who has done so much for me.

“Now, when I look at it, when I consider, I can see now how, by the mysterious hand of Providence, I was led here, and it seems to me wonderful; and I just wish to relate a little circumstance. There was a young man came up with me. The country through which I came was troublesome; the Indians were troubling us. We had to go prepared to meet with Indians, and I had to have somebody with me. I received a letter from the Governor, advising me by no means to come without a military escort, but I couldn’t wait for that. I wanted to come and see

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we started out. Well, the young man who came with me, when we got to the railroad, to Las Vegas, in New Mexico, was killed.

“He was as fine a young man as ever lived. He was a young Scotchman, a young man well educated and well trained, but unfortunately was possessed of bad habits; he was addicted to drink; he went on a spree one night after we had been there a day or two, and he got shot, and as soon as he was shot they sent for me, and I had him taken to my room, and I called a doctor, and he examined him and he took me out and he says, ‘McPherson can’t live; you will have to tell him he can’t live.’ Well, it was the hardest thing that I ever had to do in my life. So after the doctor had gone, I closed the door and I says, ‘Mac., the doctor says you can’t live; are you prepared to die?’ ‘No, can’t live? I can’t die,’ he says, ‘I can’t die; I am not prepared to die.’ Well, he looked around to me in such a beseeching way I shall never forget that look the longest day I live, and asked me to pray for him. ‘Why, Mac.,’ I said, ‘I can’t pray for you, I don’t know how to pray.’ ‘Well, get somebody to pray for me.’

“I hunted that town all over, to get someone who could pray. I knew fifty or sixty men there, and couldn’t get a praying man. Finally I said, ‘Mac., there is a priest here, I will get him.’ ‘Oh,’ he says, ‘I don’t think he can do me any good, but if you think I had better have him, send for him.’ And I went for him. And that poor man lived three days and died, I cannot say how, but hope he died better than he had lived.

“But let me say this, let me impress upon you young men that ‘now is the accepted time, and now

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is the day of salvation.' There is no man who has grown to manhood, that has a human belief in Christianity, who has not seen the time, time and again, in his life, when he would give the world if he had it in his power to give, if he could only be a Christian. I saw it in that instance, and I saw it more strongly and remarkable in another instance, where it became my painful duty to pass the death penalty upon a young man and assign him to the gallows. If I could have prayed for that man as he besought me to do, as he telegraphed for me to come and meet him and pray for him, I would have given the world, if I had had the power to give it, at that time.

"I tell you I thank God I have been brought here to St. Louis and that I have Christ, and I hope to take Him back with me, and this priceless jewel, back to New Mexico, and try to lead sinners to repentance."

Mr. Moody asked, "What is that priceless jewel? Hold it up." Judge Leonard answered, "It is the New Testament, and I want to say that I have read it through twice within the last two weeks, and it seems to me I never knew anything about it. I thought I knew something about the Testament, but I never did. Why it scintillates with beauties; it is a sparkling jewel, and every time I read it there is something that strikes my heart, and that gives me joy and satisfaction, comfort and peace."

—From *El Abogado Cristiano*, May, 1880.

I know the above will be read with interest. The judge made a mistake, however, when he thought there were no Bibles or praying people in Las Vegas at that time. The trouble was the Judge didn't

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know where to look. There were at that time two Missions in Las Vegas. The Presbyterian church, established in 1869, by the Rev. J. A. Annin, and the Methodist in 1878. There were probably more than twenty praying men and women already in Las Vegas, who would gladly have gone, at night or day and prayed with the young man referred to, had they known it. But the Judge didn't know them.

There was so much infidelity and scepticism in an early day in New Mexico that we were glad to keep the cheerful side prominent; hence sermons were quite often published in our *Abogado* which began its publication in 1880.

The following sermon was preached by the Rev. N. H. Gale, June 9, 1880. Mr. Gale was the first Methodist pastor in Albuquerque. I believe the sermon will be read with interest:

The Sermon. Text—"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"—Gen. 4:19. These are the words of Cain, the first murderer: The Lord asked, "Where is Abel, thy Brother?" "I know not," said Cain. "Am I my brother's keeper? Am I to look after the safekeeping and welfare of the family? What have I to do with Abel, my brother? It is enough for me to look after my own affairs. Every man for himself.

And the Lord said, "What hast thou done?" The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

The doctrine we glean from the text is,

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY TO HIS FELLOWS.

Every man, every person, regardless of sex, condition or color, has an influence. No person lives but he is either elevating or degrading his race.

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“Is there no higher field to occupy, no brighter scene to enchant the vision, no loftier flight for the human soul to make? Must this immortal nature forget its high and noble destiny and ever be content to seek the lowest level and drag others into the same vortex with itself, and go pining, and languishing and dying in a land so loudly calling for strong men, for noble men, for true and honest men? Is ours (New Mexico) not a field of grand natural resources? Have we not a climate that floats the elixir of life? Have we not Hot Springs, bubbling from the bowels of the earth, containing medicinal properties for the healing of the nations? And mountains of minerals, of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold, in quantities sufficient to supply the demands of the world? And have we not springs and brooks and rivers coursing through the hundreds of valleys throughout these mountain ranges, and water power equal to any in the world? And have we not pasturage for sheep on hills and in the valleys sufficient to supply wool for tens of thousands of spindles? And have we not ranges for scores of thousands of cattle, providing material to “butter” and “hide” and “boot” the nation? And have we not lands for agriculture and horticulture the whole length of the Territory and ranging in width from one to ten miles and not a tithe of it under cultivation? And have we not timber for lumber and fuel for generations yet unborn? Do you say the soil is not adapted to grain and fruits? For an answer, go cast your incredulous eye on the gardens, yards, and fields of Messrs. Huning, Branford, Armijo, Baca, and the Roman Catholic Padres of Albuquerque; the Fereas of Bernalillo, Manderfield, Andrews, and

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the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Santa Fe; Casad, Bull, Bristol, Reynolds and others of Mesilla; Gonzales, Chaves and others of Peralta; Chaves, Becker and others at Belen. Barncastle, Garcia and others at Dona Ana; the Bacas, Matthieson, Fisher and others at Socorro; the GUSDORPHS, Sanches, the MARTINEZES and others at Taos; the TIPTONS, WATROUS, KROENIG, MOORSE, HARWOOD, GREGG and others at Watrous; also La Joya, Las Lunas, Mora, Cimarron, Palomas, San Marcial, Valverde, Las Animas, the Pueblo Indians, etc. Then, sirs, may it not be in the no distant future, that thousands of our now unoccupied lands will become one vast field of grasses, grains, and vineyards and fruit orchards until California cannot boast of a grander.

“Why the time is not far distant when the Rio Grande valley shall bud and shall be pronounced by the thousands of the world’s travelers, ‘The Paradise of the World.’

“All these resources are crying aloud for *men*,—for young men,—men of pluck, men of intelligence and men of principle, to open up, to develop, to tear in pieces these great store houses of nature, to burst the locks of these subterranean vaults, and there revel amid these vast mines of inexhaustible wealth; Do you respond, ‘Capital!’ Capital is required. Make it. The mind, the intellect is worth vastly more than capital.

“John Jacob Astor was once a poor boy. Vanderbilt was once a poor boy. Stewart was once a poor boy. But they won, as far as this world’s goods are concerned, but it was by their indomitable energy.

“Again, there is no professional field open for

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talent, for ability, for downright honesty in New Mexico? Who are to occupy our judicial benches? Who are to be our governors, our legislators, our doctors, our preachers of the gospel, our teachers of our schools? Must all these fields be occupied always by foreigners? Must we import brain because men in the field fail to go up and possess the goodly land by not giving to the rising race a broader culture, a more extensive intellectual development, a brighter, higher, and purer civilization?

“True, this opens up work. But no lofty height was ever attained but by labor, by determined effort, but an unyielding perseverance. * * *

“Who would expect to be a “star” in any profession yielding to those influences which only enervate and sap the life-giving principles, which alone can give success?

“There was never a more inviting field for genius, for culture, for high and noble daring, for pure and lofty principle, for a man to make his mark in the world, to write his name upon the hearts of his countrymen, and be known and read of all men as true to himself, true to the better dictates of his nature, true to the parents who bore him, true to his country and true to his God. To attain such a position, is it not worth the sacrifice required?

“Where is that lofty aspiration of the human soul, that innate power to assert its rights and not be drifted backward by every adverse wind that blows across its pathway?

“Is there no power in the human will, no force in the human mind? Let us rise to true and noble manhood, and dare to burst the shackles of appetite and passion and merge into a truer, more useful and

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happier life?"

I am sure the above sermon will be read with interest especially when the reader learns that the voice of the Rev. N. H. Gale will be heard no more. Mr. Gale was not a preacher when he came to New Mexico. He was a layman in the Presbyterian church. Looking over the moral fields of New Mexico his heart was moved to do something to help the moral and religious condition of the people in New Mexico, both Americans and Mexicans. He made application to his own church first, but with no encouragement, and then came to this writer. He had been prominent in school work in Nebraska, his former home, and was well educated, and had been a Bible student for many years, as well as a great Sunday school worker. We took him into the church, after a while we examined him in Bible doctrines, Methodist Discipline and other studies, etc. He was well informed and did us good service, first at Silver City, where his first wife, a noble woman, and little boy died. He then went east, and after a while he married again and came back and served the church at Albuquerque as our first preacher, first in the old town and then in the new. He was a success wherever we put him, whether in the pulpit, school room, or as pastor. His wife's health failed. He went east. We lost track of him for a year or so, but he informed us that he bought a farm near Granada and was a local preacher. A few years ago he attended a Methodist quarterly meeting, at or near Granada, and on his way home his team, it seemed, took fright, ran away, threw him out of the buggy. At least he was found on the roadside, I think the paper said, dead. He proved

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himself to be a good and useful man with us.

THE REV. W. R. KISTLER'S SERMON.

The Rev. W. R. Kistler and I were great friends. I was his superintendent about four years. There was never so much as the slightest breeze between us. At one time when he was in charge of our work in Albuquerque he wanted us to buy lots adjoining so as to build and live close to each other after we should have finished our work in the ministry. To me the thought was a pleasant one and only lack of money upon my part prevented me from conceding to his wishes. About three years before his death he requested, in case I outlive him, that I preach his funeral sermon. I promised faithfully that if I should outlive him to do so. On the other hand, if he should outlive me he was to do the same, that is, preach my funeral sermon. He died January 10, 1889, at Las Vegas. Mrs. Kistler at once called me to Las Vegas. As to numbers, it was a great funeral, probably about as large as that city has ever witnessed, for Mr. Kistler was loved in life and lamented in death. Mrs. Kistler made the same request her husband made and made it at the same time and renewed it many times before the time came, and the night on which she passed away, she knew the time had come, and a little consultation with her physician, Doctor Tipton, my brother-in-law, wired me to take the next train, which I did. Mrs. Kistler died May 17, 1906, at the advanced age of 78. The reader will see a reason, in part, why I make room in this book for a sermon from Mr. Kistler. In addition to that, the sermon is a good one full of practical thoughts.

The Sermon:

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“LOVE FOR SOULS, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS
IN THE MINISTRY.”

“It is a fact of history, which the lives of those who have accomplished most for the cause of Christ in the work of the ministry reveal, that the secret of their success was in their deep and earnest love for souls. Their education was often deficient, their methods of study and their manner of preaching irregular and defective, but their fervor for the salvation of the souls of men counterbalanced all such difficulties, and made them effective and useful ministers in a very eminent degree.

“There are those who say that the chief deficiency that if only the memory were more richly stored, and the logical faculty more thoroughly disciplined, and the art of rhetoric more fully mastered the cause of Christ in the world would receive a new impulse.

“I am free to say that I have no sympathy with such views. God forbid that I should in the least underrate education. The more of it the better, and in this respect I am quite confident that the ministry of the present day will not suffer in comparison with any that has preceded it.

“In my judgment, the chief want of the ministry of today is not learning, but manifest love, the love that prostrates itself, first of all, with streaming eyes of greatfulness at the foot of the cross, and then looks with inexpressible yearnings, upon the souls for which Christ died; the love that is so unselfish, that it measures not, with any care, its self-sacrifice, but finds supreme delight in greatly multiplying them; that in its deep devotion to the salvation of souls, forgets the thorns, the burdens it has to bear,

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and the roughness of its own pathway.

“It is heart that we need in the pulpit, rather than more of the head. A greater boon to the church, with the work she has to do, where one Peter, the Hermit, with only the fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasmuses. As I see it, our greatest peril is a dead orthodoxy, a perfunctory service, a ministry merely professional, or cold, sluggish and timid.

“Having reached the point of respectability and acquisition, it is the loving life beyond that flames out in every sentence, however simple and unadorned, that moves more than all else, even the hardened and skeptical, as well as all grades and classes of unbelievers.

“The fact is, that God has committed his gospel to the church, with the requirement that it shall be preached to Adam’s posterity by a living and soul-loving ministry, whose preaching is to be accompanied by the living spirit, and in this way the will of the living God concerning the benighted sons of men, is to be made known unto them, in such a manner, and with such a manner, and with such impressive power, as will bring them to obey from the heart, his gospel.

“It is said that two missionaries were sent to preach to the inhabitants of an island, who were slaves, but when the missionaries, who were free men, and well dressed, appeared before the slaves of the island, they could not secure a hearing. The gulf between them, the preachers and those slaves was too great. But the love of those missionaries for the salvation of the souls of those slaves was so strong that they sold themselves as slaves also, and

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in the field, toiling side by side with those ignorant heathen, they told them the story of the cross—to which they now listened—believed, and were thereby led to Christ. And thus may any minister of the gospel, with a love that consecrates to the work of saving souls, and goes out after souls, be more or less successful.”—*From El Abogado Cristiano, Albuquerque, New Mexico, October, 1885.*

A FEW TILTS WITH THE CATHOLIC REVIEW.

The Catholic Review was the organ of the Jesuit wing of the Roman Catholic Church in New Mexico. It is quite a paper, and as defender of Romanism was thought to be pretty strong. It didn't like *El Abogado Cristiano* and as *El Abogado* didn't like the *Revista* there was not much love lost, as the saying is. At one time the Review made an attack on an obituary, written by our teacher, Miss A. E. Hilton. A young Mexican lady had died. Our teacher had visited the young lady often at her mother's house and the two young ladies seemed much attached to each other. Of course, our teacher was far the superior of the two, yet the young Mexican girl was quite a companion for the teacher. In fact she was about the only young lady with whom our lady teacher conversed, as hardly any could speak English. So it was natural that they should become warm friends. The girl had lived eight years, it was said, in the family of the Rev. and la Senora Gonzales, our Mexican pastor at Peralta, and had really become a Protestant, but probably did not let her parents know much about it, for sake of peace at home.

Well, the poor girl died. I will let our teacher tell a part of the beautiful story of the death of this

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young lady. We translate the following from the Spanish as written, in Spanish and printed in El Abogado, August 7, 1880:

“Miss Luisa Sedillo died August 7, 1880, at Peralta, New Mexico. Her mother and relatives were all Roman Catholics, but Luisa had lived about eight years in the family of the Rev. Ambrosio Gonzales, our Mexican pastor. Luisa was much pleased to have the Protestant people come to see her. A few weeks before she died our efficient Superintendent, the Rev. Thomas Harwood, with a few others went to see her. Luisa wished them to pray and sing. They did so. She seemed to enjoy it very much. The body was taken to our chapel and the funeral services were held there and was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery. We were with her when she passed away. While we were singing the coronation hymn,

‘Jesus mi amo es el Rey,
No hay más rey que el,
Sacad las diademas ya,
Y coronad a El.’

‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name.
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.’

“While this was being sung she breathed her last. Her spirit had taken its flight. She was in the arms of Jesus, and we believe while the sound of the music died away to her on earth, it was continued and caught in her ear as her happy spirit entered triumphantly in the presence of the Savior. Oh, my Savior, have pity upon all those who allow themselves to be so deceived as not to know the way to come to

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the Lord Jesus, when he has invited all to come unto him so plainly,

“‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

THE REVIEW ANGRY WITH EL ABOGADO CHRISTIANO.

Taken from *El Abogado Cristiano*, December, 1880.

It seems the Review is quite angry with *El Abogado* because of an obituary of La Senorita Luisa Cedillo, of Peralta, published in *El Abogado* in the August number.

The Review is supposed to exchange with *El Abogado Cristiano*, but for some reason we have not seen a copy of the Review since I left Las Vegas in October last.

In regard to the case of Miss Luisa, deceased, we beg to say:

1st.—The Advocate is responsible for its articles, but not alone, the editor is always furnished with a responsible name to an article.

2nd.—Our special correspondents sign their names to their own productions and are all responsible men and women. We have no others.

3rd.—Miss Hilton signed her name to her article. She is responsible and will stand by all she wrote and much more. She is an intelligent, truthful, and responsible lady. She knows whereof she affirms and can vouch for all she wrote and can prove her letter to be true by many good and responsible witnesses; besides that, she had no object in view only to give the facts in the case. She has many friends in Peralta even among the Roman Catholics. And those and all others who know her will believe every word she says.

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4th.—The writer of this visted Miss Luisa, by request of her friends, a few days before she died. She was at that time perfectly rational and seemed to understand herself fully. I asked her, as I often do with the Mexican people (I think we ought to be honest and fair with dying people and grant them if possible, their dying requests) if she did not want a priest? She answered, “No, senior.” She asked us to sing and pray with her. We did so. I exhorted her to trust in Christ her only Savior. I told her that “Jesus is your friend and sympathizing elder Brother. That he has promised not to leave us in the dying hour.” She said, “I believe it all.” Brother Salvador Gonzales led in prayer. I followed in prayer. After this I asked her “how she felt,” to which she replied, “Mucho mejor” (much better). I believe she was very happy. If so, she was not the only Christian that ever gave evidence of the fact

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

We wish to say also to the Review, that as Protestants we don't believe in quarreling over the dead bodies of our people. When they die, we bury them. We never leave the remains unburied waiting for money to be raised to pay a preacher for saying prayers over their remains; and when our people die and are buried we let them rest, we don't ask for money to pay for praying them out of torment. The poor girl, according to Roman Catholic theology is either in heaven or purgatory. If in heaven, as we believe, it poorly becomes us, whether priests or min-

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isters, to quarrel over her. If in torment and you can do anything for her release, as your church teaches you can, would it not show a better spirit for you to help the poor girl out of her misery instead of quarreling with El Abogado about her death and burial? * * *

But now, does the Review really believe the doctrines and dogmas of his own church with respect to praying souls out of purgatory? Or in other words, does he think that his prayers and intercessions could avail in the release of poor Luisa from the torments of purgatory, if perchance she is there? If so, how can he rest until he has interceded in her behalf? If a child, or any one, or any thing, cat, dog or any animal, much more a human being, were about to perish in the flames of a burning building, and the editor of El Abogado could save them, would he not do it with all the willingness of his soul? Most assuredly he would. Are there not examples of the most dangerous and daring efforts being put forth, almost daily, to rescue people and animals from suffering and death? If this poor girl were suffering in the torments of purgatory, as the priests teach, and he could by his prayers and intercessions release her from her sufferings and would not do it, he or they are heartless, and not like their Master, whose heart was "touched with the feelings of our infirmities."

But, thanks be to God, that poor, once suffering girl is not lost. She said to me when I called to see her, "If I knew I had to suffer long like this, and it is the Lord's will, I would rather go." She was willing to trust her Savior and in trusting him she doubtless found the promise true, "I will never leave

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thee nor forsake thee." Yes, we believe that she is safe in heaven. Saved by the blood of the covenant. Saved by Him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—From Abogado Cristiano.

"500 FAROLES APAGADOS." "500 BLOWN-OUT
LANTERNS."

That is what the Catholic Review calls our 500 Mexican members.

After one of our annual conferences and statistics showed that in the Spanish Mission alone we had "500 members," we thought we were doing pretty well and spoke of it in our paper, *El Abogado Cristiano*. The Review made fun of it and wrote us up under the caption as above "500 Faroles Apagados, or 500 blown-out lanterns." At one of our Annual Conferences, not long ago, the bishop in charge, in referring to some features of our Spanish work, remarked, "I wonder if the Catholics don't make fun of you." I had to smile, and wanted to say that "we have got used to that and also that they have made fun of some of our bishops, when they have been out here." For quite a number of years we were of all men the most despised. The superintendent of the Mission was held up to ridicule, not only in private and in the pulpit, but in the papers, or at least in the Catholic Review. To be plain about it, I thought it poorly becomes a Bishop to speak in that way about the work of one who had borne the scoffs and jeers of Romanists for almost forty years in New Mexico. For many years we

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were so few and had so little influence that politicians hardly thought us worth their notice, but not so now. Only the day before yesterday a prominent man came over to see what we could do for his friends who was on the ticket for justice of the peace. Yesterday, six came to see what we could do for their friend and today another came. Both candidates for that one position are republicans, and both good men.

“FIVE HUNDRED FAROLES APAGADOS.”

(Editorial translated from the Spanish.)

The above title is what the *Revista*, or Review in its issue of January 28, 1886, calls our 500 Methodist members in New Mexico. That is to say, five hundred blown-out lanterns! Just think of it. What a figure! 500 old, dark, blown-out tin lanterns! Is that the condition which the editor of that Review would have us understand his people were in when the Protestants found them here in New Mexico? Yet he tells in another place that the Protestants have no business in New Mexico, that the Mexican people belong to the Catholic church. The Review ought not to find fault because the Protestants have come and put oil in a few of those “blown-out” or “gone-out lanterns” and are trying to light them. * * *

The Review says, “At last, after a month or a month and a half” we speak, etc. What could the Review expect? Did it expect a monthly paper could reply to its attacks sooner than within a month? Or did it expect us to get out an extra just to meet its puerile attacks?

But who are some of those “500 faroles apagados?”

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The Review speaks of them as "ignorant" and not "respectable." How does it come that these 500 blown-out lanterns, as he calls our 500 Mexican members, were in such a fearful condition? Why so "ignorant" and not "respectable"? Not a respectable one among them," as the Review says.

* * *

We took these people as we found them, except those who were drinking or selling liquors, gambling, Sabbath breaking, etc. These promised to quit their vices, and we are glad to say the most of them did. Does the Review blame us for that? Does it blame us for not making better Christians of them? Why then did his church not furnish better material for us to work upon? We have done the best we could with the material at hand and we are pleased with the most of them.

But who are some of these "500 blown-out lanterns? We ought to put the number now (1886) at 600 as about 100 have united with us since the last article was written, and now in the year of our Lord (1909) we could put the number at 3,000, including probationers and were we to count those who have died and those who have moved away, the number would be over 5,000. But, thanks be to Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," they are not lanterns "blown-out," but some of them are lanterns that give pretty good light and that is what is troubling the Review they are giving too much light for him.

In answer to the question, as to these "faroles apagados," I shall of course withhold names, and can only refer to a few. I saw in one of my recent appointments, one of these men; he conducted his

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Sunday school of about forty scholars, and did it well. He used the Berean Series Sunday School aids, edited by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., the greatest Sunday school man of the age. These were in Spanish, translated in Mexico.

This man was also a justice of the peace. I asked how long he had served in that capacity? He said, "Ten years out of the past twelve." The people elect him, both Catholics and Protestants. "Straws show which way the wind blows." This man has charge of a church of about 50 members, and a congregation of about 100 men, women and children. If he is so "ignorant" and not "respectable," why do intelligent Roman Catholics continue to elect him to such a responsible office and go and hear him preach? * * *

Another has been a member of the New Mexico legislature, and it is said that he made the best speech on public schools that was made during the session. Another, a lady, one of the most intelligent in her town. It is said that her priest had been heard to say, before she united with our church, that "when Mrs. ——— becomes a Protestant I will be one." Come now, padre, be true to your word. That lady is now in our church, and as per her own word was never so happy before in all her life. But, padre, we have no "money" to pay you if you should come to us. You make a great mistake when you charge these people of being "hired" or paid to become Protestants. We have no money for that purpose. And if you should come we notify you in time that you must come without "money" or you will not be let in. Another of these so-called "blown-out lanterns," a member of the same church, lived an honored life

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and died in the fullest assurance of a home in heaven at the extreme age of 102 years, leaving a death-bed experience of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost all who will come unto him who will long live in the memories of those who witnessed it.

Another, a lady, seven years in a convent, makes a charming wife for an American Protestant, is training her family in the Methodist faith, and is respected and loved by the Americans and Mexicans in her town. We might name many other striking cases, but we will let one more suffice, as follows: Another, now gone to her rest. This lady was well educated and refined, and was the wife of one of our Mexican preachers, trained her family in the fear of the Lord. When she was dying, she exhorted her husband to remain in the ministry. She said the Protestant religion had done so much for her and as her awakening and conversion had been through evangelical preaching, she wanted her husband to continue to preach the gospel to his own native people. But who is that husband? One of the "500" so-called "blown-out lanterns," "ignorant" fellows, "hired" to be a Protestant, and not "respectable," as the Review puts it. If all this be true, why do intelligent Roman Catholics flock to his place of worship to hear him preach? Why crowd his house to overflowing, and hang about the doors and windows in groups to catch the Word? This man has forsaken houses and lands and wordly honors to become a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Having been in high position in the wars of his country, and having relatives in high positions in the government of his country, his services have been sought. Do

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not speak of such men as being "hired" to be Protestants or as "blown-out lanterns." It is belittling to human nature. See this same man's article in Spanish in *El Abogado*. Let the editor of *La Revista* blow it out if he can. Time would fail to tell of the many young Mexican girls educated and trained in our schools, with the hope that they would become teachers, but who allow themselves to be wooed and wedded by young Roman Catholic men. What fools these Catholic boys must be if the Review has a correct idea of our Methodist people.

With respect to "ignorance," we admit that many of our people are not educated, and that is a part, and a large part of our work in this country. Yet the Review thinks that we have no business out here. I am glad to say that our people are improving, and in some places very rapidly. I asked one of our preachers not very long ago, "how many were present at your last service?" He answered, "About 65 or 70." I asked him, "About how many of them can read?" He counted up and found that about 30 of them could. But ten years ago hardly one of that number could read, he said.

All these things, as we said before, show which way the wind blows. But with all this the Review man thinks we have no business with the Mexican people, but the people themselves think we have a work to do out here.

MORE OF THE DISCUSSION WITH THE CATHOLIC
REVIEW.

The editor of *El Abogado Cristiano* is not a fighter. He is not a controvertionalist, but at the same time he does rather enjoy a tilt with *La Revista*, because it gives him a chance to let the readers

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of the *La Revista* or *Review* to find out who the Protestants are and what they believe. Some of the *Review's* people or Roman Catholics have sometimes expressed surprise to find out that we believe in God or that there is a God. And so our discussion with the *Review* is helping to place our light out where the people can see it and it has also increased our subscription list to our paper. The *Review* will probably remember that up at Tiptonville, near where Watrous now is that when our school was opened there and was gathering in the children of all creeds and nationalities, that his people became alarmed and promised that if the church at headquarters would help to put up a school and chapel they would close out the Protestant school in six months after the Catholic school had fairly opened. That was to say in forcible English, that in six months you were to run us out of the country. But twenty-three years have passed since that time (1886 to 1909) and we are here yet. We hope to see the time when Protestant and Roman Catholic boys and girls are in the same public schools studying and reciting in the same classes, a thing condemned and laughed at by your people at Tiptonville, because we had it that way early in our school work at that place. The reader must pardon us for keeping him so long with the *Review*.

The *Review* was after us a long time in those early days, and the reader will have a better view of what we had to contend with as we "came up out of great tribulation," so to speak, in years gone by. And so we give him a little more of the discussion with the *Review*.

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LA REVISTA CATOLICA AGAIN.

"We take it as a compliment to have the Review devote so much time to a few original articles which lately appeared in our columns. Who wrote those articles? They were written by some of those men whom the Review took pleasure some time ago in calling "blown-out lanterns," "ignorant," "not respectable," etc.

"We informed the Review at the time, that he would find it difficult to blow out the light of some of those lanterns. He tries hard to blow them out, but so far has fearfully failed. * * *

"Eight columns of puffing and blowing in one issue of the Review and the light of these lanterns or the fame of the writers is undimmed.

"It is not often that correspondents receive so much attention. No wonder they feel complimented. It is the surprise of many that we have men among us, right out of the ranks of common life, who can discuss so ably the questions at issue between El Abogado and the Review. But it only demonstrates the excellency of the Protestant religion, "freedom of thought." The great Apostle says, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear," I Peter, 3:15.

"These men have done that. They have given a reason for the position they have taken, and they have given their reasons with "meekness." Has the Review done that? He has failed to give sufficient reason for any position he has taken and what he has is far from "meekness." Is it "*meekness*" to call another minister of the gospel or any one else. "El diablo, D.D.?" "A wounded bird always flut-

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ters," we infer that these so-called "blown-out lanterns" have wounded their bird.

"But we would hardly do the Review justice if we did not call attention to some of the points of criticism he makes. He speaks, for instance, of what he calls errors in one issue of our paper. He has them classified under different divisions and adds them up and makes in all 303. * * *

"The Review has convinced us in the above that he understands simple addition; for we find that the numbers, as he gives them, 213 errors in orthography, 72 falsehoods, 11 false quotations, and 7 blasphemies added up make up the number he gives, viz: 303. This kind of criticism reminds us of a certain reporter who heard the great orator, Henry Ward Beecher, and reported him as having made "sixty-eight mistakes in a single sermon." only a matter of taste. If such an orator as Beecher could be allowed to make sixty-eight mistakes in a single sermon in his own language, this writer ought to be excused for only 303 in the Spanish.

"The charge of "blasphemy" we deny. These men are not blasphemers, unless it be blasphemy to deny that the creature can be the mother to the Creator. These men have said, in substance, that your phraseology is misleading when you say that "Mary is the mother of God." Because, as they say, "Mary, being a creature and God, being the Creator, the thing created cannot be parent to the being who creates." The Protestant phraseology is, Mary is the mother of Jesus. Let it rest at that. This view does not involve the believer in Christianity in the above critical dilemma, and one ought not to be called a blasphemer who adopts this view. We also deny

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that these men are "liars." Their word would be taken in any court in the land. Neither will be admit the charge of 213 mistakes in orthography, but as you affirm, we will wait for the proof. But we will not be willing to take your statement simply; for while we admit your proficiency in "simple addition," we will not admit it in history, nor in theology, nor in English or Spanish grammar, nor even in orthography; and especially will we not admit your infallibility in these things, particularly when you make so much over the spelling of the word "Cortes" and call it an error because we did not use "z" instead of "s", when Webster sanctions either. Now, isn't that a small thing to make so much fuss about? But is it not in keeping with the Review "to strain out the gnat and swallow the camel?"

Your charge that our "men are paid for their articles" I have already refuted but will repeat that they are not paid anything at all for their writing, but can the Review say as much? "Don Tomas," as you call me, and sometimes, Pobrecito Tomas, that is "Poor little Tommy," is not the pay-master of these men for writing. These are true self-sacrificing men. They write because they take pleasure in disseminating the truth and are lanterns, not "blown out," as you say, but lanterns that *cannot* be "blown out" and as we have before said the Review will find it a hard task to blow out these "lights." These men, I say again, do not need my defense. They have the truth on their side and the accumulated light of the civilized world on their side, and men who work for principle and not as hirelings will ever be a power for good.

"Will the Review dare say that he is not a hire-

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ling? That he has no paymaster? Why then, thrust that belittling charge at such men as "Fenica," "El Arabe" and others?"—Spanish Editor.

A NEW PAPER, "ECO DEL SOCORRO."

"Premiums for new subscribers for the above-named paper:

1. One broom, bottle of beer and a clothes line.
1. One pound of Limberger cheese.
2. One bottle Kentucky whisky.
5. One keg of imported wine.
7. Ten gallons native wine.
9. Keg of Irish or Scotch whiskey.
15. Barrel Anheuser beer.
16. Winchester rifle.
18. Ten gallons Bourbon whiskey.
75. Barrel of superior whiskey.

Send the money by draft to, Socorro, New Mexico. Specify the premium desired."

All that and no use for El Abogado or Protestantism in New Mexico? El Abogado stands for Religion, Morality, Education and Temperance. Eighty-five per cent of the people in New Mexico didn't know their a, b, c's in 1870 and no use for Protestant educators in New Mexico? "The best wine to be found in New Mexico may be found in Albuquerque made and sold by the Jesuit Fathers." "The priests have as much right to make wine, drink wine and sell wine as anyone else." So said many of the people, at different times early in my travels in this country years ago, and yet it was said the "Protestants have no business out here."

"POBREQUITO TOMAS—POOR LITTLE TOMMY."

Well, the author of this book did feel "poor" and

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“little” in the early history of our work. His own salary was always small in comparison with others in like position at the present time, but at the same time he felt that he was the “child of a King” and although “poor” and “little” he always stood for his rights and the cause he was here to represent. The following newspaper discussion, with one who was looked upon as one of the strong defenders of the Jesuits and Romanism in an early day in our country, however, I think many of the business men of the country often spoke and sometimes wrote in favor of the religion of the country because, at that time it was the most popular religion. To go against Romanism meant less trade at the store, fewer friends, and fewer votes for office.

REV. D. W. CALFEE'S FOURTH OF JULY SERMON.

We notice in the Optic of July 10th and 15th articles from a Mr. Kernal on D. W. Calfee's 4th of July sermon.

We are not acquainted with this fluent writer who has taken Mr. Calfee's sermon in hand, and hurled his verbal artillery with such thundering verbosity at the preacher and his sermon.

If this howitzer had hit Calfee or his sermon it might have stunned them a little, but as the public schools, the Protestant religion, the progressive spirit of the age and the intelligence of the 19th century were all out in open field with Calfee and his sermon to receive equally the blow, the probabilities are it did not hurt any of them very much. At any rate, as poor old Galileo said, “The world moves.”

The tide of progress is rising. It is coming up, and as well might the thoughtless boy on the Atlantic coast expect to beat back the tide with a few peb-

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bles as for Mr. Kernal, or any one else to keep back the tide of religious thought by pelting Calfee or his sermon.

It is not our purpose to defend Mr. Calfee or his sermon, for they can take care of themselves; neither to review French history or Mr. K's articles in the *Daily Optic*, but our readers must excuse a passing note.

There may be a few words or expressions in Mr. Calfee's sermon that may seem a little severe to our Roman Catholic friends, but hard words, ridicule and invectives have been common weapons in their hands to hurl upon us here in New Mexico. We have been assailed in their pulpits, in their private circles and in their public prints. Our public schools, mission schools, and churches have been held up to ridicule and denounced, but we have been patient under it all; knowing that our cause is just and our schools and churches would soon or later speak for themselves. They are beginning to speak for themselves, as the following facts will indicate. Two Sundays ago I preached to a Mexican congregation of about sixty persons. All were Protestants. I inquired how many could read? I was informed that "all could read except the crying children." Can our Catholic friends beat that?

In another congregation of Mexican people, I asked a man of 98 years "whether he was as happy as he was when he was in the Roman Catholic church?" He said, "I am a great deal happier, wiser and better, but all by the grace of God."

Mr. Kernal ran through several chapters of French history to show, so far as we can see, the logical sequence of the argument, that the presence

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of the Jesuits in a community or nation is essential to the "order," and "peace" of that community or nation.

After stating Mr. Calfee's figure, where Mr. Calfee represents the fight in France as being over the cradle, and represents a Jesuit on one side of the cradle and the genius of the Republic of France on the other, Mr. Kernal then lifts the curtain of the past and gives the reader a glimpse of a few scenes in French history. He says, "Conflict terrible." "The Jesuits were compelled to fly." "The King of France * * * was beheaded, his beautiful and guiltless wife, Marie Antoinette, hooted by the fierce mob, was dragged to the guillotine, her innocent blood mingling with that of the thousands who succeeded her upon the scaffold * * * The Jesuit had been expatriated and with him confidence, order and peace."

What does Mr. K. say had been expatriated with the Jesuit? He says, "confidence, order and peace." That is to say, as Mr. K's logic runs, if the Jesuit had not been expelled from France, confidence, order and peace would have been enjoyed, * * * and no "torrents of blood" to have flowed in "the streets of Paris. The worship of God and marriage "would not have been abolished" and the crimes, enumerated by Mr. K. would not have been committed. This is the legitimate conclusion of his argument. But how does he know? He cannot know. He might as well say that if Calfee had not preached against the Jesuits he would have preached against the Huguenots

Neither Mr. Kernal nor anyone else can prove that the presence of the Jesuits in France or in any other country is essential to the peace and order of

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said country. Have not Germany, England and the United States prospered?

With respect to Mr. K.'s second article; if it proves anything it proves too much for his own cause. If he has succeeded in proving that the Jesuits have been persecuted and driven out of their own country without a cause, then does not the wrong fall upon popes, prelates, bishops, cardinals, priests and the Roman Catholic people in general? For they have all participated in the persecution and banishment of the Jesuits. For instance, Pope Clement XIV, in the brief dominus as Redemptor, July 21, 1773. The document runs thus: "Inspired, as we trust by the Divine Spirit, impelled by the duty of restoring Concord to the Church; convinced that the Society of Jesus can no longer effect the purpose for which it was founded! and moved by the reasons of prudence and State policy, which we retain concealed in our hearts, we do exterpate and abolish the society of Jesus, its officers, houses and institution." Does this infallible(?) pope err, or had the Jesuits been guilty of grave crimes? Which horn of the dilemma will Mr. K. take? Could a pope, the so-called vicar of Jesus Christ, the so-called infallible head of the church make such a mistake as to condemn and abolish a so-called holy order of the faithful without a cause? * * *

If the Jesuits are such devout, God-fearing men as Mr. K. says, "whose track can be followed by the blood-stained soil," why is it that so many of the European countries, of the Roman Catholic faith should so frequently expel them? The fault either lies at the door of the Jesuit or the Roman Catholic people.

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Lift the curtain of history and read the fact of their expulsion from France in 1772; from Spain in 1776; from England in 1804; from Venice in 1806; from Portugal in 1759; and their suppression in Italy and in all the States of Christendom in 1773. Then again, in France in 1828 and 1830, and in 1845; from Italy again in 1870; in Portugal in 1834; in Spain again in 1868, and in France again in 1880. I say again, as at the outset, the tide of religious thought is rising. It is rising in all the European countries. It is rising rapidly in Italy, Spain, France and Germany. All those countries were once deeply dyed in the Roman Catholic religion. How is it that Rome, with her infallible(?) Pontiff, her well organized priestly force, her orders of Jesuits, Monks, Friars, etc., and her former hold upon the powers of Europe, is so fast weakening? There is not a single country that has ever become Protestant that has gone back into Romanism. Why is this? When the Roman Catholic church had these European powers under her control, and the subjects of each were Roman Catholic, why could she not hold them? With her so-called infallible Pope, her well organized forces and her long experience in ecclesiastics, and all the truth on her side, as she claims, why is her hold upon the world's powers weakening? No church or organization of any kind ever had such opportunities as Rome had 300 years ago to take the world by spiritual conquest. But to have power with men we must have power with God. Rome long since, as it seems to us in this progressive age, measurably at least, has lost her power with God, and her power with the nations is rapidly declining. "Not by might, nor by

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power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.”

“According to a well-written article in the Interior, a paper published in Chicago, it appears from the census of 1872 the Roman Catholics of France amounted to a little over 98 per cent of the whole population. The Protestant strength then at that time was less than two per cent. of the whole population. These figures confirm our statement above, viz: that the Roman Catholics themselves are responsible for the persecution of the Jesuits. Now if the Jesuits were not guilty of some intrigues or plots in some way against the governments in which they resided, then the Roman Catholics of those communities have been guilty of great wrongs to persecute and drive out their own people.

“Now does not Mr. K. see that in eulogizing the Jesuits he depreciates the Roman Catholics? In fact, has he not emptied his little piece of artillery, as much into the ranks of French and other Romanists as he did into Calfee’s sermon? It surely is significant that a country with such a per cent. of Romanists as France shows should elect a cabinet that is nearly one-half Protestant.

Why should the Protestant religion that has so much less of pomp and show in its forms of worship than the Roman Catholic come so rapidly to the front in priest-ridden and infidel France? The intelligent answer, to my mind is that God is in it. The marvel of France today is her plea for Protestantism. A distinguished traveler in Europe was in Paris last year (1879). He visited a Protestant book-store. He picked up a book with this title, “A Flea for Protestantism in France.” He noticed another, “What is Protestantism?” The answer given

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was that "Protestantism is the religion of modern times." Another answer found in another place, "Protestantism is the religion of liberty, ultramontaniam is that of tyranny." * * *

There is one point, however, at which Jesuit priests and Methodist preachers might well meet, shake hands and have a hearty "como le va, senior"—how do you do, sir, as the writer quite often has done and that is the point of long rides, hard travels and sacrifices in our work looking after our flocks. I have met them on the broad llanos and in the mountain fastnesses, in the heat of summer and storms of winter."

Do you really think that the above discussion is any part of your history? Yes, a very important part. Do you think it will be read with interest? Some will read it with intense interest. It will be like a sermon I preached in our Methodist Episcopal church here in Albuquerque a few years ago. The Rev. Thomas E. Sherman came to Albuquerque and preached one of his great sermons on the Church. Text, "Thou art Peter and on this Rock will I build my church," etc. In that sermon he taught that his, the "Roman Catholic, is the only church and that all others are only societies," etc. I found that even the young people were interested. One young lady said she was "very much interested in that sermon, because at school there are several girls who seem to think there is no other church except the Catholic, and I will know better now how to answer them." Were I to give nothing of this kind my history would not be different from other histories where Romanism doesn't abound, and that Brother Harwood, like the early itinerant, on his long journeys

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of 30,000 miles before the railroads came had a nice time stopping at old Brother Jones', or Brother Smith's, etc., but there were no Methodist homes, or hardly any in those early days to furnish shelter and food for the weary itinerant. We sometimes have to smile at seeing some of the more modern Methodist preachers on going to their appointments out here threaten to go back when not met by some of their church members on their arrival.

THE FIFTH DECADE.

1890—1900.

Prelude to Fifth Decade.

Any history of New Mexico, whether church, mission, civil, military or what not would be incomplete if it did not speak of our "Sunshine" and the health-producing qualities of our climate. I just looked at my watch, while penning these lines. It is just half past 2 p. m., January 19, 1909. Well, what of it? The reader will see from the above date that it is right in the dead of winter and yet it is a lovely sunshiny day, almost as nice as May in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and has been for the past two weeks. It is not always this fine, however, but our climate certainly is unique. It is certainly unparalleled for the health seeker. New Mexico never intends to shut the door in the face of a sick man in search of health. No state has a right to do that. Such a thought is selfish. I think physicians the world over, who know much about our New Mexico climate, recognize the fact that our climate offers the best, and in many instances the only conditions of cure for persons suffering from lung, throat and liver troubles. Some one has wisely said that California climate is good. Colorado and Arizona cli-

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mates are better, but New Mexico is best of all. The United States has recognized our superiority as a place for health by establishing here two sanitariums for consumption, one under the Marine Hospital Service at Fort Stanton and the other, the Army and Navy Hospital at Fort Bayard. The Fraternal Sanitarium for the cure of tuberculosis has been located by the fraternities of America at Las Vegas Hot Springs for the reason of our bracing atmosphere and Sunshine territory. The writer of this book thinks he is entitled to a place in evidence of the health-giving and life-prolonging qualities of New Mexico climate. He is now in his fortieth year in New Mexico, has traveled in all kinds of our weather, winter and summer and cannot recall a single morning for all these years but that he has gotten up, washed and dressed and got ready for business. Only a few times has he had to go back to bed. He loves the climate, but in saying that, he does not wish to be understood as saying or inferring that we have no bad weather, for we have, sometimes severe weather, but far less of it here than anywhere else I have ever lived.

I regard this also a land of rare opportunities. There are opportunities for almost every industry, the manufacturer, the farmer, the fruit-grower, the stock-raiser, the miner, the mechanic, clerks and professional men or women and especially is it a rich field for tourists. Especially will the tourist be welcomed if he or she will confine himself or herself to the beautiful scenery, deep canyons, snow-clad peaks, mining camps, picturesque places, lovely valley, parks, etc., instead of a snap-shot at some poor old Indian, or Mexican or some poor old bony horse or

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mule or burro, etc., as is often the case of the tourist as seen by the snap-shot pictures they take as they go through or when they stop off with us. These pictures are taken east and make the impression that that is about all we have out here.

The finest apples, pears, peaches, and other kinds of fruits, and nearly all kinds of vegetables that I have ever seen at any fair were on exhibit at the Territorial Fair held at Albuquerque this past fall, 1908. The Governor read his message to the Territorial Legislature yesterday (January 18, 1909) in which he says, "During the past two years the Territory of New Mexico has increased in population more than 100,000, and today we have, conservatively estimated, a population of 450,000. The message is hopeful for statehood, optimistic, recommending many important measures, even to our joy, "Local Option in the liquor traffic."

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF THIS LAND OF SUNSHINE.

"The Southwest is the land of sunshine and opportunity. Look at the record: New York, 118 cloudy days in the year; St. Louis, 117; Denver, 60; Los Angeles, 42; El Paso, 36; Albuquerque, 34. Western Texas, Arizona and New Mexico have an ideal climate. The days are crystal clear, and the nights are the most beautiful in the world.

"Here in this Southwest, existed, centuries ago, the Toltec and Aztec civilizations with their extensive mining operations, their irrigated lands and some of their now lost arts. Here the Spanish adventurers penetrated in quest of gold. Here labored the "padres" of the Roman Catholic church, the founders of Santa Fe, City of the Holy Faith. Across these mesas and through these mountains Apaches

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and Navajos roamed as recently as a few decades ago. Here the great transcontinental railroads have come, branching out in every direction. Here great capitalists are investing their money and opening up the immense natural resources of this section. And here are coming the same type of men and women as made Chicago and the Central States. Watch the immigrants leaving Kansas City, as many as 40,000 in a single month, and see whither the star of empire is taking its way." * * *

"A new epoch has set in for this Southwest. * * * The cactus is being crowded back before the beautiful green fields of alfalfa; while vineyards and orchards smile in many places in the sunshine, where a short time ago was only a stretch of desert." * * *

"In New Mexico 10,000 acres near Roswell, and 20,000 near Carlsbad, have been made available for cultivation by the completion of irrigation works by the Federal Government. The Elephant-Butte Dam, in Dona Ana and Sierra counties, for which the governments of the United States and Mexico have appropriated \$7,000,000, will reclaim 180,000 acres of arid land. Other projects are under way by which thousands of acres more will be redeemed. "It is not easy," says Mr. Geissinger, from whom we have quoted as above, "to overstate the resources and possibilities of this region," and then says that "an enthusiastic Chicago reporter once said, "I have often lied about the Windy City, but Providence has always come to my rescue." I appreciate the above. I have often been afraid to express my real hopefulness of this country, fearing that people would come with high notions of the country and not find it as

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described and be disappointed. Hence I advise those wishing to come, to come out first and see for themselves.

MORE FROM THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Our superior climate, owing to our favorable altitudes, neither too high nor yet too low, and as we have before said makes New Mexico an inviting place for the immigrant, but these, without some favorable school advantages would hardly entice the average American family to come, hence I quote from the Governor's message of yesterday on

EDUCATION.

The Governor says, "It is gratifying to note that greater strides have been made during the past two years in educational matters than during any other like period since the establishment of our public school system, eighteen years ago. Since the meeting of the Thirty-seventh Legislative Assembly:

"Our school census has increased from 77,693 to 93,815.

"Our teaching corps from 880 to 1,065.

"Our total expenditures for public schools has grown from \$442,234.37 to \$539,964.65.

"The amount expended for teachers has increased from \$276,442 to \$345,553. The value of public school property is over \$1,000,000."

The Governor further says, "New Mexico cannot afford to take any backward step in educational matters. Among the many questions coming before this assembly there can be none of more importance than the education of the youth of our territory. We have provided liberally for our territorial educational institutions, but we should not forget our duty to the common schools of the territory.

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“With the very liberal donations of public lands by the federal government for educational institutions and public schools we will be able to give every child an education without heavy burdens on the taxpayer when we are admitted to statehood, as not only sections 16 and 36 already set aside for the public schools, but about 960,000 acres of lieu land recently donated, will as soon as this land may be selected and leased the income will be large, but for the next two years the public schools must be liberally assisted by the taxpayer.”

MORAL STANDING.

The Governor also recommends that passage of a Local Option law. In speaking of the Anti-Gambling law the Governor says, “The law prohibiting gambling in New Mexico became effective January 1, 1908. It has been rigorously enforced, and I believe that the Territory of New Mexico is today freer from the evils of gambling than any other commonwealth in the union. The 37th Legislative Assembly deserves the gratitude of every man, woman and child in New Mexico, for the passage of this act, which has not only proved of material benefit in many a home and of value in the business community, but has raised our moral standing before the world.”

Of all the common vices of this Southwest that this writer hates, and hates above every other is *gambling*. He has seen so much of it. He has seen the smooth, fair faced man play for the drinks with the members of his own church, and when he would lose, pay the bills. He has heard those same members curse the smooth faced man because (as they said) he “cheated in the play.” He has seen young

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men and older ones, too, bereft of their last dollar and driven to desperation. He has seen the fond mother and the loving wife driven to humiliation and despair because their own hard earned money, keeping boarders or roomers, perhaps, was lost at the gambling table. With all my hatred for the gambling table, might not the reader imagine something of my joy on learning that our own young Governor in his message recommended legislation against gambling and its deformed old twin brother the saloon? And what pleasure it affords him to know that even in El Paso, a city of 43,000 people, the saloon men are compelled by legislative action to close their saloons at least on Sundays. How little did I think, in 1873, when I made my first missionary trip to El Paso that I would live to see the saloons and gambling dens suppressed to any degree at that place. At that visit I preached at 2:30 p. m., at El Paso and across the Rio Grande at Juarez at night. I preached in the hotel parlor of Mrs. Loman to about 25 or 30 men, women, children and colored servants in El Paso and to about 16 or 20 at Juarez. No one seemed to think I could secure a congregation, so I went around and aimed to invite everybody in town, and that took me to saloons, and it seemed to me that almost everybody was either drinking or gambling.

1890 and 1891.

At the Annual Meeting of 1890, held at Santa Fe, Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell presided. The Spanish Mission was to have held its annual meeting at Taos. The Bishop was not very well. He was suffering with a severe cold. I was a little afraid myself that it might grow worse on him and the long open

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buggy ride from the railroad to Taos, thirty miles, might be too much for him, so I asked what he would think of holding the Conference at Santa Fe, as quite a number of the members of the Spanish Mission were already there. The Bishop seemed very much pleased with the change although I think he would not have spoken of it himself. After the Conference was closed and he was still suffering with his cold he expressed thanks to me for being so thoughtful of his health.

RESOLUTIONS AT THE CONFERENCE.

At the Santa Fe conference strong resolutions were passed as follows: On Temperance and Prohibition, signed by A. Hoffman and O. J. Moore. Church Extension and Epworth League by A. Hoffman and C. V. Pleukharp. Sunday Schools and Tracts and Bible Cause, by C. V. Pleukharp and R. E. Pierce. Periodicals, signed by S. H. Kirkbride, J. W. Sinnock, and E. E. Marshall. Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, by S. H. Kirkbride, J. W. Sinnock and R. E. Pierce. Sabbath Observance, by R. E. Pierce and G. B. Fry.

The Conference endorsed, heartily, the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Also Mrs. Mary Teats, Territorial Superintendent of Evangelistic and Prison Work, etc.

CONFERENCE RESOLUTIONS.

First—Favoring non-sectarian public schools;
2nd—Heartily endorsing the Albuquerque College, recommending as trustees, Bishop H. W. Warren, Rev. A. Hoffman, J. A. Riley, M. P. Stamm, and J. C. Baldrige.

5th—"We desire to thank our dearly beloved, Bishop Thomas Bowman, for his timely donation of

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\$500 to our College in this our time of need." Signed, O. J. Moore, G. P. Fry, A. Hoffman, R. E. Pierce, and S. C. Wright.

RESOLUTION TO THE RETIRING SUPERINTENDENT.

Whereas, The Rev. T. L. Wiltsee, has been the Superintendent of the New Mexico English Mission for the two past years, and has resigned his position that he may go as a missionary to the Navajos, we, the ministers of the Mission, desire to place on record our high regard for Brother Wiltsee and our confidence in him as a minister of Christ. We have ever found him faithful in the discharge of his duty, sympathizing with us in our trials, and always seeking, not his own interest, but the welfare of the church of his choice and affections. We, therefore, assure Brother Wiltsee that we shall follow him to his new and difficult field with our prayers, that our Heavenly Father may bless him and his family and give them great success in their work."

At the Santa Fe Conference Bishop Goodsell, on October 12, 1890, ordained, under the election of the Ohio Conference, Charles V. Pleukharp, a deacon, and under the election of the Troy Conference, assisted by the elders present, Samuel H. Kirkbride an elder. Bishop Goodsell has just died, Dec. 5, '09. - 1891.

The reader must notice that Thomas Harwood, this writer, has had both English and Spanish Missions this year. It is not necessary to give the reasons why I was appointed to fill both of these important places. My reports of both Missions will explain.

REPORT OF THE SPANISH MISSION TO THE BOARD AT
NEW YORK FOR 1891.

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“As will be seen, we have 27 stations and circuits, and the most of them are central to other preaching places, making 80 in all.

“The year has been one of hard work for the Superintendent, especially so, as he has been acting Superintendent of the English as well as the Spanish Mission and Mission Schools. We are glad to say, however, that so far as we can see neither the English nor the Spanish Mission has suffered by this double work. As for statistics of the Annual Meeting of the English Mission, it may be seen that eighteen per cent. was added to the membership, fifty-six per cent. to the scholars in the Sunday schools. And while the statistics show a decrease in a very few of the collections as compared with those of last year, still, taking the entire amount of money raised on the Mission for all purposes, including that raised for the Albuquerque College department, it surpasses the amount raised last year by more than \$3,000. I would not have thought to name this only our ears were boxed because we suffered a few of the minor collections to fall short, which ought not to have been—I mean the “falling short,” and not the “boxing.” * * *

Chihuahua, in Mexico, has lately been added to this Spanish Mission, but you will see that we are not occupying that field. We regret it very much, but what can we do in a state of 180,000 people with not a dollar additional to aid in that field? In fact, our appropriations are less now than they were before Chihuahua was added to the Mission. When Bishop Walden held our Annual Meeting in 1887 he was so impressed with the importance of this Spanish work and our noble workers that he suc-

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ceeded in securing for the mission \$14,000 and \$2,000 for mission schools. * * *

“Why cut us down from \$14,000 to \$12,000 and hold us to that, while Chihuahua, with its 180,000 population and so many more preachers are added to our work? * * * Why hold us back from the battle front of this long-waged war, with rations cut short, when it is death to stand still, and shame and dishonor to retreat? * * * We are out on the picket line, and picket lines must be sustained, or the main line may suffer defeat.

A FEW CORRECTIONS.

Dr. J. M. Reid, in his admirable work on Missions, Vol. II, page 90, says: “In the year 1872 Rev. Thomas Harwood was sent out to re-open the work, with Rev. John Steel to assist. Correction: The Rev. John Steel was sent out that year, but I, Thomas Harwood, was sent out by Bishop Levi Scott in 1869, and have been here ever since. Bishop Scott read the appointments of the West Wisconsin Conference, October 4, 1869. The third Sunday after the adjournment of that Conference, I preached in Trinidad, on my way down to my new field, and the next Sunday, October 31st, preached my first sermon at La Junta, Mora county, near where Watrous now is, I think in the house of S. B. Watrous. Father J. L. Dyer was with me. Bishop Simpson, in his Cyclopedia of Methodism, page 651, says: “In December, 1872, the Methodist Mission of New Mexico was inaugurated, when Rev. Thomas Harwood and John Steel were sent out.” The Bishop, however, has it correct in another place in the same book, on page 433. Dr. A. B. Hyde, in his Story of

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Methodism in America, page 292, says: "The Spanish work in New Mexico is now (1887) in its second year." That would make it to have commenced in 1885, as that book was written in 1887.

I preached my first sermon in Spanish in 1871 and we licensed two Mexican men to preach and employed them under a small salary that same year. In October of that year I visited Peralta and organized the Spanish work there with 43 members and probationers, I ought to say "re-organized" it, for Dr. Lore, in his visit to New Mexico, in 1855, organized a few small classes; one of them was at Peralta with Brother Ambrosio Gonzales and family and a few others, making about a dozen altogether. This small class had grown, under Brother Gonzales' faithful leadership to forty-three. These are all I found on my first visit to Peralta. I found no Mexican people in any other denomination anywhere in New Mexico, only at Peralta. In 1873, when I went down to Socorro I found quite a number who had been Baptists, but the Baptist preachers had been recalled (at the breaking out of the Civil war) and if there were any religious meetings kept up I did not hear of it. When I organized at Socorro, I found a few who said they had been Methodists and a few who had been Baptists. Rev. J. M. Shaw, who had been one of the Baptist preachers, and who was so situated that he could not go back when the authorities of his church called for the return of their preachers. He advised his few Baptist remaining members to unite with us and a few of them did so, making in all at Socorro at our first organization in October, 1873. well I just referred to the record and it reads, "Organized by Thomas

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Harwood, December 6, 1873, with eight members and two little girls." Brother M. Matthieson, from the West Wisconsin Conference, arrived in Socorro, Decermer 3, 1873.

FURTHER CORRECTIONS.

"I notice a statement made at your last General Missionary meeting that was at least misleading, if not to say unkind. Read it. "We now have there (New Mexico), after forty years, 398 Sunday school scholars and 955 members; that is the result of all our work. Unless there is something more encouraging for the future I do not think we ought to appropriate even the \$12,000 for the work." What a cold wave to originate in a Methodist missionary meeting. O for a "baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire" to take off the chill produced by that cold utterance.

But suppose it were true, just as Dr. Arbuckle said, "Forty years and 955 members and 398 Sunday school scholars." What of it? When I look back upon this long neglected field twenty-two years ago, and think of what was then before us, the language of the people to learn, their prejudices and superstitions to be overcome, converts to be gained, preachers to be raised up all out of this sterile soil of Romanism, with so little money at command, so few Bibles, tracts, or literature of any kind in the Spanish language, I wonder at what God hath wrought.

This long neglected, benighted, southwest corner of our republic, shut out from the civilized world for generations by vast plains and cut off by warlike, savage tribes, and shut in with Romanism for ten generations, what could one expect?

"The Bible, the great civilizer in all the ages,

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found its way into Mexico as early as 1827. Mexico, South America, Italy, and nearly all other Roman Catholic Latin countries have had access to and could touch elbows with the civilization of the age. Not so with New Mexico until very recently.

"The British and Foreign Bible Society sold and distributed in Mexico City and neighboring towns over 1,000 copies of the Old and 3,000 copies and portions of the New Testaments in the year 1827 and 1828. But if a single copy of the Sacred Word found its way into New Mexico as early as that. I have never heard of it. It is barely possible a few were brought by some of Kearney's army in 1846, but I am not sure. It is true I have found copies of the New Testament hid away. I was not permitted to see them until the party or parties found out who I was.

"For many years after I came to this field I could hear of Bibles and religious tracts being burned.

"Hence I say that if New Mexico has made such a poor showing 'after forty years,' is it to be wondered at? Should we cease our efforts? Should not our thirty native preachers out on the picket line be furnished rations or else honorably discharged? But hold! Are there not other missions which, after 'forty years,' or even 'forty-six years of fort-holding,' gave that Mission 546 members and 724 probationers. They held that fort and the next five years brought them up to 1,381 members and 1,158 probationers. Why complain then if it has taken New Mexico forty years to gain 955 members? It is the same kind of work. It is the hardest kind of missionary work in the world. It is easier to knock the heads off of the heathen gods than the 'toe' off of St.

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Peter's foot. But it is not true that this Mission is 'forty years old,' as my statements in many of my reports show. Neither is it true that we have only 'three hundred and ninety-eight Sunday school scholars and nine hundred and fifty-five members' as the 'result of all our work.' If Dr. Arbuckle had glanced at the next column of our last year's report he would have seen fourteen hundred and eighty probationers. And we think they are worth counting. Also at the next column he would read two thousand six hundred and seventy-five adherents and two hundred and forty-five conversions. And if he had had our latest report, which he might have had, and ought to have had in order to have done safe and intelligent work in helping to distribute so much money for the missions, then he could have read, 1,098 members, 598 probationers, 3,050 adherents, 256 conversions, 648 Sunday school scholars, and all this out of the hard soil of Romanism—all Spanish-speaking people. But this does not show all the results of the work, as the Doctor seemed to think he was doing. To show it up honestly he ought to have added the English work as it is all the result of not 'forty years,' but only about twenty-two years. Then he could have read, 1,536 members instead of 955; 1,898 Sunday school scholars instead of 398; 685 probationers, 27 churches, 16 parsonages. Total valuation \$88,000. Neither was it fair nor true for any one to have said in the last General Missionary meeting that other 'denominations are doing nothing down here.' Several others are doing well, especially the Presbyterians, spending probably three times as much money as we are. * * *

"But I must close this already too lengthy report.

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The most of us know nothing but loyalty to the church, but at the same time we fear that some of our preachers may nibble at the bait of higher salaries in other churches and get caught, as a few have done in the past.

“I repeat, our appropriation is not what it ought to be. It may not seem serious at your end of the line, but it means a great deal at this end. It means discouragement to our faithful workers. It means bare feet to some of their children. It means tables with few dishes and less food. It means to continue to live in dark, dreary, dirt-floor houses as about fifteen of our preachers’ families are now doing. But all this we could stand if we could only push out to *‘points beyond’* and take this land for the Master. Our mission schools are doing well. The schools of the Woman’s Home Missionary Society are doing well. Also the Albuquerque College. We have succeeded in reducing the \$5,000 debt to about \$2,000 and hope to pay it out some way during the coming year. The Lord help us. The Annual meeting of the Spanish Mission was held this year at Peralta, Bishop Mallalieu presiding. It was a grand spiritual meeting. The brethren all seemed full of the Holy Spirit and went to their appointments with high hopes of another successful year.

REPORT OF THE ENGLISH MISSION FOR 1891.

The Board at New York said in its Annual Reports as follows:

Rev. Thomas Harwood, Superintendent, reports as follows:

“Dear Brethren: It becomes my pleasant duty to present to you my annual report of the New Mexico English Mission for the year ending September 30,

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1891.

“In presenting this report, I desire, first of all, to express gratitude to the ‘Giver of every good and perfect gift’ for all his goodness and mercy vouchsafed to us during the past year and in bringing us together in this annual session.

“Early in December last, while happy in my Spanish work superintending the New Mexico Spanish Mission, with hands full of work and hopes high for the coming year, a letter from Bishop Goodsell came, who held our last Annual Meeting, asking me in connection with the Spanish work to take charge of the English Mission until he could get some one to superintend the work. I did so. In a few weeks another letter came from the Bishop saying, ‘I desire you to continue the superintendency of the English Mission the balance of the year, for (using the Bishop’s own words) ‘the brethren are delighted with it.’ At this I hardly knew what to say, but after much deliberation and prayer, I replied that ‘with the help of the Lord I would do the best I could.’ I felt, of course, the responsibility of the work and a kind of timidity in assuming the grave responsibility of the American work after having been out of it and shut up in the Spanish work for six years, and after the mission had had six years of growth after it had been separated from the Spanish and had been superintended by men of strength and standing in the church. And, to be frank, I had not forgotten some of the speeches made six years ago in the General Missionary Meeting urging large appropriations for the New Mexico English Mission for we must have “a strong man to superintend that important field.”

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“I feared that both missions might suffer under the new management, but we trust it will be shown, as we place the results of the year before you, that, with God’s blessings resting upon us and with the united support of all the brethren there has been no failure, but success and prosperity in almost every department of the work. One of the preachers, after one of the quarterly conferences said, ‘This quarterly conference has been like a love-feast’.”

The report goes on and gives a brief account of each occupied place and a favorable account of the preacher who occupied it, but as this grows a little tedious I will simply give at this time the name of the place and the preacher who occupied it:

“Silver City, R. E. Pierce, pastor; Las Vegas, Adolf Hoffman, pastor; Santa Fe, C. I. Mills, pastor; Albuquerque, Charles V. Pleukharp, pastor; Raton, C. P. Fry, pastor; Chama, S. S. Kirkbride, pastor; El Paso, Texas, O. J. Moore, pastor; Kingston, Charles V. Owen, pastor; Hillsboro, N. W. Chase, pastor; Springer, A. A. Hyde, pastor; Blossburg, J. A. Sinnock, pastor; Las Cruces, T. M. Harwood, pastor; San Pedro, Easton, J. W. Gilkerson, pastor; Espanola, G. U. Phillips, pastor.

Further on see a more extended account of these brethren, under the head of chronology, where not only these, but the names of others will appear. They were all grand men. Quite a number of them have gone to reap their reward for their faithfulness here.

It was very pleasant to me at the conference this same year for the brethren of the Mission to ask that I be continued as their superintendent in the English Mission, but it was no temptation for I

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knew there were others fully as competent for such position, or at least as competent as I had been. I said fully competent. I don't mean, of course, to put much stress on the word "fully," for therein lies the difficulty with too many. They think they are competent, in many instances when, perhaps they are far from it. To superintend a mission properly one should, above all things else know his God. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." He should know his church, her doctrine and usages. He should know his people, his preachers and members, their wishes, their wants, their necessities, and last, but not least, he should know himself. Whether the wind blows from the east, or west, or north, or south, as he was yesterday he should be today. His preachers and people will not always be that way. So, in order to be able to meet them all properly he must not vary with the wind and weather and above all, his heart should be in the work.

REV. CHARLES L. BOVARD.

Before the conference adjourned the new superintendent arrived. Up to this time no one knew that a new man had been appointed. All I did know on that line was that however anxious the brethren might seem to have me retained as their superintendent, and even if the Bishop should request it I would not consent. I knew, however, by the Bishop's manner and by a few words casually uttered that he had a new man for the work. Our Bishops are generally very discerning. Some of them can look over a conference of a hundred preachers and almost tell what each one is thinking about. But while this is the case, on the other hand some of his preachers can look the Bishops through pretty well.

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Two years ago at our conference at Albuquerque (1907) when we were all on tiptoe to be organized into an Annual Conference, Bishop Cranston had hardly opened the conference before some of us knew that he did not intend to grant us our wishes.

This was the worst slap, right in the face, our Mission has ever had. It made the brethren feel that they were not appreciated. They knew we had the required number for a conference. Then, to be turned down solely on the ground of our lack in self-support, when so many other missions had been organized into an Annual Conference with far poorer showing than ours was unfair.

It will be observed that we have occupied several new points during the past year. Also that there was quite a saving in the appropriations

It is always regrettable, if not to say deplorable, that our preachers in the English Mission remain so short a time. They have all seemed like good men, good preachers and happy while here, but they seemed to tire in the work. Brother Thornton came to the field with seven appointments and seven preachers; was with us four years. He left with ten appointments and ten preachers, but had had twenty one in all, as follows: Bros. Kistler, Hardenbrook, Sinnock, Brown, Chase, Smith, Potter, Coats, Jones, Kidder, Moore, Rodgers, Hoyt, Bowser, Frazer, Ray, Williams, Ford, Harper, Engle. Bro. T.L. Wiltsee commenced with ten and after two years left off with thirteen new preachers, as follows: Mills, Wright, Pleukharp, Kirkbride, Hoffman, Fry, Stockwell, Owens, Carley, Hyde, Pierce, Marshall, Antes; thirty-four in all. If they all did their best who dare say that any one was a failure? One sows, another reaps. Father Dyer traveled much of the country and made himself

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heard and felt by the church and made it easier for me and I made it easier for Brother Wiltsee, and he made it easier for my success last year, and I hope that year will make it easier for Brother Bovard who is to be my successor for next year (1892) and perhaps for several years to come. We bid him welcome.

SACRIFICES.

I do not like to use the term "sacrifices," but no one could be in a country like this, or like this used to be without feeling at times, lonely and as Paul said to the Corinthians "cast down," "troubled on every side," perplexed," "persecuted," and possibly like Paul, "not destroyed," not "distressed," not "in despair," and possibly not "forsakened." Could it be expected that one could spend forty years in a country like this and at times not know something about "troubled," "perplexed," "persecuted," "cast down?"

Yes, I presume I have often felt as an early Baptist preacher, the Rev. Lewis Smith, once said as he was about to leave Santa Fe, in 1854. He had been in Santa Fe from 1851 to 1854. He described a journey he had taken from Santa Fe via Taos, Mora, Fort Union and Las Vegas to his home in Santa Fe.

He expressed great joy on arriving home. He then wrote in his diary as follows:

"I have not realized what I expected. My soul is not a rest. Swiftly my days are passing on. Why am I here? What high concern demands my toils? My duty is, perhaps to fill a vacant space till one more true to man and to God arrives to do the mighty work, which, by God's help must be done.

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Then let me like a warrior true, armed in full panoply of faith, maintain my post, and with heart firm, await the day of my release from earth's stern conflict." But you are wandering. "Yes, I know it. And it is not the first time I have ever wandered in thought in this mission."

WANDERING, SAD AND LONELY.

"Yes, and while wandering go with me and let's find some secluded spot where we can have a few moments in our good old English, the good old tongue our mothers taught us. We are away up in the Mimbres valley, about 250 miles from home and about 30 miles from the railroad. I have been here for several days. We have just dedicated the new church and I ought to be very happy.

We have a church building, parsonage, on a nice, eligible site, five acres of tillable land and about 30 members and a good Sunday school. Yes, I ought to be very happy, but "Man never is but always to be blest," don't you know? The weather is warm, water poor, food not the most palatable, quite a crowd of people and tired from loss of sleep on the night trains and hard work and the conversation all in Spanish, and while I like the Spanish, there is such a thing as having too much and I sometimes find myself longing for my own language and my own people.

Come on, at least in thought, and find a more quiet retreat from the noise and shall I say, the jargon, gabble, and bibberish of the Spanish and so many talking at once. Here we go over the hillsides, down the valleys and in the shadow of the mountains, out of sight of man or beast and down I

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sit on a small table-rock; all alone except now and then a flock of birds flit above me with their merry twitter and now and then a fleecy cloud rolls gracefully along, only a little above your head, as it seems. The preaching and all the dedication services tired me, but one of the brethren will preach tonight and so I feel somewhat relieved and can give way to reflection just as my mind sees bent to run.

Well, I thought of the happy time in the revival services and the organization of the church down here. I thought of a time when we used to hold our services in private houses and how happy the people always seemed. I thought of one night when we held the services in a certain private house when it was very cold. The good lady of the house said, "Brother Harwood, it is too cold for you to go to your stopping place tonight, so you must remain here with us." I did so. Also a whole family, man, his wife, and, I think four children. I found myself wondering where we could all sleep. After supper and a little visiting I was shown my bed in one corner of the room (for it was only a one-room house). After a while the other man was shown a bed in the other corner and the man of the house occupied the middle space on a lounge and the children were all on the floor, but I think they were all comfortable. The two ladies sat up and visited and kept the fire going all night and a happier couple I have hardly ever seen. Surely such generosity ought to be appreciated, and so it was.

I also thought of the time when we began to talk of building a church. That was not all as pleasant as it might have been. One man, an American mer-

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chant, promised to give the site. We selected the site. It was not a very desirable place, but the merchant wanted it there and so it was agreed that it be built at that place. I told the merchant that I would send him the Disciplinary clause to be inserted in the deed. I did so. Time passed on. The brethren were anxious to get to building, so I said, "go ahead," thinking of course the deed would be all right. By and by I went down to hold the next quarterly meeting and found the deed made out, but the required clause was not inserted. The work had progressed well, the wall nearly half up, a good rock foundation, etc. I examined the deed and called attention to the fact that the required clause was not in the deed. The merchant became angry, declaring that he knew how to make out a deed, and swore like a pirate.

When I insisted that the deed must be as the Board at Philadelphia requires or we will get no aid from the Board of Church Extension, and the people here are poor and cannot build such a church as we ought to have without aid, etc. But all that made no difference with him. And there we were up against it. I went over to see him the next morning, but found him no better. I then thought it might be that his wife could help us out, but found her worse than her husband. She said "beggars musn't be choosers." He spoke up again with fiery oaths and said, "I've never had much to do with these Christian people and I hope to —— I never will have to do with them." I said, "My friend, don't bother yourself, so far as I am concerned, you shall have your wish."

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ANOTHER SITE.

We looked up another and far better site, but it cost us money to get it. The brethren at once fell in with it and almost to a man said, "I'll never trade with him any more." One brother said, "It is 30 miles to Deming, but I'll go there for my goods sooner than to trade with a man so unreasonable as that." I did not advise them at all on that point, but they must have carried out their threats, as the merchant sold out and left before the close of the year, the people said, for lack of customers. When will the people learn the advantages of a church or school in their midst?

As I said before, we soon found a better site, but there was a mortgage on the property and of course the lady couldn't give a title unless the mortgage could be lifted. We soon learned the facts in the case. The owner of the land was a poor widow and her youngest daughter held the mortgage and she was a strong Roman Catholic and wanted to hold the farm for her church. Her brother gave us the information and he and his mother feared they would lose the place unless we could help them out in some way. I laid the case before the Board and Dr. King and the Board helped us out of the difficulty. With \$500 we bought up the mortgage and built the church and parsonage and the poor Mexican widow was pleased, but the young lady was very angry. The widow was taken sick and sent for us to visit her. We did so. She wanted us to have prayer with her. We sang one of the sick lady's favorite Spanish hymns. Just before the prayer, I asked the daughter who was ironing to be so kind as

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to cease her work while we have prayer with your month." "No, I won't," she said, "I don't want to hear your prayers." "Well," said I, "we are going to have prayer whether you want or not. Your mother wants it and we will pray. I asked the preacher who was with me to lead and he kneeled with his back toward the young lady. I kneeled facing her for I was afraid she might come at us with the hot flat-iron. After a little she went and sat down and behaved herself quite well after that.

Suffice it to say the house and personage went up. About a hundred fruit trees, apples, pears, peaches and plums and some small fruit were set out and a nice garden the first year. A day school and Sunday school were organized and all was hopeful. But at the dedication we missed a few persons whom we liked very much. One was a brother who had been elected treasurer of the Board of Trustees. What could be the matter? I inquired and found to my sorrow that he had become offended because the Church Extension money had not been put in his hands. The brethren said that he had said when that money comes he was going to open a little store and supply the workmen with goods while they were putting up the church and parsonage and because I did not put it in his hands as he was the treasurer he got mad and left the church.

But the facts were it had not come into my hands and did not for some time after the dedication. We first borrowed the money with which to purchase the land, etc. Well, isn't that just like those Mexicans, you can't trust them. Hold on, reader, they were not Mexicans, the merchant and his wife were Americans and the last named, who wanted to specu-

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late with Church Extension money is a German. After all the above, the man who did the plastering failed to satisfy the trustees and they said, "don't pay in full for the job, for it isn't according to contract." And then we were up against him, a great strapping fellow, strong as a mule and nearly as large, and he haunted me for the balance, which was about \$25, and I, concluding that prudence was better than valor, especially in this case, and paid it.

In addition to all the above, a cloud-burst had also occurred which had caused great destruction. Such a flood had never occurred before. Some of the water marks show a tremendous rise of water. It swept away most of the houses in the valley and many of the farms and orchards were completely destroyed, and much of the valuable land was washed away. Our houses were not damaged much, but had we built where we began they would doubtless have been swept away. Some of the tillable land and some of the fruit trees were swept away. Of course we were glad that it was no worse than it was, but so much coming into my mind as I sat on that little table-rock made me feel sad. The reader should remember that thoughts run much faster than the pen and it took but a few moments for all the above to pass through my mind and then much of early life came up.

I thought of my childhood days. I thought of my father who died when I was about five years of age. I have often almost strained my memory to recall other things than those I can generally think of. I also thought of my oldest brother, three years older than I. He was my guide and almost my life when I was very young. I also thought of my

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oldest sister, five years older than I. She left us for her brighter home when I was quite young. Also of my mother who left us with her benediction a long time ago. And last, but not least, of my bosom companion, who left our beautiful Wisconsin and her mother and relatives to come with me to this far-off, at that time, dangerous Southwest, to share with me the toils and dangers of missionary life, and who, only a short time before this, left for her heavenly home to be with the angels. With such reflections is it strange that I should feel like wanting to go there, too? It was then the following thoughts shaped themselves into verses as follows. They have been sung many times to the tune of, "I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest":

My father has gone to his heavenly home,
To his heavenly home over there;
I fancy I see him as he bids us come
To his heavenly home over there.

Chorus—

I'm waiting to go to my heavenly home,
To my heavenly home over there.
I'm waiting to go to my heavenly home,
To my heavenly home over there.

A NEW HYMN.

(Tune: "I've Anchored My Soul in the Haven of Rest.")

1. My father has gone to his heavenly home,
To his heavenly home over there;
I fancy I see him as HE bids us come
to his heavenly home over there.

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Chorus :

I'm waiting to go to my heavenly home,
To my heavenly home over there ;
I'm waiting to go to my heavenly home,
To my heavenly home over there.

2. My mother, I know, went a long time ago
To her heavenly home over there ;
She told us when dying she wanted to go
To her heavenly home over there. Chorus.
3. My sisters and brothers are safe in that land,
In their heavenly home over there ;
I see them all stand as a dear loving band
In their heavenly home over there. Chorus.
4. My loving companion is safe over there,
In her heavenly home over there ;
I see her so fair and so free from all care
In her heavenly home over there. Chorus.
5. The last but not least is still left to be told ;
It's Jesus my Savior o'er there,
With angels and seraphs in numbers untold,
In their heavenly home over there. Chorus.

Thus the glory spell was broken, I returned in time for tea, had a sermon in Spanish, followed by lively experiences, and the next day went on my way rejoicing at what the Lord was doing among our Mexican people.

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Rev. C. L. Bovard, Superintendent.

It has been my custom up to the present time to give the first report of the new superintendent of the mission in full. We think this important, as each new superintendent comes on to the field with new ideas and new aspirations and it is well for the reader to see the work as the new man sees it. Thus viewed from different angles, it may be better understood and not tire the reader so much to read. Thus the reader will perceive that we are thoughtful of his ease and comfort. We cannot imagine for a moment that the reader will read this book with the relish that I have just read Bishop McCabe's book, so ably written by Bishop Bristol. The Bishop's Book has about 400 pages, and it was so full of interest that I found myself wanting to finish it at one reading. I cannot hope for so much; however, that several persons, after having read the first volume of the History of this Mission, have written me that they were so interested with it that they wanted to finish it before laying it down. I only hope that this second volume will be equally as interesting.

REV. CHARLES L. BOVARD'S FIRST REPORT.

“There are some things in connection with the past year that the statistics cannot show. We therefore submit the following survey of the entire field:

“Revivals.—The work of our last session, under

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the enthusiasm of Bishop Malalieu, left all our hearts aglow with zeal for souls, and, without exception, the pastors entered the year's labor with a full determination to push the battle for special revivals and the conversion of sinners. Plans were instantly set on foot and, with scarcely an exception, a few weeks after the close of our last Conference found our charges in the midst of special meetings. In my first round of visitations I was privileged to take a humble part in some of these meetings, and can testify to the substantial and thoroughly evangelical character of the efforts put forth. The work was after the one great Methodist type—conviction, conversion, and regeneration. The pastors cried aloud and spared not. Quite a number were added to the church, and some conversions were reported; and while the work was, in point of numbers, by no means commensurate with our desires, yet we praise God for the measure of His Spirit given us, and are ready to renew the battle so soon as we receive our appointments. Shortly after the close of the special services I obtained the following figures representing the accessions to the church:

“Silver City, 24; Kingston, 4; Las Cruces, 5; Albuquerque, 17; El Paso, 9; Chama, 4; Las Vegas, 53; Santa Fe, 4; Springer, 6; Blossburg, 7. Total, 133.

“Some of the charges have had almost constant accessions since the Conference. What the increase will be, or whether we shall have even held our own, will be shown by the statistics, and will depend upon the removals and other things not under pastoral control. It is not found inspiring to look

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upon the difficulties of our field, or we might present some interesting observations on the hindrances to revival work in this mission, with the motto, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' we are going forward, determined to make, with God's assistance, this a revival mission.

"Epworth League.—In nearly all the charges there are bands of intelligent young people. Quite a number of these are already enrolled in our Epworth Leagues; others, although brought up by Methodist parents and Sunday schools, are either so engrossed by the worldly pleasures of this western country, or else so committed to denominational young people's society as to avail us nothing in our efforts to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. We are not certainly chargeable with bigotry and narrowness in desiring to conserve to our church such a strong arm power as our young people must be acknowledged to be. If a denomination has a right to exist at all it has a right to seek to attain the greatest possible efficiency. We have good working Leagues in Albuquerque, Silver City, El Paso, Kingston, Hillsboro, Raton, Santa Fe, and Las Vegas. In a few instances the League was suspended, but will resume their work again on the approach of autumn.

"In Raton an interesting Junior League did efficient work under the direction of the pastor; at Las Vegas a children's class, according to the provisions of the Discipline, has been kept up, and much fruit is expected from it at no distant day. Children's meetings of one character or another have been held, more or less, in all the year. While upon the subject of young people, we will remark that the

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Sunday schools are al running the year around, and have been of remarkable, uniform prosperity during the year. In some places, as in Springer, infectious diseases have operated against Sunday school attendance during the year. Having live, energetic superintendents and devoted, self-sacrificing teachers, we are expecting good growth in the Sunday schools. Our literature, without exception, is in use in our schools.

“Benevolences.—The collections during the last few years have been steadily advancing, until last year we had the satisfaction of seeing our labors rewarded with a missionary advance until the total was only a few dollars short of seven hundred, while the other colections showed, in many instances, marks of growth that must have been exceeding gratifying to my industrious and painstaking predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Harwood. Just what the result will be this year, will have to be ascertained from statistical footings. (The statistics show that the aggregate of the benevolent collections were exactly the same as mine were the year before, viz.: \$696. It is rmarkable that they should foot up just the same for each year.—Editor.) There have been marked advances in some charges, and we believe the agregate of our benevolences in this mission, whatever its standing relatively, will place us in the very front rank in contributions to benevolences per member.

“The past year has been exceedingly hard, financially, for New Mexico. The northern half suffered intensely from exceptional snows and cold

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weather, which more than decimated the cattle on the ranges and necessitated great outlay to bring the remainder through. The southern portions of the Territory have not for years, if ever, experienced such long droughts. Added to this is the low commercial value of silver, our chief mining product. Then there has been a stringency in money matters in some quarters from bank failures. There will doubtless be but a small showing for the Bible cause, as no agent or agency is in this Territory. It will be no great wonder, however, much to be lamented, if the collections for Church Extension do not show the advance they ought, when we consider the general impression that prevails in this mission, that the general office deals with us much too exactingly and harshly to accord with our real relation to the general church. Then the broken pastorate of such an unusual number of charges cannot but have interfered materially with the plans for benevolences the past year. Yet with all these drawbacks we hope to have no reason to be ashamed of the showing.

CHANGES IN PASTORATE.

“Since the adjournment of our Mission last year, there have been six changes in the pastorate. The halts and broken plans consequent upon these changes need not be dwelt upon. The weight of responsibility, the great anxiety and increased correspondence that came to me as a result, have impressed the year indelibly upon my mind. The cost of telegrams alone has been upwards of fifteen dollars.

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THE PREACHERS WHO LEFT DURING THE YEAR.

“The first to leave was our much-loved brother, C. V. Pleukharp, who consented only after urgent entreaty, at the last session of the Conference, to be re-appointed to a work. A few weeks under the responsibilities of the new year demonstrated clearly that his health would not permit him to continue with us. In the middle of November he sought in California a change of climate. For a month and a half, pending correspondence for a suitable man to take Brother Pleukharp’s place, Albuquerque was without a pastor, except for occasional services. At the first of the second quarter, the Rev. A. W. Adkinson, of South Dakota Conference, took charge, under concurrent appointment of Bishops Foss and Mallalieu. Since that time Brother Adkinson has grown in favor with both the church and public by his able administration and fine pulpit abilities. As an evidence of the church’s appreciation of his services, the committee on estimating preachers’ salary held a temporary meeting and gave a most substantial request for their pastor to return and the promise of more salary.

Soon after Brother Adkinson’s arrival, the trustees were called together and the house and two lots adjoining the church were purchased for a parsonage. The money was soon raised and a small house for the pastor was erected.

“The next to leave was the popular pastor of the Chama charge, Brother S. H. Kirkbride. The continued illness of his sister, with the advice of medical attendants, were the reasons for his resigna-

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tion. He left Chama the last of February, leaving a monument to his industry and self-sacrifice in the church building and, in fact, in our entire interest in that country, which he had the privilege of carrying forward from their very inception. It was the first of April before his successor, the Rev. W. R. Weaver, of the St. Louis Conference, reached the charge under concurrent appointment of Bishops Newman and Mallalieu. Brother Weaver was quite a success at Chama. His Superintendent speaks very highly of him.

“Rev. N. W. Chase was transferred and Hillsboro was left to be supplied and was supplied by the Rev. Henry Carlyon of the South Kansas Conference. During this year the new brick church at Hillsboro was commenced, under a kind of union arrangement. The Rev. Thomas M. Harwood, a nephew of the Superintendent of the Spanish Mission, supplied the work at Las Cruces, and was well liked, but soon found that it was hard to serve the English and Spanish, both at the same time. It was then that Brother Chase was put in charge. These brethren all did a good work at these places.

“El Paso was left to be supplied. The Rev. I. H. Sabin, an esteemed minister of the Congregational faith, supplied our pulpit until the latter part of April. During the session of the South Kansas Conference, upon the joint recommendation of Bishops Ninde and Warren, Rev. Harmon J. Hoover, then just completing the course in Boston Theological School, was appointed to El Paso.

* * * Brother Hoover did a good work at that place.

“Rev. G. P. Fry, at Raton, finding his health

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failing in the electrical influence of the high altitude of that place, sought an exchange with the Rev. G. S. Madden of the Ohio Conference. Brother Madden did a good work at Raton. Dr. Bovard further states, 'It is due Brother Fry to say that, notwithstanding the state of his health, he vigorously pushed the work of all departments, making the Sunday School and Junion League work, perhaps the most prosperous of any in the Mission.' In speaking of the changes and new men in the mission, he says: 'It is not our intention to slight those who have stood faithfully at their posts of duty throughout the year.'

"Brother J. W. Sinnock, a veteran in the Territory, has had Blossburg throughout the year. His work, visiting from house to house, the homes of the hard-working coal miners, praying with and comforting the sick, burying their dead, and holding weekly services in their humble place of worship, can only be known in its magnitude when all things shall be revealed. Blossburg has the largest Sunday school in the Mission. In addition to regular pastoral duties, Brother Sinnock has the weekly task of teaching a large Bible class every Sabbath afternoon.

"Brother A. A. Hyde, of Springer, has had a varied experience during the past year. * * * The subscribers (for church building) want Church Extension donations deposited in the bank at Springer before they make good their promises, and the Church Extension management want bona fide subscriptions to a certain sum before they send on the donation. * * * Brother Hyde did a fine work all around Springer, including Maxwell,

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a small place, just comennced. He organized the little class at that place and found twenty-four families at and around about Maxwell.

“Brother A. Hoffman has had another prosperous year at Las Vegas. Early in the year he took up the work at the Hot Springs, organized a Sunday School and preached every two weeks in the afternoon. But the work in Las Vegas was of such vast importance that he had to give all his time to that place. The transitory character of our population gives Brother Hoffman a fine opportunity to employ his genius as a pastor—fisher of men—and he always has somebody on his line. * * *

“If much depended upon it, I would not like to run the risk of stopping a week in Las Vegas, as a stranger, and not being asked ‘If I were a Christian, a Methodist, and invited to church the next Sunday.’

“Santa Fe.—Perhaps the Bishops and the whole Mission are familiar with the drawbacks to our work in Santa Fe. The uninviting locality of our buildings, with the sparse American population and predominating influence of Romanism are a few of the drawbacks. But despite these, Rev. C. I. Mills has more than held his own the past year. His congregations are evenly large at morning services, and the church is often crowded in the evening.

“The trustees have a fund of over a thousand dollars on hand, income from a judicious exchange in real estate, and a committee is appointed to keep a lookout for available location for a new church. Santa Fe has a brighter future.

“Silver City.—Far to the Southwest of the Ter-

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ritory, at a terminus of one branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, in the midst of a number of tributary mining camps, stands Silver City, solitary, but full of commercial life and hope. Our interests there have been in charge of Rev. R. E. Pierce for the past three years. The last year has perhaps been the best of his three altogether prosperous ones. The church property is ideally located, together with the commodious parsonage, occupying a half block cornering the court house block. Ours is the only Protestant denomination that has had a regular pastor during the past year, which shows how important and arduous have been our pastor's labors. The Mission will be greatly pained to learn that, upon the advice of his physician, Brother Pierce has decided to take a supernumerary relation in his Conference, and rest a year. As pastor of one of our leading charges and Secretary of our Conference, we part with him reluctantly and pray for his speedy restoration to health and effectiveness.

“Espanola.—This is comparatively a new charge. It is situated on the Rio Grande, in a beautiful valley, some thirty miles north of Santa Fe, on a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Rev. G. O. Phillips has charge. He is a local preacher. * * * At the Fourth Quarterly Conference the church was duly incorporated, a lot 50x100 feet, secured by warranty deed, and a subscription started which means, in the near future, a church building. Brother Phillips has labored incessantly and without compensation.

“Eddy.—From the general reports of the Pecos Valley and its resources, and urgent entreaty of

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Rev. Allen Bartley who resided at Eddy, it was determined to open work at that place and Brother Alen Bartley, a member of one of the Nebraska Conferences, was appointed in charge of that field. We have already secured a lot for a church building. That is a very promising field for missionary work.

“Although these references to the pastors and charges have occupied much of your time, yet I find their necessitated brevity painful to me. For time fails me to speak of the many endeavors and sacrifices of the wives of the pastors and heroic few who have stood among our people, bearing the brunt of every burden, and ready with their last cent to support the cause of the Master in this Territory.

EDUCATION.

“Upon the recomemndation of the Board of Trustees, the last session of the Conference decided not to open the Albuquerque College this year, the only educational enterprise under the supervision of the English Mission. Dr. Thomas Harwood, wood, whose life has been literally bound up with the institution from its inception, was appointed financial agent, and will doubtless give us in his report definite statements as to the financial condition of that institution. The Missionary Committee’s appropriation of two years ago, amounting to \$992.00, has been, upon permission of the Board, applied this year to the liquidation of the debt, and was accordingly paid in quarterly installments by me to the Financial Agent. The Missionary Committee at its last meeting appropriated \$500, to be

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applied to the debt upon condition that this amount entirely discharge the debt.”

The Superintendent's report further recommended that the church as soon as possible possess itself of a suitable site for the school and for the erection of buildings. Also to secure such gifts in real estate as to not only furnish funds for buildings but also for a permanent endowment fund. All this was recommended to be done while land was cheap. He spoke of the importance of New Field of the Mission; also of Pastoral Support; The Outlook of the Mission, and a few personal remarks. The whole report was exceedingly interesting, and we would be glad to reproduce it entire, only for lack of space. His closing remarks were as follows:

“In conclusion, allow me a few personal remarks: In assuming this responsible work, a year ago, I felt that my efficiency, as well as the pleasure of the work, would, in a great measure, depend upon the attitude of my popular predecessor, whose work, as is known, covers the same territory with my own. But when I saw his kindly face and fatherly bearing, any incipient fears I may have entertained were vanished, and throughout the year, by his personal friendship and willingness to counsel with me on all important problems of the work—to say nothing of the impress of his able administration, met with everywhere—he has contributed much toward my personal comfort under the extraordinary burdens of this first year. Then the ministers and their families, all of whom were entire strangers to me a year ago, have overwhelmed me with their kindness and forbearance. I am not conscious of a single unpleasant incident in my relations with

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any of them the past year. But I am constantly sensible of the many obligations each and every one of them has placed me under by his uniform and extraordinary kindness; the more sensible because of my inability to discharge those obligations.

“The year has passed into the history of the Mission, already rich with heroism and martyrdom. May the great Head of the Church, mercifully always, approve it and accept us, His servants, for His own sake, Amen. *Charles L. Bovard, Superintendent New Mexico English Mission. Albuquerque, New Mexico, October 3, 1892.*

The Annual Mission Meeting was held this year at Albuquerque, commencing October 6, 1892, presided over by Bishop John M. Walden, D.D., LL.D.

The Annual Session of the Mission was opened by the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The Bishop called to his assistance the following named preachers: C. L. Bovard, Thos. Harwood, Jesse L. Hurlbut, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society; Rev. F. A. Riggin, Superintendent of the Navajo Mission.

The following answered to roll-call: C. L. Bovard, Adolf Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, R. E. Pierce, and C. I. Mills.

The following named were added to the roll; they were present and introduced: A. W. Adkinson, G. S. Madden, W. R. Weaver, H. J. Hoover, and Henry Carlyon.

The following named were introduced to the Mission: Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, F. A. Riggin,

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Revs. S. W. Thomas and W. D. Clayton, of the M. E. Church South; Rev. H. L. Beales, of the Illinois Conference, and Professor in DePauw University; Rev. N. T. Guthrie, of the Arizona Mission; Thos. Harwood, D.D., Superintendent of the New Mexico Spanish Mission, and David Alva, of the same.

The following named were elected officers of the Mission: A. Hoffman, secretary, with H. J. Hoover, assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical secretary, with W. R. Weaver assistant, and G. S. Madden, treasurer.

At this Conference it was decided that all collections taken during the year for education, except on Children's Day, should be given to the Albuquerque College.

In the evening session Thomas Harwood presided. Dr. Hurlbut delivered a fine address on Sunday School Work.

During the sessions of the Mission the following named were ordained: Ecelso C. Salazar, a Deacon, and William R. Weaver, an Elder by Bishop Walden. This was done October 9, 1892.

The following named were introduced to the Conference after the first day: Rev. J. H. Thompson, pastor of the Baptist Church; F. M. Day, of the Missouri Conference; Teodosio Chavez and E. C. Salazar; Rev. J. J. Gilchrist; J. N. Cordova and Leandro Fernandez, of the New Mexico Spanish Mission.

The Bishop preached an able sermon on Sunday from the text: Eph. 1:23, "Which is the body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." Subject, "The Church the Body of Christ."

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Monday in the afternoon, quite a party of us went down to Isleta to visit the Indian Pueblo. There were a few of the Spanish Mission members at the English Mission and a few of them went with us on invitation, to the Indian village. The next day we were to start for Taos for the Spanish Mission annual meeting. We had been hopefully anticipating being organized into an Annual Conference. I was anxious, of course, for an Annual Conference, but had already made up my mind that the Bishop was opposed to our organization into an Annual Conference, although I had not heard him say a word about it. Our Bishops are men of great discernment of character. Their work as bishops gives them training in that line. It is thought by some that they can look over a congregation of two or three hundred preachers and almost read the thoughts of every one, but I presume it has hardly occurred to them that we can almost read their thoughts, too. Our task is not as hard as theirs from the fact that there are so many more of us than of them. So I thought I had already read the Bishop's thoughts about the Annual Conference for the Spanish Mission. But notwithstanding all the above one of the brethren broached the subject to the Bishop, but was soon informed by the Bishop that he "needed no instruction from him on that subject." To this the brother, who was a layman in the church, and well informed, asked, "But, Bishop, how do you get your information? Don't you get it by reading and conversing with the people? If so, as I am on the ground and right with the Mission, perhaps I might give you some information as well as others."

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TAOS.

Taos was the place of the Spanish Mission Conference. To reach the place of the meeting, we must go up via Santa Fe, thence on the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow Gauge railway via Espanola and thence to Embudo and thence overland, 30 miles, to Taos. At Embudo (so called, I presume, from the funnel-shaped valley and hills and mountains surrounding it) we met the wagons to convey us to Taos. But 30 miles are too far for our teams to go from 3 p. m. to dark, so we wind around the foothills and over the spurs of the mountains, up the Rio Grande, passing here a little Mexican ranch, or perhaps a small village, and crossing small mountain streams and six miles brings us to an American ranchman where we will be welcomed with regular western hospitality. A wagon with two American horses and four passengers don't alarm him, neither his most excellent wife. At this place we were most royally entertained, farmer style, plenty of room, neat beds and one of the finest orchards in all the country, apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, all of which the Bishop pronounced as fine as he had seen in the east. In the morning an early start, but what's to pay for all this royal entertainment? "Oh, Mr. Harwood, don't speak of it. Don't you remember, how you stopped off and performed our marriage ceremony and made me and that lady there happy, I suppose for life?" "Yes, and you tried to make me take that money and I wouldn't take it, but told you that I would get even with you some other way, and now I am getting it back." What small affairs will sometimes make a life-time friend. Such are the Hon. Thomas McQuistian and his most excellent wife.

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But we must hurry on to Taos. We are there. As we came up out of the Rio Grande valley, on to the open plains, the Taos mountains, thirty or forty miles away to the east, were white with snow but at the same time down in the valley it was warm for a day in October. Taos valley is watered by several mountain streams which center down into the valley and that enables the farmers to cultivate considerable amount of land and their crops, gardens and orchards have done fairly well this year.

I said we are in Taos. No, we are just driving in. The people see us. See the children on the rooftops, women, too, a few men at different places. Some one must have told them that a Bishop was coming. Yes, a Methodist Bishop. And so they gaze and wonder how a Methodist Bishop is going to look. They have seen the Roman Catholic Bishop come in several times. Yes, Bishop Lamy often came into Taos. He was a very active man and when a few years younger than he now is (1892) was seen at times all over his field of labor. But we are now really in Taos, all tired, our load at a Mexican hotel. The beds are neat, table well supplied, and pleasant people. The brethren nearly all here, and glad to meet the Bishop.

THE CONFERENCE SESSION.

We are now among our Spanish-speaking brethren and all in Spanish, only as it is interpreted for the Bishop and in writing I must now translate into English.

The Conference was called to order by the Bishop at 9 o'clock a. m., October 13, 1892, in the Methodist Chapel.

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After a few remarks by the Bishop, translated by Rev. J. B. Sanches, the Bishop proceeded to the administration of the Lord's Supper, assisted by the Superintendent, Thos. Harwood, and others.

As per the minutes, fifteen of the preachers answered to call of the roll.

The Bishop did not see his way clearly to organize us into an Annual Conference, giving as his reason that we did not have, as he thought, the "esprit de corps" proper for an Annual Conference. Of course, we were all disappointed. We had the requisite number in our Mission for an Annual Conference.

The Bishop then suggested that we be organized into a Mission Conference. I was opposed to a Mission Conference. A Mission Conference was never provided for until the General Conference of 1888. All of our preachers who had been ordained were members of the Colorado Conference, including myself. Our number, in the Colorado Conference had made a third delegate to the General Conference possible. I had, at that time, been a member of the Colorado Conference twenty-three years. I loved the Conference. I was a member of the Conference Aid Society. I paid my dues regularly. I knew that at some time, on a rainy day, that fund might come in very conveniently. Then again it looked like reducing one and so it is. If I were a bishop I could not look a first class man in the face and ask him to be transferred from a first class conference to a Mission Conference. But with all this protest in feelings I submitted for what I hoped, was for the good of the Spanish work.

I said in my report to the Missionary Society that "it is taxation without representation, but, all things

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considered, perhaps it is better not to go into the waters of an Annual Conference until we learn better how to swim.”

Perhaps I ought to say, however, that the Bishop was kind in his administration and told me that if I should desire to return to the Colorado Conference and would let him know my wishes he would transfer me. But why were you not sent to the General Conference when you had preachers enough in your Mission to make a third delegate possible? I do not know that I could have been elected, and when my name was proposed, I saw there were others who were anxious to go, and perhaps better qualified for the position than I was, so I withdrew my name.

But before I leave this part of the subject I beg to come back, for a moment to the “*esprit de corps*” proper for a Conference. If there is no difference between a Mission Conference and an Annual Conference, as the Bishops and the Discipline say, only that a Mission Conference can't be represented in the General Conference and cannot vote on constitutional questions; now, if this be all the difference, why keep us out. What danger could come from it? There were in that body of preachers a few who were men of affairs before they became preachers. One of them was elected to the legislature at the approaching election and stood strong for the right on all vital questions. Another was, soon after that, elected Probate Judge of his county, and, it was said, made a good judge. Another was elected Justice of the Peace, it was said, sixteen years in succession and gave satisfaction to Republicans and Democrats, and to Methodist and Roman Catholics. I presume the Bishop could not have done that. I am sure I could not.

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While we were all disappointed about the Annual Conference, the Bishop read off the appointments, 33 in number, including my own, and all went cheerfully to their work.

1893.

I presume nothing could be more instructive and perhaps more interesting to the lover of missions and missionary work than the annual reports of our missionaries, but we must remember that all readers will not be missionaries and therefore we think it best to vary a little from the most of the history of last year, and we will treat the reader with a small run of inside facts, occurrences, etc. They will be missionary occurrences just the same, but on a different line. But to get at this we shall have to translate a good deal of the doings and incidents of 1893 from the Spanish back into the English, but that will be pleasant for the writer as it will remind him of the heroic days of years ago when his work was the joy of his life.

THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1893.

I think it is safe to say that the first moments of the first day of the new year found the most of our Mexican preachers and their people on their knees. It has always been our custom, out here to hold Watch-night meetings. I quote from our Abogado Cristiano,—Christian Advocate. It says that religious services were held on Christmas eve in all our churches, etc. Also Watch-night services on the last night of the year.

At Socorro, three sermons were preached, one

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long exhortation given and fourteen prayers offered and quite a number of testimonies given. At Escudida, (hidden) three miles away, two sermons were preached, one by the pastor, Leandro Fernandez, and one by Thomas M. Harwood, from Dona Ana. This writer, E. C. Salazar, Samuel Padilla and Tomas Zubiata did the preaching at Socorro.

El Abogado Cristiano just commenced its first year at Socorro. It says in its first issue at Socorro:

“The Advocate, or ‘El Abogado,’ as it will be called in Spanish, is a Spanish paper.”

“It will be monthly as to time and friendly as to character and pointed as to its objects and aims.”

“The first column will be in English only that the English reader may know the purpose of the paper.”

El Abogado was the original name of the paper. It has changed hands, changed editors, and changed name, from “El Metodista,” to “El Abogado,” but its objects and aims have always been the same.”

“The press and office is now back in the hands of its original owner and takes the name of its first adoption.”

“This paper will be published in the interest of religion, morality, education and temperance.”

“Its motto will be ‘Onward and Upward.’”

NEW MEXICO AS A STATE, BY THOS. HARWOOD.

Translated from the Spanish.

“In the year 1848 this Territory was ceded to the United States of America, and in the year 1850 it was organized into a Territory. It has, therefore, been a territory for 40 years. This is time enough to an apprentice, twice over. Why ought it not to be admitted into the Union as a State?

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1st. A territorial form of government is not the best condition for the people to manifest their political strength, in the management of their political affairs. They haven't the right to elect the officials which are to govern them. They are not really citizens. The condition of the people in a Territory is not a desirable one, neither is it a proper condition for a free people, independent and progressive. It is also a violation of that grand principle that the governed ought to have a voice in the election of those who are to govern.

2nd. New Mexico has the population required for a state. The census of 1890 gave a population of 153,076 persons, not counting the Indians on their reservation. There are about 30,000 of them. This is a population greater than any of the late Territories admitted except the two Dakotas. Nevada has been a State a long time and New Mexico has three times as many people as Nevada had when admitted.

3rd. It is said that the new state could not pay the extra expenses of a state, and that it would make the taxes much higher. Why? New Mexico has resources, greater than most of the Territories had when admitted as States. New Mexico had at the exhibit \$43,000,000. This is \$17,000,000 more than Idaho, and \$14,000,000 more than Wyoming and with the admission of New Mexico it is quite likely that the taxable property would double in a few years, with more railroads coming in and other industries.

4th. What can you say with respect to the status of the people? It is true the Mexican people have not made much progress in education, sciences, and

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industries for many years, but that is not entirely their fault. When we call to mind that the Mexican people were cut off from the civilized world for ten generations, and surrounded by great and hostile tribes of Indians it is wonderful that they survived at all, much less make much progress, even before the railroads came. When New Mexico was ceded to our government the per cent. of illiteracy was about that of Mexico at that time 93 per cent. But about the time the railroads reached us it had come down to about 60 who could not read and 65 who could not write.

The Territory now (1893) has, in many places fine school buildings, as for example, Albuquerque has four very fine brick school buildings, the fine Central school building and the University and other territorial educational institutions in prospect of construction.

5th. I have not time to speak of the loyalty of our native people. In our war with the South it is wonderful that the Mexican people were so loyal. Six thousand of the people of New Mexico rushed to arms in the defense of the United States. We need not be afraid of a loyal people."

I have reproduced the above so that the reader may know how we stood, out here on the progressive questions of the country, sixteen years ago. We stood for Statehood then just as we stood for an Annual Conference. It is true I had not always stood for statehood. I used to say, "When the people quit burning our Bibles and Protestant tracts, and quit fighting the public schools and shall be willing to give us a chaplain in one branch of our legislature, then, and not until then shall I be in

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favor of New Mexico being admitted into our sisterhood of states. That time had come so far as I could see back as far as 16 years ago and therefore I became an advocate of our admission. I had the pleasure and the honor of helping to vote Minnesota in as a state in 1858, I think it was, and hope to help to vote New Mexico in, although it comes slowly that way. Sixteen years have passed since I first set my face like a "flint" stateward and we are yet left out in the cold, but it is bound to come. The whole world is trending toward the principles of the "golden rule" and surely our own Government, "Liberty Enlightening the World," cannot afford to lag much longer in the light of the 20th century.

FRUIT CULTURE IN NEW MEXICO.

For many years it was thought that good fruit, such as American apples, pears, peaches, plums, etc., owing to high altitudes, dryness, late frosts and hailstorms (being so near the mountains) could hardly be raised in New Mexico.

It is true that all these are often in the way, but there is hardly a year but that good fruit is raised somewhere in New Mexico. * * * The only difficulty lies in the fact that so few, comparatively speaking, are making the experiment of fruit raising. The most who have find it a great pleasure and also profitable.

As pretty a sight as I had ever seen (as I thought at the time, 1880) was when I looked over the orchards in the Mesilla valley and saw the apple, pear, peach and plum trees in full foliage of all colors of bloom. Birds were singing, bees were buzzing, trees and branches were

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slightly bending to the spring zephyrs. But the next fall the scene had improved, when I visited the place again, to see those trees loaded with nice, large apples, pears, peaches and plums, with all the colors of the rainbow; and then the eating of the fruit capped the climax.

Another beautiful sight was witnessed last fall on the Las Animas, in Sierra county. It was the beautiful orchards of Don Gregorio Chavez and his nephew, Julian Chavez. They are Protestants and members of our Church and living in the valley of Las Animas, a small stream rising in the Black Range and empties into the Rio Grande, a little below Palomas. They have a large orchard of first class, eastern fruit. * * *

I was at this place, in 1875, before they had set out a tree. Bro. M. Matthieson, then in our Mission, was with me. We said to these men that "they had the finest place for fruit that we had seen in New Mexico." I was there again when the trees were quite young. The Apache Indians had made a raid over the country and had killed quite a number of people; run off stock and had cut down and destroyed a good many of the choice fruit trees. Brother Gregorio showed me a tree that the famous Geronimo tied his pony to. The tree was badly twisted, but it had grown in spite of it all and bore fine, delicious apples. (We were all delighted when those scalping savages were captured and sent to Florida and held as prisoners of war; but still more delighted when we heard that Geronimo had been converted and was a member of the Methodist church. But we never have seen the time when we wanted to see them sent back to New Mexico for

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fear they might back-slide and go to scalping again.)
—El Abogado Cristiano, Feb. 1, 1893.

Since the above was written I have eaten fruit of nearly all kinds in almost every county in the Territory and judging from the fruit on exhibit at the last Territorial Fair, of last October, 1908, New Mexico cannot well be surpassed in line of fruits.

FATHER DYER'S VISIT.

In the month of March, as per El Abogado, the Rev. John L. Dyer, the Peter Cartwright of the Colorado Conference, and generally known as "Father Dyer," made us a good visit. He was our guest all the time he was at Socorro and we were delighted to have him with us. Twenty-three years had passed away since he left the Territory. He was well pleased to see the great change that had been made since he left us in 1870. He was in his eighty-first year, yet he was active. He preached three times on the Sabbath that he was with us and preached well. We then went to Tiptonville where I first found him. It was there at the house of Col. William B. Tipton, where he was in waiting for me when I first arrived in New Mexico. The people at Tiptonville were delighted to see Father Dyer. Father Dyer and I visited Tiptonville and Watrous on the 5th and 6th of March (1893). What a grand visit. We were the guests of Rev. Lechoneous Frampton. Brother Frampton was not a converted man when Father Dyer was here in 1869 and 1870. But he had heard much about Father Dyer and was glad to welcome him at his home and to hear him preach as were many others, some of whom had met him when he was here, and some had heard him preach.

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Cuando yo llege en (I am translating this from El Abogado and find myself catching the Spanish and that accounts for those Spanish words just used above). What I wanted to say and did say it in Spanish was, when I arrived at Tiptonville, as the place is now called, at that time La Junta, it was late at night on the stage; the stage was halted and I heard a familiar voice (that I had heard many times years before in Wisconsin) saying, "Come out of there, Brother Harwood, I know you are there." Father Dyer and Col. Tipton had set up until past midnight, waiting for the stage to come in. Father Dyer was the only man in New Mexico whom I knew. Of course I was glad to see him. This was the last week in October, 1869. Father Dyer spent most of his time in Santa Fe. We spent about two weeks together, the guests at that time of Col. William B. Tipton. The wife was a native of the country, a daughter of Mr. Samuel S. Watrous, who came a long time before that to New Mexico. He used to say he came out to die, but his health had been good for many years. Father Dyer was my presiding elder and he was a good one. I was the only preacher he had to preside over and the job ought not to have been a hard one. After giving the metes and bounds of my work (see more about it in my first volume of this history) he then went to his home in Santa Fe. He made us another visit in the early spring, and then back to Santa Fe and then in May he left New Mexico for Pueblo, Colorado, to attend the session of his Conference. I left some time after that, for we were both members of the same Conference. I had been transferred the fall before. Father Dyer had not been back to New

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Mexico until the time I have been describing. But I am getting out too soon, already up to Pueblo, but not sooner than I would have liked at about that time, especially had I not had a great deal of "stick-to-itiveness" in my nature, as a phrenologist would say.

As I may never have the opportunity to refer to Father Dyer again, and as we had long been intimately acquainted and as I loved him like a father I will select from his own history, *The Snow-Shoe Itinerant*, page 256, the following :

"From there (Bosque Grande) I proceeded up the Pecos River, forty-five miles to old Fort Sumner, where there were eight or ten persons, and most of them Mexicans. I only stopped over night. My way was still up the river. I turned east to Fort Bascom. There were about fifty people. They turned out well."

"Thence I went to La Junta (now Tiptonville and Watrous) and Fort Union. Visited with Brother and Sister Harwood. They were commencing to build the main part of their present building at Tiptonville. This was near the close of my travels in New Mexico. I would have been willing to go to Mesilla, Las Cruces, or to Franklin (now called El Paso) with some other points, leaving Brother Harwood all the Mexican work ; but Bishop Ames said, "it is too far away, and that we could never follow it up." So I came to Colorado again, having traveled a little over ten thousand miles on horse-back in two years."

"During the year 1868-69 I had made up my mind that Rev. Thomas Harwood was the best and safest man that I knew of in my acquaintance for the New

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Mexico work. We had traveled together in the West Wisconsin Conference, and helped each other. Afterwards we were separated. When the war became hot, he left his work, and volunteered as a private. A presiding elder, one of my class in the Conference, went as chaplain. Although a strong preacher, he was not popular with the regiment (and out of health resigned) and Brother Harwood was chosen to fill the place, and acquitted himself creditably. After the war, he took work in the Conference again.

This matter of supplying New Mexico had been a special subject of prayer and thought, and I could not feel like asking the bishop for any other man. And now that he has been there nineteen years with his faithful wife, hard at work, preaching and teaching, I am confident that the blessed results have justified my decision. Until Rev. S. W. Thornton took the American work in 1884, he had charge of that as well as the Spanish work. Mrs. Harwood, equally well qualified to do her part in teaching, has been equally successful. The last minutes I saw gave over eight hundred converts to our church, all taken from the Roman Catholics; something over twenty native preachers, among them one Roman priest. To God be all the glory."

"Bishop Machbeuf, our old priest and bishop of the Roman Catholic church, came from New Mexico to Colorado in 1869. He was considered a great worker, and can be compared with Brother Harwood in making proselytes. Brother Harwood had the advantage, for he had a good wife to help him. I have been a close observer, and I have known but few taken from us, only where fathers and mothers

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have been so blind to the religious interests of their children as to put them under the control of the Sisters of Charity, so-called.”

“I forbear to say more, as Brother Harwood should give us a history of his own times and hardships. I have given a short account of what I saw personally.”

More from Father Dyer’s “Snow-Shoe” Itinerant Book. This book of mine would hardly be complete, and surely would lack much that makes a meal relishable such as pies, cakes, ginger-snaps, etc., did I not give more of Father Dyer’s graphic experiences. And as his book is so much more interesting than I can possibly make mine I will indulge the reader with a little respite from mine to his, which I am sure will be appreciated by all my readers.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH FATHER DYER.

It was at Prescott, Wisconsin, October, 1859, at the Conference held at Prescott, presided over by Bishop Janes. Father Dyer speaks of this Conference as follows: “It was a memorable time, a season of real enjoyment to us all. On Sunday there was a love-feast and the Bishop was blessed in his sermon. I have never seen such a general enjoyment in a conference, before or since; everybody was happy in the love of God; almost all forgot the hard times and the losses that had been endured.”

“Here I received my appointment to Dunville and Menominee Circuit, with Brother J. S. Anderson.
* * * Brother Anderson was much discouraged and went to Eau Claire to Quarterly Meeting to see the Presiding Elder, Chauncey Hobart, D.D. The elder did not come, and he made a bargain with the

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official board to preach for them, and let Brother Harwood come and travel with me. Accordingly, Brother Harwood came. I was well pleased with the trade, but he had been asked to go to Chippewa Falls and form a new circuit." * * *

I loved Brother Dyer as we all called him those early days, and would gladly have remained with him and knew some of the members and thought very much of them, but felt drawn toward the new field, Chippewa Falls, and that frontier. Of course, the effort of those East Eau Claire members of the official board to trade me off for another was anything but pleasant. They had not heard me preach, for had they heard me there might have been a good reason for wishing a change. I knew the reason. They had heard that I was born south of Mason's and Dixson's Line and they took it for granted that my sympathies were with the South, whereas I was far more loyal than the most of them and when the opportune time came I showed it by responding to Mr. Lincoln's call for valiant men. When I wrote to Dr. Hobart, stating the condition of things, he expressed great sympathy and gave me my choice, "Chippewa Falls or help Brother Dyer." I wrote him that I "liked Brother Dyer, but did not like the idea of being traded off for some one else," and said, "I don't belong to the trading commodity." Suffice it to say, that could I have gone up and prepared the way before hand, I could not have made it any better. Surely the Angel of the Lord must have gone before me and prepared the way. It was new work, almost untrodden by any bearer of glad tidings and the place had not been on the roll of appointments so far as I knew. What a glorious year

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I had. I had not been ordained at that time and when the presiding elder came up to hold my quarterly meeting I had two seats full of candidates to be baptized; probably twenty or more. But back to Brother Dyer again. He says,

“I say right here, it worked well for both of us; for he did a good work, and I was told during the year, by two of the official board, ‘that it was the last time they would allow such a transaction.’”

“To show their repentance, after a year the quarterly conference passed a resolution that, if the Conference saw fit in its wisdom to return him, they would receive Brother Harwood with pleasure. This year’s acquaintance with Brother Harwood was no doubt the cause of his subsequently being a missionary to New Mexico.” * * *

“Here was an incident that occurred through whiskey; there was a man who brought some of the liquid fire to sell. Three men came with a jug, and got it filled with whiskey and molasses about twice.
* * *

There were three men in an ox wagon, the oxen went home, but two of the three got out. The woman saw that they were deathly sick, gave them some warm water and that set them vomiting and that probably saved their lives, as it was found that there was a man left in the wagon and a little boy came running in and said, “Mother, there is another man in the wagon.” She went out and found him dead. They sent for a doctor, but it was too late, only to analyze the whiskey. The doctor said, “Enough of it would kill anybody.” The saloon man ran away, leaving the key with a neighbor. * * * By chance a negro came along. The neighbor called him

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in and gave him a glass; the darkey passed on, the man following him some distance, and when asked why he was following the darkey he replied, "I gave him a glass of that whiskey, and I thought if it didn't kill him before he got out of sight I would take some." Brother Thomas Harwood was here on a visit and preached the funeral sermon of this unfortunate man." The above is all true. This was the first funeral sermon I had ever preached over one who had died drunk. It was a sad time. I felt so sorry for the wife and children of the unfortunate man. It had always and still is my custom, when the case would allow to address the surviving parent and children to remember the example and counsel of their father or mother, as the case might be, but what could I say in this case? In New Mexico I have never had a sadder case than that was. On that occasion and other visits made at Harshman's appointment I made a few life-long friends, with one of whom I have long and still keep up pleasant correspondence. Brother and Sister Harshman's home has long and will long be gratefully remembered as the weary itinerant's home. Many of the names of those appointments found in the "Snow-Shoe" are very familiar to this writer, and he delights to dwell on the scenes of his "lovely Wisconsin" as he and Mrs. Harwood used to call their early home.

FATHER DYER IN NEW MEXICO, 1868.

"We were soon ready to start, and must be out one night more before we reach Elizabethtown, where we expect to stop. I had quite a good Indian trail all day; but in order to have good wood and water, it was dark when I reached camp.

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Just at dark I got on top of a timbered mountain, and the shades of night, with the timber, compelled me to light off the pony, and lead and feel for the path. The owls began to hoo! hoo! and the wolves to howl as if there might be a score of them nigh. It was lonely. I thought they might be scared; but as a howl coming in contact with a howl would lose its force, I started the old long-meter tune to—

“Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live.”

I happened to strike the key just right, and the hymn echoed from mountain to mountain, and seemed to fill the woods. The owls stopped, and the wolves shut their mouths.

The next day I reached Elizabethtown, a mining camp of several hundred, mostly Americans. Here I made my headquarters for the year. I held a meeting two weeks; had one member to help—Brother Simon Tyer. (I had preached at his house in Wisconsin.) At the close of the meeting seven others joined, and the above was class leader, the first that I knew of in New Mexico. (Father Dyer did not know at that time of the classes that Dr. Lore had formed at Socorro and Peralta, the Mexicans in 1855.—Editor.)

“This year I preached at Trinidad, Red River, Cimarron, Taos, Mora, Tipton, Watrous, and Cherry Valley. Early in the spring I went to Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Tecolete.

“At Santa Fe I found Dr. McFarland, a Presbyterian preacher, with a small congregation. I helped about two weeks in a meeting, as he was there teaching and preaching. I advised all to join his church.

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He thought there were about twenty-five converts. One man obtained the blessing while I was preaching. I name this, as it was the second occurrence of the kind I had known in my ministry.

“This year I selected La Junta Settlement for a high-grade school, and made a request for Rev. Thomas Harwood and wife to take charge of the same, but they deferred coming until the next year, 1869.

I have always thought it was providential that they came. Bishop Ames failed to find a man, and I was in great anxiety, with constant prayer to God for help. I took down my coat that had hung by the wall for months, and found an old letter from Brother Harwood, saying he could not come. But as I looked it over, it seemed to me that if I would write again, he would change his mind. I did so, and received the welcome news that he would come; and there was a warm greeting and meeting. I had not seen a Methodist preacher in New Mexico before. He took my place, and I have reason to thank God that the result has been so good.

“During the year 1869 and 1870 I traveled almost all over New Mexico, making my home at Santa Fe. I preached at Albuquerque, Socorro, and Fort Craig. I fell in with a company of about thirty prospectors—many were my acquaintances—at the crossing of the Rio Grande, seven miles below the above named place. * * * I had expected to cross the Jornada del Muerto (that is, Journey of Death) all alone, but in addition to my little outfit these prospectors had plenty and I was made welcome to all I wanted.

“The Apache Indians were frequently on the

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scout. If sighted by them, it was necessary to out-run them, kill them, or get scalped. There was a reach of ninety miles, with but one house, and that guarded by about fifteen soldiers. Our boys kept guard at night. At the Lone Rocks, twenty miles above Fort Selden, the company spread tent-cloths over two wagons, and I tried to preach to them in that desert place, the very spot where the Indians at various times had leaped out from behind the rocks, and scalped the weary traveler. This was a farewell to my hearers, as I have never seen one of them since. We parted at Fort Selden. They went into the mountains and discovered the mines near where Silver City now is. They offered to pay my expenses if I would go with them. * * * I went on to Las Cruces where I gathered about forty people and preached to them."

"The next day I went to Mesilla, and called on a Mr. Jones, and was used with the greatest hospitality. He took me around town to give out my appointment for the evening. We entered many saloons, and he treated the crowd, and as often asked me to drink. But as I had always refused such offers, of course I did this time. When he had taken the fourth dram I said, "We had better go home." He asked, "Why?" I said, "I am afraid I will have to carry you." He thought there was no danger. That evening we got out about forty or fifty, and they all gave good attention, and requested me to preach again. From there I went to what is now El Paso, a corner of Texas, and preached to what seemed to be the entire American population—say, thirty—and visited what is now Juarez, just across the Rio Grande, in Mexico, and ate of their delicious

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Mission grapes and other fruits, in that dilapidated old city. I met but two or three who spoke English over there. As I went back to El Paso I overtook a wood-wheel cart full of grapes, hauled by a burro. I was made welcome to eat, and did so until we came to the wine factory. A trough was filled with grapes, and an old Mexican, with his pants rolled up, and his toe-nails large enough to scratch the contents to pieces, trod the wine-press alone. I could but think, as I saw the wine run through the hole in the trough behind the old man, "how many would take a cup of that wine, and boast of its purity, and lick their lips for more, if they could see how it is made?" This was in September, 1869.

"From there I returned to Mesilla—a grand old town for fruit; and as I came up I stopped at Fort Selden, and preached to the soldiers, two companies, one of colored men, the other white. * * * Things were strange here. Some of the people lariatied their hogs by the nose, let their dogs run loose, and grubbed their hay with a mattock by the ton. But I paid my fare, say three dollars, and left for the Joronada again, with a Mexican mail carrier, and at night reached Jack Martin's, about half way. At night I preached to the family, hired men, in the plaza, by moonshine. At daylight a messenger came with the news that the mail carrier, who was to meet us, from Fort Craig, had been killed by the Indians, which made a lively excitement through the day. It was thought dangerous to start, but I told them if they were killing men last night they would not likely be there the next night, so now was the time to go, and by evening the carrier and I started. We rode until sometime in the night, when

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he must stop and take a nap. He slept and I watched. He had a pistol, I had none. I thought if the Indians came, I would take his weapon and shoot until he could wake. But I had to wake him. About sunrise we came to the place where the Mexican had been killed. The blood had run profusely, but the body had been taken to a Mexican town, on the other side of the Rio Grande, about seven miles from Fort Craig, and they were preparing for the funeral. Here we learned that it was a Mexican, who had a grudge against him, that had killed him, and that the Indians were clear of murder for once. I got to Fort Craig safe, stopped for the day, and preached at night to the soldiers. The colored soldiers attended best, and made the fort echo with two or three good old hymns. I preached once between there and Socorro. Here there were a few Protestants, Mexicans. One old brother seemed wonderfully rejoiced to see a Protestant preacher. The day before, while riding alone, along the sands of the Rio Grande, I became melancholy. The strange and almost desert country oppressed me. I became restless, and could not account for such feelings. Just at dark, after some inquiry, I found a place to stop where they talked English. The host, who was a generous Scotchman, showed me a room, and in a few minutes returned with a basket of grapes and peaches, and bade me help myself. But my mind was so distressed that, before I could eat of the fruit, I took my hymn-book, and asked God, on my knees, to show me a hymn that would give comfort or duty. I opened the book to the hymn:

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound.”

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“Somehow, in my condition, it gave duty and comfort. Next day I called all together and preached, and in the number were several Mexicans, as they did not understand English, through an interpreter, I asked one of them to select a hymn and close the meeting in their own way, as they had Spanish books. When he began to read I was told to turn to the hymn,

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound.”

I thought, now I have it in Spanish, as well as in English. After prayer, the old Mexican took my hand, and said, “he could not understand English, but he knew my preaching was in the right way.

“From here, with but little delay, I made my way to Santa Fe, where there were several letters awaiting me. One gave the account of the death of my mother, and it occurred on the same day I had been so wonderfully distressed. I give this circumstance as it occurred, and the reader can draw his own conclusions as to the seemingly singular coincident.

“After resting at Santa Fe, I visited Elizabethtown, Cimarron, Red River, and La Junta. Here, Mrs. Harwood commenced teaching, which has resulted in the elevation of many of the children in the regions round about.

“March 7, 1870, I started for Fort Winöate. After passing Albuquerque, I found no Americans to speak of until I reached the fort, where there were two companies of soldiers. They had just received orders to go to Prescott, Arizona. After preaching twice, Colonel Evans in command, offered me a free passage with them to Arizona. But after expressing my thanks to him for his kind offer, I declined.

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Here I found Rev. Mr. Roberts, sent by the Presbyterian Board, assisted by Miss Gaston, as teacher among the Navajos. This was Fort Defiance, to which place I had just come. The Navajo Indians were more proverbial for stealing than for killing people. But the squaws' loom-made blankets were the best known anywhere. The loom itself would not cost more than seventy-five cents in work. They weave by draft any figure given them, and silk neckties as well, on the same loom.

“Brother Roberts undertook to keep a few sheep. He hired a boy to herd them. Some Indians came along one time, caught the boy and held him while others caught two sheep, which made them a feast. At another time they came along at night, got a ladder, climbed on to a fourteen-foot wall of the corral, and took a sheep over with a lariat. Well, he sold his sheep and went to farming. He planted corn, and as soon as the cob formed on the stalk they pulled and ate his crop, and he did not even get green corn. All this time he was preparing to preach to them and one would naturally suppose his first text would be, “Thou shalt not steal.” This was the beginning, and we can but desire the Navajo tribe to become enlightened and as perfect in religion as their squaws are in weaving blankets and neckties. This was the outside camp, as far as I could learn, that was accessible, unless I had gone with the army. I was sorry afterwards I did not go as our church had no preacher there.

“My next trip from Santa Fe was about one hundred and seventy miles to Fort Stanton, one hundred and six miles of the way without a house. There was a mail carried once a week. I was not

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there on the right day, but was told that the carrier went alone a part of the time, and I concluded to try it. It was forty-five miles to the first water, a spring on the side of a mountain. At an hour, by sun, I reached a graveyard, with some half dozen graves, but could find no water. As I was looking for it I saw a Mexican, with a keg of water on a burro. He showed me the path to the water, a mile from the camping ground. After horse and rider had satisfied themselves, I found ten or twelve Mexicans camped at the foot of the mountain. I learned that those who were buried there had been killed by the Indians. The campers seemed anxious for me to stay, but I could not feel safe alone with them. So I fed my horse all the corn I had with me, ate my grub, and just at night started on a dim road at a good speed, and went about twelve miles and camped. I built a fire and tried to sleep, but was too cold. After several efforts, I got up, moved the fire, put on sand until it was tempered about right, spread one blanket under and the other over me, took a good sleep, awoke and found my kind Preserver near. My danger and deliverance had been greater than I knew.

“About ten o'clock I met four men who inquired whom I had seen? I told them of the campers and described the outfit. They said, “It is well you left them, for some of them are not too good to kill you for your clothes, and that they had stolen cattle.” I reached Fort Stanton about five o'clock; and as I had no fire-arms, they asked me which way I had come. “Well, did you see any Indians?” I told them “No.” “Well,” pointing the way I had come, said, “day before yesterday there were three

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Apaches walking along on that hill and looking down into the fort." The men I met brought back the thieves and stolen cattle. I was well nigh tired out after my long journey; but I told my name and business, and they used me with great hospitality.

"As I visited with them, I found a man who was living with a woman with a contract that they would be married as soon as they could find a preacher to tie the knot. I married them and the groom gave me ten dollars. After preaching to a large turnout one of the captains got up an extra dinner and invited me to dine with him and several of the officers.

"Next day I started for Ashland down the Rio Bonito. I stopped at a grist-mill, and preached to eight Americans and two Mexicans. For fear of Indians they locked my horse up in the mill, and barred the doors of the cabin with timbers prepared for that purpose. The next day I started with a Mexican for Ashland. He was armed; but after we got a half mile from the house, he kept about a hundred yards behind, evidently afraid to keep by my side. But we reached town and the people seemed glad to hear a sermon. About forty-five were in the congregation. At the close a man stood at the door and the people contributed thirteen dollars for me.

"The next day, Monday, I went with some cattle-herders to their camp and preached to five. The day following reached Bosque Grande, where I preached to about thirty men. I never said "collection" at any place, but next morning the store-keeper called me to his store and gave me fifteen dollars. He said the boys had left it to my credit. This was well and how much better than for the preacher to have spoken of it.

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“From there I proceeded up the Pecos River, forty-five miles to old Fort Sumner, where there were eight or ten persons, and most of them Mexicans. I only stopped over night. My way was still up the river. I turned east to Fort Bascom. There were but about fifty people. They turned out well.”

NOTES FROM THE ABOVE.

I need not make any apologies for the long quotation from Father Dyer's book, for it will be read with interest, at least by all who take an interest in pioneer days; but especially is it interesting to me because I had known him so long and loved him so much and also from the fact that I have so often traveled over many times the most of the same roads and know much of the loneliness and danger. One time, probably six or seven years after Father Dyer had taken his eventful journey at the “Point of Rocks” of which he speaks, we were surrounded by Indians, at least, as we supposed. It was a small and lonely station. A few days before I reached the place the stage had been waylaid, the driver killed, the mail scattered over the road. I picked up some checks and took them on with me to Silver City where they had been given. We protected the ponies the best we could. It was a small room, dirt floor, one door and I think only one window, and no glass, but that one window was one too many for such a dangerous time as that was. I think there were six of us altogether. They were all strangers to both the landlord and myself. It was considered one of the most dangerous places anywhere along the road, as it was right on the trail of Geronimo, the famous Indian chief and warrior.

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When it was about time to bunk down in the dust to rest and sleep a little if we could, I took out the New Testament in English and Spanish and proposed to read a little out of the good book. At which all gave the strictest attention. I think they knelt for prayer. After prayer we indulged in a friendly talk as to where we had lived. One was from South Carolina, one from Georgia, one from Missouri, one from Wisconsin. All had attended Sunday schools, but I think they had wandered, like the prodigal son far away. The man in charge of the stock for the stage company became a life-long friend. Some time after that he married a very nice Methodist lady. I often stopped with them and was always made very welcome. At one time, when I was spending a day or so with them at Deming, at the time when small-pox was very bad and all known cases were being taken to the pest-house. I remarked, "Yes, of course, if I should take smallpox here I would expect nothing else only to be taken to the same place where others had to go," at which my friend remarked, pointing to his pistol, hanging on the wall, "Mr. Harwood, you'll not be taken out of this house so long as that pistol will shoot."

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES FOR THIS YEAR, 1893.

The English Mission held its Ninth Annual meeting at Raton, presided over by Edward G. Andrews, D.D., L.L.D.

Rev. Adolfo Hoffman was elected secretary; A. A. Hyde, statistical secretary and H. J. Hoover and Henry Carlyon assistants.

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CHURCH EXTENSION.

The following paper was presented and adopted by the English Mission: "We would urge the Church Extension Society to be as lenient as possible in dealing with the Spanish Mission. If the Spanish Mission work must meet the standing rules of the society it will make it impossible for them to build more churches. We recommend that they be dealt with as the foreign work is, and where they do the best they can, assistance be given them."

ORDINATIONS.

At this Conference, Bishop Andrews ordained to Elders orders Revs. George S. Madden and Harmon I. Hoover.

The Spanish Mission was held at Las Cruces, October 5-10. Bishop Edward G. Andrews presided. It was well attended, considering the great distance the most of the preachers had to come. This was Bishop Andrews' second visit to our Mission. This gave him a good chance to study the Mission, also to study the preachers. I think he was pleased with our work.

T. M. Harwood was elected secretary, and David Alva assistant. Lechoneous Frampton was elected statistical secretary and Leandro Fernandez, assistant. Juan Benito Sanchez was elected Interpreter.

At this Conference the Bishop ordained Samuel Padilla and Bortolome Gonzales deacons. And Juan Benito Sanchez, Leandro Fernandez, Eulogio Montoya and Marcial Serna were ordained elders.

The Bishop preached a grand sermon on the Sabbath, interpreted by Rev. Thomas M. Harwood. Text, "Paul, a servant (slave) of Jesus Christ."

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This year, in company with Mrs. Harwood and my niece, Mrs. Schmidt, whose husband, J. J. Schmidt, had been killed went to Chicago to attend the World's Fair. It was a pleasant trip. We had not been east for quite a number of years. Hence all was new and exceedingly interesting. With respect to the Fair, I could only say as nearly everyone else could say, "It was wonderful." To see the fine, large buildings representing all the principal countries of the world with their machinery, inventions, and all kinds of industries, each nation or country, or state in our own country, vieing with each other all in one place where all could see for themselves was a great privilege, and a great source of instruction. And as said before, "It was simply wonderful."

Mrs. Harwood and I then went out about seventy miles over in the edge of Indiana to visit some of my relatives at San Pierre. It was our own little place. She had never seen the place before. She was pleased with it and thought it would be a pleasant little home for us when we should become old. I had always and yet feel a little sensitive from a remark said to have been made when we were married, "He is a Methodist preacher and they are always so poor," and a "soldier and will likely get killed in battle or die on the marches." So I was probably more careful than I might otherwise have been to prepare a little home for a rainy day. Had it been necessary we could have made a very comfortable living on the place. She thought as I did that the place would make us a very pleasant home, and seemed almost to wish the time had come to lay down the responsibilities of missionary life for a

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permanent home, even if it were a small place. She thought the house and garden, and orchard and twenty acres of land and the one hundred and twenty acres of meadow land would make us a pleasant little home but she passed away "where fruits are ever ripe and flowers eternal bloom" before we were ready to lay down the armor and retire from the field of activities.

1894-1897.

THE NAVAJOS AND THE NAVAJO MISSION.

A history of the New Mexican Missions would be incomplete were we not to devote some time and space to the work among the Indians. We have spoken of the Indians in New Mexico, but it has been where bullets were used and not Bibles. Bullets are good in their place, but they have never been known to convert many souls.

As General U. S. Grant, when visiting in New Orleans in the spring of 1880, at a public reception, said, among many other things: "I hope the good work that has commenced to secure the gospel and spelling book to every class, will be continued, so that all denominations and individuals, white or black, may have these blessings." I fully endorse the above, with the additional that every Indian also, whether nomadic or living in pueblos, may also share in these blessings.

The Navajo Mission was provided for or at least constituted, in 1890 with a generous appropriation, and the appointing of the Rev. T. L. Wiltsee as Superintendent, headquarters at Fort Defiance, in Ari-

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zona, just across the line of New Mexico and Arizona.

Dr. Leonard said in his report to the Board at New York, "The Navajo Indians occupy a reservation in northeastern Arizona and north-western New Mexico, 90 miles long and 60 miles wide. They number 20,000; are wholly pagan, and without Christian missionaries. They are represented as peaceful, somewhat intelligent, and disposed to be industrious. They have herds of horses and cattle and sheep and goats. Their wool-clip a year is said to be over 1,000,000 pounds.

"Their women, manufacture excellent blankets and the men are skillful in the manufacture of trinkets for ornamental purposes. The Department of the Interior offers us every facility for missionary work among these Indians. A house belonging to the government can be had temporarily, and the government school building can be used on the Sabbath for Sunday school and preaching services. The General Committee at its session last autumn authorized a mission to these Indians and made an appropriation of \$5,000, contingent upon its being raised for that purpose. About \$3,000 has been pledged and contributed, and the Mission will be opened at an early day."

We fail to find any report from Rev. Mr. Wiltsee either in the New Mexico English Mission minutes, or in the Spanish, or in the annual reports at missionary headquarters at New York. However, I know he was appointed to that field and moved to Fort Defiance. I think he was there a year or more. The reader will excuse this repetition, which may be found also under the year 1889. "In August, Bro.

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Thomas Harwood and H. R. Antes and myself visited the reservation for the purpose of selecting the best sites we could find. Brother Antes, with rare consecration, went as our first missionary. Nearly two weeks were occupied in the visit. They were weeks of peculiar experience. We came back more than ever convinced that here is a rare opportunity for our church to do missionary work among a very needy people, such an opportunity as we cross the seas again and again to seek. The Missionary Society that was born on an Indian reservation ought not to let a tribe of 20,000 Indians go without the bread of life." It was in October, 1891, he wrote the following inspiring report:

"In undertaking this work (the Navajo) two scenes have ever and anon risen up before me to cheer and inspire to consecration. The first is located as to time just a few years hence. There is a Methodist camp-meeting on the Navajo Reservation. The Spirit of God is being poured out upon the people. A rude altar is filled with seekers with skin of reddish hue. While they pray and wait the promised blessing comes and the forests of great pines is made to echo and re-echo with the shouts of new-born souls and the singing of Methodist hymns. It is a time of great joy and thank God I am there to share it."

"The second scene is located just yonder, a little further in the future. Time is no more. The earth and the works therein are burned up with fire. The new Heavens and the new Earth have appeared. The angels have rolled out the great White Throne. Upon it sits the Judge whose eyes are as a flame of fire. Before Him stands the congregated universe.

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From His lips falls the sentence of the just, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' And as the innumerable multitude of redeemed souls files away to the right of the Judge, I see here and there in the mighty procession a company of blood-washed Navajos who have learned to sing the 'Song of Moses and the Lamb.' It is a scene of greatest joy and by the grace of God we will be there to share it."

The above is beautiful and its anticipation is inspiring, whether Brother Wiltsee or some one else should be the happy participant.

In 1891, we find the following statement from the office at New York:

"The Navajo Mission, under Rev. F. A. Riggis as superintendent, has established headquarters at Fort Defiance, Arizona Territory, purchased property, erected a parsonage, begins with good prospects, and will erect during 1892 a building for school and church purposes."

REPORT OF REV. J. A. RIGGIS FOR THE NAVAJO
MISSION FOR 1892.

"The Navajo Indian Mission includes the work among the Navajo and Moqui Indians, whose reservations adjoin. This embraces a region in north-east Arizona and northwest New Mexico, one hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred miles wide. The Navajo Indians are nomadic in their life. They have large flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle. They build their temporary homes in favorable places for their stock, and fol-

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low them in their feeding. They live upon the products of their flocks. They shear their sheep, spin and weave their wool in the most primitive manner, but make blankets and woolen articles of a very artistic nature. Some of them are costly and find a ready market.

“In this way they support themselves and families. They are industrious and generally prosperous. They are self-supporting, receiving no help from the government, except for their school work and the sick and infirm among them.

“They have some farmers among them. These settle in villages, plant their crops, and toil assiduously to cultivate their farms and provide food for winter. There are also workers in silver and iron. They do some work that would be a credit to a silversmith. A few have trades.

“From a natural standpoint they certainly have seemed to improve themselves to the extent of their opportunities. Religiously they have the grossest forms of paganism. No heathen country of which I read is more heathenish than these Navajos. Their rites, ceremonies, and all their worship show them to be entirely ignorant of God, and the light that comes from Christianity. They are polygamous. Some of them have three or more wives. They are slaveholders. Their captives in war are held in bondage by them. They have all the vices of heathenism, besides those common to our own race. There are about eighteen thousand Navajos on and about the reservation.

“The Moqui Indians are adjacent on the west. They live on mesas (table lands), some of them eight hundred or one thousand feet above the val-

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leys, where they carry their water, wood, and food. They live in groups and in villages, hundreds of them together. They farm the valley land, and have stored away food (sometimes) to last them over years of droughts, or siege in case of war. Heirs are their heathen temples, where they and their ancestors have lived and worshiped since before Columbus discovered America. They were found here by the Spaniards, who came from Mexico and who settled here, the early settlers of this region.

“They resemble the cliff-dwellers, whose ruins abound in this section. They are now peaceable, and tend toward civilization. There have been erected quite recently one hundred or more cottages by them, which are furnished by the government and benevolent friends, and they are reaching out for greater light.

“They are idolaters and worship the snake. They spend a large part of their time in their religious ceremonies, which are very elaborate. Poor, dark, benighted people!

“During the past year I have visited many sections of the mission, traveling in wagon or on horseback across trackless regions and some of the arid deserts of this section, and also to the Moqui reservation. I have preached to the Indians through an interpreter, and have found an increasing and deep interest in our work among them; as much as I could expect. Each Sabbath’s services reveal new features, and the interest they take in the subject and study of our Christian religion encourages us in the belief that they will ultimately accept the teachings of Christ instead of their own dark religious requirements.

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“The United States Government has set apart for our use and occupancy, at the agency, Fort Defiance, Arizona, an acre and a half of land on which we have built a parsonage and other improvements, and which is our headquarters. They have also set apart at Red Lake, six hundred and forty acres for a Mission Industrial Institute, which I have selected for our new premises in the interior of the reservation.

“The ladies of the Woman’s Home Missionary Society are located on the San Juan River about one hundred and ten miles from our headquarters. I found them excellent workers, hopeful, courageous, and in every way qualified for their great mission. I learn from every source of the good work which they are doing and though they can only lay foundations at the present stage of their work, like ourselves, they, with us, have received tokens that their work is not in vain.

“In our travels through the reservation we are compelled to live in primitive style. There are no hotels nor railroads. We sleep on the ground, cook our food, and sometimes, with only an Indian guide, we travel the wilderness and solitary places to study and teach these neglected people. I believe the way is opening, and have faith that ere long the gracious work of the gospel will have ‘free course and be glorified’.

“As to our duty, the way is plain. There is a great deal of good work being done through the officers and employes of the government. Among the Navajos and Moqui Indians we have members of our church, gradually lifting them to a higher plane of life, and excellent Christian people of other

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churches ready to help in the missionary work. I have held a service on the Sabbath for the employees and English-speaking Indians, besides my work among the Indians who need an interpreter; also a prayer meeting during the week and praise service at various times.

“If the church can see its way clear to give the mission funds for our enlarged plans in reference to the industrial work and establishment of a center of operations thereat, I am sure we can more speedily reach and benefit the people. The general government would gladly have contracted for such work, but the wise action of the General Conference in assuming for the church its own benevolent work, maps out the only possible source of our aid through the grant of the committee. Methodism must now do her share in Christianizing the Indian.

“We have here a fortunate location. We have access to Indian territory for hundreds of miles, and a class of Indians who will as readily respond to Christian work as any. It is a wise, benevolent, and praiseworthy work; the church could engage in no better. I send estimates for the new year. I hope the Indian work will not suffer for lack of friends and means.

“My family and myself have been wonderfully sustained, and though our work is necessarily much slower here than in our former frontier labors, we feel we have great reason for gratitude for the results already apparent. We desire to express our thankfulness to the Mission Rooms for the kindness we have received, and to the great Head of the Church for his presence and grace.”

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I am sorry to have to state here that this was the last we heard of Dr. Riggin as connected with the Navajo Mission. His report, as the reader will bear me out in saying, is elating, soul inspiring. And we can devoutly wish that he could have stood by it and carried out to its fulfillment all the hopefulness the report inspires.

THE NAVAJOS IN 1893, AS GIVEN FROM THE NEW YORK OFFICE.

“One year ago the General Committee appropriated \$4,000 with which to erect a schoolhouse on the Navajo Reservation at Red Lake, but it has been impossible to secure such assurance of continued occupation of the site chosen as to justify the carrying out of our plans. Negotiations are still in progress with the government, and we hope to succeed in erecting a school for that long-neglected people in the not distant future.”

“Rev. S. E. Snider succeeds Rev. F. A. Riggin as missionary, and his residence is Fort Defiance, Arizona. Religious services are maintained in the government school building at Fort Defiance, and such other work is done among the people on the reservation as the circumstances will permit.”—From the office at New York.

NAVAJO MISSION IN 1894, AS GIVEN BY ITS SUPERINTENDENT, THE REV. S. E. SNIDER, OCT. 3, 1894.

Bishop Walden had Episcopal Supervision.

“The most important item necessary to our success is a chapel here at the Agency. We have a parsonage and a barn here. This is headquarters. We

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hold services in the government school building. There is no room large enough to accommodate all who would attend. Many of the pupils are turned away for lack of room.

“An interpreter must be provided for. Without one the gospel will be preached in an unknown tongue. Think of preaching to two hundred boys and girls, and not one-half of them understand the English language, or conducting a funeral service among the Navajos without an interpreter, which I have done.

“The parsonage must be partially replastered and papered, and shutters placed upon the windows, and fenced, and roof painted.

“Owing to the exorbitant price we have to pay for horse feed we keep but one horse. I cannot get along very well without a horse. I have made a great many calls on the sick, and have had many calls to go and see the sick, but owing to the great distance in some cases I could not go. There is nothing in treating sick Indians, only a practical way of preaching the gospel to them and getting a firmer hold upon them.

“I think it would be wise, if there is money sufficient, to make an appropriation for reinforcement for the latter part of 1895. I shall not need any help this winter, but will need help next summer.

“The necessity of having a Mission Institute, as contemplated by Brother Riggins, is urgent, but the location (Red Lake) is very poor. There are many places much better suited for such purposes than Red Lake, and the more I see of Red Lake and surroundings, the less I think of the wisdom of expending any more money at that place, and I have

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traveled over it several times. There are not six families in a radius of eight or ten miles. Red Lake is dry. It has been for four months. * * * The Indians have never farmed any ground around Red Lake. No water especially at a time when most needed. Give me a chapel now, and I will secure a more favorable location for a Mission Institute when funds are available. Let us build wisely what little we do build. I can reach more Navajos right here through their children in one year than it would be possible to reach in any other way. I hope you will grant my request for a chapel. I have no faith in the Red Lake enterprise. It will be a failure if instituted at that point."

REPORT OF MR. SNIDER FOR 1895.

The reader must excuse this editor for giving so much from the missionaries of that mission about the Navajos. The fact is, my own heart goes out for these Indians. I have been on and over their reservation. I have been in their camps, in their hogans. I have talked with them about the other life, about preparing in this life for the next. I find they can weep like children when their friends die. I have often been at the mission schools. I have seen their children in school, in our own Mission school at San Juan and in the government schools and I am profoundly interested in their future welfare in this life and in the world to come. There is not much in this second report of Mr. Snider that is in the other report of last year, and if there should be it may only aid the mind in retaining the more of the report.

"The territory embraced in this Mission lies in

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the northeast portion of Arizona and in the northwest corner of New Mexico, and also includes a strip of Utah lying south of the San Juan river, embracing an area of over one hundred and fourteen thousand square miles, almost an empire in itself. This is one of the largest Indian reservations in the United States, not including those in Indian Territory, and the most numerous and wealthy. We have within the bounds of this Mission twenty thousand Indians. Their wealth consists principally in stock,—horses, mules, cattle, sheep and goats. Nearly every family owns a flock of sheep and goats and a band of horses. The Navajos call themselves “tinnéh,” meaning “the people”; they are the most flourishing and promising branch of the vigorous Athabaskan stock which exists in widely separated tribal communities upon the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico.

“About three hundred years ago the Spaniards from Mexico introduced sheep into this region, of which the Navajo speedily secured a share without scruple as to right of possession. The acquisition of flocks wrought a great change in their destiny, transforming them from vagrant hunters to landed shepherds, and after scourging and conflicts of many successive generations, they have long forsaken their old predatory habits and become a peaceful, pastoral tribe. Their mode of living is in very cheaply constructed superstructures, called “hogans,” and they are widely scattered over the country, not living in villages as most Indian tribes do. Because of the accommodation required by their flocks, they usually move twice a year to obtain sufficient pasturage and water for their stock. The nomadic disposition

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makes it difficult to do missionary work among them. Many of them have small farms which they cultivate and raise good crops on a small scale where they can get water to irrigate with. Congress has made an appropriation of over \$60,000 for the construction of irrigating ditches and for boring artesian wells. This means much for them, in giving them permanent homes, which is a long stride toward civilization and Christianization.

“We have a very peculiar tribe of Indians in New Mexico (Arizona) called the “Moquis”. They live in villages built on the mesas, (table lands) hundreds of feet above the valleys, and carry all their fuel and water up very difficult places. They are intensely religious in their customs and habits, but their religion lacks power to lift them to a better life. I have found it difficult to get large congregations of adults to assemble to hear the gospel. I have had to content myself with working with the young, the most hopeful class in the Mission. We have at Fort Defiance a Sunday school, with an average attendance of one hundred and thirty-five boys and girls, well supplied with Sunday school literature from our publishing house in New York; and we have a good congregation of boys and girls, government employees, and a few Blanket Indians every Sunday night to preach to.

“I find many adults very much interested in the gospel. Much missionary work must be done (if done at all with adults) by personal effort, and a missionary must have a good interpreter in his work. I have been encouraged in my work. I have been called to go many miles to see the sick, and have administered medicine and gained their confidence,

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which has been an invaluable help to me. The work will require time and patience, but it is taking root. The time is not far distant when there will be native workers to preach the gospel in their own dialect.

“I hope to see the time when we will have a score of native preachers carrying the gospel to their own people. I am very thankful to the “Giver of all good” for his goodness to me in this “barren land,” and for the outlook for the future. I would recommend the Board to stand by this work even if the church must bury one or two workmen in this western soil ere the result of their labor is seen.

“We have a very good parsonage—estimated value \$1,000—and a barn worth \$400.”

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE
NAVAJOS AND APACHES.

Mrs. E. W. Simpson, Secretary, Reports.

“The past year has been one of hardship to our Navajo missionaries, and yet of great progress on every line. The severe sand-storms have well-nigh ruined the house. Miss Tripp (this was Miss Mary A. Tripp) has erected an adobe house that is very comfortable, and safe in the strongest windstorm. The old building will be used for a hospital for Indians by putting supports under the roof.

“The Navajos are beginning to realize the value of an education, and are willing to send their children to the government schools. One old man advised his son to “improve his time and become a more intelligent man than his father.”

“There has been great suffering among the Nava-

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jos because of the drought. Many have eaten their sheep and goats, and finally were obliged to eat their ponies to keep from starving. They now see the need of cultivating the land, and are beginning to dig ditches for irrigating. The band near the mission began work on the ditch that would be one mile in length, and twelve feet deep at the head, with only one ax and a shovel with a broken handle, and another party only an ax, with which they cut down a cedar tree and made mud spoons with which to throw out the dirt; but better tools have now been purchased with funds given by the Indian Rights Association, and loaned them, now they have a ditch that will irrigate about six hundred acres. A Navajo who came to the Mission from far down on the reservation said, "My heart was glad when I came up the river and saw the Navajos working on ditches and cleaning up the fields, and I knew they never could have done this without some white person to show them how." I asked and they said; 'our friend at the Mission helped us.' "We are just as good as the San Juan Indians, come and help us." In the camps thus helped there is a strong determination to get rid of all who will not work and those who steal and drink and there is very little gambling now.

"The missionaries had an interpreter for two months, and the Navajos were eager to learn all they could about God and His book and the life beyond the grave. A son of the old man to whom the missionaries gave a Christian burial asked "if they thought his father went to heaven, and if he met Mrs. Whyte and would know her?" "Some said they had bad hearts and promised to pray to God to give them good hearts." The last Sunday that the inter-

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preter was there they remained hour after hour asking questions, and when obliged to leave it was pitiful to hear them say, "One or two white men came and told us a little about the white man's God. They went away and left us in darkness, then Frank come and tell us more, now he go away and leave us in darkness again."

"A good work has been done for the white people in that vicinity, where they had never been any Sabbath observance or religious services until our missionaries went there. Mrs. Whyte's long and severe illness so taxed the strength and occupied the time of Mrs. Eldridge that she was obliged to give up the Sunday school work. The first Sunday that Miss Mary A. Tripp spent there she held a praise service, inviting the white people to attend; quite a number responded and it was decided to hold a service every Sabbath. One old man said, "We shall need much instruction, for it has been a long time since we have heard about these things." Prayer meetings have been held, Miss Tripp and Mrs. Eldridge sometimes going out six miles to hold a meeting where some one was ill, not reaching home until near midnight. A church class has been organized with fifteen members, and several professing conversion have joined on probation.

APACHE MISSION.

"At Dulce the erection of the chapel, and school room combined, has progressed slowly. Soon after the work was commenced the builder was taken very ill with rheumatism, which put a stop to the work, so that it is not quite completed yet, but will soon be ready for the furnishing. Over the chapel room

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are five rooms to be rented to pupils who may wish to attend the school * * *

“The missionaries have been supporting three orphans, little Vasendo, the Indian boy, and two little Mexican girls. It seems hardly just for these self-sacrificing missionaries to support all these children, and I would like for an appropriation of forty dollars each for two, conditioned upon its being raised.

“Miss Sarah E. Moore, our faithful teacher, has been sadly afflicted in the death of a sister, at whose bedside she watched all through the vacation, until September 23, when she passed over to the beautiful home beyond the river, so that the school was not opened until the second week in October. We have been very fortunate in the gift of over six hundred dollars from Miss Doege and her brother, who are not members of our denomination. Surely this was in answer to prayer. The school work as well as religious work has been well looked after. The missionaries have held two Sunday schools as well as prayer meetings at Dulce and at Lumberton. Mr. Martinez, the converted Mexican, has by his preaching and faithful work won many souls from Romanism, who are now looking to Jesus only for salvation.”

A FEW INFERENCES FROM THE ABOVE REPORTS.

Only a few inferences from the above reports, especially from the three Superintendents above named, Drs. Wiltsee, Riggin and Snider, can be given. These were all grand men. I knew them all. They were well educated, well read, fluent in speech, students in theology and well up to our

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modern times in the current events and questions of the day; but with all this were they successful in their Indian work? Why? Simply because they were out of their element. Their fluency, eloquence and oratory, having to come through an interpreter, lost their force. Who could ever have thought of sending Bishop Simpson to preach to Indians? It is said that many years ago when Tom Cowen, one of the finest campaign political orators of his day, after having made one of his wonderful political, out-door speeches, was asked the next Sabbath to address a class of Sunday school scholars. They said he tried hard, but failed woefully. Why? Simply because he was out of his element. He couldn't get down to it. One time over at Taos, just after an Annual Conference, a sixteen year old daughter of one of the preachers suddenly died. After the funeral services at the chapel and we had gone to the cemetery and the coffin was lowered in the box in the grave and we were about to begin, "earth to earth, dust to dust" etc., Rev. Albert Jacobs, district superintendent and father of the deceased, said, "Brother Harwood, I feel so bad I wish you would have some of the brethren talk a little." At this I said, "I see that your old friend, Hon. Pedro Sanchez, is here." "Oh, yes," said Brother Jacobs, "I would like to hear him." I invited him, telling him that Mr. Jacobs would like to have him step to the grave and talk a little. Don Pedro said, "With great pleasure." Don Pedro tried hard to speak, but the harder he tried, it seemed, the worse he failed. Why? He was out of his element. But one of the preachers was called who used to be one of Don Pedro's peons. He began low, rose higher,

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then soon on fire telling the simple story of the cross, and this little girl had learned of Jesus in his Sunday school, how she loved the Bible, the Protestant Bible, and how she had learned to love and trust the Savior, and was happy in her life and no doubt happy in the last hour for He in whom she had believed and trusted has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Don Pedro couldn't get down to it, or rather I would better say "couldn't get up to it" for Protestantism vitalized with the Holy Spirit, and soaring with the angels and our friends who have gone before us as the last named preacher did is getting up and not down. This last was eloquence at home, among one's own people. One is not apt to make a mistake in his eloquence in his own language, when moved by the Holy Spirit or when moved by the inspiration of the occasion, even in a flight of eloquence. But speaking through an interpreter or to those who understand our language only imperfectly it is so easy to be misunderstood, as for instance, I once heard a very eloquent sermon from a returned missionary. He, in describing his trip across the Atlantic spoke of encountering a severe storm. He spoke of the "ship on which he rode riding the waves in that storm;" a Mexican girl asked another, "How in the world could he ride that sheep across the ocean?" when the other girl told her it wasn't a "sheep" but a "ship" she looked surprised. Hardly a month ago in a Sunday-school lesson the subject of conversion came up. An American, who wanted to make the subject clear, said, "It is something like, when I gave my heart to that girl over there (meaning his wife) and then went on with the il-

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lustration which was probably very well to those who could understand it; a little Mexican girl leaned over and asked, "Mother, how could he take his heart and give it to that girl" and the little girl didn't think about him meaning his wife. A few years ago I heard a good sermon, eloquent and touching, preached to these same Navajos, in which the preacher spoke on the Divinity of Christ. While speaking of the Lord Jesus, who was the Creator of all things and God himself and suffered and died upon the cross that we might live, etc., the older Indians began to speak among themselves, which, when in a low voice seems more like grunts than words, but the interpreter understood it and stopped and asked the speaker to halt a moment and we soon found that they were troubled to know how such a great God could die, and said, "Our God never dies."

I hope the reader will not get the idea that we are opposed to educated missionaries, far from it. Not only do we wish for educated missionaries but educators. All educated men are not educators. It is a fact also that very few highly gifted, fluent, orators, while they may be highly educated men or women they are hardly ever educators; that is to say, teaching is not their forte. An educator is one who is not only well educated himself, but he will constantly have his hands on some boy or girl or young person and tell him about a school and the advantages of an education. He will wish and plan for better schools and wherever it is possible he will be a strong factor in trying to build up schools in his own town or neighborhood, etc. We have a few fairly well educated men in our Spanish Mission,

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but not many educators. Also in our English Mission nearly if not all are well educated, but how few educators.

In my way of thinking, to send such men as those above named to preach to Indians, or foreigners of any kind is a loss of talent, a loss of money and largely a loss of time. A loss of talent because that talent could be so much better employed at other places. A loss of men because such men are in demand and have a right to demand high salaries among a people who appreciate talent and expect high salaries when among Indians or others who do not speak our language when men of less speaking ability could do the work and perhaps do it better for less money. A loss of time because men who can gather great crowds and hold them are never happy anywhere else. I have thrown out these hints because they have come naturally in the line of thought above expressed, and because I fear they are not always thought of by those who have the sending out of missionaries and often not by those who are sent out. Neither is it a reflection upon those of superior pulpit power, but on the other hand, a compliment. Who has not longed for the gift of oratory, at least in his own language.

I am glad that these three, strong, talented preachers went to the Navajo Mission and each tried his hand at that place and left their record and I am glad it was not altogether a failure. Perhaps it was not a failure in any degree. I think I have said before this that if one does his best in the fear of the Lord it is never a failure, that he makes success easier for the next one. The fact that they could report a Sunday school of a hundred scholars,

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nearly all Navajo boys and girls, and a small membership and a fair congregation is evidence of considerable success. But why did each leave so quickly? This I have never learned, but as I have already said, each one was out of his element. I think they must have found the Navajos better in morals at least than when Father Dyer was there in 1870. It would seem that these brethren did not know that Father Dyer had ever visited the Fort and the Navajos and found Brother Roberts there and also Miss Gaston. They were Presbyterians and I think they were sent by the Presbyterian church. Also Judge J. W. Shaw. He once told me that he was sent to Fort Defiance, I am not sure whether to preach or to teach. I presume both, as he spent some time in earlier ministry teaching as well as preaching. He said he was there among the Navajos in 1856, as well as he could remember. There was with him also another Baptist preacher by the name of Tolg (as near as I can now make out the spelling of the name). Teofilo Chavez was also with them, but I think in the employ of the government. He said he was there four months. I name the above because I wish to give credit to those who came to this country as missionaries when the country was really the "Wild, Woolly West," as it was so frequently called. Judge J. M. Shaw was sent out to New Mexico by his church, the Baptist, and preached and taught for several years, and was quite successful, considering all the difficulties in the way. He told me that when the "war broke out his church called in all her missionaries." They all went back east but himself and he was not

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in a condition to go and didn't believe they ought to go any way, and remained out here. He felt that his church had abandoned the field and abandoned him because he didn't obey, he therefore had to look out for himself and turned to the law and made a very good lawyer. His life was not free from criticism, but he never forsook his own church. He was always true to the doctrines, usages and traditions of the Baptist church. At the same time he was generous, often falling in with others and aiding them on all general lines of good works and progress. At his funeral I aided and spoke in Spanish. I was also with him in his sickness and often conversed with him as to his hope beyond and found him always trusting and hopeful. The fact is the ministers of all denominations, almost without an exception, enjoyed each other's confidence, love and esteem in those early days. I am glad to be able to feel willing to speak as above, for some of his own Baptist people would, sometimes, in speaking of the Baptist preachers say, "Gorman se fue y Shaw cayo;" that is "Gorman left and Shaw fell." Mr. Gorman was a fine man and a good Christian. He buried his first wife in Santa Fe, went east, and after several years sent out a tombstone and I helped to place the stone at her grave. Mr. Shaw buried two American wives at Socorro, leaving three children, two of which are buried, in New Mexico, and probably the third. At his death he left his Mexican wife and three children by her, but she and I think the three children have passed away. But lest we grow too tedious we close 1893.

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1894.

The English and Spanish Conferences were held in 1894 by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D.

The English was held at El Paso and the Spanish at San Marcial, or Valverde, just across the Rio Grande. The Spanish was held first, commencing October 5, 1894. Twenty-three of the preachers, as per the minutes in Spanish, now translated into English, answered to roll call. Three were not present at the opening service. I am sure the Bishop was surprised to be greeted with the presence of so many preachers and probably about 200 people, nearly all Mexican, about a half dozen Americans. We secured a comfortable boarding place for the Bishop at an American boarding house in San Marcial with the intention of having a team and small wagon take him across the Rio Grande and back twice a day for his meals and sleeping, so that he would be well cared for, but the first forenoon and dinner at Valverde and at the house and family of the pastor was sufficient for the Bishop and he requested to be left there. This of itself, had there been nothing else to have commended the Bishop to the Mexican people was sufficient. And all of our native people at Valverde and San Marcial and Americans too think well of the Bishop. "El Obispo Warren es muy buen obispo para nosotros," that is to say, "Bishop Warren is a very good bishop for us."

T. M. Harwood was elected secretary and J. E. Sosa assistant; Samuel Padilla, statistical and Epifanio Flores, assistant, and Juan Benito Sanchez, interpreter. When it was found that we had

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falien a little short in our missionary collections a collection was taken at once to make it up; not to what we had been taxed, but to what was thought to be satisfactory. It was one of the best conferences in the history of our Mission at that time. It was harmonious and spiritual. The Bishop ordained Epigmenio Flores, a deacon, and J. E. Sosa, an elder.

A few extracts from the Superintendent's Report to the Missionary Society at New York for 1894:

The gain in membership in the Spanish Mission for that year was 117 members, 76 probationers and 76 Sunday school scholars. He also said, "There would have been a decrease in the amount collected for missions of \$50 had it not been for collection at the Conference and his own personal contribution." "We can't afford to look backward," says the superintendent. "Forward, March," is our command and as faithful soldiers we must obey. El Abogado Cristiano is still being published with our Berean Lessons in Spanish and also about 90,000 pages of tracts per year.

There were summer schools held on each of the districts and they were well attended. At the schools or campmeetings as we sometimes call them, the two presiding elders, Revs. Mr. Jacobs and Frampton proved themselves masters of the situation. Our ten days camp, or summer school at San Marcial was a decided success. The meeting was held in a grove near the town. We were often invited to dine at the different Methodist church south people who showed us great kindness. In these cordial entertainments the pastor and his good wife generally led the way. And these with the entire

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church, whose membership was mostly from the south. They showed us the genuine southern hospitality. It was so generous and unexpected that it brought from the eyes of some of our preachers tears of joy, and they speak of it to this day.

But how little did any of us think in the midst of all that joy that so soon we would be in the shadows of a great sorrow. Mrs. Bush, wife of the Methodist Church South pastor, took suddenly sick and died. At her funeral his presiding elder, and preachers of his own church were present, but notwithstanding all that the writer was called on to preach her funeral sermon. The text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." It was embarrassing to him when so many of the preachers of the M. E. Church South were present.

The English Mission met at El Paso as said before, with Bishop Warren presiding. The roll was called and nine preachers answered to their names: Adolf Hoffman was elected secretary, G. S. Maden, assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical secretary, with A. W. Adkinson, assistant; C. I. Mills, treasurer.

There were only a very few of the people present at the opening of the Conference. I was asked to address the Conference, which I did with only a few words. In my remarks I referred to the small number at the opening of the Conference compared to our Spanish Mission Conference. I said our Mexican brethren, in their prayers often used the expression, "Esta pequena congregation" (this small congregation). And used the same expression at our last Annual Meeting at Valverde. I said I couldn't help feeling that they made a mistake for

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that was a large congregation. It was a new thing for our Mexican people and they all wanted to see a bishop and the preachers from the different parts of the Mission,—and so they came out in earnest, I didn't know how many, but probably a hundred and fifty or two hundred." The Bishop replied, "Two hundred and thirteen," so it was evident he counted them. That was just like Bishop Warren. He was always so observing. He always left us better than he found us. That is just the way I always sought to leave our Quarterly Conferences.

In the superintendent's report of the English Mission he referred feelingly of several deaths in his mission. He spoke of "Rev. Guy O. Phillips, of Espanola who met his death through the accidental discharge of a gun, which he was carrying on a mowing machine. He had just completed a neat little chapel at Espanola. This was also "only ten days after I had married him to a most estimable young lady, Miss Carry Woods, a graduate of the Kansas State Normal School."

1895.

The English Mission assembled at Santa Fe this year, 1895, with Bishop William X. Ninde in the chair.

The following answered to their names: Adolf Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, C. I. Mills, G. S. Madden, A. W. Adkinson, H. J. Hoover, W. A. Phelps, F. M. Day, and E. V. DuBois. A. Hoffman, secretary and H. J. Hoover, assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical secretary, and E. V. DuBois, assistant.

At this session I was asked by the Mission to pre-

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pare a history of the Mission. This was the second time the Mission asked me to do that. I promised to do so. But I have always been so busy and feeling incompetent for such a task that I kept deferring it until I began to feel and the brethren, too, fearing that I was putting it off too long. And now as I look back over the fourteen or sixteen years that have passed so rapidly since I was first requested to prepare the history I almost tremble at the thought that what might have been. How many have passed away since the brethren made the request. The great majority of those who have died within that time were far younger than I now am and only one volume is printed. This second volume, such as it is, in this year of our Lord, 1909, is nearly ready for the press. If I should be called before it is published, arrangements are made for its publication. But if it please my Heavenly Father to spare me to finish it and see it in book form, although, like the first volume it will make me blush, at the same time I hope to see it completed.

EDUCATION.

The Conference voted, as it had several times before, to pay all the money raised for education, except that raised for Children's Day to Dr. Harwood for the Albuquerque College.

At this Conference session a vote of thanks was tendered to Hon. W. G. Ritch, who for twelve years had served the Territory either as Secretary or Governor, for donating the Bible owned and used by our first missionary to Santa Fe, Rev. E. G. Nicholson; thence donated to Hon. Samuel Ellis, to Hon. Mr. Ritch; from him to Dr. Harwood; thence to

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the Albuquerque College library, where it can be found at any time. This was the same Dr. Nicholson who visited Peralta in 1853, and left a Bible with Don Ambrosio Gonzales. See Vol. I, page 45.

The Superintendent in his report to the Conference, and also to the board at New York, while the report was encouraging, at the same time, the year had been financially a severe one, but they built two parsonages, one at Springer, under the ministry of Brother A. A. Hyde for about \$1,000 and one at El Paso by Brother A. A. Hoffman costing about \$1,500.

Three appointments were left to be supplied and were, during the year filled as follows: Blossburg, Rev. George B. Dodd, of South Dakota Conference. Chama was supplied by Rev. E. V. DuBois, of Philadelphia, and Eddy by Rev. J. E. Cook of Kansas. Two of these on account of poor health, Brother Dodd and Brother Cook, had to leave their charges before the year was out. Rev. E. E. Edgerton, of the Iliff School of Theology, supplied Blossburg after Brother Dodd left.

The Report on Education rejoiced at learning that the debt on the Albuquerque College had been removed and strongly endorsed the management of Dr. Harwood and recommended his continuance and also recommended that an effort be made to secure aid from abroad to support a student or students in the Biblical Training school.

THE SPANISH MISSION FOR 1895.

This year, 1895, in the Spanish work we have made commendable progress. We raised in membership and probationers 195 and in Sunday school

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scholars 198. We finished and dedicated one church. This was at Palomas, in Sierra county on the Rio Grande. Also one on the Gila River in Graham county in Arizona.

The first thing we introduced at this Conference, after fairly organizing was the organization into an Annual Conference. To this Bishop Ninde raised no objection, but said, "I see no reason why this Spanish Mission Conference should not be organized into an Annual Conference." He went on to say, "You have the required Enabling Act, but have you the required number of members?" We informed the Bishop that we had. He then repeated, "I can see no reason why you should not be so organized." The time was fixed at 11 o'clock the next day to hear the case and take the vote of the Mission. The Bishop announced that Brother Harwood will present the case tomorrow morning at 11 and we will take the vote. "It will require a two-third vote," said the Bishop.

The time to determine the question of the Annual Conference arrived. As we have run on fifteen years since that and yet not organized into an Annual Conference the reader may wish to know what were some of the reasons we then could have for being made into an Annual Conference. As the subject will likely come up again before this book is finished I will give the outlines of my argument.

First—"We have the Enabling Act provided by the General Conference of 1888—and also in 1892."

Second—"We have the required number of Effective Preachers."

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Third—"We had the required number in 1892, at Taos, when we wanted to become an Annual Conference, but the Bishop put us off by organizing us into a Mission Conference."

I was opposed to a Mission Conference as it is "taxation without representation." It cuts us off from all other conferences, while a Mission, as we had been for many years, leaves each preacher in touch with his own home conference wherever that may be.

Fourth—We make the same objection to a Mission Conference that the people of New Mexico make to being a territory instead of a state. That it is a violation of a principle of democratic form of government, viz; that the governed ought to have a voice in the choice of those who are to govern; otherwise it is a despotic form of government that a free and independent people ought not to be asked to submit to at least longer than is necessary to have ordinary requirements to fitness for a better form of government. As we now are, what voice have we in anything? We have no voice in the General Conference where our bishops, editors, book publishers, missionary Secretaries, etc., are elected. None of the above is best suited for development of the intellect on all or any of the lines of progress. The above being true, why compel us to submit longer than is absolutely necessary to a condition whose tendency is to hold us back, dragging the chain made heavier by those who claim to be our best friends standing on it?

Fifth and last, it will remove a temptation to go into churches which grant better privileges. For

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instance, one of our preachers left us and joined the Presbyterians and has had the honor twice to attend their General Assembly. Another joined another church and was soon honored in about the same way.

The Bishop said, "Doctor, you have made the subject very clear, and we will now proceed to take the vote." To my great surprise the vote fell short of being a two-thirds majority. I was wonderfully disappointed and at first both the Bishop and I could not understand it. The next day we learned that in one of the districts they didn't like their presiding elder very well and that if the "superintendent should not come around they would not be treated well, and so thought it better to hold on to the superintendent."

Other than the above disappointment, the Conference was pleasant and very spiritual, and the Bishop endeared himself to us very much. Several visitors were with us at several times during the sessions, and were asked to address the conference. With that number were the Rev. Mr. Darley of the Spanish work of Pueblo, Colorado, Presbyterian Church. Also Mrs. Harwood. After Mrs. Harwood's plea for the Boys' school the Bishop made a few remarks. Somewhere in his discourse he referred to Mrs. Harwood's plea for the Boys' school. He said, "The only objection I have to Mrs. Harwood's speech is that it makes me cry," and then went on to say, "Instead of asking that the school appropriation be cut down, I think," said the Bishop, "I shall ask that more money be given to aid this school in educating and training young Mexican men for this Spanish work."

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1896.

The Annual Meeting of the English Mission of 1896 was held at East Las Vegas, New Mexico, commencing September 17, 1896, with Bishop John H. Vincent, D. D., LL. D., presiding.

The roll of the Conference was called by the secretary of the last Conference, Adolf Hoffman, and the following answered to their names: C. L. Boward, Adolf Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, C. I. Mills, G. S. Madden, H. G. Hoover, W. A. Phelps, F. M. Day, J. Earl Kilpatrick, E. P. F. Dearborn, J. W. Sinnock, twelve in all.

Adolf Hoffman was elected secretary and G. S. Madden assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical, and E. P. F. Dearborn, assistant secretaries; C. I. Mills, treasurer.

The following named visitors were introduced: Revs. N. N. Skinner, J. J. Gilchrist, S. W. Curtis, M. Madrid, all of the Presbyterian church. Also Rev. Jesse B. Young, Editor of the Central Christian Advocate; Rev. Thos. Harwood, D.D., Superintendent of the New Mexico Spanish Mission Conference; Rev. Agapito Mares of the Spanish Mission; Rev. J. Earl Kilpatrick, of the Detroit, and Rev. E. P. Dearborn, of the New Hampshire Conference.

The Committee on Memoirs reported the death of Chales Bailey Mills, eldest son of Rev. and Mrs. C. I. Mills. The dear little boy was thrown from a horse and was unconscious until death relieved him from suffering. This editor knew the little boy. He was about 11 years of age. The Sabbath just before his death he committed to memory the 27th

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Psalm. That Psalm commences, "The Lord is my light and salvation." What a beautiful thing that was for the little eleven year old boy to do. Also two little girls of Brother and Sister F. M. Day. Their names were Bessie and Calla Ruth Day. They died of scarlet fever within a few days of each other. They were about five and three. Also little Glady Mary Madden, infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. G. S. Madden. But, Brother Harwood, why burden your book and your readers with such unimportant matters as the three last named? But, father, mother, if they were your little ones, would you not like to hear about them and to hear from them? For when we call up their precious names don't they seem to be with us again? Brother Boward and Brother Sinnock thought enough of these little ones to name them in their report on Memoirs and quoted that beautiful verse which reads,

"I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast,
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."

Much more of much interest about the English Mission might be said, but time and space both admonish me, to say nothing about the patience of my readers, that I must hasten along with the book, and we come at once to

1897.

The English Mission Annual Meeting for 1897 was held at Albuquerque, commencing September 30th and held until October 3rd, Bishop Charles C. McCabe, D.D., LL.D., presiding.

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The Mission assembled at 9:30 a. m. Several hymns were sung, and the Conference was at once thrilled with the Bishop's singing. The Bishop read two scripture lessons, Isaiah 53 and Luke 22:1-30. The Bishop then administered the communion, assisted by Rev. A. A. Gee, the new superintendent. Rev. Mr. Bovard had served his time out, the six years, the limit for a superintendent, as we then supposed. It seemed lonely without Brother Bovard, as he had been with us so long, but we all soon learned to love Dr. Gee, the new superintendent, for he proved himself to be a grand man. The communion seemed to be a special time of consecration of all to God and his holy cause. Dr. Gee, at the request of the Bishop, closed the communion service with a few solemn and very appropriate remarks. The secretary of the last Annual Meeting called the roll. Six of the members were present and answered to their names as follows: A. Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, G. S. Madden, W. A. Phelps, F. M. Day, A. C. Welch.

The following were introduced and enrolled as members: A. A. Gee, of the Northwest Indiana Conference; William John, of the Colorado Conference; John F. Kellogg, of the South Kansas Conference; J. A. Mussell, of the Manitoba Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Adolf Hoffman was re-elected secretary, and G. S. Madden, assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical, and Jno. F. Kellogg, assistant; W. A. Phelps, treasurer, and J. A. Mussell, assistant.

The Annual Meeting was well attended, for a mission so small as this one is. It was animating

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and spiritual to which the Bishop did much to make it such.

The following named were introduced to the Conference: B. J. Johnson, of the New England Conference; S. N. Pilchard, Wilmington; J. G. Ruoff, Michigan; H. C. Hutchinson, of Cincinnati Conferences; Mrs. L. E. Parshall, of Albuquerque, and read a letter from the Rev. Mrs. M. J. Borden, a minister in the Congregational Church, and territorial president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to the various religious bodies. Also were introduced the following: R. R. Fletcher, of the Arkansas Conference; J. B. Sanchez, New Mexico Spanish Mission Conference; J. H. Bohanan, African M. E. Church; Claudius B. Spencer, D.D., Editor Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate. The last named addressed the Conference briefly in the interest of his paper. Dr. Thomas Harwood addressed the Conference in the interest of the Albuquerque College after reading his report. Mrs. Harwood came in and was introduced to the Conference and the Bishop invited her to make some remarks and she addressed the Conference in reference to the Spanish work and more particularly to school work, emphasizing the Woman's Home Missionary Society's work in the Mission and especially the Home for Girls in Albuquerque. A rising vote of thanks was given the General Committee of the Woman's Home Missionary Society for building, equipping and sustaining the "Harwood Home" for girls.

"Dr. Harwood, in his report recommended that the Mission ask the Board at New York to make an appropriation of \$500 a year for the purchase of land for the Albuquerque College, that amount for

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at least two years. One of the strong members of the Mission opposed it, but the Bishop came nobly to my help and the Mission sustained the motion, I think, unanimously after the Bishop made his strong plea for the case. He said, "It is just the thing to do," and said, "I will do all I can to get the General Missionary Committee, at its approaching meeting to grant \$500, and a year from now to secure another \$500. Could you not get along with that?" asked the Bishop. I replied, "We can." The Bishop tried hard to secure it, but failed. What a great man he was. Always in sympathy with the struggling missionary. He has gone to his home above. I shall never forget him. When he was Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society he was always so thoughtful of our wants. He knew that on the picket line was the exposure, and that a word of sympathy and encouragement meant much. I hope soon to meet him. Hallelujah!

The minutes of that Conference say that Dr. Harwood was re-elected Financial Secretary of the College and invited to visit our fields and canvass for the school.

APPOINTMENTS FOR 1897.

As this was Dr. Bovard's last year in the Mission and had already gone to his new appointment, a place in his own Conference, Indiana; and was not with us, not even to say good-bye to the brethren of the Conference with whom he had labored so faithfully for the past six years and to whom he had endeared himself so fully. Such are the demands upon the ministry these days. He had served out his time and had been appointed to his new field,

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as I said and felt that he must report at once and did so, and with all the above I thought it but fair for him and his successor, the Rev. A. A. Gee, that we give the appointments of the Mission, as read out at the close by Bishop McCabe:

Superintendent, A. A. Gee, P. O. Albuquerque, N. M., from N. W. Indiana Conference.

Albuquerque, A. C. Welch, from E. Ohio Conference.

Blossburg, William John, from Colorado.

Chama, to be supplied:

Clayton, to be supplied.

El Paso, J. C. Hall, from South Dakota.

Espanola, to be supplied.

Johnson's Mesa, to be supplied.

Las Cruces, Kingston and Hillsboro, J. A. Mussell, from Oklahoma.

Las Vegas, J. F. Kellogg, from South Kansas.

Pecos Valley, to be supplied.

Raton, Adolf Hoffman, from S. W. Kansas.

San Juan, to be supplied.

Santa Fe, G. S. Madden, from Ohio.

Silver City, A. A. Hyde, from Colorado.

Springer, W. A. Phelps, from Iowa.

J. G. Ruoff, from Michigan, Mission Evangelist.

To report to their Conferences, C. L. Bovard, Indiana; C. I. Mills, New England; H. J. Hoover, South Kansas; H. G. Hutchinson, Cincinnati.

Thus ten, full-fledged, fully-equipped, well-armed, and with the "helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit," went out for another year's warfare for the Master.

As Dr. Bovard was not present at the Conference as I have already said, but prepared his report and it

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was read to the Conference by the new superintendent and was so full of interest, bearing on the importance of the work and as it was Dr. Bovard's last word to the Mission, I deem it due to him as well as to the Mission that we reproduce it, or at least the most salient points of it:

DR. BOVARD'S LAST REPORT TO THE MISSION.

"In this my sixth and last report as Superintendent of the New Mexico English Mission, I may be pardoned for taking a somewhat more general survey of the field than is customary in an annual report.

"I can truly say that the past six years have been failing years to the industries of New Mexico. The annual report of the Superintendent of Public Schools shows that the enumeration of school children is smaller in 1896 than in 1891. A number of silver mining camps have become almost depopulated. The cattle and sheep industry have suffered extremely. The financial panic of 1893 checked the growth of our larger cities to a remarkable degree. Great foundations of buildings and blocks can be seen in various towns, where men were obliged to stop work on account of the panic.

"Along with this general stagnation our Missionary treasury suffered proportionately. The aggressive plans that we had in mind had to be abandoned. The Board of Control and the General Committee, generous to a fault, could not back us in our ideas to extend the work into new fields. The whole Pecos Valley had to be virtually abandoned because of lack of funds. The San Juan Valley, in the northwest part of the Territory, we could not enter

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at all for the same reason. The whole northeast corner of the Territory, including Clayton and Folsom, have been without services by our church for the same reason. Well do I know that true heroism knows no such thing as obstacles. But true heroism has often endeavored to do with a dash what could be accomplished only by dogged persistence. There are things that can be done with a dash. There are heights that can be taken in a few hours of double-quick marching—then there are Vicksburgs and Richmonds that require the efforts of months.

“It seems to be that nothing can be more damaging to the cause of Christ than to be compelled to abandon a field once entered. And to the glory of Methodism be it said, she has done very little of that kind of business. This, of course, does not refer to the occasional service, but to the establishing of work, erection of buildings, etc. For this reason, upon the advice of the bishops, we have thought it wise always to sit down and compare costs and resources; and in so doing it may have seemed to some that we were not sufficiently aggressive.

“There is a marked increase from year to year in the evangelical fervor manifested in the several communities where our church is located. I purpose resisting that idea that always pops into one’s head when the subject of revivals is under consideration, viz: ‘the difficulties and hindrances.’ It all depends upon the answer to the question: ‘Who shall roll away the stone?’ A small stone or a large one, one stone or more, are all the same to the arm ‘mighty to save.’

“Special meetings were held in nearly all the charges of the Mission. Some pastors made re-

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peated efforts. There can be no mistake, revivals will solve ninety-nine per cent. of our difficulties, social, commercial and moral, in this Territory."

The Superintendent spoke well of the Sunday school work, also of the Epworth League, etc. He speaks well of all his preachers, and hopeful of the different places occupied by them. He says, "Notwithstanding the discouragements incident to hard times, I believe, with one or two exceptions, the salaries of the preachers have been paid more promptly than in any preceding year."

He closes his report as follows :

"It is impossible but that the mind, on an occasion like the present, will revert to the past. Of those present when I entered the work, six years ago, only two remain, Brothers Hoffman and Hyde. Many have come and gone. It has almost been a procession. But so far as I know only the most pleasant relations have existed between these faithful pastors and myself. Their trials and hardships I have been cognizant of, and know that no body of Methodist preachers anywhere have been more heroic and more thoroughly missionary in spirit than have my associates in the New Mexico English Mission. Every year has been an added blessing to me, in strengthening my faith in our Holy Religion.

"What I said in my first report, six years ago, concerning my worthy co-laborer in the Spanish work, Dr. Thomas Harwood, has proven true of him throughout my entire term. He has been most fraternal and cordial in his relations to me and the English work. Never to my knowledge has there been a clash of interests. May he be spared many

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years yet to go in and out among the churches of New Mexico.

“To me this report seems conspicuous for what it does not say. In fact, what no language can express—my deep sense of gratitude to Almighty God for having given me health and strength to complete this term of service in this difficult field; for having given me as associates in the work such Godly, earnest men and women, and for having crowned the labors with at least some measure of success.

“The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

—*Charles L. Bovard.*”

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS AND PLEASANT MEMORIES.

I fear the reader will think that I am tarrying too long at this Conference. But there is something about it that holds me to it. Some of the memories of that Conference are not only pleasant, but very precious.

On Friday, when the Standing Committee was called to report, the committee on memoirs reported the death of Rev. J. L. Kilpatrick. He was a member of the Michigan Conference. At the announcement of his death a hymn was sung and the Bishop made a very fervent and touching prayer. Dr. Spencer addressed the Conference in memory of the Rev. Jesse S. Kilpatrick, father of the deceased brother of this Mission. Dr. Spencer knew the father well.

Sunday was a special day at the Conference.

The Bishop preached at 11 a. m. in the opera

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house to a large congregation. Text, Isaiah, 60, 22, "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I the Lord will hasten it in his time." We were not expecting that Bishop McCabe could cope with the other bishops, but really the feeling among our preachers, after the sermon on that occasion was whether the other bishops could cope with him. The leading thought seemed to be, "How rapidly the world could be saved if each Christian would do his best." In the afternoon the Annual Love-Feast was held, conducted by this writer. After that the Bishop ordained Henry Clay Hutchenson a deacon. He was elected to be ordained by the Cincinnati Conference. At 8 a. m. the Rev. Claudius B. Spencer preached a sermon, Ezekiel, 10:8, "And there appeared in the Cherubim the form of a man's hand under their wings."

The evening services were all unusually interesting.

On Tuesday evening, sermon by the Rev. J. F. Kellogg, text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," Psalm 119:105. Wednesday evening, sermon by The Rev. J. A. Mussell, text not given, but the sermon was good.

Thursday afternoon the anniversary of the W. H. and W. F. Missionary Society was held, Mrs. J. F. Kellogg presiding. Miss Nellie Snider read an interesting paper. Other very interesting exercises were held. The Harwood Girls' Industrial School was well represented. The Bishop gave, at the opera house, his memorable lecture on "The Bright Side of Libby Prison."

Friday night was held the anniversary of the Ep-

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worth League. Dr. A. A. Gee presided. Reports from Chama, Kingston, Hillsboro and Las Vegas were read. After the reports were finished, the Bishop gave a very interesting talk.

It was at this Conference that Mrs. Harwood and Mrs. Kellogg made their acquaintance and seemed to become very much endeared to each other. Brother and Sister Kellogg were our guests a part of the time at the Conference. Also the Bishop. Also Miss Nellie Snider and others. How little did we think at the time that we were opening the gates and paving the way for a wider but more serious acquaintance yet to come.

The Monday after the Conference, owing to washouts on the Santa Fe railroad, the trains were delayed and as we lived not far from the depot it was easy to run back and forth looking and waiting for the trains. And in that way we all became better acquainted than we otherwise would. At one time Mrs. Kellogg caught the Bishop, Mrs. Harwood, Miss Nellie Snider, one of the teachers from Las Vegas and myself standing in a group on the platform in front of the old Albuquerque College building and took a snap-shot of us and the next thing we knew she had our pictures all in a group. Time passed on, Mrs. Harwood passed away, Mrs. Kellogg wrote the beautiful "Life of Mrs. Harwood," and in that beautiful book on page 377 is the picture referred to. Was all that just as it happened to be or was it somehow in the divine plan? Now that Mrs. Harwood is gone and I have her life written by the one who took the picture, and the Bishop gone and I have his life so nicely written by his friend and colleague, Bishop Bristol, and the book

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I have just read with thrilling delight; now I want to say that I appreciate the picture, snapshot of a picture though it was, more highly than I can express. And also Miss Snider has become a national speaker and organizer for the W. H. M. S. But poor Dr. Gee had a short race to run with us in the Mission.

DR. A. A. GEE.

After leaving the Albuquerque Conference, above given, we went up to Raton to attend the Spanish Mission Annual Meeting. Dr. Gee was there. We liked him so much. His addresses were clear, always scriptural and impressive. His prayers were profound, almost majestic, but simple, as if talking with his Heavenly Father, with whom he seemed to have such an intimate acquaintance. He had hardly become acquainted with his preachers ere he was called from labor to reward. He died at Raton, November 17, 1897, aged 70 years. Sometime after his death I saw his obituary in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Just following that was an article on the work in New Mexico, well written and we reproduced it in our "*Abogado Cristiano*," but in Spanish. This article was written only a few weeks before his death.

The following is a translation from the Spanish into English:

If the Doctor's friends should see this and it should not seem to be as smooth as the Doctor himself would write, charge it not up to him, but to this writer in the translation. It is hard in translating to fill the exact tracks of the original:

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“Dear Reader:—I wish I could draw a picture that would quicken and cheer your minds, a picture that would move your heart and awaken in you a new life and activity; I will speak to you about the Spanish Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New Mexico which I saw in session in Raton, New Mexico, on October 7th to 11th. The native men of this priestly Territory will not appear very well in your sight, the most of them are dark and darker still in mind and soul.

But these men have changed to the light and out of the darkness of their spiritual minds and have been glorified, and to me when I saw them in the penetrating moments of their devotional service, their faces seemed like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount. When the darkness of Rome shall have disappeared from their minds before the Lord Jesus, and the darkness of fanaticism shall have disappeared from off their dark faces, and have been illumined, the glory of the Shekinah will shine in them. You have visited many conferences of Methodist ministers no doubt.

But you never have seen a better and more typical one than this small conference of twenty-five native preachers of New Mexico converts from Roman superstition to Christ. I never felt more rejoiced when I felt and realized the brotherly spirit in my own dear Conference which opened its doors to me and bore with me in the early morning of my youthful vigor than in this Conference of men of different languages that I could not understand. Men descendants from the old Spain (with perhaps a little American blood in their veins), descendants of ten generations of Romanism, converted to the true

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faith of Jesus as taught in the gospel of the Son of God, as preached by the spiritual descendants of John Wesley! What an honor to march with such men, shoulder to shoulder, toward Zion in the presence of the enemy!

“Do not think that because these men have been transformed in their lives that there remains nothing for them to do only to float along with the palm of victory. They are face to face with the “woman dressed in scarlet (the woman of Babylon) the contest is here and they are fighting hand to hand.

“Here is work to test the valor of a Christian man. It requires courage to work in the midst of such superstition. Many of these men have escaped from superstition and gained the victory for Christ and are now guiding those who seek Christ.

“In the Spanish Conference Bishop McCabe read appointments of twenty-four native preachers converted from Romanism within a few years past, and put in the ministry of our church. These men represent 2,500 members and probationers. Think of a conference of twenty-five ministers and 2,500 members gained for Christ in the ancient place of Satan’s rule and in a mission of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and brought out from almost pagan superstition. * * *

“If the Board of Missions could appropriate more money for the work (sufficient to enter all the open doors for missionaries) in a few years we could see the entire world at the feet of Jesus. * * * Chaplain McCabe has figured again and shows that if each member of the church should pay into the missionary treasury one cent for each year that the Lord has let him or her live, it would be enough to

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pay the missionary debt and to pay a missionary at every point in the line of battle. And then the faces of the Castellians, Causaseans, Indies, and Indians and of every nationality would be made to shine with the light of God, and the eight places in the English Mission and the eight in the Spanish Mission, left to be supplied could have a preacher and soon these moral "deserts would rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Chapter —.

1898.

The Annual Meeting of the New Mexico English Mission was held this year, 1898, at Silver City, October 6th to 9th, Bishop J. F. Hurst, D. D. LL.D., presiding.

The Conference was opened in the usual way, and in the administration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop was assisted by A. P. Morrison, Thomas Harwood and Dr. C. H. Payne.

The secretary of the last annual session called the roll and the following answered to their names: Adolf Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, G. S. Madden, F. M. Day, John F. Kellogg, J. A. Mussell, John G. Hall.

The following named were introduced to the Conference: A. P. Morrison, of the Austin Conference; J. W. Sinnock, of the Illinois Conference; H. C. Hutchinson and Dr. C. H. Payne, of the Cincinnati Conference; J. W. Robinson, of the N. Nebraska Conference, and Thomas Harwood, of the New Mexico Spanish Mission Conference.

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The following named were elected officers of the Mission: A. Hoffman, secretary, and J. A. Mussell, assistant; A. A. Hyde, statistical secretary, and J. G. Ruoff, assistant; J. S. Madden, treasurer and John G. Hall, assistant. Then followed the ordinary routine of business, continuing until the third day. At the close of the evening session the Bishop read the appointments as follows:

APPOINTMENTS.

A. P. Morrison, Superintendent, P. O., El Paso, Texas, from Austin Conference.

Alamogordo, A. A. Hyde, from Colorado Conference.

Albuquerque, J. W. Robinson, from N. Nebraska Conference.

Chama, F. M. Day, supply.

El Paso, A. M. Lumpkin, from C. Illinois.

Espanola, to be supplied.

Folsom and Johnson's Mesa, to be supplied by J. W. Sinnock.

Hillsboro, Kingston and Las Cruces, J. A. Mussell, from Oklahoma.

Las Vegas, John F. Kellogg, from S. Kansas.

Pinos Altos, Jacob G. Ruoff, from Michigan.

Raton and Blossburg, Adolf Madden, from S. W. Kansas.

Santa Fe, George S. Madden, from Ohio.

Silver City, John G. Hall, from South Dakota.

Springer, to be supplied.

A. C. Welch, returned to Cincinnati Conference.

H. C. Hutchinson, returned to Cincinnati Conference.

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SPECIAL SERVICES AT THE CONFERENCE.

Wednesday evening, a reception to the Bishop and others.

Addresses were made by the following named: A. P. Morrison, A. A. Hyde, C. M. Light, president of the Normal College, Bishop Hurst, Thomas Harwood and C. H. Payne, D.D., Corresponding Secretary the Educational Society.

EVENING SERVICES AT THE CONFERENCE.

Thursday evening, Dr. Payne delivered an address on Education, followed by Prof. Bennett of Silver City. Friday evening, Bishop Hurst spoke on the American University at Washington and took subscriptions, amounting to \$220. Dr. Payne spoke in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid and the Bishop on the Missionary Society. Sunday at 10 a. m., Rev. J. W. Sinnock conducted the love-feast and it was a melting time. At 11, the Bishop preached a grand sermon from the text, 2 Tim. 1:12, "For I know whom I have believed." At 3 p m., memorial services were held. Memorial services were read for the infant child of Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Ruoff. Also for the mother of the Rev. A. A. Hyde. Also for the wife of the Rev. H. C. Hutchenson and the late Rev. A. A. Gee, D.D., the deceased Superintendent of the Mission. The last was read by Rev. J. W. Sinnock and Adolf Hoffman.

At night, Dr. Payne preached an able sermon and well up to the times, from the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matt. 5:13.

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EDUCATION, REPORT ON.

“The rapidly decreasing illiteracy of the Mission field and the increasing effectiveness of our public schools give us great satisfaction. We rejoice in the remarkable work of the Educational Society of our Church and in the fact that it assists 1,800 students annually. We find the Children’s Day exercises well suited to the occasion and pledge ourselves to greater faithfulness in presenting the work and demands of the Society. We endorse the administration of Dr. Thomas Harwood, Financial Agent of the Albuquerque College, and recommend that he be continued as our agent. We also invite him to visit our charges and take collections for the support of said school. We recommend the adoption of his report and the election of the trustees named by him. The committee further urge that Children’s Day be observed and the collection on said day be forwarded to the Board of Education and the general educational collection be sent to the Financial Agent of our own home school.”

Resolutions were passed on state of the church, in which the committee said “We deplore the constant changes in the personnel of the ministry in this Mission, and pray for permanency.”

Strong resolutions were also passed on “Sabbath Observance,” Temperance, Sunday Schools, Bible and Tract Cause, Missions, Church Extension, Epworth League, Freedmen’s Aid, etc.

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Chapter —.

1899.

The Annual Meeting of the Mission this year, 1899, was held at Raton, New Mexico, October 12th to 15th, Bishop W. X. Ninde, D.D., LL.D., presiding.

The Conference opened in its usual way, a short season of prayer, followed by the administration of the Lord's Supper by the Bishop, assisted by A. P. Morrison, A. Hoffman, A. A. Hyde, J. F. Kellogg. After this the Conference was organized for business and proceeded with its work.

This is Dr. Morrison's second year, but his annual report to the Mission was not published last year, consequently this year gives his second, but first printed, report. It has been my custom, as the reader will probably remember, to give the first report of each superintendent of the English Mission almost, if not entire. This is because the new man comes on to the work with fresh courage and sometimes with advanced ideas of the work.

1900.

The Annual Meeting for the English Mission was held at El Paso, Texas, October 5th to 9th, by Bishop Hamilton, D.D., LL.D. There were reported 826 members and 98 probationers, an increase of 78.

Superintendent A. P. Morrison reported as follows:

"As I present this, my third annual report, I am conscious of many reasons for profound gratitude to

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God for the tender mercies which have crowned the year. I am certain that nothing which I can say can express the obligations which rest upon us all.

“A year’s work in a mission has a meaning which can only be realized by those who have been in the midst of it. Time, trouble, distance, expense, isolation, and difficulties peculiar to the field all enter into it, and can only be appreciated by the men who look from fifty to a hundred miles for their nearest ministerial neighbor. The men who are here today have left their fields from one hundred to five hundred miles away, and scarcely a man of them has seen any of his ministerial brethren since our last session. Recently I was conversing with an eastern presiding elder. He spoke of his large district, and the vast amount of travel, etc., it being one hundred and seventy miles across his district. I have not forgotten the look on his face when I told him that from one extreme point of this Mission to the other was over six hundred miles, nor the tone of his voice when he inquired how many times a year I went around and if I ever got home, and when I told him I went around four times a year, and was absent ten months of the year, he looked surprised and said, “Brother, if I was your wife I would move back home, if I had a home, and stay there until your time on that field was out.” But there are some of the most delightful things on this field I have ever found anywhere—some of the grandest people, and the most consecrated and self-sacrificing ministers that I have ever associated with—and to me it is a great joy to be among them. Truly there are many hardships, but “hardship” is the native soil of manhood, and there are those living today who will see the New Mexico

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Mission a well organized and thoroughly equipped Annual Conference.

“The year just closed has witnessed many hopeful things. The membership has been increased and strengthened. About 300 conversions are reported. There have been old-time, old-fashioned revivals where the power of God came mightily upon the people. Many times have I seen the altars filled with penitents, and emptied with the shouts of the saved.

“Referring to the charges in detail, I am glad to say that the reports to be presented at this session will furnish proof of what I have said.

“Alamogordo, though served at a great disadvantage to the pastor and the people because of the fact that the pastor has been compelled to live at a distance of eighty-six miles from his work, and because during the first half of the year we had no place to hold service, yet comes to the end of the year with one of the neatest little churches in the Mission, finished, paid for, and dedicated, and a small but faithful band of workers, which I hope will soon be a strong and active element of religious power in the town. Adolf Hoffman, the pastor, has felt compelled to give attention to other business in order to supplement his income, but has held on to his work in Alamogordo and La Luz until the close of the year.

“Albuquerque is in a very prosperous condition, and has had a year of growth. Rev. Wilmer Jaggard, of the Wilmington Conference, was returned to the charge from our last session, but the altitude was too great for him. His nervous system was rapidly going to pieces and completely breaking him

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down, so that he was compelled to seek a lower altitude. In the early spring an exchange was effected between him and the Rev. C. A. Bunker, Ph.D., of the Rock River Conference, the change taking place at the end of the second quarter. I am glad to hear that Brother Jaggard's health is restored, and that he is doing well in his new field. Dr. Bunker has proven himself a master in Israel, and the work in Albuquerque has greatly prospered under his labors. The people are charmed with his ministry and pastoral care. His circle of usefulness has continually enlarged. The church is united and in splendid working order. The Sunday school and Epworth League are among the best in the Mission. The finances are more easily managed than at any former time. The congregations have filled the house all summer, in spite of the fact that a larger number of people have left the city than ever before.

Please allow me at this point to speak in behalf of the Albuquerque College Preparatory and the Harwood Girls' Industrial school—two institutions of which I wish our people knew more than they do, and of which too much cannot be said in praise. These two institutions, both located at Albuquerque, New Mexico, are in their full tide of usefulness, having had, I think, the best year of their history. Dr. Harwood and his noble wife are known in some measure in almost every home in the Southwest, but of their school work, I wish the people knew more.

Bland has been served by Rev. G. C. Madden. It is a new and difficult field to serve, being about forty miles from the railroad, in the mountains, but it has many bright, intelligent people, whose hearts are

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open to us, and many homes which are also open to the Gospel. * * *

Brother Madden has kept close to his work all the year, and his Quarterly Conference, in behalf of the church, adopted most commendatory resolutions and unanimously requested his return to them for another year."

"El Paso is the largest town in the Mission and is having the most rapid growth of any. The beautiful church stand as a monument to the pluck, courage, and perseverance of our people. The great debt, which was a great burden, of which I have spoken before, has been rolled off and we are now free from that burden. It was a great victory and deserves all praise. * * *

During the year much work has been done. Under the successful management of the Ladies' Aid Society, various improvements have been made, and the church building beautified by the addition of new carpets, paint, etc., at a total cost of about \$400. Rev. A. M. Lumpkin, now closing his second year, has shown marked ability in the management of his charge. It was under his leadership that the people rallied to face what seemed almost impossible and wiped out the debt. It was under his leadership that they were inspired to believe they could do it, and it was by his effort that it was accomplished. * * * We are honored at this session by the presence of the Rev. J. W. Sinnock, who in the early days of our Methodism in this city toiled patiently in the midst of many discouragements, with great persistence and mighty faith, resting not until the present beautiful edifice stood as his monument.

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“Folsom and Johnson’s Mesa appointment has been for the second year under the pastorate of W. J. Wright. The drought of the summer and the blizzards of the winter have made it difficult work, but it has been far from a failure. In the month of June a very remarkable work of grace was experienced on the Mesa. A meeting lasted for two weeks resulting in over thirty conversions and the spiritual quickening of the entire church. The meeting was greatly helped by the presence and labors of Rev. J. L. Freeman, of Gainsville, Tex., Revs. J. A. Webb, of Lloyd, Tex., M. Armstrong, Raton, New Mexico, and J. F. Kellogg, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, all of whom rendered valuable service. I shall never forget some of the scenes witnessed in this meeting when the strongest hearts trembled before the mighty power of God. * * *

Hillsboro and Kingston work was left to be supplied. Immediately after the Conference I appointed Rev. Henry Van Valkenburg a local preacher, and told him he was going to the hardest field in the Conference, and it seemed to make him glad, and he entered at once upon his work with unwavering faith in God, ceaseless prayer, and tremendous determination. The results have been what might have been expected. From the beginning of the year until the end he has had victory. * * *

Las Vegas, a lively town, healthy and growing, full of push and promise, has had one of the most successful years of its history. The addition to the church building, reference to which was made in last year’s report, stands today as a beautiful accomplishment, finished, furnished, paid for, and occupied, giving one of the most delightful audience

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rooms and the most complete set of Sunday school rooms in the Mission, and in which gather every Sabbath one of the best Sunday schools and one of the most thoroughly trained and equipped Epworth Leagues to be found in the West. Rev. J. F. Kellogg, now closing his fourth year in this charge, has the satisfaction of seeing his people united, harmonious, and active in aggressive Christian work to a degree that is comforting beyond expression.

The Juunior League and Boys' Anti-Cigarette League have been special features among the children and youth, the latter being the outgrowth of a special work of grace among our boys in the early part of the year, during which time many of them were converted. The financial interests of the charge have been well cared for.

"Pinos Altos Circuit, now at the close of its third year, has had some unfortunate things in the experience of this year, but has kept in line to the present time, and will doubtless rally from its embarrassments. The work was divided in the middle of the year, Rev. J. S. Mussell, the pastor, giving his attention since then to some new points taken up early in the year and needed special care and help. The field lies entirely in mining regions and has the changing population belonging to such communities, but the work is permanent, and will ere long become strong. * * *

Raton has been served by Rev. M. Armstrong, and has a year of great prosperity. He came to us at the beginning of the year from the Austin Conference, and was immediately taken sick with typhoid fever, and was confined to his bed for many weeks, during which time the work was acceptably

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cared for by Rev. J. W. Sinnock. Recovering from his illness, Brother Armstrong took hold of the work, which since that time has been unusually successful. The congregations have taxed the house to its utmost capacity. The membership has been greatly increased; about seventy have been received into the church during the year. Conversions have occurred at frequent intervals; the Sunday school has had an average attendance of 145; the Epworth League has become one of the best in the Mission; the Junior League has captured the children; the prayer meetings have been seasons of great spiritual profit; the benevolent claims are all fully met, the salary paid, and the pastor's return unanimously requested. * * *

Springer circuit has three appointments, all on the railroad—Springer, Maxwell City, and Wagon Mound. There is a small building and parsonage at Springer. At Maxwell City we use the school house, and at Wagon Mound the Spanish church. Rev. B. F. Baker has had charge of that work. He is a member of the Austin Conference. Great sorrow came to Brother and Sister Baker in the death of a daughter and grandchild, and Mrs. Baker's mother—all within a few months. The pastor's return was requested.

Silver City. Rev. J. G. Ruoff has toiled and triumphed, and the church has prospered. Though in his family there have been sickness and death, yet they have been continuously conscious of the divine presence. * * *

Silver City is an important town, and in the last year has taken new life. Many new people have come in and the future looks much brighter. Here

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is located one of the Territorial normal schools, which is in a very prosperous condition and largely attended. During the year a Baptist church has been organized in the town, and a new pastor appointed for the Episcopal church, but there is room and work enough for us all. Great harmony prevails among the churches of the town. Our own people greatly need a new church building, which I hope will become a possibility in the near future. Brother Ruoff's people have enjoyed his ministry and pastoral labors exceedingly, and it would be a very great disappointment if he were not returned to them for the coming year. Every department of the work has been carefully cared for.

Santa Fe. This place has had a varied experience during the year. Rev. A. A. Hyde was appointed as pastor at the last session of the Conference, and went at once to his work, entering upon it within the midst of some difficulties, but rapidly rose above them all. He was winning his way to victory when his wife was taken very seriously ill with heart failure. The trouble increased until it became alarming, and physicians ordered her at once to a sea level. She was taken to the coast, where she rapidly improved, but was informed that she could not live in the altitude of the Mission. Consequently Brother Hyde sought an exchange. This was finally effected with Rev. W. A. Cooper of San Antonio, Texas, and in June he went to San Antonio and Brother Cooper to Santa Fe. I am glad to report that Mrs. Hyde is fast recovering. Brother Cooper quickly adjusted himself to his new surroundings and endeared himself to his people, and has had increasing success with each passing week. He has

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gone in and out among his people, a pattern of piety and good judgment, and his labors have been greatly prospered. The facts concerning Santa Fe as the oldest and the most historic town, and the most difficult field, etc., have been so often told that it will be entirely useless to indulge in any such things in this report; but the time will come when such things will be written in a different key, and the present conditions, which seem so small and difficult, will be like the memory of a pleasant dream, and the territory now covered by the New Mexico English Mission will be filled with busy, prosperous people, and Methodism will be strong and its communicants counted by thousands; its ministers answer to a roll call in a Conference instead of a Mission, and it will bring back to the church all it has cost her and many times more. Just as in all this Southwest country it is largely a question of money. Many new points would be entered, very soon if we had the money. A new church was recently organized in Clayton, the county seat of Union County, New Mexico, by Rev. M. Armstrong, who accompanied me to the place, and remained there after I left and completed the organization, twenty-five people going into it. They are building a neat little church which will cost about \$1,500 and will be ready for dedication in the early winter.” (This house was dedicated in due time with rejoicing, but it was soon found that the location was not the best, and the church and people have rebuilt in a better place and the church is much better attended.—Editor.) * * *

“Another field being in the direction of the Mogollon mountains with 1,560 people on a radius of twenty miles, is waiting for us to come and occupy

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it. I commend the case to the Committee on Apportionments, asking said committee to assume the responsibility. * * *

“I sent a man early in the year to look over the ground at Elizabethtown, Red River, Cimarron, and the surrounding country. He has looked over the ground, but hardly feels justified in trying to organize the work, not knowing whether we could continue to occupy it: “The fields are white for the harvest.”

“During the last General Conference, Chama was set over into the Colorado Conference, and becomes one of the appointments in the Rio Grande District.

“Personally, I have tried to be faithful to the work committed to my charge. I have spent ten months of the twelve in the field. I have preached over two hundred sermons, have traveled nearly 18,000 miles; prayed in the homes; comforted the sorrowing; buried the dead, and tried to show myself “approved unto God”—a workman needing not to be ashamed.” It has been a great help and comfort to me to be associated with my fellow-laborers, the Rev. Thomas Harwood, D.D., superintendent of the New Mexico Mission. His wise and godly consels have helped me over many difficult places, and his saintly spirit has been a constant benediction to me at all times.”

“It has been a good year; the Lord has been among us.”

Missions, 14; money, \$5,252.

NEW MEXICO SPANISH MISSION FOR 1900.

The annual meetings of the New Mexico Spanish were held, at or about the time the English Annual Meetings were held and were generally well attend-

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ed, notwithstanding the great distance the most of the preachers had to come. However, the distance made but little difference as we equalized the travel so that each paid the same and by a vote of the Conference every one paid the same whether he attended or not. This was a good rule, and as the brethren themselves passed it, none could object. With such a rule no one could excuse himself on the ground of the fare as it cost as much to stay at home as it did to go, so far as travel was concerned, and hence most of the brethren were present.

Our Spanish Mission Conferences were always held by the same bishop as held the English Mission meetings. The bishops always seem to enjoy the meetings very much; notwithstanding the fact that they had to preach through an interpreter. However, toward the last of our meetings we have not had much need of an interpreter as nearly all now understand English pretty well.

Following is a list of the Annual Meetings or Conferences from the first one to 1900:

The first one was held in Peralta, November 20, 1876; Thomas Harwood presided.

The second in Peralta, June 7-11, 1877; Bishop Bowman presided.

The third in Santa Fe, October 5-7, 1878; Bishop Simpson presided.

The fourth in Tiptonville, August 14-17, 1879; Bishop Merrill presided.

The fifth in Peralta, March 12-15, 1880; Thomas Harwood presided.

The sixth in Socorro, June 30, 1881; Bishop Bowman presided.

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The seventh in Albuquerque, October 5-9, 1882; Bishop Bowman presided.

The eighth in Las Vegas, December 27-30, 1883; Bishop Andrews presided.

The ninth in Socorro, October 15-19, 1884; Bishop Foss presided.

The tenth in Peralta, September — —, 1885; Bishop Fowler presided.

The eleventh in Albuquerque, October 7-10, 1886; Bishop Warren presided.

The twelfth in Wagon Mound, October 6-11, 1887; Bishop Walden presided.

The thirteenth in Albuquerque, October 17-21, 1888; Bishop Bowman presided.

The fourteenth in Albuquerque, October 17-20, 1889; Bishop Foster presided.

The fifteenth in Albuquerque, October 17-20, 1890; Bishop Goodsell presided.

The sixteenth in Peralta, October 15-20, 1891; Bishop Mallelien, presided.

The seventeenth in Taos, October 13, 1892; Bishop Walden presided.

The eighteenth in Las Cruces, October 5, 1893; Bishop Andrews presided.

The nineteenth in Valverde, October 5, 1894; Bishop Warren presided.

The twentieth in Albuquerque, October 5, 1895; Bishop Ninde presided.

Twenty-first, 1896, Socorro; Bishop Vincent presiding.

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Twenty-second, 1897, Raton; Bishop McCabe presiding.

Twenty-third, 1898, El Paso; Bishop Hurst presiding.

Twenty-fourth, 1899, Albuquerque; Bishop Ninde presiding.

Twenty-fifth, 1900, San Marcial; Bishop Hamilton presiding.

This last Conference, held at San Marcial, by Bishop Hamilton was one of the best we have had. We had a large tent and the people seemed to enjoy the tent services more than the indoor meetings and gave us grand audiences about all the time and especially on the Sabbath day. The Bishop seemed much at home among our Mexican brethren. His sermons and Conference addresses were grand.

Rev. Thomas Moore Harwood, my nephew, had been asked to go as a missionary to Porto Rico and had consented to go and was at this Conference appointed by Bishop Hamilton.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted. The following is a translation of the same:

“This assembly manifests its profound sympathy, its sincere love and great sorrow, for the vacancy which is left in the going out from our Mission, our very much loved presiding elder, who goes to travel in Porto Rico, where the Master calls him. We give him a vote of thanks, rising to our feet, hoping and praying that God will be with him and his family. Also resolved that immediately after the adjournment of this Conference session, there be a meeting of the Conference to bid him good-bye.”

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The meeting was held. It was very affecting. Well it might have been. He had been one of their warmest friends. He had assisted them in their church-buildings, parsonage-buildings, often helping them, laying rock and adobes in the walls of their churches and parsonages and especially in the carpentry work on their churches and parsonages as well also as in their Conference and other studies; at all of which he was well prepared and in it all he took much delight. (Suffice it to say that my nephew remained in Porto Rico a little less than a year, but going from the high altitudes of this Southwest into a country so low and at the same time so hot his health began to fail, also that of his wife, so he thought it wise not to remain longer in that low altitude, and returned and resumed work in this Mission, and is still with us, and this writing, 1909, is superintendent of the Santa Fe District and assisting in the Boys' School at Albuquerque.)

THE SPANISH FROM 1896 TO 1900.

The Conference of 1896 in the Spanish Mission by Bishop J. H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., at Socorro. It was well attended and the Bishop endeared himself to the Conference. Mrs. Vincent was with the Bishop and seemed to take great interest in our Spanish work. (It gives us great sorrow, just as we are now writing, April, 1909, to hear that Mrs. John H. Vincent, wife of Bishop Vincent, died March 31, at her home in Indianapolis.)

The Bishop has my warmest love and sympathy in this hour of darkness to himself and his home. It brings vividly to my mind the darkness of my home

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and soul, seven years ago when the light of my home went out so suddenly at sunrise January 15, 1902. Just one month and one day after that the Bishop wrote me as follows:

Zurich, Feb. 16, 1902.

“Dear Brother Harwood:—

A word of sympathy in your loneliness. She was a bright and earnest woman. And she was with you so long. And was such a comfort to you. And such a blessing to others. And heaven is not far away. So that after all your aching heart has much to give you comfort. But of course you are lonely. One never gets ready to say a final good-bye to a wife. The older the goods the dearer the goods. And the more dependent the one is on the other. But this is God's order: May he comfort! Accept from Mrs. Vincent and myself assurance of sincere sympathy.

Truly yours,
John H. Vincent.”

(In the Life of Mrs. Emily J. Harwood, page 223.)

Think of a letter, so far away, reaching me in thirty-one days.

I sincerely hope that my letter to the Bishop, on hearing of the death of his noble wife will afford him as much comfort as his did me.

GLEANINGS IN 1896.

January 1, 1896. Home today, at Albuquerque. The first day of the year. A good time for reflection and to make new promises for the future. Dear Lord, help me that this may be my best year. I know not what's before, so guide thou me.

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FROM MY MEMORANDA FOR 1896.

January 14. Meeting today of the Regents of the School of Mines, at Socorro. Object, to protest against the Governor recommending to the Legislature the consolidation of the School of Mines of Socorro with the Agricultural School at Las Cruces. I was president of the School of Mines, and had been for several years, by appointment first of Governor Bradford L. Prince. We saved the School to Socorro, much to the joy of our Socorro people. However, I doubt whether the people ever knew what influence saved it. At about the same time there was an extra sum to be given to the Territorial Institutions. Socorro wanted its share of that sum, which amounted to something like \$40,000. The buildings had cost about \$40,000. I was asked by the members of the board to visit Santa Fe. I did so and am not alone in the opinion that my visit saved the institution. I at once called on the Speaker of the House, the Honorable Alexander Branch of Mora county, whom I had favorably known in that county for many years. He seemed delighted to see me, but at once informed me that he was prejudiced against the School of Mines. I begged him to hear me for a few moments, to which he said, "With great pleasure, Mr. Harwood. I am glad you came up." He did not commit himself to me, but asked me to go with him into the legislative hall. I did so. He gave me a seat close to him. Many eyes seemed turned toward the Protestant minister, as in wonderment what was up.

Pretty early in the morning session the question of the School of Mines came up. Mr. Branch made

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a flaming speech in favor of the school and the \$40,000 were secured and the school saved.

A few years before this I lived in Santa Fe. At the close of the Legislature I was present. A bill granting a syndicate the right to fence in thousands of acres in the Rocky Mountains for cattle grazing was put off until almost the last hour, perhaps half past eleven when it was read, hoping to run the bill through at the midnight hour. As soon as the reading was finished a motion to lie on the table was made at which Mr. Branch arose and with his long arm extended toward the speaker of the house, he cried out: "Senor Presidente, de todas las cosas en el mundo que yo aborezco mas es un cerco de alhambre!" (Of all the things in this world that I hate most is a wire fence!)

January 17. Spent much of today at home in prayer and fasting, trying to decide whether to join a company to visit Europe and the Holy Land. It had been the hope of my life, at some time to visit England, France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, the Nile, and the Holy Land. I have a fine opportunity to go. The company is supposed to be one of the best. One of my nieces and her daughter are going and of course they would like to have me go. The cost and being so long from my work are in the way. I am trying hard to build up and help to build up a school for poor boys, and would I not better spend the money that would have to be spent on a trip of this kind in helping to lay the foundation for a school, such as we are trying to build than to spend money on a pleasure trip? This is a question that comes to my mind often. I finally decided not to go and have been thankful many times that I made that decision.

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In February this year I took my first trip to California. Mrs. Harwood had been several times and never seemed to tire of speaking in praise of that country. Besides that it seemed such a rest from her school work. So, having Tucson and Yuma in my field, I concluded to run on from Yuma and see the great country and the great ocean. I was dazed with the country, but never so much so as on my first visit. After that I visited the state many times. I also visited the isle of Catalina, about twenty miles out in the ocean. That was a lovely trip. The next day, on invitation of one of the proprietors of the island, one of the Manning brothers, I accepted the invitation and joined the party, went up the island, about seventeen miles to an opening in land, went ashore, took the talla-ho which was in waiting and crossed over to the south side and had dinner. All were strangers when we started in the morning, but before we returned all seemed to be well acquainted with each other. At Redlands I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chevalier, formerly from Albuquerque. I have visited California many times since that first visit and am always at home at Brother and Sister Chevalier's. I preached at Redlands in Spanish. A year or so after that I organized our church at that place with about fifteen people. Some time after that when the church was ready for dedication I was asked to dedicate it and did so. At that first visit I visited San Diego, Riverside, Los Angeles and many other places. The trip did me good every way. I also visited Smyley's Heights, a most enjoyable trip.

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GLEANINGS OF 1896.

In January, 1896, I took a trip to Mexico City and down to Vera Cruz. I had been as far as Chihuahua once before, but had never been far in the interior of our sister Republic.

Mrs. J. J. Schmidt, whose husband, J. J. Schmidt, a prominent merchant at Wagon Mound, was killed July 3rd, 1892, was with me. She is my niece, and had wished to take a trip through Mexico, but dreaded it on account of the language. She was unable to speak Spanish. There are so few who speak English in Mexico, except in the towns, that it puts one to a disadvantage who cannot speak the language of the country.

The northern part of Mexico is very much like New Mexico. But little timber, large plains, but poorly watered, few towns. We spent the Sabbath at Jimenez. Called on the mother of one of our school boys. Found her a fanatical Romanist. Thanked me for what we were doing for her son, Jose or Joseph. Her son was one of the brightest young men we had in school. He had come 400 miles to attend our boys' school. Printing was a part of the industry of the school. It was wonderful how quickly he learned to set type and make up the forms and run off the paper. It is wonderful, too, how an intelligent mother will stand in the way of her own son and allow her religious prejudices to keep him back in the dark. However, Jose was of that nature that he will rise above his environments. He wanted to be a Protestant preacher to try to lift his people out of their superstition into a better and brighter way of life, but his mother and

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other relatives and friends opposed him so much that he gave up the idea of the ministry. His mother said in a letter to him while he was at our school at Albuquerque, that "she would be glad to see him, but would rather see him brought home a corpse than to see him come home a Protestant preacher." Yes, but after he had learned to speak English, almost as well as an American and learned many other valuable things at school and could demand \$200 a month, Mexican money, she could take that to support the other fatherless children, without stopping to ask, "How is it that my son is so valuable a boy to his mother?" She hates the Protestant religion, but loves the Protestant school.

But we must hurry on or the reader will forget that we are going to Mexico City.

At 7 a. m. the train from Juarez arrives. We have first class tickets, but prefer second class car. Bishop Taylor was once asked why he always took second class fare? His answer was, "because there is no third class." But on these Mexican Central trains there are three classes of fare. The first class corresponds to our "Pullman car" and really is a Pullman, the second to our ladies' car and the third to our smoker. But these are all smokers and drinkers. Once coming up from Chihuahua I found no one in the third class car, so took that all alone, and only for some dread of "old settlers" would have been very comfortable. The scenery was very much the same as in New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. Mountains always in sight. We passed the city of Chihuahua in the night, a place of about 20,000 people; Leon, a place of about 100,000, the next day, Torreon, and at Gutierrez crossed the Tropic of Can-

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cer without a jostle or a jar, and farther down reached Zacatecas, a place of about 40,000, Aguascaliente, a place of about 40,000, thence Queretaro, about 40,000. This place is noted as the place where Maximilian, the ill-fated archduke was captured, tried, condemned to death and shot. Thence Guanajuato, thence on to the City of Mexico, where we arrived about 8 o'clock at night. We secured rooms at the San Carlos hotel. Soon my niece called at my door to know if I would call up the porter, saying at the same time, "I have no soap nor towels." I found the porter and told him as requested, "Oh! we don't furnish soap and towels." So I hurried out to look up a store. After a while I found a store and asked for a small cake of soap. As I took out my pocket-book to pay for it I asked, "how much for this?" The clerk answered, "Un peso y medio." "One dollar and a half for a little piece of soap like this?" I asked. "Si, señor, fue hecho en Londres." (Yes, sir, it was made in London.) So we began to learn at our own cost that we were out of the United States. We spent a few days very pleasantly. I preached to the American congregation in English and at night in Spanish to about 200 Mexican people. I made the acquaintance of Rev. J. W. Butler, D. D. Also Dr. Evans and many others. We went down to Vera Cruz. It was my first visit in and through a tropical country. It was interesting to see coffee, bananas and other tropical fruits cultivated. Vera Cruz is on the gulf, a place of about 15,000 people. We went out to the old castle of St. Juan de Ulua. It is about a half mile out in the gulf on an island. We called on the American consul who showed us much attention and hoisted the American flag. It

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looked beautiful, the stars and strips floating so proudly in the balmy air of our next door neighbor.

We only passed one night at Vera Cruz. I was anxious to see the stars in the southern hemisphere, this was the farthest south I had ever been. So I planned to get up in the night about midnight to see certain stars that might at that time be visible. This hotel faces the gulf, it has in the upper story a large porch fronting on the beautiful gulf. As I went out to the front of the open portico in the dark I got my hand on an old buzzard, he flopped his wings and soared out over the gulf, at that probably half a dozen or more left their roosts and rookery, but soon came back. If they were scared any worse than I was it was a bad scare. But the stars were beautiful. It was a great pleasure to see worlds upon worlds, the mighty work of the mighty Creator that I had never seen before.

As Mexico is the mother of New Mexico it may be interesting to our readers to spend a few minutes more in that interesting country.

Mexico has an area of 763,804 square miles. This exceeds the area of England, Germany, France and Spain combined. The country has a coast line of nearly 6,000 miles. The low lands are hot but are admirably adapted to the production of coffee, sugar, bananas and nearly all kinds of spices. There are in Mexico large forests of valuable timber, but you don't see much of it from the lines of travel. It abounds in vast tablelands, much of this has an elevation of from 3,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level

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THE PEOPLE.

The population is about 12,000,000. About one half are of Indian descent. About 1,000,000 are of pure Spanish lineage, and about 5,000,000 are of mixed blood. To these last named the term "Mexican" is particularly applied. The mountains in Mexico are conspicuous from far off places, Orizaba, rearing its snow crowned head 17,879 feet above sea level is a beautiful sight viewed from Vera Cruz and along the railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, a distance of 262 miles. Popocatepetl, 17,726 feet is the next highest mountain in the Republic, Ixtaccihuatl, twin brother to the last named and both near the City of Mexico is next in height, being 15,726 feet above sea level. These mountains are covered with snow, it is said, the year round.

THE HOUSES OF MEXICO.

The houses of Mexico are very similiar to those in New Mexico, mostly built of adobe, sun-dried brick. Their larger buildings, haciendas, are houses built in the form of a hollow square with a court in the center, often ornamented with small trees and shrubbery. The windows are generally furnished with wooden shutters and often protected by a strong iron grating. The houses are generally one story, flat roof, of mud or cement, and is used as places for sleeping. The bull fight is still the common game. This barbarous sport is said to have come from Spain. And it forceably reminds one of the story the old Italian monk got off as a hit to the Spaniards. It is said the monk began by saying,

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“There are no Spaniards in heaven.” How is that? the Spaniard asked. The monk said, “There was a time when a few got in, but they were such inveterate smokers that Mary complained and said she “could not stand it,” so Peter contrived a way to get them out and announced that at a certain time, just beyond the outer courts of paradise, giving the time there would be a “bull-fight.” The Spaniards all rushed out to see it and Peter closed the door and would never let them in after that.

LETTERS.

Zacatecas, Mex., Jan. 21, 1896.

Dear Wife:—

I left Guanajuato, Monday morning at 5:45, on a train that only goes a part of the way. I took that train so as to see the country by daylight. I saw about 300 miles of the country that we passed over in the night on the way down. Also I wanted to see Zacatecas, and so I stopped off. It seems to me that a kind providence, or guardian angel “my angel it may be” has guided me in almost every way since I left home as something has done so much in life and more of that than usual.

Well, at the depot, night before last, a man stepped up to me and said, “I see you are a G. A. R. man and so am I,” and gave me the usual grip. Said he was running for a hotel up town and would like to have me go along. So of course I went, expecting to leave this morning and take the other train at 3 a. m.

But somehow I wanted to see more of the town, the Presbyterian church property, the Mint, Guadalupe about six miles south, and concluded to stay

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over another day, as my old comrade treated me very nicely, and put down the rates at a low figure.

Well, I went this morning down to Guadalupe, went all through one of the oldest churches in the Republic, saw the old painting, etc., and returned. Then I went all through the mint and saw them coining out the beautiful silver dollars, at the rate of about 40,000 a day. Then came to where I am now writing in a room in the Presbyterian church. It is a large property, very old and cost about \$150,000, but was bought under the government confiscation system for about \$25,000. They have put on about \$3,000 worth of repairs. Had at one time a church membership of some 700 Mexicans, but now much less. Now have a congregation of about 100, with a Sunday School of 60. The pastor, Mr. Wallace, and family are not at home; neither is the Mexican preacher. I went in and up the dreary stairway until I found a few Mexicans in a little school of about six perhaps. I told them who I was and said, "I want to get all the information I can" and asked them to show me the property. They hesitated and sent for an old lady. She said, "Well, if you are a missionary you can pray, I guess. She had me pray. I sang a few verses of "Yo Soy Feliz" and prayed and the old lady said, "All right, and you can go anywhere in this house." I wandered into a room where there was an American man and his wife and found it was Brother Blachly and wife, and when they found who I was they would neither let me go away tonight or stay at the hotel, and so I am here for tonight and tomorrow to see more of the town and to visit.

THOS. HARWOOD.

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Department of Agriculture,
Office of the Secretary,

Washington, D. C. June 13, 1889.

Hon. John W. Noble,
Secretary of the Interior.

My Dear Mr. Secretary:—

Will you allow me to suggest to you the name of Thomas Harwood of Socorro, New Mexico, for appointment as Surveyor-General of the Territory of New Mexico. Chaplain Harwood went to New Mexico some thirteen years ago as a missionary and he has been constantly engaged in that work ever since, giving great satisfaction, and he is now in charge of the American Missionary work there. He is a Methodist clergyman, and was Chaplain of the 25th Wisconsin Regiment, which I had the honor to command during the war. He has been a practical surveyor in Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, and has done some surveying in New Mexico. No better, truer, or worthier man ever lived. He is a highly respected Christian gentleman, thoroughly competent for the office of Surveyor-General, and if you should conclude to appoint him he will do credit and honor to your administration. Chaplain Harwood is a superior man in every respect, and I am only too happy to suggest his name to you in this connection.

Truly yours,

J. M. RUSK.

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Tucson, Ariz., April 18, 1896.

My Dear Precious Wife:—

It is early morn. The sun has just taken the “wings of the morning” and begins to shine upon the beautiful Catalina mountain range that lies to the north of Tucson, and upon which I can look out from the window where I am writing. The most, if not all of the family where I am spending a few days so delightfully, are soundly sleeping away the freshness of this delightful April morning. Out of one window of the room where I am writing are beautiful flowers, roses, lilacs, purple, red, white and bluish, in fact of almost every hue. Out at another window are shade trees in full foliage and mulberry trees with their nice ripe fruit.

By the kind invitation of Dr. ——— and lady I am stopping with them. It is a great deal better for me than the paying of a big hotel bill as I have generally have had to do here.

I just cast my eye out in other directions and find that the great orb of day is not partial to the Catalina mountains on the north, but he is also spreading his wings of light upon the Rincon range in the east, or rather a little south of east, also upon the Santa Ritas farther south and upon the San Xaviers in the south, and the Tucson mountains in the south west. These mountains and mountain ranges, ranging from 6 to 30 miles away, forming a large valley literally walled in except on the east and west with nature's own upheavals, with Tucson, with its modern and model improvements, fine depot and railroad hotel, its Indian school buildings, Territorial University, Agricultural College and School of Mines, its beautiful \$65,000 brick public school building, its

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churches and business blocks and private residences are more than oasis. They are a picture on the desert. Of course it would add to its beauty if there were more farming lands or rather if there was water sufficient to irrigate more of the lands.

When I spoke of the city and the valley being walled in by nature, I do not mean to say that there is no way out, for somehow nature has done her work so nicely in these rocky mountain ranges that there is hardly a place but that man, for whom it was all made, can find his way and generally with pretty good roads.

Dr. ———, at whose house I am stopping, is a marvel. A graduate of Oxford, a special course in medicine, has held the chairs of Latin, Greek and Hebrew in the City of Mexico, an extensive traveler, has a Mexican wife, and he preached last night a fine sermon in Spanish. I have lost my voice somehow and can hardly speak above a whisper. When I went to bed last night he gave me a cup of hot milk, which he claims is about the best thing for hoarseness. I think I am better this morning, but hardly know as I have had no opportunity to try my voice. The enclosed will show about what the Dr. and Bro. Serna are doing. The Dr. practices. In fact, seems to have a great practice. I hope I will be able to preach Sunday. Find the work in fair shape.

I ought to speak of the beautiful site for the church. Twice when I have been here Bro. Serna and I walked the town over in several directions, looking for a good place to build a church. The first time it was very hot and I tired myself completely out. The next time it was cooler, but the hard, rocky soil, sidewalks, etc. made me footsore, and I

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felt so discouraged. We wanted to find a good place, but at the same time were almost afraid we would find it and have nothing to buy it with and would be embarrassed. Well, to make a long story short, and a history that ought to cover pages condensed in a line, allow me to say that a woman, Mexican, whose husband had deserted her without a cause, and whose church had neglected took sick and died. Brother Serna visited her several times in her sickness. She fell in love with our doctrine and church, became a Protestant and arranged with Brother Serna to hold her funeral services, and in grateful recognition of which she deeded him a piece of land, lot 12 in block 119, 200x66 feet, sufficient for church and parsonage. How good the Lord is. But I must close, for the folks are up and breakfast ready.

Respectfully,

THOS. HARWOOD.

P. S.—I am better of my cold. I am anxious to get home. We had out last night about 50 to hear the Doctor. Brother Serna has a little chapel in the Dr.'s rented house. I am writing in the chapel now, but it won't hold all the people who come and so we occupy the Baptist church yet. Brother Wilson asked me to preach for him. I did so. H.

Socorro, N. M., Feb. 18, 1886.

Mrs. Harwood,

My Dear Wife:—I arrived here last night. Received your kind letter this morning. Sorry indeed to learn that the girls are all down with measles. I shall be uneasy about them. If they do not get along well, please inform me by telegraph. I shall be here the most of the time until Tuesday.

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My plan is then to go to La Joya for one day, or if it is possible we may go to La Joya Sunday and back here Sunday night.

At any rate, if you will send tel. in care of Brother Chase, he will see that I am informed. I shall also be uneasy about you. I am glad you closed your school. Hope you will not overdo yourself. Have the neighbors come in and help you.

If Mr. Tipton gets very low, please let me know. We have so long been neighbors and he had me baptise him, I feel as if I would be glad to be with him if he should be very low.

Be sure to write me every day.

Thanks for the mail.

From your loving husband,

THOS. HARWOOD.

BAKER UNIVERSITY

Departments of History and Philosophy

Harman J. Hoover

Baldwin, Ks., March 3, 1904.

Dear Doctor Harwood:—

I have just read your tender and most beautiful tribute to the Mexicans in the World-Wide Missions, with heading, "Out of the Life of a Missionary."

I cannot repress the love in my heart for you and the expression of it in this way. Your life and labor have always been, since I have known you, a deep inspiration. We often speak of you and always with tender regard.

You must be lonely since Sister Harwood's death. How is your health? Are you still steadily at work?

I wish I had the biographical facts of your life.

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Where could I get them? I should like to divide with others the inspiration of your life. Our young people would hear the story of your life with many quickening impulses.

May God give you sweet and everlasting joy.

Your friend, HARMAN J. HOOVER.

[Dr. Hoover was once a member of the New Mexico English Mission. We were glad to hear from him.—Publisher.]

PLEASANT CHURCH EVENT.

One of the most pleasant events in the history of Albuquerque's Lead Avenue Methodist Church was the surprise last evening, which had been carefully arranged by the ladies, upon their highly-esteemed pastor and his wife, in honor of his 43d birthday. At the hour of prayer meeting, most of the members and many friends came pouring into the church until the number had swelled to that of a congregation. Brother Adkinson was greatly pleased, though somewhat astonished, to see the large audience, and was compelled in his heart to say, "What does all this mean?" An after board meeting detained him and his wife a short time, which gave the impatient 'congregation' a chance to quietly pass out, when all with one accord made a rush for the parsonage, where everything was in readiness.

Upon entering their home a little later there was no longer standing room to be found, for the company had literally taken possession. An abundance of delicate cakes and delicious ice cream with all the necessaries for serving mysteriously found their

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way to the kitchen so that there was enough for all and to spare, and the queen of laughter and merriment reigned supreme. But the real substantial surprise was yet to come. When it was possible to quiet the multitude, Rev. Thos. Harwood stepped forward and in a very pleasing manner delivered an original presentation poem written for the occasion and of more than ordinary merit, after which he presented the pastor with a handsome purse which had been raised by the ladies for the express purpose of buying a gold watch, and then having decided to let him select it gave him the money instead.

The pastor's response was full of feeling and right to the point and showed his appreciation of all that had been done. The hour was late when one by one each said good night and retraced their steps homeward; and when at last the doors were closed and the family once more alone, they could think upon the pleasant hours just flown as those always to be remembered. May these bright and beautiful resting places come often to our beloved pastor and his estimable wife as they together tread the rugged path of life, is the wish of the writer.

—A. Member.

Dear Friends—

These social gatherings are pleasant to me,
Also to you, and to others, I see;
I am glad to be here, and will do my part
And do it cheerfully with all my heart.
So in behalf of the church, and at this special time,
My humble part shall be done in rhyme;
But it's no small task, and you all know it,
For I am not much of a writer, much less a poet.

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In poetry, as well as in commerce and trade,
Some poets are born and some poets are made;
But with the writer, he's neither poet made nor
poet born,
But simply takes it up as a tinner blows his horn,
But never mind, he'll get there just the same,
Though the poet may be slow and the poem may
be tame,
And when he gets it done, and says the last amen,
You all may then well wish that he never try
again.

Dear Pastor—

In behalf of the church I address a word to you,
Not only for yourself, but for the work you do,
As to your calling there is no other work so grand
Or the principles at stake for which you nobly
stand.

No grander thought had prophet ever breathed,
Than bold Isaiah, when he the thought conceived,
Or vision rather, when first the scene he saw
The faithful shepherds coming from afar.

And cried, "How beautiful are the feet of them
Who bring glad tidings to the souls of men."
He saw in vision, 'mid mountains, hills and rocks,
The faithful shepherds caring for their flocks,
And as the shepherds came down the mountain
slopes,
The prophet saw in visions the Christian's com-
ing hopes,
When the world's greatest Shepherd King,
"Good News" to earth should bring.

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And the great Apostle also said, "How beautiful
are the feet

Of him who brings glad tidings and the people's
good to seek."

And also said this Gentile Teacher,

How can the people hear without a preacher."

The pastor's work, indeed, is a work of grand im-
port.

It filled the Savior's hands, it filled an angel's
heart,

To preach the word, to show the way of life,

To teach the Truth, to check the streams of strife.

To call the erring soul, and point to him the way
Of truth, and life, and everlasting day.

To feed the flocks, and keep them in the fold,

Is a noble work, more priceless far than gold.

Your little flock has gathered here

To show their love for you is sincere,

You have fed them well from day to day

On stubble not, nor straw, nor hay.

But on fine food for mind and soul

From the "treasure house," things new and old,

For which we truly thank you, one and all,

That's why we make for you this pleasant call;

And also in memory of this, your birthday

For you are "forty-three" today, they say,

And so we have come with this feeble token,

But with loyal hearts and faith unbroken,

Not solely for you, but also for your wife,

Your devoted helpmate—companion of your life.

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She'll share your toils, and labors too
And stand for all that is good and true.

But this purse is ours until my speech is done,
We can't be serious always, must have a little fun,
And so I'll say, guess the ladies struck a mine,
And I know you'll think them very kind.
Well, I hardly know what more to say,
Only it's spring, and the second day of May,
The time when all the birds build nests.
And ladies in new goods invest
And fruit trees put on their robes of green
And gentlemen like, in new suits to be seen
And thus it might be that they had in view
That a new suit of clothes would well become you.

But after all, this purse is yours
To spend as you please for notions or clothes,
We bring you this purse of silver and gold,
An expression of love that comes from the soul,
And a fervent prayer that you may live to be old,
And preach the word to the end of the goal,
And then wear in your crown, rich gems of gold
Of glittering stars of new born souls.

—Thos. Harwood.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1878.

Rev. T. Harwood:

Bear Bro.—We reached home safely Friday evening last. The trip from Santa Fe to Alamosa was a hard one, but not so hard as I had anticipated and

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we went through alright. I have often thought of the pleasant journey we had with yourself and Mrs. Harwood to Santa Fe and have felt thankful for your many acts of kindness. As to McMains, I scarcely know what to say. I have thought in view of the great anxiety of the people of Cimarron to have him, we could more easily appoint him than any other. They avow their willingness to support him, though it might be well if appointed to give him a small missionary appropriation to begin with. As he is only a local preacher, if the matter does not work well, the arrangement could easily be closed and it seems to me we could then supply Cimarron much more easily than we now can; yet I know the difficulties which lie in the way of making the appointment and I sympathize with you in the trials through which you have passed, yet if you feel free to do it and he is willing to enter on the work with a very small appropriation, I rather think it would be a matter of expediency, to let him have the trial; but if done, it seems to me that if you have no objection, the action had better come from you with my approval, than to be made by myself directly.

As to Silver City, I have seen Mr. Kynett but a few moments, but he gives little encouragement. He tells me that the collections have fallen off this year over \$20,000, that their bank account is over-drawn, that the appropriations already made have more than exhausted all their means, and that he sees no possibility of making new appropriations for some-time, yet we agreed to look over the whole matter very carefully in a few days and see if something could not be done for one or two very pressing points. I will do what I can, but if there is no

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money in the treasury an appropriation cannot be given. I have no further light as to the future and cannot have until the Missionary Committee meet and we shall see what appropriations can be made.

I sympathize with Mrs. Harwood in her state of health, but do not know what can yet be done. I am sorry that her headache has returned. I had hoped the journey might relieve her.

In view of the possibility of complying with your request, I wish you would converse with Brother Steele at your ensuing meeting touching a possible division of the work so as to give the superintendency of the lower part to him should he see fit to remain. I should feel it a sad day if you and Brother Steele were both compelled to leave at once. Should you leave the Territory temporarily and should Santa Fe be supplied with a suitable preacher he might exercise a temporary superintendency over the northern part. But all these matters must depend upon what providence indicates in reference to yourself. Possibly with the commencement of cold weather Mrs. Harwood's health may be so much improved that she may not desire the change.

Las Vegas, N. M.
January 28, 1885.

Dear Bro. Harwood:—

Your beginning, "To all to whom it may concern" came to hand this morning. For this, another favor from you, please receive my thanks. The words and expression of confidence and friendship and love come upon me like the Elders from Ephesus upon the neck of Paul while at Miletus, creating weeping.

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Dear Brother Harwood, the past, running back to that Sabbath morn when I first met you, then to me unknown, on the threshold of my church in Logansport, down to the present, comes before me. You have had in that time some sorrows of soul and heavy burdens to bear which I have known, and perhaps some of which I may have increased myself. I truly feel sorry if any unnecessary burden has stolen in upon your heart from my manner of life.

For the self-sacrificing, persevering, good and useful life you have led in this strange, old, and new territory these many years I have naught but a sense, and words, of commendation and admiration. For your interest in me and my family I am under eternal gratitude. It is a great comfort to me to feel as I do toward you. Please always call to see us whenever coming near our home. My heart has been wrung under the revolving thoughts of temporary separation from those I have learned to love in the noble co-operative work of the Master. This has been to me a wonderful trial, you know not how heavy. It has seemed to me at times I could not stand it. I would, however, have preferred to have never uttered one word of argument on the points of our differences but this has been while conversing with you, so true and zealous for the good old Church, her creed and Father, almost impossible. What I have said you must overlook. But Brother Harwood there is an honest difference between me and the church. I know the church can easily proceed without me and from this I draw some comfort in seeking another field of labor. It may be that I am making an awful mistake but I am not now able to see it.

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This much I believe, that you and I will chat together a few thousand years upon this and other subjects of interest to the kingdom of our blessed Christ, when we reach the lovely home of the soul to which so much has been gathered, so many have gone and to which we are going. Believe me Brother Harwood, I am ever your friend and brother, and if ever you may need to call on me for friendly service I am ever at your command.

I learn with regret from Sister Harwood that your health is poor. I hope you may soon be able to attend with comfort to the pressing needs of your work among the native people.

Fraternally yours,

D. M. Brown.

Gain in Educational collection.....	\$206
Gain in Missionary collection.....	47
Gain in Ministerial support.....	413
Gain in other benevolent collections.....	86
Gain for Bishops.....	12

SPANISH MISSION, 1891.

In the Spanish Mission we received during the year, members, 167; probationers, 124; total, 301. We had in all 14 day schools; day school scholars, 256; baptisms, 64; conversions, 256. Gain in Sunday schools, 8; scholars, 250; in church buildings, 1; probable value, \$2,000; in parsonages, 1; gain in probable value, \$200.

In addition to the above we have reduced the debt on the Albuquerque College \$2,000, saved nearly \$1,000 of this out of the English appropriations.

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During the four years Brother Thornton was here he gained 84 members, 35 probationers, 3 Sunday schools, 111 Sunday school scholars, churches the same number as found, but one more was under way of construction at El Paso. The church valuation the same except El Paso. That ought to have been reckoned at about one-half of its value when finished \$4,500.

Dr. Wiltsee was two years in the Mission as its superintendent, 1889 and 1890. His gain in the two years was as follows:

In members and probationers, 132; Sunday school, 2, and gain in scholars, 111; in church buildings, 1, and gains in the probable value, \$3,950. Parsonages, no gain. His missionary collection \$649, a gain of \$419. Other benevolent collections, a gain of \$496. Ministerial support, \$5,224. Average per member for missions, \$1.46. My gain for 1891, the year I superintended both missions. My gains for the English Mission were as follows, for the one year: Members and probationers, 82; churches, 1, and a gain in probable value of \$1,050; parsonages, one, gain in probable value, \$1,750; Sunday schools, 14, a gain of 7, and in scholars, 475; missionary collections, \$696, a gain of \$47, being an average per member of almost \$1.60. If the entire Methodist Episcopal Church should do that well for this present year, 1909, we would score close to the Five Million dollar line for missions. We would have more money than we would know what to do with. This \$1.60 per member broke the record up to that time and the same has never since been reached by this mission. See the Record.

The same amount for missions, per member, has

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hardly been reached by any of the Conferences or Missions. If the reader could spare a moment to look on page 314, Missionary Reports for 1891, he will see in about one hundred Annual Conferences and Missions only one Conference, and that is East German, that stands higher than the New Mexico English for 1891. And he may look along the lists for all the Conferences and Missions from 1882 to 1891, and then look up The Reports for 1901, making twenty years altogether he can find only one Annual Conference in all those twenty that went beyond the New Mexico English. Three others, the Baltimore, East German and Nevada reached beyond the dollar mark. About fifty reached the half-dollar line and beyond, with that number, we are glad to say, is Colorado. Colorado has a right to be proud of her missionary record. There was not only the gains in my report of 1891, as above given, but a gain in general education of \$206, and in ministerial support of \$413. This does not include \$2,000 raised by me to apply on the debt of the Albuquerque College.

Bros. Thornton and Wiltsee are strong men. They did a grand work. Bro. Thornton was a giant on the rostrum and strong in the pulpit. Wiltsee was a fine speaker, fluent as the "rain on a roof." I don't know what Bishop Fowler saw in this plodder that led him to say to Bro. Thornton, "If you don't look out, Harwood will shock up more wheat than you will." The above figures will indicate at any rate that he saw more in me than did our good souls who put forth such strenuous efforts for a strong man down here. "We can't expect a man down there to manage that work unless we pay him well."

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Had these good brethren known what a heavy chain the man, at that time, 15 years on the ground, had been dragging, loaded down with Romanism, skepticism and worldliness, and at that time 16 Jesuit priests in Albuquerque standing on the chain, I wonder if they would have put their delicate feet on the chain to make it drag still harder? If my works praise me not I ask not to be praised.

ONLY A LITTLE.

“Well, I can take time to tell you only a few of our troubles. Away down the country and out and up on the Miembres there was a nice settlement of Mexican people. We held a series of meetings and quite a number were converted and we organized a church of about thirty members. About eight or ten Mexican farmers with nice families. Soon they must have a church. We secured help from the Board of Church Extension. An American merchant said he would donate the site. All right. We organized the Quarterly Conference, elected a board of trustees, with a secretary and treasurer. For a time everything went off very nicely.

The congregations were good and growing. Of course the church building must be hurried up. It was a long and an expensive journey for me and so I sent down a blank deed with the disciplinary trust clause to be inserted, etc. The site had been selected, adobes made, rock for foundation quarried out and put down and the walls nearly half up. I went down to the next quarterly meeting and found the deed not signed and the doner of th site refused to insert the disciplinary clause and swore like a pirate.

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He said: "I guess I know how to make out a deed and I have made that and I'll not alter it." When I insisted that the deed must be as the church authorities require or we could get no aid from the Board of Church Extension, that made no difference with him. And there we were. I went over to see him the next morning. I found him no better. I thought it might be that his wife could help us out, but found her worse than he. She said, "beggars mustn't be choosers." He said with fiery oaths that he had never had much to do with these Christian people and with a volley of bad words that he hoped he never should. About the time that I thought he had about used up his vocabulary of vile epithets I bade him goodbye.

ANOTHER SITE.

We looked for another church site. The brethren at once fell in with it. It was a unanimous feeling that they would not deal with him any more. He was a merchant. One brother said, "It is 30 miles to Deming, our nearest trading place, but I'll go there for all my groceries and goods before I'll trade with that man." I did not tell them not to do so. I think they must have carried out their threat for in less than a year he left for want of trade.

We soon found another and better site but there was a mortgage of \$250 on it. The Board of Church Extension had promised \$300 to aid in building on the first site. I laid the case clearly before the board, asking for the donation promised and \$200 more, I think it was, so as to take up the

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mortgage of \$250 on the land, which was a fine site for building. Suffice to say that we secured the promise asked, bought five acres of nice tillable land. The site was donated, about one acre of high land for the church and parsonage, and both had gone up and was a very pretty property. A day school and a Sunday school were held and all very hopeful. The owner of the land on which was the site was a poor Mexican widow and I feared that she might lose her farm. It was mortgaged, as I said before and she was glad to have us buy the five acres as that would save the place for her. But her youngest daughter, unmarried, held the mortgage and so we had her to deal with. Her brother had told us that his sister was a strong Roman Catholic and wanted to hold the farm for the church. The pastor and I went to see the widow and found her sick in bed. The daughter was there and was ironing. The mother wanted us to have prayer with her. The daughter objected. As she held a mortgage on her mothers farm she thought she had a right to control even her mother. I asked her kindly if she wouldn't be so kind as to cease her work while we had prayer? She answered abruptly, "No, I won't, I don't like your Protestant prayers." To this abrupt remark I said, "Well we are going to pray any way whether you want or not." At this the preacher who was with me led in prayer, I kneeled with my face toward the young lady for I was a little afraid she might come at us with the hot iron. She kept on ironing for a while and then went and sat down.

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THE CHURCH TREASURER.

Well you remember I said we elected a treasurer. He asked, on being elected, "what will be my duties?" I answered, "It will be your duty to hold all money put into your hands until ordered by the church to pay it out on the building, as we are going right to work on it." All, right and he fell upon a plan to make a little money out of the affair. But was waiting for the Church Extension money to come, expecting that when it should come it would be put into his hands, as he was the treasurer. He then expected to open a small store, pay the laborers working on the church building and thus make a little money. I think that he thought that I likely had already received the Church Extension draft and would turn it over to him. And because I did not turn it over to him he left the church. At least the members told me that was the reason. The money did not come into my hands for nearly a year after that. "Yes," says one, "but what better could you expect of those Mexicans, even if they are members of the church?" But this man was not a Mexican, he is a German. The other two referred to were Americans, both the man and his wife.

After all the above the Mexican plasterer wouldn't finish his job as he agreed to do and the trustees said, "Don't pay him," and so I had him to reconcile. He finally annoyed me so much that to get rid of him, I paid him out of my own funds.

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A CLOUD-BURST CAUSE GREAT
DESTRUCTION.

Only a few years passed and we had a beautiful little place. The church and parsonage were quite nice, trees set out, apples, pears, peaches, plums, and at one time the preacher had a fine garden. Had the place under cultivation and had fruit and vegetables to sell. I had hoped that in a few years a preacher could about make his living on the place with a little help from the people. But there came a great rain, a cloudburst up in the mountains, which filled the valley in some places, it was said, forty feet deep. The water came down with such a rush that most of the houses and little towns, many of the orchards and much of the land was literally destroyed. With the destruction, our place suffered badly. The church and parsonage were not much injured. Had we built where we first began it is thought the house would have been washed away. The result has been that most of the Mexican families were so discouraged and unable to repair their houses and farms that they have sold out and moved away.

“But I have not forgotten,” says the reader, “that I wanted to ask, when you quoted from the reports of the gains you made over your predecessors, the year you had the English work, did not your Spanish work and schools suffer while you had it all?” No, it seems not. The reports of that year show a gain in members and probationers of 291, in Sunday school scholars of 250, and a small gain in all the collections. The day schools did well. I have always enjoyed the schools so much. Ten years in the school-room before I began to preach have made the school-room seem much like home.

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THE LAST INDIAN RAID.

Our home was a cattle ranch situated on La Garita Creek, in San Miguel County, New Mexico. In the dry season the water stood in holes and from them our cattle drank. We had to haul water in barrels to the house for domestic use. In the rainy season, the flood waters ran in torrents emptying into the Cuevo, a mile east of the house just where the old Goodnight cattle trail crossed it. The Cuevo emptied into the Concha and at last all these mingling their waters emptied them into the Red River, just above La Cinta.

It was a beautiful spot. Gramma grass and water were plentiful. Cottonwood, oak, wild mulberry, pinon and mesquite, each in its locality was thick, making a nice place for anelope and deer, and they were often seen in large herds grazing and scampering through the brush and over the plains and occasionally a bear passed between the house and stable.

The dogs treed a cinnamon bear in a piñon tree one day just behind the house where it was an easy matter to shoot it, which was done. We had meat for a week and it tasted like pork.

The quails came in flocks to the door and the mocking birds sang us to sleep from the nearby bushes. To the north was a range of mountains separating us from the Concha. South was another range that sheltered us from the cold "northers," that sometimes swept up from the Panhandle. To the west the mesa Tio Pino reared its peak high in the air. John Elkins, a brother of Stephen B., had

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a sheep ranch up there and he used often to come to our house and stay days at a time.

Our nearest neighbors, except the cowboys, who were camped at different times and points holding cattle to rest before driving them farther north, were sixteen miles away.

We went to Fort Bascom in 1872. My husband was employed by Wilson Wadingham. We located the ranch at La Garita in 1873. As soon as they could get the posts up for a two room "Jacal" I moved to the ranch. It was so dangerous that the officers commanding Fort Bascom, at first would not permit it, but at last sent me and my three children, Willie, Frank and Edith, in an ambulance escorted by eight soldiers. Indians had been around the Fort constantly during the winter. I had often watched them, as they had often watched us, through field glasses.

In the Spring of 1874 we had heard from the Mexican Buffalo hunters that the Indians were out in bands, marauding in a small way and that they intended to make a general raid in the spring as soon as there was enough to graze their ponies. We were warned to look out for them.

We had been accustomed to dangers and were always prepared, as we thought, but sometimes were caught "napping."

We had a Government Agency and the troops camped at our place, which was called the McCleary Ranch, which was on their way from Ft. Union to Ft. Bascom, and the Llano Estado—Staked Plains.

We had at this time two herders, a Navajo Indian and a Mexican boy, Florenzo, a colored woman cook, Maria and a doctor McVey. On the

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night of July 7th Major Morrison, with a troop of regulars camped at our place. The major was in quest of a flowing spring, three miles below us, where he had orders to locate a company of soldiers for this particular vicinity. This was the regular beaten trail of the Indians from the Comanche reservation as far north as Denver.

On the morning of the 8th of July, 1874, all the early pioneers will remember, (for it was the last general raid of the Comanches and Kiowas) that over a hundred people were killed that day. Major Morrison, after putting our two boys, Willie and Frank into the ambulance, mounted my race mare, Mac rode his own favorite horse, which was also a racer. I speak of the horses in this manner because in that spring time I had often cut trail of our cattle with a six shooter strapped to the saddle, prepared to fight or run, whichever to me would look the safest way out. Sometimes we could not get herders and I did this work while our men cut hay and did other work. They nearly always worked with their guns beside them in the field.

The morning was a perfect one. Everything seemed unusually quiet. After finishing my regular routine work, attending to the milk and butter, gathering eggs and looking after the chickens, etc., I took my place outside by the front door, sewing; glancing down the road in the direction I had seen my husband and two boys disappear, I saw what seemed like two cow boys riding among our milk cows. Watching them a moment, curious to know what they were doing, at that moment suspecting nothing more than that they were looking for stray

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cattle from other herds being held in the adjacent canyons. In a few moments I thought they were Indians. After "piroutting" among the cows, as only "redskins" will, they cut across the road on a gallop toward our horses that were grazing at the foot of the hill just opposite the house.

After getting the horses in a bunch they started them on a dead run westward. I went out to the Mexican boy, Florenzo, asking him if he had noticed the men. He had also been watching them and in a breath we both exclaimed, "redskins!" on a raid; Florenzo asked for a gun. I gave him a Spencer rifle and a belt of cartridges. He ran toward the foot of the mountains, hoping, he remarked, to cut off a solitary Indian whom we saw cantering up the road on a big black horse. The "Red" out generaled him, getting between him and the house, thus cutting off all retreat or chance of aid. Florenzo, seeing his danger, ran for the rocks dodging the bullets sent after him fast and thick by more than one "redskin." I watched him until he had disappeared, hoping for the best, fearing the worst.

Imagine my terror when I turned to go into the house, to see a band of Indians coming straight toward me. I had seen them first. This alone saved me. It gave me time to get into the house before being shot down or captured, as I feared they wanted to capture me and my little daughter.

During all this time the doctor was gazing at them, white with terror, still not understanding the great danger.

Everything seemed deadily quiet. The birds had ceased their singing. My pet antelope that fol-

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lowed me everywhere was no where in sight. My two big Newfoundland dogs that I had always looked to for protection, had disappeared.

The Indians circled the house and stable. They stopped and held council and seemed to be planning as to what way would be best to approach the house. They again returned to the front and circled within about twenty-five yards of the house signaling their desire to dismount and come in. They knew that I was almost alone for they had been watching the house since daylight and had seen the men go. What they wanted to do, I think, was to capture me and my little girl Edith alive.

I was standing just inside the door with a needle gun, preparing for the attack which I knew was coming, unless relief should come. This really was my hope, for the cow boys for miles around came to our house for their mail, but this day the relief, (perhaps it was not accidental, it must have been one of those mysterious influences to save other lives) never came.

I understood the signal well, having passed all my life on the frontier, I knew their sign language and also the different tribes apart by their styles of dress and their hair.

There were two chiefs, one a Camanche, the other a Kiowa. If there ever could be anything devilish looking it is a band of Indians dressed and painted for the warpath, whooping down on a lonely and unprotected ranch on the frontier.

Signing to him that I was not friendly and that he could not come in, at the same time warning the doctor to stand back and let me shut the door, as I

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saw the "reds" were getting ready to shoot. I could also see in the distance Indians taking the horses on the run across the hill. The doctor tried to wrench the gun from me, crying that, "they would surely shoot us all if I did not let them in." He was so crazed with fear he did not know what he was doing. I held on to the gun. The Indians watched the struggle from without, thinking, no doubt, "what an easy victory, with only one cowardly 'pale face' and a white squaw to fight." At last the doctor let go of the gun and rushed out of the house. All this happened in much less time than it takes me to tell it. The Indians only had time to ride slowly back toward the stable.

As soon as the doctor let go of my arm and the gun at the same time, he rushed out of the house and I after him. I caught him and just had time to twist him around and push him into the door when crack went the rifle of the Kiowa chief, hitting the door casing just above my head. I sprang into the house, closing the door against the shower of bullets that followed. Putting a Long Tom rifle in the doctor's hands, I begged him to keep them off the front part of the house, while I watched the haystack from the other side, knowing well that if they set fire to the hay they would smoke us out. I let down the window curtain so they could not see in the house, and I ran through the house to the little back store room, taking my little girl, Edith with me. I sat her down among the potato sacks, piling them up so as to protect her from stray bullets.

I climbed upon a box and peeped toward the haystack. There were two "reds" sneaking past the stack coming around the corral on the west side. I

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was intently watching them, when hearing horses' hoofs approaching at a rapid speed from the east side, I just had time to turn my head when right there within fifty feet of me was the "Kiowa" coming straight towards me. He did not see me or I, in all probability, would not be here to tell the story. I did not have time to be frightened. Whatever was done had to be done instantly. He was coming in one direction, the others were coming from the other way to meet, I think, and surround the house, thinking, I presume, that they had only a white squaw to kill or capture. They felt sure of one and, I think, they preferred the latter. I looked at my child Edith, then resting the needle-gun on the little window sill of the storehouse, I held steady and fired at the approaching Indian. With a grunt he fell forward on his pony's neck. He tried to raise himself and fell again. I knew I had done good work. I shot him through the body. The bridle reins fell from his hand clanking like a chain. He drove his heels into the pony's flanks, the others, seeing their chief was wounded ran to meet him, taking the bridle off his pony led him away. The Kiowa was tied on and for this reason did not fall off. I watched them riding off up the arroyo part of the time hidden from view.

After waiting a while and they did not return I went to the front part of the house where I met the doctor coming through the dining room. When he heard the shot from my gun he rushed frantically to the kitchen, crying, "We are all lost now." "Get out ob heah," said Maria, the colored cook. "Ef you'd been haf a man the' mount a ben two o' three moah Inguns killed."

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When he saw the "reds" leaving, he was exultant. I looked out, just as the last Indian was disappearing over the hill to the west. My husband at that moment appeared a mile below the house on the east side. Every nerve relaxed then. My boys! Where were they? My husband saw the sunlight glare along the barrel of the rifle as I held it high above my head and he knew that something terrible had happened. Coming rapidly up he learned with regret that he was not with me. What had happened in the two hours and twenty minutes that he had been absent. Thankful to find us safe at the house, and fearful lest the two boys had fallen into the hands of the Indians, he took his gun and started to look for them. Half a mile below the house, under the shelving banks of the arroyo were the boys, safe.* The Indians had ridden within about fifty feet of the two little fellows, but, I suppose, didn't see them.

In a few moments I had them all safe with me. Later on, Florenzo came in, hardly daring to lift his head fearing a stray bullet from a hidden savage might pierce him. Jose had not fared so well. They chased him into the rocks. He abandoned his pony, which they took. They tried to dislodge him, but being on the main road they could not spend too much time. They cut to shreds the new saddle we had given him that morning, scattering the pieces for six or more up the road where at that point they stopped to bury the dead chief.

We had the doctor with us until July 30th, when my new girl baby came and he often told how "We killed the Indian chief," always admitting, however, that I had the gun.

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I wish I could meet once again the jolly cowboys who came to shake hands with me, and that fine officer, Captain McCleave, who chased me around the house to kiss me, because I killed that Indian chief. He said that "I might have every soldier at Ft. Bascom to aid us at any time we would let him know, at least, said he, while he was in command."

MRS. AGNES B. WALKER,
National Aid W. R. C.

Alamogordo, New Mexico,
July 29, 1909.



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NEARING THE CLOSE.

As we are nearing the close of the book, and on the last decade, coming up to the time which will be more familiar to the members of the English and Spanish Mission than was the former part of the history, we can afford to deal less in detail and let briefer references suffice.

THE ENGLISH SESSION.

At this Session, 1902, Bishop Isaac W. Joyce presided. It was the eighteenth session. The English and Spanish were held conjointly; the English in the American and the Spanish in the Mexican chapel.

The Mission opened in the usual way with the administration of the Lord's Supper.

In the English Mission, J. F. Kellogg was elected secretary. The following members of the English mission answered to roll-call: J. F. Kellogg, C. A. Bunker, A. M. Lumpkin, W. A. Cooper, Martin Armstrong, J. G. Harshaw, S. Davis, H. Van Valkenburg, and F. V. Fisher, ten in all.

J. G. Harshaw was elected Statistical Secretary, C. A. Bunker, assistant; F. V. Fisher, Treasurer, with C. A. Bunker, assistant.

Bro. H. Van Valkenburg, J. V. Watson and C. A. Burbanks were received into the Spanish Mission Conference for ordination. Bro. Watson, a deacon, and the other two named were ordained elders.

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Bro. Van Valkenbrug was transferred to the Austin Conference, and Bro. C. A. Burbanks and J. V. Watson were recommended to the Austin Con-

The Mission elected Dr. Morrison a delegate to the General Missionary Meeting which was to be held at Cleveland, and gave him \$50 toward his expenses.

SABBATH SERVICES.

The Bishop preached a grand sermon. Subject, "The Exaltation of Christ." The subject was full of tenderness as well as of Bible doctrine. The ordination services were spiritual, reminding one of the days of Simpson, Ames, Janes and Scott and others of the early age.

The Memorial services at 2:30 p. m., in memory of Mrs. Emily J. Harwood was a sweet solemn hour filled with precious recollections of the life and works of this elect lady.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. MORRISON'S REPORT.

"Three churches were built this year," says the doctor, "at a cost of \$4,500. The collections will surpass any previous year by about 25 per cent.

"I cannot close this report without offering to God a tribute of grateful praise for the precious memory of one life—more nearly a real life of sacrifice, perhaps, than any other which has ever been given to Methodism in this Mission,—and which, one bright winter morning, this year, slipped quietly away to be with God and the angels for ever. Sister Emily J. Harwood, wife of our own beloved Dr. Thomas Harwood, the honored Superintendent of our Spanish work, died January 15, 1902, at her home in Albuquerque, after having given over 30

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years of her life to the cause of education and religion among the Spanish-speaking people of this Territory. She lived to see the church grow among these people from almost nothing to a membership of nearly 3,000, an Annual Mission Conference of five districts and about forty ministers, many of whom received their education at her hands. Albuquerque College (preparatory) was for a number of years largely under her management. The expanding work of the Mission called the Doctor more and more away from home, and the work of the school fell more and more upon her. She was a comfort to her husband, the counselor of the boys at school, and the light of her home. She has gone to her reward; but thousands rise up and call her blessed. Peace to her memory.

“The school, greatly interrupted by her death, still lives; and will be reported by Dr. Harwood to this Conference.

“I herewith express my personal gratitude to God for the great joy He has given me in my ministry, which grows sweeter and richer as the years go by.

“Also to acknowledge every kindness shown me by the pastors of the Mission. I have them in my heart and pray for them every day that the ‘Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep their hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.’ ”

EXTRACTS FROM MY SCHOOL REPORT.

“In January, 1887, steps were taken to organize and charter an institution of learning of a high grade, to be known as the Albuquerque College. Money was raised and paid on the “Rio Grande

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House" to the amount of \$1,000. Notes and pledges were held to make the future payments, \$1,000 each year, until the whole \$4,000 (the cost of the building) should be paid.

Some of the above debt was paid, but other debts were created so that at the close of the fourth year of the school the indebtedness had increased to \$4,600.

At about this time plans had been submitted, under the new school laws of the Territory, for the construction of four first class modern and model school buildings, and these being completed in the city, and in addition to all these, the building known as the Central School building was erected, making five fine school buildings in the new town of Albuquerque. These with first class teachers, free tuition and the New Mexico University ready to open, made it, as we thought, almost out of the question for the College to be sustained. All this with a mortgage held at the bank with interest at 12 per cent, the trustees advised that the College be closed; at least for the time being.

We were not alone in this. The New West Educational Commission had put up a building in Albuquerque at a cost, it is said, of \$22,500, and conducted a good school for a few years, but have since closed and sold the property for \$5,000 and it is now owned by the city as a library.

THE BOYS' BIBLICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

This is the same school, under the same charter, only changed in character, so as to meet the conditions of the work we are now doing; and we call it "The Boys' Biblical and Industrial School." We now (1902) enter upon its eleventh year. The spe-

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al object of the school, as it is now conducted, is to prepare Mexican boys and young men and others for the Spanish ministry and usefulness in the Spanish work. The school so far has been very successful.

“In addition to the printing industry, we have purchased fifty acres of land about two miles out of the city, on North Fourth street, for the purpose of opening an industrial farm where a few boys could work and earn their way through school.

“We were at the weak end of the line, not a dollar in sight, nor did we know where to look for it. Bishop McCabe held our Conference that year (1897) and was so impressed with our plans that he encouraged us in the hope that some help could be secured at the approaching General Missionary Meeting. He hoped for \$500 at that meeting and the same the next year and we, with that, promised to pull through. The Missionary Society failed to aid us, but we pulled through. We not only paid for the land, \$1,750, but we have put up a house on said land at a cost of \$1,000 and only owe \$400 on that.

“While wrestling with the above, and the Boys’ School doing well, an aged Mexican, seeing the good work we were doing for his people, proposed to his wife that ‘we donate our home in Old Albuquerque to the Boys’ Biblical and Industrial School.’ They did so, reserving a life-time interest in the place. The property consisted of a good one and a half story house, five rooms on the lower floor and five on the upper floor, an iron roof, several out-buildings, and eight acres of land and about 100 fruit trees, all valued at \$5,000. Since that the aged brother, Don Andres Salazar, has died and I bought the widow’s

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life interest and it is all now deeded to the school.”

“In addition to all the above, we found a golden opportunity to purchase more land, close to the fifty acres above named and so purchased 97 acres more, which are deeded to the school. This land, close to the growing city and in the rich Rio Grande valley, only two and a half miles from Albuquerque, and under ditch, must, in the near future be valuable.

The School has been moved out on the farm, and while we haven't as many scholars as we had in the town, and while Mrs. Harwood was living, (often with the entire management of the school with her good judgment and strong personality) still it is doing well.

“I think I ought to state further that Bishop Fowler said to me, when at the General Conference at Chicago in 1900, speaking of our work down here, “Why don't you buy that land?” Also Bishop Ninde said, when I took him out to see the land, “I wish we could buy it.” Bishop Hamilton said, two years ago, “Buy that land,” and has since repeated it. Bishop Joyce said, only a few days ago, when I took him and his old friend, Judge Lee, our trusted counselor and one of the trustees, to see the land, “Hold on to that land.” * * *

Note 1. We have held on to it. Hold it yet. Just finished the southwest corner of the 90x90 feet with court in the center, just as we planned seven years ago when Judge Lee and some others of the trustees were out with us. The front faces the east and the road and is two stories built with the cement crystallized blocks.

Note 2. Rev. Dr. Bunker, who ten years ago came to the Mission and was in charge of the Albuquerque

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church, came out to the school farm while we were putting up the first building, known as the teachers' building. The walls were up, the joists on for the second floor and the shingle roof was being put on. We called it the pastor's pastoral visit. We called the workmen together; they climbed the ladder up on the second floor and had the pastor, Brother Bunker, have prayer. A short lesson out of the good book was read and several prayers offered. It was a real spiritual time. Three prayers were made in English and two in Spanish.

Note 3. This was a dark day for the school, only that the Lord was with us. A little after this we planned for the main building, as we said before, 90x90 feet, with court in the centre. Suffice it to say, the building is now finished, Oct., 1909, and fearing we will have no better time to speak of it we avail ourselves of this opportunity.

The east front 90 feet is two-story with cupola, and south front is one-story, both fronts built with the cement crystalized blocks. Room No. 1 is the president's room and private library, where he has his tables, desks, typewriter and seats for the Bible Class. Room No. 2, is the College library of about 4,000 bound volumes, many pamphlets, piano, Mrs. Harwood's early school books and cabinet. No. 3 is the south entrance into the court; No. 4, printing office; No. 5, the cook's room; No. 6, the west entrance; No. 7, the kitchen; No. 8, dining room; Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, dormitories; No. 13, bath room; Nos. 14, 15, dormitories; No. 16, east entrance into the court; No. 17, the guest room; rooms 18 and 19, school rooms and Mrs. Harwood's memorial chapel; these are on the second floor; No. 20, a special place

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just below the cupalo for pictures, relics, etc.

1903.

ENGLISH MISSION.

The Annual Meeting was held this year by Bishop Walden at Albuquerque, Oct. 9-11, 1903; the English and Spanish conjointly. The Bishop endeared himself to the brethren of both Missions by his careful and judicious administration. This was his third visit and it gave him a fine opportunity to understand the conditions, wants and progress of the work.

1904.

The Spanish Mission Annual Meeting was held in Albuquerque, the English in Raton, Bishop Wilson presiding.

The Spanish was held in the new chapel at Barelás, about a mile south of Albuquerque, Oct. 6-10, 1904, and the English, Oct. 13-16.

The washouts on the line of railroads were so frequent and trains delayed so much that only a few of the members of the Mission could be present. At the English, the Bishop had to go via Santa Fe, Alamosa and Trinidad to reach Raton and only four of the members, Dr. Morrison, A. C. Guyer, Martin Armstrong, and Peter De Clarke, answered to roll-call.

This was Bishop Wilson's first visit with us and he made a fine impression at both conferences. Dr. Morrison, in his annual report did not fail to speak well of our school work. He says, "the religious and homelike atmosphere in both these schools is very marked and enjoyable. The students make the best citizens to be found anywhere." He further says, "Into this effort to educate the Spanish-speaking

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people our venerable brother, Dr. Thomas Harwood, has built much of his life; and has been permitted in the passing years to see gathered about him, as the honored Superintendent of the Spanish Mission Conference, a noble band of ministers of the gospel with thousands of church members, a very large portion of them trace their first religious impulses to the influence of this school.”

1905.

This year, 1905, the Annual Meetings were held, the Spanish at Deming and the English at Silver City, Oct. 10-16th, by Bishop Berry. At Silver City the new Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated by Bishop Berry, assisted by Drs. Carroll, Morrison and Harwood. Dr. Carroll had just returned from a visit to South America on which he took in and prepared for our Mission at Panama. He had already said in a letter I think while he was in South America that he could sympathize with us in our Spanish work in New Mexico more than ever before, having seen the condition of things in like work on his visit. It was his first visit with us and we appreciated it very much. I think it is a fine thing for all our Missionary Corresponding Secretaries to visit, as far as possible, all the Annual Conferences and Missions so as to know the condition of the respective fields, but I doubt the propriety of the Superintendents of the Missions being at the expense of visiting the General Missionary Annual Meetings. Why? Well, if all the Superintendents could be present at said meetings and each one “button hole” and “logrol” (for that is all they can do; they are not allowed a vote or a word on the conference floor) it might do, but think of the expense in attending

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such meetings. Then each one would be for his own Mission and if all could be heard nothing could be gained. And if only a few could attend and others not, and those few should gain a few hundred or a few thousand dollars more than his proportion that few hundred or thousands of dollars are at the expense of some other Mission. For thirty-eight years I confided in our last Bishop who attended the Conference with the corresponding secretaries to manage our appropriations, and I believe we have fared better than we would, had we attended their meetings. Look over our appropriations for all these years and they will show for themselves. It is true that I always had great anxiety during the general meetings, and (I hope the reader will excuse) I have always made the Friday prior to, or during the general meetings, a day of fasting and prayer that our own Mission might be remembered in the appropriations. What our Bishops and corresponding secretaries and other members want, are the facts of each Mission plainly placed before them. But can you trust their judgment and honor? In all court trials by jury or arbitration we have to submit to the judgment and honor of our friends or foes, and if one could not confide in the honor of the Bishops, corresponding secretaries of the Missionary Society, and other members of the General Committee when we ourselves have placed them in their high and responsible positions, would it not seem strange?

1906.

The English Mission held its twenty-second annual session in the Methodist church at Roswell, New Mexico, Oct. 18, 1906, Bishop David H. Moore presiding.

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I was not present at that meeting, being the second one I had ever missed.

Bishop Moore held our Spanish Mission Conference in Albuquerque the week before he held the English. He seemed well pleased with our work, especially while he was with us. We were looking forward for a regular Annual Conference. In my report I expressed the hope of "becoming an Annual Conference by the next year." The Bishop asked "Why not now?" I answered, "We are not quite ready," we hadn't quite the required number of effective preachers, 25 being the number. I also said in my report that "If the Bishop should appoint me Superintendent of the Mission another year, I shall try to make it the best year of my life; I shall try to visit not only every charge in the Mission, but every Methodist family, and read a little of the precious word or sing and pray in the family." At this the Bishop said, "Doctor, I now appoint you Superintendent of this Mission for another year." I then said, "Dear Brother, if this should be my last year, as your Superintendent, as my appointment is already made, I humbly ask your prayers that it may be my best year."

"Again thanking the Lord for sparing my life so long, and the Bishops and Missionary Society for keeping me in this work so long, and you my brethren, for your increasing kindness to me, I am most affectionately yours in the work."

At Roswell, Bro. Morrison, who had just rounded out nine years as superintendent of the English Mission, gave his last report. I do not think, when he wrote it and hardly when he read it, that he knew it was to be his last report to the Mission. In the

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early days of Peter Catwright's ministry, he went up to one of the session of his Conference expecting to be sent back, but when the appointments were read, he said, "Instead of sending me back, the Bishop, with one jerk, jerked me 500 miles out into the back woods." I think Dr. Morrison didn't know when he wrote his report that he would be jerked clear across the American Continent, from El Paso, Texas, to Butte, Montana.

But Butte proved to be a fine appointment and the Doctor did a good work at that place. Dr. Morrison's retirement after nine years of faithful work, like that of Drs. Thornton, Wilson, Gee, and Dr. Bovard makes this writer feel lonesome.

1907.

The English and Spanish Mission Annual Meetings were held conjointly again at Albuquerque, the English in the Lead Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church and the Spanish in Bowman Chapel, in the Old Town. Bishop Earl Cranston presided. Rev. Samuel Blair, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference had been appointed by Bishop Moore, Superintendent of the English Mission, and Rev. I. C. Cartwright, Superintendent of the Spanish. I wish we could spare space for their reports in full for they are all full of information and full of encouragement. We always take it to be a hopeful sign of success when the new preacher comes on to his new field in his first love for his work, with new thoughts, new plans perhaps, (only better not be too revolutionary or too visionary) new or fresh inspiration and energy.

1908.

I am sure the following extracts from Dr. Blair's

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reports will be read with pleasure and profit. Report for 1908 says, "The growth of this Territory has been phenomenal; the census of 1900 gave this Territory a population of 195,000, and showed less than 500,000 acres of land under cultivation. From 1900 to 1906 there was only a small increase in population; but during the past two years the growth has been tremendous."

"The records of the four United States Land Offices in New Mexico for the fiscal year beginning June 30, 1906, and ending June 30, 1907, show a total of 23,000 homestead entries, covering an area of 2,500,000 acres; and during the same period, about 1,200 desert land claim entries were made."

"For the fiscal year beginning June 30th, 1907, and ending June 30th, 1908, there were more than 20,000 homestead entries made within the bounds of the Territory, and I think it is safe to estimate that at least 1,000 desert land entries were made.

Up to September 1st we had 591 postoffices within the Territory, an increase of 211 during the last twelve months. There are today 68 national banks in the Territory, and numerous other banks. New Mexico boasts of 91 newspapers, of this number six are dailies. We have more newspapers than either Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, or Nevada."

"There are 2,775 miles of railroads in New Mexico, of which 480 miles were laid last year. * * * It is estimated that there are 750,000 head of cattle, and between four and five millions of sheep in the Territory. Estimating three persons to the homestead it can be safely said that our population is now about 325,000. Of this number about 145,000 are of Mexican descent and 175,000 belong to the sturdy

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Anglo-Saxon race.”

The reports speak hopefully of prohibition, of which we are pleased. It also speaks well of the efforts toward prohibition of the Rev. W. W. Havens, the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, of which we are also pleased, but we ought not to forget to give the Women's Christian Temperance Union and other temperance organizations credit for doing much to bring public sentiment up to where it now is. The W. C. T. U. were here hammering away long before the Anti-Saloon League came into the Territory.

1908—1909—1910.

The English and Spanish annual meetings were held at Santa Fe conjointly, Bishop Smith presiding.

The meetings were well attended, and the Bishop endeared himself very much to both Missions. The two new Superintendents, Dr. Blair for the English and Dr. I. C. Cartwright for the Spanish, were there with good reports. I was not able to attend owing to a severe carbuncle on the back of my neck. With this I suffered much and so far as my doctor or I myself could see, it came near taking me off, but the Lord was good and raised me to health again, for which I praise the doctor for his care and skill, and the Lord for his abounding mercy.

The Missions for 1909 were also held conjointly. They were held this year at El Paso, Texas, by Bishop Quayle. The brethren of both Missions were much endeared to the Bishop. There was some unpleasantness in the Spanish Conference, not with the Bishop, but among ourselves, but when we get to heaven I presume we'll never think of it.

It is humiliating to the editor of this book or these

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books that in two volumes he can only touch the outer edges of the Mission, while there is so much of the interior that must be left unexplored, and the last decade must fare worse in this respect than any other.

The year 1909 went out and the year 1910 came in with sorrow at our Boys' School. One of the boys, a son of Rev. Samuel Padilla, had died at 6 o'clock on New Year's eve, and some of us were with him until midnight; and thus the Old Year left and the New Year found some of us on our knees. The young man was a son of one who was a student with us at Tiptonville years ago and now (or was at our last Annual Session of the Conference) District Superintendent of Las Vegas District. He is the only boy or young man who has ever died at our Boy's School. Like all our boys studying for the ministry, he has been in the church, a praying boy, from childhood. The night before he died, he sang several verses of hymns in Spanish and prayed. One hymn was:

"Yo estoy feliz aqui en Jesus" "I am happy here in Jesus, Glory to His name." Thus passed away our dear boy, William Padilla, in his sixteenth year. This hymn in Spanish was one of my own. How little did I think when composing it that it would be sung in the dying hour by one of our own students, unborn when the hymn was written. How little did I think that such noble Christian men as Revs. A. A. Hyde, J. B. Sanchez, L. Frampton, Sylvester Garcia, and his son, Freddie, Blas Gutierrez, Marcos Barela, Albert Jacobs, A. A. Vigil, A. A. Maes and others would take such pleasure in singing that hymn.

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V. P. McMains.

Mr. McMains came to New Mexico and made his home in Cimarron, N. M., early in 1875. He was a member of the Colorado Conference. He was appointed as a supply at Cimarron and Elizabethtown. He was a fine preacher, a better preacher than pastor. He was often rash, often imprudent, not safe as a leader, and too strong to be led; but in the main he meant well. He had the faculty of getting himself and others into trouble much easier than he could get us out. I would not broach this question again only for the fact that I have lately found that there are a few who still think I was too stern with Bro. McMains. I am sure I never intended to be on the question of ferreting out the murderers of Mr. Tolby and Bro. McMains' agitation of the Maxwell Land Grant question. I would not be led by him and he would not be advised by me. And because I would not be led by him he construed it to mean that I was against him and against the efforts to ferret out the mysterious murder of Mr. Tolby. He so represented it, and some time after that held me up before a public congregation as a "weakling," and as having no "backbone." Two things I never could stand to be called, a "coward" or "lazy." I had surely shown by courage in circulating a subscription all over the country collecting money to pay a \$200 debt for Mr. Tolby and to send the family, the wife and two little girls, to their home in Indiana. Of the two alternates a "dead hero" or a "living coward," I would prefer the "dead hero." It was wonderful how high the excitement ran those days and how often our motives were misconstrued. I made a hard and costly hundred mile trip to Santa Fe to plead with Judge Waldo and Attorney General William Breeden to admit Bro. McMains to bail and succeeded, but soon after that I was returning from Elizabethtown from one of my appointments when a big-fisted, pugilistic-looking fellow stopped me and came up to the buggy and said, "Harwood, I want to know why you went to Santa Fe to inform on McMains." Of course, I ought to have told him that I went at my own expense for no other purpose only to plead with the authorities at Santa Fe to admit McMains to bail, but his "bloodhound" attack, as if he wanted to snatch me me out of the buggy, took me by

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surprise, and I said, "That's none of your business," at which he said, "I'll make it my business," and seemed ready to lay hands on me. At which I said (about as far off my base as he was), "Just hold on until I get out and hitch the pony" and when I had done that and whirled around facing him and said, "Now, if it is fight you want, pitch in. I wouldn't be afraid of you if you were as big as that mountain out there. If you whip me it will be no credit to you, as you are twice as big as I am, but if I whip you, and I think I can, it will be the greatest disgrace that ever befel you." At this he said, "Oh, Mr. Harwood, I don't want to fight any one." I then got in the buggy and drove on, ashamed of myself, of course, but sometimes "patience ceases to be a virtue." I saw this man no more until the next summer, when I was passing his ranch. He was cutting oats, he saw me coming, laid down his sythe and started for the road. I said to myself, "Now, I suppose I will catch it," but he spoke very pleasantly and nothing would do but I must go up with him and pass the night. He said his father and mother were there and they would be delighted to see me. He had learend in the meantime why I went to Santa Fe. Had a good visit.

I did another thing for which I was ashamed in connection with the McMains affair. I would not name it here only it adds to the conditions existing at that time and I want also to put myself on record as having had the fullest confidence in the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico at that time. The Honorable Joseph G. Palen. Judge Palen was Judge of the Supreme Court from 1869 to 1875, a little over six years, under President Grant's administration. A grander man, I believe, one of higher aims, more noble purposes or more competent has ever been sent out to fill the high and honorable position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico; and yet such was the distrust of many of the people, especially up in Colfax county, one toward another and especially toward the courts, that no one felt secure. Judge Palen took sick and died at his home in Santa Fe. The word was current that in his sickness he was often delirious

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shall know Him."

Yours very respectfully,

M. MATTHIESON.

The writer of this note served the English and Spanish work in Socorro from 1880, 1881, after D. W. Potter in the English work until 1885. He was then sent to Silver City where his wife, a sister to Honorable Anson Burlingame of New York died. She was one of the noble women of New Mexico Methodism. Sorry to say that her grave in one of the cemeteries at Silver City, is unmarked. Bro. Potter left our ministry and church. When I last saw him he was near Marble Hill in Missouri. He had united with the Free Will Baptist Church, Cristobal Salazar in the Spanish; in the English Mission, N. W. Chase of the Colorado Conference 1885, then A. R. Jones of the New England Conference 1886, then J. A. Love, 1887. He left us and went to the Presbyterians in Silver City; thence to Las Cruces and left the ministry. W. T. Ford, in 1888, and B. F. Harper a part of the year. At this point Socorro drops from the appointments in the English work, but is continued in the Spanish, and is yet continued in 1910.

F. J. Tolby of the Northwest Indian Conference again from 1873 to 1875. He was a fine preacher. See account of his work at Cimarron and Elizabethtown in our Vol. II, page 262-275.

Rev. Mr. Tolby was buried at Cimarron. For a few years, as I now remember, the grave was undisturbed, but when I visited it last the tombstone was broken down and broken into several pieces. We raised money by subscription to settle some accounts and to purchase the marble headstone. The breaking of the stone indicated design upon the part of those who did it. But who could have done such a thing? Let silence answer.

Benito Garcia Again.

For Bro. Benito Garcia see also other accounts in the other volumes; also in other parts of this volume.

It always makes me feel sad to visit his grave in the Protestant cemetery at Wagon Mound.

A few summers ago I was at Wagon Mound, and having a little leisure I walked out alone to the cemetery. I found

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the marble headstone that had been placed at the grave broken in several pieces. I stood astride the grave, reached down with my fingers under one of the larger pieces of the stone to draw it up farther toward the head. As I began to lift the stone I heard a loud rattle of a snake. I let go the stone and looked for a board or stick among the tombs with which to kill the rattler. But as I began to pry up the slab the rattler became so fierce I gave it up, feeling that if any thing deserved to be killed it was not so much the "Venemous beast," as St. Paul calls them, as the venemous man or boy who would break such costly marble headstones.

In the same cemetery, I was, sometime before that with a prominent American Protestant whose son had been killed by being thrown from a horse. He had a nice marble slab at his son's grave. When he found it broken he said, "If I could find the man or boy who did that, I would make his friends and relatives want a head-stone at his grave."

In the same cemetery is a marble or granite shaft, very valuable, costing several hundred dollars. It marks the resting place of Mr. J. J. Schmidt, a prominent German merchant at Wagon Mound, who was shot and instantly killed by one of his Mexican neighbors. This occurred July 1st, 1892. But what I want to say is that the marble shaft is not broken down, but the sides and edges are marred and broken off so that my niece, Mrs. Mollie F. Schmidt, has given up her cherished idea of her remains, after her death, resting by the side of her husband, and has secured a lot for herself in my fractional block in Fairview cemetery at Albuquerque.

But, you ask, who could be so low, so mean, so brutal as to do such things as you name above? I say again, "let silence answer." There are two cemeteries at Wagon Mound, and they are not far apart. The time I had the rattlesnake scare at our dear Brother Benito Garcia's grave I went into the Roman Catholic cemetery, and, as well as I now remember, not a stone or board had been marred. Why that difference? Let our Roman Catholic priests and people who say that "Protestants have no business here," answer.

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I preached the first Protestant sermon at Algodones, Oct., 1871. Also the first in Ciruelita in 1871. At Ocate in 1869. Ambrosio Gonzales was our first Mexican preacher and preached in Peralta off and on as a local preacher, unlicensed, from 1855 to 1871, when I visited Peralta and reorganized the work with 43 members and by vote of his members he was licensed to preach as a local preacher and in 1879 was ordained a deacon by Bishop Merrill. Also at that same conference, J. Pablo Salazar was ordained to deacon's order. Benito Garcia was ordained a deacon at Denver by Bishop Wiley in 1876.

Rev. N. S. Euckner was one of our preachers at Elizabethtown and Cimarron. He and his young wife were brought from Denver with me in my buggy, reaching Elizabethtown, Aug. 6, 1871. Two days before that, Aug. 4th, our buggy was struck by lightning and three of us, horses and all, came near being killed, see Vol. II, page 129. He did a fine work, but the work was hard. Who could blame them, after one long year, so far from home, and no railroad nearer than Denver, for wanting to return to be among more of their own American people.

After leaving our work he was successful as a preacher in all and every place where he was put, in Colorado, Kansas and California, until sickness and age began to tell their usual tale of physical failure and he retired from the regular work. I had lost track of him until last summer, at the Chautauqua Camp at Mountainair, where he and Mrs. Euckner were spending a few months. I was their guest. What a visit we had, and especially on Old Soldiers' Day when we both addressed a large crowd, on the Civil War. The children are all grown up, one son, a fine preacher in the California Conference. He is now residing at Pacific Grove.

J. H. Roberts, a student at our Tiptonville school was converted at the school and ordained a preacher with us. He filled Cirulita work, and thence to Las Cruces. He was a promising young man, but the native wine was his ruin, at least for the ministry. I kept track of him and his nice little family for a few years after he left us, but have not heard from him for several years.

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1871—I made my first visit to Ciruelita, baptized some children, found Benito Garcia, arranged for him to come to our Tiptonville school. He and I made a trip to Peralta, reorganized our work there, appointed Don Ambrosio Gonzales in charge of the work, after reorganizing the class of 43 members.

1872—Rev. John Steele and wife came to New Mexico and were appointed to Peralta where they did a grand church and school work until 1879 when they returned to their West Wisconsin Conference and Bro. Steele continued in the work for several years. He died at his home in Lodi, Wis., Oct. 6, 1906, aged 76, leaving no family except his wife to mourn her great loss.

1873—Rev. Matthew Matthieson came from the West Wisconsin Conference and was appointed to Socorro, where he did a good work for us. In 1880 he was appointed Bible Agent for one year. He was then appointed to Peralta where he remained about one year. He then left us and united with the Presbyterian church and ministry. He was then at Las Cruces where he secured a good church property, thence at Socorro where he built a church, and served it as pastor until 1906 when he retired from the work. His wife died in 1907. He resides in his own house with his married daughter.

It is very common when one leaves his church to go out angry, leaving an angry pastor and an angry church, but why need it be that way? See Bro. Matthieson's letter after more than a quarter of a century had passed since he left us.

Socorro, New Mexico, July 14, 1909.

Rev. Thos. Harwood, D. D.,

My Dear Doctor:—

“I received your kind letter and the *History of New Mexico Missions*, written by yourself and it is an ably written book, and so easy to remember and the best of it is, it is the truth. Surely the good Lord put it into your head to write it, then helped you to remember the incidents as they happened along the way. I hope the Lord will continue to carry on his work in New Mexico, until all

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and would often imagine that he was trying Mr. Tolby, and that some times Tolby would be trying him.

On hearing this, I was troubled and went down to Santa Fe to see for myself. I sought information from several sources and especially from Mr. Breeden and Dr. Smith, the Presbyterian minister who was often with the Judge in his sickness. They both declared "there was not a word of truth in it" and abhorred the thought.

The Judge died in Santa Fe December 21, 1875. His funeral was largely attended. The committee of the bar passed strong and affectionate resolutions in his honor and strong speeches were made by Judge Johnson, the honorable R. H. Tompkins, T. B. Catron, H. L. Waldo, William Breeden. But last of all and best of all Bro. McMains found himself a good wife and I had the honor of performing the marriage ceremony. He purchased some property at Stonewald, in Colorado, and died only a few years ago. For more of this, see Vol. II, pages 266-275.

BRIEFER MENTION.

George Murray.

Brother Murray was a strong presiding elder one year, 1870-1. He made us one visit. After that in 1877, I was his superintendent. That made no difference. We got along nicely—no trouble at all. He and his wife did us a good work at Silver City and Las Cruces. The last I knew of him he and his wife were residing at Canon City, Colorado.

Bro. Juan Garcia became a preacher in 1874, and was appointed to the work at Chato, near Manzano. He was ordained a deacon in 1877. He was never a great success. He filled several places, and died in 1901 and was buried at Peralta.

Rev. Mr. McElroy came to us from the Presbyterians. He said he was a graduate from the Roman Catholic school at Barcelona in Spain. He was not a good fit for us. He was with us only a few months and as he spoke Spanish well was put in charge at Mora, being the first Protestant preacher at that place. He died several years ago at Las Vegas where his family has since resided.

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Rev. Blas Gutierrez, Valverde.

Bro. Blas Gutierrez was licensed to preach at Valverde in 1875. He and Marcos Barela were licensed at the same time and became helpers to Bro. Matthieson at Socorro and Valverde. Bro. Gutierrez was a flame of a worker, carrying enthusiasm with him wherever he went. His work was mostly at Valverde, where he built up a large work of 150 members and probationers. He had a church, parsonage and cemetery. At the Conference of 1887 Bishop Walden insisted that he, Bro. Blas, go to Las Cruces and he was so appointed. At the next quarterly conference we had a storm, not from him but from the people. The whole town it seemed gathered at the parsonage. A prominent Roman Catholic was spokesman. He led the way in an eloquent address protesting against the removing of Bro. Gutierrez from Valverde. The people seemed to wait with abated breath my decision. Of course I had to show my sympathy for the preacher and his people and their Catholic neighbors or Protestantism might have been at an end at Valverde. We compromised on leaving the appointment just as the Bishop made it for the rest of that year, but we would not require him to move. He could reside among the people and go down to the other place and hold his meetings. Brother Gutierrez died Feb. 6, 1904, aged 73 years.

Marcos Barela.

Bro. Blas Gutierrez and Bro. Barela were ordained to deacon's orders at Santa Fe by Bishop Simpson in 1878. Bro. Barela served as pastor at several places, such as Las Cruces, Dona Ana, Socorro, Peralta and Palomas, where he died in 1906.

Rev. N. H. Gale, Silver City.

Brother Gale came to us, a layman from the Presbyterian Church, from Nebraska, in 1877. His first work was at Silver City. He was advanced to deacon's and elder's orders and did us noble work for one year at Silver City, during which time his wife and little boy died and were buried at that place. After about one year, he returned home, was married again and returned and was our first preacher at Albuquerque where he also did a good

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mission school. He did a good work at that place. He was ordained to elder's orders in 1884 by Bishop Foss, and afterwards served our work at Socorro and Hillsboro. He drifted into the local ranks and afterwards lived in Deming, also in Bisbee and Douglas, Arizona, and was faithful to his church in all her interests. He died fully trusting in the Master, at Douglas, Dec. 20, 1904.

Epifanio Flores, Gallinas.

He was employed in 1883 and was with us and did reasonably well, but disappeared in 1899 and has never been heard of by any of us since that time. His wife and five children are yet living.

Rev. W. R. Willis.

Bro. Willis was with us a part of one year, the year 1883. He had for his work Deming and Hillsboro. At Deming the Methodist Church, South, had a man, a Bro. Stanton. Bro. Willis was a superior man, a fine preacher, had had large experience, had traveled much in the old world and even around the world. He said he disliked the thought of building up our church at Deming at the expense of another sister church and a brother in that church and begged permission to go on to California. I promised to stand between him and the Bishop and he left us for California where he has been successful wherever he has been. He is now (1910) Superintendent of the Deaconess' Home in San Francisco.

Rev. Lauriano Vargas, Taos.

Bro. Vargas came to us in 1883 from the Presbyterian church. He served several charges, but finally left us and went off with the Seventh Day Adventists and is now residing at Costilla without employment by any religious denomination.

Rev. J. A. Hardenbrook, Hillsboro and Kingston.

Bro. Hardenbrook came to us in 1884 and was employed at Hillsboro where he remained and did a good work for two years.

Rev. Sylvester Garcia.

Bro. Sylvester Garcia was a school teacher at Dona Ana

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in 1883 and became a Protestant that same year, and was put in charge at Dona Ana in 1884. He became a prominent preacher with us, filled several appointments, Dona Ana, Las Cruces, Hatch, El Paso. He died April 16, 1900, honored and loved in life and lamented in death. Frederico Garcia, son of Sylvester was a bright school boy in our Boys' School at Albuquerque. Became a preacher in 1880. Died April 18, 1900, and was buried with his father in Fairview cemetery in Albuquerque two days after his father's interment.

Rev. Cristobal Salazar.

Pro. Cristobal Salazar was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church in the seventies and a preacher in 1884, filled several places, and died at Hillsboro in 1889, aged 58. It is easy for the Americans to make mistakes with respect to the Spanish-speaking preachers, as to their ability and what they do. When he was at Hillsboro in 1887, I was up at Kingston and the Americans there told me they "didn't think Bro. Salazar was doing much at Hillsboro." As he was just fairly beginning in the work I thought it best to recommend his discontinuance and when the stage stopped for breakfast I ran up to his house to talk with him about it and found them at their morning prayers. The thought came to me, "Perhaps this is the only family in Hillsboro where they have family worship." His prayer saved him. The next year he died. I was with him at Palomas. It was the last time I ever saw him. I noticed he was on his knees a long time at his bedside in the room we occupied, before he retired. What a mistake it would have been to have listened to the complaints made by the Americans.

Rev. Filippi Cordova came to us from Mexico in 1884. He did a good work at several places, and died Feb. 29, 1904, at the age of 60. t

Rev. David Alva came to us in 1888, filled several important places and died July 4, 1901, at Ladera, Texas, at the age of 56.

Rev. J. B. Sanchez came into our ministry in 1893. He was a grand man, strong in the pulpit and a success wherever he was put. He made a good presiding elder for the Santa Fe District. He died Sept. 15, 1903, loved in life and

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me, why you won't marry me." She quickly gave as her reason, "I am more than you are," at which he quickly retorted, "Yes, you are part Indian and I am not." At this she darted out of the room and it is likely she has never spoken to him since. The next morning the people crowded the house to witness the wedding ceremony. Many of the Roman Catholics had to sit and hear a Protestant sermon when they expected at the close to see the couple made one and happy. The case was too delicate for an explanation. The young parson of course was much mortified over the affair and in speaking of it said, with tears in his eyes and throat, and a deep sigh from the heart, "Me ahoga mucho"—"It chokes me much."

H. H. Hall, Santa Fe.

In 1880 Pro. Hall was in charge of our work at Santa Fe, where he did a grand work. He succeeded in building the old adobe church known as the St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church at a cost of over \$4,000. It was dedicated by Dr. David H. Moore (now Bishop), April 17, 1881. See Vol. I. He was followed by Rev. H. M. Hackney of the West Wisconsin Conference, who did a good work, but found the altitude too great for him or his wife and they were sent from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo. He filled several important places in Missouri and died several years ago.

Rev. E. Livingstone Allen was our preacher at Silver City in 1881 and 1882. He secured the erection of the parsonage at that place and did a good work.

Rev. J. A. Callen, M. D., was in charge of our work a short time at Tiptonville and two years at Raton and a short time at Silver City and did good work. From the last named place he went to California and at last accounts was following his profession as doctor at Oakland. He was our first preacher and began the church building at Raton and had it nearly ready for dedication when he left for Silver City in 1884. He was followed at Raton and Blossburg by Rev. J. W. Sinnock of the Illinois Conference. He has filled several important appointments in the New Mexico Missions and is one of the grandest of men. He was our first preacher at El Paso where we entered in 1888.

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He succeeded in getting the church at that place nearly ready for dedication. It was dedicated by Bishop Walden in March, 1889.

Rev. J. W. Davidson followed Bro. Hackney at Santa Fe in 1882. He was a strong preacher, but remained only about a year.

Rev. D. M. Brown served our work at Las Vegas from 1881 to 1885. He was popular as a preacher and pastor, but became unsettled on some points of Theology and at last accounts was with the Congregationalists in Chicago. See other Vol.

Rev. E. L. Latham was with us from 1883 to 1884. He was from the Kansas Conference and was appointed to Raton and Blossburg in 1883.

Rev. Thomas Moore Harwood, Taos.

Thos. M. Harwood came to New Mexico with his uncle, Thos. Harwood in 1875. He was a student at our school at Tiptonville until 1879, when he went to Claverack and returned to New Mexico in 1882. In 1883 he was received into the Mission and appointed as our first preacher at Taos, where he had a day school and the Mission. He has now been with us in faithful work for 27 years, except the year 1900 when he was sent as a missionary to Porto Rico. He has served several years as presiding elder of several districts and is now presiding elder, or as it is now called, District Superintendent, of the Santa Fe District.

Rev. Albert Jacobs, Costilla and Presiding Elder.

Ero. Jacobs commenced to preach in 1883 and was with us until his death, March 21, 1898. His first work was Costilla, after which he was presiding elder of the Santa Fe District several years.

Rev. A. J. Drury, Springer.

He was with us one year. The last I knew of him he was an evangelist in California.

N. W. Chase, Peralta.

Rev. N. W. Chase came to us a deacon from the Colorado Conference in 1883, and was appointed to Peralta, where he had charge of the Mission at that place and the

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work. From Albuquerque he returned to his home in Nebraska. He hesitated about risking it at Silver City on a missionary appropriation, the first year of \$200 and the help of the people, but he said, "If the president of the United States should order me to Silver City on \$200, I would go, shall I have less confidence in the church than in my government?"

Rev. W. R. Kistler.

Ero. Kistler came to New Mexico in search of health, from the Kansas Conference and took charge of our work at Albuquerque, Oct., 1881. He did a good work at that place. He finished up the Old Church as we now call it and thence went to Las Vegas where he also did a good work. He died Jan. 10, 1889, a little over 60 years of age, loved in life, lamented in death and was borne to his resting place by one of the largest funeral processions ever witnessed in Las Vegas. About five years before his death, he and Mrs. Kistler requested the writer of this sketch (in case I should outlive them) that at their death that I should preach their funeral sermons. This I did for Bro. Kistler, Jan. 12, 1889, and for Mrs. Kistler, May 27, 1903, from 2 Tim. 4:7.

1878-1884.

J. Pablo Salazar.

Ero. Pablo, as we generally called him, was converted in 1875. Was ordained a deacon by Bishop Merrill in 1878, left us in 1884, but afterwards came back as a local preacher and supplied several places.

Rev. D. W. Calfee, Tiptonville, Las Vegas.

Bro. Calfee came to us from DePauw University in 1879, served the work at Tiptonville, then at Las Vegas. In 1881 went into the Bible work as agent, thence into the Arizona Mission, thence into the California Conference where he now is in charge of Wesley Church, Richmond. We are always glad to see our preachers come out well.

Lachoneous Frampton.

Ero. L. Frampton was converted on Christmas day, 1879, united with the church at once, and very soon began to exhort and preach to the native people in their own tongue, of which he was familiar. I like to think of my

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first visit to his home in Mora Canyon, in 1874, when the wife and all the numerous little ones were Roman Catholics, in contrast with the present when his descendants number about thirty and all Protestants. He had filled several important appointments as well as four years as presiding elder of Las Vegas District. He died Feb. 18, 1901, aged 59 years, leaving a wife, five sons and seven daughters.

Rev. Emory H. Brooks.

Bro. Brooks came to us from DePauw University in 1880 and was with us in charge of our work at Silver City two years; thence into the Arizona Mission, thence to California where he was found to be, at least partially insane and was sent to an insane asylum in California. It was sad, one so gifted as he was, a fine scholar, and a fine preacher.

Rev. R. C. Gallegos.

Bro. Gallegos came from the Presbyterians to us in 1880. We did not want to take him as he had been mostly educated by Dr. Annin, long a Presbyterian minister at Las Vegas. He did very well for us while he was with us. We helped him off East to school. He was at Claverack, New York a year or two. He came back with high notions, refused to accept the appointments the Bishop gave him. Of course that let him out as it nearly always does.

Is this Chronology and biography getting a little stale? "Yes." "Can't you put a little spice in it?" Yes, spice, "chili colorado"—red pepper or anything for flavor. Well, this same young man fell in love with a fine looking, well-educated Senorita. The day was fixed for the wedding. This writer was to perform the ceremony. It was to come off at Peralta, where she was teaching a Mission school. He was there with his wedding garments and I was there to tie the knot. The Senorita was there, but said, "I won't marry him." He sought an interview with her. Some one must have "eavesdropped," but not I. The "eavesdropper" said the young minister quoted Paul, chapter and verse, but no response came from his intended until he became quite passive and said, "Now, Juanita, I want you to tell

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lamented in death.

Rev. Santos Telles was a local preacher at Socorro. He did good service. He died March 3, 1883, aged 102.

Rev. A. J. Vigil was licensed to preach in 1891. He did a good work in and about Taos, and Espanola and on Feb. 9, 1903, at his home, and on his own work passed away. He was a kind hearted, sympathetic man, and often brought tears from other eyes more by his love and tenderness than by his logic.

Rev. Alexander Marchand.

Bro. Marchand came to us from the Roman Catholic Church at Costilla, near the Colorado line. We all thought we had accomplished a great work when we captured the priest. Two of us preachers had been old soldiers, Grand Army men and to us it looked like capturing a Confederate General in our Civil War.

At first our preachers seemed afraid of him, but they soon however got over their timidity. At one time, at one of the Quarterly Conferences at Taos, one of the Mexican preachers brought complaint that "he had been drinking." At this the ex-priest responded with all his accustomed French-fire, and said, "It is false, never in my life have I drank wine or strong drink, for whenever I drink it, it always makes me sick." At which the accuser arose and asked, "Mr. President, if he never drinks it, how does he know that it always makes him sick?"

He left us under charges and went to the Baptist church. For a few years at El Paso and Dona Ana fought us, but without much success or apparent satisfaction to the Baptist people. When last heard of he had gone down into Mexico and died.

Thus I have named all or about all the English and Spanish-speaking preachers of the Mission up to 1884, when the work was divided into the English and Spanish Missions.

It can be shown from our accounts with the Colorado Conference up to 1872 and with the Missionary Society after that, that the salaries of our preachers of the Mission were less in the early history of the Mission than they now are. At that time, 1870, and on for several years, we had to pay in building our churches and parsonages \$8.00 a

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thousand for shingles (shaved, there were no others for several years), \$20.00 a keg for nails. How we built churches I don't know, but we did. Before I had been here a year we dedicated two churches, one at Elizabethtown costing about \$1,200.00 and one at La Junta (Tiptonville) costing about \$3,000.00, and one parsonage valued at \$1,000.00; total in a little more than one year, \$5,200.00. This I take from the Minutes of the Colorado Conference in July, 1872. Coffee cost 50 cents per pound and sometimes a dollar, sugar 50 cents per pound, Irish potatoes 8 cents per pound, but of course we didn't eat many potatoes at that price; butter often a dollar per pound, but we didn't eat much butter at that price. But somehow we always had something to eat and something to wear.

Chronology under Dr. Thornton.

See Dr. Thornton's reports during his administration.

Rev. J. A. Smith.

Ero. Smith came to the English Mission and was appointed to Las Vegas in 1885, where he did a good work; also at Albuquerque in 1888, where he did well.

We knew his whereabouts for several years, but finally lost track of him, but now find three Rev. J. A. Smiths in the Bishop's Minutes with 270 other preachers of the Smith family and think we located him an evangelist in the Dakota Conference and a member of Mitchell Quarterly Conference. We are glad to find him still at his post working for the Master.

G. S. Hubbs.

Ero. Hubbs was from the Wisconsin Conference. Was at Santa Fe in 1885 and 1886, and was a fine preacher, wrote and had published a volume of fine sermons. He died several years ago.

H. C. Coats.

See elsewhere in this volume.

G. B. M. Roggers.

Ero. Roggers came to this mission in 1886 and did a

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CHRONOLOGY.

It might puzzle the reader, without an explanation, to see how the following points of Chronology could possibly be any part of the history of the New Mexico Methodist Missions. Well, had he had to explain to the people of New Mexico as we have had to do with the Native Roman Catholic people here on the subject of "prayers for the dead," "worship of the Saints," the "Virgin Mary," "images," "Auricular Confession," "the Immaculate Conception," etc., he would see that to produce the following

Ecclesiastical Chronology,

For the information of the native people, is in place.

A. D.

- 200—Prayer for the dead began.
- 350—Worship of Saints, martyrs, and angels.
- 431—Worship of the Virgin Mary began to appear.
- 606—Papal supremacy.
- 1000—Obligatory celibacy of the priests.
- 1190—Sale of Indulgences.
- 1215—Transubstantiation decreed.
- 1439—Purgatory taught.
- 1854—Immaculate Conception proclaimed.
- 1864—The Pope's temporal power proclaimed.
- 1870—Papal infallibility proclaimed. See "Mexico in Transition," page 63.

Chronology Prior to 1850.

- 1325—City of Mexico founded by the Aztecs.
- 1426—Aztec Confederacy founded.
- 1492—Columbus discovered some of West Indies.
- 1479—America discovered by the Cabots.
- 1520—Montezuma died.
- 1521—City of Mexico by Cortez.
- 1537—California discovered by Cortez.
- 1540—Coronado's Expedition to Zuni and to the plains northeast of Fort Union, and the Grand Quivira.
- 1581—New Mexico, so named this year.
Sheep brought to New Mexico, so said.
- 1585—El Paso settled.
- 1597—Santa Fe an Indian pueblo.
- 1597—Where Chamita now is Juan de Onate founded a

NOTE—By mistake pages 402-3 appear on pages 386-7.

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Colony.

- 1600—Pedro Peralta first Governor.
1680—The Spanish driven out by the Indians.
1694—The Spaniards return.
1799—Mission population in New Mexico, Indians, 10,369;
Spaniards, 23,769.
1800—Private school at Abiquiu.
1806—Capt. Z. M. Pike, U. S. A., captured on the Upper
Rio Grande and taken to Chihuahua.
1821—Declaration of Independence from Spanish rule.
1826—Christopher (Kit) Carson came to New Mexico.
Died 1868.
1829—Slavery abolished in New Mexico.
1842—La Junta settled by Santiago Bonny. Now Watrous.
1842—John C. Fremont's exploration.
1845—Texas admitted into Union.
1847—Governor Bent assassinated at Taos.
1848—Population of New Mexico, including Pueblo In-
dians, 62,298.
1849—Henry W. Reed, a Baptist Missionary opens school
in Santa Fe.
1849—Kit Carson sent two men down to Mexico City,
One was Capt. Drannan.
“ —Constitution for state government adopted, declaring
against slavery.
“ —Territory of Utah established out of New Mexico.
“ —California admitted into the Union.

Chronology 1850-1870.

1850—Nov. 24, Roman Catholic Vicarate Apostolic of
Santa Fe established, and Rev. John B. Lamy, D. D., con-
secrated bishop.

Rev. E. George Nicholson, first Methodist Episcopal
Missionary in New Mexico stationed at Santa Fe. He went
back East the next year.

1851—W. I. Kephart, first Presbyterian Missionary sent
to New Mexico, subsequently editor of the Santa Fe Ga-
zette, against slavery.

First celebration in New Mexico of the 4th of July.

1852—Oct. 9, Rev. Samuel Gorman (Baptist) came and
was appointed missionary to the Laguna Indians. He was
there for seven years. Had a store also.

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1852—First English school for girls was kept by Mrs. Howe, wife of a U. S. officer.

The Academy of Our Lady of Light established in Santa Fe.

1853—The Rev. Mr. Nicholson returned to Santa Fe, bringing with him Rev. Walter Hanson, who opened a school in Tecolote and Padre Benigno Cardenas, a so-called converted priest from the Roman Catholic church. Padre Cardenas preached the first Protestant sermon ever preached in Spanish in New Mexico so far as we know. This was on Nov. 10, 1858, see Vol. II, page 29. Nov. 20, 1853 Mr. Nicholson baptized a babe of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer at Santa Fe. It was baptized in the Senate Chamber.

This same year Mr. Nicholson made a visit to Peralta and was the guest of Don Ambrosio Gonzales and left a Bible with him, which resulted in Ambrosio's conversion, from which Protestantism spread.

1854—The first Protestant church was dedicated (Baptist) by Rev. Louis Smith, a Baptist minister who was sent out in 1851. This property was purchased by the Presbyterians in 1866, rebuilt by the same in 1881, Rev. J. McGaughey, pastor.

1855—Dr. Dallas D. Lore was sent out to review the work of the priests. He organized a class at Peralta, Socorro, and returned East with a very unfavorable report of the priests' work.

The work was then abandoned by us until 1866 to 1868. During that time Father Dyer made a horseback ride over much of this Territory. Then in 1869 and a part of 1870 he resided at Elizabethtown and Santa Fe.

In 1869, the writer of this book came, preached his first sermon at what was then called La Junta, Mora county, the last Sunday in October, 1869, and has been here ever since. Father Dyer was removed in June, 1870.

1869-1885.

This will bring us up to the time, 1885, when the Mission was divided into the English and Spanish. I preached the first sermon in La Junta proper, and organized our work, Sunday school at Cherry Valley in 1869, and the church at La Junta in 1870. Built the churches at Elizabethtown and Tiptonville and dedicated them in 1870.

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good work at El Paso. He was received into the Colorado Conference in 1886, ordained a deacon and elder at Grealey. At the next conference session he was transferred to the North Indiana Conference.

A. F. Hoyt.

Prof. Almon F. Hoyt came to us in 1887 and was made president of the Albuquerque College where he did a good work for the school and was also pastor of Lead Avenue M. E. Church and did a good work. He was appointed for the next year but died, October 18, 1888, and was buried at Fairview Cemetery.

J. H. Fraser.

Bro. Fraser was appointed to Las Cruces work in 1887. The work at Las Cruces was discontinued and Bro. Fraser was appointed to Springer next year. We find a Rev. J. H. Frazer in the New Ark Conference, stationed at Junction and Glen Gardner. We presume it is he. The Lord bless him.

G. W. Ray.

G. W. Ray came to this mission in 1887 and served the church at Raton faithfully for about two years, and then went to Colorado and was in charge of St. James Church Denver, several years. I find a Rev. C. W. Ray at Norfolk North Nebraska Conference. It is possible that it is he.

W. H. Williams.

W. H. Williams is now a Traveling Evangelist, known as the "Drummer Evangelist."

Rev. A. A. Kidder.

Rev. A. A. Kidder, a Theological student from Drew, Madison, N. J., and in Colorado. He served the church at Silver City and reported well. That was in 1886. He then returned to his Conference, Colorado, and served at Cannon City in 1887, and in 1888 was left without appointment to attend school.

Rev. I. P. Carley.

Rev. I. P. Carley came with us in 1887 and was sta-

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tioned at Socorro, but only remained a few months and returned East on account of his wife's health. I think he is at this writing in the New York Conference at Jonesville.

Rev. W. L. Wiltsee, D. D., 2 Years.

1889 and 1890. His preachers not named above were as follows: S. W. Wright, S. H. Kirkbride, N. R. Antes, J. M. Rife, G. B. Fry, C. E. Pierce, B. F. Harper, C. I. Mills, E. E. Marshall, C. V. Plenkharp, C. A. Owens, A. Hoffman, 12 new preachers, 13 appointments.

C. W. Wright came from Toronto, Ontario Conference. He was a good preacher, filled the Albuquerque appointment quite acceptably for two years. Thence to Ohio, but has since passed away.

S. H. Kirkbride of the Colorado Conference served very acceptably at Chama. He had in his family a sick sister, for whom they nicely cared. She passed away in great peace. He has since served as District Superintendent in the Colorado Conference. Has been a success wherever he has been. He is at this writing agency secretary of the American Bible Society and a member of University Park Quarterly Conference.

N. R. Antes. He is a member of the Colorado Conference, was appointed in 1889 to the Navajo Indian Mission, and is now in charge of "Faith Mission" for the Navajos, west of Durango, Colorado.

J. M. Rife, from Columbus, Ohio, was in charge at Raton. He returned to his Conference, Ohio, and is now a superannuate.

G. B. Fry, of the Ohio Conference, had charge at Santa Fe in 1889, and in 1890 at Raton. He was a good preacher, had a nice family, but his health failed and he returned to his conference. He has since passed away and his widow and some of his sons and daughters live in El Paso, Texas.

After the death of Prof. A. L. Hoyt, president of the Albuquerque College, Prof. W. Bouser, A. M., was elected President and served faithfully one year. The next year, 1889-1890, C. I. Mills, A. M., was president of the College, and E. E. Marshall professor. They did a grand work. Prof. Mills was then appointed in charge of our work at Santa Fe, thence to Raton. He did a good work at each

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of these places. He then went to the Colorado Conference and served a few years. He then left us and united with the Episcopal Church in Denver, and is now in charge of one of the Denver churches.

Bro. E. E. Marshall did well in the school and for one so young preached well. We have not followed him in all his meanderings, but find him now in the Baltimore Conference at North Capitol. Said to be doing well.

C. V. Pleukarp. Bro. Pleukarp also left us on account of poor health. We have lost track of him, but it seems to me I heard of his death. I can't find him in the Bishop's Minutes.

C. A. Owens. Bro. C. A. Owens was in charge of our work at Kingston. He said he had been a missionary in Africa. He was with us one year, in 1890. When our work opened in the Philippine Islands, Bro. Owen, it seems, was the first American to go as a missionary. His name has disappeared from the list of preachers there, but Rev. C. A. Owen appears on the Bellingham Circuit in the Puget Sound Conference.

A. A. Hoffman. Bro. Hoffman came to us from the Southwest Kansas Conference in 1890. He served Las Vegas charge five years. I will let the Las Vegas Optic speak for Brother Hoffman.

"A Good Showing."

The following summary of the work of Rev. Adolf Hoffman in this city (Las Vegas) during the five years of his pastorate of one of which any minister might well be proud.

Sunday Schools—Enrolled in 1890, 140 scholars; 1891, 160; 1894, 191.

Finances, 1889 to 1894, salaries \$5,346. Improvements \$1,560; current expenses \$1,263; debts paid \$700; grand total, \$11,072. Membership, received on probation 179; by letter, 107; by profession, 56; dismissed, dropped, died, 157. Bro. A. Hoffman then was assigned to El Paso, Texas, where he continued to do good work for a few years and then left us. We were all sorry to lose him from the active work.

Thos. Harwood, 1891.

This year I had the Superintendency of both Missions.

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See page 197. I added three appointments, lost two men, but regained them.

Rev. C. L. Bovard, D. D.

Bro. Bovard was with us as Superintendent from 1891 to 1897, six years. The following named were the new preachers he had during the six years of his superintendency: Rev. G. O. Phillips, T. M. Harwood, A. Bartlett, R. E. Pierce, A. W. Adkinson, G. W. Gilkerson, W. R. Weaver, H. J. Hoover, Henry Carlyou, F. M. Day, G. S. Madden, W. H. Childs, W. A. Phelps, Wm. Huggett, W. S. Fitch, G. B. Dodd, S. A. French, Allen Bartley, W. C. Chew, E. V. DeBois, J. E. Cook, E. N. Edgerton, J. Earl Kilpatrick, E. P. Dearborn, A. C. Welch, O. C. Laizure, J. L. Beane.

Guy O. Phillips was a local preacher at Espanola. He was put in charge of that work, did well, built the church, but while mowing in the field met with an accident that caused his death. He was a noble fellow.

T. M. Harwood had the English work in connection with his Spanish at Las Cruces, in 1891. He, as well as most of our New Mexico Spanish Mission preachers were members of the Colorado Conference.

Allen Bartley. Bro. Bartley was a member of the Nebraska Conference. He was in charge of our work at Eddy, Roswell, in 1892.

G. W. Gilkerson, a local preacher had charge in 1891, at San Pedro.

R. E. Pierce. Bro. Pierce was a good preacher, had charge at Las Cruces in 1889 at Silver City 1890, Las Cruces 1892. He was a member of the Southern Illinois Conference. His health failed at Las Cruces. We supposed he had died, but I find a Rev. R. E. Pierce, a superannuary in the Illinois Conference.

A. W. Adkinson. Bro. Adkinson was one of the foremost preachers in the New Mexico English Mission from 1892 to 1897. He had charge of our work at Albuquerque five years. He was a grand success. His sermons were always clear cut, short, spicy, spiritual. He was from the South Dakota Conference. He went from here to Southern California, thence District Superintendent of Los

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Angeles District. He is now in charge of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Riverside, California.

R. W. Weaver (St. Louis Conference) was in charge in 1892 of Chama and Pagosa; thence to Saguache, Colo., Conference. His name has disappeared from the General Minutes.

H. J. Hoover. Bro. Hoover was from South Kansas Conference. He came to the Mission in 1892, and was in charge at El Paso, and did a grand work. He was there three years. We are glad to find him still in the ranks of the faithful, educational work, Professor in Baker University, in the South Kansas Conference.

Henry Carlyon (South Kansas Conference) was appointed to Kingston and Hillsboro in 1892; thence to Eddy the next year.

F. M. Day, a local preacher, a noble fellow, but out of health. He supplied at Las Cruces, 1893; thence Kingston and Hillsboro.

G. S. Madden (Ohio Conference) came to this Mission in 1893 and was stationed at Raton two years, thence Santa Fe several years. He was a good preacher; did good work. Thence in 1900 in charge at Bland; thence to the Southern California Conference and is now agent of the California Christian Advocate.

W. H. Childs (St. Louis) was in charge at Blossburg, 1893-4. He was much out of health. His name has disappeared from the General Minutes.

W. A. Phelps (Iowa) came to us and was appointed to the Catskill charge in 1893. He is now a superannuate of the Iowa Conference.

W. Huggett, supplied Pecos Valley in 1893.

W. S. Fitch (New England Southern). He was at Silver City two years, 1893-4. He was quite a success at that place. Now in the Arkansas Conference.

G. B. Dodd (South Dakota) was appointed to Blossburg in 1894.

S. A. French (St. Louis) now St. Louis Conference Evangelist.

W. C. Chew was at Eddy in 1893. He was with us out here only a short time. He is now a superannuate in the North Dakota Conference.

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T. V. DuBois (Philadelphia) was appointed to Chama in 1895. Now at Redwood Falls, Minnesota Conference.

J. E. Cook (Kansas) at Eddy in 1895. Now at Richland Center, West Wisconsin Conference.

E. N. Edgerton, from Iliff School of Theology, Blossburg, 1895. Now at Monte Vista, Colorado Conference.

J. E. Kilpatrick (Detroit), Hillsboro, 1896. He went back to Michigan and died.

E. P. F. Dearborn (N. H. Conference) was a supply at Chama in 1890, one year.

A. C. Welch (East Ohio) came to us in 1898 and was appointed to Albuquerque charge, where he did a good work. He has written a very readable book on "Character Photography." He is now in the Southern California Conference at Upland.

O. C. Laizure. Bro. Laizure was a local preacher at Silver City. We wanted him in the Spanish work. He went to California and is now in charge of the Spanish Mission at Los Angeles, and is doing a good work.

J. L. Beane was at Silver City a short time in 1890. His name is not found in the General Minutes.

Rev. Allen A. Gee, D. D.

Dr. Gee was appointed superintendent of the English Mission to succeed Dr. Bovard, but died before he could fairly start on his work. See page 205.

Rev. A. P. Morrison, D. D., was then appointed to succeed Dr. Gee. Dr. Morrison served the Mission nine years, from 1897 to 1906.

In Bro. Morrison's administration he had, it seems, sixty-two different preachers. To follow them all as to whence they came and as to where they were, and as to where they went, would try the patience of Job, so we shall be compelled to make briefer mention.

John G. Hall (South Dakota) was at El Paso in 1898, thence Silver City; thence retired from the active work of the ministry and is now on a government claim in the Imperial Valley, California. When well, he is a good preacher, kind and brotherly.

William Johns (Colorado) was at Raton in 1898, thence back to his Conference and is now, 1910, at Akron, where he is doing a good work.

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J. A. Mussell (Oklahoma) was at Hillsboro, Kingston and Las Cruces in 1898-1900, thence to Southern California, where he now is.

J. F. Kellogg (South Kansas) was at Las Vegas 1898-1901, thence El Paso, where he also did a good work; and thence to California, and is now at Campbell from which come good reports. But can't you give us a little spice? Yes, just to break the monotony of dry chronology and to show how jubilant our fine climate makes one feel. I wish I could give more time and space to the faithful labors of some of these men. But if it is only something to break the montony you want, I think a preacher standing on his head, with his feet up in the air, ought to suffice. Well, one time when Bro. Kellogg was at Las Vegas, the Meadow Town, some little boys had come over and were playing with his boys in the grassy yard. They were trying to stand on their heads and couldn't do it very well, so the preacher got down in the play and said, "Here, boys, I'll show you; put one hand down like this and the other here and put your head here, that will make what they call a tripod, then lift your feet up this way" and then the chubby preacher stood on his head, much to the surprise and delight of the boys. They soon could do it, too. Soon after that some of the little fellows were heard to say, "We like a preacher who can play with the boys and stand on his head. We are coming to his Sunday School." And so they did. His Superintendent said in one of his annual reports that "Bro. Kellogg, at El Paso, had the largest Sunday School and Epworth League and prayer meeting in the history of the church."

J. C. Ruoff (Michigan) was in the Mission several years. Was quite successful at several places, but left us and is now in Arizona at Jerome in the Congregational Church where his people speak well of him.

H. G. Hutchison (Cincinnati Conference) was elected to Elder's orders by the Colorado Conference, and returned to the Cincinnati Conference.

J. M. Robinson (N. Neb.) was in charge at Albuquerque in 1898-9 and did well but owing to failing health returned to his home in Central City, Neb., and is now a superannuary in North Nebraska Conference.

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A. M. Lumpkin (Central Ill.) came to Las Vegas where he did a good work in 1901-2, especially in the finances of the Church. He was also at El Paso where he was very successful in collecting money to clean up old church debts. He was then in Cananea, in the Arizona Mission, in Sonora, Mexico.

Wilbur Jaggard (Wilmington) was at Albuquerque in 1899, but the altitude was too much for him and his wife and he sought a lower altitude. He is now in his home Conference, the Wilmington.

Martin Armstrong (Austin) was three years at Raton. His superintendent reported for him 150 conversions at Raton and Blossburg.

Clyde M. Gearhart (Erie) was at Alamogordo in 1901-2, but failing health induced him to give up the work and he returned East.

Sprague Davis (Puget Sound) was for a short time at Folsom, thence to Alamogordo in 1902 and thence to Folsom and Johnson's Mesa a part of the year and owing to Mrs. Davis' failing health, he returned to his own Conference, the Puget Sound.

C. A. Bunker. Ph. D. (Wilmington) came to the English Mission in 1901 and served the Albuquerque charge with great acceptability for about three years and thence to the California Conference and is now at Compton, California. It was Bro. Bunker who held the first prayer meeting with us out at the School farm in the preacher's building on the joice in the second story before the roof was on. This was the first pastoral visit out at the school.

W. F. Baker (Austin), W. J. Wright (supply), H. E. Parker (New England), F. N. Poole (North Ohio), J. V. Watson, C. A. Burkank, C. D. Kennedy, F. L. Day, J. B. Ballman (Kansas). For all this last named see this book, elsewhere.

F. W. Poole (North Ohio) was at Silver City a short time in 1901, where they lost their dear little boy. In speaking of this in his report of 1901, the Superintendent says: "Another new grave in New Mexico." This is not the only parsonage home in Silver City bereft of precious home light. The wives of two of our preachers, Mrs. D. W. Potter and Mrs. H. N. Gale and their little son, and other rest in that

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city.

F. V. Fisher (Southern Calif.) was at Albuquerque in 1903 and a short time in 1904, but sought an exchange with Thomas G. Cocks of the Iowa Conference. They were both good preachers. I never knew why they remained so short a time. Bro. Fisher is now a missionary in Alaska. Ero. Cocks is in the Rock River Conference, Chicago, St. Paul's.

Wilburg Fish (Southern Calif.) was at Albuquerque in 1904. Did a good work. He is now at Tempe, Arizona.

R. E. Myers (Oklahoma) was at Mogollon a short time in 1901, but his health failed and he gave up the work. He is now at Seaside, in the Oregon Conference.

J. G. Harshaw (Erie) was at Clayton, in 1901 and 1902 where he built a church, and thence to Silver City where he also built a neat church at a cost of about \$5,000. Bro. Harshaw remained here about three years and did a good work. He is now in Oklahoma, and has had the Lawton district.

W. J. Calfee was at El Paso in the year 1903 and a part of 1904, but owing to some throat trouble sought a lower altitude by exchanging appointments with C. B. Dalton (Kansas). His superintendent says in his report for 1904 that Ero. Dalton did excellent work. He is now in the Idaho Conference at Boise, First Church.

Peter DeClarke was at Springer in 1904. His name doesn't appear in the general minutes of 1908.

W. A. Cooper (Colorado) was at Santa Fe for the fifth year and did a fine work and in 1904 made an exchange with J. L. Shively of Lebanon, Ohio, in the Cincinnati Conference. Ero. Shively was also a good preacher and did a good work in Santa Fe. He is now in the Central Illinois Conference at Geneseo.

E. G. Anderson (Central Ill.) was appointed to Santa Fe in 1906 and remained there until 1909 and did a grand work. He is now at Las Vegas.

J. L. Anderson (Kansas) was in charge at Tucumcari. He was from Roswell. "This was the only change at the last session," says the superintendent, "and this was for health reasons. Sister Anderson did not improve, as it was hoped she would, and they returned to Kansas in March,

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1904.

John C. Rollins (Southern Calif.) was at Albuquerque four years, that is, from 1905 to 1909 when he was transferred to the Colorado Conference and appointed to Rocky Ford where he is doing well. He did a good work at Albuquerque.

H. C. Grimmell (Kansas) was at Clayton and Folsom in 1906. Then in 1908 at Springer, New Mexico.

C. F. Lucas (Oklahoma) was on the Springer Circuit in 1906 where he did a good work, thence to Roswell 1907-8 and is now at Santa Fe where he is doing well.

H. D. Poddington was ordained a deacon at Roswell by Bishop Moore, Oct. 19, 1906, and appointed in charge of Chahuahua, Mexico.

J. A. Geissinger (Cincinnati) was at El Paso in 1906, thence to Phoenix, Arizona.

J. L. Freeman (Austin) was at Kenton, Oklahoma, in 1896 and did a good work. He is from the South, was in the Confederate Army, but is sensible enough to know that the war is over and good enough, like our immortal Lincoln, to have "malice toward none, and charity to all." It must have made a spectacular appearance when he and I met on the Conference floor for the first time at Silver City, and with tears of joy embraced each other, as loving brothers after having referred to our fight at Decatur, Alabama, on opposite sides in our Civil War. He said, "I am glad I didn't kill you." I responded, "So am I glad you didn't kill me and I am glad I didn't kill you." If the North and the South had had more Bibles in their homes before the war, and more of the love of God in their hearts, there would have been no need for bullets.

T. B. Wilbur (N. Ind.) Pinos A'tos in 1904 and a part of the year N. M. Templin of Northwest Kansas was there. Bro. Templin was a Alamogordo also a part of the same year.

William Reace (Colorado) was at Roswell in 1906, at which time the church was finished and dedicated by Bishop Moore at the Conference, Oct. 21. He was in Raton, where he also did a good work in 1907 and 9, and thence to the Colorado Conference.

John H. Murray (Colorado) was appointed to Roswell

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where he did a good work in 1906-7 and thence to Alamogordo, where he is at this writing and is doing well.

A. M. Harkness (Spanish Mission Conference) was at Santa Rosa 1906. Also at Mountainair, and professor at the Boys' Biblical and Industrial School of the Albuquerque College in 1908 and 1909 and at Clayton at the present time, 1909-10, and is doing well.

J. M. Jackson (Minnesota) has been at Silver City since 1906 and is still doing well.

F. E. Finley (Oklahoma) was on the Springer Circuit 1906, at Nara Visa, Roy and Salona in 1908, and in 1909, also had Folsom. During the year he returned to his own Conference.

A. C. Geyer (N. W. Ind.) was at Las Vegas in 1904. His superintendent spoke highly of his work at that place, but his name doesn't appear at the next Conference, but we find him at Euclid Avenue, Chicago, Western District, Rock River Conference, where he now is.

H. C. Case (Kansas) was appointed to Alamogordo a short time in 1906, but soon returned to his Conference.

H. M. Nicle (Oklahoma) was at Silver City a short time in 1906. He was there for his daughter's health, but she grew worse and he returned to his home.

R. A. Morley (Rock River) was at Las Vegas in 1906 and is very highly spoken of by his superintendent, and is now on the Springer Circuit with Bro. Grimmel.

W. R. Pratt (————) was for a short time in charge of Silver City, and thence at Estancia, where the work started well; thence in 1908 at Santa Rosa.

Thus I have waded through the long list of Dr. Morrison's preachers. It has been tedious, but at the same time pleasant. I think I have not missed any unless it may be somewhat like the Irish woman who sent for the doctor, but when he arrived she had already had her babies, four in a bunch, and said to the doctor, smilingly, "I am sure I didn't let any get away before I counted them."

Rev. Samuel Blair, D. D. (Central Pa.).

The following are the new preachers who have come, so far, under his administration:

A. M. Steele (Oklahoma) now at Estancia and doing well.

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Guy McBride (Indiana) now at Tucumcari.

C. O. Beckman (Oregon) is now at El Paso and the people seem well pleased with him.

T. J. Crumley (Oklahoma) is now at Clayton, and the work starts well.

B. C. Montgomery, a local preacher. He and his wife are conference singers and evangelists.

F. W. Otto (Colorado) is at Albuquerque in place of J. C. Rollins, who takes Bro. Otto's place at Rocky Ford. He starts well and is a fine preacher.

Guy Cox (Colorado) supplies Belen. We hope for him a good work.

Addis Albro (Detroit) now at Columbus. That is his work, but the new man is hopeful of a fine work.

J. M. Shimer (supply). He is now at Hudson, 1909.

C. J. Dickey (Rock River) is now at Raton, where he hopes to finish the new church which is supposed to cost about \$20,000.

H. Van Valkenburgh (Austin). He is now at Roswell and hopes for a grand year. He is a success wherever he goes.

Of all the above, Superintendent Samuel Blair speaks in highest praise.

Additional Spanish Chronology, not named prior to 1884.

Rev. I. C. Cartwright, Supt. since October, 1907; H. O. Costales, S. B. Garcia, M. Chavez, Santiago, W. W. Havens, Manuel Flores, Evangelista Candelario, E. B. Garcia, Juan C. Chavez, Samuel Padilla, Agapito Mares, Leandro Romero, Juan Sandoval, A. A. Mares, Zac. Salazar, Romulo Suazo, Cruz Martinez, Elesio Chavez, Camito Varos, A. C. Gonzales, Gabino Garcia, Ezequiel Chavez, Jose Trujillo, Pablo L. Martinez, J. P. Salazar, Ignacio Salazar, J. J. Salazar, Jesus Lucero, Manuel Juan Benito Sanchez, David Alva, Marcial Serma, A. M. Serma, Jerome Alderete, Samuel Padilla.

I wish we had space and time to give the names of all the faithful women in the church, preachers' wives, our faithful teachers of Mission schools, and our leading laymen and their wives who have been called home and more of the names of the pioneers of the country who helped to open the way and made it possible for some of us to get out into this country, but the book will be too large with

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what we now have and besides that the Woman's Home Missionary Society has written up their work at some length in which they speak of their school and deaconess work in the Territory and they show it up nicely.

We now come to the close of our task. A task we call it, but it has been a pleasant task. We have enjoyed the work so much. It has seemed like going back and living over again the pleasure of the past.

Our greatest regret is that we have not been able to write a better history, but if it is truth we want, I can truly say that I have done the best I could. I have not tried to overrate or to underrate any one or anything, but have contented myself with the plain unvarnished truth.

If some of the brethren, on the better appointments, with better salaries, and more popular congregations should think that I have given more time and space to some of the poorer appointments than was their due, let it be remembered, that I was once a soldier, and often stood guard far out on the picket line, exposed to heat and cold and rain and snow, as well as attack from the enemy, and I have always been in sympathy with the preachers out on the picket line. God bless the active, faithful, poorly clad and poorly paid preacher holding the picket lines and making it possible for others to rise.





ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW MEXICO
SPANISH MISSION TO THE CONFER-
ENCE HELD AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW
MEXICO, COMMENCING OCT. 23, 1907.

As we hope to be organized into an annual conference at this session, and as that will dispense with the necessity of a superintendent; and as this will likely be my last annual report to this Conference, at least as superintendent of the Mission, it is but reasonable that the Conference would expect a kind of a review of my long superintendency—from 1869 to 1907.

Text: Luke 16:2. "Give an account of thy stewardship for thou mayest be no longer steward."

Not that thirty-eight consecutive missionary annual reports have exhausted all report material, but it gives me a chance to strike a new chord on the old harp. But, first of all, thanks to Almighty God for continued blessings through all these years of joyful labor, and to the Bishops for so long continuing me in this responsible position.

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In 1855, fifty-two years ago, I was preparing and preaching my first sermons in connection with public school teaching in Michigan.

At this time the missions opened in New Mexico in 1850 were having a hard time. Rev. E. G. Nicholson, our first missionary and superintendent in New Mexico, found it a hard field. He became restless, returned East, but the next year came back with a teacher and a converted Mexican priest. The priest had been to Rome, seeking redress at the Vatican for supposed bad treatment in his church in New Mexico. The new force seemed to start well for awhile, but the Americans were soon discouraged and returned East leaving the priest alone in New Mexico, which was his former home.

Early in 1855, Dr. D. D. Lore, who had returned from his mission in South America, and as he could speak Spanish was sent out to New Mexico to see what the priest was doing and what the prospects were. He visited the work, organized small classes at Socorro and Peralta, called on the priest, found him sick and discouraged, and returned to New York. His report was not encouraging and the work was practically abandoned, and the priest went back to the Roman Catholic Church.

At about this time Dr. J. P. Durbin, Corresponding Secretary, in preparing his annual report for 1855, and speaking of the condition of the New Mexico Mission, seemed to express himself somewhat in the form of a prayer that the Lord raise up some one for that work, "one who will give his life to that work, and make the New Mexico Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping

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clear of all worldly schemes and become an apostle to the Spanish population of that Territory: It is a work worthy of a great and devoted soul. Such a man to superintend, to preach in English and in due time to establish schools, etc., would leave his illuminated mark on the page of the history of the Church and of the present Territory and future state of New Mexico."

Thirteen years after the above was written I was asked by Bishop Ames, at the session of the West Wisconsin Conference of that year, 1868, to go as a missionary to New Mexico, and October, 1869, found me at my post in New Mexico. The Bishop gave as his reason for asking me to go, that Rev. J. L. Dyer had written him that "Brother Harwood of the West Wisconsin Conference and his wife had had large experience as teachers, and he thought that they would do a good work in New Mexico." But do you think that you are the one the Lord raised up in answer to Dr. Durbin's prayer to make your illuminated mark on the pages of the history of the Church in New Mexico? No, I dare not assume so much. But at the same time some things look strange. Just after the Mexican war I was teaching school in the state of Delaware and boarded with a local preacher who was also at that time my class leader and had a fine library. I found in that the history of Mexico and South America. I read them both with much interest, skipping the hard words and pronouncing the Spanish names, of course, very poorly. At that time I knew nothing, of course, about Dr. Durbin's prayer; nor did I until a very few years ago, and only a very little of our very early missionary struggles in New Mexico. Now,

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when I call to mind my experience of five years' teaching in the State of Delaware and after that about the same time in Michigan, where I preached my first sermon and a few years as a local preacher, coupled with land surveying in Michigan, out on the frontier of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and then three years of army life as a soldier and chaplain of the noble Twenty-fifth Wisconsin, and after that three years in the West Wisconsin Conference, all this coupled with Mrs. Harwood's fine scholarship, experience as teacher in the public schools of Wisconsin, her love for the school and her strong personality, I am almost persuaded that we were the ones prayed for by the great doctor. I had rather be assured that we were the ones than to have found a gold mine with its millions of money; and if we were not the ones prayed for the prayer has never yet been answered and probably never will be.

NEW MEXICO A DISTRICT IN THE
COLORADO CONFERENCE.

From 1868 to 1872 New Mexico was a District in the Colorado Conference and Father Dyer was presiding elder.

We opened our school work at once in which Mrs. Harwood took great delight. She did most of the work with assistants while I was in the field as a missionary, traveling mostly on horseback. At the approaching June Conference, Father Dyer was removed and I left alone.

As I look back now, over the long period of thirty-eight years, I wonder at my many willing sacrifices, heroism, many hair-breadth escapes, opposition

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and persecution and still willing to remain in the work, no one to tell me what to do nor how to do it. But the Lord was with us and made the burdens easier, as the Savior said: "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

THIRTY THOUSAND MILES.

I had traveled thirty thousand miles before the railroad came and had established the work in English and Spanish at about twenty different centres and with adjacent appointments, as for instance: Elizabethtown, Ute Creek, Cimarron, Vermejo, Red River, Tiptonville, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Peralta, La Joya, Socorro, Escondida, San Marcial, Valverde, Dona Ana, Las Cruces, El Paso, Silver City, Hillsboro, Las Animas, Palomas, Hatch, and these were mostly in the line where the railroads now come. Right here I want to thank the railroad companies for what they have done in the line of free passes and clergy half-rates, and give them a hint for what they haven't done. Being on the lines of the different roads and knowing a great many of the prominent people, I often stopping with them in my journeyings, and always paying my way when the people would let me, I had an opportunity to reason away the objections the people had to the road coming through their premises and probably saved a great many litigations the companies would have had otherwise. Had I been a lawyer and had done all this, I presume I could have had a lifetime free pass on the road.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Thirty-eight years ago I found New Mexico a

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hard field. Only a very few Americans, some of them as true as steel, but many others were here to evade the law in the state and territories where it was not convenient for them to live. The most of the people were Mexicans and Roman Catholics, the most of whom were ignorant, superstitious, immoral and prejudiced against Protestantism and Americans in general to a fearful extent. No wonder for this, for they were a conquered people and many of their conquerors had settled down among them, often marrying the best looking "senoritas" they could get and often to the painful annoyance of the better classes set up housekeeping without any marriage ceremony. All this, coupled with the whiskey traffic, beer and wine drinking, horse racing, Sabbath sports and Sabbath desecration and the appalling indifference to religious things, and in a country, too, over which the receding clouds of the dark ages had seemed to settle down into a steady rain of gloom and despair. The general feeling among all the people was that nothing could be done to reach the native people, because of their long adherence to the Roman Catholic Church. One prominent man said to the writer, "You had just as well go down there and preach to the telegraph poles." Another said: "You will never see a Mexican convert, and if you should get a Mexican converted you have not done much." This is an unexaggerated condition of New Mexico thirty-eight years ago. I heard a justice of the peace say: "I have performed seventeen marriages this afternoon." There were many noble exceptions to the above, both among the Mexicans and Americans.

Had it not been for Mrs. Harwood's willingness

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to come and willingness to stay and her joyfulness in the work, I might regret that we came to this field. But when I call to mind that she lived to see the illiteracy of the people, from 85 per cent of illiteracy reduced to 30 per cent and the Spanish church established in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, El Paso, Texas, and the Northern part of Mexico, I rejoice that it was her privilege to bear so important a part in the great work.

LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

Our work has never gone in leaps and bounds as some other denominations claim that their work has, but the following statistics will show an almost continual healthful growth of the work from its beginning:

1870.

In 1870 we reported fifteen members, one preacher, two Sunday schools, sixty scholars, one day school, fifty scholars and two church buildings, valued at \$3,000. This was surely good work for less than one year.

1875.

In 1875 we had as per statistics, members 118, probationers 7, Sunday schools 8, scholars 194, day scholars 60.

In 1880 we had 13 missions, members 319, probationers 45, Sunday schools 16, scholars 503, and day scholars 80.

1884.

In 1884 we had missionaries 22, members 686, probationers 114, Sunday schools 36, scholars 1,609, day schools 11, scholars 275. This year the work was divided, and we gave off to the English

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work, missionaries, 6; members, 181; probationers, 11; local preachers, 3; Sunday schools, 7; scholars, 553; churches, 7; valued at \$35,000. That left us for the Spanish work, missionaries, 16; members, 289; probationers, 132; Sunday schools, 11; scholars, 277; day scholars, 274.

1890.

In 1890 we had in the Spanish work alone, ordained preachers, 16; unordained, 11; local preachers, 3; stations and circuits, 28; preaching places, 92; churches, 17; parsonages, 13, and value of church property, \$41,500; Sunday school scholars, 398; day school scholars, 293; members, 955; probationers, 480.

1900.

In 1900 we had preachers, 31; members, 1,743; probationers, 759.

1906.

In 1906, at our last Conference, our statistics show that we have, ordained preachers, 23; eligible at the next Conference provided they stand their examination, 10; local preachers, 6; members, 2,063; Sunday schools, 45; scholars, 1,332; churches, 34; probable value, \$48,600; parsonages, 29, valuation \$29,600; total, \$78,200. We have also about 600 baptized children not counted in the above. About 600 of our people have died since our work commenced. Twenty adults within the past year have passed away, six of this number were wives of our preachers.

OUR PREACHERS—HOW THEY CAME
AND HOW THEY WENT.

We have had employed in this Mission, preach-

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ers, 106; of this number 22 were Americans and were ordained before they came; the rest, 84, were converted and developed on the ground; 25 ordained men of these have died; 23 yet remain with us; 2 have gone to the Presbyterians, 3 to the Baptists, 2 to the Adventists, 1 to the Independents, 3 have been expelled, 10 are on trial in the Conference, 2 ordained have retired, 8 of the unordained have died and 5 are local preachers employed in the regular work. It will be seen from the above that 33 preachers have died in this Mission since 1869, but we have left 33 and others are coming on.

MEMBERS

About 50 members have gone at different times into the English work, about 100 to the Presbyterians, about 112 to the Baptists, about 100 to the Adventists, and about 250 moved away to California and elsewhere.

Thus it will be seen from the above figures that 5,207 persons have come into our Church no counting the preachers. But why count all these? Answer: I am giving an account of my stewardship, and as these have all come in under my administration I have a right to count them. Many of these and all the preachers have become as familiar to me as members of the same family. I could make out the appointments by memory, giving each place and the name of each preacher assigned and the amount of missionary money assigned him.

NEW BLOOD.

“New Blood?” Yes, we are told that the work

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needs new blood. Perhaps it does. But do not our late good Bishops know that the English Mission has had new blood nearly all the time, grand men, and they have done good work, but the Spanish Mission last year gained 85 members and probationers more than the English? Also the Arizona Mission has had new "blood," and grand men, said to be graduates, all of them, from colleges, and yet the Spanish Mission last year gained 82 more than that. Also Utah, for 1905 shows a gain of 44, while New Mexico Spanish showed a gain of 234. I am not saying a word against the work of these Missions. They have all done a grand work, but hasn't New Mexico Spanish Mission done a grander work at far less expense to the Missionary Society?

OTHER LOSSES.

We have lost 2 chapels and 3 parsonages by floods, 4 chapels and churches by winds, and 3 by unwise location, all of which would amount to about \$12,000; this added to the other valuations would make about \$90,000. I have dedicated 59 churches and schools and we have never had a fire, for which we are thankful. We hope to dedicate one more at this Conference. These added to what we gave off when the work was divided in 1884, would make 50 churches and 32 parsonages; value \$122,200; indebtedness, less than \$500. To be just to myself I ought also to add that as financial agent of Albuquerque College, we have added to the college property about \$40,000, including 520 acres of land, buildings, printing press, 4,000 volumes in the library, etc. All the above without leaving the field.

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But has not this Spanish work been well for you, for how could you have sustained yourself in the English work? That thought has often come to me, and there may be much truth in it. I think the same thought has been indulged in by many in respect to the Mission. Still we find that our statistics compare very favorably with other conferences and missions. At one time a bishop refused to organize us into an annual conference on the ground that he thought our Mission had not the *esprit de corps* proper for a conference. At the same time our statistics have often been complimented by the bishops and others. Bishops McCabe and Berry thought they were as fine as any they had ever seen. Our minutes, however, stood the test of examination at the last general Conference. The minutes of the New Mexico Spanish Mission Conference and the Burmah Mission Conference were the only ones that stood the test of examination at the last general conference out of eleven mission conferences. The total number of annual conferences at the time of the last general conference was 132, of this number only 48 conference minutes passed the test of examination. So we feel highly complimented by the decision of the general conference committee. It has also helped me a little to remember hearing my presiding elder once say to the bishop in the West Wisconsin Conference that "Brother Harwood could go anywhere in the conference." Also the first year I was in New Mexico, on the death of the presiding elder of the district that I had left, one of the leading preachers wrote me and said: "If you had been here you would have been our choice for presiding elder."

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That was the first time the thought of ever being a presiding elder dawned upon me.

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TEMPTATIONS.

In all your work for these many years have you ever had any temptation to turn aside into secular work? Yes, many times. Satan has often taken me up on the pinnacles of the temple and in the mountains and has shown me some of his kingdoms, and shown me many pleasing things, and made me many promises, that if I would turn aside and follow him, what he would do for me. But I had long since learned that Satan was a deceiver and that the truth was not in him. Many years ago, I unfortunately signed a note with a so-called friend, which had run up to \$2,600. The other two on the note had put everything they had out of their hands and I alone was left to face the music and paid the debt gradually. In the meantime my old colonel in the army, J. M. Rusk, then in President Harrison's Cabinet, asked whether I would accept the governorship of New Mexico, saying at the same time that he thought he could secure it for me and that he "would do anything for his old Chaplain Harwood in his power." I had never thought of such a thing before and answered him emphatically, "No." Then he asked me if I would accept the position of Surveyor General for New Mexico, remembering that I had rendered important service to him on the Mississippi River during the war. This was a great temptation as I had had great love for that kind of work, and I answered, "Yes," and so wrote him. But on second and more prayerful thought, I wrote again and said emphatically,

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“No.” I have been thankful a thousand times that I made the decision that I did.

COST OF THE MISSION.

Yes, it seems you have done a pretty good work, but think what those 5,000 Mexican members have cost the Church. Yes, I know that \$320,000 missionary money from the Missionary Society is a great deal for this Mission, but after all it is less cost per member than the English work in New Mexico has been. It is less per member than the cost per member of Arizona or Utah, and far less per member than that of Mexico. This being true it should be remembered, also, that in the English work of the missions above named their increase comes, largely, from immigration, while in the New Mexico Spanish work we have had to depend entirely upon the conversions from the Roman Catholic Church, and this as you know is sterile soil in all parts of the world. We have had not only to depend entirely upon the conversions from the Roman Catholics but have had to develop our own ministry.

It is with no envidious spirit that we make the above comparisons. I rejoice in the fact that all the above named missions have done well. Mexico with her \$1,250,000 missionary money spent is not too much even if it has cost the Missionary Society \$420 per member in full connection not counting what the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has done, nor counting the value of church property, nor money returned to the Society. We consider it money well spent. The same with Utah; though it has cost the Missionary Society \$257 per member

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it is money well spent; but if all this be true, the \$160 per member in New Mexico would seem to be money *better spent*. Now, if we should include our entire membership; those who have died and those who have gone from us, we would find that each member has cost about \$60. It would seem then that your steward has not been squandering his Lord's money.

SCHOOL WORK.

Our school work has always been an important factor in our Mission. It has served as an entering wedge in our Mission. It has served as an entering wedge in many places; to open the way; however, we have never depended upon the schools alone to convert souls, or to reform the people, and we never open a mission school where the people will not allow the gospel to be preached. We have gone in, however, where the people have burned Bibles and Protestant tracts and even where there has been much opposition and persecution, but if we cannot go with an open Bible we do not open a school.

The schools at Tiptonville, Peralta, Socorro, Las Cruces, etc., were managed for several years without any missionary aid except the missionary's salary.

Had the church aided all these and other schools liberally from the beginning as did the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists in their work it would have been a great help. In view of the fact that the general government made no provision for schools in New Mexico, the church ought to have done more in that line of work. Had the government aided schools in New Mexico as it has in

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Porto Rico and the Philippines how different might the Mexican people be today.

Mrs. Harwood and other teachers lived to see only some of the results of their school work. I think we have counted no fewer than three hundred students from the Tiptonville school alone who have gone out, settled down in different places in New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, California, Mexico and elsewhere. At a preaching service at Cananea, away down in Sonora, Mexico, four persons came up after preaching to speak to me and I found they were former students from our school at Tiptonville. We find the most of those early students doing well. Many of them occupy responsible positions, as teachers, superintendents of county schools, probate judges and in the legislature, but principally in the Spanish ministry.

THE WOMAN'S HOME INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The Woman's schools at Dulce, Farmington, Las Vegas, Las Cruces, El Paso, Albuquerque and Tucson have done good service. The schools at Las Vegas, Las Cruces and El Paso have been discontinued for the time being. The school at Albuquerque is doing fine work. The W. H. M. S. is training a large number of girls mostly Mexicans. They are supposed to have the pick, you might say, from the best Methodist Mexican families in all our Mission. Already many have gone out from that Home and soon they will go out by the dozens and scores to make their own new homes cheerier than they otherwise would be.

In giving an account of my stewardship I will

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say again, that I have often had much to say on the subject intimated above, but my anxiety meets with little response. The Presbyterians have a large, well sustained boys' school here in Albuquerque. A prominent lady from the East at one of the closing exercises of the Presbyterian boys' school, said to the writer, "Where are these young men to find wives?" Another prominent Presbyterian lady said, in passing our boys' school here in Albuquerque and remembering the girls' school also, "Doctor Harwood is a sensible and practical man. You see, he is trying to establish a boys' school here in Albuquerque. He sees that if that is not done all those nice young ladies, now being trained in the Harwood Industrial Girls' School will be lost to his Church." She further asked, "Why was not our Church that thoughtful and establish our boys' school at Santa Fe where our girls' school is? Many of those young ladies will go out and marry Roman Catholic and other young men and our Church will be the loser." Well thought of and well said, and now the Presbyterians are building a \$50,000 school for boys at Santa Fe. Also their school here will continue just the same.

THE BOYS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

I would hardly do justice to myself in giving an account and possibly the last account of my stewardship if I did not state in addition to my pressing duties as Superintendent of the Mission and Presiding Elder of the Arizona and Sonora District, that I have also served as financial agent of the Albuquerque College, collecting and paying a debt of \$4,600. We also secured, near Albuquerque, in the

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rich Rio Grande Valley 200 acres of land where the school is now located; also 200 acres of land in Missouri, and a few other valuable properties near Albuquerque. On this land we are erecting buildings suitable for the school and improving the land as fast as we can. We have secured also a library of about 4,000 volumes. Also a Printing press, on which we publish tracts and "El Abogado Cristiano," now in its twenty-seventh year. The appropriation for this school and eight outside schools for last year was \$1,499, and because we spent this amount of money last year for our 'Boys' Biblical and Industrial School and other schools some of our local Board of Directors at our last board meeting, unable to see the importance of our Spanish schools, pronounced it an "unwarrantable expenditure of missionary money," especially the amount spent for the boys' school, and recommended the school to be closed and the boys sent to the Presbyterian or the public school. Let it be here remembered that ten of the forty scholars last year are studying for the ministry and eight are the sons of our Mexican preachers, whose salaries were \$300 and less per year and their parents being unable to pay their board they are taken free.

Let us reason together. The Mormons paid out for one little school in Arizona last year \$2,500, the Presbyterians as per best information, \$35,000, saying nothing of buildings. The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Educational Society paid out last year for free education of the black children, \$78,900, and \$98,425 for white children, and the Philippines have one thousand American teachers employed in free instruction, and the Indians of New

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Mexico and Arizona receive annually about \$200,000. With all this before us, why complain of the small expenditure for Mexican boys as named above, and call it an "unwarrantable expenditure of missionary money?"

I HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT PAYS
TO BE GOOD.

I think so yet, in general, but the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico seem to be an exception to the rule. Ever since they have become citizens of our government they have been warm, loyal friends to the government, and generally to the American people, but not so with the Indian. The Indian has been our foe and has generally been on the war path. It is estimated that from 1849, about the time New Mexico was ceded to the United States, until about 1886, he was always on the war path and the Navajos and Apaches alone have cost the United States about \$50,000,000. The government found that it could not whip goodness into him by warfare, it changed its policy toward him and since that has established and sustained schools among them. This is by far the better way. It is far cheaper and a great blessing to the Indian children to be educated. It is supposed to have cost the government only about \$3,000,000 to educate them. Query: Why has the Mexican not been so treated? Because he has not been on the war path; in other words, because he has been good. Been our friend and not our foe. When the government is expending so much money, the people's money, to educate our foes, why not spend a little money to educate the children of our friends?

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Why send our Mexican boys from our Boys' Biblical School to the public school?

I love the public school, but that cannot do for our Mexican boys what we are trying to do for them in our Biblical and Industrial School, or else why has it not done that for the American boys? Have we in the English Mission a single preacher converted in the public schools and developed for the ministry? We have none in the Spanish so developed, but in our Spanish Mission we had last year thirteen preachers from our schools, including three presiding elders. Not only can the most of them preach a good sermon in his own language, teach a public or mission school, play the organ, manage his Sunday school, and if necessary write a good article for the paper, but he can set up the type, make up the forms, read the proof and run off the paper. Also if necessary, use the plow, run a reaper, bale the hay, make adobes and cement crystalized blocks and build a house. But little of this could they learn in the public school, and if their salaries are small in the ministry, they have a chance to supplement them at some other business, and teach their people some other practical things.

Why send our boys to the Presbyterian school, as was suggested? They don't learn all the above named there and if they did they could not take our boys as cheaply as we do. Seven of our boys last year in school are sons of our preachers, and the salaries of our preachers are so small that they cannot afford to pay and so we take them free. Besides that, as poor as we are, we feel our independence, and cannot ask Presbyterians or any other denomination to educate our children.

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A few evenings after it was recommended to close the school, I went into one of the boys' prayer meetings and counted twenty-five praying in Spanish; the next week went into the meeting which was turned into an experience meeting and noticed that there were twenty-seven experiences given, nearly all by the aforesaid boys. A few days after that we organized a temperance society, and thirty-one signed the pledge, promising never to use any strong drink or tobacco; the next organization was a humane society, having for its object the kind treatment of animals, all of the school joined that society except four, and one of the four said he would like to join it, but he was afraid we would not let him kill snakes.

With all the above, coupled with hard study and progress in all the secular as well as Biblical studies, how could we think of closing the school in the middle of the year even if a few of the members of the board of directors and the late bishop did so recommend?

SOME STRIKING RESULTS OF OUR
SCHOOL WORK.

In giving account of his stewardship he wishes to say that he has always worked for results.

We have in our Mission thirteen preachers out of our schools including three presiding elders. One tells me that within the last six years he has received over two hundred and fifty members and probationers, baptized about seventy-five people, performed about twenty-five marriage ceremonies and made progress on every line of his church work. Another has informed me that he has received

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about two hundred, baptized thirty and performed about twenty-five marriage ceremonies and made progress all along the line. Another has received fifty-five, baptized quite a number, helped his people to purchase an organ and to improve the church property several hundred dollars. Another received into the Church forty, raised money to replace the church which was destroyed by the storm, and to improve his church property to about \$250. and edits and publishes on his own press a little Church paper in English and Spanish. Another has managed a strong work, received thirty-five into the Church and kept up all the interests of his Church in good shape and raised money to help build a parsonage which was destroyed by floods. Another has received twenty-six into the Church, kept the church in good shape, and advanced all along the line. The same preacher received the Demorest Medal in an oratorical contest and when he reached home from school, at Mrs. Harwood's suggestion, called a temperance meeting, and he and a few other boys from school delivered their temperance pieces and made converts to the temperance cause. This young preacher's father was at that time a wine seller, quit the business and is now a preacher in charge of important work. Another has not received many members but has charge of a work and does the printing on our "Abogado Cristiano." Another is just finishing up his studies but has charge of a new work near by and is doing well. All the above named except the presiding elders have married young ladies out of the Woman's Home Mission Schools. These women are model house-keepers, and nearly all have taught in public

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and mission schools. Now, right here, we challenge any other school or schools, with all their rich endowments, to present a better showing on the same scale. But the reader will say, "What is it to gain a Mexican convert from Romanism?" Answer: "If you think it easy, come and try it," try it among your own English-speaking people, in your own town or city, for there are many Americans in the Roman Catholic Church, even in Albuquerque.

CORRECTIONS.

Bancroft Library

Rev. A. B. Hyde, D.D., in his beautiful Story of Methodism of 800 pages, published in 1887, devotes twelve pages to Spanish America in which he spares three lines for New Mexico, in which he says: "The Spanish work in New Mexico is in its second year and has 180 members." Only three lines to New Mexico in a large work like that is not fair, but he cheats us out of 18 years of hard work and over a thousand members and probationers. I know I came to New Mexico in 1869, and have been here ever since.

Bishop Simpson, in his Cyclopedia of Methodism, unintentionally, did us an injustice, in saying that "Thomas Harwood and John Steele came to New Mexico in 1872." Rev. John Steele came to New Mexico in 1872, at my solicitation, but I know I came in 1869, , preached at Trinidad on my way and the next Sunday being the last Sunday in October preached at what was then called La Junta, now Watrous. I am specially sensitive on this point because I do not want to be cheated out of my most important work—its beginning. I read in another book, published in 1906, speaking in praise of my

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work, says, that Rev. Thomas Harwood has dedicated fifteen churches and school buildings in the New Mexico Mission." But I had dedicated fifty-five churches and schools at that time, including a few that are in the English Mission, and have dedicated four more since, making fifty-nine.

PERSECUTION AND VIOLENCE.

One preacher was shot and killed on his work, J. F. Tolby, in 1875. A prominent newspaper man, Presbyterian, but at the same time was helping us in our work at Socorro, was shot and killed at our Church door at a Christmas tree gathering, the night of December 24, 1880. His last words were, as I eased him down on the ground, "God have mercy on my soul." A Mexican preacher was shot and badly wounded on returning from his work in 1880. Another, Rev. John Steele, was shot at while working at the carpenter's bench at Peralta, building the church. I think the bullet can still be found in the door. After that he and Ambrosio Gonzales, a Mexican preacher, were riding together in the woods a bullet passed between them and they always thought it was aimed at them. An effort was also made to waylay Mr. Steele at Albuquerque at one of his appointments. See his own account of it in the Minutes of the West Wisconsin Conference, 1906, page 36. Rev. T. M. Harwood and Eustaquio Barela were stoned while preaching in the streets at La Mesilla in 1891. At El Paso after Bishop McCabe had laid the corner stone for our new Spanish Church building it was removed and defaced by the enemies of Protestantism. Also after that the pastor and his wife were stoned sev-

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eral times while holding services in the streets. My own life has been threatened many times, but have never had violent hands laid upon me. In about 1887 while holding a meeting in Taos in a dark alley and at quarterly conference at about 10 o'clock at night there came about twenty men bolting into the door, all armed, and only for the coolness of this writer and the mercies of God, I presume there would have been a general slaughter of us. So thought many of the people after they fairly understood it. At another time while preaching in the court house at Mora, there came in a posse of men, probably fifteen or more, headed by an ex-priest, and made an effort to break up the meeting, but the Lord was with us and permitted no violence. Many other cases might be named and I would not have named the above only that I am giving an account of my stewardship and the account would not be complete without naming some of the above things. It is a wonder that I am not the most hated of all the men in the Territory because of my leadership in the Mission, but I am thankful to be able to believe that there is hardly a Roman Catholic family in the Territory into whose house I would not be courteously received.

COMPARISONS ONCE MORE.

We have often said that the Church that educates will surely win. The Presbyterians are spending a vast amount of money for schools as well as for churches, far more than we are. The following are their statistics so far as we can gather them up for 1906 from their minutes. Their Synod embraces New Mexico and Arizona: Members 5,193;

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Sunday school scholars 5,171; church buildings 69, probable value unknown to me. Of this 1,090 members are Mexican, Indian 1,622, Americans 2,481. In Arizona there seems to be 1,148 American members, Spanish 61, Indians 1,493. In New Mexico 1,333 American, Spanish 1,029, Indians 129; in Arizona they have American scholars in Sunday schools 1854, Spanish 75, Indians 1,016; New Mexico American scholars 1,387, Spanish 824 and no Indians. We would like to give more of the Presbyterian statistics, but they are unavailable, but the above will show they are doing a grand work.

Our totals in the above named territories are as follows: Members and probationers 5,390, Sunday schools 88, scholars 5,210, churches 70, value \$235,000, parsonages 51, value \$674,000. From the above it would seem then that the Methodist work exceeds that of the Presbyterian as follows: Members 197, Sunday school scholars 39 and churches 1. It is remarkable how close we run together, taking the work altogether in the two territories. In Spanish membership we are 1731 ahead, but it is fair to say that their missionary work in the two territories is costing three times as much as ours. We have but very little Indian work and that is among the Jicarilla Apaches, about 150 of those are members and probationers, including the chief and family and many of his relatives.

This brings me down to the present year, 1906-7, a part of which has already been anticipated; and while it has in many respects been the best year in all my ministerial work I give it only a passing note.

1—*Church Dedications.*

Last Sunday at Colorado, near Rincon, assisted

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by Revs. Leandro Fernandez, Ep Flores, Evangelista Candelaria and his father, Rev. Jose Trujillo, I dedicated my 59th church or school building, including one also in California. Four of these this present year, one at Gallina, 15 miles out from Wagon Mound; one at Prado, near Taos; one at San Pablo, near San Luis in Colorado, and the one just named at Colorado, which we bought of the Presbyterians for \$150. They paid that sum for the lots on which the Church and parsonage stand and about \$800 for the Church and parsonage buildings.

On my own district we have secured 22 acres of land, mostly under ditch, for \$375, and put a shingle roof on the Church, making a very pretty home for some good, faithful, energetic preacher. The Church Extension aided us to the amount of \$500. The other Churches were built without aid from the Church Extension, except the one at Colorado. We have asked for \$150 on that, just the cost of the property.

2—Double Work.

For thirty-eight years the Church has never heard me complain of hard work, but I will say, for this past year, having to manage Bro. Salazar's district, the Santa Fe, owing to his prolonged sickness the work has been hard, much of it has to be reached in wagons, buggies, hacks, any way to get over it, yet it has been a pleasure, even to be up in the morning early, often before daylight, breathing the pure air, to preach the gospel to points beyond. Then, it has been a great pleasure to help a sick, worthy man out of his trouble.

I have visited my own district, Arizona and Sonora, as often as my traveling funds would allow,

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about all of it twice, some of it three times and a few places four times, and all of Bro. Salazar's district once, the most of it twice and some of it three times, including his summer school and district conference. I have been on the other districts, El Paso, Albuquerque and Las Vegas a few times, and with the brethren at their summer schools and district conferences, except I failed to reach the summer school at Las Vegas district owing to a misunderstanding about the time. I am glad to say the districts all seem to be in fair condition for Spanish work, and to the writer of this report it seems fortunate that these P. E.'s have been in training for statehood and they are now on tiptoe to be admitted into the union of an Annual Conference relation.

3—*Our School Work Has Already Been Noticed.*

But only for want of time and patience to hear I would like to say more about the great work the W. H. M. S. is doing, at Dulce, the Navajo Mission, Tucson in Arizona and especially at the Harwood Girls' Industrial School in Albuquerque. Also the Boys' Industrial School, 2 1-2 miles on North street, this city. But as some or perhaps all of these will come up at the proper time I need say no more. The other P. E.s will report their own districts when called for. At the Navajo Mission, Miss Mary A. Tripp, the Superintendent of the school and a noble Christian worker, has passed away. This makes six of the elect ladies of the Woman's Home Work who have died out in this field since the society began its work in 1887.

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GOOD BYE

What a privilege to be associated with the good and great of earth. For thirty-eight years my correspondence has run almost as smooth as the unruffled sea, although often plain and pointed, extending through successive intervals with the following Missionary Corresponding Secretaries: Drs. Durbin, Dashiell, Eddy, Fowler, Reid, McCabe Leonard and Carroll; Recording Secretaries Fitzgerald and Baldwin; alone but three. The Corresponding Secretaries of the Board of Church Extension, Drs. Monroe, Kynett, McCabe, Spencer, King and Forbes; all gone but the last named. Also the Bishops who have attended our Conferences, including the Colorado of which I was long a member, Bishops Ames, Janes, Wiley, Simpson, Merrill, Foster, Ninde, Hurst, Joyce, McCabe, and Fitzgerald, all gathered to their home above. How pleasant the thought that hardly an unkind word ever escaped their lips in any of our conferences, so far as I can remember. The same can be said, almost without an exception, of the following named who have attended our Conferences, and are yet living: Bishops Bowman, Andrews, Foss, Fowler, Warren, Goodsell, Merrill, Walden, Vincent, Hamilton, Wilson, Berry and Moore, and at the close of this Conference I hope I will be able to say the same of the present incumbent, our good Bishop Cranston, whom I have long known so well, whose presence used to be a benediction in the sessions of the Colorado Conference and whose presence at our Conference today brings with it pleasant memories of the past. To all of the above named I bid an affection-

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ate farewell, no more to meet at least in my present relation to Church work. And to the superintendents of the English Mission, whose presence in the work was always inspiring as well as the present one, Dr. Blair, I also extend an affectionate farewell. Also to the members of the English Mission, present and absent, as well as to the members of the Spanish, whose sorrows have been my sorrows, whose joys have been my joys, and whose homes, in a large and pleasant sense have been my home, I bid you goodbye.

THOS. HARWOOD.





THE AUTHOR AND THE SKEPTIC.

It was about 1890, I think, preaching at Hillsboro one morning to a small congregation, then a hurried lunch, then I mounted the pony for a ten or twelve mile ride up to Kingston for 2:30 p. m. service, turning the corner, was met by one of the miners who ought to have been to church instead of the saloon, more wordy than brainy, and he wanted to talk with the parson. Of course I was in a hurry, tried to get away from him, but a preacher must be polite even with a drunken man; so I had to wait long enough to hear him try to prove that there is "no God." Or if there is, "He don't care anything about us poor fellows," etc. Of course I must hurry on to my appointment. As I rode along up the canyon, crossing the Percha Creek often, looking at the beautiful scenery, sloping hillsides, towering mountains far away, the fleecy clouds kissing the mountain peaks, etc., the following lines outlined themselves and were afterwards put in the following form and now, with the reader's permission I will reproduce them, not because of their merit, but because of the relief they afforded me, and it may help others.

"Where is now thy God?" Psa. 42:10.

1. Oh where is now thy God?
Thy Maker and thy Friend?
Oh where is He the Holy One?
Who will thy cause defend?
Can you find Him here, or find Him there,
Or find Him anywhere?
2. Oh yes, I find Him in His Word,
I find Him in His works and ways;
I find Him when and where I seek,
I've found Him all my days.
I find Him here, I find Him there;
I find Him everywhere.
3. I find Him in the rippling brooks,
I find Him in the flitting breeze;
I find Him in the solid rocks,
I find Him in the leafy trees, etc.

- 4 I find Him in the tiny flower,
 I find Him on the pebbly beach;
 I find Him in the shady bowers,
 I find Him deep as thought can reach, etc.
5. I find Him in the deep blue sea,
 I find Him in the ocean's tide;
 I find Him in His love for me,
 I find Him in his mercies wide, etc.
6. I find Him in the great blue sky,
 I find Him in the earth below;
 I find Him in the mountains high,
 I find Him in the valleys low.
7. I find Him in the lightning's flash,
 I find Him in the fierce cyclone;
 I find Him in the thunder's crash,
 I find Him in the earthquake's groan, etc.
8. I find Him in the fleecy cloud,
 I find Him in the balmy air;
 I find Him where his people crowd,
 I find Him in their place of prayer, etc.
9. I find Him on his throne on high,
 I find Him coming from above;
 I find Him on the cross expire,
 Not the Father, but the Son of God, etc.
10. I find Him in Redemption's plan,
 Mysterious tho' it be;
 I find Him bringing hope to man,
 His matchless grace to you and me.
11. I find Him down through all the ages,
 In every land and tongue and clime;
 I find Him in the lore of Sages,
 I find Him in the march of time.
12. I find Him out on boundless space,
 On Star, and Sun, and Moon;
 I find Him in a bounding grace,
 In morning prayer, at night, at noon.

13. I find Him in the toils of men,
In study, science, arts;
I find Him in the guided pen,
In printed books, in Christian hearts.
14. I find Him, tho' I know not how,
In commerce, home, abroad;
I find all nations to Him bow,
And own Him Prince, and King and Lord.
15. I find Him as He comes so near,
His loving arms unfold;
I find Him in the falling tear,
More precious than the charms of gold.
16. "Where is thy God?" the sceptic asks,
"He's in my soul," my faith replies;
He'll leave me not while time shall last,
Nor till eternity expires;
I find Him here, I find Him there,
I find Him everywhere.

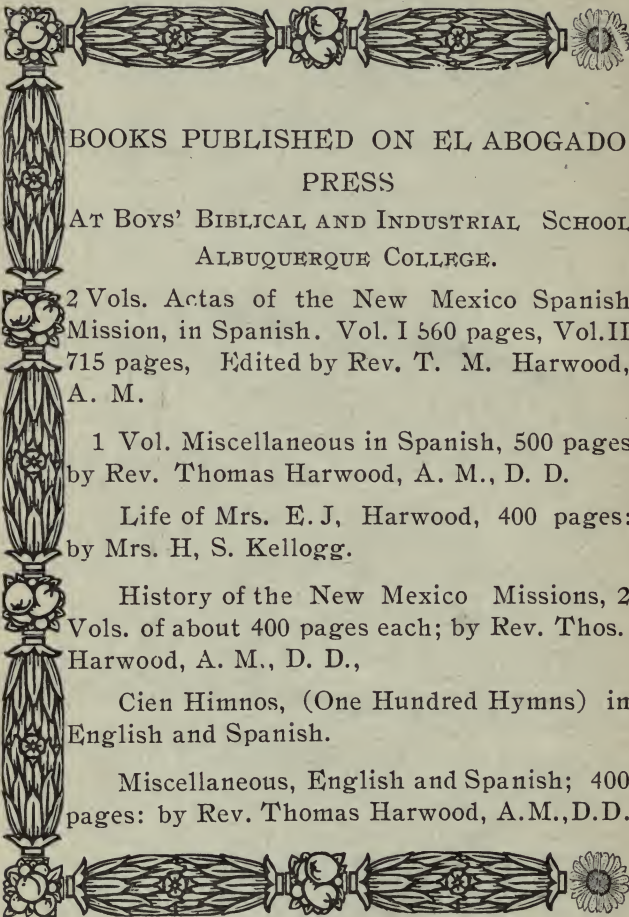
—T. H.

A LAST WORD.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH MISSIONS AND ALL OTHERS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It was almost a quarter of a century ago when you first asked me to write a book, and as one said, "I often heard him relate incidents from his experience and as often urged him to give them permanent form that the world at large might get the inspiration that his telling of these incidents has given me." The task is done. If a task at all, it has been a pleasant one. The most pleasant of my life. The books go out to the light with my prayers and best wishes for the reader.

THE AUTHOR.



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