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Christmanly Yours
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MEMOIRS

OF

DR. WINTHROP HARTLY HOPSON

of Ky.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE,

ELLA LORD HOPSON

of Tenn.



CINCINNATI
STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

1887

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TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. Sally J. Fife,

TO WHOSE WORTH AND LOVING GUIDANCE

HER SON HAS BEEN WONT TO ASCRIBE ALL
THE SUCCESS OF THE LIFE WHICH IT HAS BEEN MY
PLEASURE TO RECORD IN THESE PAGES, THIS VOLUME IS AFFEC-
TIONATELY INSCRIBED. "THE MOTHER IN HER OFFICE
HOLDS THE KEY OF THE SOUL; AND SHE IT
IS WHO STAMPS THE COIN OF
CHARACTER."

ELLA S. HOPSON.

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INTRODUCTION.

More than a year ago I conceived the idea of writing a history of the work of my husband, Dr. W. H. Hopson. I did not at first think of publishing it, but it grew upon my hands until it became a book. It served to while away many a weary hour of the patient invalid, whose life lies wholly in the past.

By the advice of brethren who have published books, I have endeavored to condense as much as possible. I have left out many incidents and the names of hundreds of loved friends, for want of space. One request the Doctor made, that I should not put anything upon record that would convey a censure to any human being, or leave an impression in the mind of any one that he had a feeling of enmity in his heart toward any.

If the book is full of imperfections, and does not meet the expectations of friends, they will remember it was written by a nurse in a sick-room, with constant interruption to wait on the loved invalid, and often with a heart full of unshed tears. Then do not judge too critically. I have left much of his beautiful, sacrificing life for others to portray, and thank them from my heart for their loving and comforting letters, appended in the book.

They show clearly that those who knew him best, and came closest to his inner life, loved him most.

For him the sun of life is setting, but to him in a halo of glory. He has no fear for the future; and, as he slowly drifts from us toward the great ocean of eternity, his hopes brighten, his vision grows clearer, and he realizes more and more what it will be to rest from his labors, with those he loves, in the Paradise of God.

I hope my imperfect tribute of affection to one on whose strong arm I have leaned for thirty-seven years may be read in the spirit of love in which it has been written, and serve to perpetuate the memory of my husband in the hearts of the many he loved so well.

ELLA LORD HOPSON.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 20, 1887.

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LIFE OF DR. W. H. HOPSON.

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Hopson's Birth.—Parentage.—His Father's Removal to Missouri.—From there to Arkansas.—His Being Sent to Carrollton, Ill., to School.—Bro. Henderson's Letter.—His Change to Jacksonville.—Home in Father Stone's Family.—Attends Bonne Femme College, in Boone County.

Dr. Winthrop Hartly Hopson was born near Garrettsburg, Christian county, Kentucky, April 26, 1823. His maternal grandfather moved from North Carolina, in an early day, and located four miles from Hopkinsville, on a farm.

In a short time he was elected County and Circuit Clerk, and removed with his family to Hopkinsville, where he acted in that capacity for many years.

In politics he was a staunch Democrat; in religion, a moralist, believing that an honest man was the noblest work of God. He aimed to obey the Golden Rule, as he understood it, and was just and upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men. He lived and died out of the church.

He was three times married. His first wife was Elizabeth Elliott, of North Carolina. Of this marriage, five daughters and four sons were born. After the death of

his first wife, he married the widow Samuels, who had one daughter, Kitty, by her first marriage. The result of this union was two daughters, Malvina and Lucretia; the latter was burned to death. His second wife did not live long, and he married, the third time, Mrs. Read, a widow with two children. By this union he had five sons and two daughters. The sum total of his family was nineteen children. This was a large-sized family for a new country. He left Hopkinsville in December, 1825, and moved to Callaway county, Missouri, and settled on a farm eight miles from Fulton, on the edge of Nine Mile Prairie, where he lived till his death, in 1831. All of his children, except the one burned, lived to be grown men and women, and all married but two.

Col. Joseph Hopson, Dr. Hopson's paternal grandfather, moved from Henry county, Virginia, in the year 1811, to Christian county, Kentucky. His wife was Miss Sally Boyd, of Virginia, of a wealthy and influential family. Their children were George, Morgan, Samuel, Joshua, Henry, and Mildred.

Dr. Samuel Hopson, the third son, was the father of Winthrop H. Hopson, the subject of these memoirs.

The family were Episcopalians in Virginia, but there being no church of that belief in Christian county, they united with the Methodist Church, in which church Col. Hopson died.

Sally J. Clark was the fourth child of Capt. John Clark, and was born in Hopkinsville, August 23, 1802. She availed herself of the limited advantages offered for procuring an education, and was a good English scholar for that time.

In 1818, when only sixteen years of age, she married Dr. Samuel Hopson, son of Joseph Hopson, and moved

to the country, near Garrettsburg. While living there, two children were born to them, Charles Bingley and Winthrop Hartly, the subject of these memoirs. There was one other brother born afterward, Joseph John, who died young.

Before Winthrop was two years old, his father removed to Montgomery county, Missouri. The trip was at that day an arduous one. In 1825 there were no railroads leading from city to city, giving easy transit for men and goods, but the trip had to be made in wagons overland. Dr. Hopson placed his household goods and servants in good, substantial covered wagons, while he and his wife made nearly all the trip on horseback, Mrs. Hopson carrying Winthrop in her lap.

She had a delightful riding horse, and has often described the trip to me, and told how much she enjoyed it. They camped out at night, having their provisions and cooking utensils with them, so that they were independent of hotels, even if there had been many on the road.

Dr. Hopson did not like his first location, and in about a year he moved to Callaway county, and settled on Heel String, a creek seven miles from Fulton. He lost two servants there, sold his farm to Mr. Yates and moved into Fulton. While living in Fulton, he attended lectures in the medical college of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, when it was in its prime. I have a letter mother wrote him while there. After writing of home life and business, she says: "Winthrop is three years old to-day, and knows all his letters."

His elder brother, Charles, died at four years of age. His younger brother, Joseph, lived to be seven years old, when he too passed away, leaving Winthrop the only child.

He often says he wonders he was not a spoiled child. The reason was that his father was a rigid disciplinarian, and a stern man, and his mother was a conscientious Christian woman, deeply pious and unusually intelligent in the Scriptures. Dr. Hopson has often said that all of good in him is due to that mother's influence and prayers.

In the year 1833 his father moved South, and while they were camping on the Ozark Mountains, the Doctor witnessed that wonderful meteoric shower of November 13th. He said it was the grandest sight he ever saw; the heavens seemed on fire, and the tall, sombre pine forest was ablaze with stars. He only remained a year in the South, when his father sent him to school in Carrollton, Illinois, to Mr. Hinton, a Presbyterian minister of prominence, and widely known as an educator. He remained there two years, boarding in Mr. Hinton's family.

While there, his father moved back to Fulton, finding the climate of the South did not agree with him or his family. Winthrop made them a visit while at Carrollton. He went on horseback, and alone, from there to Fulton, Missouri. He reached home safely, with many adventures to relate.

From Carrollton he was sent to Jacksonville. I am indebted to Bro. D. P. Henderson for the following information in regard to that period of his life :

“CANTON, MO., Feb. 11, 1887.

“*Dear Sister Hopson* :—I can only say, in answer to questions you propound, that Dr. Hopson, your husband, was the inmate of Barton W. Stone's family when I first became acquainted with him. He was a student in the Illinois College, attended the meetings held by the members of the Church of Christ in Jacksonville, became interested, and publicly made confession of his faith in Christ, and was immersed and united with the church August 1, 1836. Bro. S. S. Church and Bro. Hopson were both

immersed. I think that Bro. Hopson was baptized before Bro. Church. He was about fourteen years old at this time."

Bro. Henderson baptized both Bro. Church and Dr. Hopson, he being the baptist of the church, elected to that office by the church.

Winthrop remained in Jacksonville nearly two years, when, on account of the excitement growing out of political troubles, culminating in the destruction of the press and office of Lovejoy & Co.—in Alton, I think—his father sent for him to return home. He was at once placed at Bonne Femme College, near Columbia, Boone county. While there, he boarded in the family of Bro. Austin Bradford, where he was under constant religious influence.

Elder T. M. Allen lived in the neighborhood, and became the warm friend of and model man for the young student. Time cemented the friendship, which lasted during the long life of that man of God.

It was during this formative period of his character that he was under the teaching and influence of such men of power and piety as B. W. Stone, T. M. Allen, Joel Hayden, Jacob and Joseph Coons, Francis Palmer, Marcus Mills, Absalom Rice, Wm. Davis, and Bro. Douglass. In Missouri these men were the pioneers of and co-workers in the grandest reformation since the days of the apostles. The reformation of Luther took the church from creed to creed. The reformation preached by these men of God took men from human creeds and dogmas to the Bible.

Having grown to manhood under such teaching as fell from the lips of these men, is it any wonder that he became the stern and uncompromising advocate of truth which he has always been ?

CHAPTER II.

Finishes His Education at Columbia College, under Profs. Roach and Thomas, when only Seventeen.—Called to Preach.—Spends a Few Months Reading the Bible with Bro. Abram Miller.—Joins Bro. Samuel Rogers.—Bro. Rogers' Letter.

Dr. Hopson was always a good student. He commenced the study of Latin at eight years of age, under Prof. Dunlap, and at seventeen finished his Greek and Latin course under Profs. Roach and Thomas, at Columbia College, out of which grew up the State University from which he afterward received the degree of A. M.

Here he closed his scholastic life. At this time the older brethren thought the church demanded that young men of talent and education should be brought forward, and urged him to devote his life to the ministry.

His father, who had become a Christian but a short time before this, was opposed to his taking the step. He was proud of his son, and ambitious that he should make his mark in the world. He had made arrangements for him to enter the office of Geyer & Bates, of St. Louis, to study law, as soon as he left college. It cost Winthrop a severe struggle to disappoint his father, as well as to silence the cravings of his own ambition. On the one side were worldly honor, fame, distinction, pecuniary profit, while the other offered neither emolument nor worldly glory, but a hand-to-hand fight with contumely, reproach, persecution, and poverty.

The Christians were at this time few, and a despised

people. They were ostracized from all communion with their religious neighbors. They were called Campbellites, Stoneites, New Lights, anything but the name they chose to wear and strove to honor.

But few young men who enter the ministry to-day can appreciate the sacrifice he was called upon to make. After prayerful consideration, he decided to devote his life to preaching the gospel. There were no Bible Colleges then, to train young men for usefulness; his only chance was to sit at the feet of some godly man, who was able to teach others how to tell the story of the cross. He spent several months with Bro. Abram Miller, of Millersburg, Callaway county, learning what to preach, speaking as opportunity offered. I take pleasure in letting the old veteran of the cross, Bro. Samuel Rogers, introduce Dr. Hopson to our readers as he was in 1840, in his eighteenth year :

“ About this time I was approached by a tall, spare youth of about eighteen summers, neat in his attire; graceful, gentle, and dignified in his bearing; with an intelligent eye and charming voice—altogether such a one as would at once command respect, and, at the same time, excite the suspicion of the beholder that he might be a scion of the stock of F. F. V.'s of old colonial days.

“ He bore letters from Abram Miller, of Millersburg, Callaway county, recommending him to me as a pious youth, who desired to devote his life to the work of the ministry, and who wished to place himself under my care. He brought letters also highly commendatory to Philip Miller, then of Franklin county. Philip Miller was a man of great goodness of heart, but very plain-spoken, and sometimes blunt, almost offensively so. When the young man approached Miller, he was busy shaving shingles, and, as if to test him, was asked the very blunt question: ‘Young man, do you think you are of any account? Can you shave shingles?’ ‘I suppose I can,’ was the reply. ‘Well,’ said Miller, ‘take off your coat, and try.’ The youth, nothing daunted, threw off his coat, took hold of the drawing-knife with his white, ten-

der hands, and went to work as if he had served an apprenticeship at the business of shingle making.

“A few minutes satisfied Miller that the handsome youth was no humbug, so he urged him to resign the knife, saying, ‘That will do, sir.’ This, to us, appears a trifling incident; but it was enough to endear the youth to Philip Miller for life—it was the beginning of a lasting friendship. Years afterward I heard Philip Miller tell how his admiration had been excited by the simple determination expressed on this occasion by the youth, and how his sympathies had been aroused by the discovery of great blisters, which the knife had raised on his delicate hands.

“This young man placed himself under my care for the purpose of training himself to the hardships of the Christian warfare; and I take pleasure in bearing witness that this young Timothy served his father for two years as faithfully and lovingly as any Timothy could serve. At first I put him to blowing and striking for me—to use a blacksmith’s phrase—but, finding him a young man of great promise, I put him in the lead, requiring him to deliver the opening discourses generally, while I followed with exhortation. I have had a long and varied experience in helping young men into usefulness, but have never been better satisfied with the progress of any man with whom I have associated than the young man, Winthrop H. Hopson.

“His discourses were finely arranged, quite logical, clear and forcible. They were always delivered in the finest language, yet presented in a manner so simple that a child could comprehend them. On this account I generally put him forward to preach the sermons, and I followed with exhortations. In this way we labored together with great profit, for his forte was preaching; mine, exhortation. We always traveled together, and, in the circuit of four or five counties, accomplished a grand and glorious work, which eternity alone can fully reveal.

“The old men of to-day dwell with animation upon the transactions of those primitive times, when I did the grubbing and Winthrop piled the brush; or, when Winthrop made the log heaps, and I fired them; or, in a different phrase, they speak of his shooting with a rest, always hitting the mark, and of my shooting off-hand, taking the game on the wing. These phrases, homely though they may be, very aptly describe the manner of our work. This very difference in manner and method gave efficiency to our labors, and made each more useful to the other-

Our union was sweet, and our harmony complete throughout the campaign. Winthrop sat at my feet, like a little child, to receive, both by precept and example, all I had to give that would make him useful in the vineyard of his Master; and I sometimes found it profitable to reverse the order and become his pupil. Him I found to be an accomplished scholar, and I knew myself to be very defective, even in the King's English, so I requested him to criticise and correct me when there should be a necessity for it, and to do this without hesitation. This he did; but with a manner so humble and gracious as to make me feel that my fault was a virtue. Dear boy, how I loved him!

"I have said he was always neat in his dress, and dignified in his bearing. Owing to this fact, many poor people appeared a little shy of him on first acquaintance. To live in log cabins and dress in homespun was the style in those days in that country. When entering the cabins of these lowly people, Winthrop was quick to detect the cause of shyness on the part of the inmates, and always ready to remove it by his easy, gentle way of making himself at home, and appearing as if he had been used to nothing better all his life. He was a very magnet to little children, and possessed that rare faculty of remembering their names, so that, meet them where he might, he would address them by their proper names, and make them feel easy in his presence. He was never vulgarly familiar with any one, old or young, and was never guilty of using slang phrases, and could not be tempted to approach even the precincts of a conversation vulgar or smutty. When he entered a house, it seemed to be his first study to avoid giving trouble to any one. Winthrop H. Hopson had then, and now has, the appearance of being stiff and proud; but this is only the man as he appears to the stranger. Let him come near to you, and all this appearance of haughtiness and pride will vanish, for it is, like beauty, only skin deep. To know him and to love him, your acquaintance must extend beneath the surface. I wish the young men of this day, who have not one-half so much to puff them up with pride as he had, were as humble and teachable as he. Being handsome and accomplished, and belonging to a family which took rank among the best of that country, or any other country, it is not strange that he should have been greatly loved and honored by the young and old of all classes. But it is passing strange that his head should not have been a little turned by the attentions and compliments he received. I never knew

him to compromise his dignity in any manner; what is better, he maintained a pure and spotless character.

“Winthrop prudently avoided the meshes of matrimony, as well as every appearance of the kind, until after our separation; then he married a charming Christian girl whom I had baptized—Rebecca Parsons, the fourth daughter of Col. James Parsons.

“There are those, perhaps, who may think that I should not have said so much about my Timothy. But such persons must know that what I have said is specially for the benefit of young preachers, who, when they read this, may take my boy preacher for a pattern. I do not know that what I am writing will ever see the light; lest it should, I must add a few more words upon the same subject, and for the same purpose.

“No loving son could be more attentive to the wants of a father than was Winthrop to mine. On stopping for the night, his first and unceasing care was my comfort. I must be first seated, have the best chair, and have it in the best place. If there were two beds offered us, I must have choice; or, if we had to occupy the same bed, I must have choice of sides. In those days money was scarce, and came to us in small installments. When money was offered to him, he was in the habit of refusing it, as I learned, by saying: ‘I am young, and have no family; I can get along without it. Give it to Uncle Sam, he has a large family to support, and needs all he can get.’ Thus he was ever regarding my welfare, and, in his unselfishness, forgetting his own comfort and convenience.

“On one occasion, when we were going to an appointment on the head waters of the Burbois River, we came to a tributary that was so swollen by recent rain that we were unable to ford it, and our embarrassment was increased by the fact that the canoe was on the other side. Winthrop, without a word, stripped himself, plunged into the turbid stream, and brought the canoe over, so that we were enabled to get across in good plight and meet our engagement promptly. How all this contrasts with that class of coarse, ill-bred young men, who act as if they suppose people will not hold them in honor unless they are peevish, fretful, fault-finding, and troublesome in general.

“Thirty years full of import, full of change and disappointment, have been numbered with those beyond the flood, since Winthrop and I traversed the Missouri hills and valleys together, bearing the joyful tidings of peace and love to the listening mul-

titudes. But the results of the work begun by us will never pass away. At this distance from the scene, it were vain for me to attempt a description in detail of the work that was accomplished. Whole communities almost were turned from the service of sin unto the service of the living God. Where only the song of the reveler had been before, you could now hear songs of praise. Family after family was completely transformed. I have reason to think that when Winthrop and I get home we will find a blessed congregation of those dear souls who were brought to Christ under our preaching, waiting for us at the gate."

This is the only picture of Dr. Hopson at the time he first began to preach. This is from the pen of the dear old man who loved his son Timothy till the end of his life. The above extract is from Bro. Samuel Rogers' "Toils and Struggles of the Olden Times," edited by his son, Elder John I. Rogers. It is a book that should be in every Christian's library. The lives of saints should be precious in the eyes of the people of God.

CHAPTER III.

State of the Church.—His Father's Loss of Property.—Opposed to his Preaching; Insists on his having a Profession besides.—He Selects Medicine.—Married.—His Father Dies.—He Becomes a Farmer.—Death of his Wife.—Removal to Fayette, Howard county.—Joel H. Hayden.—Alex. Procter.—Second Marriage.—Death of his Wife.—Visit to Dubuque, Iowa, with Bro. D. P. Henderson.—Robt. B. Fife, of St. Louis, Marries his Mother.

At the time Dr. Hopson became a minister of the gospel, the new religion on the old plan had just emerged from the mists of sectarianism; it was in its infancy. The gospel plan of salvation had to win its way into the hearts of the people; men had to be converted, churches organized, sectarian ignorance and bigotry had to be overcome. There were no salaries waiting for preachers, but there were wide prairies to be ridden over in the heat of summer, and cold of winter; there were rivers to swim, and privations of every sort to be endured, and all for the love of Christ and His word.

During the first seven years he preached he received four hundred dollars. In addition to this, a good sister would now and then present him with a pair of socks or jeans pants.

About this time his father lost his investments in the South, through the failure of those indebted to him, and, knowing he would be unable to assist his son, he urged upon him the necessity of having a profession to fall back

upon. He well knew that he would not be supported as a preacher in that early day. He selected medicine as preferable to any other, and attended several courses of lectures in St. Louis, where, in 1848, he graduated with a large class, among whom were numbered Drs. Hodgens, Maughs, and many others who became prominent and successful physicians. The eccentric Dr. Joseph N. McDowell was president of the college at the time.

In 1844 he married Miss Rebecca Parsons, an amiable, lovely girl. His father died not many months after his marriage, and he at once removed his widowed mother to his home, and cared for her tenderly.

While attending lectures in St. Louis, he preached for the church one winter, when Bro. Jacob Creath, Jr., was ill, and one winter for Bro. Patten, who died soon after. During this time he made the acquaintance of Elder Robt. B. Fife, who subsequently became his step-father.

After his marriage he became a farmer, as well as physician and minister. We visited that neighborhood in 1875, and saw many of the children of those who knew the Doctor, and loved him well. They said his influence was still felt in the community, and his name was a household word among them.

His dream of happiness was brief. In a little over two years death invaded his home, and took from it its brightest treasure. The death of his wife was a heavy blow to him. He was preëminently a domestic man, and loved his home better than any place on earth. Now everything was changed: the same stroke that took from him his companion, took his home also. His father-in-law had never deeded to his daughter the place that he had given them to live on, and at her death it and the servants returned to the former owner.

As soon as Dr. Hopson could settle up his business, he left that county and moved with his widowed mother to Fayette, Howard county, where he established himself in the practice of his profession, preaching as he had opportunity.

While living in Fayette, the Doctor was an intimate friend of Dr. Saltonstall, who was step-father of Bro. J. W. McGarvey. Here is where he first met and formed a friendship for that worthy son of a noble Christian mother.

During the last years of Dr. Hopson's residence in Fayette, Bro. Alexander Procter lived at the home of the venerable Joel Hayden. He was genial, companionable, and beloved by all, and a special favorite with Sister Hayden, who was a warm friend of young preachers. The Doctor always enjoyed a visit to the old homestead so much. She looked upon "Winthrop" as her own child. I have often heard her relate how she and Dr. Hopson's mother used to go to church where they had all-day meetings, and Sister Hayden, who had a son a few months older than Winthrop, would stay out of doors in the morning and nurse the two babies, and Mrs. Hopson would take care of them in the evening, until the little fellows hardly knew which mother to claim. I look back with heartfelt pleasure on the weeks spent in their beautiful country home near Fayette. Their hospitality was unstinted, and their house was always filled with welcome guests. There the old found companionship; and the young, counsel and encouragement. This was thirty-six years ago, and all the dear old people have passed through the gates ajar, and are resting, waiting for our coming when we, like them, shall have finished our work.

While living in Fayette, he married his second wife, Miss Caroline Gray, a refined and cultured lady, daughter of James Gray, who died in Callaway county. Of her, Bro. D. P. Henderson says :

“ I met Bro. Hopson in Fayette, in June, 1848. He had recently married his second wife, with whom I had formed an acquaintance in Jacksonville, Ill., during a visit she was making to Bro. Stone's family. She attended a protracted meeting which I held near Franklin, Morgan county, and I had the pleasure of immersing her and receiving her into the Church of Christ. She and Dr. Hopson met myself and family and gave us a Christian greeting, and had, in anticipation of our arrival, secured a home for us with Bro. Wm. C. Boone, cashier of the bank in Fayette.

“ Bro. Hopson exacted a promise from me to attend the State meeting in October following. After filling various appointments and attending the State meeting in Illinois, I returned in time for the meeting in Fayette, and again had the pleasure of meeting Bro. H. and enjoying his society, and mingling with many of the preachers and brethren from various parts of the State. At that time he was resident minister. The church in Fayette were devoted to Bro. Hopson and his amiable sister wife, and it was a feast of joy to mingle with such pious, unselfish Christian people.

“ I visited monthly and preached for the church, during which period Bro. Hopson's large practice in his profession of medicine gave him little time for religious and social intercourse. Those happy days were short-lived, and the angel of death entered Bro. Hopson's home for the second time, tore from his arms the one who loved him dearly, and left him with an infant daughter six months old.

“ The brethren in Dubuque, Iowa, had for a long time urged me to make them a visit, and hold for them a meeting, urging me to bring with me Bro. S. S. Church, of St. Louis, when they knew it was not possible for Bro. Church to comply with their request; and I urged Bro. Hopson to go with me. The death of his wife changed all his plans, and, after long and careful consideration, he decided to accompany me to Dubuque, where, as you well know, our joint labor gave not only satisfaction to the church but to the people generally. I had the pleasure of introducing him to all my friends, and also yourself, from which time we were

thrown into separate fields of labor, and had but little opportunity for intercourse.

“For Bro. Hopson I have always felt a very great interest. I regarded him as the finest speaker I knew in all our ranks, of polished, elegant manners, a memory faultless, courage undaunted, unflinching in what he believed to be true, and devoted to his friends. *He knows*, and will carry with him into the spirit world, *that knowledge that I loved him*, and was always *his friend* and Christian brother.

“My prayers shall always go up to our Father in heaven for the richest blessings to be granted to him. Give Bro. Hopson my kindest, tenderest Christian love. Tell him I shall cherish his memory the few fleeting days I remain on this earth, and we shall meet with the loved ones, I trust, ‘over there,’ who are watching and waiting at the ‘Beautiful Gate.’”

Bro. Henderson has thus kindly furnished me with another link in the life of my husband. In addition to this, I find the following in his own handwriting in a blank book :

“In September, 1849, I relinquished the practice of medicine and gave myself up to the ministry. The fall of that year I spent in Kentucky, and did not commence the work properly till 1850. On the following pages I record the number of additions at the different meetings I may hold during the year: January—At Fayette, 1; at Lexington, Mo., 33; at Dover, 17. March—At Fayette, 4; St. Louis, 6. April—At Dubuque, 26, among them Mrs. Ella L. Chapell, Judge Henry, Mrs. King, Sarah Apsey, daughter of a Methodist minister. July—At Springfield, Mo., 12; at Brunswick, 2, one a niece of Gen. Price.”

Making 101 additions the first seven months of his new work.

Some time after his second marriage, Bro. Robt. B. Fife, of St. Louis, called upon him, asking his consent to marry his mother. The Doctor was highly amused, and told Father Fife he certainly had no objection to taking him for a father, and thought he and his mother were old

enough to settle the matter without his interference. They were married shortly afterward. After marriage, his mother moved to St. Louis, and, after the death of his wife, his little girl was committed to the care of his wife's sister, Mrs. Mary Bailey, of Fulton, Mo., where she remained until after our marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

Meeting in Dubuque, Iowa.—Result of the Meeting.—My Conversion and Baptism, and our Subsequent Marriage.

In the month of April, 1850, Bro. Henderson and Dr. Hopson visited Dubuque, Iowa. Bro. Henderson alluded to that visit in the letter of the preceding chapter. They found a few faithful Disciples struggling for religious life and recognition. Brethren Mobley, Henderson (a brother of Bro. D. P. Henderson), McDaniel, Hardy, Bennet, Gilliam, with their noble Christian wives, and a few others, had been for many years letting their light shine amid the theological darkness of that city.

Dr. Hopson, in his report of the meeting at Dubuque, has introduced me to the readers of this book. I hope no one will think me indelicate in giving a history of this meeting, to me the most important event of my life. The brethren had taken great pains to advertise the coming of the two evangelists. Their expected advent threw the shepherds of the various ecclesiastical flocks into great consternation. Meetings were commenced in nearly all the churches of the city, so as to prevent, if possible, any stray sheep from falling into the clutches of the "wolves in sheep's clothing."

I was a member at that time of the Congregationalist Church. A week before the meeting was to begin at the Christian Church, our minister announced to his congregation that he would deliver a series of discourses, be-

ginning the next night, in which he would expose the errors of Alexander Campbell, and thus effectually spike the gospel guns of the coming propounders of the schismatical and damning doctrines of that great deceiver. We were glad to know that we had in our little church the David that could demolish the great Goliath of error. For six nights we listened to our preacher. He held in one hand "King James'" translation of the New Testament, and in the other Campbell, Maeknight and Doddridge's translation. He showed us how wicked and sacrilegious a man was, who dared to differ from the accepted version.

Of course, we at once agreed with our minister that Alexander Campbell was a vandal and an apostate, and should be put under the ban religiously, with all who were weak or wicked enough to be deceived by his teaching. He closed his lectures by telling us not to go near those wolves in sheeps' clothing; they would deceive the very elect.

I have no doubt that from every pulpit in the city the same anathemas were thundered.

Under these auspices the evangelists began their meeting. For a week I heard nothing of it, until one morning I entered my school-room and found my pupils in a warm discussion, in which such words as Campbellites, water-dogs, were freely used. The noise ceased upon my entrance, but traces of anger remained on the faces of some of the larger pupils. I forbade any religious discussion on the premises. I soon found that I had several small wolves among my best pupils. I knew nothing of the people except what our preacher told us, and was under the impression that they baptized in the name of

Alexander Campbell, and had to be immersed every time they committed a sin.

One reading this may say such ignorance was unpardonable. I almost believe so myself. There was a church in our midst that taught the truth. Every Lord's day they met and attended to the ordinances of the Lord's house. I was too proud to seek there for the light, not thinking that we were commanded to "prove all things," and "hold fast that which is good." I looked with pity, and almost contempt, upon the few poor, deluded people who were willing to meet every Lord's day in the little, humble stone church. What had I to do with the poor, despised publicans? Alas! to what a contemptible pass do we allow pride and prejudice to lead us!

Some of my young friends attended the meetings and became deeply interested. They insisted so strongly on my going once, at least, that I consented, but notified them that I should secure the first vacant seat, and that no doubt they would be plentiful. When we entered the church at an early hour, I looked for a vacant seat, and close behind the door sat our preacher. He had come for the wolves to catch him too! I can never tell the shock his presence gave me; my feelings were first mortification, then distrust, then loss of faith in the man. I looked around on the audience; every church in the city was well represented, and I was glad to drop into a seat the third pew from the pulpit. Soon the aisles were filled, and many were turned away for want of room. Thirty-five happy disciples were seated, with smiling faces, among the audience. Eternity can never wipe out the memory of the next twenty-four hours; the destiny of my soul hung in the balance. Thirty-six years have

passed, but Memory's tablet is filled with living pictures of those moments.

After the singing of one or two songs, the two ministers entered the pulpit. The opening exercises were brief. I did not notice them particularly till I heard the voice of one of them reading a hymn. Such a voice is not often heard; any one who listened to Bro. Henderson thirty years ago will attest this. I do not remember the hymn he read; I was busy thinking about that other preacher who was hiding behind the door. Bro. Henderson called on Dr. Hopson to pray, and when he arose I saw for the first time the man who was to influence my future life so greatly.

Some have asked me, Did you not feel some premonition that, in some way, your lives were to be united? Never; he seemed no more to me than the brother by his side, and both were removed leagues from me by religious prejudice.

It was Bro. Henderson's night to preach, but he was quite hoarse, and was unable to do so. Dr. Hopson addressed the audience. His sermon was on the "Division of the Word of Truth," or the proper manner of studying the Bible. In a few minutes, in spite of my vexation, I was listening to the strange story that the Bible, like any other book of instruction, had a design, and that any one studying it with this idea before him, could readily understand its teachings. He divided the Book according to dispensation, subject and character, and said if any one would keep these in view when reading, he could not mistake the plan of salvation.

There had been three dispensations—the Patriarchal from Adam to Moses; the Jewish, from Mount Sinai to Pentecost, and since then the Christian. Under the Pa-

triarchal, the head of the family was the priest to offer sacrifice for himself and household; under the Jewish, which grew out of the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, the priesthood was changed, and Aaron and his sons became priests to offer blood for the people. The head of the family must now bring his blood to the priest, and not dare to offer for himself or his family. After the Jewish dispensation had accomplished the purpose for which it was set up, it passed away to make room for the Christian dispensation, in which the Gentile nations were to be included. The ponderous ritual of the Jews' religion was to be exchanged for simple worship. The sacrifices, the priesthood itself, so far as human priests were needed, was to be done away. The blood of Christ was to procure pardon, instead of the blood of animals slain by human hands. The clash of cymbals, the timbrel, the harp, the stringed instruments, the organ, the sound of the trumpet, the dance, all were to pass away with the dispensation which was, more or less, a religion of the flesh. The law was nailed to the cross, and a new and living way was consecrated for us. Christ Himself became the mediator of a better covenant, and every follower of His becomes a king and priest unto God.

While the dispensations have changed, the principle underlying them has not. Under the Patriarchal, there was faith in God, sorrow for sin, obedience to a positive institution, and the offering of blood. Under the Jewish, the same thing prevailed—faith, obedience and offering of blood; the priesthood was changed, the commandments were changed, but the principle was still the same. Under the Christian, the objects of faith are increased. The Patriarchs and Jews believed in God, and worshiped Him; we must believe in God, and that He sent His only

begotten Son into the world to save sinners. The commandments have changed: the blood is different, but the principle remains—faith, obedience and blood.

SUBJECT.

We should take all or nothing that is said upon a given subject. Take justification. By what are we justified? The Bible says we are justified by faith, justified by grace, justified by the life of Christ, by His blood, justified by Christ, justified by God, justified by works. One of these propositions is as true as the other. If we are not justified by all, we are by none.

SAVED.

We are saved by grace, by hope, by the gospel, by the life of Christ, by faith, by the death of Christ, by confession, by calling on the name of the Lord, saved by baptism. The Bible says all these things save us, but there are thousands of people in the church who do not believe the last proposition, and say that baptism is not essential to salvation; just as well say that faith, calling on the name of the Lord, or grace, is unnecessary, as that baptism is. The same Holy Spirit that said one, said all.

CHARACTER.

There were three characters in the New Testament who asked the question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

1. The unbelieving jailer, a pagan, and worshiper of false gods. Paul preached to him, he believed, repented (for he washed their stripes) and was baptized.

2. On the day of Pentecost, when the Jews heard these words they were pierced to their hearts (this was faith), and cried out, "What shall we do?" Peter said, "Repent and be baptized."

3. Christ appeared to Saul of Tarsus, to make him an

apostle. It was necessary that he should see Christ after he had risen from the dead, in order to be a witness of His resurrection. No doubt he had often seen Christ in his walks about Jerusalem. He was a very pious Jew, but a very wicked persecutor of the Christians, hunting them from city to city to put them to death. Before Saul could commence his work, he must be made a Christian. This vision of Christ produced faith, and when the risen Saviour charged him with persecuting Him, it smote him to the heart, and he cried out in bitter repentance, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Saul, I can not tell any man what to do for remission of sins. I have sent men out to teach all nations. "Go to Damascus, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." Christ did not say: "Saul, you can do it if you like, or not; if it is perfectly convenient," but "what thou *must* do." When the Christian teacher, Ananias, came and found this pious Jew praying, what did he say? "Pray on, brother Saul, peradventure God will pardon you; I will pray for you?" Nay; all he said was: "Saul, why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord," in addition to your prayers to God.

The unbeliever had three things to do: first, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; second, to repent; third, to be baptized. The believing Pentecostians were commanded to "repent and be baptized," as the preaching of Peter had already made them believe; they had two things to do. Saul did believe, did repent, and had but one thing that he must do—be baptized.

For over an hour the speaker held the audience spell-bound by his eloquent and forcible presentation of the truth. For ten years I had been in Saul's condition.

My family were all devoted Baptists, and when the yearly protracted meetings were held I was always at my place on the mourner's-bench, crying, like Saul, for mercy. I was taught that God was very angry with me, and that when, by tears and strong cries, I had appeased His wrath, He would send His Holy Spirit down and in some tangible way make me conscious that my sins were forgiven. Still I was impressed that there was something for me to do. I would ask the aged man of God, "What must I, what can I do to be forgiven?" Without an exception the answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved." I know I wanted to believe, I prayed that I might believe, and I thought I did believe. I do not think I can remember the time when I did not believe and love God and Christ, yet no peace came.

The minister closed his sermon with a touching appeal to sinners. I do not remember the song, nor the benediction; I felt as one walking in a dream. I had never seen a Christian preacher, nor ever heard a gospel sermon before. My only thought was, Can this be true? Can we understand the Bible for ourselves? I was anxious to be at home, with my Bible in my hand, to see if these things were so. I read the "Acts of the Apostles" through twice, before I retired. It was all there, just as the preacher had said. No word was taken from, nor one added, and for the first time in my life I understood the scheme of redemption.

I felt satisfied with myself; I had believed, I had repented, I had been baptized (so I thought), though there was not much water there when the act was performed. Then with this new light I could walk bravely on in my Christian life, and read and interpret the divine word for

myself. I never once dreamed that added light would send me adrift from all my old moorings.

The next day was the Sabbath, as I had been taught to call it; and, thank God, it was the last Sabbath I slept in the tomb of sectarianism. I remained at home until evening, reading the new revelation; but, in the midst of my rejoicing, there came a sudden thought. Is it possible that these contemned people are right, and all these denominations that I have known from childhood are wrong? It was a startling idea to one who had never heard of the Christian Church, but always heard it called Campbellite or New Light.

I tried to console myself with the thought that, so I was in the church, it did not matter what branch I belonged to, as all worshipers of every nation, kindred and tongue belonged to the invisible church of God. Thus firmly settled that all was well with me, and, strong in the armor of sectarian prejudice, I sought an interview with a lady belonging to the contemned sect, whose acquaintance I had made without knowing her religious status, until I saw her in church among the members. I found her at home, and pleased to see me, expressing her gratification that I was at church the night before. Without any preliminaries, we entered at once upon the discussion of our different views religiously. Each of us had a Testament. Step by step she drove me from what I thought my impregnable position.

Just as we were in the height of our argument, visitors were announced, and the two preachers entered the parlor. After an introduction, Sister C. stated my difficulties to Bro. Henderson. His clear and concise reasoning soon demolished my last stronghold, and, humiliated and mortified, I rose to leave. Mrs. C. asked me if I would like

for her to call for me to go to church with her. I could scarcely repress the tears of vexation, and steady my voice enough to decline her invitation.

I went home, thanking that other preacher in my heart that he forbore to say a word. He did not even seem to have heard the conversation.

When church time arrived, a spirit of perversity seized me, and I determined to go to meeting that night to show those people I was not afraid of their sons of thunder. I thought I was satisfied that "any application of water to the person in the name of the Trinity" was baptism, and that I was as much a member of the body of Christ as any of the new sect.

Dr. Hopson preached that night on the conversion of the eunuch. His first point was, The qualification of the preacher. The second, the ignorance of the eunuch. Third, Jesus only was preached, and fully. Fourth, where learned the eunuch of water? Fifth, the confession and its meaning. Sixth, did he rejoice before or after his baptism? Seventh, was he pardoned or not? Eighth, if I baptize a man on that confession, will I do right or wrong? Whom shall we trust if we believe not Jesus Christ? "If I do wrong, Philip did wrong, and the Holy Spirit did wrong, for He directed the evangelist in every act."

For the first time in my life I heard of a scriptural mode of baptism. "They both went down into the water, and he baptized him; and when they came up out of the water he rejoiced." I was stripped of my baptism, and, of course, of my church; for, if I had not been baptized, I was not in the Church of Christ, nor could I be. I had never gone down into the water, nor been buried or planted with Christ in the likeness of his death.

When the preacher closed his sermon amid breathless silence, the invitation hymn was sung. I walked forward the first one that night to take a stand upon the Bible alone. I had no thought of such a step until conscience and conviction forced me to it. I did not desire to take the step; I knew it would meet the condemnation of every relative and friend I had in the world. I should leave a popular and influential church, to connect myself with a despised and ostracised people. The struggle was short. Christ, peace, and infinite rest was what I sought, and I left all, if need be, to gain it.

I was immersed by Dr. Hopson Monday morning following, and from that hour till now I have never had the shadow of a religious doubt, and have rejoiced in the truth always.

The meeting continued two weeks, and it was a perpetual love-feast with the brethren. Their houses were thrown open, and the new converts were made to feel welcome and at home in their new relation. Bro. Henderson and wife were a nucleus for many social gatherings, while the silent Doctor seemed to be a looker-on rather than a participant.

“Did you not fall in love with Dr. Hopson, when you learned he was a widower?” No, I can not say that I did. I will give you several reasons: First, he was a minister. For many years of my life my father had lived next door to a Baptist parsonage. I had seen the deprivations and makeshifts of a preacher’s wife and family, and had long ago made up my mind that I would never marry a preacher. Then he was a doctor. I thought that next to preaching, it was the poorest calling. If he did not starve his family, he would be bringing all sorts of diseases home to them—measles, scarlet fever, whoop-

ing-cough, small pox. No, I could never marry a doctor! Worse than these, he was a Mason. If there was anything intolerable, it would be to have your husband go to the lodge two or three times a week, and be in the possession of a secret you could never buy nor beg from him. Then, in addition to all these objections, he was a widower. To do him justice, I really thought that what there was left of him after subtracting these four objections, was very good; but it was clearly not a case of love at first sight.

Of one thing I am sure—that we did not have any time for talking until the meeting closed; his conversation was nearly always directed to the gentlemen. The meeting closed, and the next day was fixed for the departure of the Evangelist. When the down boat reached Dubuque, some of the machinery was broken, and she had to lay up for repairs. The next two days were spent by a large company of the members visiting points of interest in the vicinity of the city. I was fortunate enough to be among the number, and still more fortunate in having the silent Doctor for my especial escort. We had a delightful time, and spent the whole day in rambling over hills and eating dinner. I enjoyed it very much, and almost lost sight of the four objections, but not quite. On consulting my feelings some four months afterward, and comparing them with those at that time, I feel quite sure I was not in love then.

The brethren left Dubuque April 29th. Dr. Hopson asked permission to write to me. We agreed to correspond, the result of which was a proposal of marriage, about the 1st of August, which, with my usual good sense, I accepted, the four objections notwithstanding. Distance had reduced their size wonderfully. His next

letter asked me to set a time for our union. I named April, 1851. He wrote, in answer, that he would be in Dubuque the first day of October, and I must be ready to return to Missouri with him, giving me three weeks to get ready.

He arrived the 28th of September, and we were married the 30th, 1850, Bro. M. Mobley, one of the elders of the congregation, performing the ceremony. The dear old man is still living in Washington city, and wrote me just after Cleveland was elected. He says:

“I returned to the city in the spring of 1881, and got a good place in the Pension Office, where I am now laboring to aid the new Administration to get into good running order; and when I think the machine can run without me, I will go home and spend the remaining years of my life.

“I have been wonderfully preserved, and feel very thankful to a kind Providence. Here I am, eighty-five years old; mind and memory unimpaired; sight as good as it ever was, and physically able to work at my desk from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M., and not feel weary.”

I had a letter from him not long ago; he is* still living—eighty-seven years old this spring.

* Bro. Mobley died since this manuscript was sent to press.

CHAPTER V.

A Proposition.—Visit to his Mother.—Return to Fayette.—Call to Act as State Evangelist —Visit to Columbia, Paris, Mexico.—Providential Escape.—Meeting in the Court-house in Mexico.—Debate with Elder Wm. G. Caples.

When we had been married but a few hours, he said to me, "Now, Ella, I want you to understand my views in regard to our future relationship. I shall be compelled to be from home frequently, to attend conventions, hold meetings, etc. I shall always take you with me when I can. I will select a home where we will stay at night. You are to make all arrangements for dining and taking tea; I do not want to dine or sup at one house and you at another. I will always be ready, when church time comes, to escort you, and not leave you to the care of strangers, or to find the way the best you can by yourself."

Never, during our married life, has he failed to fulfill his self-imposed task. He would rarely ever visit without me. I would often say: "Doctor, it does not suit me to go to-day." "Then it does not suit me," he would respond; "I am ready to go whenever you are."

Our first visit, after our marriage, was to see the Doctor's mother in St. Louis, where we met a most cordial welcome. We only remained a few days, when we went up to Hannibal and remained over Lord's day, the guests of Capt. Archie Robards. We went by stage through Paris and Huntsville to Fayette, where my work as a preacher's wife fairly began. From that time till now, our lives

have been so thoroughly united that I am frequently called upon to use the pronoun we, and hope I shall not be accused of egotism in so doing.

He preached in Fayette and Howard counties until January, except one Sunday in the month at Brunswick, thirty-five miles from Fayette. He held a meeting of two weeks there, and I accompanied him once, riding all the way on horseback. The snow was six inches deep, and the roads impassable for a buggy.

In January, 1851, the State meeting appointed and called him to accept the position of State Evangelist, as one who was able to state fully and clearly the truths of the Reformation to the people. After some prayerful thought, he consented, and began his work at once. He thought it best to confine his operations to the towns and cities during the winter months, and visit country places in the spring and summer, when churches there would be more accessible.

Father Hayden took possession of him at once, and took him with him to Springfield, to hold his first meeting. They went in Father Hayden's private carriage, and held a meeting of two weeks. The result was a large accession to the church.

On his return he began a year's work I shall never forget. We left Fayette the last of January. The Doctor had two good horses and a buggy; our baggage was in a trunk strapped on behind, and a small valise in front. We only took with us what we absolutely needed. His first meeting was held at Columbia. We were the guests of Pres. Shannon, that prince of entertainers, and his lovely family. He was grand in his scholarship and attainments, but grander in his simplicity. He was as lovable as a little child.

After Dr. Hopson had preached one or two sermons, he asked President Shaanon to criticize him in manner, matter and pronunciation. He promised he would do so. After our return from church that night, the Doctor called for his report. He said: "I have not a single suggestion to make as to manner or matter." The Doctor was gratified, of course, and said, "How many words did I mispronounce?" "Well, Doctor, how many words do you suppose you used?" "I suppose eight or ten thousand." "Then you mispronounced all but one—*leisure*." The Doctor was aghast. In a moment the President burst out laughing. "According to your standard (Webster), all were pronounced right but one; according to mine (Worcester), all were wrong but one." You may imagine, if you can, the Doctor's relief at the explanation.

He preached two weeks, and closed his meeting with thirty-six additions.

From Columbia he went to Paris, and spent two weeks, resulting in some forty additions. Bro. J. C. Fox entertained us. Paris was the banner church, as Monroe was the banner county, of Missouri. It could not fail to be, with such men as brethren Thomas, Fox, Crutcher, Conyers, Moss, and a score of others.

Mexico was the next point. Our brethren had no building in which to worship, and the court-house was secured for the meeting.

We left Paris on a cold, rainy March morning. It had snowed all night, and about two or three inches of beautiful snow lay on the ground. We traveled slowly on, the snow melting and the rain increasing, until the horses would almost refuse to face it. The streams along the route had become so swollen that Dr.

Hopson had taken one of the horses out several times, and ridden across them, to test the depth. We reached Skull Lick, a narrow stream four miles from Mexico, just at sunset. It did not look dangerous, and it was so late, the Doctor said he would venture across without his usual precaution. The road into it led through a deep cut in the bank, but little wider than the wagon road. He drove in, and by the time the hind wheels entered the stream the water was up to the middle of the horses. The Doctor soon saw they would be in swimming water, and told me to get up on the buggy seat and jump to the bank, which was just level with it. I was not slow in obeying my husband, and landed safely. He threw our satchel and buffalo robe after me, and drove on. In another moment the buggy was out of sight, and only his head and shoulders visible. One horse could not swim, but would go to the bottom and spring out of the water and sink again. Fortunately, the stream was narrow, else he would have been drowned. It was an awful moment; I was paralyzed with terror and utterly powerless. Before the horses became exhausted, they struck the bank; but the swift current had washed them below the ford, and the tongue of the buggy caught on some willows, throwing both the horses down into the water. One got up, and, in the struggle, put his foot on the other horse's collar and held him under the water. The Doctor jumped as far toward the shore as he could, going completely under the water, and, swimming out, he got the horses free and their heads out of the water. He then called for me to come over and help him. I could not swim, and saw no sort of bridge; but, after wading along the bank through slush and snow, I found a fallen tree

about fifty yards above the ford, and crawled through the branches onto the body and got across safely.

I held the horses' heads above water by the bridles until the Doctor could cut the harness loose and get them up the bank. The poor things shook as if with ague, they were so thoroughly chilled in the icy stream. The Doctor called repeatedly for help. At last a man who was skinning a deer half a mile away heard him and came to his assistance. After a severe struggle they succeeded in getting the buggy to the bank and over a deep gully into the road. By dark they had mended the harness with raw deer-hide.

We had a long hill to ascend, up which I walked to restore the circulation to my chilled feet. It was dark when we reached the top. I could but think of the darkness we read of as covering Egypt—it was simply impenetrable. We could not see our hand before our face, and still had four miles of dangerous road to travel. There were few, if any, houses near the road, and we pushed on, trusting in God. We reached Mexico at 9 o'clock. No one expected us after dark, but we received a warm welcome at the home of John B. Clark, a noble Jason whose good wife was a member of the church. We could scarcely convince our friends we were really there, and the next day several gentlemen rode over part of the road we had traveled the night before, to see if we were telling the truth. We had indeed come over a bridge on which there was not a single plank. The bridge had washed away a number of times, and the county determined to build a substantial structure next time. They had cut down large trees, and laid them across for stringers; after hewing the top level, they were nearly, if not quite, eighteen inches wide. There were four of them laid

down, a few feet apart. When the horses came to it they refused to move. The Doctor knew something was wrong, and got out of the buggy, and with his whip handle, felt his way along and struck one of the stringers. He knew it must be something like a bridge by the sound. He walked across and back, rapping with his whip. He then took hold of the bridle of his leader, which would follow him anywhere. Each horse and the wheels took a log, and we were landed safely on the other side instead of at the bottom of a ravine thirty feet deep. When the gentlemen found the tracks on the hewn logs and told us of the awful danger we had escaped, I felt that God had most wonderfully preserved our lives that day, and I felt so thankful for his mercies that I did not grieve very much when I opened my trunk, which was under the water half an hour, and found everything in it saturated with water, my Sunday bonnet ruined, the color of a green cashmere dress washed out, and discolored ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs. I thought of the old story of the milkmaid, "And green it shall be," and tried to make the best of it. Some may call our escape good luck; I call it a special providence. This was my baptism and consecration as a preacher's wife.

For two weeks he preached to a crowded court-house. He had thirty-five additions, the church was greatly strengthened, and took a new impetus, and has become one of the leading churches of the State. He held several meetings there afterwards, at one of which he had ninety additions, and at another forty or fifty. Elders Jacob and Joseph Coons both lived there, and always aided the Doctor by prayers and exhortations, and Bro. T. M. Allen would always come to the Doctor's meetings when he

could leave home. The Doctor was always proud of the sympathy and encouragement of these dear old men.

From Mexico the Doctor went to Hannibal, to hold a meeting, which was turned into a debate by the following appeal from twenty-five gentlemen, none of whom were members of the Christian Church :

“HANNIBAL, March 25, 1851.

“*Rev. W. G. Caples and Rev. Dr. Hopson, Gentlemen* :—We, the undersigned citizens of Hannibal, would be gratified if you would meet and publicly discuss the points of difference between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Reformed or Christian Church. An early answer is required.

“Respectfully, etc. (Names).”

“*Gentlemen* :—In compliance with the above invitation, the undersigned agree to meet at the Methodist Church South, in the city of Hannibal, on the 7th day of April next, at 9 o'clock A. M., and discuss the following propositions :

“*First Proposition*—Sprinkling or pouring water on a believer, by an authorized person, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, is Christian baptism. Mr. Caples affirms.

“*Second Proposition*—To the Penitent believer, baptism is for the remission of sins. Dr. Hopson affirms.

“*Third Proposition*—The infant children of believing parents are proper subjects of Christian baptism. Mr. Caples affirms.

“*Fourth Proposition*—The Holy Spirit in conversion operates only through the word. Dr. Hopson affirms.

“The debate to be continued from day to day, until the several propositions are disposed of.

“WM. G. CAPLES,

“WINTHROP H. HOPSON.”

Bro. S. S. Church, of St. Louis, was selected by Dr. Hopson to consult and advise with. The debate occupied the whole week and was very exciting, but did not engender bitterness, as both parties were courteous and maintained a Christian demeanor throughout. After the debate the Doctor held a very successful meeting, to the great gratification of the brethren.

CHAPTER VI.

Visited my Relatives in Batavia, Ill.—My Brother's Letter Describing the Meeting.—Other Visits Made there.—His Estimate of Dr. Hopson.

As yet Dr. Hopson had never seen any of my relatives, and concluded to visit them at this time. I will let my brother, M. N. Lord, describe his visit to Batavia, and my family :

“ Dr. Hopson's first visit to myself and other relatives of his wife then living in Batavia, Ill., occurred the last of April, 1851. I was very favorably impressed at our introduction upon his arrival. His *personelle* pleased me. His dignified, manly and erect figure; his splendid physique; his gentlemanly, courtly and pleasing address; his frank, open and kindly way of approaching one, not only challenged one's admiration and commanded respect, but it compelled one to give him a warm place in one's heart. This much for my first impression.

“ At the time I was baptized, there was an understanding between the Baptists and myself, that I would worship with them until I found a people who took the Bible, and the Bible alone, as their rule of faith and practice. In accordance with such understanding, I remained with them until this visit of Bro. Hopson's. My position with the Baptists opened the way for him to preach in the church. In fact, at that time I controlled the house. Another fortunate circumstance occurred to make the enterprise easy. The Baptist minister was away on a vacation of two weeks; hence no opposition from that quarter. The arrangement was made immediately after Bro. Hopson's arrival, to speak several nights, as well as on Lord's day. I had notices circulated throughout the town and neighborhood, and the people who had never heard a Christian preacher came together to see what new doctrine this man had to teach. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Universalists, religious and irreligious people were all represented.

“What my sister had written and said to me about Bro. Hopson’s ability as a preacher and teacher, had aroused my curiosity and given me quite an exalted idea of his power. It is almost thirty-six years since that night, memorable to me. His themes selected for the occasion, as I now remember, were as follows: ‘The Sonship,’ in which he proved that God had selected ‘His Son,’ through whom he spoke to man. Those who have listened to his logic and eloquence when presenting the claims of the Son of God, and especially when he was at the summit of his fame as a preacher of the gospel, can well imagine that the mass of people before him on the first night were spell-bound. His simple but clearly stated propositions; his proof adduced; his logical and masterly arguments; his summing up his case on the ends of his fingers—presenting the whole in such a way that all could see the structure in all its parts, and comprehend and understand it. Added to the matter presented was his manner as a speaker. All were pleased; but when, at the close, he made his appeal to the people, all hearts were captivated. They wanted to hear more.

“The next night the house was crowded long before church time. His theme was ‘The Inauguration.’ As it was the first night, so it was the second. When we separated for the night, we all agreed upon one point—and that was, we must hear more of the *new doctrine*.

“The third night, as I sat in that large and silent audience, giving him my profound attention as I listened to his discourse on the ‘Exaltation and Coronation of the Son of God,’ I thought then, and still think, it was the greatest subject ever presented to men or angels. I thought then, and still think, it the most sublime theme that ever challenged the attention of sinners or saints on the earth. I thought then, and still think, that the effort made by Bro. Hopson that night has never been excelled, and seldom equalled. The intellectual structure reared by him that night, founded upon the sublimest of all themes, was the grandest and most solid that mortal man ever gazed upon. That speech, as all the others he preached at that time, although thirty-six years have intervened, is as fresh in my mind as the night I first heard it. The impression made was deep, indelible and lasting. I can repeat the sermons to-day; so with all I ever heard him preach. They were all uniform. Since I listened to those discourses I have had the pleasure of hearing Alexander Campbell and all of

our distinguished men—and we have had, and now have, preachers of great ability—but of them all, Dr. Winthrop H. Hopson, taken as a whole, is my model preacher.

“His fourth speech was on ‘Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth.’ This was the one subject, of all others, I most needed. Eternity will not be long enough to blot out the impression made upon my mind. The Bible, from that night, was no longer mysterious in any of its parts. It was plain and simple. From that date I felt competent to instruct others in the way of life. To this, the many hundreds whom I have baptized will bear testimony. How little do they realize that, under God, they are indebted to Bro. Hopson, who was my instructor in the Word!

“His meeting closed with two confessions and baptisms, although no particular effort was made at that time, as there was no Church of Christ in Batavia, or nearer than Chicago. However, the impression made upon the minds of his hearers, in a short time brought forth fruit. I soon had a church organized, and the work was continued. Bro. Hopson returned in August, 1853, and held another meeting, which resulted in ten additions. His stay was short.

“In October, 1858, he again visited us, and delivered seven or eight discourses and had fifteen confessions. I was in business in Chicago, and not present at this last meeting.

“From Batavia he came into Chicago. The church in Chicago was then worshipping in their new church, which I had caused the brethren to build on Monroe Street, Brethren Honore and Major furnishing a large portion of the means. Here Bro. Hopson held a meeting of ten days, with about twenty additions.

“Touching my impressions of Bro. Hopson, I deem it proper to state, in conclusion, that for thirty-six years I have looked upon him as one wholly devoted to the great interests of the kingdom of Christ. The resurrection and exaltation of the Son of God gave inspiration and impulse to his loyal, loving and generous heart, while every instinct of that heart was interwoven with his love for his Master and his desire to save sinners; it was always filled with sympathy for the erring, who had alienated themselves from human love as well as divine favor. The victories of the Gospel to him have been grander in achievement, more glorious in results, and far greater in magnitude—because victories of peace—than all the victories of this world’s wars have been to its heroes.

“ Bro. Hopson’s rare gifts as a Christian orator ; his clear, incisive and logical way of stating his propositions ; his convincing proofs and his demonstrative reasoning, made him conspicuous everywhere he preached. His loyalty to the ‘ Word of God ’ ; his fidelity to the truth, and his unfaltering determination to stand by both ; his boldness and frankness of character ; his energy and force of manner, and his zeal in the advocacy of the claims of Christ and Christianity, classed him among the ablest speakers in or out of the Christian Church.

“ His earth work, in all probability, is finished. He is no longer a conspicuous figure among his peers, in the restoration of the ‘ Gospel and Church of Christ ’ ; his voice will be heard no more in the councils of the brotherhood : but his fidelity to Christ, his example in the church and before the world, with the great work he has done, will be cherished in the loving hearts of thousands of his brethren and sisters in Christ, who remember him in the strength of his manhood.

“ M. N. LORD.

“ GLEN LORD, Mich., February, 1887.”

CHAPTER VII.

Visit to Pittsfield, Carrollton, Calloway Co., Booneville.—Masonry more Liberal than Sectarianism.—Visit to Warsaw.—Primitive Hospitality.—Visit to Versailles.

On our way to Batavia, in 1851, after the debate in Hannibal, we visited Pittsfield, Illinois, where Mr. Jones Clark, an uncle of Dr. Hopson, lived. The Doctor preached there several days, and had fifteen or twenty additions. It was the home of the eccentric Billy Brown. From there we went to Carrollton, and left our horses and buggy until our return. We had a romantic trip on the Illinois river and the "raging kanawl" from Alton to Chicago. Dr. Hopson had an aunt living in Carrollton—Mrs. Lucy Samuels. We paid her a short visit and left for St. Louis. We remained but a few days with mother, and from there the Doctor drove through to Fulton to visit our daughter, whom we had not seen for three months. She was with her aunt in Fulton, where she remained until we were through the year's work and settled in Palmyra. We then paid a visit to the Doctor's grandmother, who still lived on the old homestead on Nine Mile Prairie. While there, the Doctor preached in the Antioch Church, where the Cowherds, McMahons, Duncans and Mosbys were members. They were a grand, good people all through that county. There were quite a large number of additions to the church during the meeting.

From there we crossed the river to Booneville. We had very few brethren there. He could not get a church to preach in, and was refused the Court-house unless he would give bonds, if the house was burned, to pay damages. He made himself known as a Mason, and his Masonic brethren secured a hall, took the seats out of their lodges, and gave him a good hearing. He did not think best, under the circumstances, to attempt to organize a church, but later I think he and Bro. T. M. Allen visited the city and succeeded in getting together the nucleus of a congregation.

His next appointment was at Warsaw, on the Osage river. This was his second visit there. He preached in town every night, and during the days at a church four miles in the country. He had twenty-five confessions at Warsaw and thirty-thr ee in the country. During the meetings he preached three times a day, and usually baptized twice after preaching, in the afternoon and after night meeting.

He closed his meeting at night, and had barely reached home when he was attacked with a congestive chill and came near dying, but the third day he got up out of bed, was assisted to mount a horse, and with some one to lead the horse and another to steady him in the saddle, he rode down to the river to immerse a gentleman who was compelled to leave in a few hours. One of the brethren went into the water to assist him, but the water revived and stimulated him so he was able to go through with his work.

His next meeting was to be held in the neighborhood of Bro. Wilkes' father, but he had an appointment to preach at Versailles on the way. In order to meet his engagement he said he must leave Warsaw that evening

and go part of the way. We all remonstrated, but he was firm, and we left at 4 P. M. We had a very easy-riding buggy and two good, gentle horses. We made him comfortable, and I drove for him. Sunset found us in the middle of a large prairie; not a house in sight except a small log cabin. We had ridden ten miles, and the Doctor was too much fatigued to go further. The prospect was not inviting, but we had no alternative but to call for shelter for the night. The house contained but one room and a small shed attached, but the woman's pleasant face and her large heart compensated for restricted quarters. We were cordially welcomed, but the woman said she had no bread in the house and only a little corn meal, with nothing but green corn and grass for our horses. Thanks to dear Sister Atkinson, we had a basket filled with excellent lunch, and did not need to trouble the good woman further than for a glass of milk.

After we had made a light supper, we gave the mother and three little ones all the bread, butter and cold ham they wanted, and had plenty left for another day. The host of the house had gone to mill and would not return till the next day. His absence left ample sleeping room. There were two large beds and a trundle-bed in the room. The one given us as guests was a comfortable, fat feather bed, with two snowy woolen blankets for sheets and two small pillows without cases. We accepted these with thanks, although the thermometer was 90°. We got along very well, as there was a huge chimney at the end of the cabin, the doors were left open, and the chinking was out from between the logs in places.

Fatigue and a clear conscience soon put us to sleep. We arose the next morning at four o'clock, in order to get a good drive before the heat of the day came on.

After two hours' ride we called at a farm house, were greatly refreshed and strengthened by a good breakfast, and our horses were gratified in like manner.

We then drove till twelve, and found a good resting-place at a hotel with a long porch in front of it. I made the Doctor a pallet on the floor, and he was only too glad to stretch himself out and rest. We left at four and reached Versailles in time for supper and a little rest before church time. The Doctor had to preach in the Court-house, as we had no church. He was too weak to stand up, and a dry-goods box was provided, from which he delivered an hour's discourse. If I had only known, what has been learned since, that Paul did not mean what he said when he commanded women not to speak in church, I might have relieved my husband and preached for him.

You can not imagine how thankful we were when we found ourselves comfortably housed in a quiet, airy room. Under such circumstances we learn the meaning of the word rest. We spent the following day with our hospitable hostess, who was a Methodist. We had no members in the town.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Novel Experiences.—Life among a Primitive People.—How I became Popular.—Crowds Attending the Meetings, Coming sometimes from Fifty to One Hundred Miles.

The next three months opened up to me a new glimpse of life. Some would have said we were outside the pale of civilization; but we soon found we were in the midst of the highest type of civilization—Christian civilization. For nearly three months we never saw a newspaper, with the exception of one number of the *Water Cure Journal*, but plenty of Bibles and hymn-books, and, better still, we found a Bible reading, Bible loving, Bible obeying people, primitive in dress, manner of living and worship. They had great Christian hearts ready to drink in the water of life freely.

For three months the Doctor held a succession of meetings, and at one meeting one hundred became obedient to the faith. The country was sparsely settled at that time, but men and women would follow from settlement to settlement to hear the precious word, some coming from fifty to one hundred miles and staying two or three weeks. They were hungering and thirsting for the preaching.

I never knew the Doctor to be as much "enthused." He seemed to feel that every word he uttered was seed sown in good ground, that would bring forth fruit to the glory of God. We went from house to house, so as to visit all the people. Bro. Philip Mulkey was the only

preacher in the county, if not in all that region. He was a faithful, good man.

The churches were nearly all built of logs, as were the houses. They were seated with slabs or planks with legs driven into them, and without any backs. The men came to church in their blue jeans clothes, often coatless; the ladies with calico dresses and sun-bonnets—the elder women often with their blue calico tobacco bags and pipes, so as to have a quiet smoke at recess. When they went to church it was for all day. A dinner that would tempt the appetite of an epicure was always spread on tables in a grove, and all were made welcome.

The singing notified the people that it was time to meet for preaching again. They did not have to sing two or three songs before the people would gather, but almost before the first stanza was concluded all would be in their places, and the most profound attention was given to the services.

I have often heard men and women complain of hard seats and long sermons on Sunday, who would go to a circus or theatre, sit on the hard seats from two to three hours, and never cry out once. But these dear people never complained once of hard seats or aching backs while listening to a sermon of one hour and a half to two hours, and two or three exhortations and songs—and, indeed, would have felt badly treated if the exercises had been curtailed.

What a grand interchange of religious views we had while discussing those delightful dinners. There was nothing too good for the preacher and his wife.

One day I made my dinner off snowy light bread, golden butter, and the clearest honey, in the comb, supplemented by rich cream. I expressed my delight at the

feast. After that enough honey was brought every day to tempt all the bees in Christendom.

When we first started on our tour I was a poor talker, but my husband told me I must learn to talk to the people, or he should have to send me home. He said that his popularity as a preacher depended greatly on me. This was something new to me. I had heard and known much of preachers, but had never heard much about preachers' wives. All that I had ever known, made me feel very sorry for them. I had never dreamed that it was possible for a preacher's wife to add to the popularity of her husband.

With this motive before me, I soon learned to discuss the wheel and loom, poultry, cheese-making, planting in the moon, curing bacon, etc., until I quite satisfied my husband, and came near becoming the more popular.

I was unfortunate in not remembering people's names, while he was famous for calling by name every one that he was introduced to, if he heard it properly. He always spoke to and shook hands with those whose acquaintance he had made. I did, too, but unfortunately I did not know whom I did or did not know, and for fear I should slight some one of the brethren or sisters, I shook hands with everybody that looked at me as if they knew me; so they concluded that the Doctor was the finest preacher they ever heard, but a little bit proud, but that wife of his was not a bit proud—it did not make any difference whether I had been introduced or not; I was just as friendly as if I had.

I enjoyed the situation, you may be sure, and got no more lectures about making my husband popular.

Wherever we went for the night the crowd went, and

often as many as twenty or thirty people stayed at the same house with us. You may ask what disposition was made of them. There was usually two rooms and a hall and summer kitchen. The brethren would sit outdoors under the shade of the trees, and talk with the Doctor, while the sisters were cooking supper. Those not helping the hostess would honor me with their attention, while I told them what things I had learned of my husband. They were eager to learn, and would ask me questions with which they did not like to trouble the Doctor.

When retiring time came we were given the best bed, with a bedstead. My large double shawl hung from the joists, made our part of the room private. As soon as we had retired, comforts, blankets, etc., were called into requisition, and the floor was covered with the sisters, from whose gentle whispers we gained many useful lessons. By the time we were ready to rise, the ladies' toilets were made and they were out of the room. The other room was occupied by the men as a sleeping room. This was our manner of life for months. I write this to show the training of a preacher's wife thirty-five years ago. When I look back I thank God for that experience, and that I had the privilege of knowing such God-loving and God-fearing people. I have met many good, earnest Christians since, but few as unworldly and fully devoted to the service of God as those. I hope to meet them all on the other shore, and renew the acquaintance of other days.

CHAPTER IX.

Doctor's Meeting at Springfield.—Osceola.—The Man who Joined Dr. Hopson.—Calhoun, Henry County.—Georgetown, Pettis County.—Cholera.—Confession and Baptism of Fourteen Young Ladies.

From Miller county we went to Springfield, where the Doctor preached ten days. Some of the time it was estimated that 2,000 people were in attendance. It was the first of August; the weather was oppressive. A large arbor was built back of the church, and the window taken out, so that the people could hear outside the house. Long before the time for preaching, the house would be crowded, even the pulpit steps full. One day we were a little behind the rest, and I could not find a seat anywhere but in the pulpit with Bro. Bills, Father Hayden, and two or three others. It happened to be a tall affair, and hid me effectually from the people in front, and I tried to make myself as small as possible. I had said to the Doctor often that the church at Fayette called me as State Evangelist first (as he was absent when it was done, and I had to notify him), and that I was entitled to half the pay. When the time came for opening the meeting, instead of asking Bros. Bills or Hayden to open for him, he turned 'round and asked me. You may imagine my confusion and the intense amusement of the brethren. He had to open his own meeting that day. When asked for an explanation, he said if I had half pay I must do half the work, and he thought I might as

well begin then as any time. I never said more about dividing salary.

Mrs. John S. Phelps, in writing of the meeting, says: "Dr. Hopson, who has been holding a meeting in Springfield, is now holding a like meeting in Osceola. In him meet all the characteristics of a gentleman and virtues of a Christian. All who listen attentively to the glorious truths of the gospel taught by him, are made better morally, spiritually and intellectually."

The secular press, in speaking of the meeting, says: "Dr. Hopson has been addressing our community daily on the subject of Christianity since Saturday, and will continue his discourses another week. He is a logician and finished speaker. Aside from all doctrinal considerations, his addresses are highly intellectual, chaste, and richly stored with sacred literature. Our highest enjoyments are those flowing from intellectual exercises, and our citizens have been partaking of a 'feast of reason' during the Doctor's sojourn with us."

The meeting closed with thirty-five additions. The last week of the meeting, preaching was held under an arbor in the park.

After leaving Springfield we visited Osceola, passing through Bolivar. Half-way between the two places the Doctor had an appointment at a log school-house. When we arrived, some twenty persons had assembled to hear preaching. Most of them were barefooted and some bareheaded. He preached to them on the "Things by Which We are Saved." At the conclusion he gave an invitation, and a man came up and made the confession. Dr. Hopson talked to him a few minutes, until he found that he understood the plan of salvation. The nearest water was a mile further on our road. The whole audi-

ence followed our buggy to the creek. The man had no preparation to make, as he was dressed to suit the occasion; pants, a shirt and straw hat was his wardrobe, as he was barefooted. The Doctor had an extra pair of pants in the satchel, and, making a hasty toilet in the woods, he was soon ready, and baptized the man, who went on his way rejoicing. The Doctor never expected to hear of him again, but Bro. T. M. Allen was preaching somewhere on the south side, when this man came up to take membership, upon Bro. Allen's invitation. On questioning him, he said he did not know what church he belonged to, but that he joined Dr. Hopson, and that he preached just like him. He had his certificate of baptism the Doctor had given him at the time.

On our arrival at Osceola we were made welcome at the home of Bro. E. C. Davis and his most excellent and lovely family. While the town could boast of a great deal of intellectuality, it was rather proud of its infidelity, that is, among some of its leading men, especially among the young men. Dr. Hopson soon found he had to preach much on the evidences of Christianity before he could touch the hearts of these people. This he made the objective point in all his discourses. He made many warm friends among men of the world, who gave him a patient, candid hearing and went to studying their Bibles. Seven confessions were the result of the meeting, and it was considered quite a triumph for the cause. I copy the following from the town paper:

“PROTRACTED MEETING.—Dr. Winthrop H. Hopson, State Evangelist of the Christian Church, closed an interesting meeting last Monday, resulting in seven additions to the church. Through twenty-two discourses, Dr. H. had the attention of a large audience, who were enchained by his eloquence, instructed by his biblical research, and delighted with his rich illustrations from

sacred literature. Few speakers possess the faculty, in such a high degree, of gaining the undivided attention of a community.

“Pending the meeting, the church at Osceola was duly organized, and constituted a church after the primitive order—E. C. Davis, Elder, and Harlan Hays, Deacon, to the congregation.”

Our next stopping-place was Calhoun, Henry county. Dr. Hopson had an uncle, Dr. Logan Clark, living there, who he was anxious to visit. We spent a week with him, the Doctor preaching at night and resting in the day. I think he had several additions, but do not remember the number.

His next appointment was at Georgetown, Pettis county, four miles from where Sedalia now stands. It was a delightful little village, filled with most excellent people. Here we met that good man, Bro. Allen Wright. He was an old friend of Dr. Hopson's. He called on us at once, and brought with him a bottle of cholera medicine and insisted the Doctor should keep it by him. He said a number (I think, sixteen) of deaths had occurred from the disease a few weeks before, and we might be liable to it. The Doctor took the bottle with thanks and I put it in my trunk, little thinking it would perhaps save my life.

I was fatigued and not feeling very well, and did not go to church that night. When the Doctor returned I was still more indisposed, but did not let him know it. He went to sleep, worn out with his day's work. By one o'clock I was very ill, unable to raise my head. I woke him, and he said at once it was cholera I was suffering from. He got the medicine Bro. Wright gave him, and poured it down my throat every hour until circulation was restored and I was saved, but was quite ill for a week and did not fully recover for months.

His meeting here was a very interesting one. A singular feature was the confession of fourteen young ladies, nearly the same age. Ten of them came up at the same time, and the four other at the next meeting. They went into the water together, and were all dressed in black silk. It was a strange fancy, but they arranged the matter among themselves and all acquiesced. Before they went down into the water the Doctor called me to him, and told me that while he was talking to the crowd assembled to witness the baptism, the friends of the young ladies should rip the seams of their dress skirts near the waist, so as to let the air rise up from under the skirts, for he could never make them sink unless they did. They were very grateful, and in a few minutes were ready. It was a beautiful sight when they went into the water with their arms around each other, and all remained till all were immersed.

CHAPTER X.

Close of South Side Mission.—Swimming Creeks.—Crossing Prairies.—Visiting Everybody.—Changing Rooms.—Meetings at New London, Paris, Lick Creek, Hannibal.—Change of Location to the Mississippi River.—One Year and Four Months, Four Hundred Additions.

The Doctor's mission on the South Side closed here, and we made our way home, after an absence of six months, and a travel of over 1,000 miles in our buggy.

The winter of 1851 was very severe on us. The Doctor held meetings in several country churches. In order to get to his appointments, he used to have to swim creeks with our horses, with the water up to the buggy seat. I would get up on the seat and sit on the satchel, while the Doctor put his feet on the dash-board. We crossed many a stream in that way, though they were not always quite so high. Sometimes we would travel all day across a broad prairie, every step the horses took breaking through half an inch of ice. Once, in the middle of one, the tire of one of the hind wheels broke. The Doctor took the halters off his horses and strapped it on, and I had to watch the wheel for five or six miles, while the cold north wind was blowing a blizzard across the plain. Sometimes after church at night we would have to ride three or four miles to stay all night with some good brother, whom we were afraid we should slight if we did not visit him. They were all as kind and good to us as it was possible for them to be.

Many of the roads were only fit for horseback travel at that season of the year. Often there were gullies in the middle of the road as well as on each side.

For two months we went everywhere we were invited, until one very cold night we went home with a dear old friend of the Doctor's. After a ride of three miles we arrived at the house. The improvements were all new—a story and a half log house.

In order to reach our room we had to climb a ladder. By the time we went to bed it was snowing, and I noticed the snow found its way into our room. I examined, and found there was no chinking under the roof where it rested on the logs, and that we were in for a snow-storm of our own. I piled our clothes under the bed, gave the Doctor my pillow to put over his head, and tucked mine under the clothes. When we waked in the morning there was three inches of snow on the bed and over the floor.

The Doctor rolled off the top cover and shook the snow off on to the floor, and with it brushed a space where he could stand and dress. He handed me my clothes, and I dressed sitting in the bed. My fingers were so cold I actually could not feel the pins I was sticking in my clothes.

On our way to church the next morning I told my husband we must change our programme. "I can never stand this kind of work. We must get some place to stay at night, and keep it. I am willing to visit in the day, but to sleep in a good, warm room one night, and a stone cold one the next, is too severe on me; and it is as bad on you as on me."

After that time we made it a rule to occupy the same quarters every night during a meeting, and visit all we

could during the day. I have known several of our preachers to lose their health, and some of them their lives, by accepting the urgent invitations of loving and good brethren.

To all who read this, I say, If you can not entertain your minister comfortably, do not invite him to stay with you, but frankly tell him so, and he will thank you from the bottom of his heart.

During the fall and winter he held meetings also at New London, Paris, Liek Creek, Santa Fe and Palmyra. He writes from Palmyra, Oct. 28, 1851 :

“I have been traveling for ten months as State Evangelist, in Missouri and Illinois. I have preached 430 sermons, and immersed 365 persons, and had many added by letter and otherwise.”

At Paris he had the able assistance of Bro. Alfred Wilson, who was as modest as he was good. Early in the beginning of 1852 he drifted back to Hannibal, and held another meeting. Dr. T. D. Morton writes (*Millennial Harbinger*):

“Dr. Hopson held a two weeks' meeting here, at which twenty-five were added to the church and a fine impression made on the community.”

About this time he agreed to preach for the church at New London once a month, having in view a change of location to the Mississippi River. This was Feb. 13, 1852.

The March following we went to St. Louis to visit his mother, on his way to attend the Bible Revision Convention, at Memphis.

On his return from that trip he held a meeting in New London, of which Bro. T. M. Allen writes :

“On Tuesday evening last, Bro. H. closed a very pleasant meeting, with seven additions. They are a warm-hearted, large and flourishing congregation, and have just completed a nice, commodious brick church. They are blessed with the ministerial labors of Bro. Hopson once a month.”

During all the years of the Doctor's preaching in New London, our home was with the hospitable Bro. Hayes. Our room was always ready for us once a month, and we could drop in at any time, day or night, and find a hearty welcome.

His next meeting was at Thrasher's Chapel, half way between Hannibal and Palmyra. Dr. Morton was with him. It closed early in May, with seventeen confessions and baptisms. This closed his evangelistic labors of a year and four months, during which time he had 400 additions.

CHAPTER XI.

Locating in Palmyra.—Building up.—Palmyra Female Seminary a Private Enterprise.—Bro. Knowles Shaw.—Bro. J. J. Errett.—Bro. Creath.—Bro. L. B. Wilkes, Associate Principal.—Palmyra Seminary Incorporated.—Encouraging Prospects.

After mature deliberation and consultation with prominent brethren, he determined to locate at Palmyra and build up a college for young ladies.

There was already a male school, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, under the able management of President Corbyn. The opening for the Doctor's enterprise was very favorable. We had a large brotherhood up and down the Mississippi River able to support the institution.

He commenced school in our church the 1st of June, 1852, and soon had sixty girls and twenty little boys. In a short time applications came in for him to take young ladies from a distance, with a request that we board them.

He found the church was not suitable for his school, but hesitated to purchase a building, as he had but a few hundred dollars to advance, but finally decided to do so. He bought a two-story frame house opposite the church, and in a month had four rooms arranged in it for his school. The lot, half of which he purchased was 100 feet wide. The man of whom he made the purchase was very anxious for the Doctor to buy the whole lot

with the other building, a one-story frame containing three rooms. He wanted very little money and would give as long time as the Doctor desired, so he kept up the interest.

With the very flattering prospects of the school, the Doctor felt secure in closing the trade, and at once put another story on the house, made a basement, and when the school opened, Sept. 15, 1852, we moved into the house and began the boarding department with seven young ladies.

The sessions of '52 and '53 were very successful, and before spring we had application for room for thirty boarders. He began, in March, a building to fill in the space between the two, of forty feet, three stories high, including basement. This was finished in time to receive the boarders in September.

During the vacation we visited Dubuque, Iowa, and secured several pupils; also, Batavia, Ill., where we had three promised. All came. He held a meeting at Paynesville, Pike county; Louisville, Lincoln, Mexico and Frankford. At the last named place he met Bro. Knowles Shaw for the first time. The Doctor was on his way to Louisville to attend the State Convention, and Bro. Shaw was anxious for him to present his name to the convention, to see if the brethren would not send him to Bethany College. The Doctor said to him: "Brother Shaw, nature has made you a better preacher than any college ever can. You have a peculiar gift that art can never bestow. I will give you a list of books that will furnish you all the Greek and Latin you will ever need, without a teacher. If you are not satisfied with my advice, in another year you shall go to Bethany." Bro. Shaw thanked the Doctor, took his

advice, and, so far as ever known to the Doctor, never regretted the step.

Bro. J. J. Errett was living in Palmyra at the time we moved there. He was in the harness and saddlery business, and preaching as opportunity offered, and receiving but a small remuneration for it. He was one of the loveliest characters I ever knew, as simple-hearted and childlike as John and as bold in defense of right as Paul.

Dr. Hopson soon grew to love him like a brother, and told him he must give up his business and devote himself to the ministry. He was so modest, and had so low an estimate of his talents, it was difficult to persuade him to take the step. The Doctor told the brethren at Paynesville, Pike county, to call Bro. Errett to their church, and he felt sure both parties would be satisfied with the arrangement. The matter was settled satisfactorily. Bro. Errett went to them, and for more than twenty years he went in and out before those people, and never left them till Death, envying them their treasure, stole him away.

Brother Creath had his home in Palmyra, also, but was almost always away, holding meetings in different parts of the State. Their intercourse, so far as the engagements of both allowed, was pleasant. Dr. Hopson always regarded Bro. Creath as one of the most intellectual and grandest of men.

In the fall of 1854 the Doctor associated Bro. L. B. Wilkes with him as an equal partner, Bro. James Meng, who had been with him, giving himself up to preaching. The school opened with between fifty and sixty boarders and a full corps of Professors. The Doctor added to the institute a good philosophical and chemical apparatus, costing between \$600 and \$700.

Palmyra Female Seminary was incorporated by an act of the Legislature, February 5, 1855, and "was authorized to grant such literary honors as are usually granted by colleges or universities in the United States." We copy the following comment on the act from the secular paper :

"The reputation of this school is so well established as to render any notice at our hands almost superfluous. We consider it one of the best established and best conducted institutions of learning in the West, and this mark of favor at the hands of the Missouri Legislature was well merited.

"The course of instruction is liberal, thorough, and calculated to bring into harmonious development all the intellectual and moral qualities of the female heart. The success of the institution is no longer to be questioned. It has struggled through infancy to mature growth, without any extraneous influence, and has demonstrated its excellence and vitality by that standard to which men are wont to attach so much importance—success. . . . Of the learned gentlemen connected with the school, we have had occasion heretofore to speak, and at present simply remark, that in point of fitness, skill, and adaptation to their several posts, their superiors can rarely be found. We trust they will be well repaid for their labors, and that they may be cheered and strengthened on all sides in their high vocation."

CHAPTER XII.

A Preaching Tour.—Meeting at Danville.—Running against a Camp-Meeting.—Wins.—Methodist Cousin.—Number of Additions during Summer.

As soon as school closed (June, 1854), the Doctor left home on his preaching tour. Bro. T. M. Allen (letter to *Harbinger*) says :

“ Aug. 14.—This morning I left Danville, the county seat of Montgomery county, and reached home this evening. Bro. W. H. Hopson, of Palmyra, had commenced a meeting Friday night.

“ I joined him the following day, and continued until Wednesday night, up to which time there had been ten confessions. Bro. Greenup Jackman was present part of the time, and Bro. S. Jones, of Fulton, came Wednesday evening. He and Bro. Hopson remained to continue the meeting for one or two days longer. It was the first time we had ever had anything like a hearing in Danville, and a favorable result far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

“ The Methodists were conducting a camp-meeting near town at the same time, and had long been in the ascendant. Yet we had large congregations day and night, and the interest was increasing up to the time of my leaving.”

This meeting was a remarkable one in many respects. Upon the Doctor's arrival he found the church he had expected to get, closed against him. It was thought best by some that he should give up holding the meeting. He told them, no, he would not. He had come to hold a meeting at Danville, and, the Lord willing, he would hold it. He had some cousins who were not in the

church, and they and their friends among the young men said they would do all they could to aid him.

He told them he would preach in the court-house. They looked a little perplexed, but he insisted, and they all went over to see what could be done.

The Doctor has often since laughed over that day's work. They found the door open, and some porkers quietly snoozing the noontide away. In the corners spiders were weaving their silken webs undisturbed. Blue-bottles were buzzing everywhere. The brick floor was covered with dirt to the depth of several inches. From the walls hung festoons of dried cedar, left from Christmas festivities. The people were so peaceable they had no use for a court-house.

The outlook was not inviting, but willing hands soon transformed it into a clean room, and by next evening it was seated with plank and ready for occupancy. Rustic chandeliers were made of pieces of wood crossed and suspended from the ceiling, while tin sconces flashed the light from lamps on the walls.

When all was ready, the young men asked the Doctor what they could do to help him get a congregation. "It will be hard work to run against a big camp-meeting, but we will stand by you."

He told them to rally all their friends and go out to the camp-meeting, and stay all day: "Talk to all you can influence, and get them to come in and hear me at night. If you will get them here, I will hold them."

The young men rode out that evening, and at night the court-house was well filled with young ladies and gentlemen, most of whom looked upon the whole thing as a frolic.

With full houses at night and increasing interest, he

preached on till Sunday, Bro. Allen joining him Sunday, and assisting by his wonderful exhortations.

By this time the audience had outgrown the house, and the young men had made a large arbor at the side of the house and taken out the windows, so that all might hear. By church time the house and yard were full of people who had come to hear what the babbler had to say. He made an appointment for Monday morning and night; the interest increased. Bro. Allen left Wednesday, and Bros. Jackman and Jones held up his hands till Saturday morning, when they left.

He continued several days longer, and closed with about thirty-five additions. Twenty persons made the confession the day before the meeting ended.

An amusing incident occurred during the meeting. A relative of Dr. Hopson's, and her husband, were good, pious Methodists. They were in attendance on the camp-meeting when the Doctor commenced his meeting, but the lady thought it would never do to let Cousin Winthrop come to Danville, and she not hear him one time; but her husband felt under no special obligation, so he dropped her at the court-house and went on to camp-meeting. She heard every word of the sermon, and was not satisfied—she wanted to hear more. The third sermon she heard she made the confession, to the surprise of everybody.

It cost her a severe struggle, knowing that her husband would be very angry with her; but she braved all for Christ's sake. Her husband was very bitter, but could not refuse to come to see her baptized, for he loved her tenderly, and was a good husband. She was immersed on Saturday. The camp-meeting had closed, and the Doctor made a special request that all should be

present the following day who had been baptized during the meeting.

Of course the gentleman had to bring his newly-converted wife again. The Doctor preached one of his characteristic sermons on the "Setting up of the Kingdom," closing with a warm appeal. Our friend was on the back seat just inside the house, but the song was not finished before the Doctor saw him coming struggling through the crowd, over benches, the best way he could. The Doctor met him, and took his hand; eight or ten followed, and we came near having a camp-meeting scene in the court-house. I never witnessed a happier meeting. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, while tears ran down the cheeks of many who still turned a deaf ear to the gospel story.

Dr. Hopson will never forget those noble young men who contributed so much to the success of the meeting; and away up high on the heart's tablet stand the names of Knox and Saulsbury.

His first meeting in June, 1854, was at Frankford, where he had 30 additions; next, Paynesville, 43; Louisiana, 7; Louisville, 31; Middletown, 25; New London, 16; Shelbyville, 35; Bloomington, 20; Danville, 35. Total, 243.

After three months' hard work, he returned, to enter at once upon his school duties.

But one interruption occurred in all our school life in Palmyra that gave us any trouble. In 1857 the small-pox broke out in town, and we had to close the school in May instead of June. The Doctor deputized me to take the young lady boarders home, who were from St. Louis, Ralls and Pike counties, and he would go with those who lived in Clark, Lewis, and Warsaw,

Illinois. He left Saturday, to take the packet at Marion City, and I left on the cars for Hannibal with the young ladies committed to my care.

Dr. Hopson told me to tell Dr. Morton he would come down on the Sunday evening packet from Keokuk, and would preach for him Sunday night.

After I had disposed of my various charges, I went to the home of Bro. John Smith, father-in-law of Bro. David Morton, to remain during my visit. And now comes one of the strangest experiences of my life, one for which I do not pretend to account.

I retired at the usual hour, after having spent one of the most delightful evenings of my life, with the families of Brethren Smith and Morton. I never felt happier or more cheerful than when I went to my breakfast. Dr. Morton proposed that I should accompany himself and children to the Sunday-school. I was delighted, as I knew every member of the church and most of the Sunday-school scholars.

I had scarcely exchanged greetings with the friends when a feeling of unaccountable uneasiness came over me, and I burst into tears. I wept for an hour. I knew no cause for it, and felt ashamed of my want of control. I left the house, and went to a friend's near by and washed my face, and returned to church. In a few minutes I commenced to weep again and never stopped until church was nearly over. We returned to Bro. Smith's, and by the time dinner was announced I could smile at my apparently foolish conduct. After I was seated at the table I began to tell those who were not at church of my singular behavior, but before I was through I burst into another paroxysm of tears. I left the table deeply mortified, and seated myself in the family room.

Sister Lizzie Smith followed me and begged me to tell her what the matter was. I could not tell her, for I was as ignorant as she was.

I heard the whistle of the packet and knew the Doctor would be with me in a few minutes, and felt heartily ashamed to meet him with such signs of distress on my face. While I was endeavoring to dry my eyes, Miss Lizzie glanced out the window and exclaimed: "Who in the world is that coming in at our gate? What a singular looking man!" I looked up, and, notwithstanding his odd masquerade, recognized Dr. Hopson. He had on blue jeans pants too short for him, brown woolen socks, embroidered slippers, a coat too small for him, and a slouch felt hat. He walked as if weary or sick. I met him at the door and shed the remnant of my tears with my arms around him.

When I became quiet enough for him to account for his strange costume, we learned that at the moment I was so strangely affected in the morning, he was struggling for his life in the rapids at Keokuk.

The packet reached Keokuk too late the evening before for him to take the pupil to Hamilton, and had to wait till morning. He was unable at the early hour he wanted to cross to get a large skiff, and had to cross in a canoe. It was a risky undertaking, with three persons in it; but the owner was a river man and said if the parties would sit still he could take them safely over, which he did. Just as they were leaving on the return trip, a man ran down to the river and begged them to take him across. He said he had left a package of money on the packet and he must get back; this was his only chance. The owner of the canoe hesitated. He said it was too

much load for his boat, but the Doetor said he thought they could make it if both would be quiet.

Just as they were nearing the Iowa shore a small steamer came out from below the packet and headed up the river. This threw them below where they were to land, and the swift current swept the canoe with its living freight under the bow of the boat. The great wheel was already slowly revolving, and the captain was only waiting the Doctor's return to leave the wharf. As the boat went under a deek hand threw a large rope, which fell in a coil round the Doctor, who went under first. The man in the other end of the boat sprang up and caught one of the fenders which projected below the guards, and so soon as that end was lightened, the boat turned over, throwing the Doetor into the swift, rushing current. The rope was swept beyond his reach, and he was left to struggle out as best he could.

He said it was about eight feet out to a fender and ten to the wheel. His only safety was in reaching the first before going under the last. He said he thought of his wife, child and mother, and a great ery went up from his heart to God for strength. Placing his feet against the bow of the boat, he sprang forward towards his only means of rescue. Fortunately he reached it, and was soon drawn on board, thoroughly exhausted. He was unable to stand for some time.

I shall always believe that the same passionate ery for help that ascended to heaven that morning must have reached my heart and wrung from its depths those bitter, blinding tears, and from that hour I realized how elosely our lives were knit together. What message did his soul send to mine to say, "He whom you love is in deadly peril"? Explain it who can.

The officers of the boat furnished him with the best the largest of them had, and his own clothes followed him in a few minutes, and were ready for him by the time the bell rang for night meeting. He was a little weak, but otherwise uninjured.

CHAPTER XIII.

Opposition Schools—Baptist and Presbyterian.—Two Years' Prospectus.—Financial Crisis.—Made Assignment.—School Closed.—Gave up Everything.—Extract of Letter from an Old Pupil.

By this time the Baptists began to think that "Campbellism" was assuming too large proportions, and they determined to clog the wheels a little by building up a rival institution. They succeeded, in a measure, in injuring "Palmyra Seminary," by taking from it a portion of the day pupils. By the time they were in full blast, the Presbyterians concluded there was too much water abroad in the city, and organized a small school. Both schools, of course, had an influence in preventing the growth of ours, by taking from it the pupils under the influence of each church.

In the fall of 1854, Dr. Hopson brought his mother and father from St. Louis, and installed them in the housekeeping department, enabling me to assist in the primary department. Our house was now filled to its utmost capacity with boarders, with about forty pupils in the day department. About this time Dr. Hopson constituted the church at Mt. Zion, between Hannibal and Palmyra. The Herndrens, Taylors, Whaleys, and others, soon formed the nucleus of a now flourishing church.

February, 1854, he held a meeting in Palmyra, resulting in thirty additions, among them several of our

pupils. The session of 1854-'55 was prosperous and pleasant. June, 1855, there were five graduates.

During the following vacation he held a number of meetings, but the number of accessions I am unable to ascertain, with one exception—Bro. J. J. Errett and he held a meeting in Louisiana, Pike county. Ninety added.

Dr. Hopson paid his professors, his housekeepers, divided with his partner, paid all the interest due on his notes, and saw himself in a fair way to reduce the principal of his debts.

The years of 1856 and '57 were years notable for stringency in money matters, in part owing to the drouths that had been prevalent both years. Our patrons—especially our boarding patrons—were unable to pay all their indebtedness, and wanted to remove their daughters until better times.

The Doctor told them not to do it—to let them remain—as several would graduate at the end of the session of 1857 and '58, some of whom had been with us six years, and others four. He would wait on them till better times came.

January, 1857, one of the Doctor's largest creditors failed, and was compelled to give up everything to his creditors. Among his assets was Dr. Hopson's note for \$1,300. The Doctor was notified at once that suit would be brought in February Court: they were compelled to do so, else they could not recover the note at all. It fell upon the Doctor like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

The next day he made an assignment, so that his creditors might all share alike, his partner and teachers only preferred.

Some friends offered the Doctor pecuniary aid, but he

declined, saying that the stringency might continue several years, and he would let the property go, and pay his debts as far as it would. Uncle Lewis Bryan was a warm friend.

He gave up everything but his library, a few pieces of silverware—presents from friends—and his clothing.

The Seminary and its belongings were at once advertised to be sold at the close of the session of 1858. In July the sale took place. Property that cost him \$11,000 sold for \$4,100. He bid in enough furniture to set us up to housekeeping in a modest way.

Father and Mother Fife moved to Paris to take charge of the boarding department of the female seminary there, taking our daughter with them, so as to keep her in school until we could determine what was best to be done.

Bro. Wilkes moved to Columbia, to engage in teaching in Christian College, and our beloved girls went to their homes.

It was a sad parting for all. The names of our dear girls are deeply graven on our hearts, and we are proud of the record many of them have made. I copy a few lines from a letter I received from one of them only a few days ago, she little dreaming I would put it into print, but gave it as the outburst of her heart :

“ I think so often and so much about you and the Doctor ! How could it be otherwise, when so often some little incident in my life will bring to mind some of the grand lessons and noble truths that the Doctor taught our class in the happy school days ! Ah ! no one could teach them so impressively as he could. It always seemed to me that no one else had the same power to arouse all the noblest and best influences of the human heart that the Doctor had. But it is useless to try to tell you, my dear friend, how my heart goes out in love and sympathy for you both.

ANNIE M. COONS.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Dr. Hopson as a Student.—As a Benevolent Man.—A Friend to Young Men.—Disliked Pastoral Visiting.—As a Husband.—His Punctuality.—A Proposition.—Its Results.—Practical Jokes.—As a Son.—His Patience as a Preacher.—Experiences in School-houses and in the Open Air.—The Boy and Cap.—What did Annoy Him.

A portion of this chapter is written for Bro. Graham, and for anybody else who is as curious as he. Bro. Graham says, in his letter to me:

“We all know how Bro. Hopson preaches, and his success as an evangelist, etc. We want to see his inner and domestic life—the virtues he displayed among his most intimate friends—more than the conquests made upon the world’s great battlefield.”

I do not think Bro. Graham would ask me to do anything improper, and I will tell a few tales out of school.

First, Dr. Hopson was a hard student up to the hour he was stricken with disease. He never preached a sermon until he had thoroughly digested it and made every part of it clear to himself, as he desired it to be to his audience. If I was with him, he would make me take the Bible, while he had the Concordance, and go over every passage containing any allusion to the matter under investigation. He always said a man did his hearers, as well as himself, an injustice, who went into the pulpit unprepared. I have often heard persons ask

him to preach on certain subjects. He always declined, unless he was familiar with the one in question.

During all his school years in Palmyra Seminary, he rarely retired before twelve o'clock, and not infrequently one o'clock in the morning. His Greek Testament was his constant study. He very rarely indulged in reading light literature. Shakespeare, Walter Scott and Irving were his favorite authors. Milton, Cowper and Young were his choice among the poets. His mind was exceedingly practical. I never knew him to indulge in speculative theories. He confined himself to bare facts.

I would often say to him, "Here is a beautiful and appropriate quotation," either in poetry or prose; "it would add to your sermon; put it in." It was rarely that I could prevail upon him to do it.

He was a man of unbounded sympathy. The stranger within his gates was made to feel as much at home as his dearest friend.

He was liberal in church matters, aiming to dedicate one-tenth of his income to religious and benevolent interests; but he often gave more. The poor were never turned from his door unaided, and many totally unworthy were helped, in order to induce them to lead better lives.

The sick were never neglected by him. He visited the house of mourning with a sympathetic heart, and did not grudge time or trouble when needed.

He was a devoted friend of the young men of his church. If he missed one from the Lord's day meeting, he would say to me, "Ella, such a young man was not at church to-day. If you are down town any time this week, drop into the store and tell him I want him to report to me. He may be sick. If he is, I must go to

see him." Where they were doing business for themselves, he would visit them himself. Thus they felt that he loved them and watched for their souls.

Almost all pastors dislike what is usually termed pastoral visiting. He was more averse to it than any one I ever knew. He would often make half a dozen calls in a day. Sometimes four or five of the sisters would be from home, or if at home, would detain him from fifteen minutes to half an hour while arranging their toilet, and come into the parlor flushed and warm, and perhaps illy prepared to enjoy religious conversation. He never grudged the time he was visiting, but the time he was wasting in waiting.

As a husband he was remarkable. He never interfered in domestic affairs. I do not think he went to market a dozen times in all our housekeeping. When he did, he bought enough to last the family a week. All he asked was that the meals should be ready promptly. He was punctual, and required it of all his household. The servants were devoted to him, and as soon as they learned his will, gave no trouble on that score.

He wished me to be thoroughly posted in all his business matters—what his exact income was, and all his expenditures. He often said he believed if women only knew the financial condition of their husbands, they would be less extravagant. With salaried men this precaution is very necessary, especially so with preachers, who are not able at all times to command their salaries.

He never allowed me to be out of money. I do not think my purse was empty half a dozen times during his active ministerial life. One year he made me the proposition to give me a stated sum each month to dress myself on. He was very much surprised when I told him

I would take twelve dollars and a half a month for that purpose; and the 1st of January paid the first installment, Februry 1 the second, and the third in March. The 1st of April he had occasion to go to the country after bank hours, and he came to me to get some money to pay toll with. I asked him how much he wanted. He said two dollars would do, if I had that much. I got my purse, and when he saw it he asked me how much I had. I emptied it, and when he counted out thirty-six dollars, he said, "Well, Ella, I do n't see any use of our having separate purses." I did not, either; and so we divided the money between us, and I heard no more of a division of property.

He always gave me the wedding fees up to ten dollars, until our daughter came home from school, and then we shared alike.

The Doctor rarely indulged in practical jokes, but sometimes the temptation was irresistible. Some three weeks after we were married, we were going out to Father Hayden's, and I saw a persimmon tree loaded with beautiful golden fruit. I had often heard of them, but never saw one before. I was anxious to know what it was, and he was equally anxious for me to know. He selected a large, fine one, and insisted on my taking a good bite. I bit, and such a bite I never had before, nor have I ever had since. It drew and puckered my mouth until I could not utter a word. It squeezed the tears from my eyes. I really thought I must be poisoned—that perhaps the Doctor was tired of me already, and wanted to dispose of me in that abominable way. And I have never seen a persimmon since, that I do not feel a choking sensation and a desire to punish somebody.

The Doctor was very sorry, of course, at the result, and begged my pardon, which I have never been fully persuaded that I have accorded yet.

To his mother he was a most devoted son, and his stepfather loved him as if he had been his own child. They spent the last years of their life in our home, and Dr. Hopson paid them a stated salary every month to attend to our marketing and housekeeping. He said old people were prone to feel dependent, and the arrangement he made would make them feel comfortable and supply all their needs, and make them happier. He was always so thoughtful for others.

For many years much of his preaching was done in log school-houses, or log churches, or out of doors amid the "forest aisles," and I have often wondered at his patience and equanimity under the trying and embarrassing circumstances surrounding him. The neighing of horses, the barking of dogs, the crying of children, never seemed to irritate him.

He used to tell the mothers to come to church and bring their children, when they had no one to leave them with—that he could outpreach the crying of half a dozen babies; and I have often seen more than that lying on pillows around the pulpit, while the grateful mothers would sit with open ears listening to the "old, old story." Sometimes one or two babies would raise a tune, but they were soon hushed, and the Doctor would pay no attention except to elevate his voice a little until babydom was quiet.

I used sometimes to practice a little friendly ruse to help him out. I would carry my pocket full of cakes or some candy, and distribute it to the restless ones, and never failed to quiet the little fellows. Dear little babies

and dear mothers, they have forgotten me long since, but they pass before me like pleasant pictures in the dreams of long ago. Very many of the mothers confessed Christ because they had the privilege of hearing of him unrebuked. To young preachers I would like to say just here, a mother's heart and a mother's love for her babes are very tender things, and while sometimes they may be thoughtless and inconsiderate in not placing themselves where they can withdraw from the house without causing annoyance, be patient, very patient, for their mortification is often much greater than your embarrassment can be.

How often have I blessed my noble husband for his gentle forbearance towards those dear mothers, who were so eager to hear him preach that they would ride miles on horseback, with their little ones in their laps. They were hungering and thirsting for the bread of life and the living water.

On one occasion Dr. Hopson was holding a meeting at Santa Fe. John Hall, a great friend of his, whose membership was at Lick Creek, was present, and was the happy father of a real live boy between three and four years of age. The Doctor was preaching in a store-room, fitted up with rough seats and improvised chandeliers and sconces. After the boy had listened patiently to the Doctor nearly an hour, he began to get restless, and spying the chandelier, he concluded to get up a little show on his own account. He had a nice, new cap, and he commenced tossing it up to see if he could throw it over the arm of the chandelier. The Doctor went on with the sermon. The boy's mother tried to stop the fun, but as soon as she turned to look at the preacher, up went the cap. Fortunately the Doctor had the ears of

the congregation and no attention was paid to the boy. At last the cap hung fast in mid air, and the boy subsided. At that moment the Doctor made a gesture that knocked his hymn-book off the pulpit. Master Hall spied it, and jumped down and picked up the book, climbed on to a chair and upon the stand under the pulpit, and said in a loud voice, "Mr. Preacher, Mr. Preacher, here's your book." The Doctor looked at the little fellow with a smile, took the book and said "Thank you," and went on with his sermon as if nothing had ever happened to disturb him.

Some would say, "Why did not his mother take the child out, or do something to him?" To take a child out of a house packed with people, even standing room full, around windows and doors, was no easy matter, and would make more disturbance than his little frolic; and if she had done something else, there is no telling where the trouble might have ended. As it was, the little fellow was asleep in a few minutes, and the Doctor finished his hour and a half sermon without further interruption.

There was one thing that would always annoy the Doctor excessively: that was, for young people to laugh and talk or write notes to each other during service, either singing, praying or preaching, but this was, after all, more on account of the veneration he felt was due to worship than an offense against his personal vanity; yet during all his ministry I never heard him give more than eight or ten severe rebukes, but he would content himself by looking at the offenders a moment or two, preaching on, which usually quieted them.

CHAPTER XV.

His Courage and Fortitude under Misfortune.—Economy.—Division of Labor.—How the Dutchman happened to Saw Wood and Work the Garden.—Meetings at Mexico, New Mexico, St. Joseph.—Fifty Dollars for one Convert, One Dollar a Head for the Remainder.—Meeting in Batavia Ill.—In Chicago.

As soon after our sale as was possible, we moved into a small house, and gathered our little all about us and set ourselves to arrange for future work.

Bro. Graham would like to know how the Doctor felt when he saw himself homeless and houseless and penniless, yea, a thousand times worse than penniless. I will tell you. He was brave and grand in his ruin. Death had twice broken up his home, and he was satisfied so long as mother, wife and child were spared. His daily prayer was that life, health and strength should be given him until he had paid the uttermost farthing.

I tried to be brave, while my heart was nearly breaking over our failure. It was not the pecuniary loss so much as the disruption of our family ties, and the parting from our girls and teachers. We both knew full well that years of labor, toil and self-denial were before us, before the debt could be cancelled, for it would take the whole of the year's salary he was then receiving to pay the interest on the debt he still owed.

Retrenchment and economy were the watchwords for years. We had a good cow, from whose milk and butter

I realized enough to buy our groceries. Our chickens furnished us meat and eggs. We had no servant. I cooked and milked. The Doctor cut the wood and worked the garden—and it was well done.

The long May days grew longer and warmer, and the sun sent out brighter beams to warm up earth and air. One Monday morning early, when I opened the back door and saw a man sawing wood in the yard, I walked out to interview him, and learn who had been so kind as to send him to help the Doctor out. I said, "Good morning, sir." He said, with a stolid look, "*Nichts Verstehe.*" "Who sent you here?" I asked. "*Nichts Verstehe.*" I tried again. "This is a pleasant day." "*Nichts Verstehe.*" I walked into the house, no wiser than I went out.

When I called the Doctor to breakfast I related my adventure. He was amused, and seemed grateful that he was relieved from the now really onerous burden. At twelve o'clock the man ate his dinner, and took down the Doctor's hoe and walked into the garden. When he left it at six o'clock, not a weed was visible. Every Monday, for a month, our Dutchman was there with his axe and hoe. He would saw wood enough in half a day to last all the week. One day the Doctor went out to the country, to be gone a week. After the Monday's work was finished, Chris presented me an order from the Doctor to pay him seventy-five cents for his day's work. I found out who hired the man. When the Doctor returned, I said nothing to him of my discovery until he asked me if I had learned who employed the Dutchman. He said he felt it poor economy to work in the hot sun half a day, and suffer three or four with headache. I agreed with him, and so the matter was settled.

The brethren and friends were very good to him after our loss, and made his salary up to \$1,800 that year. We had the pleasure of having our daughter and my niece with us that summer, which added to our sum of happiness.

During August the Doctor held meetings in Mexico, with thirty-five additions, and New London, thirty additions. He became very tired of going away from home and leaving me, and after our daughter and niece returned to school, we broke up housekeeping, sold our possessions, and became religious tramps, only coming home to fill his appointments twice a month in Palmyra.

In September, 1858, he held a meeting in St. Joseph, then the home of Bros. Lard and Wyatt. Bro. Lard was from home, but Bro. Wyatt assisted the Doctor by prayers and his beautiful singing. Bro. Lard was not preaching for the church, and I think Bro. Wyatt was the regular pastor.

Two interesting incidents occurred during the meeting. After the Doctor had been preaching several days, a brother came to him and said; "Bro. H., if you will convert my son and get him into the church, I will give you fifty dollars." The Doctor replied, "I will do my best, without your fifty dollars. Tell me his difficulty; I may be able to overcome it." The father said, "He has no bad habits; only get him to listen to you, and he will be convinced." The young man came, heard, was pleased, and continued to come until, to his father's great delight, he confessed Christ and became obedient to the faith. When the meeting closed, the brother came to bid the Doctor good-bye, and handed him the fifty dollars. The Doctor demurred, but the brother in-

insisted. "You have saved my boy and myself hundreds of dollars he might have spent in folly; and, besides, here is one dollar a head for every other one who joined." There were twenty-seven additions in all.

Our church was small, and in an out-of-the-way place. The Doctor held his meeting in the court-house. It was not very accessible, being on a high hill, but still the house was crowded all the time.

Among his hearers, towards the last of the meeting, was a refined, cultivated lady, and she was a Methodist. Nearly every time she came she got angry at something the Doctor would say. At length she could contain herself no longer, and came around to Cousin Robert Boyd's, where we were staying, to tell Dr. Hopson what she thought of him. He laughed at her, telling her that he was preaching for her benefit, and that he would baptize her before the meeting closed. She was furious, and when Cousin Kitty Boyd asked her if they should call for her to go to church that night, she very sharply told her no. After she had gone, Cousin Kitty said to the Doctor, "Cousin Winthrop, you have really offended Mrs. D., and I am sorry." "Never mind, Cousin Kitty; I will baptize her yet." Cousin Kitty was incredulous.

We went to church, and were hardly seated when Mrs. D. walked in rather defiantly and took a back seat, as much as to say, "You will see I am not afraid of being caught." The Doctor preached on Acts ii. 38. When the invitation was extended, Mrs. D. came hurriedly forward and gave the Doctor her hand. She could not speak and could hardly stand. Several followed. The Doctor took their confessions and asked them when

they wished to be baptized. Some said next morning before church, but Mrs. D. said she would defer it until her husband, who was absent, returned home, but she was the first one at the water next morning and requested to be immersed first. She said she could not wait another day to put on Christ.

We returned home from St. Joseph, and spent the most of October in Palmyra. The 23d he commenced a meeting in Batavia, Ill., closing it November 3d, with fifteen additions. This was the last visit he paid to my relatives until after the war. From there he went to Chicago and held a meeting for the Monroe Street Church. He had twenty additions. We were the guests of Mr. Henry Honore, who, with his faithful Christian wife and family, have always been our warm friends. Bertha and Ida Honore, now Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Mrs. Col. Fred. Grant, were then in short dresses, and bright, beautiful school girls, and I never can think of them in any other way.

From Chicago we went to Lexington, Ky., where he held a meeting in December. At that meeting there were twenty-four additions. He held a meeting in the country while there, also, and had fourteen confessions. He had a number of calls to hold meetings in the State, but his engagement was out for Cincinnati. He went to Cincinnati early in January and began the meeting in Walnut and Eighth streets church, which in many respects was the meeting of his life. The history of it will be found further on in this book, described by Bro. R. M. Bishop, in whose hospitable home we remained six weeks. What a host he was!

While in Kentucky he made arrangements to return in 1860 and preach for the Lexington church. His ap-

pointments were out for several months' labor in Missouri, and we returned, as soon as the Cincinnati meeting closed, to fulfill his engagements and prepare for removal to Kentucky.

CHAPTER XVI.

L. B. Wilkes' Letter.—Walnut St. Meeting in Cincinnati, in 1859.—R. M. Bishop's Letter.

I think this is, perhaps, the most fitting time to introduce a letter I received from Bro. L. B. Wilkes three months ago. It was written from Stockton, Cal. :

MRS. W. H. HOPSON :

My Dear Sister—As I understand there will be a biography of your distinguished husband, prepared by your own hand—which is most appropriate—I request the privilege of saying a few things. This I do, because he was my friend and brother, with whom from almost boyhood, I had been on the most intimate terms. I made his acquaintance in 1847. I think it was at Springfield, Mo. At that time I lived with Father and Mother Hayden, whose memory is as dear to me as to him, whom we delight to honor. It was customary in those days to have at Springfield, Mo., an annual July meeting. The brethren wanted to get Bro. T. M. Allen to assist them that year. Father Hayden was the leading man in those days. He, either because he could not get Bro. Allen or because he thought Dr. Hopson would suit us better, wrote for him, and he came. He was then young, and very handsome and gifted. I had never heard much preaching by our people before this time. His fine person, easy manners, gift in language, rapid flow of eloquent talking, interested me very much. I had never heard any preaching so fine before, and I have never heard any since that made so great an impression on me as his did then.

Everybody was pleased. The people came in great crowds to hear the young, elegant and gifted speaker. I do not remember the result of the meeting as to additions, but the effect on the public mind as to our plea (*we had a plea then*) was very happy.

I think he came the next year also. At his first meeting he preached a discourse on I. John v. 7. The next year he preached

from I. John v. 8. As he began his sermon, he said: "One year ago I preached a sermon from verse 7; I wish now to say that verse 7 is not from God, but of man." Though some of us thought that the Doctor was a little vain (he had enough of talents and flattery to make almost any one vain), yet, having been mistaken the year before—though not a soul knew it but himself—he felt it to be his duty to publicly confess it.

"Dr. Hopson was always the very soul of honor. His friendship was as steady as the light of the planets, and it was as pure and unselfish as that of the purest woman. I do not claim that he was without faults—no one is; but his faults were few, and they were simple as those of a child. His virtues were numerous and splendid.

"Though no man, however learned or accomplished, could feel the time lost or not well employed spent in the Doctor's Society, yet he made the poorest, commonest mortal who craved his hospitable recognition feel that in his house he had a home, and in him he had a brother.

"I was with him in a meeting he held in Miller Co., Mo. I do not remember the date. The great majority of the people of the neighborhood were poor and illiterate, but they were as kind-hearted, generous people as any. I was reared from early boyhood among them. Their houses were log cabins, and their clothes were the commonest, plainest kind. It was interesting to see how readily the Doctor made himself at home with them in their humble houses, and how they were made to feel at home in his company.

"If the Doctor had a noticeable fault, it was that he had a touch of vanity in his make-up. Up to a certain point this element is valuable—indeed, it is essential to the existence of a grand and beautiful character. The Doctor had enough of it, at least, to keep him high above all mean, selfish, or ignoble deeds. When one has not too much of this element, it perhaps ought not to be called vanity.

"In 1853 I engaged to preach for the church in Hannibal, Mo. Dr. H. was preaching at that time in Palmyra, Mo., twelve miles from Hannibal. He was also Principal of 'Palmyra Female Seminary.'

"He had a large and prosperous school, and needed help. In the fall of 1854 he and I became equal partners in the Institution. We lived in the same house, ate at the same table, and I came to

know him as well as it is possible for one man to know another. A small disagreement or two occurred during the three years we were associated in this work. But these, though not enjoyed at the moment, served only to more fully manifest one of the noblest characters it has ever been my happiness or honor to know. My opinion is, that if ever any one used his tongue to shadow the reputation of Dr. H., it was done in ignorance of his real moral worth, or he was a malicious slanderer. I believe I never heard of more than two or three such, and those had dropped upon them the infamy and obscurity they so richly merited, not long afterwards.

“ Dr. Hopson failed financially when he and I were partners. He owed me and many others more than he could then pay. This was in 1857. Now the great trial of his life and test of his integrity was upon him. He went through the whole matter, and paid all his debts, and came out, not only as unsullied as the snow, *but his creditors thought so.* And it was so.

“ Put Dr. Hopson in health and in his prime again, and let him go to Palmyra, the scene of his disaster, and not a man on earth would be greeted more warmly and heartily than he.

“ The Doctor had a discussion, in 1852, at Hannibal, Mo., with Mr. Caples, of the M. E. Church, South. Many years afterwards, Bishop Marvin, in writing the biography of Mr. Caples, who was an excellent man and preacher, went out of his way a little to depreciate Dr. Hopson as he appeared before the people in that discussion. I was then, and am now, willing that Mr. Caples should appear on the pages of history in his true character for intellect, learning and moral worth. He was not a man of much learning, but in other respects mentioned, he was a very superior man, quite in advance of the Bishop. But in no one respect was Dr. Hopson inferior to either of them, and in respect to education he was vastly the superior of both.

“ After the debate, nearly all the people, *as I know,* thought Dr. H. was ahead. Should it be said that the people know very little about the merits of such a discussion, my reply is, The parties went before the people to obtain their verdict—they had no other object—and Dr. Hopson got what he went for.

“ There are many other things, in the life of which I speak, worthy of a place on the pages of history.

“ He began preaching when quite young—in his eighteenth year, if I am not mistaken. Though he was an only child of par-

ents who were well-to-do in life, petted and spoiled, no doubt, and though he was considered wild when a boy, yet at the early age of about seventeen, he laid aside the gayeties and youthful follies of the world, and, in company with Samuel Rogers, of glorious memory, and under his supervision, went to preaching. His teacher was, like himself, very gifted by nature, very brave, and withal, like the Master—had a great, generous, noble heart, which, coupled with other qualities, put him in the van of useful and lovable men.

“The dear, precious man of God has gone to his reward. The last words I had with him were in the presence of his noble son, John I., in Covington, Ky., in 1868. He was then seeing Him who is invisible. Like Enoch, he was walking with God, and waiting anxiously to be translated. He was, as Bro. G. O. Burnet once said, at the State Meeting in Wheatland, Cal., in 1874, ‘feeling the sweet breezes from the paradise of God.’ He was listening for the angels’ wings. Those words of his have been, and shall forever be, a blessing and a benediction upon my soul.

“God made Samuel Rogers to preach, and it was a fortunate thing that Dr. Hopson fell into his hands. One of those exhortations that came like a tornado from the warm heart and great soul of Samuel Rogers—which, no doubt, caused the angels in heaven to stop and listen, and wait to see if sinners would not repent—was just the thing to stir the heart of the young evangelist, and to determine it for good and great things for God. On Dr. Hopson it no doubt had this effect. In the often thrilling effect of the Doctor’s efforts before hundreds and thousands of hearers, was plain to be seen the result of an early and determined purpose to be true and to dare much for Him who died for the world.

“Other and more skillful hands will do more ample justice to the subject of these few lines than I have been able to do, no doubt.

Very truly your brother,

“L. B. WILKES.”

CINCINNATI, May 22, 1886.

MRS. ELLA L. HOPSON—*My Dear Sister* :—Your letter advising me you were writing the life of your husband, and asking me to give you a history of his first meeting in Cincinnati, came to hand, and I wish it could be correctly done. It was a remarka-

ble meeting, and was the means of giving a great impetus to our cause in this city.

This meeting, if I remember correctly, occurred in January, 1859. I shall simply give you some of the leading facts in regard to it, and from them and your own recollection you can give a fuller and better account of the meeting.

I had met Dr. Hopson at the organization of the General Missionary Convention in 1849, but did not then become well acquainted with him. Some years thereafter we decided to hold a protracted meeting in the Eighth and Walnut street (now the "Central Christian") church, and, having heard much of Dr. Hopson's ability as a proclaimer of the ancient gospel, and his success as a preacher, I was authorized by the congregation to invite him to make us a visit and hold a meeting for us, which invitation he accepted. He came to Cincinnati and commenced the meeting and continued it six weeks, resulting in about one hundred additions, among them many of our best citizens and business men.

His eloquence and peculiar manner of presenting and discussing his subjects soon became a topic of general remark. We soon realized the importance of having a larger house. It was impossible to comfortably accommodate the audiences. Judges, lawyers, doctors, business men, ministers of other churches, were very often in attendance. I very well remember a sermon he preached on the threefold nature of spiritual influence that caused quite a commotion, especially among some of our sectarian editors, who took the liberty of criticising it severely. Some of the members of the secular press defended him in the positions taken by him.

This sermon, having become a subject of such general remark, and having been misconstrued and misrepresented by those opposed to us religiously, I suggested to Dr. Hopson the importance of its repetition, stating that if he would consent to do so, we would secure Smith & Nixon's Hall, that would comfortably seat 2,500 people, publish it in our newspapers, and invite the public to come and hear it for themselves. This arrangement was agreed upon between Dr. Hopson and myself. I so reported to the board of officers of our church. All favored the repetition of the sermon, but seriously objected to the procurement of the hall, simply because they thought an audience of eight or ten hundred in so large a place would not look well. I assured them

that by clearly stating the subject, and with proper publication, the hall would be full. It was agreed upon, the hall secured, and the sermon delivered to at least 3,000 hearers. The seats were all filled, the standing room crowded, and at least 1,500 persons came who could not procure admittance. W. D. Bickham and myself secured a stenographer to take it down, but it was never published. I sincerely hope that in publishing a history of your husband's life, you will publish it and others.

Among some of his other sermons he preached during his meeting here, his text for one of them was something like this: "Other churches may be right—they may be wrong; but we are right, and can't be wrong." I very well remember hearing a very intelligent Presbyterian gentleman, who heard the Doctor announce that text for the next evening's discourse, say it was a very bold assertion, and that he was surprised at the statement. I urged him to come and hear the sermon. He did so. The next day I met him on 'Change. He came up to me and candidly admitted that the Doctor made a strong and seemingly conclusive defense of the position taken.

Many other incidents of interest occurred which you will doubtless remember, and can elaborate.

I have been accustomed to attending protracted meetings, and listening to our ablest ministers, from boyhood, I never heard the gospel presented *more forcibly*, and with better effect, than it was in the forty-two discourses delivered during this meeting.

A remarkable fact, noted by many others as well as myself, was, his voice and strength held up in such a remarkable manner. He was not under the necessity of apologizing a single time during the meeting, on account of weariness, hoarseness, or anything else.

Your home, as you doubtless remember, was at our house during your stay in Cincinnati, which gave me an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with him. I formed a strong attachment for him as a Christian gentleman, an able minister of the gospel and a *true friend*. My relations to and with him since have the more indelibly impressed these facts upon me as correct.

Very Truly Your Brother,

R. M. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XVII.

Removal to Lexington, Ky.—Bro. McDonald's Letter.—Pastoral Work in Lexington.—Numerous Meetings.—Country Meetings.—Basket Dinner.—Meeting at Berea.—Tornado.

After a year's successful preaching in Missouri and adding many to the saved, January 1st, 1860, we moved from Missouri to Lexington, Ky. He felt that he must go where he could receive better remuneration for his services than he could in Missouri, or he would never be able to clear himself of the onerous burden bearing so heavily upon him.

Bro. McDonald, of Palmyra, in writing of that time, says :

“ I wish I could give you an account of the Doctor's school enterprise, as I would like to do ; of his struggle to build up a first-class institution of learning, and of his honorable, though lamented, failure. Two causes contributed to this sad result—one was the failure of others, and another was his unbounded generosity in assisting poor and worthy girls, giving them their schooling, and often books and clothing. In many instances their parents were able to pay him comparatively nothing. Then of his surrender of all he had to satisfy his creditors.

“ When leaving Palmyra with a sad heart, on his way to the depot he met the Baptist minister, Mr. James S. Green. He said : ‘ Good-bye, Green ; I shall never be anything but a five hundred dollar a year preacher as long as I remain in Palmyra, and have to go where I can do better, and try and make the money to pay off my debts.’ I would love to tell of his brave efforts and payments he made until he was arrested and imprisoned, sending all the money above his expenses to his creditors ; then of his arrest and long imprisonment, after which he was

sent South, where he was only able to support himself and wife, during all which time his debts were accumulating by ten per cent interest, which, by the close of the war, brought them up to their original amount, about \$11,000; which amount, by leading a life of continuous active labor, preaching at his regular appointment and holding meetings as opportunity offered, and practicing the most rigid economy for several years, he manfully and honorably discharged every debt, to the satisfaction of all his creditors, but by this time to the detriment of his health; and he has been able to make but little headway, financially, since. I think his last payment was made in 1873 or '74, and Dr. Hopson was a free and honored man, beloved and respected in his church and by the world as an honest man."

The above was written by a dear friend and brother, whom the Doctor had the pleasure of baptizing not long after we moved to Palmyra.

A gentleman, not a member of any church, writes the following:

"You ask me to give you an estimate of Dr. Hopson's character as a citizen and Christian minister, from a worldly standpoint, or what those outside of the church think of him. I can simply say I have more confidence in him than in any preacher I ever knew or was acquainted with, as an honest, upright gentleman and Christian. Furthermore, nine-tenths of the men in this community who were not members of any church and were acquainted with the Doctor, give him that character.

"I was speaking to an old citizen—a prominent business man—a few months ago, about the preachers who had lived here since his recollection and mine, and gone away in debt. His remark was that Dr. W. H. Hopson was the only one who had ever returned and paid in full, everything he owed, principal and interest—and, indeed, compound interest. He was a member of another church."

In January, 1860, Dr. Hopson bade his friends and adopted State a sad and reluctant farewell. The brethren on the Mississippi River made him promise that at the end of two years he would return and make his

home in Missouri, provided they would give him a house and enough ground to support himself and family, outside of his preaching. He removed at once to Lexington, and commenced his labors there. He was welcomed by a good church, of noble brethren, who were ready and willing to aid their preacher in every possible way; a competent eldership and diaconate, who were always ready to give counsel and encouragement.

The following two years were delightfully spent in our new home. The Doctor had a source of pleasure he never before enjoyed—the society of his preaching brethren, who were continually passing through Lexington, and who always spent a few hours in the city *in transitu*.

The first few months we boarded a mile in the country with Elder Joseph Wasson and his dear, good-wife. She was a mother, indeed, to us while we were under her roof.

We usually spent two days in the week visiting. We would walk in early and spend the morning making calls. We had five lunch houses—Brethren Van Pelt and Emmal Warner (their latch-string was always out for us at dinner time), and Sister Allen (Aunt Polly), and Sister Carty, (whose husband was not a member, but who was one of the noble Jasons we read of, and who afterwards became a member of the church).

During the time of the Doctor's first pastorate in Lexington—from January 1st, 1860, to May 1st, 1862—he had ninety-four additions to the church by baptism. Besides his labor for the church in the city, he held meetings at Old Union, Berea, Newtown, Leesburg, Clintonville, Richmond, Versailles, Georgetown, Paris, Nicholasville, Danville, Cynthiana, Louisville, Winchester, Mt. Sterling; also for the churches at Elkhorn,

Macedonia, Providence, Keene and Sulphur Well. I think he held one at North Middletown, also. I have endeavored to ascertain the number of additions at these various meetings, but so far as I have made inquiry, I have been unable to find out anything about it. I suppose the church clerks think the Lord will know his own when he comes, and it is not necessary to keep a record. Bro. White, of Lexington, is the only clerk who has in his possession the required information.

I know he never held a meeting in which he did not meet with success in winning many souls to Christ—often from thirty to forty in a two weeks' meeting. Whenever he was near enough to do so, he would preach twice a day and drive into the city after preaching so as to be at his own prayer-meeting or officers' meeting. He would preach twice a day during the week, and leave the meeting and preach at home on Sunday, and return again Monday morning. All his country meetings were all-day basket-meetings. Those basket-meetings, as they were called, were grand things. The brethren and sisters gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the preaching; nothing else was thought of or talked of. The dinner—a Kentucky dinner—was cooked and brought to the church by servants, who took charge of it until church was over, then the snow-white cloth was spread on the grass or improvised table and a bountiful repast was laid out for the multitude.

The people came from all the towns around to attend these gatherings, and I have seen as many as two thousand people at one of those midsummer meetings at Old Union, in Bourbon county. Those were grand social gatherings, as well as religious meetings. They were always attended with an ingathering of souls, as well as

an increase of brotherly love. It brought together the preachers, and made them take a deeper interest in each other and in the cause they loved. I wish I had space in my book to speak of them all—Bro. Gano, dear old Bro. Rogers, and Bro. John I. Rogers, brethren Ricketts, Walden, McGinn, Jarrott, King, John Smith, Bronson, Collins, Raines, Hardin, John A. Brooks, and others. These were among his co-workers during his first engagement in Lexington.

The Doctor would often say, "If we were only house-keeping, how much pleasure we should enjoy in entertaining our brethren!" but we were not able to afford it.

Those meetings—real love-feasts—and those brethren will never be forgotten by any old enough to enter into the spirit of them. Six of those brethren mentioned have "crossed over the river," and two of them are now waving their farewells to loved ones; the other five are fighting valiantly for the old paths. Often four or five preachers would be present at the meeting, and spend from three to five days in religious enjoyment. These were new experiences to the Doctor and seasons of intense pleasure.

I remember a meeting the Doctor held at Berea, at which Bro. Gano, Bro. John Smith, Bro. McGinn, and one other minister besides Dr. Hopson, assisted, whom I can not now call to mind. They were having meetings in the morning and at night, instead of basket-meetings. We all went to Bro. Joshua Smith's to dinner. Just as we rose from the table we heard a roaring sound, and, looking out of the window, saw a terrific storm approaching. Trees were being uprooted or broken off, fences flying in the air, cattle and horses running in all directions, maddened with fear; birds flying wildly

about. It seemed as if in a moment we would be in the midst of it ourselves. Sister Smith was a great lover of flowers, and had a large number of beautiful hot-house potted plants on a stand in the back yard. She ran out to see if she could select one favorite and save it, but turned away in despair. She expected in another moment they would be crushed to pieces by the hail. We had all sought the back porch and awaited the shock all felt must come. A few moments went by; not a breath of air struck us, but a few hundred yards to the right and left of us the work of destruction was continued. Sister Smith said it was the presence of the five good men that saved her home from the awful storm and her beautiful flowers from destruction. We all felt it was indeed a special providence, whose protecting care is so often manifested in the lives of God's children.

On returning to church that evening, the road was blocked in two or three places by fallen trees, and the fences had to be taken down to enable us to ride through pastures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Beginning of the War.—Withdrawal of the States.—Meeting in Cincinnati.—First Gun Fired.—Resignation at Lexington.—His Position.—Kentucky Neutrality.—Pledged to Neutrality.—Fidelity of Union Friends.—Fear of Arrest.—Took our Daughter to Missouri, to Mrs. Fife, Dr. Hopson's Mother.

One year of this delightful work passed swiftly by. The war-cloud was slowly gathering over the land; mutterings of the coming storm were growing louder. December 20th, 1860, the State Convention of South Carolina "passed an ordinance to dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, The Constitution of the United States." Mississippi was the next State, January 9th, 1861. Florida followed on the 10th; Alabama, the 11th; Georgia, the 18th; Louisiana on the 20th. No one could calculate the result. It would have taken a bold hand and a stout heart to have lifted the veil of the future and to have looked upon what lay beyond.

The Doctor continued his meetings. As yet there was not excitement enough in Kentucky to interfere with his work, and in spite of rumors of war he was successful in winning many souls to Christ.

April 5th, 1861, he commenced a meeting in Cincinnati, which promised to be as interesting as the one he held in 1859. He had been preaching just a week, the house had been crowded by attentive listeners, when the news was flashed over the wires that Fort Sumter had

been fired upon. The excitement in the city was intense; the streets were filled with rushing crowds, excited and augmented by the music of fife and drum.

Bro. Bishop took the Doctor in his carriage and rode through the crowded streets. They both concluded it was useless to continue the meeting under the circumstances, and closed it that night with a good audience, many of whom were anxious for its continuance.

We returned to Lexington at once. The Doctor went quietly on with his work, neither talking nor preaching politics.

The friends of Dr. Hopson knew where his convictions and sympathies were. He was born and reared in the South. All his relatives lived there, nearly all his life had been spent there; but while he loved the South, he felt no enmity towards the North. While he was strongly Southern, I was by faith, conviction and education as strongly Union. During all this time he had never said anything in my presence that could wound the most sensitive. He preached through the year 1861, but finding there was likely to be trouble in Kentucky, he thought best to resign charge of the church, January, 1862, to take effect in three months, and then he would be free to leave the State if he felt his liberty was in danger.

The 18th of April, 1861, a large Union meeting was held in Louisville, Ky., at which the most prominent Union men of the State assisted, and declared most emphatically for neutrality in the following resolution:

“*Resolved*, That the present duty of Kentucky is to maintain her present independent position, taking sides, not with the Administration, nor with the seceding States, but with the Union against them both, declaring her soil to be sacred from the hostile

tread of either, and, if necessary, to make the declaration good with her own right arm."

When the neutrality of Kentucky was declared, Dr. Hopson said he would abide by the decision and by no word or act break the compact made by his native State. Another thing added to his resolve and strengthened his purpose. During the summer of '61, I think it was, a meeting was called at Lexington, of as many of the brethren among our preachers as could be conveniently brought together, to discuss the matter of urging our brethren throughout the State to keep out of the strife and so preserve the harmony of the churches. Bro. Henderson came up from Louisville upon this special mission, and it was due to his most earnest and persistent efforts that the brethren present decided to urge the measure upon our large church through the State. The appeal was to be written and sent to Lexington. Bro. Z. F. Smith and Dr. Hopson were to take it and visit the churches, get the signatures of our prominent brethren, and have it printed and distributed among all the congregations. From that hour Dr. Hopson felt himself most sacredly pledged to be prudent and careful in all he said or did, as he was bound by his church as well as his State.

To the Union men of the church in Kentucky, Dr. Hopson will always feel greatly indebted for their unvarying kindness and devotion to him in those trying days. Some of the men whose loyalty could not be doubted stood by him to the last. Brethren Wm. Van Pelt and W. B. Emmal are two whose houses we visited every week while in Lexington. John G. Allen, McMichael, and others, were his warm friends; also, Bro.

Harry Graves, of Georgetown. All loved him, and never faltered in their allegiance to him in the dark days that followed. While with these he had the friendship and confidence of such men as Benjamin Gratz, David Sayer, Madison Johnson, Garret Davis and John Carty. These men were all in the Union ranks. His uncle, Dr. Henry Hopson, of Paris, (a noble, grand man he was) opposed his nephew both in politics and religion (he being an Episcopalian), but they loved each other most tenderly.

When he resigned his position in the church at Lexington, he told some of the brethren he was afraid he would be arrested, but both parties told him they did not think it probable and opposed the step; but he thought it would be best to do so. They then asked him who would be a good man to take his place. He told them he only knew of one man who he felt would suit the time and people—J. W. McGarvey, of Missouri. Some one asked the Doctor, "What are his politics?" Dr. Hopson said: "I do not know, nor will you ever know if you wait for him to enlighten you; and that is one of the reasons I can recommend him to you." Bro. McGarvey agreed to come, and the years that followed showed the wisdom of the choice.

Several Union men told the Doctor that if there should be any serious talk of his arrest they would be likely to hear of it, and would notify him in time to leave the State. Upon this promise he rested easy.

In February, Dr. Hopson thought it best for me to take our daughter to Missouri and leave her in charge of mother, at school, in Paris. I left Lexington the 8th, reaching Paris safely the third day. When I reached Cincinnati, on my way home, the news of the fall of

Fort Donelson was creating an excitement as intense as the first gun at Charleston had the year before.

The following day I returned to Lexington. The Doctor said he was prepared to leave at any time it might be thought necessary.

CHAPTER XIX.

Meetings at Shelbyville, Eminence, Bloomfield, Old Union.—Morgan's Raid.—Meeting Closed.—The Doctor Notified that the Order was out for His Arrest.—Attempt to Escape.—Union Friends.—Refusal to Compromise Them.—His Surrender to Major Brock, of Lexington.—Parole.—Arrest by Col. Warner.—Louisville Prison.—Preaching.—Refusal to take the "Iron-clad Oath."—Camp Morton.—Johnson's Island.—False Charges.—My Endeavors to Secure his Release.—Banished from the State.

The months of May and June were spent in evangelizing. The Doctor held meetings in Shelbyville, Eminence and Bloomfield. The 1st of July he was at Old Union, in one of those glorious meetings everybody loved to be at. Elder T. M. Allen was with him, and, of course, Bro. John A. Gano.

While it was rumored that John Morgan was marching into Kentucky, many believed it an idle report. It was difficult to get at the truth of any war news then.

The meeting was growing in interest. Many were coming to Christ, in spite of the excitement. The 18th of July was a lovely day; the house was crowded with people. Dr. Hopson was in the midst of his sermon, when twenty-five or thirty Morgan men rode up to the church. He at once dismissed the congregation. While he and Bro. Allen were looking upon the exciting scene some one handed the Doctor a note. It ran thus:

"*Dear Doctor* :—I promised to let you know if at any time you were in danger. The order is out for your arrest; get out of the way the best you can. Your Union Friend,

"GEORGETOWN.

J. L."

He handed the note to Bros. Allen and Gano; both were Union men at that time. They were both shocked and grieved.

There was short time for thought. The boys urged the Doctor to go with them at once. He told them he had some necessary arrangements to make, and would try to reach them when they left the State, so as to have their protection.

Before the sun went down the boys in gray had come and gone, but had taken with them some twenty of the young men of the neighborhood. It was a time for sad farewells and tears; brothers, sons, lovers, were leaving their homes and loved ones, and God alone knew if any of them would ever return.

The Doctor closed the meeting at once. We went home with Bro. Gano, Bro. Allen going with us. After supper we were sitting out in the yard, under the trees, all silent, and thinking of what the day had brought forth. Twilight had gathered about us, when the tramp of horses and rattling of sabers announced the advance of soldiers, but on which side we knew not.

They came down the long avenue leading to the house, and as they entered the last gate a few rods away, the leader spoke. Dear Uncle Billy Conn spoke first: "That is Dick's voice." Almost simultaneously Dr. Hopson said: "That is Gen. Gano." In a moment he was in his father's arms, and surrounded by the whole family. They had not seen him for two years. Bro. Gano stood for a moment looking at Dr. Hopson, and

said : " They may send me to prison if they want to, but I will give Richard his supper." I shall never forget that hour. When we gathered about the family altar that night there were two sons less in the family group. Bro. Allen was the only one who could lift his voice in prayer.

The next morning early, Dr. H. left for D. B. Bryan's, whose house had been our home for three months, who was a Union man then, and is yet, I suppose. The Doctor made immediate preparations to leave. By the time he was ready, the country was filled with homeguards. He attempted to make his way out through Mt. Sterling, but found himself hemmed in so that escape was impossible. He went to the house of a Union friend and brother in the church, with whom he had been intimate ever since he moved to the State, and at whose house he had stayed for weeks.

He was warmly welcomed and the brother began at once to suggest ways and means of escape. He said he felt sure that Dr. H. had violated no law that would make him amenable to the charge of treason. He told the Doctor he could conceal him until he could make his escape, or he would take him in his carriage to the Ohio River and put him across, and furnish him money to go where he pleased.

The Doctor told him he could not accept his generous offer, but that he would remain with him until he could send to his uncle, Dr. Hopson, and do whatever he advised him.

His uncle came immediately, and advised him to return to Lexington at once, as it was impossible for him to leave the State; and he might be safer at headquarters than to run the risk of falling into the hands of the

predatory bands of home-guards that were roaming the country.

They returned to Lexington together, and at once reported at Major Brock's office, who assured the Doctor he would not be detained, but to go where he pleased, and report to him at 2 P. M. He at once came up to Dr. D. Morton's, where I was staying. Just as the dinner-bell rang there was a loud knock at the front door. When Dr. Morton opened it, two Federal soldiers were standing on the step. They asked if Dr. Hopson was there. Dr. Morton said to them, "There is the gentleman." The spokesman said, "We want him to come with us." Dr. Morton begged them to let Dr. H. get his dinner. No; their orders were peremptory—Bring him at once. Dr. Hopson told them he was under arrest, and on parole. Remonstrance was vain—go he must. He left. I expected fully he would be back in in an hour or two, and had his dinner put away—and it was over four years before he came after it.

Instead of taking him to the Provost's office, he was taken to the jail, and turned into the yard with all sorts of people. He felt the truth of the adage, "Misfortune makes acquainted with strange" companions.

When three o'clock came, I began to feel very uneasy at his absence. A little while after, Bro. McGarvey called. I asked him if he saw the Doctor down town. He said yes; and after a moment's hesitation, he continued, "He sent a message to you by me. I heard he was to be sent away on the cars, and went to the depot to see him, but was not allowed to approach him." He delivered the message, and I shall never forget the mingled tones of sadness and sympathy with which he announced to me the sad news. Were I

writing my own history, instead of Dr. Hopson's, it would be impossible to describe my feelings. He was taken away from me so suddenly, without a farewell, and oblivious of his destination. He told Bro. McGarvey to tell me he would write to me at once, so I would know where he was. He was arrested at noon, July 25, 1862 (Friday). I waited until Tuesday; could hear no tidings. One paper said he had been sent North, and another South.

As soon as Bro. McGarvey left, I sent for Mr. John Carty, a warm Union friend of the Doctor's, to ascertain, if possible, why he had been sent away, instead of being tried in Lexington, where everybody knew him and his record. Mr. Carty came at once, and told me that Dr. Hopson's friends among the Union men advised the step; that it would probably save bloodshed, as threats were made to tear the jail down to procure his release, if necessary, and that men were ready to rouse and rally the Doctor's friends from all parts of the county. He said it was a most unfortunate arrest, and he regretted it exceedingly, as did other Union men, as well as Southern. He was very kind, and advised with me as to the best course to pursue to obtain his release.

I waited until Tuesday for news from him, and, not receiving any, I telegraphed to Wm. Terry, who responded that Dr. Hopson was in the military prison in Louisville, but that I would not be able to see him before Thursday. I immediately packed his clothes, and boarded the cars and went down to the city. Wednesday morning, Sister Huffman and I went to the prison, and succeeded in gaining admittance at once. It was a sad meeting. When I asked him what I could do to obtain his liberty, he said he could see no hope of release.

A lawyer had already visited him with a proposition that if he would take the "iron-clad oath," as it was called, and, in addition, give a bond of \$10,000 to behave in the future, he could be set at liberty. The first he could not, and the second he would not do. He was required by the "iron-clad oath" to swear that he had no sympathy for the South. He said to me: "Ella, if I were to take that oath, every Southern friend and every Union friend I have would know I had perjured myself. I was born and reared in the South, and loyalty to race and loyalty to principle would forbid my taking that oath. I am willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and go to Canada or Dixie, if I am obnoxious, but I will lie in prison and rot before I will perjure myself. Since the war began I have occupied the position taken by the State of Kentucky, and have never violated the solemn compact entered into with the brethren in Lexington. I have never by advice, counsel or money violated that pledge. I have nothing to say against the government; I do not believe it responsible for my arrest. I have not been informed of the charges against me, nor can I find out. I have no hard words for those who caused my arrest, but I will be consistent and honest."

I tried for a week to obtain a copy of the charges against him, but in vain. I knew it would be useless for me to attempt to stir in the matter until I knew what I had to contend against. Again and again I visited the Provost Marshal's office, but in vain. Col. Harney would give me no satisfaction. Why, I could not learn.

Mr. Carty advised me to ascertain the charges against him, and then get the certificates of Union men to prove

their falsity, and take the vindication to Washington and obtain his release. I found it impossible.

I shall always feel indebted to some of the Union men of Louisville for their kindness in that trying time. Wm. Kaye was mayor of the city then, and I am indebted to him for courtesies and advice.

Capt. Zach. Sherley assisted me all he could, and visited Dr. Hopson in prison to see if he could aid him in any way. When Dr. Hopson told him that he intended to preach in the prison the following Sunday, Capt. Sherley begged him not to do it, as an order was out that if any one attempted to preach they should be put in irons. Dr. Hopson told him that he received his authority to preach from a higher power than any human government, and he would like to wear chains for Christ's sake. He made his appointment for Sunday morning, and promptly the seats were filled, and just as he commenced preaching a soldier entered the room. The Doctor thought he was going to take him from the stand, in all probability, but instead, he slipped a note on the end of his bayonet, and, reaching forward, gave it to the Doctor. It read:

“Dr. Hopson will be allowed to preach, provided he does not preach treason.
GEN. JERRY BOYLE.”

The Doctor read the note and went on with the services. Capt. Sherley had procured that concession for him on the part of those in authority.

Bro. Wm. Giltner came down from Eminence to see if he could be of any assistance to him. These assurances of esteem and confidence were very precious to him in this hour of trial. There were many others equally kind. After eighteen days' confinement in the

Louisville prison, the authorities determined to remove the prisoners to Camp Morton, Ind. I was notified that I must visit the Doctor the day before the one set for removal, as I would not be permitted to see him on that day. Still I felt I must see him leave, and Sister Huffman and I went down in the carriage to the prison. Capt. Dillard took pity on me, and said I might go up and see the Doctor if I would only stay ten minutes, as they were nearly ready to be marched out to leave. We were still ignorant of the charge against him, but he remarked to me, "They have a new Provost Marshal, Col. Dent. I think he is a gentleman. You go and see him, and maybe he will give you the desired information." It was a sad, sad hour when I saw my dear husband marched off between rows of bristling bayonets, while he was not allowed even to wave a farewell to hundreds of his friends who were looking from windows and lining the sidewalks. I never saw him walk so proudly or look so grandly as he did then, while it seemed to me my heart would break; yet I felt that I would rather never see him again than that he should swear falsely for the sake of securing his liberty.

Mrs. Huffman and I went immediately to the Provost's office, and found Col. Dent in. He was very kind, and listened to my story. He sent for Capt. Dillard, who was to take the prisoners away, and asked for the paper containing the charges against Dr. Hopson. Capt. Dillard readily produced it, and handed it to Col. Dent. He opened it, and handed it to me. It said:

"Dr. Hopson has thrown all his abilities, energies and heart into this wicked rebellion, which is a disgrace, not merely to Christianity, but to civilization. He has devoted his days and nights for upwards of a year to the destruction of the best govern -

ment that ever existed. His example, coming from one of the first Christian preachers in the State, would have been mischievous and criminal enough, but he devoted his rare intellectual abilities to the furtherance of his pernicious example. He made preaching tours, and wherever he went the secesh gathered to hear the gospel of rebellion, treason, murder, pillage and piracy, and wherever he went a crop of secession thistles and brambles sprung up in his path. He joined Morgan, and raided through the country with him, and is his chaplain. His church desire him summarily dealt with."

There were no names signed to this precious document. Why? Simply because there was no man living who would have dared to put his name to such infamous falsehoods. Those who made these charges knew they were false, and were afraid to father them.

Col. Dent gave me the same advice Mr. Carty had. I returned to Lexington the following day, and made arrangements to write to Union preachers with whom the Doctor had held meetings during the year, to procure certificates disproving the charges.

I was in the city only two days, when a friend who had been visiting in the country came home. I was staying at her daughter's. She said she was glad and sorry to see me; that the lady's husband where she had been visiting said they were going to arrest me on my return from Louisville. I told her I did not like to leave, as it would defeat my effort to release the Doctor. She said that was what they wanted to do. That evening I got a letter from Uncle Henry Hopson, of Paris, telling me there was a strong feeling in favor of having me arrested, and to be very careful and prudent.

I determined to return to Louisville at once, and await answers to my letters there. I arrived late in the evening, and was driven to Bro. Huffman's. I did not

know that any one in Louisville knew I was in the city. The second morning after my arrival I received a note warning me that I would be arrested on sight. I sent for Capt. Sherley, and he said that, while he would not ordinarily notice anonymous notes and letters, it was a matter in which it was best to run no risks, and perhaps I had better leave the State. He sent for his son, who soon had a carriage at the door, and went with me to Jeffersonville, to take the train for Chicago, where I had friends living.

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Hopson a Conscript.—His Regrets.—No Hope of Release.—His Masonic Relations Advantageous.—Inside Post-master.—Preached Every Sunday.—Accidental Discovery.—Dutch Guard.—Way of Escape Opened.—His Release.—Sent South.—Reports of his Command.—Kindness of Union Friends while in Prison.—Bro. Bishop.—Bro. Graham.—Received Commission.—Gen. Morgan Delighted that the Government had Sent him a Chaplain.

I was about the first refugee that left Louisville before the invasion of Gen. Bragg's army. On my arrival in Chicago, I found my relatives absent from the city, and at once sought the hospitable home of Bro. H. H. Honore. I was made very welcome, and remained there four weeks. From there I went to La Porte, Ind., to my mother's, where I remained until the Doctor's release. I was now in a position to have free correspondence with Dr. Hopson, with one restriction: nothing was allowed to be written on war topics, nor could I let him know that he was a conscript. The authorities had really conscripted him and put him in the Confederate army, *nolens volens*, as a chaplain. He was one of whom the great dramatist wrote when he said, "Some have greatness thrust upon them." Without his desire, knowledge or consent, he was made Gen. John Morgan's chaplain five months before he found it out. Had he only known the fact, he might have been saved all those long, weary months of imprisonment.

His letters to me were full of encouragement and

cheer. He deplored the fact that he was unable to provide for those he loved, and that in his enforced idleness he could do nothing to lessen his indebtedness in Missouri. Up to the time of his arrest, he had sent every dollar he made above necessary expenses to his creditors, which left him nearly stripped of available means. He said he knew I could make a living, but his daughter was too young to assist herself.

He felt that the Confederate government would have no interest in his exchange as he was not a fighting man, and patiently and uncomplainingly he did his duty as a prisoner. The last three months of his imprisonment was spent at Johnson's Island. He said the prisoners were well fed and treated kindly, Louisville being the hardest prison he was in. His Masonic affiliations procured him many kindnesses from the officers in charge who were Masons themselves. He was inside post-master, and through their indulgence he was allowed to write me twice a week instead of twice a month, and as much as he pleased each time. He preached every Lord's day to thousands of prisoners, and made many friends among them, who today are scattered all over the West and South.

After nearly five months' imprisonment, the way of escape was opened up to him. One day when the guard was changed, a German was detailed to call the roll of the Doctor's mess of fifty-two men. Fortunately he could not read a word of English, and asked Dr. Hopson to read his roll call for him. The Doctor was very willing to accommodate him. Opposite every man's name was the charge against him. When he came to W. H. Hopson, he found appended to it "John Morgan's chaplain." How his heart leaped! That name was the

synonym for liberty. He sent at once for Major Pierson, commandant at the post, and demanded his release.

The Major said, "On what grounds, Doctor?" "As Morgan's chaplain; I see that is the charge upon which I was arrested, and am held as a prisoner still." "That is true, Doctor; but we know you are not Morgan's chaplain." "Well, Major, those who put me here ought to have known what I was, and I want to be paroled at once and make preparations to go South and join the command." "You will have to go, Doctor; but our orders were to keep you here during the war and treat you kindly. This was a good excuse for your arrest, but we knew you were not, or you would have been released before now, for John Morgan would never have let his chaplain be detained in prison a day. I will telegraph to Washington, and let you know as soon as I hear from there." "I know John H. Morgan well," Dr. Hopson said; "a braver, truer man to principle I never knew, and I am not ashamed to have my name associated with his. I will go out of prison on this plea, so providentially offered me."

The Doctor wrote me at once to return to Lexington and make preparations to go with him South. When I received his letter, I was still at La Porte. Anxious as I was to go, I left with many regrets. I made some very warm friends, who showed me many kindnesses. They sent Dr. Hopson a nice box of good things to eat. Some of them asked me what kind of cake Dr. Hopson liked best. I told them soft gingerbread. They baked one two feet long and eighteen inches wide; and, put in the box, it just fitted on top of all the rest. This, with a box sent by Sister R. M. Bishop, of Cincinnati, and friends, and one sent by Brethren Van Pelt, Emmal, and

others, from Lexington, did much to cheer and comfort the Doctor in his island home.

While on this subject, I can but speak of Bro. R. M. Bishop's great kindness to the Doctor and myself during that dark and trying hour. He offered to do anything in his power to assist either, and was making arrangements to go to Columbus to see Gov. Chase when the Doctor was released. It was not only his sympathy which he extended, but he offered pecuniary aid also, which the Doctor said he could not accept unless absolutely necessary.

Bro. Graham was present when we were discussing the matter, and said to me: "Sister Hopson, I would willingly go to Johnson's Island to-morrow and take Bro. Hopson's place if I could relieve him or have him set at liberty." The memory of such touching expressions of love will go with me into the Great Beyond, and then these friends will know how grateful the human heart can be.

In less than a week Dr. Hopson was sent South, with other prisoners, to Vicksburg, and was forbidden to communicate with any one verbally, except his fellow-prisoners and guards, until he reached his destination. This was unexpected, and a great disappointment to both of us. He wrote to me as soon as he found out the terms of his release to sell our furniture, horse, buggy, etc., and join him in the South as soon as I could. I answered by telegram I would do as he said.

I have often heard him relate an amusing incident that occurred as the prisoners were marching through the streets of Cairo. They were halted a moment, and, of course, the center of attraction of hundreds of eyes. One old negro woman was near him, and, fixing her gaze upon

him especially, she began to laugh immoderately. The Doctor was amused and said, "Aunty, what's the matter?" "Matter, young master? You's gittin' your rights, aint you?" There was a general shout from all who heard it; the Doctor enjoyed it with the rest, and it was a by-word with the boys as long as they were together.

The prisoners arrived in Vicksburg early in December, and were at once sent to Mobile, from which place the Doctor made his way to Tennessee as fast as traveling facilities would permit. He reached the army just as the battle of Murfreesboro was at its height, and, on inquiring for Gen. Morgan's command, found he was in Kentucky. He thought he would go on to the battle field and see if he could not be of some service, either as a physician or chaplain; but he was ordered back by the sentinels stationed to keep all civilians off the field. The man told him firmly yet politely that no one who was not fighting or whose command was not in the battle would be allowed to pass a certain line. The Doctor then went to the rear, and did all he could to assist the wounded in the improvised hospitals.

On Morgan's return, he was ordered to McMinnville, where the Doctor reported to him, to let him know he had a chaplain and that he was ready for duty. Gen. Morgan was both surprised and gratified, and at once gave him his commission, with pay as colonel, and told him to do whatever seemed good in his sight.

The middle of January he got leave of absence to go to Atlanta to supply himself with clothing and a proper outfit, which he could not procure at McMinnville.

CHAPTER XXI.

My Trip South to Join the Doctor.—Illness in Baltimore.—Visit to Washington.—Interview with J. J. Crittenden.—His Assistance.—Detained.—Seven Weeks at Barnum's Hotel.—Wonderful Kindness of the People.—Recovery.—Trip South to Richmond.—Bro. Pettigrew and Family.—Success in Husband Hunting.—Met the Doctor in Augusta.—Atlanta.—Trip to McMinnville, Tenn.—Not a Stranger, though in a Strange Land.

In the meantime I had settled up our business in Kentucky, sent our library, etc., to Bro. R. M. Bishop, to take care of for us until the war should close. I was now ready to go South to join the Doctor. I left Lexington December 4th, expecting to reach Knoxville about the time he did, where we anticipated meeting.

When I reached Louisville, I thought I should be detained but an hour or two, and could proceed on my way; but the best laid schemes gang aft a-gley. So it was with mine. I was informed that the G. A. R. were preparing for a battle soon, and that the lines were closed against all travel. I turned my course at once to Washington. I took the train that night for Indianapolis, from there to Columbus, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington. Dr. Hopson had advised this route as safest and best; but it was such a long route I dreaded it. He said if I went to Washington I must call on Hon. John G. Crittenden and Congressman Phelps, who, when I told them who I was, would assist me any way they could. I followed his directions as far as I could. Con-

gressman Phelps was absent from the city, but I found Mr. Crittenden and wife at home. She came in first, and I introduced myself to her. She remembered Dr. Hopson well as a school boy with her younger brothers, and intimate at her house as a brother. When Mr. C. came in and learned who I was, I needed no pleader to enlist his sympathy. He at once got into the carriage with me and drove to Judge Turner's office. He tried to prepare me for a disappointment. He said he had tried a few days before to procure a pass for his sister to cross the lines, but failed; but he was willing to risk refusal again for my sake, so that I might know it was not his fault if I should be refused.

Judge Turner received us very kindly, but said no one would be permitted to pass through the lines until after the pending battles were over in Tennessee and on the Potomac; he would enter my name with the three or four hundred others, and I could return home and would be notified when I would be permitted to go South, if at all. I felt that I could hardly bear it. I had never dreamed of failure, and my heart sank at the thought of the weeks of torture and suspense that must pass before I could know even that I should be permitted to join the Doctor in the South.

It seemed to me I never could turn back and relinquish my journey. Mr. Crittenden saw how crushed I was, and insisted on my returning to his home and remaining a few days until I felt better able to bear my disappointment. I preferred to return at once. I left on the evening train, which stopped in Baltimore, where I was compelled to remain over Lord's day. I was advised to go to the Fountain House as a quiet hotel, where I arrived at 8 that night. I felt very lonely and

desolate in that city, with not a living soul in it that I ever saw before.

When I arose Sunday morning I was really ill, but determined I would go to church. I felt I could never live through the day in that hotel among total strangers. No one connected with the house could tell me where the Christian Church was, but I started out determined to find it. I walked a long, long way, inquiring every few squares for the church. At last a policeman directed me to it. I had managed to work my way within four squares of it.—Just one word here. It would be a great help to strangers visiting any city if every church would have its building photographed, with street, number, and name of preacher added, and hung in every hotel in the city, and depots too. I never realized the importance of it before.

When I reached the church it was still early. The sexton invited me down into the Sunday-school room, where the large school was assembled. I took a seat far back, not wishing to interrupt the exercises. I was hardly seated, however, before sister Benson came up to me and asked me if I was a stranger in the city, and a member of the Church of Christ; where I was from, and what my name was. It was all done so quietly and unobtrusively, I felt no embarrassment in giving the desired information.

As soon as the school closed I was surrounded by the brethren and sisters, and soon felt that I was in my Father's house, and no longer alone in that great city; and I resolved that, no matter where my lot should be cast in the future, no stranger should ever enter the Sunday-school or church and not find one heart to bid them welcome.

Sister B. asked me where I was staying. I told her,

and one of the brethren said I must leave and go to "Barnum's Hotel"; Sister McLaughlin, the wife of the proprietor, was a member of the Christian Church, and I would be made at home there. Bro. M. got a carriage and went with me to the Fountain House, got my baggage and drove to Barnum's, where Sister Mc. received me most cordially. I have often thought what great matters hang upon a single act of our lives. I believe very few persons feeling as badly as I did that Lord's day morning, would have gone out to church that bitter cold December day, but I feel sure that if I had not I should not have lived to write this story. Monday morning I was too ill to go to breakfast.

I do not remember feeling warm from the time I left Washington until Monday night at "Barnum's." The following three weeks were passed in a half unconscious state. I only know that I was very ill. Dr. Hammond, my physician, said it was low nervous fever, brought about by reaction from long-continued excitement, and loss of hope.

Such kindness and gentle care as I had bestowed upon me! Everybody was good to me, from the least to the greatest. It was wonderful to me that people could take such an interest in a stranger. At the end of three weeks, I could sit up long enough to have my bed made, but unable to do more. Sister Mc. gave me a room opposite hers, and came in herself many times a day to see if I wished anything. My heart overflows with gratitude today toward those dear, kind people of Baltimore, and I feel that I am better for having known them. Had I not gone to church that day, I should have been ill at the other hotel—and should have probably died among strangers. The proprietor's family did not even live in

the house ; but a housekeeper and servants had charge of the business. Seven long, weary weeks went by, and still I was not able to travel back to Kentucky. It was two months since I had heard from Dr. H. Sometimes I felt that I should never see him again.

There were about twenty ladies waiting at the hotel, besides myself. On the 6th of January we were notified that we would be permitted to leave on the flag of truce boat, on Wednesday the 9th. We left for Washington the evening of the 8th. Early the next morning we reported on the boat, and found we were about 400 ladies and 375 children. After we and our baggage were searched, which took far into the night, we were allowed to rest. We left the city at 3 o'clock, and had hard work to realize that we were really on our way to Dixie. We arrived at Fortress Monroe the ensuing day, and lay in the harbor until Friday noon, when we steamed up the James River to City Point. We reached there just before dinner. At 4 o'clock P. M. Judge Olds, Commissioner of Exchange, came down from Richmond with prisoners for exchange, and we were allowed to disembark and meet our friends. A number had been notified of the coming of the boat, and were ready to greet friends and relatives, while many of us would have weary days of search for our loved ones. At 10 P. M. we crossed the bridge in Richmond, and were fortunate (our party, at least) in securing rooms at a hotel, while more than half the women and children were compelled to remain on the cars all night, every hotel was so crowded.

Richmond was full of refugees from all that portion of the State north of the Rappahannock, and many from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri as well. As soon as practicable, I started out Saturday morning to see if I

could find an acquaintance among the multitude thronging the streets. I spent nearly the whole day searching, and was rewarded by meeting a number of old friends, but none who had met Dr. H. since he had been sent South.

Upon making inquiries for our church, I learned that Bro. W. J. Pettigrew was preaching for our brethren in the city. I had made his acquaintance some years before, and thought in all probability he could give me some information in regard to the Doctor. I sent him a note, and he came at once to the hotel and insisted that I should make his house my home while in the city. I accepted his invitation, and he and his most excellent wife made my stay very pleasant. I visited the hotels every day in hopes of gaining some news from my husband; at last I was rewarded. While talking in the parlor of the American House about the Doctor with one of the ladies I met on the exchange boat, an old gentleman lying on a sofa in the room started up and began to ask me questions about the Doctor, and said that if he was not mistaken the gentleman I wanted was holding a meeting in Atlanta, Ga; he himself was the family physician of Elder C. K. Marshall, Sen., who was pastor of the church at that place; and that Bro. Marshall had insisted on his returning in time to attend the meeting. I telegraphed at once, and the next day received response, "Meet me in Augusta, Ga." The telegram came Saturday evening. I would not travel on Sunday, and had to delay starting until Monday morning at 1 A. M. I reached Augusta Wednesday night at 8.

There were six ladies of us husband-hunting, literally, so that we were not lonely on the route. Sometimes we were riding in good cars, sometimes with no backs to the

seats, the aisles crowded with soldiers resting on their knapsacks, and sometimes sitting for two or three hours in open shed depots, on our baggage, waiting for a train. We met nothing but kindness from the railroad officials, and, indeed, from everybody we came in contact with on our trip.

Dr. H. met me at the depot. We were very glad and grateful to our heavenly Father that we had been preserved through many dangers to meet again in health. After a day or two of rest in Augusta, we left for Atlanta, where the Doctor resumed his meeting and remained over Lord's day. He thought it best to return to his command the following week, and we started for McMinnville Tuesday morning. The last two days of our trip was made in a sutler's wagon, belonging to Dr. Foster, who had been left ill from blood poisoning at the hospital. Dr. Hopson remarked when we started: "Now, Ella, for the first time in years I can travel all day, meeting hundreds and knowing no one." We were not more than a mile from Manchester before half a dozen gentlemen we were meeting called the Doctor's name. He told them they had the advantage of him—they knew him, but he did not know them. All said they were in prison with him—some at Louisville, some at Camp Morton, and some at Johnson's Island. They did not expect him to recognize them; but they had all heard him preach, and congratulated him on his release. I am safe in saying that we met more than a hundred men that day who knew the Doctor.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hospitality.—Arrival at McMinnville.—Preaching.—Lite in Camp.—R. M. Gano and Brothers.—I go to Knoxville.—Evacuation of McMinnville.—Dr. Hopson Resigns.—We go to Richmond.—Meeting in Richmond.—Located at Bowling Green.—Holly Hill.—C. P. Williamson.—Life at Bowling Green.—Housekeeping.—Cost of Domestic Articles.—Expenses, \$20 a Day ; Income, \$2,000 a Year.—Old Mansion.

We had a very cold, disagreeable ride that day. From a light fall of snow in the morning, it had increased to a cold, driving rain by night ; and it was eight o'clock before we could find any one hospitable enough to open their doors to strangers. A kind-hearted young couple, by the name of Denton—I think it was—took pity on us, and let us stay all night. There were three of us besides the driver, and it was quite a tax on any one to entertain all—which only made us the more grateful to our host and hostess. I realized what a sad cry was wrung from the Saviour's heart when he said, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

We had passed many large and pretentious houses, and asked for shelter from the storm in vain ; but these young beginners were the only ones of whom it could be said, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." My prayer has always been that God would prosper them as they deserved.

The next morning the lady had our breakfast ready by the time we were up, and insisted on our taking a lunch with us, fearing we should get hungry before we

reached our destination. Mr. Denton refused all but a pitiful sum for our entertainment.

We reached McMinnville at 3 P. M., and went at once to Bro. J. L. Walling's, where for weeks we had a pleasant home.

Dr. Hopson preached every Lord's day in our own church at McMinnville, and often during the week would go out to the camps around the country, and preach to the soldiers. When in town, he visited the hospital daily, where the sick and wounded were always glad to see him.

Neither Gen. Morgan nor his command had much time to devote to religion or religious duties. When at home he was always at church, and had the greatest respect for a Christian man and his principles; and nearly all of his officers usually attended.

Dr. Hodgson, Gen. Wheeler's Chaplain, held services in our church in the afternoon, which gave all who were Episcopalians the opportunity to enjoy their own exercises.

During February and March there was not much severe fighting, but constant skirmishing all along the hundred and fifty miles Morgan was picketing. Almost every day Mrs. Morgan would send for me to come over to see her, as she was afraid to leave headquarters herself. I would ask her where Gen. Morgan was. She never could tell. She would say he left for such a place last night, but may be fifty miles from there now. We never knew where he was, nor how many men he had under his orders.

The 2nd of April, Gen. Dick Gano, on account of ill-health, determined to return to the Trans-Mississippi Department. It was a source of deep sorrow to the

Doctor, who loved him very much, and disliked to lose him and his influence for good.

He and his two brothers, Frank and John, spent the night before they left with us. We sat up till a late hour, and talked of the past, with its pleasures; the present, with its trials; and the future, with its uncertainties.

They retired about eleven o'clock. The Doctor and I still sat by the fire, and talked some time. Just before we laid down, the Doctor said, "Let us look on the boys once more." We crossed the hall, and looked into the room where they lay sleeping. They were all three stretched out on the floor, with a blanket for a bed and a knapsack for a pillow. We turned sadly away, thinking of the dear mother and father in the "Old Kentucky Home" who were praying for these loved ones, and asked God to spare them all to return safely to their homes.

We lay down without undressing, as we did for many nights following. We did not know at what moment the pickets might be driven in, and the few persons belonging to the army be compelled to fly from the place.

In a few days Mrs. Alex. Morgan, of Knoxville, came to attend upon and nurse her brother, Thomas Russel, who was wounded at the battle of Snow Hill.

Dr. Hopson thought I had better return to Knoxville with Captain Morgan, and remain with Miss Laura Russel during her sister's absence. He was afraid that my presence would embarrass him in case of having to run away. I assented, and went to Knoxville, about the 6th or 8th of April. I think the 19th or 20th Gen. Morgan had to leave McMinnville.

The Doctor said he saw an unusual commotion over

at headquarters, a hundred yards away. He always kept his horse near him; he threw his saddle on him, and secured his baggage, mounted, and rode over. He asked Gen. Morgan what was up. Gen. Morgan said, "Look yonder!" and about a mile away a long column of Federals were coming towards town. The Doctor asked him which way to go. He pointed to the Sparta road, out which his ambulances containing the sick and wounded, and his telegraph operator, and Mrs. Morgan and sister, were flying. The Doctor was soon following as rapidly as his horse could carry him. Morgan and his men were close enough behind for him to hear the whizzing of the balls sent after them. He said he felt more and more convinced that non-combatants had no business in a fight. They all got off safely but two of the officers.

During the winter months Gen. Morgan had been acting on the defensive. In the spring he made preparations to commence active operations. As soon as the Doctor was assured of the fact, he determined to resign his position and join me in Knoxville, and proceed to Richmond and devote his time to evangelizing in Virginia.

He resigned the 1st of May. Gen. Morgan insisted on his retaining the office and receiving his pay, even if he did not wish to remain with the command. The Doctor declined. He said he had been appointed to the chaplaincy without his consent; had reported, did his duty faithfully, and felt that he could retire honorably.

He came at once to Knoxville, and from there we went to Richmond, arriving about the middle of May. The Doctor held a two weeks' meeting for Bro. Pettigrew. We found a very cordial welcome, not only from

him and his good wife, but from all the brethren and sisters.

The Doctor had the pleasure of greeting many of his old friends from Kentucky and Missouri. Their influence, added to that of the brethren, gave him a crowded house to preach to during his stay in the city.

An old gentleman, a member of the Episcopal Church, heard him frequently. After a sermon in which he assailed infant baptism as unscriptural, some one asked the gentleman what he thought of the sermon. "Oh," said he, "the Doctor proved that it was not authorized by the Bible; but it is an old Virginia custom, and he need not think we are going to give it up." Often hundreds of persons were turned away from the church, unable to find standing-room even in the galleries. One gentleman had been disappointed several times, and at length told his wife that he would not come home to supper, but she must fix him a lunch instead, and he would be at the church in time to get in. When the sexton went to unlock the door to light up the house, the gentleman was sitting on the steps, and walked in and got a seat in time.

During the meeting Sister Pichegru Woolfolk came down to Richmond on a visit, though Bro. Pettigrew said she had smelled a protracted meeting. He said she was never so happy as when in a protracted meeting, and when she got to heaven the first thing she would want to know would be when they were going to begin one. She remained through the meeting and returned to Bowling Green, her home, and the next week the Doctor received a call to come up and make his home among the brethren there.

The Doctor was delighted to leave the great city and

the crowd and the bustle, the noise and confusion of tramping hosts, and escape to the quiet country. Sister Woolfolk took us to her own home. Dear old Holly Hill, "when I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning." After the tossings and tortures of the last year, what a sweet, peaceful asylum it seemed. Our family circle consisted of Sisters Pichegru Woolfolk, senior and junior; Sister Williamson, and Charlie and Gay, her two children, daughter and grandchildren of Sister Woolfolk; Sister Wm. Woolfolk, Mrs. Gen. Alexander, whose husband was Chief of Artillery in the Confederate Army, and her little daughter, Bessie; Dr. Hopson and myself. He and Master Charlie Williamson were our bodyguard and the only male members of the family at home. Sister Woolfolk had five sons in the army. Occasionally our home was enlivened with a visit from one or the other of the boys, but their stay was brief. Charlie was our errand boy, our mail carrier, our driver, if necessary. It was never too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry, too sunny or too cloudy, for him to do our behests. He was always courteous and polite, a special favorite with the Doctor. He was remarkably well informed for his age—only fourteen—and a great reader. His mother and grandmother were both very intellectual and cultured women. I feel this much is due to the boy, who, left fatherless at an early age, and by the misfortunes of others stripped of the little he might have possessed, has, by his own exertions, raised himself to an enviable position as President of a flourishing Female College, and associate editor of a popular religious paper. C. P. Williamson, of the *Apostolic Guide*, is widely and favorably known to our brethren. He came to Kentucky some time in 1872 or 1873, to

attend the University at Lexington. He made us a visit as he was on his return to Virginia. We were then living in Louisville. His friends in Virginia were urging him to adopt the law as a profession. Dr. Hopson insisted upon his returning to Kentucky University and studying with a view to the ministry. Before he left us he had almost decided to accept the Doctor's advice, which he did subsequently.

For many months the Doctor had been deprived of studying. When at McMinnville we had no light at night by which to read, except fire light, as candles and lamps were a great luxury. Now the first thing in the morning we would see him with his book and chair, hunting the shade, where he would read until breakfast, after which he would return to his perch for the day. I never knew him to enjoy himself more than he did those few months of comparative rest at Holly Hill. Every Sunday morning the old family coach was brought out and filled with church-goers, off for Bowling Green, one and a half miles away, where the preacher was listened to by an unusually cultivated and intelligent audience. The Maurys, Woolfolks, Dejarnetts, Tylers, Whites, Tunstalls, Ropers, Parishes, Hudgins, and others, made up a community rarely excelled.

We were forty miles from Richmond and twenty from Fredericksburg, on the main line of travel between the two places; and while hundreds of troops were passing and repassing, we seldom saw any soldiers, they usually going up on the railroad a hundred yards back of Holly Hill.

We remained at Sister Woolfolk's until October. When the roads became bad and the weather disagreeable we moved into Bowling Green, so as to be near the

church. The Doctor held two meetings while at Holly Hill—one near Guinea's Depot, where we were the guests of Bro. Chandler and wife, at whose house Stonewall Jackson died, and one in King and Queen county. He had twelve or fourteen additions at the former and twenty-five at the latter. He was in receipt of a salary of two thousand dollars from the church, and the Doctor rented a cottage in Bowling Green and we went to house-keeping on that sum. Sister Jourdan Woolfolk loaned us a bed, bedstead, some blankets and a comfort; Sisters Roper and White some sheets; another sister let us have a dutch oven and skillet. Among the rest we raised a few dishes, knives, forks, etc. Silverware had almost disappeared from this part of the country, having been sent where it would not be liable to lead any one into temptation.

No two young people ever enjoyed going to house-keeping more than we did. There was no market to go to, but somehow our larder was well supplied. Bro. J. H. Dejarnett made us a present of a barrel of flour which cost him two hundred dollars. Bro. John White sent us a bushel of meal worth two or three dollars. Bro. Daniel Dejarnett and Robert sent us some nice hams and breakfast bacon. Two or three sisters sent me some chickens worth two dollars each; and every Sunday morning, when Sister Jourdan Woolfolk came in to church, she would bring me two or three pounds of sweet, golden butter, worth eight dollars a pound. Every time a beef was killed, or a mutton, some of it would always find its way to our house. We were well supplied with vegetables, including the delicious yam, which never tasted as good to me anywhere else. Dr. Roper furnished us with all the wood we needed; and,

to cap the climax of our bliss, Bro. Wm. S. Rogers, an old Kentucky friend, gave us twenty pounds of genuine coffee and twenty-five pounds of white sugar. Coffee was then worth \$20 a pound and sugar \$16. We were fifteen miles from Port Royal, from which place loads of oysters and fresh shad and bass were brought every day. Oysters were from \$10 to \$12 a gallon. When we could keep them frozen, as we often could, a gallon would last us a week. Fish was the cheapest dish we could have, and we enjoyed the fresh shad at two dollars a pair. We were not forgotten at Holly Hill. Sister Pichegru Woolfolk rarely ever came to Bowling Green that, hid away somewhere in the old coach, there was not a pound of butter or a bottle of cream or a dozen eggs for the Doctor.

By this description you can see how a preacher could live off a \$2,000 salary in Confederate money. We were never forgotten at the old mansion, by Sister White. A nice loaf of bread, a roast of beef, a nice piece of tripe, a few eggs, a jug of cream, were always finding their way to our table.

We kept no servant. I did our cooking, with the Doctor's help. For our breakfast we would have a nice dish of brown toast, a johnnycake baked on a board, a good cup of coffee, and fish or oysters broiled on the coals. We would draw our little table up to the fire between us, and I would tend the johnnycake to see when it needed turning, toast the bread and butter it, and the Doctor would lay the oysters in the shell on the hot coals, knowing just when to take them off, and how large a piece of butter and how much salt and pepper was needed to add to the delicate morsel. Does any one wonder that we were happy? I never knew the Doctor to enjoy

home as much. There was but one drawback to our happiness: we could not hear from Sadie or mother, but we tried to feel that all would be well.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gen. Wade Hampton.—His Request.—His Gratification.—Christmas Dinner for Gen. Lee.—Preparations to Remain in Bowling Green.—Battles of May 5, 6 and 8.—Wounded Soldiers.—The Retreat.—Beating Lee to Richmond.

Early in the winter of 1863-'64, Gen. Wade Hampton and his whole command pitched their tents within half a mile of Bowling Green. This, of course, disturbed the quiet of our little town; but still the troops were well disciplined, and gave no trouble.

Dr. Hopson preached in the church on Sunday, and would go out and preach to the soldiers during the week, at the earnest invitation of their Chaplain. Gen. Hampton was a member of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Friend, the minister of that church, came up from Port Royal twice a month, to hold services in the church at Bowling Green. When he was absent, Gen. Hampton and some of his staff, and the soldiers, came to our church. After he had heard the Doctor a number of times, he said to him one day, "Dr. Hopson, I never heard of you people before I came here. I see that nearly everybody around here belongs to your church. I would really like to know what you teach. I wish you would preach a sermon embodying your principles as a people." The Doctor told him that the first time he saw him at church he would do so. He was present the following Lord's day, and the church was crowded with officers and soldiers, who had got wind of the matter.

The Doctor spoke nearly two hours. I never saw a more patient and attentive audience. The Doctor dismissed the people before he attended to the Supper. Many remained and partook with us, among them Gen. Hampton. After services were over, he shook hands with the Doctor, thanking him for the sermon, and said, "I can see nothing to object to. I wish I had heard these things earlier in life, when I had time to investigate and think about them; but now I have no time for anything but this serious business of war, war."

The 1st of December the Doctor insisted that I should go down to Richmond, and buy a stove, carpet, dishes, spoons, etc., and so be able to return our borrowed ones. These things were becoming very scarce throughout the country. He gave me \$1,500, and would have given me much more, but I was afraid I would be robbed; and I went down to the city. My first investment was a stove. I could only get a second-hand one, it had not been used very much; for that I paid \$200. My carpet (ingrain) cost \$250; a soup tureen, \$35; half a dozen steel knives and forks, \$54; half a dozen cups and saucers, \$50; half a dozen breakfast plates, \$60; twelve yards $11\frac{1}{4}$ sheeting, \$132; nutmeg grater, \$1; butcher knife, \$2; hatchet, \$5; two second-hand tablecloths, \$80; a pound of soda, \$3; one pound of tea, \$8; half a dozen plated spoons, \$36; a wash bowl and pitcher, \$10; water bucket, \$3; an ounce of ground pepper, 50 cents. A few minor purchases, and a thousand dollars had been spent. I began to fear I should not have enough money to get home on.

When I returned home, the Doctor was highly amused at my shopping experience, and not at all horrified at the amount of my expenditures; indeed, he

thought I had made wonderful bargains: The purchase of bed and bedstead was simply impossible. Fortunately Sister Woolfolk did not need hers, and we were content to be the recipients of her bounty.

When Christmas came, several of the ladies in Bowling Green concluded they would cook and send Gen. Lee his dinner, each one to contribute her share. I happened to be the only one who had genuine coffee, and it afforded me very great pleasure to toast and grind three or four pounds and place it with the other good things—four fat turkeys, dressed with plump oysters, baked fish, sweet potatoes, mince pies, pickles, jellies, bread, and nice butter. Every article carried with it a blessing and a prayer for the revered chief. Col. Pichegru Woolfolk, who was on sick leave, took it up to Spottsylvania Court-house, sixteen miles, in his buggy. The dinner almost filled a two-bushel basket. He was just in time. Gen. Lee and a number of his officers had just sat down to buttermilk, corn bread and bacon. With the assistance of a servant, the basket was deposited in Gen. Lee's presence. He turned back the table-cloth that covered the tempting dinner, and took a brief inventory of the contents of the basket, while the officers were jubilant over their good fortune.

Gen. Lee laid the cloth back, and said, "Send this to the hospital." His first thought was for those who were sick and wounded, and deprived of proper food and nourishment. We felt it was a noble act in Gen. Lee, but regretted he could not have enjoyed the good dinner, too.

The winter passed quietly. We felt very safe with Gen. Lee and his army on one side of us and Gen. Hampton on the other, but it could not continue always

so peaceful. Spring came, and the cavalry was ordered forward. Preparations were being made for a vigorous campaign. The Doctor preached on, now and then going from home to hold a meeting. We had no apprehension that we should have to leave our quiet home for months. The Doctor had our garden plowed and nicely planted. By the first of April the seeds had sent their sprouts up through the mellow soil, and we were luxuriating in the prospect of eating of the fruits of our own labors. My four hens had each brought off a fine brood of healthy chicks, and we were enjoying in anticipation the nice broils we should have in a few weeks; but, alas! it was the oft-told tale. We planted, but another was to reap the fruit of our labor.

The 5th of May, Gen. Grant, with 140,000 troops, confronted Gen. Lee at the Wilderness, and the conflict began in earnest. Nearer and nearer marched the demon of bloodshed and horror. Car-loads of wounded men were sent back to Milford Station, three miles from Bowling Green, and unloaded of their ghastly freight, and returned again to the battlefield. Ambulances filled the road with their burdens. Men on foot, with bandaged heads, arms and legs, were wending their weary way to the same destination. The ladies of the town went at once to the depot, taking bandages, lint and nourishing food for the wounded.

It was a sad sight to see those stalwart men lying on the grass, or on the platform, some with one leg off, some with one arm gone, some with terrible scalp wounds, some shot through the body or shoulder, a little brown spot indicating where the ball entered and where it made exit. They were trying to be cheerful and make the best of their condition. The surgeons were busy ex-

tracting bullets from some, and some of those suffering least from their wounds were supporting the heads of their comrades while the skillful surgeon was probing the wounds. I did not know before how tender and compassionate a man could be. They were as gentle as a woman in their ministrations. I only accompanied the ladies one day. It was more than I could bear; the sight of blood always made me very sick. The Doctor went down the next two days. When he came home he said: "Ella, we must leave here by day after tomorrow. Lee is going to fall back to Richmond. I am not an alarmist, but I was at Murfreesboro and know the signs of a retreat." Capt. Woolfolk and several others tried to laugh the Doctor out of his "scare," as they called it. They assured him they would get him away safely if such a thing should happen. He persisted, and we at once found ready purchasers for our household goods, and left for Richmond with a pocketful of Confederate money.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brief Stay in Richmond.—Amelia County.—Amelia Springs.—Jetersville.—Paineville.—Kautz and Wilson's Raid.—Flight to Horse Pasture.—Bro. D. H. Spencer.—Henry C. H.

We left Bowling Green with a very sad heart. We had spent such a peaceful, happy time among those people, it was hard to leave them to go we knew not where. The last two days and nights we were there the roar of the artillery could be heard, and the concussion rattled our windows all day long and nearly all night. I felt I could bear it no longer. The thought was terrible to me that at every volley hundreds of souls were sent, perhaps unprepared, into the presence of their Creator. We left Wednesday evening, and Friday morning at sunrise six thousand Federal troops rode into the town.

The day after our arrival in Richmond the Doctor walked out on Broadway, where the cars were bringing in the wounded of both armies. They were lying on gravel-cars, waiting for ambulances to take them to the hospitals. All the length of the train the citizens with buckets of water were giving the poor fellows drink. The Doctor secured a bucket and tin cup and went to the assistance of the others. He noticed that but little attention was paid to the Boys in Blue, and immediately commenced giving them water and pouring it on their dried bandages. They seemed very grateful. Some one said to him: "Let them go. Let us take care of our own first. They are our enemies." Dr. Hopson said:

“ I read in my Bible, ‘ If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink.’ Let us do good to all as they come.”

We made a very short stay in Richmond, the Doctor accepting the invitation of Dr. John Jeter, of Amelia county, to make him a visit and remain with him during the coming summer.

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought the week after we reached there. We felt we were now safe from further molestation. The Doctor immediately made appointments, accepting the numerous invitations to hold meetings, and began work as soon as he was fairly settled in our new home. We were now forty miles south of Richmond, near the Danville & Richmond R. R., where we were very sure we should only hear rumors of war.

The day the battle of Cold Harbor was fought was a hot, sultry day. It seemed there was not a breath of air stirring, and I am certain that, though such a long distance lay between us and the battle-ground, we heard the cannonading. It was like the roll of distant thunder. The result of the battle of the third of June was made very sad to us by the death of Clarence, Sister Pichegru Woolfolk’s youngest son. He was killed just at the close of the battle, with a stray shot, as he was resting for a few moments on a log. How our hearts went out in sympathy to that beloved family in their first loss of the war! Col. Pichegru came near dying from a wound received at Gettysburg, but he was spared to be killed in the fall of the capitol at Richmond after peace had spread her wings over the land.

Again we found our lot cast in pleasant places. Dr. Hopson held a number of meetings in Amelia county. Jetersville, Paineville and Amelia Springs were three

points. When the weather became very warm we spent six weeks at the Springs, the guests of Bro. Sam. Cottrell and wife. The Doctor preached nearly every Sunday there during that time, and held a protracted meeting with over thirty additions; indeed, the whole summer was like one protracted meeting. September and October he preached in Prince Edward, Nodaway, Lunenburg, Charlotte and Mecklenburg counties, and had good success everywhere. We returned to Amelia county and to Dr. Jeter's the last of October. The Doctor was taken very sick from over-exertion. Dr. Jeter and Bro. Thomas Crenshaw nursed him as if he had been a brother in the flesh. He was too ill to be up, when Kautz and Wilson made their raid through the country. We could see the burning depots and bridges from Dr. Jeter's house very plainly. The Doctor decided that as soon as he was able he would move on; this time he would make sure and get clear beyond the possibility of trouble. Bro. D. H. Spencer, of Horse Pasture, Henry county, had invited us to visit him and spend some time. Again the Doctor had to bid good-bye to friends and hunt new fields of labor. He had been greatly aided during his meetings by Brethren Crenshaw, Holland, Walthal and Wilson, but he must find other co-workers now. We left Amelia as soon as the railroad was repaired. On arriving at Danville we took stage for Horse Pasture. The first night we reached Henry Court-house and stayed there all night. Four miles from the court-house, on the Danville road, we passed Leatherwood, once the home of Dr. Hopson's grandfather, and where his father was born. We reached Bro. Spencer's the next day in time for dinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

Blue Ridge.—Patrick C. H.—Paid \$5,000 for a Horse, \$500 for a Saddle.—Plenty of Money.—Teaching in Patrick Henry Academy.—Thirty-five Pupils.—\$3,500 a Month Salary.—Going to Church.—Confederate Candle.

We were now nestled in the little mountains at the foot of the Blue Ridge, that rose higher and higher, until Mount Nebo and Airy reared their tall heads, like sentinels, to the southwest of us, while towards the setting sun lay the long line of blue, from which the mountain chain takes its name.

We were fifty miles due west from Danville, and six miles from the North Carolina line. Our nearest town was fourteen miles—Henry Court-house. Our post-office was three or four, at Penn's Store. Patrick Court-house was twenty miles west of us, right at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Dr. Hopson made arrangements to preach once a month at Patrick Court-house, and twice a month at Horse Pasture Church. The rest of the time Bro. Spencer was to dispose of as he thought best. The first thing to be thought of was a means of conveyance. Owing to the hilly country, and bad roads at this season of the year, he only needed a horse, for which he cheerfully paid Bro. Spencer \$5,000. He also succeeded in buying a saddle and bridle, which cost him \$600 more.

The horse was a very fine-looking, large gray animal, and strong enough to stand any amount of burden.

We had plenty of money then. Wherever the Doctor had held a meeting, he had been amply remunerated by a liberal brotherhood. He would often receive from seven to eight hundred dollars for a ten days' meeting, besides which a sister would often say, "Here, Doctor, is a little present. I sold a turkey the other day for fifty dollars, and can make no better use of it than to give the money to you ;" or some brother would hand him from one to two hundred dollars as a private donation.

When we had time to look around us, we felt satisfied that there were good people all over Virginia. For away out of the United States and the Confederate States, and almost out of the world, we had discovered a home where we could write on its walls, "A la bam a." Here we could rest, and fear no evil. As soon as I had learned our geographical position, I told Dr. Hopson. "If ever a Federal soldier reaches here the cause is lost, for they will go everywhere else first."

We had no near neighbors, but we could see the houses of four or five from our own high porch. A mile away was the home of Ballard Preston, which had been made desolate by his death a few months before. Dr. Francis was on another high hill ; and back of us Dr. Dillard lived. No one put his house under a bushel in that country. We could see other farms and tenements five and six miles from us. There was a great deal of wealth in the two counties, though it was confined to a few families. Of one thing you would have to be very careful—if you had an evil tongue, you must not speak ill of any one, for everybody was kin to everybody else. And as all the matrons and their mothers and daughters had been educated at the Moravian

school in North Carolina, thirty or forty miles south of there, this made them all double kin.

We had been in Henry county but a short time, before the friends began to beg Dr. Hopson to open school in Patrick Henry Academy, four miles from our home. There were no schools of any kind in the county, and the children were losing much valuable time. He opened school with thirty-five boys and young men. He had to leave home early in the morning, and be away until dark. The time hung heavy on my hands, and I was glad when Sister Spencer proposed that I should teach her children who were too small to go to the Academy. I consented, and taught for a while in Bro. Spencer's office in the yard, but soon had applications for more pupils than I could accommodate there, and moved my school to a cabin a few hundred yards away. I had twenty-five pupils, and the Doctor thirty-five. I received \$500 a month for all my pupils, and he \$3,500 for his school. We were making money fast, and had our eyes on a nice little farm worth \$26,000, which we were going to buy when we made up the amount.

It kept the Doctor busy at night renewing his studies. Some of the young gentlemen were very well advanced, as there had always been a good school kept up at the Academy. We had no candles or lamps, and had to read and study by the help of lightwood, or fat pine, which was the heart of old pine trees, and filled with resin and turpentine. It made a light by which you could see to read in the furthest part of the room. I said we had no candles. We did, and I will tell you how they were made. We had first made a square block of wood, six inches square; in the middle was inserted a stick a foot high. We then took a ball of candle

wieking, and dipped it in a mixture of beeswax, resin, and a little tallow, which was very scarce, as the government wanted all the grease in the country to grease the army wagons. After the wick was thickly coated, we would take our fifteen foot candle, and commence at the bottom of the stick, and coil it round and round until it formed a pyramid; then we would wind a narrow strip of tin around the stick, make a loop near the top, and draw our wick through it—and we had our candle.

But this candle was kept for Sunday and company. When the house was filled with visitors, those who retired first took the candle, with the injunction, "As soon as you are through with it, set it outside your door," as it often had to do duty for half a dozen people.

Horse Pasture was not a town; it was the name of a creek, which ran down from the mountains. Our church was two miles from Bro. Spencer's. The gentlemen always went on horseback and the ladies of the family in the carriage. Sometimes, when all the horses were at home, I would ride through the shorter route with the Doctor, but the hills were so steep and long I did not enjoy it much, finding it very difficult to keep from slipping back off the saddle. The church was a good substantial frame building, out in the woods. The people came to church, some on horseback, some in carriages, some in ox carts, some on foot, until the house would be filled.

I was particularly struck with the deference paid to women, by young men especially. If a lady rode up to the stile, unattended, two or three young men would hasten to assist her to alight and help her down from the block, and almost always escort her to the door. This was common all over Virginia, but I noticed it more

here than anywhere, perhaps because I thought one would not have expected it.

While many elegant and cultured people came to church, the majority of the congregation were poor people, totally uneducated, living scattered all through the hills and valleys of the country. The Doctor adapted his preaching to the latter class, and said if they could understand him the others could. The common people heard him gladly. He was successful in turning some to Christ.

Fortunately the winter was not severe, and the spring opened early. At rare intervals we heard news from the front. The scene of conflict was too far away for us to know much of it. Nearly all the really able-bodied men were gone from the country. None of them had time to spend in visiting their families.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Evacuation of Richmond.—The Doctor's Arrest, Detention and Release.—Col. Trowbridge.—Maj. Standish.—His Return to Horse Pasture.—The Raid.

Thus passed the winter of 1864-'65. The Doctor was happy in the consciousness that he was doing some good and making himself useful to his fellow-men. His only drawback was, we heard nothing from our mother and daughter, and the already heavy burden of his debt was daily growing heavier. He never fretted or complained, but bore his enforced exile patiently.

I am sure that for several months he had not believed the South would succeed. He thought the odds against her too formidable and her resources too limited. Her soldiers were on half-rations most of the time, and their ranks were being depleted by death and capture.

The 1st of April, Richmond was evacuated, and President Davis and the cabinet halted at Danville. The news of the fall of Richmond traveled fast, and penetrated even to our secluded home. As soon as the Doctor learned that it was really so, he left Bro. Spencer's to go to Danville, consult with Gen. John B. Clark, Vest, and Hatch, of Missouri, as to the prospect of the Confederacy. When he had learned that, he could decide what was best to be done.

He left Horse Pasture the morning of April 9th. He had received grapevine dispatches that Stoneman with his command was coming from Christiansburg, on

his way to North Carolina to join the Federal forces coming from the South. This hastened the Doctor's departure.

He had not been gone more than two hours before we learned that he must have ridden right into the Federal lines. Gen. Stoneman, having heard that there was a small Confederate force at Henry Court-house, sent around a portion of his command under Col. Trowbridge to drive them out.

I will give Dr. Hopson's account of his trip :

"I was riding along in no enviable mood, thinking of the uncertain future and of my separated family. As I neared the court-house, I noticed some soldiers sitting on the fence by the roadside. They were in their shirt sleeves, and as I rode on, some one cried, 'Halt!' I said, 'All right,' and continued on my way. Again the word rang out, 'Halt, I tell you!' and another argument in the shape of an army musket induced me to obey the command. I still did not comprehend why I should be halted this far from the army. I began to look round, and saw four soldiers, and soon discovered that some of them had on blue coats instead of gray. I knew then that I was in the hands of the Federals. One of them said, 'Get down off that horse.' I said, 'All right,' and dismounted. Another, 'Come out of them spurs.' I took my gold spurs (a present from Dr. C. K. Marshall, of Atlanta,) off and gave them to him. 'Hand over that watch,' said a third, and I handed it. I took my saddle and blanket off my horse, and as I laid it down I asked the fourth man, who had not said anything, if there was anything he would like to have. He said no, he did not want anything. Just at this juncture an old darkey walked up and said to the soldiers: 'What for you take dat mán's horse? He 's a preacher. Lives up to mas' Harrison Spencer's. He's the best preacher in dis country.' The fourth man then turned and asked me, 'Are you a preacher of the gospel?' I told him I was. 'Why did n't you say so before?' 'Because I thought it would be worse for me.' 'Well, if you will go with us to headquarters you will get back your watch and spurs.' I had no choice and went, with my saddle and blanket, thrown over my shoulder.

"I was taken at once before Col. Trowbridge. Dr. Ramey, a

warm friend of mine, who had known my grandfather and father, and who was the one Union man in Henry C. H., happened to be present. Col. Trowbridge asked me who I was. I told him. He wanted to know how I happened to have on Confederate gray uniform. I told him we had only two colors in the South—gray and butternut—and I preferred the gray. He said he thought it showed good taste. Dr. Ramey corroborated my statements in regard to my profession, and that my home for six months had been in the country, and I had been preaching and teaching all the time.

“I then ventured to ask for my watch and horse. He asked me to point out the man who had my watch. I did so, and it was returned to me. I was so anxious about my horse I forgot my spurs. I then said, ‘Colonel, I would like my horse, as it is really my means of support. I am compelled to have it to go to my appointments twenty miles apart.’ ‘Dr. Hopson, you can not have your horse. We need horses very much, and yours seems to be a fine one, and I shall be compelled to keep him.’ I saw the case was desperate, but determined not to give it up readily. I said: ‘Col. Trowbridge, you are an old army officer and was with Gen. Robert E. Lee in the Mexican war, and I know you are too much of a gentleman to take a poor preacher’s horse.’ The Colonel looked at me a moment and said: ‘How did you know all this? You have done some good talking, but I can not let you have your horse.’ ‘You’ll give him to me, Colonel, I am sure.’ ‘You’ll see,’ said he.

“Just then Dr. Ramey and Maj. Standish, who was Quartermaster, I think, came up to where we were talking. Colonel Trowbridge said: ‘Maj. Standish, see what that horse is suitable for.’ The Major walked round the horse, examined him closely, and told one of the men to throw the saddle on. As soon as the saddle touched his back the horse became very restive. The Major found a sore on his back as large as a dollar. I always put a thick pad under the saddle, with a hole in it, so as to protect the place when I rode, but when I took the saddle off, the pad was lost. Maj. Standish said to the Colonel: ‘This horse will not do for a pack horse, his back is too sore; and he is too heavily built for a cavalry horse.’ ‘Very well; let the gentleman have his horse.’ ‘Thank you, Colonel. I told you that you would let me have my horse.’ ‘If he had been fit for service you would

not have got him back, I assure you.' 'I can go now, Colonel?' 'No, you can not leave here for twenty-four hours.'

"Dr. Ramey invited me to go home with him, which I did. He and Maj. Standish accompanied me. As we were walking along, the Major said: 'Dr. Hopson, Dr. Ramey tells me you are a minister in the Disciples' church. Do you know Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati?' 'Very well.' 'Well, he used to live in Michigan, and he baptized my wife and daughters. To tell you the truth, he did me, too, but I have got a bit demoralized in the army; but my wife and daughters are good Christians. I think my wife will forgive me a few wrong things when I let her know I saved one of her preachers his horse. Your horse is a very fine horse, and we needed him; but you have got him—try and keep him.' I certainly felt very grateful to the Major for his kindness. The loss of my horse would have been a serious one to me at that time."

The following day he was allowed to leave for home.

On Saturday night we learned from a servant that the soldiers would pass Bro. Spencer's on Sunday morning, on their way back to join their command. I was up by sunrise, watching to see the approach. At eight o'clock we saw the column advancing over the hill, nearly two miles away. The blue line and glittering sabers looked formidable in the bright sunlight. I presumed the Doctor was a prisoner, and would be in the approaching line. I was certain I should easily recognize the gallant gray horse and his rider among a thousand. The horse was raised on the place, and would likely desire to call.

By nine o'clock the long line began to file past in the road a hundred yards down the hill. I watched in vain for the horse and rider I wanted; nothing answering the description was in sight. At length, just as the column was more than half past the house, I saw sixty of the colored troops leave the command, and, wheeling

their horses out of the line, they came galloping up to the house. To say I was frightened, would express my feelings very feebly

I rushed down stairs and into Sister Spencer's room, which by this time was filled with soldiers. If there had been a single white man among them, I should not have been so frightened; but there was not one. Just then I espied Dr. Ramey's dining-room servant, whom I knew, and thought I would venture to ask him if he had seen anything of Dr. Hopson. He said certainly; he stayed all night with his master the night before, and would leave at noon, after all the troops had got fairly off; but he did not know where the Doctor was going. I felt some relief in knowing he was safe, at least.

At that moment Bro. Spencer came into the house, and said to the soldiers, "Boys, the liquor is in the smoke house." They dropped the keys, and followed him out of the house. By the time they had filled some of their canteens with apple brandy, and the remainder with sorghum molasses, and secured each one a piece of bacon, a ham, or a shoulder, the receding line of troops warned them that they had better be going; and we were left in peace. I went to bed ill from fright and anxiety. About six o'clock that evening, a servant belonging to a neighbor came to the house to bring me tidings of the Doctor. When he left Henry Court-house, he made a wide detour, to avoid falling in with the soldiers again, and on Sunday evening reached a high hill commanding a view of Bro. Spencer's house, about six miles away. He got the boy to come to let me know he would come home in the morning, when he would not be apprehensive of further trouble. I felt so relieved and thankful that it was as well with us all as it was!

CHAPTER XXVII.

News of the Surrender.—Start for Richmond.—Our Detention.—Dr. Hopson as a Huckster.—Selling Vegetables and Fruit to the Federal Construction Corps for Tea, Coffee, Flour, etc.—Aiding Two Old People.—Three Attempts to Reach Richmond.—Trip in a Sutler's Wagon across the Last Field of Battle.—Arrival at Amelia Springs.—Fishing.—Call to Richmond Church.

It must have been the middle of the week when we heard of the surrender of Gen. Lee. Cabbal Breckenridge, son of John C., and several Confederate officers, came through there on their way to the South, thinking it the safest route. From them we learned the news. All the Doctor said when he heard it, was, "It is finished! The war is ended." Before we had recovered from the first shock, another followed—the death of Lincoln. As soon as we could realize that it was true, the Doctor said, "It is the worst thing that could have happened to the South at this time." This was the universal cry.

I asked the Doctor if he remembered my remark about the advent of Federal soldiers in the county. He said he did. The day he was taken prisoner Lee surrendered.

His only thought now was to place himself in a position to communicate with his friends. He sold his horse, saddle and bridle to Bro. Spencer, and as soon as possible started to Richmond. When he arrived in

Danville, he at once visited the Provost Marshal's Office, to procure passes to Richmond. He was informed that he would have to take the regular oath of allegiance to the United States government, which he did, and the papers were procured. After considerable delay and no inconsiderable annoyance, we left Danville. The cars were crowded and packed with citizens and soldiers. They had to run very slowly, the track was in such a bad condition. We arrived at Meherrin's Station early in the morning, and found we could not go much further. Fortunately we were within four miles of some friends with whom we had stayed while the Doctor held a meeting at Liberty Church, near by. The cars took us to the station nearest their house, where the Construction Corps were at work repairing the road, which was almost entirely destroyed between there and Richmond.

We left our trunk at the station, and walked through the woods to Bro. Wooten's, a mile. We found Bro. and Sister Wooten, two very old people, and their two daughters, all the white occupants of the home. The brothers had not yet been paroled. They were so glad to see us—they felt so desolate! All their old family servants were gone, and only two little darkeys, a boy and girl of ten and twelve, were left. They had an old horse and one cow left of their well-stocked farm. They had a little corn meal and a few pounds of bacon. In the garden were plenty of beets, onions and lettuce, but they thought them too small to use.

The day following our arrival, Dr. H. took a basket and the two servants, and went into the garden. He pulled up some of the young beets and onions, and half filled the basket. Then he made the little fellows pick

some green currants and gooseberries, with which the bushes were loaded, laid a paper over the vegetables, and filled the basket full. He then got a two-gallon earthen jar, and filled it with milk, and with his two sable companions went down to the camp of the Construction Corps. They were delighted to see him, and Capt. Drummond at once had the basket and jar emptied; and the basket was soon filled with packages of rice, sugar, flour, tea, soda, pepper, salt, and the jar with ground coffee. The Captain said he was so glad to get the things, and to come every day and make the exchanges. By the end of the week the big ox-heart cherries were ripe, and they were added to the load.

The first day, when the Doctor returned with his groceries, the old people were astonished and delighted; but when the Doctor laid the package of tea in the old lady's lap, she smelled it, and actually cried for joy. In a few minutes the tea-kettle was boiling, and she was engaged in sipping her favorite beverage, which she had not tasted for months before. The last pound of tea sold in Richmond, it is said, brought \$375, and the last barrel of flour \$2,500.

Capt. Drummond said the way would be open for us to go on to Richmond in a week. One morning he sent a messenger to let us know that the cars would be through some time during the day, and to come down and take dinner with him. He sent for our trunk, and we said good-bye to our friends, and left. We waited until 3 P. M. No cars, but a dispatch that the end of the bridge over the Roanoke had settled, and it would be two or three days before it would be repaired so that cars could cross. It was a very great disappointment to us, but Capt. Drummond sent us back home again, with

ample provisions for another week. In a few days he notified us again, and we went down to the depot, dined with him again, and waited. The train from Richmond passed down the track to Meherrin's, where the trains usually met and passed each other. We heard the whistle of the other train as it came up from the South. We waited an hour or two, and saw several gentlemen walking up the track from the station below. Capt. Drummond met them, and found that the trains had tried to pass on the same track, and, not succeeding, had collided. I told the Doctor I felt like walking to Richmond. Capt. Drummond said I must not get out of patience—they were a good deal longer trying to get to Richmond than we had been. We went back to Bro. Wooten's again. The Doctor took it very coolly. He said he was sure if we lived long enough that we should reach there, and he had learned to be patient.

Four more days passed before we received the third summons. We told our dear friends we would not say good-bye until we came back. We were very sure we would be off this time. When we got to the depot the train was standing on the track—nothing but box-cars and an engine. We got on board. I seated myself on my trunk and the Doctor found a bench. The tops of the cars were covered with freedmen, going to Paradise, as they conceived Richmond to be; the inside filled with all kinds of luggage, except the car we were in, which was reserved for half a dozen white passengers. We shook hands with Capt. Drummond and started. Our hearts were light, and we felt we should in a few hours be able to write to our friends and hear from them. But in this instance, as in many others, "the best laid schemes" were all thwarted. We ran a mile from the

depot, and had just got into the middle of a fill nearly fifty feet high, when there was a sudden jar, and when I picked myself up off the floor I saw heads, hands, feet flying off the top of the car and rolling down the embankment, some cursing and some praying. A broken rail had thrown the engine off the track. But for the slow rate we were traveling, the result would have been most serious. As it was, only one was killed, a boy of sixteen, who fell between the cars and was crushed to death.

As soon as Capt. Drummond saw something had happened, he got on a hand-car and came at once to see what was the matter. He told the Doctor he had done his best to get rid of him, but he believed it was impossible, so he would load us and our baggage onto the hand-car and send us back to the depot. We thankfully accepted the alternative, and night found us again the guests of Bro. Wooten. The old people said they had got so used to our coming back they would have been disappointed if we had failed them.

The Doctor continued his marketing until they had provisions enough to last them three or four months—sugar, coffee, tea, canned fruits, lard, pickled pork, dried beef, etc. The Doctor said the exercise kept him from stagnating.

By this time the paroled soldiers began to return home. Some of them were bringing horses and sutlers' wagons with them, and the Doctor now decided he would try to reach our goal by another route. In a day or two he made arrangements for a young man to take us as far as Amelia Springs, twenty miles. This was as far as he was willing to go. We took a last farewell of the dear old people who had sheltered us in our hour of need,

and drove down past the depot to say good-bye to Capt. Drummond. We left him with real regret, for his great courtesy and kindness to us, and we shall always remember his generous assistance with heartfelt pleasure.

We left by sunrise, as the man wished to return the same day. We had to drive with great care. A part of the way our road lay right through the battle-field, where the last terrible struggle of the war occurred. The scene was one of desolation and ruin. The fences were all torn down, the trees cut to pieces with minnie balls, or mowed down with grape and canister; here a pile of shell, there a broken caisson, here a dead horse, there a mule, here a half-buried soldier, and there a bird of prey glutting itself on the dead carcasses. It was a scene I shall never forget. We were momentarily in fear that a shell might explode under us, but by the providence of God we arrived safely at the Springs in time for dinner. Bro. Cottrell met us and threw his arms around the Doctor and wept. I think we all shed a few tears. I, for one, had been ready to cry all day. There were never more grateful prayers went up to the throne of God than ascended from the family altar that night.

Something else was to be thought of now. Both armies had passed over the Springs, and what one left the other took. Bro. Cottrell was in the condition of Job, with the exception he had his children left and was not afflicted with boils, and he had a good Christian wife. Of forty head of horses and mules, two were saved; of eighty cattle, not more than two; of one hundred sheep and fifty hogs, but one. He was so wild, no one could get within rifle-shot of him.

The next morning the Doctor and Jimmie Cottrell, a lad of twelve, were up by daylight, and, with fishing

rods and bait, off for the creek, a few hundred yards away. In an hour or two they returned with enough fish for breakfast. This was their practice every morning the two weeks we were there. The armies had only left Bro. Cottrell half of a middling, some corn meal, a little flour, and a few gallons of that great boon to the South—sorghum. Every day Bro. Cottrell and George, his servant (three of the servants never left him), would go out and hunt, shooting blackbirds, robins, or any bird that was eatable. In this way we were provided with meat from day to day, until the way was opened to Richmond, where alone supplies could be obtained.

The preceding October, before the Doctor left the Springs to go to Henry county, Bro. Cottrell sealed up some valuable papers and \$5,000 in gold, with some silverware, and putting them in a heavy canvas bag, had tied them tightly with a strong rope. He asked the Doctor to walk with him one night after dark, and they went together to a deep hole in the creek, a few hundred yards from the house, and he sunk the bundle in the hole, which was from fifteen to twenty feet deep. He said, in case anything should happen to him, he wanted the Doctor to know of the deposit and let his family know. As soon as the road was open to Richmond, they went down together and fished the package up, finding everything intact. He at once sent his trusty servant with some of the money to Richmond to purchase supplies, with which he returned the next day, to our great delight. In a few days the Doctor received a call to the Richmond Church. Bro. Pettigrew had resigned, after eleven years' faithful service. He was greatly beloved by his congregation, who disliked to give him up for any one.

Dr. Hopson said he would go and visit the church, and see what was best to be done. He left the next day, and I remained at Bro. Cottrell's until he should decide what he would do.

This was our first opportunity to write home, as there were no mail facilities from anywhere we had been since the war closed. We were becoming very impatient to hear from our loved ones.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Takes Charge of the Church.—Condition of the Country.—Impoverishment of the People.—R. M. Bishop's Generous Aid.—Brave People.—The Doctor's Indebtedness in Missouri nearly Doubled.—Visit to Kentucky.—Preachers throughout Virginia.—Bro. Shelburn, his Money and his Calf.

On the Doctor's arrival in Richmond, he ascertained from the brethren, and Bro. Pettigrew himself, that his resignation was positive and final, before he would accept the invitation to become pastor of the church. He said no amount of money would influence him to rob a brother preacher of a deserved and desired position. When he found the way satisfactorily cleared, he consented to take charge of the church. He felt very grateful to the people of Virginia for the manner in which they had treated us when we came among them strangers during the war, and he felt that he would like to know them in times of peace as well. He at once entered upon his work, and the following week I joined him.

I scarcely know in what terms of praise to speak of the brethren and sisters in Richmond, and, indeed, all Virginia. The country outside of and surrounding the city was desolated. Stock gone, fences destroyed, farming implements worn out—literally, they seemed to have lost everything but pluck and honor. In the conflagration attending the evacuation, nineteen blocks were burned in the business center of the city; shops, stores,

hotels, everything, went up in smoke. Our brethren, many of them, were severe sufferers. While they were left too poor to buy goods, if their stores had not been burned they might have rented them to the numerous parties who flocked to the city with large stocks of goods as soon as it came into the possession of the Federal troops. Many families, once wealthy, had to draw rations of the government to sustain life. Others, rather than do that, boarded government officials and army officers, who were glad to secure quiet homes in private families.

We were kindly cared for at the house of Mr. David Baker, one of those noble Jaxons abounding in the world. His wife was a member of the church and a great sufferer. In a short time we were able to secure board with the family of Bro. E. B. Spence.

When we arrived in Richmond we had plenty of money and bonds, but it was a little out of date and in large bills, nor could we readily get it changed into the currency of the country. Dr. Hopson notified Bro. R. M. Bishop of his impecunious condition. Bro. Bishop responded with a check for \$300, and notice to call for more whenever needed. That his friends in Kentucky did not forget him you will see from an extract of a letter from Bro. L. A. Cutler, of Richmond, pastor of Marshall Street Church:

“When Kentucky brethren sent the Doctor money to use as he thought best, he supplied some of our preachers with clothing. A box of clothing came to me when I was sadly in need of it. Oh, I am so sorry he is not able to preach the old Jerusalem Gospel which he formerly proclaimed with such impressiveness and power.”

The money sent him he distributed to those he

thought needed it most. The money he borrowed he used to pay board, and purchase a few store clothes in the place of our Confederate home-made coats, dresses and bonnets.

With all their poverty, the church determined that the gospel should be preached and the minister of God supported. It took no little self-denial to accomplish this result.

Bro. Kinnaird, at his death, near the close of the war, left the church a nice house for a parsonage. It was partly furnished, but we were not able to add the needed furniture, and the Doctor rented it, in this way supplementing his salary.

He now began to look the situation in the face, and the condition of things was not at all inviting. He took an inventory of his assets and liabilities. He had paid the interest on his indebtedness up to January, 1861. He was arrested in July, 1862. The war closed in April, 1865, and he was unable to pay anything on interest or principal until January, 1866, when he paid \$1,600, given him on his visit to Kentucky by the brethren. His indebtedness still remained \$11,284.00. His assets were wife, daughter, father and mother, good health, and a determination to pay his creditors to the uttermost farthing.

He felt it to be his first duty to pay father and mother for their tender care of Sadie, her board, clothes, music lessons—the actual expense they were at for her during the four years of her sojourn with them. This amounted to \$1,000, which he saved from his first year's salary in Richmond. In August, 1865, he sent for father to bring Sadie to us. He felt unwilling to give her up any longer. Her education was not completed,

but we had good schools in Virginia where she could go and yet be near us. After her arrival she spent some time with us in Richmond, and then the Doctor made arrangements for her to finish her school life with Bro. James Goss, at Piedmont Academy, which she did the following year. When she came to us, it was very difficult to realize that the little girl of twelve we left in 1862 was now a grown young lady.

In the spring of 1866 the Doctor decided to move his father and mother to Virginia, the boarding school in Paris having suspended. They were getting old, and he felt that, as far as possible, care and anxiety as to the future should be removed from them. It was a joyful time when we all were united under the same roof again. Their advent was a benison to us after the long years of separation.

We found the brethren bearing their reverses nobly, and giving more liberally in their adversity than they had done in their prosperity. I heard but one regret expressed by them throughout the State, and that was that they had not given more of their means to the cause of Christ before they were swept from them. Now, money, servants, and, in many instances, houses, were swept away, but they took up the burden of their lives without a murmur, as brave, true Christian men should. They had risked and lost, and accepted the penalty.

Most of our preachers throughout the State were men of means, and were generous enough to preach for the churches without fee or reward. Brethren Goss, Henley, Shelburn, Ainslie, Coleman, Bullard, Flipppo, Walthal, all owned property, some more, some less. These men were a noble and devoted band of men, self-sacrificing to the last.

Dear old Bro. Shelburn used to visit us nearly every month after we went to Richmond to live. He staid with us whenever he brought a load of marketing to sell. One day Bro. Shelburn seemed more than usually anxious to see the Doctor. When the Doctor came home, the old gentleman told him he had brought a thousand dollars to town with him, and wanted him to take it and keep it for him. He said he was afraid some one would steal it from him. The Doctor told him he would not like to be responsible for such an amount of money in such troublesome times, and advised him to deposit in Bro. Maury's bank. He knew nothing about banks; had never had any money to put away before. The Doctor explained how banks took care of one's money, until Bro. Shelburn understood how to get his money into the bank. But he says: "Doctor, how shall I get it out again? They might keep it." After the Doctor had explained all about check-books and checks, he went with the dear old man to the bank and saw the money safely deposited. He staid several days with us after the important event, and every little while he would say, "Well, well, it beats all!" alluding to the bank.

Somebody stole a calf from Bro. Shelburn. He followed it to Richmond, and got the Doctor to go with him to the market to look for it. Dr. Hopson said: "Bro. Shelburn, would you know the calf?" He responded: "Know my calf! Better than I should one of my grandchildren," and they found it, sure enough, he identifying it easily. The Doctor wanted to know if he was going to prosecute the thief. He said: "No, I have got my calf. I do n't want the thief." Nor did he prosecute the man, a mere youth.

Whenever the Doctor was holding a meeting, he

would come and remain with us several days. I remember, one night, after the Doctor had preached, there were several persons to be immersed. Bro. Pettigrew was to do the baptizing. Bro. Shelburn was stretched out full length on the front seat, with his head propped on the back of the pew. Bro. Pettigrew had retired to the dressing-room to prepare himself to administer the ordinance. A dead silence was in the church. All at once Bro. Shelburn raised his head, and turning his beaming face to the congregation, said: "Brethren, sing a song, while Bro. Pettigrew has gone to change his breeches." You may imagine the sensation, and how difficult to raise a tune under such conditions, but old Bro. Tyler was equal to the occasion and led in the song, "How happy are they." The dear old man was as free from guile as a child, and had a mould of granite with a heart of gold. He was a diamond in the rough. I must tell one more anecdote of him, even if I wander a little.

A large portion of his life he had occupied a house in which the family room was several steps lower than the other portion of the house. He often had people come to his house to be married. They came through the hall and down the three or four steps into his room, where he performed the ceremony. At length he moved into a house where the floors were all on a level. He said, one day a couple came to be married. They walked into the room, and he started to say the ceremony, but could not get on at all. He could not imagine what was wrong. At length he discovered that there were no steps to the room. He had the couple go up the stairs leading out of the room and come down again, when he married them without any trouble. He told us this himself. This man of God, so simple, honest, and plain of

speech, was a very Boanerges in the pulpit. While Bro. Shelburn was bold and aggressive, like Peter, Bro. Walthal was loving and tender, like John, and Bro. Chester Bullard struck a happy mean between the two.

Bro. Goss rarely left his school life in his mountain home to mingle in the great world outside. He was as modest as he was pure and good, and was always living near the white throne to which he expected almost daily to be summoned. In a few short years his life closed suddenly, as he had been expecting for a long period, and heaven won and earth lost a beautiful spirit.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bro. Clemmitt's Letter.—General Meeting.—The Convention between Sixteen of our People and Sixteen Prominent Baptists, in Richmond.

I wrote Bro. Wm. Clemmitt, of Richmond, to procure me the history of the Doctor's connection with the church there. In answer, I received the following :

“ Dr. Hopson must have come to this city the latter part of 1862, or early in 1863. My first knowledge of him was his preaching for the church of Bowling Green, in Caroline county, and of his holding a very successful meeting here the fall of 1863, in which he had thirty-five additions. He was called to the Richmond church in May or the early part of June, 1865. We had a membership of between three and four hundred when he took charge of the church.

“The first general meeting of our brotherhood, or State meeting, after he came, was held at Louisa C. H., in the fall of 1867. At that meeting the Doctor offered a resolution looking to the division of that organization into two bodies—the Piedmont and Tidewater district co-operations—which was done. At the same meeting a movement was made to revive the State paper, and Dr. Hopson and Bro. John G. Parrish were authorized and requested to take charge as editors of this paper, *The Christian Examiner*. The first number was issued in January, 1868. .

“The first authoritative statistical report of the church was published in 1867. The membership was then 450, many having been added during meetings held by the Doctor. The spring meeting, 1868, raised the number to 507; the fall meeting to 524. Here the Doctor's connection with us ceased, having been our pastor three years and three months. He continued as corresponding editor of the paper the remainder of the year. In my judgment (and not mine only) he was the greatest proclaimer of

the gospel I ever listened to. If the few surviving co-workers with the Doctor while here could be got together, I have no doubt many pleasing, interesting and profitable reminiscences could be called to mind, but it can not now be done.

"I can not let this opportunity pass without expressing my sympathy for and interest in Dr. Hopson and yourself. I remember with pleasure many things of a friendly and brotherly nature that passed between Bro. Hopson and myself in business and in Christian intercourse, as well as in family friendship and advice. I remember that he baptized and married both my daughters. You two were the first that came to comfort us in that very, very sad affliction, my daughter's death, away off from home in a far away land, where we could not even bury our dear one, but had to be content with the probabilities that it was properly and kindly done. I remember how I was comforted, encouraged, confirmed and strengthened by the teaching and preaching of Dr. Hopson, and therefore it gives me pleasure to express these things to you and thus let you both know you are not forgotten.

"Many of the older members of the church have passed away, and but few of us who managed the church affairs remain, and those few are scattered and divided into three churches. I find the church records, embracing the years of Bro. Hopson's stay with us, have been lost or laid away among the rubbish of some deceased member. These things ought not to be so, yet they are.

"Brethren Cary, Maury, Magruder, Fox, Bowles, Duval, Cutler, and many others, join in Christian love to you and all yours.

Yours, in Christian love,

"WM. H. CLEMMITT."

I wrote Bro. Cutler to see if he could furnish me any facts in regard to the convention held by the Baptists and the ministers of the Christian Church while the Doctor was in Richmond. There were sixteen of the representative men of each church, who met to discuss the differences between their respective churches. Elders Burroughs, Broadus, Taylor, Jeter, Poindexter, were prominent among the Baptists, while Wm. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College, Bro. James Goss and Dr. Hopson

are mentioned as representing the Christian Church ; besides these were Brethren Shelburn, Henley, Ainslie, Duval, Crenshaw, Walthal, *et al.*

Bro. Cutler writes, April 5, 1887 :

“Your letter of March 31st reached me Saturday. In response to your inquiries, I send you a copy of my tract, ‘Differences between Baptists and Disciples.’ You will find on the eleventh page a notice of Dr. Hopson, where he is calling the attention of the convention to the object of the meeting, and where he says: ‘Mr. President, you invited us here for a friendly talk with reference to union. We both belong to the great family of immersionists. We both baptize the same character. We differ, not in regard to what God does, nor to what the sinner must do. We both teach that men must believe, repent and be baptized. We differ as to the time when God passes an executive act in his own mind. Will you take the responsibility of saying, that while we have invited these people to meet us in friendly, social talk with reference to union, and though we agree in nearly all of the eighteen articles submitted, we will not have church fellowship with them?’

“Mr. John Hart (Baptist) arose and said: ‘We do not agree with Dr. Hopson, that we both baptize the same character. You baptize the penitent believer ; we baptize the penitent, pardoned, justified believer. It is time for Bro. Goss’s question to be answered. As for myself and church, we are not willing to have church fellowship with them so long as these differences exist.’

“Bro. Goss then said: ‘Mr. President, Bro. Hart has fairly and justly stated the difference between us on this question. We both baptize the penitent believer. Here we begin to differ. We baptize the penitent believer. You baptize the penitent, pardoned, justified believer. But there is a practical difference. I beg leave to illustrate: A young man comes to you, sir, and tells you that he believes in Jesus and repents of his sins, but that he has no assurance of pardon. He remembers that Jesus said, ‘He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved,’ and he wishes you to baptize him, that he may claim the promise. You, sir, can not baptize him. He comes to me, tells me that he believes in Jesus, and wishes to put himself under Christ’s government and care. I say to him, ‘Arise, and be baptized, and wash away

thy sins." He took his seat. Silence reigned a moment. To this speech there was no reply; there could be none. All felt its power. The convention adjourned."

The tract of Bro. L. A. Cutler ought to be in the hands of every member of the Christian Church, as well as of the Baptist, so that they can see the real difference between the two churches, as clearly stated by representative men from both sides. It is five cents a copy, and can be had of Bro. L. A. Cutler, Richmond, Va.

Between Dr. Burroughs and Dr. Hopson there existed the most fraternal relations during the whole of our sojourn in the city.

CHAPTER XXX.

Letter from Bro. J. A. Gano.

The brethren in Kentucky were constantly inviting him to return and visit them. He decided to do so the summer of 1866. We left Richmond some time in June, I think, accompanied by Miss Mary Chockly and our daughter Sadie, who had finished school. Bro. Gano was given the disposition of the Doctor's time, and of course old Union came in among the first, and I am indebted to Bro. Gano for the history of the visit to Kentucky:

“CENTERVILLE, KY., May 4, 1886.

“*My Dear Sister Hopson*:—Since the reception of yours of the 27th ult. I have been indisposed, but I am, through mercy, better to-day, and proceed to write some of the reminiscences of my association with Dr. W. H. Hopson in by-gone days. I first met him in Georgetown, in the fall of 1849. I have a vivid memory of him as he then appeared in his early manhood, being then twenty-six years of age. He was erect, tall and spare, and of commanding presence.

“From his first to his last visit here, by his clear presentation of divine truth, his close adherence to the word of God, and his great power as a pulpit orator, he has always obtained a good hearing, fixed attention, and ready access to the hearts and consciences of the people. Prior to the beginning of the Civil War, we were associated in several delightful and successful meetings in this part of Kentucky; but when the war came on it made havoc with much good social and Christian feeling. We were in the midst of an interesting meeting at Old Union, Fayette county, conducted by Bro. Hopson, in July, 1862, Bro. Thomas Allen, of Missouri, being with us, when Gen. John H. Morgan with his

force, in advance of the Southern troops, came into Kentucky, and some of the soldiers to our neighborhood; this at once put an end to our meeting. Soon after the Doctor, for his Southern sympathy, was arrested, imprisoned and taken from us.

“When the terrible war was over, and the Doctor was once more in our midst, restored in health, to the church, and to society, the desire to see, and to greet and to hear him everywhere was intense. I will here copy a few lines from my diary of June 29, 1866.

“I met Bro. Hopson, and other preachers, at Midway. About noon we repaired to the church, and witnessed the examination of the Orphan School girls; this continued until 2 P. M. After this we had dinner on the ground, nicely prepared and served by the ladies of the neighborhood. A large concourse of people had assembled. As soon as dinner was over, Dr. Hopson, standing in front of the building, addressed the crowd for near an hour. He extended congratulations to his Kentucky friends on meeting them again; then, pleading the cause of the orphans, exhorted all to do good to such. Soon after the discourse Bro. Hopson and I, taking leave of our friends, drove home in my rockaway. Coming through Georgetown, we found Mr. Conn, my wife, Capt. John Conn, my two sons, Frank and John, Jr., awaiting us, to gather round and greet the Doctor, and give him a cordial welcome back.

“Sunday, July 1st, about 9 A. M., we all set out for meeting at Old Union. The people in great numbers were hurrying on to hear Bro. Hopson. By 11 A. M. a vast crowd had assembled. An awning had been stretched from the house back to the trees, and under this seats had been placed for those who could find no room in the house. The large pulpit window was taken out, so that the speaker could half face those in the house or the crowd outside. It was estimated that from two thousand to twenty-five hundred were present.

“After singing and prayer, the Doctor discoursed on ‘Soberness, Righteousness and Godliness.’ At the close of the sermon my son Richard and wife, and John, Jr., took membership.

“The dinner, an ample repast prepared by the ladies, was partaken of by the crowd upon the ground. Ample table-room had been provided.

“After an hour’s intermission for dinner, we assembled again for worship. Dr. Hopson then addressed us on ‘Justifica-

tion by Faith.' At the end of the discourse Miss Boone came forward and made the good confession. We had quite a number at our house to take supper with Bro. H. In this order the meeting continued from day to day for nine days, Bro. H. speaking twice each day.

"The second Lord's day my son, R. M. Gano, was ordained to the ministry with fasting and prayer. I immersed the converts before the morning service. We had sixteen added by baptism, among them was my son-in-law, John W. Buckner. Old Bro. Samuel Rogers was with us part of the meeting.

"I was next with Bro. Hopson at his meeting in Georgetown, Sunday, July 15th. By 11 A. M. the house, a large one, was filled to overflowing, and hundreds could gain no admittance. Many preachers were in the crowd to hear Bro. H. Thus he went from one congregation to another. Berea, in Fayette county; Old Cane Ridge, in Bourbon; Newton, in Scott, and at other points visited by Bro. H., crowds flocked to hear him. It was indeed like one vast ovation. Laboring for days at most of the places visited, his preaching and exhortation were rewarded by great success in winning souls to Christ. Eternity alone can reveal the vast amount of good achieved by these excessive labors."

Bro. Gano's generosity did not stop with words nor with most liberal hospitality. He had given the Doctor a fine calf before the war, just before his arrest. Bro. G. raised the calf, sold it, and compelled the Doctor to take the \$100 it brought. He did this besides contributing liberally towards the expenses of the meeting. His friendship has ever been a precious boon to us. He is now in his eighty-second year. May God long spare him to the world, where he is still so useful. Sister Gano, one of the loveliest characters I ever knew, is still spared to him, and is five years his junior. It is a pity for the world that such people should ever die. It was with difficulty the Doctor could tear himself away from his old friends, who were urging him to return to Kentucky.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Return to Richmond.—Our Family all Together.—Our Daughter's Marriage to R. L. Cave.—Covington Meeting.—Bro. Lape's Letter.—Call to Louisville.—Acceptance.—Motives Actuating Him.—Life in Lexington.—Removal.—Raises Money to Finish Church.—Wm. C. Dawson.—T. P. Haley.—Mission Work.

After two months' delightful but arduous work, we returned to Virginia, and found as warm a welcome as we had received in our old home. From the time of the Doctor's return he labored with renewed zeal for the church, and met with success and encouragement.

We now had a delightful family circle—father, mother, Sadie, Mr. Cave, Dr. Jenifer Garnet, the Doctor and myself—all members of the church. The following year Mr. C. decided he would like to become a member of our family, and the 16th of May, 1867, he was married to our daughter at Old Sycamore Church; by Dr. Hopson himself, at her earnest solicitation.

In the spring of 1868 he held a meeting for the church in Covington, Ky. Bro. P. B. Wiles was pastor of the church at that time. He and Dr. Hopson had long been warm friends, though Bro. W. was several years his junior. In answer to some questions in regard to the meeting, I received the following from Bro. Lape :

“NEWPORT, KY., Dec. 8th, 1886.

“*My Dear Sister* :—Your favor of the 4th inst. at hand, relative to the meeting held in Covington, Ky., in the year 1868, at the Fifth Street Christian Church, by Bro. Hopson. In reply I

say, Bro. D. R. Van Buskirk was holding a meeting for the brethren at that place. Bro. V. having suddenly taken very ill, was compelled to return home. Bro. P. B. Wiles, pastor, called and informed me of the fact, and wished to know whom I would suggest as a person who could hold our audiences and continue the meeting. He said he knew of but one man. I remarked, that was Dr. Hopson. He responded, 'That is the man.' I asked him if he wished the Doctor to come. 'Yes,' said he; but being engaged in Richmond, Va., and a long way off, it was a question whether or not he would come. I wrote out a dispatch and sent it, and before dark the answer came: '*D. v.*, Mrs. Hopson and I will be in Covington Lord's day morning.' The Doctor was on time, and preached at 11 A. M. and at night, and continued, if my memory be correct, about two weeks. I sat in the gallery and had a good opportunity of judging the effect his sermons had upon his audience. Never in all my life, since the days Bro. Challen preached in the 'old cooper shop,' in 'an upper room,' at the corner of Vine and Columbia streets, Cincinnati, (when I was a boy about three feet high), have I seen such profound attention as was given by his hearers. It seemed the people sat with ears, eyes and mouths open to hear the Doctor's clarion voice proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ. If I recollect, some thirty persons were gathered into the kingdom and patience of Jesus, and I will say further that that meeting gave an impetus to the six members living in Newport, and that not a long while after, the brethren built a house, and have ever since employed a preacher.

"Your Brother in Christ,

"W. H. LAPE."

We returned to Richmond the last of March, as soon as the meeting closed. The Doctor had numerous invitations to remain in Kentucky and hold meetings, but had to refuse.

On our arrival at home, the first news that greeted us was that a new member had been added to our household in the person of a grandson—Winthrop Hopson Cave. Mathematics can not furnish figures enough to compute the height of the Doctor's delight. He was like a child who has just come in possession of a

long-coveted treasure, and though eight more have since been added to the family jewels, I do not think any have ever been so precious as that first one.

Soon after his return to Richmond he received a call from the Fourth and Walnut Street Christian Church, of Louisville, Ky. He at first declined the call on account of an opposing element in the church—a very small minority of, I think, forty, all told, out of the five or six hundred members. Subsequent correspondence developed the fact that it was solely on account of politics. When he learned this to be the case, he accepted the call, and made arrangements to go to Louisville in September. He said the war was over; he had as much to forget and forgive as any one, and that he did not have in his heart a feeling of enmity toward one human being. He felt confident that he could overcome any prejudice growing out of his conduct during the war. His opinion proved correct, for we found no better friends than those afterward became, who voted against his coming. Some of them wished to talk the matter over with him and make explanations, but he told them to endeavor to forget it all, as he had, for he had not the least unkind feeling in his heart towards them; and he told the truth, for it was entirely foreign to his nature to harbor malice. They were most excellent people and their love was worth winning, and we recall with pleasure the many acts of kindness they showed us while we had the happiness to live among them.

The Doctor was fortunate in obtaining Mr. Cave's consent to accompany us to Kentucky. I do not know that he could have been prevailed upon to have left little Winthrop, even if he could the rest of the family. There was mother, the Doctor, Sadie and baby—four

generations. They must not be separated, if possible.

One motive that actuated Dr. Hopson in accepting the call to Louisville was, that he might be able to have the society of his brother preachers sometimes. In Richmond he was very much isolated. Occasionally Bro. R. Y. Henley, Dr. Duval, Bro. Cutler (then a young and promising speaker), and Bro. Walthal would call a few minutes on him, perhaps once or twice a year. Bro. Shelburn was our only regular visitor, and how the Doctor did enjoy his visits! Bro. Abel left Virginia soon, so that he saw but little of him. After Bro. Parrish and Dr. H. began to publish the *Christian Examiner*, the Doctor saw more of him, but still there was from necessity a lack of social intercourse among the preachers.

During our life in Lexington he could go out on the street any Monday or Saturday, and he would find Brethren Raines, Ricketts, Pinkerton, S. Rogers, Arnold, John I. Rogers, John Smith; and once a month, on court Mondays, brethren Gano, Bronson, Brooks, and McGinn were almost sure to be seen in the city. The Doctor used often to say, it was like an elixir to him to grasp the hand of a brother who knew and understood the trials of a preacher's life and could sympathize with him.

Notwithstanding the attractions in our old Kentucky home, it was with reluctance we left the tried and true friends we had made in Virginia, and many tearful and sad farewells were spoken by the many who followed us to the depot. We left Virginia after a residence of five years and four months, three years and three months being spent with the Richmond Church.

When we arrived in Louisville we were not strangers, the Doctor having held a meeting of weeks there, in 1860, for the Hancock Street Church, which congregation was now worshipping at the corner of Chestnut and Floyd Streets. Very many of the members of the Fourth and Walnut Street Church had attended the meeting; thus we were familiar with the members of both churches, and at home in either.

The Doctor found the church in a good condition, and ready to cooperate with him in every good work. Bro. Thomas Arnold, of Frankfort, had preceded him, and made a good impression both in and out of the church. His leaving Louisville was not on account of any dissatisfaction, but simply because he did not like city life, and his family were unwilling to leave their beautiful country home for the dust and heat of the metropolis.

One great drawback was the unfinished condition of the church building. The windows were boarded up, no steps in front, the upper part a grand pigeon roost. The members had been worshipping in the basement for years. The Doctor's first work was to finish the house. The architect was consulted, and said that twenty-three or four thousand dollars would be ample. The Doctor told the church it must be raised at once. It was a large sum of money to be given by a church that had already contributed so largely, but in a few weeks he had twenty-seven thousand subscribed, and inside of a year it was ready for occupancy; but it took ten thousand more to finish it than the architect calculated. This amount he would not attempt to raise—it was borrowed; the debt was funded and paid afterward.

The Doctor was fortunate in having an efficient corps

of officers in the church. His deacons were all men of good business sense, and the financial affairs ran smoothly. The Louisville Church spent more money on the poor fund than any church we ever lived in—house rent, coal and clothing was between \$900 and \$1,000. One year the church paid \$400 for funeral expenses for its poor. Dr. Hopson always urged the church to take care of its worthy poor. If they were unworthy, exclude them, and not have the double disgrace of keeping bad people in the church and neglecting them.

Bro. Wm. C. Dawson was preaching for the Floyd and Chestnut Streets Church when we located in Louisville. He was in the transitional state between the Christian Church and the Episcopal. The idea that we were not under law as advocated by some of our teachers had taken firm possession of his mind, and he reasoned that God gave definite and specific laws at Mt. Sinai to govern the Jewish nation, his chosen people; but as he had not said, "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," under the Christian dispensation, therefore the church was left to devise the best ways and means to govern herself, and every man became a law unto himself. In vain his uncle, Dr. T. S. Bell, and Dr. Hopson argued with him and showed him that "where there is no law there is no sin," for "sin is the transgression of law," and that God did not leave his last and crowning dispensation without laws to govern it. In the commission given in Matt. xxviii. 20 Christ said to his apostles, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." A command is the expressed will of God, and becomes a law without the "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." I. John iii. 23, "This is his commandment, That we believe." Acts xvii. 30, "The times of this ignorance God winked at;

but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Acts x. 48, " And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus," or by his authority. These were certainly commandments as binding and as distinctly embodying law as any in the Decalogue. If these three were binding upon man, were not the hundreds of others given by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit through the the apostles in the Bible ?

In spite of reason and revelation, he took the step which severed his connection with the church of his fathers, and sent him into undeserved obscurity. It was a source of deep sorrow to the Doctor, for he was very much attached to him.

Bro. T. P. Haley succeeded Bro. Dawson in the Floyd Street Church, and in him the Doctor found an earnest co-worker. There was perfect harmony between the churches, and they worked together as one, in building up the cause in Louisville. Brethren O. P. Miller, Owen, Baker, Miller, Crump, Snyder, *et al.*, were always ready to coöperate with the Doctor. As soon as the church was completed, he turned his attention to the planting of a mission church on Fifteenth and Jefferson Streets. With the assistance of his own congregation and the above-named, they soon had a neat little building ready to worship in, and a few months later Bro. James Keith was placed in charge, and in a few years he and the brethren associated with him built up a good congregation. By this mission, Fourth and Walnut lost several excellent members who lived in the vicinity of the new church.

By this time the spirit of missions had obtained full possession of our people in the city, and Floyd street made preparations to swarm. A location was selected in the

upper part of the city, a hall secured, and Brethren Rubel and Baker began to gather the nucleus of another congregation, which has become a flourishing church.

I would not have any one suppose that I am intimating that Dr. Hopson was the sole instigator of the religious "boom" in the Christian Church in Louisville, but I mean to say he took a very deep interest in every movement made to build up the cause of Christ, and was always ready in every way to meet every demand made upon him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Bible School for Colored Young Men.—Interest in Colored Church.—Encouragement.—Substantial Aid.—Three Letters from Students of the School.

Dr. Hopson felt a deep concern in the future of the colored race. He felt that some steps ought to be taken to educate a ministry of their own color to go among them and preach the gospel as taught by our brethren. He determined to inaugurate a Bible school to be taught in Louisville.

He met with considerable opposition and not much encouragement. There was no house for the school to meet in; there was no place for the pupils to board, and, if there had been, they had no money to pay with, and where would the school procure a teacher? All these objections were urged.

A good many of the brethren gave to the work because they would give to any work that the Doctor urged upon them, but with little faith in the result. By September the school room and church were ready and a teacher procured—Bro. C. H. Moss. The brethren had secured homes for as many as had made application. The school opened with twenty-one or twenty-two. We took one, and he proved a faithful servant. They all were more than willing to work for their board, so anxious were they to gain an education. Dr. Hopson visited the school two or three times a week until they were fully under way with their studies.

He presented their claims to the Missionary Board at Indianapolis the following October, and they promised and gave some assistance in the way of paying teacher and furnishing books. Brethren Haley, Galt Miller, Dr. H. and others would frequently preach for the colored church which grew up rapidly around them.

I will here insert three letters—one from Bro. Julius Graves, preaching in Paris; one from H. S. Berry, and one from Preston Taylor.

“PARIS, Ky., May 26, 1886.

“MRS. ELLA L. HOPSON :

“*Dear Sister* :—It seems to me that an attempt to give a history of Dr. Hopson's life would be incomplete without a chapter devoted to that cause which he always took so much pleasure in; namely, the welfare of the colored people, and especially the preaching of the gospel of Christ among them. Therefore I write this letter without any attempt at eulogistic painting, but simply as acquaintance and thankfulness dictate.

“It was in the pleasant month of September, 1873, that I arrived in the city of Louisville, Ky., to attend the Bible School opened by the General Missionary Board for the education of worthy and energetic colored men to preach and teach among their own people. Dr. Hopson was chairman of the committee that operated and controlled the above-named school. My name was the first enrolled on the school register as a student of the Bible School.

“On landing in the city among strangers, having been previously directed, I at once sought the residence of Bro. J. D. Smith, who was at that time pastor of the colored church. I remained with him all night, and the next morning, in company with several other young men, all intended students, we sought the office of Dr. Hopson, and found him seated in his library hard at work. A rap at the door had the welcome response, ‘Come in, young brethren.’

“When all were seated, then began the planning for our homes and comfort while we were to attend school. We were almost without money, there not being more than ten dollars among us all, thus making us almost entirely dependent upon

Dr. Hopson. He set about getting us homes among the people of Louisville. A few efforts soon secured us homes, where we worked nights and mornings, Saturdays and Sundays too, with few exceptions, to pay for our board and lodging.

"The school opened, with Prof. C. H. Moss as teacher. Dr. Hopson never ceased to appeal to the people in behalf of the Colored Bible School. It is said, 'The evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones.' The interest manifested by Dr. H. toward the colored people, and the good done by him, can never be forgotten. To-day the pulpits of Baltimore, Indianapolis, Montgomery, Jacksonville, Mt. Sterling, Carlisle, Millersburg, Louisville, Paris, Xenia, and many others, are filled with men educated at the Louisville Bible School. In fact, I know but few successful preachers in the Christian Church who did not get their training in this school.

"There are none of us that know the Doctor as well as I do, for I lived with him during my entire stay in the school, and it was in his house I heard the Lord praised daily, and for the first time in my life I witnessed family worship, although I was eighteen years old.

"I never visit Louisville but that I take a walk on Seventh Street, and it is with keen pleasure I look up at 155, for God knows it is a dear spot to me.

"While I write, my heart swells with emotion and thankfulness to God for having given the world this great and good man—Dr. Hopson. I can not close this letter without saying that his wife united wholly with him in his efforts to help the students. No one ever went to their door for food or aid but that they received it, even though it cost a sacrifice for them to give it.

"May God's blessing rest upon the Doctor and his wife while they live, and may all the boys—students—meet them in Paradise.

"I am truly yours, J. C. GRAVES."

"MILLERSBURG, Ky., Dec. 9, 1886.

"MRS. E. L. HOPSON :

"*My Dear Madam* :—Nothing could give me more pleasure than a compliance with the request expressed in your letter. An expression on the part of a student of the Louisville Bible School of the high esteem in which the great man whose life you are now writing was held by the students, requires no studied diction, but flows naturally forth from an appreciative heart. I

feel assured that every student will acquiesce in the statements herein made.

“He was respected because his manly bearing demanded it; he was honored because he labored to establish a medium through which the blessings of that God, and the love of that Christ that had touched his heart, might touch the hearts of a down-trodden and long-oppressed people; he was loved because he was good and great in noble deeds, and the book we all should love teaches us to be ‘lovers of good men.’

“He saw the need of an educated ministry to rescue the race from a religious Babylon; hence his earnest efforts to attain that end. Even in securing homes for the young men none did more than he, and few as much. His great physique was foremost in the van; his great mind led in counsel, and his great heart was aglow with zeal to preach the gospel to the poor. He assisted in sowing seeds that have grown to great trees, and the birds are resting in the boughs thereof.

“Painful will it be to all our hearts to learn the sad news that Time is touching him heavily. God grant that the days that yet remain may catch copious gleams of pleasure from the path of past usefulness, and more still from the promised home above. The tenderest sympathies of my poor heart are with you both, and my prayers are that the sands that are now passing the glass may be sands of gold, while time binds your hearts closer to the eternal shore.

“With deep sympathy, I am

“Very Respectfully Yours,

“H. S. BERRY.”

Bro. Preston Taylor, another Bible student of the Louisville school, sends me the following tribute to the Doctor :

“NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 1, 1887.

“Mrs. W. H. HOPSON :

“*Dear Madam* :—Having understood you are writing the history of your noble husband’s life, I would feel derelict in duty did I not offer my congratulations on your undertaking, though I am persuaded you nor any other author can do such a character justice. No one can know the result of his life-work until it is unfolded to us in the great hereafter.

“His kind words, noble deeds and good works, both private and public, are written on thousands of hearts; some of them are witnesses before the throne of God, while others are still here. He has distinguished himself as an orator, minister, writer and counselor. This world has given us few men his equal in all that goes to make up a great worker for the good of his fellow-men. He is humane in the broadest sense. He is not bound in his sympathy by race, color or condition; but wherever the commission of Jesus pointed him, he went and has always done his whole duty.

“While pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Street Church, in Louisville, he secured a minister for the colored people, fitted up a hall, and had the work begun among them; and as soon as a good congregation had been organized, he had a lot bought and a good, substantial brick edifice built on it for them. And through his timely act we have a large congregation in that city now; and when a Bible School was opened, largely through his influence, for the benefit of the colored young men of our church to study for the ministry, he secured homes for them (taking one in his own family), where they could secure board and lodging for their work while attending school.

“He has been one of the strong men of the Reformation, and his great powers have been used to bring many, many thousands to acknowledge the power of the cross.

“His untimely affliction is mourned by the whole brotherhood, and their prayers of sympathy ascend to the Giver of all good in his behalf.

“He is my father in the gospel, and a large share of my success in the ministry is due to him. His advice and counsel have always been freely given.

“A rich reward awaits him in the kingdom of God, and many will be the stars in his crown of glory.

“Very Respectfully,

“PRESTON TAYLOR.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Bro. Grubbs' Letter.—House Full of Boarders.—Aunt Mima.—Bought a Home.—Last Payment on Missouri Debt.—Preachers' Wives.—Dr. Hopson a Good Financier.—His Desire for Rest.—His Resignation.—Press Notice.

I will here insert a letter from Bro. I. B. Grubbs, as it refers particularly to his work in Louisville:

“LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 3, 1887.

“*Dear Sister Hopson*:—Herewith I enclose my estimate of the character of Bro. Hopson. You will read it as the sincere outpourings of my heart. Please read it to him. I want him to know the estimation in which he has ever been held by me.

DR. WINTHROP H. HOPSON.

“It was in 1860 that I first saw that noble man of God. He was standing in the pulpit in old Hancock St. Church, in Louisville, in the midst of a most interesting protracted meeting.

“It was not long after his Cincinnati meeting, in which that great city was profoundly agitated by his might as a preacher. My interest in him, therefore, was intensified as I beheld for the first time his manly form and felt the power of his enchaining eloquence. Those who knew and heard Dr. Hopson in the days of his undiminished strength and full splendor of his ministerial gifts, can never forget his leonine appearance, his imposing presence, his personal magnetism, and his wonderful power in the pulpit over the immense audiences that gathered to hear his discourses. On arising before them his very attitude and manner inspired all with the conviction that a rich feast of soul was in store for them—and in this expectation they were not disappointed. Very few men have been blessed with such a felicitous combination of personal graces and advantages and intellectual endowments as Winthrop H. Hopson. The majesty of a splendid physique never fails to augment and emphasize the power of mind.

“If I am asked what I regard as the special feature in which the ministerial excellence of Dr. Hopson was manifested, my answer would be, in his matchless power of expression, the varying charms and well sustained force of his diction, combined with the wonderful clearness with which he stated his positions and set forth his reasons to support them.

“No one ever complained of vagueness or indistinctness of meaning in any sermon of Dr. Hopson’s. His hearers might be borne along upon the resistless tide of his eloquence, but they failed not to receive edification from the simplicity of treatment and lucid method of presentation in the discussion of his theme.

“His was pre-eminently the power of the true orator, whose function it is both to convince and to persuade. Such was Dr. Hopson before the insidious influence of disease invaded his system, and by its stealthy progress undermined his physical strength and mental condition.

“But as greatly as I appreciated the personal and intellectual gifts with which Dr. Hopson was endowed, there was that in him which called forth my admiration in a yet higher degree. I speak now of his large heartedness, his breadth of soul, the unsurpassed generosity and unselfishness of his disposition. With a keen appreciation of the merits of others, he made reference to their just deserts without stint of expression.

“Friendship was no mere word upon his lips or mere sentiment in his heart. When he could confer a favor, he would do so with all his heart, even at the expense of self-sacrifice or great inconvenience. This testimony to his moral excellency is not grounded on superficial acquaintance, but on closeness of association in personal friendship and ministerial work. During a part of the period of his protracted ministry in Louisville, serving the large and influential Christian congregation at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, it was my good fortune to labor for another congregation in that city, and thus to be brought into intimate relations with this good and-gifted man. It was a constant source of pleasure to me to enjoy his society, his good counsel and co-operation in the advocacy and defense of the great cause which lay very near to our hearts. I thus learned to know and appreciate the moral worth as well as the intellectual power of Dr. Hopson, and to love on account of the goodness most clearly discerned by those who stood in the closest connection with him.

"As might be supposed, a man of the description just given would prove true in his devotion to the Christian religion. Of this we speak last, for this, indeed, was the most admirable trait of Dr. Hopson's character. Unswerving in conviction as to the truth which he advocated and loved with all his great soul, he was uncompromising in its maintenance and preservation in all its integrity, simplicity and purity.

"The faith of his own heart in the perfect adaptation of the religion of the New Testament to the wants and condition of the present generation, he forcibly urged with a heroic daring and a loftiness of spirit that evinced the profound seriousness by which he was inspired; and this earnest faith pertained not merely to what are called the elements of the gospel, but to the all-sufficiency of New Testament Christianity as a whole, in all its practical bearings and results.

"May the cause of Christ find in every age such true and earnest advocates as Winthrop H. Hopson.

"I. B. GRUBBS."

The love Bro. Grubbs bore Dr. Hopson met with a hearty response, and their communion and fellowship was perfect. They rested in each other's companionship and love, each a mutual support to the other.

Before the close of the first year in Louisville, Mr. Cave had been prevailed upon by the brethren in Lexington to enter the Bible College to prepare himself for the ministry. This step met the Doctor's hearty approval. He has never regretted the encouragement he gave him. No father could be prouder of a son, and he has proved himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

After Mr. Cave and family removed to Lexington, I proposed to the Doctor that as we had such heavy rent to pay, we should take some boarders, which would enable us to save a large portion of his salary towards paying his debts. He consented reluctantly, as he was always indisposed to have a house full of strangers. We

were very fortunate in securing delightful boarders, all members of the Christian Church—Sister Pittman and her daughter Anna, Brother and Sister F. Spears, and old Sister Anderson, who was a Miss Lewis, of Virginia, and an own niece of Gen. Washington. We did not love her so much for the last mentioned fact as for her pure and noble Christian life. These, with father and mother Fife, the Doctor and myself, made up a very happy family. I should have added Aunt Mima, our faithful and devoted Christian servant, who left all and followed us from Richmond, and who still links her fortunes with ours. Everybody that ever visited our house will remember her, and her cheerful attention to guests.

Early in 1872 he decided to buy a home, on which he could pay what he was expending in rent and a little more each year, until he should own it. He bought a comfortable house on Seventh street, and we moved into it, taking all our family except Sister Anderson, who went to her son's to live. The house and repairs cost Dr. Hopson \$3,000. January, 1873, he made the last payment on his Missouri debts. By the time he had paid the debt of \$8,000, the whole expenditure, including the accumulated compound interest during his imprisonment and stay South, when he was unable to pay anything, amounted to \$22,000. Preachers are generally considered poor financiers. I do not believe it. Very few that I have known ever had anything to financier on. Most of our preachers have just about salary enough to keep body and soul together, properly clothed, and take care of their usually rapidly increasing progeny, and it takes splendid financiering to do it in many instances.

One great trouble about preachers is their lack of

judgment in marrying. They frequently secure wives who are neither dressmakers, tailors, milliners, shoemakers, nor washerwomen. A preacher's wife should be all these, besides being "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." I do not believe there is another position in the world a woman is called upon to fill that takes the same amount of patience, prudence and discretion as that of a preacher's wife, and, so far as my knowledge extends, I think our preachers have excellent wives.

With Dr. Hopson's liberality in church matters, his generosity to the poor, and his kindness to those depending on him for support, he was the best financier I have ever met. All this while he was carrying an insurance of \$10,000—\$5,000 for the benefit of his creditors and \$5,000 for his family, at an expense of about \$300 a year for both. The Piedmont and Arlington, of Virginia, failed while he was so ill ten years ago, and he lost the \$1,600 he had paid in premiums.

He was very happy when the last dollar of that Missouri debt was paid, and he felt he was a free man. The labor and anxiety of the preceding years began to tell upon his iron constitution. During much of his pastorate in Louisville he was associate editor of the *Apostolic Times*, which originated with Brethren Wilkes, Graham, Lard, McGarvey and himself. His connection with the paper was never of any financial benefit to him, and if the co-editors made any money out of it I never heard of it.

During our last year in Louisville the Doctor used often to say to me, "Ella, I must rest; I am so tired of this hurry and bustle." At length he made up his mind to resign the charge of the church and evangelize—take

up our old Bohemian life. I copy the following from the *Courier-Journal* of March 1, 1874:

“On Sunday last Dr. W. H. Hopson, pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Sts. Christian Church of this city, tendered his resignation, to take effect the last Lord’s day in May.

“This announcement gave much surprise to his congregation, but very few being informed of his intention, and many regrets have been expressed for his taking such a step. Dr. Hopson has been connected with this church six years, and within that time has done much for the increase and edification of his congregation, and has at all times, by reason of his eminence as a divine and his eloquence as a preacher, commanded one of the largest audiences in the city.

“He is known to be, as he deserves to be, one of the foremost men in his denomination. Pointed and powerful as a thinker, clear and demonstrative as a speaker, he enjoys a reputation widespread and enviable. He leaves his congregation in this city in the height of his popularity, as a matter of his own choosing, preferring for the present to go into the ‘general field,’ where he can enjoy more rest and accomplish, he thinks, as much good.

“We are glad to learn, however, that Louisville will be his home for the most part, so that his friends may still hope to enjoy occasionally his influence and teaching.”

It was with great reluctance he took this step, but he felt he could no longer bear the strain the care of such a large church entailed upon the minister.

We broke up housekeeping at once, and mother and father went to Lexington to stay with Mr. Cave until we were once more settled.

We bade a sorrowful farewell to the beloved friends in Louisville (we alone knew how dear they were to us), and began our journey towards the setting sun.

We spent the summer traveling through Missouri, visiting many of the churches for which the Doctor had held meetings long years before. He enjoyed meeting

with his old friends so much, his tour was a perpetual feast to him.

We visited many of our old school-girls, who were delighted to see us again. They were all anxious for us to build up a school, where they could send their children to us. He told them he was not able to run any more risks.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Leave Louisville.—Travel Through Missouri.—Call to St. Louis.—Social Meetings.—Presidency of Christian University Urged upon Him.—Acceptance.—Silver Wedding.—Removal to Canton.—Felt Settled for Life.—Bible College and Students.—Prospects Promising.—Trip in the Interest of the University.—His Illness.—Mr. Cave's Arrival and Invaluable Aid.—His Mother's Death.—His Partial Recovery.—Unable to Teach.—Able to Preach.—Returned to Lexington, Ky.—Released.—His Old Church in Palmyra.—His Last Field of Labor.—His Patience Under Affliction.

Before the summer trip was over he received a call to take charge of the church meeting at the corner of Seventeenth and Olive Streets, St. Louis. The brethren were very urgent, and, though preferring to evangelize, he accepted the invitation. The church was small compared to the church in Louisville, not numbering half the membership, and the work was not so arduous. The first six months we boarded with our old friends, John G. Allen and wife, formerly of Lexington, where we were made very happy. The Doctor then began to long for his mother, and we went to housekeeping on Pine Street, near the church, where the dear old people could go to church night or day. The Doctor sent for them as soon as we were settled, and they came, bringing Aunt Mima with them, who had been with Sadie since we left Louisville. January, 1875, found us at home once more. Father was especially delighted to be in St. Louis again. His only son, Wm. G. Fife, was living there, and he

himself had so long made it his home it was very pleasant to be there again.

We found a warm-hearted and generous brotherhood in the church. Brethren Allen, Patterson, Christopher, Ellis, Harrison, Verden, Rhorer, Fife, Russell, *et al.*, with their good wives, made the church a desirable home for a preacher.

We used to have delightful gatherings there. Most of the congregation lived a long distance from the church. It was usually so late when the gentlemen returned from their business that they could not come to prayer-meeting. The sewing circle met one afternoon in the week, the prayer-meeting one evening, the class for singing another. I proposed that we meet Wednesday evening for sewing, at 3 P. M.; all of us take a lunch, including tea, coffee, cream and sugar, and that at 6 P. M. we would kindle a fire in the stove in the robing-room, make our tea and coffee, set our table with the lunches provided, and invite the brethren to sup with us instead of going home. Then at 7 P. M. everybody would be ready to enjoy the prayer-meeting; we could sing an hour after that, and be ready to go home at 9 o'clock.

The result was just what we anticipated. The gentlemen were delighted with the arrangement. We had full prayer-meetings, good attendance at our sewing circle, and saved two trips a week on the street cars, costing twenty cents at least each week, and, where there were several in the family to attend, from fifty to seventy-five cents per week.

Those who had the privilege of attending those meetings will never forget them; they were seasons of intense social as well as religious enjoyment—they were feasts for body and soul.

One feature of the St. Louis church was especially commendable—no stranger entered the house and left it without being sought out and introduced. It did not matter whether that was a member of the church or not, they were made to feel that they were welcome in the house of the Lord.

Our work with this church was one of unalloyed pleasure, and the year, I hope, was not unprofitable to the brethren and sisters. I think there were from thirty to forty additions during the time.

Sometime in June Brethren B. H. Smith and Henderson Davis came down from Canton, Mo., in the interest of Christian University. They came to see the Doctor, and spent the night (it was nearly 2 A. M. when they left) trying to induce him to consent to become President of that institution. I never knew him to be as much concerned in regard to taking any step before.

They represented the importance of the work to him in such a light, and that there was a crisis in the history of the school demanding sacrifice on the part of some one, that he hardly felt he could refuse. They told him they believed the brethren throughout the State would rally to him as to no one else, and plead with him so earnestly that he told them he would give them an answer the following day. When he came to our room he told me the proposition made by the brethren, and asked me for my advice. I told him I could not advise him to accept or refuse; that the decision was one that would affect all our future lives, and I was incapable of offering a suggestion on the subject.

The only point that turned the scale in favor of accepting was the good he might accomplish in training young men in the Bible school to go forth and preach

the gospel to a dying world. We talked until daylight, and then he said, "I will go, God willing, and do my best."

Once more the ties that bound us to a devoted and noble church had to be sundered. It seemed to me that every parting became harder. They were very, very kind to us during our sojourn among them, and when we left them we carried many tokens of their loving remembrance with us.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends, we celebrated with the St. Louis church the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage the 30th day of September, 1875. We received many valuable gifts from friends everywhere. Our dear old Louisville church sent us an elegant waiter and coffee and tea set, and other articles both beautiful and useful. The church in St. Louis supplemented what was lacking in spoons, knives and forks. It was a most generous gift from generous hearts.

The following contribution is from the pen of a valued brother :

" 'Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.' "

"The gifted and beloved Samuel A. Kelley had preached for the Seventeenth and Olive Street Church, St. Louis, Mo., two years. He had tendered his resignation, that he might return to Kentucky, the field of his useful labor before his call to St. Louis. The church here had passed through trying ordeals before he came, and the wounds received during the conflict had not healed. Much was accomplished in love and faithfulness by Bro. Kelley during his two years' work, yet an anxiety bordering on apprehension for the future was apparent, now the tried and earnest servant of peace was about to depart.

"The membership looked to the officers inquiringly. Who shall succeed to the pulpit, and minister before the people? The elders and deacons held joint sessions. The matter of vital in-

terest to the church was discussed, and the field canvassed. For intelligence, business management, and devotion to the cause of Christ, few churches were so blessed in their official Board as this the first Christian Church of St. Louis. Among its officers at this time may be mentioned Dr. H. Christopher, J. G. Allen, J. W. Ellis, R. D. Patterson, T. A. Russell, W. G. Fife, Edward Wilkerson, and others.

“The name of Dr. Hopson, who had closed his labors with the Walnut Street Christian Church in Louisville, Ky., for the purpose of evangelizing, was suggested. The suggestion met with universal favor, and the elders at once wrote to the Doctor pressing upon him the church’s extremity and great need, and endeavored to show him that he would serve them as no other could. The Doctor’s large sympathetic heart never received such a call with indifference. Many reasons might be given to show the happy choice made by the officers and approved by the church—not only approved, but with enthusiasm confirmed. The oldest members of the congregation remembered Dr. Hopson when he came to St. Louis as a medical student to attend lectures preparatory to graduation. He had practiced medicine for some years before this time. It was in 1846 and ’47 that his efforts first began with the church in St. Louis. These early labors were of reciprocal advantage to the church and to the young student. Later, when Bro. Joseph T. Patton was preaching for the church, we find the aspiring young preacher and student again in St. Louis attending medical college, reviewing and ready to receive his degree. It was during this time that Bro. Patton fell ill, and during his long absence from the pulpit Dr. Hopson preached to the church, with the positive understanding that full salary should be paid to Bro. Patton during his illness.

“Bro. Jacob Creath, Jr., succeeded Bro. Patton, and it became necessary that much of Bro. Creath’s time, like that of his predecessor, should be filled by another. A like arrangement was made as before; the Doctor would preach for the church, but the salary of Bro. Creath should be continued and paid him in full. The course of lectures completed, the Doctor received his diploma and left for home.

“The oldest members of the church, I say, remembered Dr. W. H. Hopson. They recalled from the past, over an interval of more than thirty years, the magnanimity, faithfulness and Christian generosity of a brilliant young orator, whose voice was clear,

whose words were burning with logic and love, and whose devotion and earnestness in a sound faith were unquestioned. In addition to all this, his name was familiar to all as a pulpit orator of the Church of Christ, as a man of noblest integrity, as a companion of peculiar and eminently social qualities, as a neighbor ready to respond, even to self-sacrifice, as a friend to all in need.

“In view of all these considerations, it may well be conceived that now, in 1874, the Doctor was called to this post with a singular and enthusiastic unanimity. The call was accepted, and the engagement began Oct. 1, 1874, to continue for one year, in which time it was believed the church would be placed on the highway to prosperity, Christian usefulness and love. To show that all this was accomplished, one has only to review the results of that year's labor with the church. Larger audiences assembled at the corner of Seventeenth and Olive than ever before; many and valuable accessions were made to the membership; the finances of the church were put on a more satisfactory footing than ever before. An atmosphere of brotherly feeling, of dignified demeanor, gentleness of spirit, confident hope, and intelligent faith, characterized the whole body. It might be tedious to the reader to go through the details of this memorable year, however interesting to the writer, who was an officer of the church at this time, and so they are passed over with the generalization given, except with reference to the occasions thought to be of too much interest to omit.

“Dr. Robert A. Holland, of the Episcopal Church in St. Louis, had promulgated views concerning hell and eternal punishment which seemed contrary to the expressed words of the New Testament. These views were delivered before large audiences, at St. George's Church, St. Louis, and were making a profound sensation, if not an injurious impression. Dr. Hopson announced, in advance, that he would review these opinions and declare the scriptural position concerning them. When the appointed time arrived, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity with people from all churches, and from various walks of life. The Doctor appeared just a little flurried when he read his text and began his address. The cause was not known, and it created some anxiety on the part of his particular friends. But this was only momentary. Soon that noble bearing and characteristic composure which he uniformly exhibited, plainly told

that the 'Old Man Eloquent' was fully himself, and confident of the truth of his cause.

"If there was a slight agitation on the part of the speaker, the ground of it is at once seen when the reader is told that when the Doctor left his study to enter the audience-room, the former was filled with smoke and the church was on fire. This fact was known only to the Doctor and the sexton, whom he left to fight the fire alone. To give an unnecessary alarm would defeat the object in view. The people would rush precipitately from the house, and they could not be restored to order soon. Not to do so might still prove disastrous if the sexton should fail to subdue the blazing fire below. Under the circumstances, most men would have been more excited than he was.

"The fire was subdued by the sexton, and forgotten by the speaker; but a fire was kindling in the eye of the orator as he rose with his theme. The reporter in front at times ceased his curious writing, and gazed intently and rapt at the speaker. The audience leaned forward to gather, not only the spirit of the utterances, but to catch every intonation and articulation. There were passages of power and passages of beauty, of rhetoric and of logic; as when the waters of the great deep lap the shore, their harmony delights and charms, although while you look and listen you are conscious of the presence of superhuman power—so with the gentlest, softest speech, you may discover overmastering power in that very gentleness. When that power is presented without restraint and unsoftened, everything is swept before it; and emotion is swallowed up in a sense of helplessness. There was something like this as the speaker reached the climax. A painful breathlessness was upon all. The prayer of the speaker seemed to possess the hearts of the people—

"That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

"From the height to which the audience was carried the descent was as graceful as it was masterly. The two hours' address did not appear half that long. An imperfect report of the speech appeared in the next day's *Globe-Democrat*, and, imperfect as it is, it bears marks of a giant's blows. To the credit of Dr. Holland be it known, he attempted no reply—none, at least, known to the writer.

"The Doctor's engagement with the church ended the 30th

day of September, 1875. The Doctor had been unanimously elected President of Christian University at Canton, Mo., and had accepted the call to that honorable and important position. The church in St. Louis must lose his services. The 30th of September was his last day with the Olive Street Church. It was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage—his silver wedding day. The occasion will never be forgotten by the many friends of the Doctor and his wife.

“The ladies of the church supplemented the elegant silver service from the Louisville church, with knives, forks, spoons and other beautiful and useful articles needed. J. W. Ellis, one of the elders before mentioned, delivered an address to the happy and grateful couple when they entered the parlor; after which the company repaired to the dining-room, where a sumptuous wedding supper was awaiting them. The writer recalls the faces of Joseph Harrison and wife, Dr. Hiram Christopher and wife, W. G. Fife and daughter, Julia, his wife, being too ill to come, R. C. Weirick and wife, George Rhorer and wife (the latter presided in the dining-room, as did Mrs. J. G. Allen and Mrs. J. W. Ellis in the parlor), Henry Rhorer and wife, Edward Wilkerson and wife, John Burns and wife, Walter Burns, Robert Stockton and wife, Thomas A. Russell and wife, Cyrus Jones and wife, Gen. Boyle and wife, John G. Allen, Dr. McPheeters, of the Missouri Medical College, an early friend of the Doctor's. Besides these, there were more than one hundred others. The occasion was one of the pleasantest in the memory of the church, most of whom were present. Friendship and Christian love blended in an indissoluble chain of sincere affection.

“The Chair of the university was awaiting the newly-chosen occupant. The time of the scholastic year was passing, and the Doctor hurried away to his new field of labor, followed by the benedictions and prayers of a devoted people.

“J. W. ELLIS, Plattsburg, Mo.”

The following day we left them, and moved to our new home at Canton.

His salary was not as much by \$500 as in St. Louis, but he thought it would go as far, as living was much cheaper.

He felt now that he was settled for life. An oppor-

tunity offered to secure a valuable piece of property for a home, on time to suit purchaser. He bought the place formerly owned by Dr. Samuel Hatch. It was by far the most desirable place for us in Canton. The following year the Doctor added two rooms to it, and we soon had ten boarders. Our family now numbered seventeen.

The Doctor entered upon his work with zeal and energy; he loved it, and determined to make it a success. He was especially proud of his Bible college, and regarded his class of students in that department as very promising. He had a corps of young but thoroughly competent professors, all eager to do all they could to build up the University. Prof. Carter, the senior professor, was a graduate of Bethany College, and subsequently at the University of Virginia. He was Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, and a thorough scholar.

The session of '75 and '76 was promising, considering the little time allowed for advertising the change of faculty in the university.

The summer of '76 the Doctor spent canvassing the State for students. The summer was very hot and dry. I accompanied him on his tour; very often we would have water to drink that had been hauled a long distance, and had stood in barrels two or three days. The middle of July we were both attacked with flux. The Doctor had no time to stop for rest and take medicine, but spoke nearly every night to a new audience, and traveled every day. By the time we arrived at home, the last of August, the disease had become chronic with both of us.

The week following, the State meeting met in Canton. A large number of strangers were present from different portions of the State. Dr. H. was busily engaged all the time in attending to the interests of the meeting, the en-

tainment of the guests, and preparation for opening the college. Before the close of the meeting the students began to arrive, and everything was bustle and confusion.

When the Doctor felt assured of the success of the school, he had written to Mr. Cave, then living in Gordonsville, Va., and obtained his consent to take a position as professor in the Bible school. This was most fortunate for the Doctor, as well as for the University. He arrived with his family a few days before the session opened, and was ready to assist in every way in organizing, and carrying out the plans proposed by the Doctor. He was in every sense a tower of strength to him.

Notwithstanding we were both unfit to do anything, we were compelled to enter upon the arduous work of teaching—the Doctor in the college proper, and I in the preparatory department. Father and mother presided over our domestic affairs. The Doctor felt that in a few weeks, with a little care, he would be entirely restored to health.

With Mr. Cave to assist him in his work, a full school, earnest and competent professors, a house full of boarders, surrounded by his whole family, he said he had all he could ask his heavenly Father for. Instead of his health improving, it became worse. The disease was so insidious in its progress he did not realize the extent of its inroads until he was prostrated in February, 1877. By care and good nursing I had fully recovered my health, and was now ready to nurse him. For a month his life hung by a slender thread. His physicians fought the attack of the grim monster inch by inch. One of them was with him nearly all the time, night and day. All that human skill could do was done, and all it could avail was to save his life, not restore him to health. But

to show what a brave, heroic struggle he made for life and health, and how patiently he bore his deep disappointment in not being able to build up an institution of learning worthy our large brotherhood, I would write *Finis* here. Mr. Cave spent every hour he could spare from his duties at the college by the Doctor's bedside; an own son could not have done more. All night he was lying on a couch in the room, and at the slightest move on the Doctor's part was beside him; and for four weeks I never undressed to retire for the night. But there was one there whose great grief overshadowed all—his mother. She felt she could not live to lose her boy, her only idolized one, and night and day she prayed that God would take her and spare him. Her prayer was answered. By the middle of March the Doctor was able to sit up a little while, and pronounced out of immediate danger. Thursday mother was not well, but staid part of the day in the room with him. Friday she spent most of the day in bed; that night she grew worse, and died Saturday morning at 10 o'clock—I believe of a broken heart. Who can measure the depth of a mother's love for an only child?

The people of Canton were all so kind, but to the kind physicians I feel we owe a debt of gratitude we can never pay, Drs. Hawkins, Tompkins and Turner, of Canton, and Dr. Christy, of Monticello. Bro. Dr. Lucas often came in from his country home to stay all night or spend a day. May God reward them all, as we never can.

My niece, Miss Lord, had taken my place in school while the Doctor was so ill. She married early in March, and I was obliged to resume my duties as teacher. I was now compelled to attend to my own housekeeping, and how I did miss mother, no one can tell. I had to go up

to the college by 7:30 A. M.; before I left I would cook the Doctor's slight breakfast myself, give out dinner and supper, eat my breakfast, and prepare lunch for seven boarders who did not come home to dinner. Father remained with us until the middle of April, and attended to my marketing still; when he left, it all devolved upon me. He felt anxious to spend his last days with his son in St. Louis. He only lived a year and a few days after mother's death.

A very short time after he left, Prof. Kay, a noble young man greatly beloved by us all, left us to go home, and to die three months later. He was the eldest son of Bro. Wm. Kay, of Louisville. He had several hemorrhages from the lungs before we could persuade him to rest. The whole burden of managing the school now fell upon Mr. Cave, and he sustained himself with such dignity and judgment beyond his years that, upon Dr. Hopson's resignation, he was elected President of the University.

The Doctor improved steadily, but slowly, the rest of the year; but he felt his work in the school was done. By January, 1878, he was able to preach, and the church in Lexington called him again to take charge of it. He consented, believing the change would benefit him. And it did; he improved for several months. He purchased the *Apostolic Times*, his old paper, and he and Bro. Cozine continued it more than a year. Still dregs of his old disease were in his system, and he determined to seek some quiet home where he would have but little care and could rest.

His old church in Palmyra gave him a call. We left Lexington for the last time in January, 1880, for our last field of labor. We met a warm welcome from our old

friends of ante-bellum days, and for a while he seemed to rally; but it was evanescent. In a little over a year he was at death's door again. Dr. J. N. Coons was called in, and in three months the Doctor was relieved of the disease; but the physician could never give back the wasted nerve force, and from that day to this he has been steadily growing weaker and weaker. Not a murmur or complaint has ever escaped his lips. I have never heard him question why he was stricken down in the very zenith of his usefulness, when the ripe experience of years would have made him invaluable in the councils of his brethren; when, as an educator, he could have had a mighty influence in molding the minds of the rising generation.

We spent one year with Mr. Cave in Nashville, but I thought the climate did not agree with him; and our house in Canton being unoccupied, we returned there. I was able to secure some boarders, and a small art class; the two supported us very well. The second year I taught a private school in the house, still retaining my boarders. Before the close of the school the Doctor became so feeble I was compelled to dismiss my pupils.

At this time Dr. Ringland, of Riverside Sanitarium, opposite Keokuk, Iowa, made me the proposition to accept the position of matron of the institution, and for my services I was to receive board and treatment for the Doctor and myself. I thought there was some hope of the treatment doing him good, and as a last resort I accepted. He did seem to improve the first four months, but his strength began to fail him again, and for the first time I gave up all hope of a cure. If the various treat-

ments there given could not benefit him, I felt sure nothing would.

He wanted to come to his children. I wrote Mr. C., and he and Sadie met us in Hannibal, Mo., and from there we came to Nashville, where, surrounded by all he loves best, he is waiting for the summons to come up higher.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Letter from Wiley Mountjoy.—Dr. Hopson's Life at Home.—Influence on the Students in his Family.—Servants.—Bro. G. A. Hoffman's Letter.—Generous Kindness.—Conscientiousness.—Christ-likeness.—Influence at Home and Abroad as a Neighbor, a Minister, a Friend.—His Liberality.

There is much in the life of Dr. Hopson I have left to others to say. Appended the reader will find many precious letters from friends, containing much that delicacy would forbid me writing. It will be seen by these that those who knew him best loved him most.

The first letter is from Wiley Mountjoy, a brother of the lamented J. W. Mountjoy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. W. H. HOPSON.

"On the 1st day of January, 1876, as the north-bound train stopped at Canton, Mo., a young man issued from the cars and stepped upon the platform.

"A close observer need not have been told that he was a stranger. The look, half of inquiry and half of appeal, the uneasy manner and woe-begone expression of countenance, must have proclaimed to the denizens of the town, who had doubtless seen many of the same species, that he was one of the newest of the students of Canton University. This, at any rate, was the truth. This young man was myself, and I had come to enter the college, then under the presidency of Dr. W. H. Hopson, who had but recently assumed the administration of its affairs. In accordance with arrangements previously made by my friends, I was to become a member of his family. I can not describe my emotions when I looked up, for the first time, at the massive building which crowned the high hill overlooking the quiet town. I knew nothing of a college, either inside or outside; but was

awed with the idea, awful to an unsophisticated youth, that the students were prodigies of learning, the professors regular Solomons, and the President almost if not quite as unapproachable as the Czar of Russia. It was with a sad and heavy heart, and many misgivings, that I sought the home of the only man I knew in Canton, Bro. J. H. Hickman, whom I had not met since my early boyhood.

"I shall never forget the dreariness of that drizzly New Year's day, nor the utter loneliness of my heart as I passed along these strange, quiet streets.

"I found Bro. Hickman, and he conducted me to the home, and introduced me to Dr. Hopson. Nothing in all my experience is more distinct to me at this moment than this my first meeting with him. As much as I afterward associated with him, as much as I admired and loved him, he never seemed to me so noble, so massive or so good as at this our first meeting. There he sat in his capacious, comfortable room, to me greatness personified; yet he was so kind and considerate in what he said, so courteous and easy, that he completely disarmed me of all anxiety and embarrassment, and made me feel completely at ease in his presence. I have seen him in the pulpit in his happiest mood—his eyes were tongues, and his movements grace; again in the class-room, under the inspiration of some favorite theme, when his talk flowed like a stream, and made melody as it ran; still memory's cherished treasure is the recollection of this first meeting. The mental picture of that hour as he looked then, if it could be transferred to card or canvas, would far surpass any that I have ever seen of him.

"He had passed the prime and vigor of life, the period in which men ordinarily are most active in their respective callings. Seemingly he had just begun to descend a long, gentle slope, amid golden fields and beautiful meadows, toward the silver sands that border the eternal ocean. Alas! how soon this slope became abrupt, and the descent rapid. To drop the figure, the Doctor had reached that period in life when men who have given their lives to their fellow-men and to good works, feel that, while they have passed the time for most active service, they are just entering upon their greatest usefulness. So the Doctor doubtless thought he could now enjoy the fruits of former labor, and have some of the benefits of a well-deserved reputation. How soon the church, the college and the world were to be deprived of his

ministrations, his teachings and the influence of his noble life, are well known.

"I entered Canton University the second semester of his first session. I was for a year and a half a member of his family, a pupil in his classes, an eager, delighted listener to his eloquent sermons. Thus I came to know, and admire and love Dr. Hopson. He was a father to me, and I knew it was not due to any merit of my own, or to any relationship between us; for we were not only unrelated, but strangers, until we met to assume the relationship of teacher and pupil. It was due to his native kindness of heart, to the desire that he ever manifested of helping those who needed help, and of encouraging young men in their aspirations and efforts for a higher and nobler life. I might have thought it partiality to me if I had not witnessed repeatedly the same unselfish, generous treatment of other young men similarly situated.

"The Doctor's kindness to young men studying for the ministry has often been remarked. I now recall one mention in *The Living Pulpit*: 'He is especially kind to young preachers, and helps them in whatever way he can. In money matters he is liberal to a fault.' My own experience and observation fully confirm these statements.

"Dr. Hopson's personal appearance and characteristics are too well known for me to dwell upon them; but I do not hesitate to say that he was one of the finest specimens of noble manhood I ever met. Tall, erect, dignified in his bearing, always well and appropriately dressed, courtly in his manners, kind and considerate at all times, he never failed to impress all who came within the charming circle of his personal influence that they were in the presence of a gentleman in the truest sense of that term.

"He was so kingly and martial in his bearing that strangers sometimes thought him proud and pompous. I have often heard him tell, with evident enjoyment, jokes at his own expense, illustrating this impression of strangers. This one occurs to me. He was waiting for a train at a Missouri town, and, growing somewhat impatient of delay, was leisurely pacing up and down the platform. Two Irishmen were walking near. One of them says, 'Pat, and can ye's tell me who that man is?' 'By me soul, sure I dunno,' replied the other. The first, after regarding the Doctor attentively a few moments, said, 'Be jabbers, I wonder if he thinks he made God Almighty, or God Almighty made him.'

“ Nothing was farther from the truth than the notion that the Doctor was arrogant and haughty ; a very short time in his presence would banish all such thoughts. He had a quick sympathy for all who were less fortunate than himself. None were too lowly to receive his hearty and polite greetings wherever he met them.

“ The servants in his own family, and all the poor in the community, were greatly attached to him ; for in him they recognized a real, helpful friend. If his sympathy and aid were invaluable to the humble classes, his society and influence were not less eagerly sought by the wealthy and more favored. His superior dignity, his easy, graceful manners, and his ready converse, made him the favorite companion and the center of attraction in nearly all circles, while his wisdom, prudence and extensive general knowledge made him the safe counselor and trusted friend.

“ I can not, in giving my estimate of him, make any critical, or what would be called a just estimate of him as a preacher. The pupils thought him among the most eloquent, logical and powerful of preachers : as to how much we were influenced in our estimate by an intense admiration and great respect for him, is not for me to say. It may be safely said, however, that his splendid personal presence, natural grace of movement, power of clear logical statement, added to the rich melody of his voice, distinguished him as a man of marked ability in the pulpit.

“ He was a man of very devout spirit, and religious emotions of the highest order. I think during the year and a half I spent in his home he never failed to have family worship twice a day. No matter who was present, without explanation or apology, at the conclusion of the morning and evening meals, he had all to kneel around the table while he offered a fervent, earnest prayer. His reverence and devotion were simply beautiful.

“ One of the loveliest traits of Dr. Hopson’s character was his benevolence. I believe he was the most truly benevolent man I ever knew. He would give as long as he had to give while there was a fellow-creature in need around him. He did not seek to know when and where it would be popular to give, nor did he accumulate a large amount and give it at once that he might have the praise of men ; but daily he experienced the joy and blessedness of unselfish giving.

“ What is sometimes spoken of as his exceptional kindness

to young men was not exceptional. This is only an instance of that native kindness of heart which 'abounded to all men.' This is most often heard because told by these young men. But, oh! if the voice of widows and orphans could be heard, if their grateful tears could speak, they would tell of heavy hearts made light, and of dreary homes brightened by his unselfish visitations. There are many to-day in whose hearts is sweet music to the memory of Dr. Hopson, hearts in which there was little music until their chords felt the tender touch of his hand.

"I suppose there are in the lives of all men what might be termed pivotal points, events from which they reckon success or failure—from which they date the beginning of certain influences which determine character and destiny. So many of us can recall certain men whose friendship has been most timely and invaluable, men who, by their exalted character and teaching, have exercised a controlling and lasting influence upon our characters. With profound gratitude I shall always see Dr. Hopson in this relation to myself.

WILEY MOUNTJOY,

"Camden Point, Mo."

"PERCHE, Mo., January 26, 1887.

"*Dear Sister Hopson* :—It is with great pleasure I write, at your request, concerning my recollections of a life as grand and God-like as that of Dr. W. H. Hopson; not because my feeble pen could describe the many noble traits of a life so distinguished in the service of God, but to express the gratitude of my own heart for his help in making me what I am, both as a man and preacher of the gospel of Christ. It can only be partially known how I appreciate this privilege when I repeat some of the blessings I have gathered from his life.

"In February, 1875, Bro. Hopson was assisting Bro. Wilkes in a meeting at Columbia, Mo., when I confessed Christ and united with the church. In August, 1876, when he found I was penniless, and had a desire to study for the ministry, he invited me to his house to board, and I could pay him, when my college course ended, and I should be able to save the money. It was in February, 1877, I was set apart with fasting and prayer; he spoke the impressive words, 'Preach the word,' and with laying on of hands directed the services which authorized me to preach the gospel to dying sinners. I shall never forget the earnest and impressive charge which he gave for us in the presence of the

large audience. It was in June, 1878, as President of Canton University, he handed me the graduating diploma of that institution.

“During the year that I lived in your family, Bro. Hopson treated me more like an intimate friend than a boarder; much more like a son than a stranger; more, indeed, like a companion and counselor than a mere student. At times he would converse freely concerning his work, and plans and prospects, while my crude thoughts were of no benefit to him. It filled my heart with high and noble aspirations to listen to him, and gave me a burning desire to become like this friend and Christian companion that the Lord had given me.

“Thus in my intercourse with the family, a member of the church where Dr. Hopson was pastor, a student in the school where he was President, and an attendant on his classes, I learned much of the child-like simplicity of his heart, his lofty conceptions of both God and man, his wonderful confidence in his heavenly Father, and his unceasing love for the cause of his Master.

“There are few men who impart such a high conception of true manhood. He was, first of all, a true man, and manifested the highest and most Christ-like ideal I have seen among men. True to his friends, true to his church, true to his conscience, and true to his God.

“He was known wherever he lived as a man of strict integrity, and of good report among all. He was ever foremost in the councils of his brethren. Nothing engrossed his thoughts more than the interests of the church—it was first, middle and last with him. Few men were as true to their convictions. He would suffer his right arm to go to the flames before he would go against his conscientious decision on any subject; yet, when convinced that he had taken a wrong position, no one would yield in a more manly way than he.

“Always loyal and true to the word of God; in fact, he was pre-eminently a man who loved the truth for the truth's sake, and gave the world a living example of it.

“The dignified appearance of Dr. Hopson left the impression on a few that he must be a man of a proud and haughty spirit. As soon, however, as one came to know something of his sympathy for the poor and the child-like nature he possessed, these thoughts would be forever dispelled.

“No one had a better opportunity than I did to learn much of his life. The year I was a member of your family, we started in with eighteen members: Father and Mother Fife, your niece, Miss Freddie Lord, Prof. Kay, three Bible students, four young men attending school, and three young ladies and two domestics. They ranged in age from fifteen to eighty years. In character, they represented everything, from the careless, thoughtless, mischievous school boy and girl to the ripe old disciples of Christ, ready for the garner of God. In birth, nationality and politics we represented Europe and America, from the South and the North, the East and the West; yet under all these varied circumstances Bro. Hopson had such a hold on the affections of all that the family ran as smooth and regular as clock-work; our meals always on time, every member of the family in his or her place at morning and evening worship, and thus all through the day his natural simplicity and love gave direction to all. One who knew him both in the family and out could not help but love him.

“This was especially demonstrated when the hand of disease laid Bro. Hopson so near death’s door. There were the four physicians who watched at his bedside by turns, and the anxious watchers from the church, who held their pastor in the highest esteem. When the sad hour came, and the life of your dear husband was despaired of, tears fell from the eyes of the servants in the kitchen, not because he was their employer, but because they loved him for his consideration for their needs; tears gathered in the eyes of the students, who felt they were about to lose their best friend; the neighbors came with sad and inquiring hearts, ‘How is he now?’ In him they had a neighbor who would do unto them as he would have them do unto him. The same expression came upon the countenances of the poor. Few men were so ready to divide with the man of poverty. Often I have known him to deprive himself of comforts to give to those in need. The poor never called for bread in vain, and to-day I remember well his exhortations to the church to take care of the poor. But the poor loved him, not on account of his gifts—he preached the gospel unto them. Many men with the literary attainments of Dr. Hopson can scarcely be understood by the illiterate and uneducated masses. While the educated heard him with joy, it was none the less true of the unlearned. The same

simplicity and clearness of style manifested in the pulpit characterized his teaching in the classes.

“His sympathy was unbounded. It mattered not how important the occasion, or how grave the subject that was occupying his mind, he could enter into sympathy with the humblest student in school, and the needs or complaints of none were too small for his immediate attention and aid.

“If there is a position on earth where grander power and more earnest lives in the service of Christ are needed than in all others, it is in the teachers who assist in the preparation of young men to preach the gospel. Should I wish to judge the life, character and work of any Bible school professor, just tell me what their students are doing after they leave the college walls. It is not simply a man who can teach the facts and truths of the word of God, but he who can build character out of these principles and create an undying desire and an earnest life to preach the gospel of our Lord.

“Did space permit, nothing would give me more pleasure than to point to the young men, and their work for Christ, who were in the classes of Dr. Hopson’s Bible school and received instruction, both by precept and example, from that grand man. When the Lord shall call him home to receive the crown laid up for him in heaven, there will be scores to stand in his stead to carry the banner of the cross to dying men. Few will have the talents God gave him, but whatever God has given them they will use. None may have the eloquence of our dear brother, but his earnest life will ever stimulate the young preacher of the gospel to do all in his power to lead sinners to Christ.

“In talking to quite an intelligent attorney in regard to the labors and preaching of Dr. Hopson, he said: ‘He is the most eloquent man I ever heard. Why, just to look at him in the pulpit was a sermon to me.’ This was a power in the life of Bro. Hopson. That life always preached Christ.

“There are many things I would like to write, but it would make this letter too long. There is one thing I must speak of before I close, and that is his constant friendship and self-denial for the young preacher. He was not a wealthy man. He had nothing but his salary as a preacher, and the church and the poor generally got a large share of that before the year would be out. Yet when I asked one of my room-mates who was studying the Bible at school with me, and who is now a most excellent preacher and

president of one of our leading female colleges, 'What did you pay Bro. Hopson for board while you were with him?' he replied, 'He kept me one year and a half, and charged me nothing for board except the little chores I did.' His kindness to me I shall never forget, when he told me to come to his house and board, and I might pay him some time in the future if I ever became able. I had nothing, and after I graduated and commenced preaching, when I had saved fifty dollars I sent it to him, supposing it would pay a little over one-third of my indebtedness. I asked him in the letter, 'How much more do I owe you?' The reply came, 'This is enough.' Imagine the joy of my heart, not so much on account of my release, although that was much to a young preacher just starting out in life, but for the kind remembrance and love, the substantial gift from so great and good a man. Nothing could bring tears of joy from my eyes more readily than the unselfish deeds of God's children. These are two of the several kind and benevolent acts I know of in assisting young men to prepare themselves for the work of preaching the gospel.

"Had he been a man of wealth, all would have said it was his duty to give, and as the recipient of his benevolence I should have been grateful. As it is, however, it came more like the widow's mite, who gave all. Thus all along his life he has been giving for the good of mankind, and to build up the cause of Christ. It seems there must have been a sentiment in his heart akin to these lines—

" 'But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow.'

"This is certainly true of his life, as he seems now to enjoy the fruit in the lives of the preachers who were once young men in his hands—the soil into which he has sown precious seeds. His work is ended, but his deeds will still live in our hearts, and his influence, like waves from mid-ocean, will roll on until it strikes the shores of eternity.

"G. A. HOFFMAN."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Letter from R. C. Ricketts.—Encouragement to Write.—Dr. Hopson's Position on the War Question.—His Conservatism on the Subject.—His Friends in Both Parties.—Effect of his Arrest.—His Return to Kentucky after the War.—Speech at Midway.—Cordial Reception.—Estimate of the Man in Every Way.

Bro. J. H. Hardin's Letter.—First Acquaintance with Dr. Hopson.—His Kindness to Me.—Easy in his Presence.—Estimate of Him as a Preacher and Christian Man.

Bro. Wm. Van Pelt's Letter.—Warmth of Friendship.—Political Differences.—Fraternal Feelings.—Grand Sermons.

Bro. W. B. Emmal's Letter.—Bro. W. S. Giltner's Letter.—Eminence, Ky.—Bro. C. B. Edgar.—Cynthiana.—Extract of Letter from Ella B. Myles.—Letter from Bro. Fred Power, of Washington City.—Extract of Letter from Pres. J. T. Patterson, of Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.—Letter from Chas. L. Loos, President Kentucky University.—Letter from Prof. Robert Graham, Kentucky University.—Letter from S. W. Crutcher.—Letter from Mrs. Alexander Campbell.—Letter from Pres. J. W. Ellis, Plattsburg, Mo.—Letter from Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Kentucky University.—Letter from Z. F. Smith, Louisville.—Letter from R. M. Bishop, Cincinnati.

Bro. R. C. Ricketts, well known among our brethren, and for years a tried friend and for months an inmate of our home, was kind enough to contribute the following letter :

“ PALMYRA, May 15, 1886.

“ *Dear Sister Hopson* :—I am glad to know that you propose to write a history of Dr. Hopson's life. No person is as capable as yourself. You have the ability in an eminent degree; you have the facts as no other person can have, and I know you will be true and faithful.

“ I was, as you know, intimate with both the Doctor and yourself long before the late war, as was my wife also. When the war broke out I had a free conversation with the Doctor. His true position was not generally understood. He would greatly have preferred the unity of the Government in what he thought was the constitutional rights of the States. But the war was inaugurated; and, looking at its probable horror, the loss of treasure and thousands of valuable lives, as a merciful expedient he preferred a peaceable separation, thinking that if the matter did not work well there was enough wisdom in the country to bring back a peaceable union. He looked at the matter from the standpoint of Bible morality and mercy. He was always temperate and calm in his expressions, and very tolerant toward those brethren who differed from him, never using unkind remarks about them. He continued doing the work of his Master, violating no law of the land, when the purpose to arrest him became known. He had many friends in both political parties who mourned over his arrest, and but few, if any, were more surprised or shocked than I was. I knew the Doctor well. On our first acquaintance I was charmed by his large, well-formed person and courteous manners. In deportment he was dignified, and he manifested habitually the refinement of a Christian gentleman.

“ As a preacher of the gospel he had but few equals, if any. He handled his subjects with much clearness and marked ability. He was both fluent and eloquent; hence turned many from darkness to light.

“ As a housekeeper he was a man of generous and elegant hospitality, causing his guests to feel that they were 'welcome at his hospitable home. No man knew better how or loved more to entertain his friends than he. I state these things from both personal experience and observation, and I may add, as ground of high personal regard and Christian esteem.

“ But the war, with its privations and imprisonments, finally came to an end. The Doctor returned to Lexington on a visit, at the earnest solicitation of friends. About that time some overzealous brethren had called for a convention at Midway, of the friends, to consider the wants of orphan boys, as to their care, education, etc. I moved an indefinite postponement, as we had a female orphan school in hand at that place. This was agreed to, and our meeting adjourned. Dr. Hopson was on the ground that day—the first sight I had had of him from the time of his arrest. This was the

case with many who were present on that occasion. Our deliberations being closed, it was proposed to state to Dr. Hopson the facts, the conclusions to which we came, and the ground of our action. We all wanted to see him and once more hear his voice, with none to make afraid. The Doctor was happy in his remarks that day, and the partisans of both sides gave him a most cordial greeting.

“In closing, I need not say to you that since then the Doctor married me to one you had long loved as a sister, and that we have spent a large part of the time since then as members of your immediate household. It was home to us all in the true sense of the word. Our only trouble was the Doctor’s feeble health and some sickness on my part. My wife joins in Christian love to both. As ever,
R. C. RICKETS.”

“HANNIBAL, May 13, 1886.

“*Dear Sister Hopson* :—Yours received, and my reason for not complying earlier is, that I desired a little time for reflection, in order that I might write something worthy of him whose life-work you are trying to record. Now that I have undertaken it, I am entirely at a loss to know how to express the high estimate I have for your beloved husband.

“My acquaintance with Dr. Hopson began while I was a student in Kentucky University, and he was pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Street Church, in Louisville. He was then, I think, the finest looking man I had ever seen. His portrait in the *Living Pulpit* is a good picture of him as he then appeared. After I left college I was frequently in Louisville, and he gave me strict orders that I was never to stop at a hotel while he kept house there. His generosity of spirit was unbounded. He could always put the diffident and fearful young preacher more fully at ease in his presence than any man I was ever thrown with.

“As a preacher at the period I mention, for clearness of statement, elegance of diction, pertinence of argument, ease and grace of manner, together with tender persuasiveness. I have never seen him excelled. No man has ever impressed himself as a preacher of Christ more deeply upon the hearts of the people of Missouri, the scene of his early labors as well as his latest efforts, than he has. I have traveled much, as you know, over the State among the older churches and elderly brethren and sisters. I heard no human name so frequently as his, and in all the allusions to him that I have ever heard there has never been a

whisper of anything that would suggest a suspicion against his character as a gentleman and a Christian. I may add that by no means the smallest portion of the admiration I have heard thus expressed has been from the poor and humble.

“How sad to think that the days of usefulness for him who was so useful are over; that the friend of my early ministry can no longer lead us young preachers to do daring deeds for Christ; that the voice so full of sweet eloquence when it rang with the gospel story, must now tremble and falter and be hushed. May God grant him peacefulness in these hours of enforced retirement; and, should it be our Father’s will to soon take him from us, may he find sweet rest in the bosom of that Saviour to whom he has won so many thousands of men and women, and, after all, the rest that remains for the people of God.

“J. H. HARDIN.”

Bro. Hardin has since been elected President of Christian University, Canton, Mo.

I will now take an extract from a most interesting and sympathetic letter of Bro. Wm. Van Pelt, of Lexington, Ky., of December 28, 1886 :

“I am happy to know that the Doctor remembers our past history with pleasure, and that he sometimes thinks of the many happy hours spent together in my own dear home. Notwithstanding our political views were so radically different, we could talk together as Christian brethren, each believing the other honest in his respective views. We always let the mantle of charity cover us, believing that everything in this world is only a secondary matter when brought in contrast with the Christian religion.

“I often call to mind the many grand sermons I have sat and listened to from the old Main Street pulpit, from the lips of Dr. Hopson, and it is my candid opinion that no man I ever heard preach could surpass them. Oh, the joy and gladness that those discourses brought to the minds and hearts of the members of that church! Eternity alone can reveal the great good that was done by those precious efforts of the Doctor’s at that time. Take comfort, dear brother, even as you have so often comforted others from the blessed promises of the word of God. Be strong in the faith the few remaining days or years of your life. When you have finished your course, you will go home to the bright man

sions that Jesus has gone to prepare for all his faithful followers. I can not expect to be here many years longer, for I have now passed my 'threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away.'

"Now let me say, dear sister and brother, you have my deepest sympathy in your sad affliction. May God give you grace and fortitude to bear it.

"Your Brother in Christ,

"WM. VAN PELT."

The following is from another of those noble Union men of Kentucky whose Christianity rose above political differences, and who has always proved himself a tried and true friend. Many a pleasant day have we spent under his hospitable roof, where he and his good wife have always made us feel they were indeed and truth our brother and sister.

"LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 30, 1886.

"Dear Brother:—I was so much pleased to receive a letter from Sister Hopson a few days since. In it she informs me that you could not walk alone; that was not pleasing news. Well, just remember that a good man's steps are ordered by the Lord, and, should he fall, he will rise again.

"How the years have passed since we first met, more than a quarter of a century ago, at a time that tried men's souls! A man that could guide his feelings with discretion, and not fall out by the way, was a wise man. You and I tried to do this, but was it not hard to keep the body under the control of the mind? It was not fighting against the air, but principalities and powers in high places. All that is past now, and God's will be done, notwithstanding our body is decaying (and who would want to live always?) God has been so kind to us in that our minds are in good condition. God grant that they may so continue until time with us shall be no more—then we shall meet and know each other there where eternal youth and joy shall be our portion, with all the redeemed, to praise God and the Lamb forever.

"Fraternally Your Brother,

"W. B. EMMAL."

Bro. W. S. Giltner, a prominent educator, who has done much towards educating young men for the ministry in Kentucky, and is President of Eminence College, says :

“ EMINENCE, Ky.

“ *Dear Sister Hopson* :—Your letter is received. I am glad to learn that you are gathering up the facts in regard to the important meetings held by your distinguished husband, and putting them on record as a part of the history of the great reformatory movement of the nineteenth century.

“ One who was as active as the Doctor in his able advocacy of the principles of primitive Christianity, was an important factor in crystallizing the religious thought of the day into that permanent form which constitutes the literature of the ‘current reformation,’ and he richly deserves that the important part he took in this grand work should become a part of its history. I will consult with Bro. King and others, and gather up the data requested and send them to you.

“ Yours faithfully, in the hope of a better life,

“ W. S. GILTNER.”

“ CYNTHIANA, Ky., Feb. 10, 1887.

“ *My Dear Bro. Hopson* :—I have not seen you for more than four years, but I have thought of you *many, many* times, and inquired of your health of every one likely to know.

“ Lately I learned that you and Sister Hopson are at Nashville, and that you are in feeble health. Thinking it might be some pleasure for you to hear from us, and feeling that it would be a great pleasure to us to write, I venture to send you this through Bro. Cave. I want to assure you that we are warmly interested in your condition, and speak of you often and tenderly. I feel that I want you to know that you are very dear to us, and that we earnestly pray God’s blessing upon you in your affliction, and his comforting help to the end.

“ I can never forget how very kind you always were to me especially in the early days of my ministry, when your kindness and encouragement were so much needed and so deeply appreciated. So you early won my heart, and you have it still.

“ You will be glad to learn that we are very happily wedded—still perfectly happy in each other, etc.

“ Your Brother in Christ,

C. B. EDGAR.”

The Doctor had the pleasure of marrying Bro. Edgar to his beautiful wife, in Hannibal, Mo., and it was a great gratification to him to receive the above letter.

I turn from this bright, beautiful picture of domestic happiness to another letter, written to me by one we knew as a bright, beautiful school-girl in Lexington, Ky., as the happy, joyous bride of a young man of talent and deep piety. It was beautiful to see the young girl unite her life with the earnest servant of the cross, and go forth to stand bravely by his side, bearing with him the heat and burden of the day. She was peculiarly fitted for a minister's wife. When I met her again she was a watcher by the couch of pain. Her beloved husband had sunk under his work, and for years she nursed him till the end came. The Doctor pronounced the sad words that consigned first her darling babe to the grave, and in a few months her beloved husband. But little over a year ago these words were written by her, and she has been with her loved ones more than half the time since. I have several of her letters, but none that touches me so deeply as this :

“MAYFIELD, Ky., March 15, 1886.

“*My Dear Friend and Sister* :—I have so often thought of you, and intended writing sooner, but various causes have prevented. You have been carrying a heavy load a long time; I know by sad experience how heavy and heavier it grows. You have loving, sympathetic friends, far and wide, whose hearts are touched with your sorrow, and whose prayers mingle with yours for God's grace to be sufficient for you.

“The promise is sure and steadfast; it will not fail. I so often think of Dr. Hopson as I knew him in my childhood and in our St. Louis life. He once gave me a never to be forgotten encouragement as to Albert's training. He said that I must work upon his affections; that no other way promised such success. I know it now more fully than I could then. I wish to thank him once again for his hopeful words to me. Albert is in his fourteenth year, a

young Disciple, a loving boy, an ambitious student, well advanced. He is not faultless, by any means; that we do not expect in the flesh.

"I feel that I have many blessings, though many times the way is so dark I can not see how I am to walk. It is made clear when I leave it all at Jesus' feet. My little girl is a five-year-old darling, affectionate and precious. She is devoted to church work—claps her hands when the bell calls us to church. Last Lord's day there was a young preacher with us, and in his sermon he repeated some excellent suggestions he had once heard Dr. Hopson make, at Main Street prayer-meeting, in Lexington. May his warm heart be warmed over the knowing that his works do follow him. His cheering words and sound counsel are still remembered, though his voice is silent in the gatherings he so loved. Many of us are enabled to go forward under the influence of the years gone by.

"I should be so glad to hear from you and him, but I know your hands are full, and can not ask you to write often. My warmest love and sympathy for both you and your dear one.

"Sincerely,

ELLA B. MYLES."

"VERMONT AVE. CHRISTIAN CHURCH, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7, 1886. }

"*My Dear Bro. Hopson* :—I learn, through Sister Hopson, of your continued illness. I have thought much of you during the trial through which you have been called to pass, and it was very gratifying to me to get her letter recently, and to learn of your heroic bearing in adversity. It is a lesson which is mightier, if possible, than any sermon you ever preached, and this term would apply to your sermons as I remember them—they were mighty.

"People are sometimes led to think that we who teach others could not be equal to the full practice of our teachings. I remember your sermons were very full of the doctrinal element of our holy religion. You have fully vindicated yourself as a practical disciple of our Master, and who shall say that God has not used you thus as gloriously as he ever used you in the pulpit, which you so much adorned.

"It is with pleasure I look back upon the winter of 1865 and '6, when I met and heard you so frequently in Richmond, Va. Though I was but a boy then, your preaching greatly impressed

me, and your kindly notice which I was so fortunate as to receive has always been most gratefully remembered.

"My father and Judge Muscoe Garnet were ardent admirers of yours, and the services at old Sycamore Church were the treat of the week, and helped to keep the distinguished legislators in good moral tone constantly. I believe you had better material to deal with in the Virginia Legislature than has fallen to me in the United States Congress. I remember there was actually a legislative prayer-meeting held at the time in the Senate Chamber, conducted by the members of the Legislature.

"May the promise, 'I will be with you always,' give you constant cheer.

Christianly Yours,

"FRED D. POWER."

I find in a private letter, not intended for publication, the following complimentary notice of Dr. H. :

"In regard to my opinion of the Doctor, what I say is my judgment of his worth as a splendid specimen of the finished pulpit orator, his unswerving Christian integrity, his devotional attachment to his personal friends, and his open-handed charity in helping the poor. In other words, I could not speak of the Doctor in any other way than as furnishing and filling my idea of a noble Christian gentleman. I was not as intimately acquainted with Bro. Hopson as I was with Bro. Lard, and yet I think I knew him well enough to form a just and generous opinion of his real merit. The impressions I formed of him, the first time I heard him preach, were never changed, and I can only express my regret to hear you say, 'His work is done.' May Heaven strengthen your hands, and make you strong to help the tottering giant on his way to the tomb. Heaven bless you, and brighten the future before you, is the wish of all.

"Sincerely yours,

J. T. PATTERSON."

Bro. Patterson is the popular President of Hamilton Female College, Lexington, Ky. He with his good wife, "Aunt Lou," helped to make our lives very pleasant while we were in Lexington the last year we were there.

Bro. Charles L. Loos sends me the following letter, which I insert with pleasure :

“LEXINGTON, Dec. 16, 1886.

“*Dear Sister Hopson* :—The purpose you have formed of writing the life of your husband is most honorable to yourself, and will be very gratifying to the multitude among us who, by personal acquaintance and by reputation, know the life, the labor, and the worth of our brother as a preacher of the gospel and as a Christian man. It is a good thing that your heart has moved you to do this, and that you have the courage to undertake the task. The life-history of men who have been eminent in the great office of preacher of the cross should not be lost to coming generations. It is a treasure that is precious to God’s people, in its example and in the record of what such men have actually accomplished for their Master among men.

“Dr. Hopson has been a servant of the Lord in the word of much more than common power. He has stood among the first in his day—in the day of his vigor—as an advocate of ancient Christianity. His fidelity to the cause he has served in the ministry, his bravery in defending it, the passionate ardor with which he espoused it, the sincerity and earnestness he manifested in urging it upon men, the dignity with which he advocated it, have always been prominent and distinguished characteristics of Dr. Hopson as a preacher. This tribute will be accorded him wherever he has labored in the gospel; above all, where he has been best known.

“The story of his life deserves to be told by one who knows it best, who is most familiar with its inner as well as its outer history; nothing is truer than this, that the inner life alone can truly expound the outer, it alone can give light, truth and reality to it. We can never know a man until we understand well what the inner hidden springs and motives of his actions have been. The thousands of Dr. Hopson’s friends will read with pleasure and interest the story of his life, rich in incidents, in labor and results, written by the hand of one who has been nearest to him, who understands it best, knows best its real worth, and who alone can tell it as it ought to be told.

“Your Brother in Christ,

“CHAS. LOUIS LÓOS.”

I owe many thanks to Bro. Graham for his words of encouragement :

“LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 1, 1887.

“*Dear Sister Hopson* :—Your kind letter reached me a few days ago. I am glad you are preparing a memoir of the Doctor, and I hope his many friends will furnish you interesting facts of his history that will be worthy of a place in your forthcoming book.

“In such a book as you propose to publish, we look not so much for an account of great achievements as for incidents that reveal character, and attach us more and more to the object of our admiration. We want to see his inner and domestic life, the virtues he displayed among his most intimate friends more than the conquests made upon the world’s great battle-field. A preacher’s life differs from all others, even as his calling does; his is a ministry of mercy to the poor as well as the rich; to the obscure and suffering more than to the opulent and prosperous; his visits and his preaching, if he follow his Master, must be benedictions to the broken-hearted and those ready to perish; and the laurels he wins are mostly the gratitude of the sinful, the sad and the lost. I hope, therefore, you will not disdain to give us such a biography of your gifted husband as will let the world see he was a generous man, a loving and faithful friend, as well as a transcendent orator.

“The first I ever heard of Bro. Hopson was from the lips of old Bro. Joel Hayden, of Missouri, long since gone to his rest. He was on a visit to Fayetteville, Ark., where he had relatives, and I was engaged in building up Arkansaw College and the cause of Christ. Father Hayden, as we called him, used to tell me of your husband’s marvelous power in the pulpit, and would dwell more and more on the theme on each subsequent visit. Bro. Hayden had then been in the ministry over half a century, and was a good judge of preaching; and I doubt not had much to do in inducing Bro. Hopson to give up the practice of medicine and take to the pulpit on the death of his wife.

“More than this. I knew but little of the Doctor till I removed to Kentucky, in 1859. He had just held his great meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, during which the press to hear him was so great that, on one occasion, the use of Smith & Nixon’s Hall had to be procured to accommodate the audience. The hall was, at that time, the largest in the city. When, in 1862, I was called to preach for the church in Cincinnati, I often heard the brethren say that they never heard more powerful sermons than the Doctor delivered during that meeting.

“As yet I had not seen Bro. Hopson, and it was not until my return from California, in 1866, when I located in Lexington, Ky., that we became acquainted with each other. When, in 1869, we became coeditors with Lard, McGarvey and Wilkes, we became intimate friends. From that time till now we have known each other well, and our attachment has grown stronger as the years have passed by. This period included his ministry in Louisville, his return to Lexington, and his service on the editorial staff of the *Apostolic Times*.

“It was during the last year of his ministry in Lexington that his health began to give way seriously, and, as I think, his splendid power as a preacher.

“It is as a preacher, rather than as an editor, he will be in after years remembered. I never thought he excelled as a writer or in profound scholarship, but as a pulpit speaker I never heard him surpassed when he was at himself, and I have heard many great preachers in my time. From 1856 to 1876 he was, among us, without a superior in the pulpit, and with few, if any, equals. Bro. Lard was his only rival here in Kentucky, in my opinion. The Doctor had as fine a personal appearance in the pulpit as I ever saw, and he could use his material to as great advantage in a sermon as any man I ever heard.

“To some who did not know him he appeared proud; but, as he once told me, if God had given him a commanding body it was no fault of his, and he would have to bear it. But he was not proud in the common sense of that word. He was sensitively alive to the good opinion of others, and this gave a slight tinge of vanity to his conversation; but we could all forgive that, for we knew him to be wholly free from envy, that is so often joined to it. In his intercourse with people in and out of the church, he always maintained a becoming dignity of demeanor, which, united to his large and symmetrical body, made all but his familiar friends approach him with deference.

“There was nothing small in Dr. Hopson; he was large-hearted and generous; he had a good word and kind deed, when needed, for his younger brethren in the ministry. He always rejoiced in the prosperity of his fellow-laborers and the church. For them he commanded recognition, and, while a perfect gentleman in all his intercourse with other religious bodies, he never accepted a compliment at the expense of his brethren. He was always considerate of the feelings of others in the advocacy of his own

views, but he made no compromises with any. His whole life shows he was just to all, generous to those needing his help, and a brave defender of truth and righteousness as God gave him to see them.

Respectfully yours,

“ROBERT GRAHAM.”

I am indebted to Bro. S. W. Crutcher for the appended letter :

“It was during the session of 1858-'9, while a student at Bethany College, that I first heard of Dr. Hopson. Bro. B. H. Smith, of Missouri, brought up his name while it was in order to name the best preacher any of the company had ever heard.

“A year or two after this I first saw the Doctor, with his wife, on their way to church, during a meeting he was holding in Richmond, Kentucky. I heard him a number of times during this series of sermons. One day when he had entered the church, before many others had come into the house, I ventured to introduce myself and ask him to give me a little aid in understanding Matt. xi. 12.

“The manner in which he received me, and the simplicity of his exposition of the passage, alike charmed me and at once removed the barrier which his dignified appearance in the pulpit would have placed between himself and a diffident country boy, who had a purpose in his heart to preach the gospel some day. I also observed his kind and deferential manner to an humble, and, but for their Bible knowledge, I would say an illiterate class of ministerial brethren who were in attendance on this meeting with an anxiety that would catch at his every sentence, as coming from one who was possessed of advantages superior to theirs, and who was, therefore, worthy to have them sit at his feet.

“This trait in Dr. Hopson's Character, more than any other, drew me to him in the first place; and the many subsequent exhibitions of this same spirit satisfied me that it came from a heart that had been made right by the spirit of the meek and lowly One. ‘Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.’ I can think of no finer exhibition of this spirit than to see a man looked up to as a superior, in turn condescending to take a deep interest in the inexperienced boy-preacher, or the humble, true man of God feeling keenly his need of better educational advantages.

“During the summer of 1870 Bro. Hopson spent his vacation from Louisville in and around Georgetown, where I was then located. Among the meetings of this tour, he held one at Newtown, and this one stirred up the venerable and venerated Thomas P. Dudley. I happened at Father Dudley’s Saturday meeting at Georgetown, the first one held after the Doctor’s visit to Newtown, and I found all the particular Baptists on hand, and their preacher on the war-path. After pointing over towards the Baptist College and comparing it sarcastically to bullet-molds, because it was a machine for making preachers, he proceeded to Doctor Hopson’s heretical teaching at Newtown. ‘One of these has just closed a meeting at Newtown. He actually denied any divine call to the ministry. He examined the Presbyterian, the Methodist and the Baptist ministers in turn, and found each claimed to be called, and sent to preach, and yet each was preaching a different ism.’ He, therefore, argued that each was mistaken about this divine call. “And now, so far,” said he, “as I am concerned, I do n’t claim to have any call, and yet I preach what I believe just as they do.” No doubt he was right about it, brethren; a man who preaches heresy need not tell me he has no call to preach—his preaching will show that.’

“This last sentence brought out quite a smile over the audience. A few who knew me cast humorous glances at me. He continued: ‘He actually preached so much about baptism that one of my sisters, that is, one who has long been a child of God by faith, and has told us, around the fireside, of God’s work of grace upon her heart, but who, for some reason, we could never get to make a public profession, having heard all this talk about baptism, was taken sick one night and sent for me, and wanted me to go and baptize her in the night. I endeavored to show her how absurd the idea was that a child of God could ever be lost, whether baptized or not. What heresy! what heresy!’ I met Dr. Hopson a few days after this and told him about it. He laughed immoderately while he expressed a profound respect for Thos. P. Dudley, whose honesty and piety none could doubt; at the same time it was amusing to him to know that it took just such ‘heresy’ as he was preaching on the necessity of baptism to get Bro. Dudley’s converts to make a public profession, and obey Christ in the ordinance of baptism.

“It would be curious to know how many are members of other religious organizations, who would not have been there to-

day but for our preaching on the importance of attending to this appointment of Christ.

“Yours truly,

“S. W. CRUTCHER.”

We appreciate very much the following letter from our aged sister, Mrs. Alexander Campbell. When Bro. Campbell and wife made their final visit to Missouri, in 1859, I think, Dr. Hopson and I met them at Clarksville, and traveled two weeks with them. The trip was a continued feast of good things from the heart of that great man.

“LOUISVILLE, June 21, 1886.

“DR. W. H. HOPSON:—*Beloved Brother in the Hope of the Gospel*:—I desire to address you, with unfeigned sincerity of heart, a few lines culled from memory’s store-house. I refer to the past with earnestness, believing it will bring a gladdening influence to your heart at this time.

“You, accompanied by your devoted helpmeet, met us at Clarksville, Mo., when my dear husband was canvassing for Bethany College. It was so kind in you to proffer your aid and comfort to the aged veterans at that time, who were traveling in such a good cause. It was an arduous work he had undertaken at his advanced age, but his convictions were strong that an overruling Providence would watch over him and return him safely home. Your kind care and watchfulness made the burden much lighter for him than it would have been.

“I remember one pleasing way you pursued, when rising to address the many brethren who came to hear. You referred to the age of my beloved husband—telling it (as you had been so often inquired of)—you remarked that Bro. Campbell was among them in his seventy-first year, etc. Surely Mr. Campbell had reason to be grateful to the brotherhood wherever he went in Missouri for their aid in rebuilding Bethany College, that stands as a noble monument to his memory.

“But let me add another pleasing recollection in regard to your labors for Christ. While traveling in Illinois, in company with my husband, over large spaces of territory, before railroads were spread over it, at numerous places where we sojourned we were told the story of the young

Bro. Hopson; how he had preached among them, even to his own personal disadvantage, though greatly to the upbuilding of the cause of Christ, bringing many to the obedience of the gospel. I assure you, my dear brother, it ever after left an abiding impression on my heart in your favor, learning as I did your ardent devotion to the cause in your youth, and that, too, when it was indeed a courageous work to plead the return to primitive Christianity.

"I often sat under your ministry in this city, and well remember your earnest preaching. I was at Bloomington when the Missionary Convention met there several years ago. One item I remember, that, in deference to you, the organ was not heard during the Convention, but good, hearty congregational singing-

"I hope, dear Bro. Hopson, you will accept of my weak tribute of memory as a token of Christian love, that I trust will only be enlarged and renewed when we have safely entered the Celestial City. We shall unite in singing praises to God and the Lamb forever.

"Yours in the hope of eternal life,

"MRS. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL."

Extract of a letter from Dr. H. Christopher, who was one of the elders of the church in St. Louis, the year 1874, when we were living there. He writes :

"I never heard the Doctor preach much until he took charge of the church, in 1874. He went to Kentucky in 1860, and Missourians lost nearly all knowledge of him except what was gleaned from the newspapers. His work in Cincinnati, in 1859, threw him very prominently before the public. I then knew very little, comparatively, of his ability as a preacher; but the results of that meeting were such as to draw all observing minds to him. I had a talk with Dr. Richardson, in the summer of 1860, about that meeting and the preacher, and a remark that he then made struck me with great force. It was made to account for the opposition that assailed him from the denominations. He said: 'He makes the Scriptures too plain.' His idea was that people got mad because the plain exposition of the Scriptures showed that they were grossly blind not to have seen the truth before. Like one who pays a big price for a secret process of doing a desired thing, and, when he learns it, feels like going out behind the house and

kicking himself for being so foolish as not to have seen it before. I often thought of Dr. R.'s remark when listening to the Doctor while he was in St. Louis in 1874. I then for the first time formed a satisfactory (to me) estimate of him as a preacher and a man. I then obtained data enough on which to base a rational judgment.

"Socially he was a desirable companion to me, and I think to all who were fond of the subjects on which his mind continually fed. To persons in general I think he was very agreeable company. All liked him; some for one reason and some for another; which is true of all persons. But he had warm friends and ardent admirers, who thought him what they conceived of and called a big preacher.

"But I think he was properly appreciated only by such as observe closely and consider everything that they see of a man. As a preacher of a certain type, he had no peer. For clearness of statement and fullness of expression; for correct and exact diction, terse, plain, elegant, smooth, correct in syntax and rhetoric; for forcible and plain argument that left no escape nor retreat, that mauled the life out of error, and made the truth luminous in contrast; that disgusted a man with himself, and made happy and contented him who had the truth, and saw it in his light, he had no superior and really no equal on the same plane.

"He spoke so correctly, his sentences were so elegant and complete, and his words so well chosen to express his thoughts, that, when published, they read like previously-prepared written addresses, the result of studied thought and careful consideration, and of weighing every word and thought. I think this was a gift. It was natural, inborn and not studied. I believe he could speak better than he could write. The inspiration of an audience was a power with him, and, though not absolutely necessary, yet was a very great aid, as it is to most public speakers. Such means of inspiration the study does not afford, hence one's composition in writing may fall far below that of speaking."

Bro. J. W. Ellis was a co-elder with Dr. Christopher.

"PLATTSBURG, Mo., April 17, 1886.

"*Dear Sister Hopson* :—I deeply regret to hear that the Doctor is not strong, and that he is not improving; and yet you could tell from my last letter that I feared as much.

"I wonder if the Doctor really ever knew how much I, many years his junior, admired him and loved him, notwithstanding

such disparity. Many a morning have I started to my office earlier than necessary, in order to stop in the 'Study,' at Seventeenth and Olive, to talk with him. He ever received me kindly, and never seemed impatient of my intrusion. I always left him feeling better, and with encouragement to enter upon the duties before me. I can see the welcome smile, 'Good morning, Bro. Ellis,' as I used to enter. He ordained me to the eldership in the church, which office I hold in this church also.

"Father of all mercies, bless the declining years of my Christian brother. Be his refuge and strength; keep him under the shadow of thy wing; give him peace, rest, eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Your brother in the one hope,

"J. W. ELLIS."

Bro. J. W. McGarvey writes me, in answer to my request, as follows:

"LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 2, 1886.

"*Dear Sister Hopson*:—In response to your request for a written estimate of the Doctor, I pen the following:

"When Dr. Hopson was in his prime, he was the most popular preacher among the Disciples. He was not what is commonly called an eloquent speaker, and yet he was eloquent in the true sense of the word. His discourses were methodically arranged, his argument convincing, his style was transparent, and he left a line of light behind him as he advanced with his subject. His manner was bold and confident without being defiant, and his action was full of grace and dignity. His voice was melodious, and his person commanding. His exhortations, never boisterous, were full of tenderness; and they deeply impressed upon the heart the lessons set forth in the discourse. As a man he was generous, kind-hearted and the soul of honor. These qualities caused his discourses to have the greater weight with those who knew him. His superiority, as I think, consisted in the ease with which he could comprehend a subject, and the facility with which he could distribute and arrange. In these particulars he had no equal among his fellow-laborers.

"Truly and fraternally yours,

"J. W. MCGARVEY."

“LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 1, 1887.

“*Dear Sister Hopson* :—You have asked me to give you my personal reminiscences of Dr. Hopson, my beloved brother.

“About the 1st of January, 1860, I moved my family from New Castle, Ky., to Lexington, and made my residence for nearly three years in the suburbs of the city. Dr. Hopson had been called from Missouri to the pastoral charge of the Main Street Church at that time, and I at once became a member of that congregation. Here was my first meeting with the Doctor. From that time on, while he exercised his pastoral functions, began and continued a fraternal and friendly intimacy of a significance far beyond that which usually exists in the mere relation of pastor and member. The causes for this were several. I was not closely confined to business, and my time was much my own. The social and sympathetic instinct was never more marked in a man than in the Doctor. To this he added an exuberant cheerfulness and conversational humor and vivacity, tempered with a never-absent dignity and self-restraint, that, while it pleased, never left a sensation of pain or unpleasantness on the present company. These qualities, with his rare intelligence on general topics, gave to him magnetism of personal attraction that made him one of the most agreeable companions I have ever met socially.

“This was the period which embraced the ominous approach of the great civil strife, and the first year or so of hostilities. These were topics of daily, absorbing interest and conversation; and upon the causes, the issues, the events and startling episodes of the day, so strange and novel to us all, we were generally agreed.

“As you will remember, yourself and the Doctor were often the guests of our house during this time. I was a constant attendant on his pulpit ministrations, and I think I was well prepared to judge of his discretion there and in the walks of private life. Throughout the trying ordeal of this dark chapter of our history, a circumspection of his speech, whether in the ministerial or social sphere, was ever present. No word from the pulpit was ever uttered that could give offence; the same tender regard for partisan opinions and preferences was observed in the presence of friends. I think I may say of the Doctor, as far as can be said of any man, he was incapable of insulting or wounding by rude words, so much of kindness had he in his nature, chastened with the spirit of the Christian religion.

“The angry sectional passions were intensified to the spirit of strife, while the criminations and recriminations made it sure that it would begin with the first pretext for violence. This was not long wanting. The struggle for military mastery in a central border State, the recruiting and arming in military camps on both sides, the plunge into the maelstrom of war and its fierce and varying conflicts, put the severest strain on Christian manhood it had ever known in our generation. Dr. Hopson bore his part, and did his duty ever faithfully. He knew no difference, in the discharge of these duties, between the sympathizers and soldiers of the Union cause and those of the Confederacy.

“His arrest and imprisonment, in 1862, was by no means anomalous or strange. After the first raids in Kentucky, it was thought to terrorize and restrain the Confederate element by a series of arrests of prominent representative men. The Doctor's views were well known; though he held them harmless to all, he was singled out for an example. This information, conveyed to him by friends of the Union party, led him to the choice of evils—submitting to arrest and imprisonment, or seeking safety in flight. He attempted the latter; but soon found the country was so filled with Union troops that escape was impossible, and he returned to Lexington, where he was arrested and thrown into prison. As soon as advised of this, I called to see him, and to do him any service I could to make his strange quarters comfortable. I found him resigned, cheerful and trustful. I need not say that every comfort was tendered him, for scores of brethren and friends were ready and anxious to minister to such wants. He was borne to a distant prison, where he lay for months, not knowing the cause of his arrest. At last a change was effected, and he went South, where he remained until the close of the war. How we missed him during that long interval, and how gladly we welcomed him back again, I well remember.

“It was about this time that the agitation for the removal of Kentucky University from Harrodsburg to Lexington began, and the Doctor credited the first conception of such a policy to myself, if I may be pardoned any appearance of egotism in the mention. As a curator, my first prudential step was to submit the plan to the trustees of Transylvania University in secret session, and to receive their sanction to a proposal for a consolidation of the two. This the trustees formally did, and gave written authority to open negotiations. The whole programme was discussed with the

Doctor, and together we proceeded to Harrodsburg to lay the matter before prominent officials there. It was favorably considered, and the question brought before the public and Board of Curators.

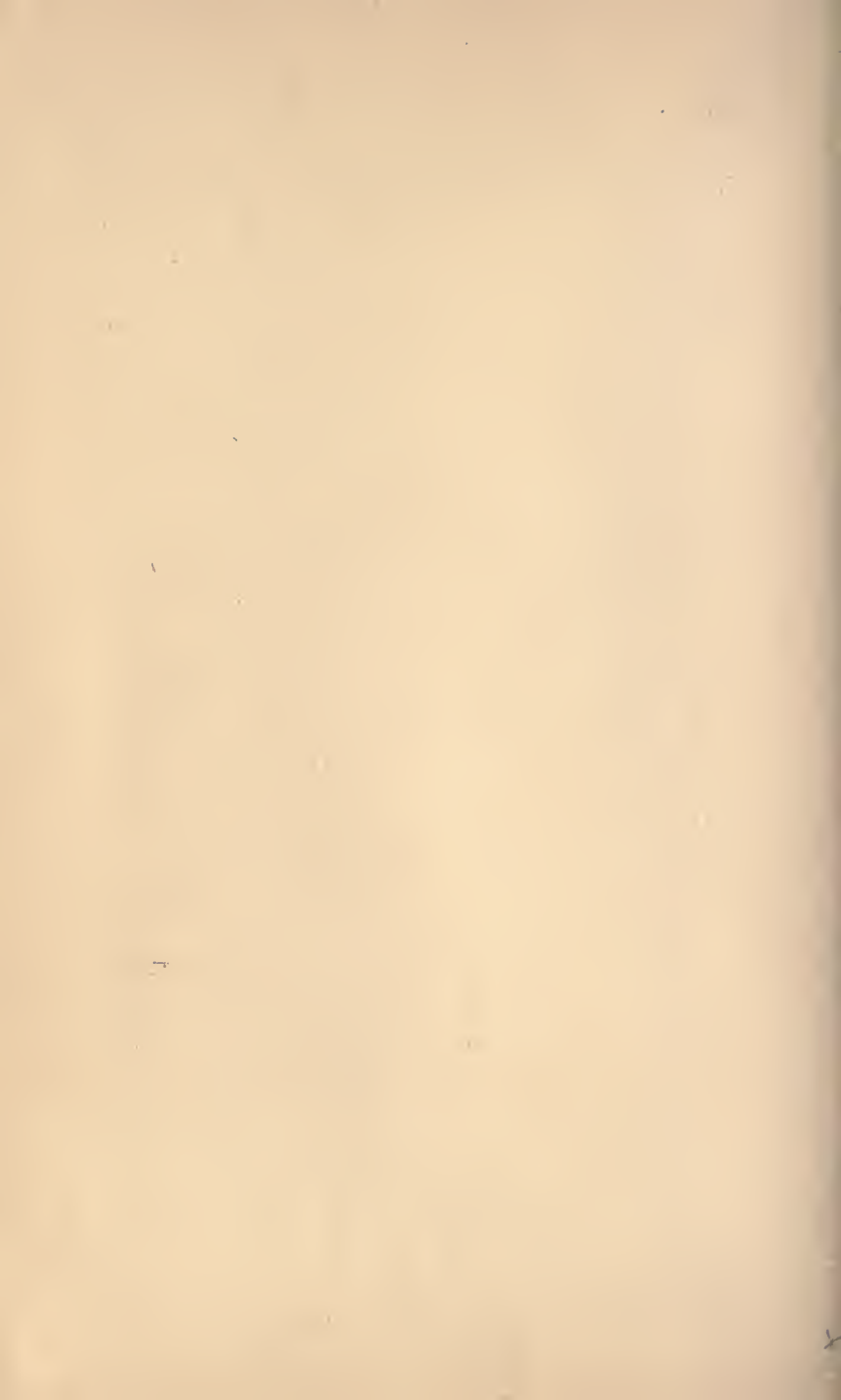
“It may not be improper or intrusive here to give my impressions of the intellectual qualities of one whom I intimately knew and esteemed. By nature he was remarkably endowed. His brain, while not massive, was finely organized, and supported by one of the most perfect physiques I have ever known. While his mind was comprehensive, it was also readily incisive. It was notably well balanced and symmetric, and not an organ seemed defective or ever at fault in its working. Whatever came within his observation he learned almost by intuition, and retained and used with rare skill. He was an orator by nature, not so much in the ostentation of rhetoric and the art of Elocution; but in the natural simplicity and grandeur of logic and illustration, and in the pathos and sentiment of glowing words that touched the reason and the heart at the same time.

“Dear brother, his was a companionship to give life here something of a foretaste of heaven, and hereafter to make heaven more heavenly.

“May we meet again where the weary are at rest, if no more on earth.

In Christ and hope, yours,

“Z. F. SMITH.”



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