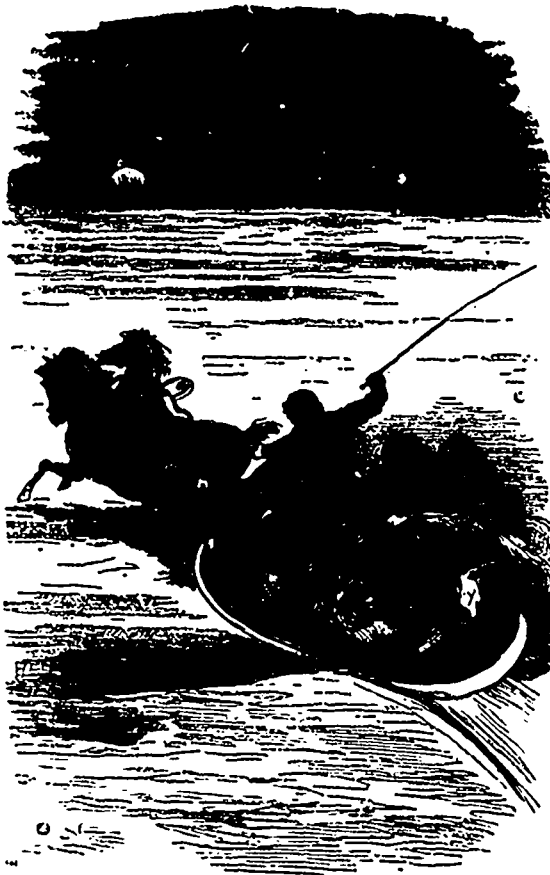




DRIVING ON THE ICE.

Poughkeepsie, for having spent his all in missionary journeys he was compelled to earn a regular stipend that he might live. In 1805 his bishop sent him to New Orleans, where he organized a parish, thus planting the Church in a region where it had been unknown. Here he spent six happy years, but God called him away to perilous work. In all Ohio there were but four clergy; emigration increased, and he felt that the flock of Christ should be fed. He started in March, 1817, driving along the shores of Lake Erie. "The cracks in the ice," he remarks in his own simple story, "became more and more visible, and continued to increase in width as we drove along. The horses, having trotted without injury over the smaller cracks, became soon accustomed to leap over the wide ones, but none were so wide as to let the runners in lengthwise, and we blessed God silently, though heartily, for every successful leap." When the driver refused to go farther he trudged on afoot. All the West was in its infancy; a collection of log-huts represented the towns and cities of to-day. He journeyed on from place to place, often wearily on foot, preaching wherever he could gather a few to hear him, administering the sacraments, and, wherever possible organizing a parish. Other clergy

came to his aid; in less than a year he presided at the first convention in Ohio, and in June, 1818, was unanimously chosen Bishop of that State. His wife, Mary Fay, had died a month before. Let those who are leading easy lives picture the young bishop setting off on horseback for an episcopal tour through the western wilderness; travelling 1,279 miles through summer heat and bitter cold, and returning with strength impaired and voice almost gone. The joy with which he was received in many a lonely household cheered him in his work which was rendered more toilsome from the fact that there was no provision for him; he must travel throughout his diocese *at his own expense*, and like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he often knew what it was to suffer need.

In 1819 he married Sophia M. Ingram, and her energy and devotion assisted him greatly. In 1824 he sailed for England, trusting to obtain from Churchmen there help towards building a Theological College, and, after many discouragements, in which his faith and patience shone brightly, succeeded in collecting the sum of £4,000. Returning, he gave his own farm to the seminary, and began by receiving students in his house, paying the teachers from his own funds and from such as the students could give. 8,000 acres of land were purchased, and the bishop took up his abode in a rough board cabin on the hill where Kenyon College now stands, that he might be near at hand. And now began the most laborious part of this good man's life, episcopal visitations, parochial work at unprovided stations, the oversight of the education of the students who flocked to his school, the direction of unskilful workmen; all these pressed heavily upon his time and strength. Churchmen in the States subscribed an additional £5,000 which was greatly needed, the purchase and preparation of the ground having absorbed the main portion of the English funds. In the year 1828 a young missionary made his way to the village of Gambier, the site of the college, and gives the following account:—"I cast my eyes around and saw a few small houses of planks or logs, and requested to be driven to the bishop's residence. I was thereupon deposited at the door of a small log cabin with but one window. 'Is this the bishop's palace?' I exclaimed. 'Can this,' I thought, 'be the home of the apostolic man whose praise is in all the Churches?'" It was even so. Shortly afterwards the good prelate entered; he had a powerful voice, was tall and well proportioned, his countenance expressed singular determination combined with benevolence, both in form and words an ideal bishop.

The college was completed and in working order when troublous times arose. The professors claimed the right to make rules for the government of the bishop as president. At the Diocesan Convention, September 7th, 1831, he