

same momentous subjects, and he would pray and preach for a long time, frequently awaking all in the house.

He was emphatically a happy man, even in his most adverse circumstances. Few ever enjoyed life better than he. He lived in the sunshine—in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and joy, and though at times he was weighed down with an oppressive sense of his responsibilities, yet these seasons were but as “passing clouds, shading a path usually bright.” This was doubtless owing in part to a very happy natural temperament, but it should be mainly attributed to his strong confidence in God. His firm, heartfelt assurance of a state of eternal blessedness for the righteous, scattered joy and gladness in his pathway, while it enabled him to look upon the trials of this brief life as of little moment. The religion of the Bible was to him, as he expressed it, a “tangible reality,” absorbing all other claims and filling the whole sphere of his vision. He thought, planned, prayed, studied, and labored, as if he had no interest separate from the interest of the Redeemer’s kingdom, and whenever matters relating to its success were presented, “his own things” were the last and least which occupied his thoughts.

Another very prominent feature of his character was his crucifixion to the world. Indeed, he seemed to live so much above it, as to lose all desire for worldly fame or honor. Especially was this true of him during the last years of his life. Envy was a passion that had no resting place in his bosom. If good could be accomplished, he cared little who had the honor. If others could be more useful than himself, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Though frank and open almost to a fault, yet knowing a little “what was in man”—that eminence exposed its possessor to the envy and jealousy of little minds—he frequently sought privacy in the execution of his plans for doing good, persuading others to take the lead, and charging them, to use his own language, not to let it be suspected that the “hand of Joab” was there. In this manner he effected much for God and his generation, which will remain unknown till the judgment. He feared and dreaded the praise of men, not that he did not naturally love it, but he trembled, lest it might tempt him to seek worldly honor. Against this, he watched, and struggled, and prayed. The following incident is a specimen of the care with which he guarded his heart. During the fourth session of the General Conference in Rhode Island, 1830, he preached a sermon much to the acceptance of the audience, and which was blessed to the conversion of several souls. Soon after the close of the meeting, sorrow was depicted on his countenance, and he hastened to be alone. A friend inquired the cause of his sadness. He replied, mournfully, “Brother — [a minister of considerable influence] has been talking to me just like satan.” “What has he