

in the Itinerancy. "Died worn out with toil" turned up regularly. Bascom was not unique even in that. And travel—Bishop Asbury did his six thousand miles a year on any kind of nag his friends provided. There were not only no railroads, there were no roads of any kind, and his seven hundred Itinerants really seemed to emulate him in the amount of ground they got over.

In any exploitation of the old records one is sure to come upon Wakeley's "Heroes" and Finney's "Western Methodism," quaint memorials written in the patois of the prayer-meeting, and taking one back at times to the cut-and-thrust candour of the Roundheads. Finally I arrived at Henkle's "Life of Bascom." By this time the outlines of an apostolic Titan had shaped themselves in my mind. Whenever the personal note had been sounded by Finney and the contemporaries of Bascom, you felt the pulse that he had occasioned and you caught the throb of a mighty heart that had passed through the valleys of the Muskingum, the Sciota, and the Wabash. Lispering tongues had tried to tell of an eloquence that held them spell-bound or that smote them to the earth, and all that we can gather of it is the wrought emotion of the narrator.

None of the strains of this mighty wind-harp that had pulsed through the wilderness is left. The one meagre volume of sermons that may still be found with much searching answers in no respect to the traditions of the preacher. All the wild fervour—those masses of brilliant electrical thought that were struck at the moment and that irradiated and melted have been edited out or they vanished with the personal aura of the speaker. But there can be no question of the magnetic power that he wielded. Veterans

along the Ohio and on the dark and bloody reaches of Kentucky, rough pioneers, flatboat men, and cattle-breeders, who had heard him thunder, passed their testimony with their patrimony over to their children, and there are lingering traditions of the times of Henry Clay at Washington, when senators and political orators imitated those backwoodsman in their admiration of this preacher.

One takes up, therefore, the meagre life by Henkle with acute expectation, and follows the career of the Itinerant through the dry and hard details without a clear view of the personality and power of the man, but with a growing knowledge of what the Itinerancy meant, and how notably its dangers, privations, and demands were met and overcome by an internal conviction that was like a chariot of fire. Just here the story is of a farmer's son, scarcely sixteen, without education or intellectual ambition, a drudging farm-hand, born amid the slavish exactions of a pioneer life, putting on his home-made suit and fox-skin cap, the tail of which hung proudly down his back, and going to a bush-meeting with no other definite purpose than to enjoy such rough outing as similarly-disposed minds of his own age could furnish. Henkle does not quite see, even while he tells it, that Bascom went through an experience curiously like that of Saul of Tarsus when he "travelled that way." A great light fell upon him. What the objective or subjective phenomenon was is of less concern to the late observer than the instant and abiding transformation of the lad, who seems to have been awakened into both intellectual and moral strength. Henkle has neither the apprehensive insight nor the creative imagination to pluck the amazing from the prosaic, but we ought, perhaps, to make some allowance, seeing that Henkle him-