

Christian. He said many things which showed that he had thought earnestly and deeply on religious subjects, and he would end by saying: "Jesus, help me! Jesus, help me!"

He came to see us after the death of our Paul, and he wept when we told him how our dear boy had left us. He had had a long sickness in the hospital. He had before expressed a desire to go back to his own country, and now this desire had grown into a passion. His wan face lighted up as he looked wistfully seaward from the bay window of our cottage on the hill above the Golden Gate. He left us with a slow and feeble step, often looking back as long as he was in sight.

That was the last of Cissaha. I know not whether he is in Hindostan or the world of spirits.

LOST ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN is a geological curiosity. It has puzzled the scientists, excited the wonder of the vulgar, and aroused the cupidity of the gold hunter. It is a river without water, a river without banks, a river whose bed is hundreds of feet in the air. Rising in Calaveras County, it runs southward more than a hundred miles, winding gracefully in its course, and passing through what was one of the richest gold belts in the world. But now the bustling camps are still, the thousands who delved the earth for the shining ore are gone, the very houses have disappeared. The scarred bosom of Mother Earth alone tells of the intensely passionate life that once throbbed among these rocky hills. A deserted mining camp is in more senses than one like a battlefield. Both leave the same tragic impression upon the mind.

What is now Table Mountain was many ages ago a river flowing from the foot of the Sierras into the San Joaquin Valley. A volcano at its head discharged its lava into it, and it slowly rolled down its bed, and, cooling, left the hard volcanic matter to resist the action of the elements by which the surrounding country was worn away, until it was left high in the air, a phenomenon to exercise the wits of the learned, and a delight to the lover of the curious in nature.

I can modestly claim the honor of having
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preached the first sermon on the south side of Table Mountain, where Mormon Creek was thronged with miners, who filled Davy Jamison's dining room to attend religious service on Wednesday nights. It was a big day for us all when we dedicated a board house to the worship of God and the instruction of youth. It was both a church and schoolhouse. I have still a very vivid remembrance of that occasion. My audience was composed of the gold diggers on the creek, with half a dozen women and nearly as many babies, who insisted on being heard as well as the preacher. I "kept the floor" until two long, lean yellow dogs had a disagreement, showed their teeth, erected their bristles, sidled up closer and closer, growling, until they suddenly flew at each other like tigers, and fought all over the house. My plan was not to notice the dogs, and so, elevating my voice, I kept on speaking. The dogs snapped and bit fearfully, the women screamed, the children became frantic, stiffening themselves and turning purple in the face; a bushy-whiskered man with a red head kicked the dogs from him with loud imprecations, while Davy Jamison used a long broom upon them with great energy but with unsatisfactory result. Those yellow dogs were mad, and didn't care for kicks or brooms. They stuck to each other, and fought over and under the benches, and along the aisle, and under my table, and everywhere! I did not keep on—I had changed my mind, or rather had lost it, and found myself standing bewildered and silent, the thread of my discourse gone. A good-humored miner winked at me in a way that said: "They were too much for you." The dogs were finally ejected. The last I saw of them they were rolling down the hill, still fighting savagely. I re-

sumed my discourse, and finished amid a steady but subdued a-a-a-a-h! of the quartet of babies. It is astonishing how long a delicate baby can keep up this sort of crying, and never get hoarse.

There were such strong signs of a storm one Wednesday afternoon that I almost abandoned the idea of filling my appointment on Mormon Creek. The clouds were boiling up around the crests of the mountains, and the wind blew in heavy gusts. But, mounting the famous iron-gray pacing pony, I felt equal to any emergency, and at a rapid gait climbed the great hill dividing Sonora from Shaw's Flat, and passing a gap in Table Mountain, was soon dashing along the creek, facing a high wind, and exhilarated by the exercise. My miners were out in force, and I was glad I had not disappointed them. It is best in such doubtful cases *to go*.

By the time the service was over the weather was still more portentous. The heavens were covered with thick clouds, and the wind had risen to a gale.

"You can never find your way home such a night as this," said a friendly miner. "You can't see your hand before you."

It was true, the darkness was so dense that not the faintest outline of my hand was visible an inch from my face. But I had confidence in the lively gray pony, and resolved to go home, having left the mistress of the parsonage alone in the little cabin which stood unfenced on the hillside, and unprotected by lock or key to the doors. Mounting, I touched the pony gently with the whip, and he struck off at a lively pace up the road which led along the creek. I had confidence in the pony, and the pony seemed to have confidence

in me. It was riding by faith, not by sight; I could not see even the pony's neck—the darkness was complete. I always feel a peculiar elation on horseback, and, delighted with the rapid speed we were making, was congratulating myself that I would not be long in getting home, when—horror! I felt that horse and rider were falling through the air. The pony had blindly paced right over the bank of the creek, no more able to see than I was. Quick as a thought I drew my feet out of the stirrups, and went headlong over the horse's head. Striking on my hands and knees, I was stunned at first, but soon found that beyond a few bruises and scratches I was not much hurt, though my watch was shattered. Getting on my feet, I listened for the pony, but in vain. Nothing could be heard or seen. Groping around a little, I stumbled into the creek. Erebus could not be darker than was that night. Having no notion of the points of the compass, I knew not which way to move. Long and loud I called for help, and at length, when I had almost exhausted myself, an answer came through the darkness, and soon a party appeared with a lantern. They found me on the edge of the creek, and the pony about midway down the bank, where he had lodged in his fall, bracing himself with his fore feet, afraid to move. With great difficulty the poor beast, which was trembling in every limb with fright, was rescued from his perilous and uncomfortable position, and the whole party marched back to Jamison's. The pony was lamed in the fore shoulder, and my hands and knees were bleeding.

Taking a small hand lantern with half a candle, and an umbrella, I started for Sonora on foot, leaving the pony in the corral. The rain began to

fall just as I began to ascend the trail leading up the mountain, and the wind howled fearfully. A particularly heavy gust caught my umbrella at a disadvantage and tore it into shreds, and I threw it away and manfully took the rain, which now poured in torrents, mingled with hail. Saturated as I was, the exercise kept me warm. My chief anxiety was to prevent my candle from being put out by the wind, and I protected my lantern with the skirt of my coat, while I watched carefully for the narrow trail. Winding around the ascent, jumping the mining ditches, and dripping with the rain, I reached the crossing of Table Mountain, and began picking my way among the huge lava blocks on the summit. The storm king of the Sierras was on a big frolic that night! I soon lost the narrow trail. My piece of candle was burning low—if it should go out! A text came into my mind from which I preached the next Sunday: "*Walk while ye have the light.*" It was strange that the whole structure of the discourse shaped itself in my mind while stumbling among those rugged lava blocks, and pelted by the storm, which seemed every moment to rage more furiously. I kept groping for the lost trail, shivering now with cold, and the candle getting very low in my lantern. I was lost, and it was a bad night to be lost in. The wind seemed to have a mocking sound as it shrieked in my ears, and as it died away in a temporary lull it sounded like a dirge. I began to think it would have been better for me to have taken the advice of my Mormon Creek friends and waited until morning. All the time I kept moving, though aimlessly. Thank God, here is the trail! I came upon it again just where it left the mountain and crossed the Jamestown road, recognizing the place by a gap in a brush fence. I

started forward at a quickened pace, following the trail among the manzanita bushes, and winding among the hills. A tree had fallen across the trail at one point, and in going round it I lost the little thread of pathway and could not find it again. The earth was flooded with water, and one spot looked just like another. Holding my lantern near the ground, I scanned keenly every foot of it as I made a circle in search of the lost trail, but soon found I had no idea of the points of the compass—in a word, I was lost again. The storm was unabated. It was rough work stumbling over the rocks and pushing my way through the thick manzanita bushes, bruising my limbs and scratching my face. Almost exhausted, I sat down on the lee side of a large pine tree, thinking I would thus wait for daylight. But the next moment the thought occurred to me that if I sat there much longer I would never leave alive, for I was getting very cold, and would freeze before morning. I thought it was time to pray, and I prayed. A calm came over me, and, rising, I resumed my search for the lost trail. In five minutes I found it, and following it I soon came in sight of a light which issued from a cabin, at the door of which I knocked. At first there was no answer, and I repeated the thumps on the door with more energy. I heard whispering inside, a step across the floor, then the latch was drawn, and as the door was partially opened a gruff voice said: "Who are you? and what do you want here at this time o' night?"

"Let me in out of the storm, and I will tell you," I said.

"Not so fast, stranger. Robbers are mighty plenty and sassy round here, and you don't come in till we know who you are," said the voice.

I told them who I was, where I had been, and all about it. The door was opened cautiously, and I walked in. A coarse, frowzy-looking woman sat in the corner by the fireplace, a rough-looking man sat in the opposite corner, while the fellow who had let me in took a seat on a bench in front. I stood dripping, and ready to sink from fatigue, but no seat was offered me.

"This is a pretty rough night," said one of the men complacently; "but it's nothing to the night we had the storm on the plains, when our wagon covers was blowed off, and the cattle stampeded, and"—

"Stop!" said I, "your troubles are over, and mine are not. I want you to give me a piece of candle for my lantern here, and tell me the way to Sonora."

The fact is, I was disgusted at their want of hospitality, and too tired to be polite. It is vain to expect much politeness from a man who is very tired or very hungry. Most wives find this out, but I mention it for the sake of the young and inexperienced.

After considerable delay, the frowzy woman got up, found a candle, cut off about three inches, and sulkily handed it to me. Lighting and placing it in my lantern, I made for the door, receiving these directions as I did so: "Go back the way you came about two hundred yards, then take a left-hand trail, which will carry you to Sonora by way of Dragoon Gulch."

Plunging into the storm again, I found the trail as directed, and went forward. The rain poured down as if the bottom of the heavens had fallen out, and the earth was a sea, the water coming above my gaiters at every step, and the wind almost lifting me from my feet. I soon found that

it was impossible to distinguish the trail, and trusting to my instinct I pressed on in the direction of Sonora, which could scarcely be more than a mile away. Seeing a light in the distance, I bent my steps toward it. In my eagerness to reach it I came very near walking into a deep mining shaft—a single step more, and this sketch would never have been written. Making my way among huge bowlders and mining pits, I reached the house in which was the light I had followed. Knocking at the door, a cheerful voice said, "Come in." Pushing open the door, I entered, and found that I was in a drinking saloon. Several men were seated around a table playing cards, with money piled before them, and glasses of strong drink within reach. A red-faced, corpulent, and good-natured Dutchman stood behind the bar, and was in the act of mixing some stimulant with the flourish of an expert.

"Where am I?" I asked, thoroughly bewildered, and not recognizing the place or the persons before me.

"Dis is de Shaw's Flat Lager Beer Saloon," said the Dutchman.

So this was not Sonora. After losing the trail I had lost my course, and gone away off north of my intended destination. The men knew me, and were very polite. The kind-hearted Dutchman offered me alcoholic refreshment, which I politely declined, placed a whole candle in my lantern, and gave me many good wishes as I again took the road and faced the storm. Gambling is a terrible vice, but it was a good thing for me that the card players lingered so long at their sport that rough night. Taking the middle of the road, I struck a good pace, and meeting with no further mishap except a fall and tumble in the red mud as I was descend-

in the high hill that separated the two camps, about two o'clock in the morning I came in sight of the parsonage, and saw an anxious face at the door looking out into the darkness.

After a sound sleep, I rose next day a little bruised and stiff, but otherwise none the worse for being lost on Table Mountain. The gallant gray pony did not escape so well; he never did get over his lameness.

FULTON.

HE was a singular compound—hero, hypochondriac, and saint.

He came aboard the "Antelope" as we (wife and I) were on our way to the Annual Conference at Sacramento in 1855. Coming into our stateroom, he introduced himself as "Brother Fulton." A thin, pale-faced man, with weak blue eyes, and that peculiar look which belongs to the real ascetic, he seemed out of place among that motley throng.

"I am glad to see you, and hope you will live holy and be useful in California" he said. "As this is the first time we have met," he continued, "let us have a word of prayer, that all our intercourse may be sanctified to our mutual good."

Down he kneeled among the trunks, valises, and bandboxes in the little stateroom (and we with him, though it was tight squeezing amid the baggage), and prayed long and fervently, with many groans and sighs.

Rising at length from our knees, we entered into conversation. After a few inquiries and answers, he said: "It is very difficult to maintain a spiritual frame of mind among all these people. Let us have another word of prayer."

Down he went again on his knees, we following, and he wrestled long and earnestly in supplication, oblivious of the peculiarities of the situation.

Conversation was resumed on rising, confined

exclusively to religious topics. A few minutes had thus been spent, when he said: "We are on our way to the Annual Conference, where we shall be engaged in looking after the interests of the Church. Let us have another word of prayer, that we may be prepared for these duties, and that the session may be profitable to all." Again he knelt upon his knees and prayed with great fervor.

When we rose there was a look of inquiry in the eyes of my fellow-missionary which seemed to ask: "Where is this to end?"

Just then the dinner bell rang, and we had no opportunity for further devotions with Brother Fulton.

It was observed during the Conference session that there was a cloud in Fulton's sky—he sat silent and gloomy, taking no part in the proceedings. About the third morning, while some important measure was pending, he rose and addressed Bishop Andrew, who was in the chair: "Bishop, I am in great mental distress. You will excuse me for interrupting the business of the Conference, but I can bear it no longer."

"What's the matter, Brother Fulton?" asked that bluff, wise old preacher.

"I am afraid I have sinned," was the answer, with bowed head and faltering voice.

"In what way?" asked the bishop.

"I will explain: On my way from the mountains I became very hungry in the stagecoach. I am afraid I thought too much of my food. You know, Bishop, that if we fix our affections for one moment on any creature more than on God, it is sin."

"Well, Brother Fulton," said the bishop, "if at your hungriest moment the alternative had been

presented whether you should give up your God or your dinner, would you have hesitated?"

"No, sir," said Brother Fulton meekly, after a short pause.

"Well, then, my dear brother, the case is clear, you have done no wrong," said the bishop in his hearty, offhand way.

The effect was magical. Fulton stood thoughtful a moment, and then, as he sat down, burst into tears of joy. Poor, morbidly sensitive soul! we may smile at such scruples, so foreign to the temper of these after times, but they were the scruples of a soul as true and as unworldly as that of á Kempis.

He was sent to the mines, and he was a wonder to those nomadic dwellers about Vallecito, Douglass's Flat, Murphy's Camp, and Lancha Plana. They were puzzled to determine whether he was a lunatic or a saint. Many stories of his eccentricities were afloat, and he was regarded with a sort of mingled curiosity and awe. It was but seldom that even the roughest fellows would utter profane language in his presence, and when they did, they received a rebuke that made them ashamed. Before the year was out he had won every heart by the power of simple truthfulness, courage, and goodness. The man who insulted, or in any way mistreated him, would have lost caste with those wild adventurers who, with all their grievous faults, never failed to recognize sincerity and pluck. Fulton's sincerity was unmistakable, and he feared not the face of man. He made converts among them, too. Many a profane lip became familiar with the language of prayer in those mining camps where the devil was so terribly regnant, and took no pains to hide his cloven foot.

One of Fulton's eccentricities caused a tedious trial to an old hen belonging to a good sister at Vallecito. He was a dyspeptic—too great abstemiousness the cause. His diet was tea, crackers, and boiled eggs. Being a rigid Sabbath keeper, he would eat nothing cooked on Sunday. So his eggs were boiled on Saturday, and warmed over for his Sunday meals. About the time of one of his visits to Vallecito, the sister referred to had occasion to set a hen. The period of incubation was singularly protracted, running far into the summer. The eggs would not hatch. Investigation finally disclosed the fact that by somebody's blunder the boiled eggs had been placed under the unfortunate fowl, whose perseverance failed of its due reward. "Bless me!" said the good-natured sister, laughing, "these were Brother Fulton's eggs. I wonder if he ate the raw ones?"

Fulton had his stated times for private devotion, and allowed nothing to stand in the way. The hour of twelve was one of these seasons sacred to prayer. One day he was ascending a mountain, leading his horse, and assisting a teamster by scotching the wheels of his heavy wagon when his horses stopped to get breath. When about half-way up, Fulton's large, old-fashioned silver watch told him it was twelve. Instantly he called out: "My hour of prayer has arrived, and I must stop and pray."

"Wait till we get to the top of the mountain, won't you?" exclaimed the teamster.

"No," said Fulton, "I never allow anything to interfere with my secret prayers." And down he kneeled by the roadside, bridle in hand, and with closed eyes he was soon wrapped in devotion.

The teamster expressed his view of the situation in language not exactly congruous to the exercise

in which his fellow-traveler was engaged. But he waited until the prayer was ended, and then with a serene face Fulton resumed his service as scotcher, and the summit was reached in triumph.

While on the San Ramon Circuit, in Contra Costa County, he met a man with a drove of hogs in a narrow, muddy lane. The swine took fright, and, despite the frantic efforts of their driver, they turned, bolted by him, and rushed back the way whence they had come. The swineherd was furious with rage, and let loose upon Fulton a volley of oaths and threats. Fulton paused, looked upon the angry fellow calmly for a few moments, and then dismounted, and, kneeling by the roadside, began to pray for the man whose profanity was filling the air. The fellow was confounded at the sight of that ghostly-looking man on his knees before him; he took a panic, and, turning back, he followed his hogs in rapid flight. The sequel must be given. The fleeing swineherd became one of Fulton's converts, dating his religious concern from the prayer in the lane.

Fulton itinerated in this way for years, fasting rigidly and praying incessantly, some thinking him a lunatic, others reverencing him as a saint. Thinner and thinner did he grow, his pallid face becoming almost transparent. Thinking its mild climate might benefit his health, he was sent to Southern California. One morning on entering his room, he was found kneeling by his bedside dead, with his Bible open before him, and a smile on his face.

THE FATAL TWIST.

ALCOHOL and opium were his masters. He alternated in their use. Only a brain of extraordinary strength, and nerves of steel, could have stood the strain. He had a large practice at the Sonora bar, was a popular politician, made telling stump speeches, and wrote pungent and witty editorials for the *Union Democrat*, conducted by that most genial and unselfish of party pack horses, A. N. Francisco. He was a fine scholar, and so thoroughly a gentleman in his instincts that even when drunk he was not vulgar or obscene. Cynicism and waggery were mingled in his nature, but he was more cynic than wag. An accidental meeting under pleasant circumstances, and agreement in opinion concerning certain current issues that were exciting the country, developed a sort of friendship between us. He affected skepticism, and was always ready to give a thrust at the clergy. It sometimes happened that a party of the wild blades of the place would come in a body to my little church on the hillside, to hear such a discourse as my immaturity could furnish, but he was never among them. All he seemed to want from the community in which he lived was something to sneer or laugh at, and the means wherewith to procure the narcotics with which he was destroying his body and brain. As we met oftener I became interested in him more and more. Looking at his splendid head and handsome face, it was impossible not to admire

him and think of the possibilities of his life could he be freed from his vices. He was still under thirty. But he was a drunkard.

He was shy of all allusions to himself, and I do not know how it was that he came to open his mind to me so freely as he did one morning. I found him alone in his office. He was sober and sad, and in a different mood from any in which I had ever before met him. Our conversation touched upon many topics, for he seemed disposed to talk.

"How slight a circumstance," I remarked, "will sometimes give coloring to our whole character, and affect all our after life."

"Yes," he answered, "bitterly do I realize the truth of your remark. When I was in my fourteenth year an incident occurred which has influenced all my subsequent life. I was always a favorite with my school-teachers, and I loved them with a hearty boyish affection. Especially did I entertain a most affectionate reverence for the kind old man who presided over the boys' academy in my native town in Massachusetts. He became my instructor when I was ten years old, and I was his favorite pupil. With a natural aptness for study, my desire to win his approbation stimulated me to make exertions that always kept me at the head of my class, and I was frequently held up to the other pupils as an example of good behavior. I was proud of his good opinion, and sought to deserve it. Stimulated both by ambition and affection, nothing seemed too difficult for me. The three years I was under his tuition were the best employed and happiest of my life. But my kind old preceptor died. The whole town was plunged in sorrow for his loss, and my boyish grief was bitter."

Here he paused a few moments, and then went on: "Soon a new teacher took his place. He was unlike the one we had lost. He was a younger man, and he lacked the gentleness and dignity of his predecessor. But I was prepared to give him my confidence and affection, for then I had learned nothing else. I sought to gain his favor, and was diligent in study and careful of my behavior. For several days all went on smoothly. A rule of the school forbade whispering. One day a boy sitting just behind me whispered my name. Involuntarily I half inclined my head toward him, when the new teacher called to me angrily: 'Come here, sir!' I obeyed. Grasping me tightly by the collar, he said: 'How dare you whisper in school?' I told him I had not whispered. 'Hearing my name called, I only turned to'— 'Don't dare to tell me a lie!' he thundered, lifting me from the floor as he spoke, and tripping my feet from under me, causing me to fall violently, my head striking first. I was stunned by the fall, but soon rose to my feet, bruised and bewildered, yet burning with indignation. 'Take your seat, sir!' said he, enforcing the command by several sharp strokes of the rod; 'and be careful in future how you lie to me!' I walked slowly to my seat. A demon had entered my soul. For the first time I had learned to hate. I hated that man from that hour, and I hate him still! He still lives; and if I ever meet him, I will be even with him yet!"

He had unconsciously risen from his seat, while his eyes flashed, and his face was distorted with passion. After a few moments he continued: "This affair produced a complete change in my conduct and character. I hated my teacher. I looked upon him as an enemy, and treated him

accordingly. Losing all relish for study, from being at the head I dropped to the foot of my class. Instead of seeking to merit a name for good behavior, my only ambition was to annoy the tyrant placed over me. He treated me harshly, and I suffered severely. He beat me constantly and cruelly. Under these influences my nature hardened rapidly. I received no sympathy except from my mother, and she did not understand my position. I felt that *she* loved me, though she evidently thought I must be in the wrong. My father laid all the blame on me, and, with a stern sense of justice, refused to interfere in my behalf. At last I began to look upon him as an accomplice of my persecutor, and almost hated him too. I became suspicious and misanthropic. I loved no one but my mother, and sought the love of no other. Thus passed several years. My time was wasted, and my nature perverted. I was sent to college, for which I was poorly prepared. Here a new life began. My effort to rise above the influences that had been so hurtful to me failed. My college career soon terminated. I could not shake off the effects of the early injustice and mismanagement of which I was the victim. I came to California in a reckless spirit, and am now mortgaged to the devil. What I might have been under other circumstances, I know not; but I do know that the best elements of my nature were crushed out of me by the infernal tyrant who was my teacher, and that I owe him a debt I would be glad to pay."

He spoke truly. The mortgage was duly foreclosed. He died of *delirium tremens*. A single act of injustice sowed the seeds of bitterness that marred the hopes of a whole life. The moral of this sketch is commended to teachers and parents.

STRANDED.

JUST as the sun was going down, after one of the hottest days of the summer of 1855, while we were sitting in the rude piazza of the parsonage in Sonora, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, a man came up, and in a hurried tone inquired: "Does the preacher live here?"

Getting an affirmative answer, he said: "There is a very sick man at the hospital who wishes to see the Southern Methodist preacher immediately."

I at once obeyed the summons. On reaching the hospital my conductor said, "You will find him in there," pointing to one of the rooms.

On entering, I found four patients in the room, three of whom were young men, variously affected with chronic diseases—rough-looking fellows, showing plainly in their sensual faces the insignia of vice. The fourth was a man perhaps fifty years old. As he lay there in the light of the setting sun, I thought I had never beheld a more ghastly object. The deathlike pallor, the pinched features, the unnatural gleam of his eyes in their sunken sockets, telling of days of pain and nights without sleep—all told me this was the man by whom I had been sent for.

"Are you the preacher?" he asked in a feeble voice, as I approached the bedside.

"Yes; I am the preacher. Can I do anything for you?"

"I am glad you have come—I was afraid I would not get to see you. Take a seat on that stool—the accommodations are rather poor here."