

face, you have too much manhood to sneak out of life by the back door of suicide."

The shot struck. An instantaneous change passed over his countenance. Suicide appeared to him in a new light—as a cowardly, not a heroic act. He had been fascinated with the notion of having the curtain fall upon his career amid the blaze of blue lights and the glamour of romance and the dignity of tragedy, with the wonder of the crowd and the tears of the sentimental. That was all gone—the suicide was but a poor creature, weak as well as wicked. He was saved. He sunk into a chair as he handed me the pistol, which I was very glad indeed to get into my hands.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir," I continued. "You are only forty-five years old; you are in perfect health, with almost a giant's strength, a classical education, extensive business experience, and a knowledge of the world gained by your very mistakes that should be a guarantee against the possibility of their repetition. A brave man should never give up the battle; the bravest men never give up."

"Give me the pistol," he said quietly; "you need not be afraid to trust me with it. The devil has left me. I will not act the part of a coward. You will hear from me again. Permit me to thank you. Good morning."

I did hear from him again. The devil seemed indeed to have left him. He went to British Columbia, where he prospered in business and got rich, became a pillar in the Church of which his father was one of the great lights, and committed not suicide, but matrimony, marrying a sweet and cultured English girl, who thinks her tall yankee husband the handsomest and noblest of men.

FATHER COX.

FATHER COX was a physical and intellectual phenomenon. He was of immense girth, weighing more than three hundred pounds. His face was ruddy, and almost as smooth as that of a child, his hair snow-white and fine as floss silk, his eyes a deep blue, his features small. His great size, and the contrast between the infantile freshness of his skin and white hair, made him a notable man in the largest crowd.

He was converted and joined the Methodist Church, after he had passed his fiftieth year. He had been, as he himself phrased it, the keeper of a "doggery," and was, no doubt, a rough customer. Reaching California by way of Texas, he at once began to preach. His style took with the Californians; great crowds flocked to hear him, and marvelous effects were produced. He was a fine judge of human nature, and knew the direct way to the popular heart. Under his preaching men wept, prayed, repented, believed, and flocked into the Church by scores and hundreds.

Father Cox was in his glory at a camp meeting. To his gift of exhortation was added that of song. He had a voice like a flute in its softness and purity of tone, and his solos before and after preaching melted and broke the hard heart of many a wild and reckless Californian.

His sagacity and knowledge of human nature were exhibited at one of his camp meetings held at Gilroy, in Santa Clara County. There was a

great crowd and a great religious excitement, Father Cox riding its topmost wave, the general of the army of Israel. Seated in the preachers' stand, he was leading in one of the spirited lyrics suited to the occasion, when a young man approached him and said: "Father Cox, there's a friend of mine out here who wants you to come and pray for him."

"Where is he?"

"Just out there on the edge of the crowd," answered the young fellow.

Father Cox followed him to the outskirts of the congregation, where he found a group of rough-looking fellows standing around, with their leggings and huge Spanish spurs, in the center of which a man was seen kneeling, with his face buried between his hands.

"There he is," said the guide.

"Is he a friend of yours, gentlemen?" asked Father Cox, turning to the expectant group.

"Yes," answered one of them.

"And you want me to pray for him, do you?" he continued.

"We do," was the answer.

"All right; all of you kneel down, and I'll pray for him."

They looked at one another in confusion, and then one by one they sheepishly kneeled until all were down.

Father Cox kneeled down by the "mourner," and prayed as follows: "O Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest whether this man is a sincere penitent or not. If he is sincerely sorry for his sins, and is bowing before thee with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, have mercy upon him, hear his prayer, pardon his transgressions, give him thy peace, and make him thy

child. But, O Lord, if he is not in earnest, if he is here as an emissary of Satan, to make mockery of sacred things, and to hinder thy work, kill him—kill him, Lord"—

At this point the "mourner" became frightened, and began to crawl, Father Cox following him on his knees, and continuing his prayer. The terror-stricken sinner could stand it no longer, but sprang to his feet and bounded away at full speed, leaving Father Cox master of the field, while the kneeling roughs rose and sneaked off abashed and discomfited.

The sequel of this incident should be given. The mock penitent was taken into the Church by Father Cox soon after. He left the camp ground in a state of great alarm on account of his sacrilegious frolic.

"When the old man put his hand on me as I kneeled there in wicked sport, and prayed as he did, it seemed to me that I felt hot flashes from hell rise in my face," said he; "right there I became a true penitent."

The man thus strangely converted became a faithful soldier of the cross.

At a camp meeting near the town of Sonoma, in 1858, Father Cox, who was preacher in charge of that circuit, rose to exhort after the venerable Judge Shattuck had preached one of his strong, earnest sermons. The meeting had been going on several days, and the Sonoma sinners had hitherto resisted all appeals and persuasions. The crowd was great, and every eye was fixed upon the old man as he began his exhortation.

"Boys," he began, in a familiar, kindly way, "boys, you are treating me badly. I have been with you all the year, and you have always had a kind word and a generous hand for the old man.

I love you, and I love your immortal souls. I have entreated you to turn away from your sins, to repent, and come to Christ and be saved. I have preached to you, I have prayed for you, I have wept over you. You harden your hearts, and stiffen your necks, and will not yield. You *will* be lost! You *will* go to hell! In the judgment day you will be left without excuse. And, boys," he continued, his mighty chest heaving, his voice quivering, and the tears running down his cheeks, "boys, I will have to be a witness against you. I shall have to testify that I warned, persuaded, and entreated you in vain. I shall have to testify of the proceedings of this Sabbath night, and tell how you turned a deaf ear to the call of your Saviour. I shall have to hear your sentence of condemnation, and see you driven down to hell. My God, the thought is dreadful! Spare me this agony. Don't, O don't force this upon me! Don't compel the old man to be a witness against you in that awful day! Rather," he continued, "hear my voice of invitation to-night, and come to Christ, so that instead of being a witness against you in that day, I may be able to present you as my spiritual children, and say: 'Lord Jesus, here is the old man and his Sonoma children, all saved, and all ready to join together in a glad hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain!'"

It was overwhelming. The pathos and power of the speaker were indescribable. There was a "breakdown" all over the vast congregation, and a rush of penitents to the altar, as one of the stirring camp meeting choruses pealed forth from the full hearts of the faithful.

Father Cox's ready wit was equal to any occasion. At a camp meeting in the Bodega hills, in "opening the doors of the Church," he said:

"Many souls have been converted, and now I want them all to join the Church. When I was a boy, I learned that it was best to string my fish as I caught them, lest they should flutter back into the water. I want to string my fish—that is, take all the young converts into the Church, and put them to work for Christ—lest they go back into the world"—

"You can't catch *me!*" loudly interrupted a rowdyish-looking fellow who sat on a slab near the rostrum.

"I am not fishing for *gar!*" retorted Father Cox, casting a contemptuous glance at the fellow, and then went on with his work.

The gar fish is the abomination of all true fishermen—hard to catch, coarse-flavored, bony, and nearly worthless when caught. The vulgar fellow became the butt of the camp ground, and soon mounted his mustang and galloped off, amid the derision even of his own sort.

Father Cox had a naturally hot temper, which sometimes flamed forth in a way that was startling. It would have been a bold man who would have tested his physical prowess in a combat. Beside him an ordinary-sized person looked like a pigmy. Near San Juan, in Monterey County, he had occasion to cross a swollen stream by means of the water fence above the ford. The fence was flimsy, and Father Cox was heavy. The undertaking was not an easy one at best, and Father Cox's difficulty and annoyance were enhanced by the ungenerous and violent abuse and curses of an infidel blacksmith on the opposite side of the stream, who had worked himself into a rage because the immense weight of the old man had broken a rail or two of the fence. The situation was too critical for reply, as the mammoth preacher Cox "cooned"

his way cautiously and painfully across the rickety bridge, at the imminent risk every moment of tumbling headlong into the roaring torrent below. Meanwhile the wicked and angry blacksmith kept up a volley of oaths and insulting epithets. The old Adam was waking up in the old preacher. By the time he had reached the shore he was thoroughly mad, and rushing forward he grasped his persecutor and shook him until his breath was nearly out of him, saying: "O, you foul-mouthed villain! If it were not for the fear of my God, I would beat you into a jelly!"

The blacksmith, a stalwart fellow, was astonished; and when Father Cox let him go, he had a new view of the Church militant. This scene was witnessed by a number of bystanders, who did not fail to report it, and it made the old preacher a hero with the rough fellows of San Juan, who thenceforward flocked to hear his preaching as they did to hear nobody else.

The image of Father Cox that is most vivid to my mind as I close this unpretentious sketch is that which he presented as he stood in the pulpit at Stockton one night, during the Conference session, and sung, "I am going home to die no more," his ruddy face aglow, his blue eyes swimming in tears, his white hair glistening in the lamplight. He sleeps on the Bodega hills, amid the oaks and madroñas, whose branches wave in the breezes of the blue Pacific. He has gone home to die no more.

THE ETHICS OF GRIZZLY HUNTING.

ON the Petaluma boat I met him. He was on his way to Washington City, for the purpose of presenting to the President of the United States a curious chair made entirely of buck horns, a real marvel of ingenuity, of which he was quite vain. Dressed in buckskin, with fringed leggings and sleeves, belted and bristling with hunters' arms, strongly built and grizzly-bearded, he was a striking figure as he sat the center of a crowd of admirers. His countenance was expressive of a mixture of brutality, cunning, and good humor. He was a thorough animal. Wild frontier life had not sublimated this old sinner in the way pictured by writers who romance about such things at a distance. Contact with nature and Indians does not seem to exalt the white man, except in fiction. It tends rather to draw him back toward barbarism. The renegade white only differs from the red savage in being a shade more devilish.

"This is Seth Kinman, the great Indian fighter and bear hunter," said an officious passenger.

Thus introduced, I shook hands with him. He seemed inclined to talk, and was kind enough to say he had heard of me and voted for me. Making due acknowledgment of the honor done me, I seated myself near enough to hear, but not so near as to catch the fumes of the alcoholic stimulants of which he was in the habit of indulging freely. His talk was of himself, in connection with In-

dians and bears. He seemed to look upon them in the same light—as natural enemies, to be circumvented or destroyed as opportunity permitted.

“You can’t trust an Injun,” he said. “I know ’em. If they git the upper hand of you, they’ll cinch you, sure. The only way to git along with ’em is to make ’em afeard of you. They’d put a arrer through me long ago if I hadn’t made ’em believe I was a *conjurer*. It happened this way: I had a contract for furnishin’ venison for the troops in Humboldt, and took along a lot of Injuns for the hunt. We had mighty good luck, and started back to Eureka loaded down with the finest sort of deer meat. I saw the Injuns laggin’ behind, and whisperin’ to one another, and mistrusted things wasn’t exactly right. So I keeps my eye on ’em, and had old Cottonblossom here”—caressing a long, rusty-looking rifle—“ready in case anything should turn up. You can’t trust a Injun—they’re all alike; if they git the upper hand of you, you’re gone!” He winked knowingly and chuckled, and then went on: “I stopped and let the Injuns come up, and then got to talkin’ with ’em about huntin’ and shootin’. I told ’em I was a conjurer, and couldn’t be killed by a bullet or arrer, and to prove it I took off my buckskin shirt and set it up twenty steps off, and told ’em the man who could put a arrer through it might have it. They were more than a hour shootin’ at that shirt—the same one I’ve got on now—but they couldn’t faze it.”

“How was that?” asked an open-mouthed young fellow, blazing with cheap jewelry.

“Why, you see, young man, this shirt is well tanned and tough, and I just stood it up on the edges, so that when a arrer struck it, it would naturally give way. If I had only had it on, the

arrers would have gone clean through it, and me too. Injuns are mighty smart in some things, but they all believe in devils, conjurin’, and such like. I played ’em fine on this idee, and they were afeard to touch me, though they were ready enough if they had dared. While I was out choppin’ wood one day, I see a smoke risin’, and thinkin’ somethin’ must be wrong, I got back as soon as I could, and sure enough my house was burnin’. I knowed it was Injuns, and circlin’ round I found the track of a big Injun; it was plain enough to see where he had crossed the creek comin’ and goin’. I got *his* skelp—why, his har was that long,” he said, measuring to his elbow, and leerin’ hideously.

Whether or not this incident was apocryphal I could not decide, but it was evident enough that he intensely relished the notion of “skelping” an Indian.

“I want you to come up to Humboldt and see me kill a grizzly,” he continued, addressing himself to me. “An’ let me tell you now, if ever you shoot a grizzly, hit him about the ear. If you hit him right, you will kill him; if you don’t kill him, you spile his mind. I have seen a grizzly, after he had been hit about the ear, go roun’ an’ roun’ like a top. No danger in a bar after you have hit him in the ear—it’s his tender place. But a bar’s mighty dangerous if you hit him anywhere else, an’ don’t kill him. Me an’ a Injun was huntin’ in the *chaparral*, an’ come across a big grizzly. We both blazed away at him at close range. I saw he was hit, for he whirled half roun’, an’ partly keeled over; but he got up, an’ started for us, mad as fury. We had no time to load, an’ there was nothin’ left but to run for it. It was nip an’ tuck between us. I’m a good runner, an’ the Injun

wasn't slow. Lookin' back, I saw the bar was gainin' on us. I knowed he'd git one of us, an' so I hauled off an' knocked the Injun down. Before he could git up the bar had him." He paused, and looked around complacently.

"Did the bear kill the Indian?" asked the young man with abundant jewelry.

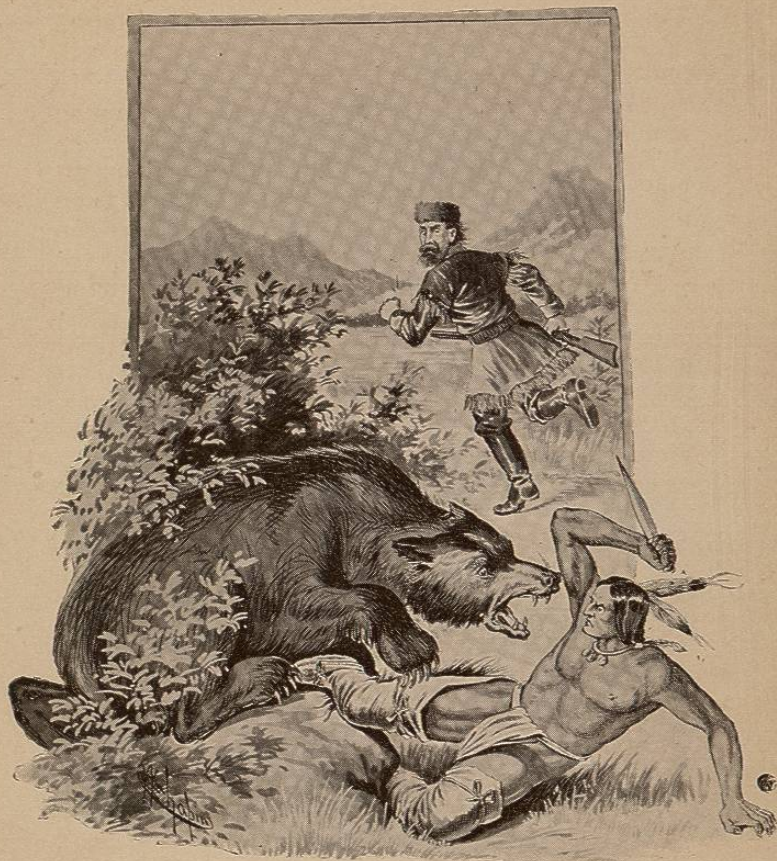
"No; he *chawed* him up awhile, and then left him, and the Injun finally got well. If it had been a white man, he would have died. Injuns can stand a great deal of hurtin' an' not die."

At this point the thought came into my mind that if this incident must be taken as a true presentation of the ethics of bear hunting as practiced by Mr. Kinman, I did not aspire to the honor of becoming his hunting companion. Are the ethics of the stock exchange any higher than those of the Humboldt bear hunter? Let the bear, bankruptcy, or the devil take the hindmost, is the motto of human nature on its dark side, whether on Wall Street or in the California *chaparral*.

"Were you ever in Napa City?" he inquired of me.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see the big stuffed grizzly in the drug store? You have, eh? Well, I killed that bar, the biggest ever shot in Californy. I was out one day lookin' for a deer about sundown, an' heerd the dogs a barkin' as they was comin' down Eel River. In a little while here come the bar, an' a whopper he was! I raised old Cottonblossom, an' let him have it as he passed me. I saw I had hit him, for he seemed to drag his *lines* [loins] as he plunged down the bank of the river among the grapevines an' thick bushes. Next mornin' I took the dogs an' put 'em on his trail. I could see that his back was broke, because I could see the print



"Before he could git up the bar had him."

where his hind parts had dragged down the sandy bed of the river. By an' by I heerd the dogs a bayin', an' I knowed they'd come up with him. I hurried up, an' found the bar sittin' on his rump in a hole of water about three feet deep, snappin' his teeth at the dogs as they swum around him, barkin' like fury. He couldn't git any further—old Cottonblossom had done his work for him. I thought I would have a little fun by aggravatin' him awhile."

"What do you mean by aggravating the bear?" asked a bystander.

"I would just take big rocks an' go up close to him, an' hit him between the eyes. You ought to have heerd him *yowl!* His eyes actually turned green, he was so mad, an' his jaws champed like a sawmill; but he couldn't budge—every time he tried to git on his feet he fell back agin, the maddest bar ever seen." At this point in the narration Kinman's sinister blue eyes gleamed with brute ferocity. My aversion to making him my hunting companion increased. "After I had my fun with him, I took old Cottonblossom an' planted a bullet under his shoulder, an' he tumbled over dead. It took four of us to pull him out of that hole, an' he weighed thirteen hundred pounds."

I had enough of this, and left the group, reflecting on the peculiar ethics of bear hunting. The last glimpse I had of this child of nature, he was chuckling over a grossly obscene picture which he was exhibiting to some congenial spirits. His invitation to join him in a bear hunt has not yet been accepted.

STEWART.

I FIRST met him in New Orleans, in February, 1855. He was small, sandy-haired and whiskered, blue-eyed, bushy-headed, with an impediment in his speech, rapid in movement, and shy in manner. We were on our way to California, and were fellow-missionaries. At the *Advocate* office, on Magazine Street, he was discussed in my presence. "He won't do for California," said one who has since filled a large space in the public eye; "he won't do for that fast country—he is too timid and too slow." Never did a keen observer make a greater mistake in judging a man.

Stewart stood with us on the deck of the "Daniel Webster" that afternoon as we swept down the mighty Mississippi, taking a last, lingering look at the shores we were leaving, perhaps forever, and gazing upon the glories of the sunset on the Gulf. I remember well the feelings of mingled sadness and curiosity and youthful hopefulness that swayed me, until just as the twilight deepened into darkness we struck the long, heavy sea swell, and I lost at once my sentiment and my dinner. Seasickness is the only very distinct remembrance of those days on the Gulf. Seasick, seasicker, seasickest! Stewart succumbed at once. He was very sick and very low-spirited. One day in the Caribbean Sea he had crawled out of his hot stateroom to seek a breath of fresh air under the awning on deck. He looked unutterly miserable as he said to me: "Do you believe in presentiments?"

(74)

"Yes, I do," was my half jocular reply.

"So do I," he said with great solemnity; "and I have had a presentiment ever since we left New Orleans that we should never reach California, that we should be caught in a storm, and the ship and all on board lost."

"I have had a presentiment," I answered, "that we *shall* arrive safe and sound in San Francisco, and that we *shall* live and labor many years in California, and do some good. Now, I will put my presentiment against yours."

He looked at me sadly, and sighed as he looked out upon the boiling sea that seemed like molten copper under the midday blaze of the tropical sun, and no more was said about presentiments.

He was with us at Greytown, where we went ashore and got our first taste of tropical scenery, and where we declined a polite invitation from a native to dine on stewed monkey and boiled iguana. (The iguana is a species of big lizard, highly prized as a delicacy by the Nicaraguans.) He enjoyed with us the sights and adventures of the journey across the isthmus. This was a new world to him and us, and not even the horrible profanity and vulgarity of the ninety "roughs" who came in the steerage from New York could destroy the charm and glory of the tropics. Among those ninety drinking, swearing, gambling fellows, there were ninety revolvers, and as we ascended the beautiful San Juan River, flowing between gigantic avenues of lofty teak and other trees, and past the verdant grass islands that waved with the breeze and swayed with the motion of the limpid waters, the volleys of oaths and firearms were alike incessant. Huge, lazy, rusty-looking alligators lined the banks of the rivers by hundreds, and furnished targets for these free-and-easy Americans, who had

left one part of their country for its good, to seek a field congenial to their tastes and adapted to their talents. The alligators took it all very easy in most cases, rolling leisurely into the water as the bullets rattled harmlessly against their scaly sides. One lucky shot hit a great monster in the eye, and he bounded several feet into the air, and lashed the water into foam with his struggles, as the steamer swept out of sight. The sport was now and then enlivened by the appearance of a few monkeys, at whom (or which) the revolvered Americans would blaze away as they (the monkeys) clambered in fright to the highest branches of the trees. Whisky, profanity, and gunpowder—three things dear to the devil, and that go well together—ruled the day, and gave proof that North American civilization had found its way to those solitudes of nature. Birds of gayest plumage fluttered in the air, and on either hand the forest blazed in all the vividness of the tropical flora. Now and then we would meet a bungo, a long, narrow river boat, usually propelled by oars worked by eight tawny fellows whose costume was—a panama hat and a cigar! Despite their primitive style of dress, their manners contrasted favorably with the fellow-passengers of whom I have spoken. But I must hurry on, nor suffer this sketch to be diverted from its proper course. How we had to stop at night on the river and lie on the open deck, while the woods echoed with the revelry of the “roughs;” how we were detained at Fort Castilio, and how I fared sumptuously, being taken for a “Padre;” how I didn’t throw the contemptible little whiffet who commanded the lake steamer overboard for his unbearable insolence; how we landed in the surf at San Juan del Sur, and got drenched; how we rode mules in the darkness;

how nearly we escaped a massacre when a drunken American slapped the face of a native at the “Halfway House,” and got stabbed for it, and five hundred muskets and the ninety revolvers were about to be used in shooting; how we averted the catastrophe by a little strategy, and galloped away on our mules, the ladies thundering along after in Concord wagons; how at midnight we reached the blue Pacific, and gave vent to our joy in rousing cheers; and how in due time we passed the Golden Gate in the night, and waked up in San Francisco harbor—may not be told, farther than what is given in this paragraph.

Stewart was sent to the mines to preach. This suited him. Some men shrink from hardships; he seemed to dread only an easy place. Walking his mountain circuit, sleeping in the rude miners’ cabins, and sharing their rough fare, he was looked upon as a strange sort of man, who loved toil and forgot self. Such a man he was. His greatest joy was the thought that he could do a work for his Master where others could not or would not go. It was with this feeling that he took the work of agent for the Church paper and the college, and wandered over California and Oregon, doing what was intensely repugnant to his natural feelings. He once told me that he had been such a sinner in his youth that he felt it was right that he should bear the heaviest cross. The idea of penance unconsciously entered into his view of Christian duty, and when he was “roughing it” in the mountains in midwinter his letters were most cheerful in tone. In the city he was restive, and the more comfortable were his quarters the more eager was he to get away. He had fits of fearful mental depression at times, when he would pass whole nights rapidly pacing his room, with sighs and groans and tears.

His temper was quick and hot. At a camp meeting in Sacramento County, he astonished beyond measure a disorderly fellow by giving him a sudden and severe caning. After it was over, Stewart's shame and remorse were great. Everybody else, however, applauded the deed. He had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war, and was noted for his daring, but now that he belonged to a noncombatant order, he was mortified that for the moment his martial instincts had prevailed. His moral courage was equal to any test. No man dealt more plainly and sternly with the prevalent vices of California, nor dealt more faithfully with a friend. Many a gambler and debauchee winced under his reproofs, and many a Methodist preacher and layman had his eyes opened by his rebukes. But he was tender as well as faithful, and he rarely gave offense. He loved, and was loved by, little children; and there is no stronger proof of a pure and gentle nature than that. He was a Protestant Carmelite, shunning ease, and glorying only in what the flesh naturally abhors. He would have been pained by popularity, in the usual sense of the word. Any unusual attention distressed him, and he always shrank from observation, except when duty called him out. A graduate of Davidson College, North Carolina, and a graduate in medicine, he was more anxious to conceal his learning than most men are to parade theirs. But the luster of such a jewel could not be hid, and that popular instinct which recognizes true souls had given Stewart his proper rank before his fellow-preachers knew his full value.

When the war broke out in 1861, Stewart was preaching in Los Angeles County. The roar of the great conflict reached him, and he became restless. He felt that he ought to share the dan-

gers and sufferings of the South. In reply to a letter from him asking my advice, I advised him not to go. But in a few days I got a note from him, saying that he had prayed over the matter, and felt it his duty to go—he was needed in the hospital work, and he could not shrink. I doubt not there was a subtle attraction to him in the danger and hardship to be met and endured. The next news was that he had started across Mexico to the Rio Grande alone, on horseback, with his saddlebags, Bible, and hymn book.

Shortly after crossing the Mexican border he fell in with a man who gave his name as McManus, who told him he also was bound to Texas, and offered his company. Stewart consented, and they rode on together in what proved to be the path of fate to both. On the third day that they had journeyed in company they stopped in a lonely place under the shade of some trees, near a spring of water, to rest and eat. As usual, Stewart read a chapter or two in his pocket Bible, and then took out his diary and began to write. McManus now saw the opportunity he was seeking. Seizing Stewart's gun, he placed the muzzle against his breast, and fired. He staggered back and fell, the lifeblood gushing from his heart, and with a few gasps and moans he was dead. The last words he had just traced in his diary were these: "Lord Jesus, guide and keep me this day." Providence has presented to my mind no greater or sadder mystery than such a death for such a man.

McManus rode back to the little town of Rosario, scarcely caring to conceal his awful crime among the desperadoes with whom he associated. He rode Stewart's horse, and took, with the well-worn saddlebags, the Bible, the hymn book, and the eight hundred dollars in gold which had led

him to commit the cruel murder. A small party of Texans happened to be passing through that region, who, hearing what had been done, arrested the murderer; but McManus's Mexican friends interfered, and forced the Texans to liberate him. But the devil lured the murderer on to his fate. He started again toward the Rio Grande, still mounted on the murdered preacher's horse, and again he fell into the hands of the Texans. What befell him then was not stated definitely in the narrative given by one of the party. It was merely said: "McManus will kill no more preachers." This does not leave a very wide field for the exercise of the imagination. Stewart was buried where he met his strange and tragic end. Of all the men who bore the banner of the cross in the early days of California, there was no truer or knightlier soul than his.

A MENDOCINO MURDER.

AMONG my occasional hearers when I preached on Weber Avenue, in Stockton, was a handsome, sunny-faced young man who, I was informed, was studying for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. His manners were easy and graceful, his voice pleasant, his smile winning, and his whole appearance prepossessing to an unusual degree. He was one of the sort of men that everybody likes at first sight. I lost trace of him when I left the place, but retained a decidedly pleasant remembrance of him, and a hopeful interest in his welfare and usefulness. My surprise may be imagined when, a few years afterwards, I found him in jail charged with complicity in one of the most horrible murders ever perpetrated in any country.

It was during my pastorate in Santa Rosa in 1873 that I was told that Geiger, a prisoner confined in the county jail, awaiting trial for murder, had asked to see me. Upon visiting him in his cell, I found that his business with me was not concerning his soul, but his family. They were very poor, and since his imprisonment matters had been going worse and worse with them, until they were in actual want. Knowing well the warm-hearted community of Santa Rosa, I did not hesitate to promise in their name relief for his wife and children. After having satisfied him on this point, I tried to lead the conversation to the subject of religion; but seeing he was not disposed to talk further, I withdrew. Before leaving the jail,