to do. And so that extemporized class meeting came to an abrupt end.

"Pray with me," he said to me the last time I saw him at the asylum. Closing the door of the little private office, we knelt side by side, and the poor old sufferer, bathed in tears, and docile as a little child, prayed to the once suffering, once crucified, but risen and interceding Jesus. When he arose from his knees his eyes were wet, and his face showed that there was a great calm within. We never met again. He went home to die. The storms that had swept his soul subsided, the light of reason was rekindled, and the light of faith burned brightly; and in a few weeks he died in great peace, and another glad voice joined in the anthems of the blood-washed millions in the city of God.

SUICIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

A HALF protest rises within me as I begin this Sketch. The page almost turns crimson under my gaze, and shadowy forms come forth out of the darkness into which they wildly plunged out of life's misery into death's mystery. Ghostly lips cry out: "Leave us alone! Why call us back to a world where we lost all, and in quitting which we risked all? Disturb us not to gratify the cold curiosity of unfeeling strangers. We have passed on beyond human jurisdiction to the realities we dared to meet. Give us the pity and courtesy of your silence, O living brother, who didst escape the wreck!" The appeal is not without effect, and if I lift the shroud that covers the faces of these dead, self-destroyed, it will be tenderly, pityingly. These simple Sketches of real California life would be imperfect if this characteristic feature were entirely omitted, for California was (and is yet) the land of suicides. In a single year there were one hundred and six in San Francisco alone. The whole number of suicides in the State would, if the horror of each case could be even imperfectly imagined, appall even the dryest statistician of crime. The causes for this prevalence of self-destruction are to be sought in the peculiar conditions of the country and the habits of the people. California, with all its beauty, grandeur, and riches, has been to the many who have gone thither a land of great expectations, but small results. This was specially the case in the earlier period of its history, after

the discovery of gold and its settlement by "Americans," as we call as ourselves, *par excellence*. Hurled from the topmost height of extravagant hope to the lowest deep of disappointment, the shock is too great for reaction; the rope, razor, bullet, or deadly drug, finishes the tragedy. Materialistic infidelity in California is the avowed belief of multitudes, and its subtle poison infects the minds and unconsciously the actions of thousands who recoil from the dark abyss that yawns at the feet of its adherents with its fascination of horror. Under some circumstances, suicide becomes logical to a man who has neither hope nor dread of a hereafter. Sins against the body, and especially the nervous system, were prevalent; and days of pain, sleepless nights, and weakened wills were the precursors of the tragedy that promised change, if not rest. The devil gets men inside a fiery circle, made by their own sin and folly, from which there seems to be no escape but by death, and they will unbar its awful door with their own trembling hands. There is another door of escape for the worst and most wretched, and it is opened to the penitent by the hand that was nailed to the rugged cross. These crises do come, when the next step must be death or life, penitence or perdition. Do sane men and women ever commit suicide? Yes and No. Yes, in the sense that they sometimes do it with even pulse and steady nerves. No, in the sense that there cannot be perfect soundness in the brain and heart of one who violates a primal instinct of human nature. Each case has its own peculiar features, and must be left to the all-seeing and all-pitying Father. Suicide, where it is not the greatest of crimes, is the greatest of misfortunes. The righteous Judge will classify its victims.

A noted case in San Francisco was that of a French Catholic priest. He was young, brilliant, and popular—beloved by his flock, and admired by a large circle outside. He had taken the solemn vows of his Order in all sincerity of purpose, and was distinguished as well for his zeal in his pastoral work as for his genius. But temptation met him, and he fell. It came in the shape in which it assailed the young Hebrew in Potiphar's house, and in which it overcame the poet-king of Israel. He was seized with horror and remorse, though he had no accuser save that voice within, which cannot be hushed while the soul lives. He ceased to perform the sacred functions of his office, making some plausible pretext to his superiors, not daring to add sacrilege to mortal sin. Shutting himself in his chamber, he brooded over his crime; or, no longer able to endure the agony he felt, he would rush forth, and walk for hours over the sand dunes or along the seabeach. But no answer of peace followed his prayers, and the voices of nature soothed him not. He thought his sin unpardonable—at least, he would not pardon himself. He was found one morning lying dead in his bed in a pool of blood. He had severed the jugular vein with a razor, which was still clutched in his stiffened fingers. His handsome and classic face bore no trace of pain. A sealed letter, lying on the table, contained his confession and his farewell.

Among the lawyers in one of the largest mining towns of California was H. B——. He was a native of Virginia, and an *alumnus* of its noble university. He was a scholar, a fine lawyer, handsome and manly in person and bearing, and had the gift of popularity. Though the youngest lawyer in the town, he took a front place at the bar at

once. Over the heads of several older aspirants, he was elected county judge. There was no ebb in the tide of his general popularity, and he had qualities that won the warmest regard of his inner circle of special friends. But in this case, as in many others, success had its danger. Hard drinking was the rule in those days. Horace B—— had been one of the rare exceptions. There was a reason for this extra prudence. He had that peculiar susceptibility to alcoholic excitement which has been the ruin of so many gifted and noble men. He knew his weakness, and it is strange that he did not continue to guard against the danger that he so well understood. Strange? No. This infatuation is so common in everyday life that we cannot call it strange. There is some sort of fatal fascination that draws men with their eyes wide open into the very jaws of this hell of strong drink. The most brilliant physician in San Francisco, in the prime of his magnificent young manhood, died of *delirium tremens*, the victim of a self-inflicted disease, whose horrors no one knew or could picture so well as himself. Who says man is not a fallen, broken creature, and that there is not a devil at hand to tempt him? This devil, under the guise of sociability, false pride, or moral cowardice, tempted Horace B——, and he yielded. Like tinder touched by flame, he blazed into drunkenness, and again and again the proud-spirited, manly, and cultured young lawyer and jurist was seen staggering along the streets, maudlin or mad with alcohol. When he had slept off his madness, his humiliation was intense, and he walked the streets with pallid face and downcast eyes. The coarser-grained men with whom he was thrown in contact had no conception of the mental tortures he suffered, and their rude jests stung him to the

quick. He despised himself as a weakling and a coward, but he did not get more than a transient victory over his enemy. The spark had struck a sensitive organization, and the fire of hell, smothered for the time, would blaze out again. He was fast becoming a common drunkard, the accursed appetite growing stronger, and his will weakening in accordance with that terrible law by which man's physical and moral nature visits retribution on all who cross its path. During a term of the court over which he presided, he was taken home one night drunk. A pistol shot was heard by persons in the vicinity sometime before daybreak; but pistol shots, at all hours of the night, were then too common to excite special attention. Horace B—— was found next morning lying on the floor with a bullet through his head. Many a stout, heavy-bearded man had wet eyes when the body of the ill-fated and brilliant young Virginian was let down into the grave, which had been dug for him on the hill overlooking the town from the southeast.

In the same town there was a portrait painter, a quiet, pleasant fellow, with a good face and easy, gentlemanly ways. As an artist he was not without merit, but his gift fell short of genius. He fell in love with a charming girl, the eldest daughter of a leading citizen. She could not return his passion. The enamored artist still loved, and hoped against hope, lingering near her like a moth around a candle. There was another and more favored suitor in the case, and the rejected lover had all his hopes killed at one blow by her marriage to his rival. He felt that without her life was not worth living. He resolved to kill himself, and swallowed the contents of a two-ounce bottle of laudanum. After he had done the rash deed

a reaction took place. He told what he had done, and a physician was sent for. Before the doctor's arrival the deadly drug asserted its power, and this repentant suicide began to show signs of going into a sleep from which it was certain he would never awake.

"My God! What have I done?" he exclaimed in horror. "Do your best, boys, to keep me from going to sleep before the doctor gets here."

The doctor came quickly, and by the prompt and very vigorous use of the stomach pump he was saved. I was sent for, and found the would-be suicide looking very weak, sick, silly, and sheepish. He got well, and went on making pictures; but the picture of the fair, sweet girl, for love of whom he came so near dying, never faded from his mind. His face always wore a sad look, and he lived the life of a recluse, but he never attempted suicide again—he had had enough of that.

"It always makes me shudder to look at that place," said a lady, as we passed an elegant cottage on the western side of Russian Hill, San Francisco.

"Why so? To me the place looks specially cheerful and attractive, with its graceful slope, its shrubbery, flowers, and thick greensward."

"Yes, it is a lovely place, but it has a history that it shocks me to think of. Do you see that tall pumping apparatus, with water tank on top, in the rear of the house?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"A woman hanged herself there a year ago. The family consisted of the husband and wife and two bright, beautiful children. He was thrifty and prosperous, she was an excellent housekeeper, and the children were healthy and well-behaved. In appearance a happier family could not be found

on the hill. One day Mr. P—— came home at the usual hour, and, missing the wife's customary greeting, he asked the children where she was. The children had not seen their mother for two or three hours, and looked startled when they found she was missing. Messengers were sent to the nearest neighbors to make inquiries, but no one had seen her. Mr. P——'s face began to wear a troubled look as he walked the floor, from time to time going to the door and casting anxious glances about the premises.

"About dusk a sudden shriek was heard issuing from the water tank in the yard, and the Irish servant girl came rushing from it, with eyes distended and face pale with terror. 'Holy Mother of God! It's the Missus that's hanged herself!'

"The alarm spread, and soon a crowd, curious and sympathetic, had collected. They found the poor lady suspended by the neck from a beam at the head of the staircase leading to the top of the inclosure. She was quite dead, and a horrible sight to see. At the inquest no facts were developed throwing any light on the tragedy. There had been no cloud in the sky portending the lightning stroke that laid the happy little home in ruins. The husband testified that she was as bright and happy the morning of the suicide as he had ever seen her, and had parted with him at the door with the usual kiss. Everything about the house that day bore the marks of her deft and skillful touch. The two children were dressed with accustomed neatness and good taste. And yet the bolt was in the cloud, and it fell before the sun had set!" What was the mystery? Ever afterwards I felt something of the feeling expressed by my lady friend when, in passing, I looked upon the structure which had been the scene of this singular tragedy.

One of the most energetic business men living in one of the foothill towns, on the northern edge of the Sacramento Valley, had a charming wife, whom he loved with deep and tender devotion. As in all true love matches, the passion of youth had ripened into a yet stronger and purer love with the lapse of years and participation in the joys and sorrows of wedded life. Their union had been blessed with five children, all intelligent, sweet, and full of promise. It was a very affectionate and happy household. Both parents possessed considerable literary taste and culture, and the best books and current magazine literature were read, discussed, and enjoyed in that quiet and elegant home amid the roses and evergreens. It was a little paradise in the hills, where Love, the home angel, brightened every room and blessed every heart. But trouble came in the shape of business reverses, and the worried look and wakeful nights of the husband told how heavy were the blows that had fallen upon this hard and willing worker. The course of ruin in California was fearfully rapid in those days. When a man's financial supports began to give way, they went with a crash. So it was in this case. Everything was swept away, a mountain of unpaid debts was piled up, credit was gone, clamor of creditors deafened him, and the gaunt wolf of actual want looked in through the door of the cottage upon the dear wife and little ones. Another shadow, and a yet darker one, settled upon them. The unhappy man had been tampering with the delusion of spiritualism, and his wife had been drawn with him into a partial belief in its vagaries. In their troubles they sought the aid of the "familiar spirits" that peeped and muttered through speaking, writing, and rapping mediums. This kept

them in a state of morbid excitement that increased from day to day until they were wrought up to a tension that verged on insanity. The lying spirits, or the frenzy of his own heated brain, turned his thought to death as the only escape from want.

"I see our way out of these troubles, wife," he said one night, as they sat hand in hand in the bedchamber, where the children were lying asleep. "We will all die together! This has been revealed to me as the solution of all our difficulties. Yes, we will enter the beautiful spirit world together! This is freedom! It is only getting out of prison. Bright spirits beckon and call us. I am ready." There was a gleam of madness in his eyes, and, as he took a pistol from the bureau drawer, an answering gleam flashed forth from the eyes of the wife, as she said: "Yes, love; we will all go together. I too am ready."

The children were sleeping sweetly, unmindful of the horror that the devil was hatching. "The children first, then you, and then me," he said, his eye kindling with increasing excitement.

He penciled a short note addressed to one of his old friends, asking him to attend to the burial of the bodies, then they kissed each of the sleeping children, and then—but let the curtain fall on the scene that followed. The seven were found next day lying dead, a bullet through the brain of each, the murderer, by the side of the wife, still holding the weapon of death in his hand, its muzzle against his right temple.

Other pictures of real life and death crowd upon my mind, among them noble forms and faces that were near and dear to me; but again I hear the appealing voices. The page before me is wet with tears—I cannot see to write.

MIKE REESE.

I HAD business with him, and went at a business hour. No introduction was needed, for he had been my landlord, and no tenant of his ever had reason to complain that he did not get a visit from him, in person or by proxy, at least once a month. He was a punctual man—as a collector of what was due him. Seeing that he was intently engaged, I paused and looked at him. A man of huge frame, with enormous hands and feet, massive head, receding forehead, and heavy cerebral development, full sensual lips, large nose, and peculiar eyes that seemed at the same time to look through you and to shrink from your gaze—he was a man at whom a stranger would stop in the street to get a second look. There he sat at his desk, too much absorbed to notice my entrance. Before him lay a large pile of one-thousand-dollar United States Government bonds, and he was clipping off the coupons. That face! it was a study as he sat using the big pair of scissors. A hungry boy in the act of taking into his mouth a ripe cherry, a mother gazing down into the face of her pretty sleeping child, a lover looking into the eyes of his charmer, are but faint figures by which to express the intense pleasure he felt in his work. But there was also a feline element in his joy—his handling of those bonds was somewhat like a cat toying with its prey. When at last he raised his head, there was a fierce gleam in his eye and a flush in his face. I had come upon a devotee engaged in worship. This was Mike

Reese, the miser and millionaire. Placing his huge left hand on the pile of bonds, he gruffly returned my salutation: "Good morning."

He turned as he spoke, and cast into my face a look of scrutiny which said plain enough that he wanted me to make known my business with him at once.

I told him what was wanted. At the request of the official board of the Minna Street Church I had come to ask him to make a contribution toward the payment of its debt.

"O yes; I was expecting you. They all come to me. Father Gallagher, of the Catholic Church, Dr. Wyatt, of the Episcopal Church, and all the others, have been here. I feel friendly to the Churches, and I treat all alike—it won't do for me to be partial—*I don't give to any!*"

That last clause was an anticlimax, dashing my hopes rudely; but I saw he meant it, and left. I never heard of his departing from the rule of strict impartiality he had laid down for himself.

We met at times at a restaurant on Clay Street. He was a hearty feeder, and it was amusing to see how skillfully in the choice of dishes and the thoroughness with which he emptied them he could combine economy with plenty. On several of these occasions, when we chanced to sit at the same table, I proposed to pay for both of us, and he quickly assented, his hard, heavy features lighting up with undisguised pleasure at the suggestion, as he shambled out of the room amid the smiles of the company present, most of whom knew him as a millionaire, and me as a Methodist preacher.

He had one affair of the heart. Cupid played a prank on him that was the occasion of much merriment in the San Francisco newspapers, and of

much grief to him. A widow was his enslaver and tormentor—the old story. She sued him for breach of promise of marriage. The trial made great fun for the lawyers, reporters, and the amused public generally; but it was no fun for him. He was mulcted for six thousand dollars and costs of the suit. It was during the time I was renting one of his offices on Washington Street. I called to see him, wishing to have some repairs made. His clerk met me in the narrow hall, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he said: "You had better come another day. The old man has just paid that judgment in the breach of promise case, and he is in a bad way."

Hearing our voices, he said: "Who is there? Come in."

I went in, and found him sitting leaning on his desk, the picture of intense wretchedness. He was all unstrung, his jaw fallen, and a most pitiful face met mine as he looked up and said, in a broken voice: "Come some other day—I can do no business to-day; I am very unwell."

He was indeed sick—sick at heart. I felt sorry for him. Pain always excites my pity, no matter what may be its cause. He was a miser, and the payment of those thousands of dollars was like tearing him asunder. He did not mind the gibes of the newspapers, but the loss of the money was almost killing. He had not set his heart on popularity, but cash.

He had another special trouble, but with a different sort of ending. It was discovered by a neighbor of his that, by some mismeasurement of the surveyors, he (Reese) had built the wall of one of his immense business houses on Front Street six inches beyond his own proper line, taking in just so much of that neighbor's lot. Not being on

friendly terms with Reese, his neighbor made a peremptory demand for the removal of the wall, or the payment of a heavy price for the ground. Here was misery for the miser. He writhed in mental agony, and begged for easier terms, but in vain. His neighbor would not relent. The business men of the vicinity rather enjoyed the situation, humorously watching the progress of the affair. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, both parties bearing the reputation of being hard men to deal with. A day was fixed for Reese to give a definite answer to his neighbor's demand, with notice that, in case of noncompliance, suit against him would be begun at once. The day came, and with it a remarkable change in Reese's tone. He sent a short note to his enemy, breathing profanity and defiance.

"What is the matter?" mused the puzzled citizen. "Reese has made some discovery that makes him think he has the upper hand, else he would not talk this way."

And he sat and thought. The instinct of this class of men where money is involved is like a miracle.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed; "Reese has the same hold on me that I have on him."

Reese happened to be the owner of another lot adjoining that of his enemy, on the other side. It occurred to him that, as all these lots were surveyed at the same time by the same party, it was most likely that as his line had gone six inches too far on the one side, his enemy's had gone as much too far on the other. And so it was. He had quietly a survey made of the premises, and he chuckled with inward joy to find that he held this winning card in the unfriendly game. With grim politeness the neighbors exchanged deeds for

the two half feet of ground, and their war ended. The moral of this incident is for him who hath wit enough to see it.

For several seasons he came every morning to North Beach to take sea baths. Sometimes he rode his well-known white horse, but oftener he walked. He bathed in the open sea, making, as one expressed it, twenty-five cents out of the Pacific Ocean by avoiding the bath house. Was this the charm that drew him forth so early? It not seldom chanced that we walked down town together. At times he was quite communicative, speaking of himself in a way that was peculiar. It seems he had thoughts of marrying before his episode with the widow.

"Do you think a young girl of twenty could love an old man like me?" he asked me one day, as we were walking along the street.

I looked at his huge and ungainly bulk, and into his animal face, and made no direct answer. Love! Six millions of dollars is a great sum. Money may buy youth and beauty, but love does not come at its call. God's highest gifts are free; only the second-rate things can be bought with money. Did this sordid old man yearn for pure human love amid his millions? Did such a dream cast a momentary glamour over a life spent in raking among the muck heaps? If so, it passed away, for he never married.

He understood his own case. He knew in what estimation he was held by the public, and did not conceal his scorn for its opinion.

"My love of money is a disease. My saving and hoarding as I do is irrational, and I know it. It pains me to pay five cents for a street car ride, or a quarter of a dollar for a dinner. My pleasure in accumulating property is morbid, but I have

felt it from the time I was a foot peddler in Charlotte, Campbell, and Pittsylvania Counties, in Virginia, until now. It is a sort of insanity, and it is incurable; but it is about as good a form of madness as any, and all the world is mad in some fashion."

This was the substance of what he said of himself when in one of his moods of free speech, and it gave me a new idea of human nature—a man whose keen and penetrating brain could subject his own consciousness to a cool and correct analysis, seeing clearly the folly which he could not resist. The autobiography of such a man might furnish a curious psychological study, and explain the formation and development in society of those moral monsters called misers. Nowhere in literature has such a character been fully portrayed, though Shakespeare and George Eliot have given vivid touches of some of its features.

He always retained a kind feeling for the South, over whose hills he had borne his peddler's pack when a youth. After the war, two young ex-Confederate soldiers came to San Francisco to seek their fortunes. A small room adjoining my office was vacant, and the brothers requested me to secure it for them as cheap as possible. I applied to Reese, telling him who the young men were, and describing their broken and impecunious condition.

"Tell them to take the room free of rent, but it ought to bring five dollars a month."

It took a mighty effort, and he sighed as he spoke the words. I never heard of his acting similarly in any other case, and I put this down to his credit, glad to know that there was a warm spot in that mountain of mud and ice. A report of this generous act got afloat in the city, and many

were the inquiries I received as to its truth. There was general incredulity.

His health failed, and he crossed the seas. Perhaps he wished to visit his native hills in Germany, which he had last seen when a child. There he died, leaving all his millions to his kindred, save a bequest of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the University of California. What were his last thoughts, what was his final verdict concerning human life, I know not. Empty-handed he entered the world of spirits, where, the film fallen from his vision, he saw the eternal realities. What amazement must have followed his awakening!

UNCLE NOLAN.

HE was black and ugly, but it was ugliness that did not disgust nor repel you. His face had a touch both of the comic and the pathetic. His mouth was wide, his lips very thick and the color of a ripe damson, blue-black; his nose made up in width what it lacked in elevation; his ears were big, and bent forward; his eyes were a dull white, on a very dark ground; his wool was white and thick. His age might be anywhere along from seventy onward. A black man's age, like that of a horse, becomes dubious after reaching a certain stage.

He came to the class meeting in the Pine Street Church, in San Francisco, one Sabbath morning. He asked leave to speak, which was granted.

"Bruthren, I come here sometime ago, from Vicksburg, Miss., where I has lived for forty year, or more. I heered dar was a culud church op on de hill, an' I thought I'd go an' washup wid 'em. I went dar three or fo' Sundays, but I foun' deir ways didn't suit me, an' my ways didn't suit dem. Dey was Yankees' niggers, an' [proudly] I's a Southern man myself. Sumbody tole me dar was a Southern Church down here on Pine Street, an' I thought I'd cum an' look in. Soon's I got inside de church, an' look roun' a minit, I feels at home. Dey look like home folks, de preacher preach like home folks, de people sing like home folks. Yer see, chillun, I's a Southern man myself [emphatically], and I's a Southern Methodis'. Dis is de Church I was borned

in, an' dis is de Church I was *rarred* in, an' [with great energy] dis is de Church which de Scripter says de gates uv hell shall not prevail agin it! ["Amen!" from Father Newman and others.] When dey heerd I was comin' to dis Church, some uv 'em got arter me 'bout it. Dey say dis Church was a enemy to de black people, and dat dey was in favor uv slavery. I tole 'em de Scripter said, 'Love your enemies,' an' den I took de Bible an' read what it says about slavery—I can read some, chillun—'Servants, obey yer masters in all things, not wid eye-service, as men pleasers, but as unto de Lord;' and so on. But, bless yer souls, chillun, dey wouldn't lis'en to dat—*so I foun' out dey was abberlishen niggers, an' I lef' 'em!*"

Yes, he left them, and came to us. I received him into the Church in due form, and with no little eclat, he being the only son of Ham on our roll of members in San Francisco. He stood firm to his Southern Methodist colors under a great pressure.

"Yer ought ter be killed for goin' ter dat Southern Church," said one of his colored acquaintances one day, as they met in the street.

"Kill me, den," said Uncle Nolan, with proud humility; "kill me, den; yer can't cheat me out uv many days, nohow."

He made a living, and something over, by rag-picking at North Beach and elsewhere, until the Chinese entered into competition with him, and then it was hard times for Uncle Nolan. His eyesight partially failed him, and it was pitiful to see him on the beach, his threadbare garments fluttering in the wind, groping amid the rubbish for rags, or shuffling along the streets with a huge sack on his back, and his old felt hat tied under his nose

with a string, picking his way carefully to spare his swollen feet, which were tied up with bagging and woolens. His religious fervor never cooled; I never heard him complain. He never ceased to be joyously thankful for two things: his freedom and his religion. But, strange as it may seem, he was a proslavery man to the last. Even after the war, he stood to his opinion.

"Dem niggers in de South thinks dey is free, but dey ain't. 'Fore it's all ober, all dat ain't dead will be glad to git back to deir masters," he would say.

Yet he was very proud of his own freedom, and took the utmost care of his free papers. He had no desire to resume his former relation to the peculiar and patriarchal institution. He was not the first philosopher who had one theory for his fellows, and another for himself.

Uncle Nolan would talk of religion by the hour. He never tired of that theme. His faith was simple and strong, but, like most of his race, he had a tinge of superstition. He was a dreamer of dreams, and he believed in them. Here is one which he recited to me. His weird manner, and low, chanting tone, I must leave to the imagination of the reader.

Uncle Nolan's Dream.

A tall black man come along, an' took me by de arm, an' tole me he had come for me. I said: "Wha' yer want wid me?"

"I come to carry yer down into de darkness."

"What for?"

"'Cause you didn't follow de Lord."

Wid dat, he pulled me 'long de street till he come to a big black house, de biggest house an' de thickest walls I ever seed. We went in a little

do', an' den he took me down a long sta'rs in de dark, till we come to a big do'; we went inside, an' den de big black man locked de do' behin' us. An' so we kep' on, goin' down, an' goin' down, an' goin' down, an' he kep' lockin' dem big iron do's behin' us, an' all de time it was pitch dark, so I couldn't see him, but he still hel' on ter me. At las' we stopped, an' den he started to go 'way. He locked de do' behin' him, an' I heered him goin' up de steps de way we come, lockin' all de do's behin' him as he went. I tell you, dat was dreadful when I heerd dat big key turn on de outside, an' me 'way down, down dar in de dark all alone, an' no chance ever to git out! An' I knowed it was 'cause I didn't foller de Lord. I felt roun' de place, an' dar was nothin' but de thick walls an' de great iron do'. Den I sot down an' cried, 'cause I knowed I was a los' man. Dat was de same as hell [his voice sinking into a whisper], an' all de time I knowed I was dar 'cause I hadn't follered de Lord. Bymeby somethin' say: "Pray." Somethin' keep sayin': "Pray." Den I drap on my knees an' prayed. I tell you, no man ever prayed harder'n I did! I prayed, an' prayed, an' prayed! What's dat? Dar's somebody a comin' down dem steps; dey's unlockin' de do'; an' de fus' thing I knowed, de place was all lighted up bright as day, an' a white-faced man stood by me, wid a crown on his head, an' a golden key in his han'. Somehow I knowed it was Jesus, an' right den I waked up all of a tremble, an' knowed it was a warnin' dat I mus' foller de Lord. An', bless Jesus, I has been follerin' him fifty year since I had dat dream."

In his prayers, and class meeting and love feast talks, Uncle Nolan showed a depth of spiritual insight truly wonderful, and the effects of these talks

were frequently electrical. Many a time have I seen the Pine Street brethren and sisters rise from their knees, at the close of one of his prayers, melted into tears, or thrilled to religious rapture, by the power of his simple faith and the vividness of his sanctified imagination.

He held to his proslavery views and guarded his own freedom papers to the last; and when he died, in 1875, the last colored Southern Methodist in California was transferred from the Church militant to the great company that no man can number, gathered out of every nation and tribe and kindred on earth.