AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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REV. GEORGE DONNOCKER,

THE BLIND PREACHER.

WRITTEN ENTIRELY FROM MEMORY.

BEAR LAKE, PA.



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HOW I LOST MY SIGHT.

COMMON METER.

Come all who pity buman woes, Hear what I have to tell, And I will here relate to you What to me once befell.

When I, a child, was five years old,
And in a neighbor's barn;
His son intoxicated was,
And started all this harm.

He threw a broom into my face,
Which did the dreadful deed;
And brought these many sufferings on,
From which I'm not yet freed.

How hard, indeed, I thought, it then,
With but one eye to be,
And now I find it harder still,
Because I cannot see.

Ah, little do we realize,

How much to prize the light;
Until some sad disaster comes,
And takes away our sight.

For thirty years, (how quick they pass), One eye did service well, Then failed the all mysterious force, From sympathy they tell.

Thus many years I am called
To live in darkest night;
Because a man of drunkenness,
Deprived me of my sight.

My family, too, have suffered much,
Because I could not see,
And this you know would not have been,
If man from drink were free.

I, therefore, warn you, all mankind,
From liquor to be free,
So you may never cause the woe
That has been brought to me.

And thus I plead with all mankind.

To take the pledge just now;

And promise they will faithful be,

To this a total vow.

And that they all will vote and pray,
That drunkenness may cease,
And man be happy in the way
Of life, and joy, and peace.

Although I must in blindness move,
And hard does seem my lot,
Will still pursue my journey on,
And strive to do my part.

I've tried, for lo, these many years,
The Gospel wide to spread,
Without my sight to guide my feet,
And show me where to tread,

I heard the call long time ago,
It came to me in youth;
It bade me go in early life,
And preach the Sacred Truth.

I've trusted Him who knows our needs,
By whom the crowds were fed,
And taught to them the simple prayer,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

And now, kind friends, I come to you,
And ask that you to-day;
Will buy my little poem, so true,
And help me on my way.

And may these scenes I've here described That I have thus passed through: Make you more grateful in your heart, That you are not blind too. And when you meet me by the way,
Don't pass me coldly by;
Give me your prayers and patronage,
And help my wants supply.

Remember what the Lord has said,
To those who kind would be,
His blessing shall upon them rest,
As though 'twas done to Me.

Then will we through life's toils push on,
That receive and they that give;
Till to the world of joy we come,
Where we with Christ shall live.

MY HISTORY.

Bear Lake, Pa., January 7, 1892. I was born August 22, 1825, in Baden, Germany, in the village of Hauingen, in what was called Ampt (or county of) Lorrock, Baden, about three miles from the Switzerland line.

My father's name was John George Donnocker, and as near as I could learn he was of Swiss extraction. My Mother's Name was Martha Magdalena Bib. Her parents were from Widenburgh, they were both strong Lutherans, in which religion I was

instructed when a child.

The village of Hauingen is situated in the beautiful valley Weassadale, so called by the Germans. This stream has its source in the Black Forest and empties into the Rhine. This valley is over two miles wide, and it was in this valley that Blucher's army was quartered for months, or until orders were given to march to Waterloo, and from this I can remember the first stories I ever heard of war. The villages along the stream were compelled to quarter the soldiers and the surrounding country was covered with tents. I often heard my father tell of the day when the army was ordered to march over the Rhine, under a heavy fire from the French. How many of the soldiers who were anxious for the fight before orders came to march, wept and lamented their fate and thousands crossed the Rhine who never returned.

My first recollection of events is one of the saddest of my life. On one Easter Monday when I was a little past five years old I was playing in a neighbor's barn with other children when a young man (son of the man who owned the barn) while in a state of intoxication threw a brush broom at us and it struck me in the face. Two of the sticks put out my right eye.

The pieces remained in my eve about four days (so my mother says) causing inflamation of the brain for eight weeks; much of which time my life was despaired of, and now I am told by occulists that this affected the optic nerve of my left eye, the sight of which failed about thirty years ago. I do not remember of ever seeing the young man before or since the event narrated, but I distinctly remember his terrible look as he hurled the broom at us on that sad day. We children had no idea of the danger we were in to be in company with a drunken man; nor indeed did we have any knowledge of intoxication. This village to which I have referred was situated near the rapid stream mentioned. Its current was so rapid sometimes that it had to be confined to keep it from washing out the meadows which came down to the waters edge, and arrangements were made to irrigate them from the stream, The land here was divided by land mark stones and owned in small pieces. The plowland was a little farther up than the meadows, and on the hillsides were vinyards, which were quite extensive in that country.

People here all lived in small villages, situated along the main road, which was mecadamized.

The houses were all built of stone and some were of ancient date. I remember seeing some that were erected in 1311. The modern houses were built of

quarry stone and covered with tile which were

about six by ten inches.

There was one school house and one church in each village, so regulated by law, and each person had to give one tenth of all they raised to the church for its support. The people in our village were all Lutherans and no other sect was tolerated. Their children were sprinkled when four weeks old and confirmed when fourteen years old, and this made them members of the church. The school system was only half a day each day, and the scholars were obliged to attend, from the age of six to four-teen. In the schools were religious departments in which the children were taught the Lutheran doctrines and the tenets of their denomination.

The state of living in this country was plain and they had to labor hard to make out a living from year to year, also being severely oppressed with taxiation to keep up their governmental arrangements. They were also under an army law which obliged each son to serve his country six years; and if war broke out during this time he was obliged to stay while it lasted without pay. I remember my father saying he served as apprentice in the shoe makers trade four years, and six years in the army without compensation.

These surroundings made many uneasy, and hence they were ready to start for America, where the excitement broke out in 1830; and in 1834, in my tenth year, my father and family started for America. We went what was called the overland route, going

in covered wagons from home to Havre.

I distinctly remember bidding my friends goodbye and especially one cousin that I didn't see again until the 13th of last April. All my father's relatives I left in Germany, and have not seen them since. The first place we came to was Baisel, there we crossed the Rhine bridge, as we had to come through a corner of Switzerland before we could enter France. Then we came to Strausburg. Here in this city as readers understand is that wonderful clock of the world, which brings out at certain hours the disciples in turn, bowing before the Savior, and when Judas comes the Savior turns his back and when Peter's turn comes the cock crows twice as of old. Tourists say these wonderful things about this clock are true and also other things which I have not described.

From Strausburg we came on to Paris. Here it seemed we were going several days through the city, as its extent is nearly twenty miles. I remember many things described to me in this city; such as the high towers, glittering roofs on the houses, which looked as though they were made of some kind of shinning material. The roads in France were all nicely macadamized, and they wound the hills so gradually you would hardly know you were going up the hills till you got to the top of them; and there we would find the wind mills by which they did their grinding. From Paris we came to Havre, the seaport. After remaining here a few days we soon made our arrangements for crossing the water.

It took us several days to get provisions bought up for this voyage, which consisted of sea biscuits, dried meats, etc.; besides finding our own provisions we had to pay 125 francs a person for the voyage from Havre to New York; we came over on a French boat called "Fortune," which carried the French flag. When the time came for starting they raised the anchor and set the sails, and when

the winds were strong enough to move the boat it leaned very much on one side. There seemed to have been a little path for it to move in until it got out into the main channel, and as it was thus moving slowly along all at once we were in the midst of a great confusion, all the passengers on deck seemed to be almost at once taken with sea-sickness, and this lasted for some little time, and some did not get over it and had to keep their berths for weeks. After we got into the main channel we had fair sailing for several days, then all at once in the midst of the darkness a storm came upon us. The sea roared terrible and the masts were cracking at every point. The decks were fastened down and the water poured over the boat till we thought it was sinking under the the pressure. Such a shricking as I heard from the four hundred passengers below the deck, I never heard before and never want to again; and this continued nearly all night, and we all despaired of ever seeing land again. Toward morning the storm subsided and we found ourselves on the way to New York. This was the only great storm that we encountered during the seventy-five days we were on the ocean, and the ship's crew said that it was the severest storm they had ever passed through.

Soon after this, our captain got somewhat bewildered with his compass and steered too far to the north of the main line, until he was corrected by an American boat. I distinctly remember the American flag with its stars and stripes. It seemed to attract me more than any flag I had ever seen, as the boat passed us. After this, the Captain changed his course and we soon found ourselves on the way to New York.

There are some queer sights and phenomena

while crossing the ocean. One can see fish in a regular row like a company of soldiers coming towards the boat, only their heads being visible. Then again you can see a chasm in front of the boat, which is filled up with the water moving with the boat, from

underneath, and on goes the boat.

After a while, I remember we came into the Gulf stream and could plainly see the difference in its waters and that of the ocean. Here we remained several days as there was no wind to waft us on, and we improved the time in catching fish, which came very good as we were now nearly out of provisions. The captain would sink the hook and then let others pull in the fish. I remember, with the help of my sister, two years older than I, of pulling a fish out of the Alantic ocean which the captain gave us for our

family use.

After we had tarried a few days about the Gulf Stream, we came on and found we were approaching land and on the seventy-fifth day of our voyage we reached New York. After being held in quarantine a few days we embarked on a small American schooher which took us up to the foot of Broadway. From this place we took a steamboat to Albany, where we remained something over a week. Then from Albany we went to Schenectady on a railroad which had two cars connected by a rope around a pillar of stone, the loaded car going down drew the other up. Here we took the Erie Canal and when we reached Buffalo, on the 10th of July, 1834, we found cholera raging very fiercely, so we did not stop in the city but came straight through about fourteen miles south of it to a place called Hamburg, where lived an uncle who had preceded us to America, two years before. After we tarried with

him a few weeks, father bought a small farm two miles west of Boston Centre, and about two miles east of what was called the town line between Boston and Eden.

Now as we were to make our home in America, of course the first thing to learn was the English language, of which we did not know one word, when we came here. Fortunately for us children we had several families of Yankees, who resided one side of us, or what we called Vermounters. I can remember going with my sister, who was two years older than I, day after day they would tell us the name of things which we caught up as best we could from time to time, and it was not a long time before we talked considerable English. Yet we moved in German society, attending their meetings, as father and mother were members of the Lutheran Reform Church, and I can remember, when about thirteen years of age, of drawing stone and timber to build a Lutheran Church, in which afterwards I was confimed in the Lutheran faith, at the age of fourteen.

I remember passing through some singular experiences. When we had repeated the Lutheran catechism we had to bow before the altar, and the minister would lay his hands upon us and pronounce us christians.

I can remember when I felt the pressure of his hand and heard his words I uttered a sincere prayer to God to make me what the man said I was. These feelings were produced in me by committing the Scriptures to memory, through the prayers of a pious grandmother which she had taught me from a child up, and the spirit of the Lord working through them. These serious impressions followed me some three years before I attended the American meet-

ings and yielded my heart to the Lord.

I had many serious conflicts in my own mind in regard to the right religion, and as my father was a deacon of the Lutheran Church I often told him that I thought the German Lutheran Minister and people didn't live what I called a Christian life. His answer was that I must do as they said and not

as they did.

I had formed an ideal from the Scripture and from some good books that I had read in regard to a Christian life; but as I had never heard anyone tell their religious experiences, so I was unacquainted with such things, yet in mingling in the German amusements I often felt the need of something that I had not got. Thus I struggled on in the years before mentioned until I came to this protracted meeting in the year 1841, which was held at Boston Centre in the Free Will Baptist Church, by Elder Furgerson and Elder Plumb and by a minister by the name of Jenkins who took some part in the meetings. The feelings that I had had in my mind for some time past were revived during these meetings, and I found the spirit of God urging me to give my heart to Him, and after about one week's attendance at these meetings I made a start, although it was some weeks before I was fully satisfied, that I had met with a change.

A few of my many German associates started with me, but did not continue with me long, for as soon as the finger of scorn was pointed at them they returned to their former course, but I continued. I had counted the cost and would make it a life work, often telling the tempter that if I had nt got any religion I would have it if there was any for me. I

was little troubled with Calvin's unconditional elec-

During this time I began to read a book called Pilgrim's Progress, which gave me much light on the subject, and I found all professed Christians were very much interested in my welfare, I being the only German boy among 120 converts that came

out in this meeting.

Now my first attention, after getting an evidence of my acceptance with God, was to bring out my parents in the same religion, yet in this work I found many oppositions. But after nearly one year had passed and I had made it a subject of earnest prayer, by the assistance of some evangelical ministers who came to father's house at my request to preach to them, a revival broke out on the Dutch Hill; father, mother and a hired man that had lived over thirty years in our family, made the first start in the meeting. After that other neighbors fell in and we soon gathered up quite a number who came out from the Lutheran Church. This also called forth more opposition from the Lutheran Germans, which however, soon subsided. There was also a great change on this hill about temperance, which resulted from this meeting. We commenced a new course of life-the disuse of liquor in logging bees and raisings. On my father's farm we had the first raising on the Hill without whiskey, but it was not the last occasion, for others soon followed suit.

Now, after a few months, another trial arose in my case. I felt that that same spirit which had taught me to embrace Christ was impressing me to teach His Gospel. Under this impression I labored for months before I dared express them to any one.

After a while I told my feelings to a brother by

the name of W. Whiting, who was a licensed preacher. This brother Whiting afterward removed to Wapoun, Wisconsin, and became an active, staunch minister among us. He did all he could for me, urging me on to make an attempt at preaching the Gospel under all the embarrassing surroundings; so I yielded to his persuasious, and appointed a meeting to be held at a private house. I thought that there would not many hear of the appointment, which was a great relief to me, but after all this when I arrived there the house was full of people. Now you may be surprised at my feelings on arriving there at finding so many of my neighbors and associates, including her who afterwards became my wife, to hear me make my first attempt, but not withstanding all my bashfullness, I resolved to perform what the Lord had told me to do, so that I resolved I would, and as I attempted I found that the spirit of the Lord assisted me remarkably; but as I took my text, which I shall never forget, it was "Behold, I come quickly, keep that which thou hast, let no man take thy crown," I received all the Divine aid I expected, and became fully satisfied that the Lord had called me to preach His Gospel. Brother Whiting, who heard me make this effort, went to the next covenant meeting, and obtained a license for me to improve upon my gift, and as that came unexpected to me, it encouraged me very much, so I commenced holding meetings from place to place, always finding a large congregation wherever I went. The people coming out to hear me through curiosity, as I had been a professor for but one year. Not being able to speak my words plainly in English. I often wondered that anyone came to hear me preach the Gospel, but not only did the

people turn out to hear me, but gave me their prayers and their co-operation, and thus in this manner I kept on for several years, working on my father's farm during the week and preaching Sundays. Yet my mind was so occupied in this work that I continued in earnest prayer for the blessing of God to rest on me, and this caused me to surmount all my trials and surrounding difficulties which were many.

My German relatives, among whom I had moved, opposed my preaching the Gospel without a college education. Thus I was beset by temptations, "trials without and fears within." But after a few years I found some among my young friends who under my humble teachings gave their hearts to God. Now, as I had become of age, and through hard labor se-

cured a little home, I settled down there. In 1847 I married Miss Hannah H. Willet, who was a member of the Boston church. All this while I had tried to read the Bible and the Morning Star, Which aided me in my preparations to improve upon my gift, and my wife, who had a good common school education, assisted me greatly in my efforts, but after preaching in this way for several years, during which time I was licensed by the quarterly meeting, we made up our minds that it would be best for me to avail myself of some school privileges, and so I went to a select school at Boston Center, that was held by Elder Abby, who was pastor of the Boston church, and in this school I got such a help, especially in grammar, that I decided to continue, 80 I went another term of district school taught by brother Kerry, and from there I went to Geauga Seminary, Ohio, which was taught by Dr. Day, formerly of Providence, R. L.

This institution of learning did a great work, especially in the state of Ohio. Many ministers who made efficient workers got their education here. I should have said previous to Elder Day's becoming principal of the school, Dr. Ball and others did excellent service for this school. Not only did it do much towards educating the ministry, but others were educated here for different positions in life; and here I must not forget to state what it did for President Garfield who was influenced by Mr. Bates. He afterwards said in Washington, before his generals that Dr Bates had done more for him than any other man in the world. While Dr. Day was principal, the school reached its highest point of success, as he was a man who made a strong impression on the people wherever he lived. I used to go with Dr. Day when he made his orations, which were many in that section of the country, and such a lasting impression was made upon his hearers that it will never be forgotten. After Dr. Day returned to the East E. M. Tappan, of Black Stone, Mass., became principal of the school, and I think he remained in this position until the institution was changed to a county school, and the means and apparatus were changed to Hilsdale College.

I must also mention the Chester church, which did a great deal for the cause of God, the school and the anti-slavery cause. There were a number of men and women among its members of talent and influence.

While here I preached in the Quiresburg church, which was sixteen miles away. I filled up the rest of the time in school houses around about there, one of them where Munson church is now located.

In 1853 I returned to the state of New York, where

I was from, and soon after my arrival my ordination was requested, in the June session of the Quarterly Meeting. It was held with Aurora church. The meetings were held at South Wales in the Congregational church. Of course this time was one of great interest for me. I had worked hard for several years to get ready for this step, always being anxious that if I was ever ordained I should be ripe for the occasion, and have no failures, as this was a time when our denomination took a new stand in regard to education, temperance, slavery and tobacco. There were ten ordained ministers present, three of which are remaining, but the rest have passed away.

Elder H. N. Plumb preached my ordination sermon. After my ordination I began my work with the Dayton church, in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., and administered the baptism and Lord's supper for this church. It was a year of interest and much prosperity for the church. I also engaged half the time for the remainder of the year with the Cherry Creek church. Brother Daniel McCoon had been their former pastor, but during this year there had been no remarkable change with the church.

In the spring of '54 I received an urgent request from the Little Valley church to become their pastor, which I accepted, and soon moved my family there. The latter part of the year I commenced a protracted meeting with the West Otto church, which had been organized by Elder Whicher, and the Lord revived His spirit among the older members and some 20 younger ones were added, which enlarged the church. This was an interesting church to preach to, the congregations being large and the meetings spiritual. I preached for them half of the time for two years, during which time

many members were added by baptism. We went down to the west branch of the Cattaraugus Creek

to perform this ordinance.

I soon began to be awake to the prosperity of the church, and as it was deemed necessary to move the meeting house three miles from where it then stood to better accomodate the people, we soon took steps to accomplish this object. A new lot was purchased and the building moved upon it. By winter it was ready for use, although I found many trials connected with this work, and it needed the exercise of much patience to combat with them, yet we met with considerable prosperity as we moved on. Some two years previous to this I held meetings with Rev. Mr. Plumb, in which there were thirty conversious, most of the converts joining our church and some the Methodist. I confined my labor to these two churches for two years, and after this I felt it my duty to move to East Randolph and become pastor of the church in this town.

I entered upon this work with great enthusiasm, as we had already had tokens of prosperity. A young lawyer, by the name of Meral Jenkins, being a son of Elder Herman Jenkins, one of our veteran preachers, had already embraced religion and joined our church. This gave us much courage in continuing our labors in the interest of the church, but as this was a critical time in the history of our nation, there soon appeared some hindering causes to the welfare of, this church. I refer to the causes in Kansas arising from the slavery question, some of the members were democrats and justified what was done by the pro-slavery party in establishing slavery in Kansas. Others then said their pastor should vote the Know Nothing ticket, which he could not

conscientiously do; so I only staid one year and then returned to Dayton, my former field of labor, as it was there the unanimous vote of the people for me to return.

As soon as I arrived at Dayton I commenced revival work, my first effort being made on Well's Hill, where there had been a Wesleyan Methodist class, but it had lost its visibility, and after two weeks of hard effort a glorious work broke out, spreading far and wide over the community. Some twenty-five confessed a change of heart and commenced a new life; but as this was a community by itself it did not help the church as much as it would

otherwise have done.

The next year I continued my work for this church, and commenced preaching Sunday afternoon once in two weeks at West Dayton. This place was near the county line between Cattaraugus and Chautauqua, and as there was no religious society near here it seemed almost adventurous to commence meetings here, but I had only preached here a few times when I discovered a stir in the minds of the people, and in the month of July I commenced meetings in the school house where I felt impressed to, and as the meeting continued it was found the school house would not accomodate the people, so we were invited to go to brother Ranlet's mills, which were not used at that time for sawing purposes, and the room was soon prepared, ranging from thirty-five to fifty feet, which accomodated the people for weeks, and here a great work broke out, the people were aroused in religous interest, these meetings continued six weeks. Some over gighty confessed Christ and 55 were baptised in Conewango Creek. From four to five hundred were

in attendance from night to night, this being the greatest meeting I ever witnessed. At one baptism there were over one thousand present, and what is more pleasing to me is that many of these are workers in the good cause throughout the land. Some are ministers and some are teachers in sabbath schools.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to mention a sad occurrence which took place about this time. Some men who were addicted to drinking got angry because I preached total abstinence, contrived a plan to shear my horse and cut up my buggy during a meeting, but the people were so indignant about it, they soon bought me a new harness, repaired my buggy and as my horse's mane and tail soon grew out I was all right.

The fall after these meetings closed I became acquainted with Mr. Miller, he urged me so ardently to go to Canada and preach the gospel that I promised him I would. I was always sorry I made this promise, as it led me to leave the spot where Pine Valley now stands, if I had staid we might have had a good and strong church there.

In the spring of 1859 I fulfilled my promise, and consequently engaged with the Walpole and Townsend churches, which were situated about 100 miles from Buffalo and 5 miles north of Lake Erie.

This part of Canada was as nice and fruitful a country as could be found at that time. I entered upon my field of labor with much interest, and during the two years I remained there had a good support and salary. Then receiving a call from Salford church I became their pastor, where Elder Wm. Taylor had been their pastor previous. This church was a very pleasant field of labor, and I remained

with them three years, during which time I had considerable revival interest and large congregations.

The last year of my preaching here my sight began to fail. In this church I did my last reading in public and thy gave me the Bible I used on Sabbath occasions.

I went to many oculists and physicians without any avail. My last resort was to go to the New York Eye Infirmary and while there had two operations without much benefit. When I left this Infirmary I was \$100 in debt and a family to support, and the doctors advising me to give up pastoral work for a time and improve my health by traveling.

The reader can now imagine my feelings after having spent time and money to enable me to preach and having only preached 10 years, after leaving school, and now at once losing my sight without any hope of its ever being restored. I commenced traveling with books, my boy driving my horses, and I sold several hundred dollars worth a year for our denomination, and still more of the American Tract Society's books and literature. This work I followed for many years, supplying different pulpits on the Sabbath, through Canada yearly meeting. I soon found, however, this was no better for my sight than pastoral work, and being anxious to return to New York I re-commenced my ministerial work there. I soon visited West Falls, about sixteen miles from Buffale and six from Boston, where I commenced my work. This church was raised up by Dr. Ball, and had a good outlook before it, but the old members coming into it from the Colden church somewhat impeded its growth. They did not look into matters in the same light. While preaching there I had some revival interests with them as well as with the I preached afternoons in Boston church, which had a small membership, and as they kept dying and moving away the class died down, to our great regret and grief, but while its visibility in Boston was gone it was represented in six different churches in the Western States. As this was the first Free Baptist Church I ever belonged to and being brought to the light through their labor until I was ordained, I of course felt more attached to it than to any other. The care and advice of Truman Kerry, Mr. Skinner, and others was of

much service to me.

About this time I felt it my duty to leave West Falls and move to West Concord. In a few months arrangements were made and we moved into the parsonage, which stood near the church, and here we found a large congregation to preach to. The prospects for prosperity were very flattering, but in this we were much disappointed, as some trouble arose between the church and their former pastor, owing to some disagreement in regard to his salary, and I wish to say from an experience of 48 years of Christian ministry, I have never seen anything gained by a minister suing for the balance of his salary. But notwithstanding all these trials, we had the largest donation ever given to a minister since the organization of this church. The amount given one year was \$108. After I had preached here nearly two years, I concluded to leave and go to the Ashford and West Valley churches; accordingly, we moved into the parsonage in Ashford Hollow, This was about four miles from West Valley, the other appointment.

After preaching here with ordinary success, we

Here we found our old appointments, which we had left several years before, and it was encouraging to see the people so pleased to have us return once more. As soon as the fall of the year rolled around we made an effort to build up God's cause, and as the result ten or twelve professed faith in Jesus, and commenced a new life. The church seemed to be quite encouraged for future work for God's cause, but as the church was somewhat slow in inviting me to stay another year, and receiving a call from Indian Falls church, I accepted it and soon moved there and was ready for work.

Here I found a large circle of young friends who constantly depended upon our humble preaching. While here I found an out appointment where they were anxious for preaching, in a place called Sand, some six miles from our church. After laboring in this place some six months I found such religious interest as demanded an organization of a Free Will Baptist Church, as there had been no preaching done by us previous to this, so a church was soon organized according to our usage, consisting of some twenty members, and remaining during the time of

our preaching in this place.

I also found an opening for preaching in the town of Royalton, where we owned a meeting house, and once had a church. We also had a Sabbath School in this place, and our religous meetings were quite prosperous, while I continued to preach in this place. Now there seemed to be a cloud of affliction hanging over us, which soon broke in upon us. When we left Canada a few years before this we left three boys engaged in teaching school, two of whom were boarding with a man by the name of Maybee

in the town of Middletown. Maybee had an uncle at Long Point, who was a fisherman and hunter, who request our boys to come with Maybee to his place for the purpose of shooting ducks. The oldest one complied with his request, and crossing a narrow neck of water, arrived at the hunting ground, and while in the canoe one of the boys guns was accidentally discharged mangling my son's knee so badly that amputation was necessary and during the operation he suddenly died. We knew nothing of the accident until his body was brought to New York for burial. But we had an impression when we last parted that we would never see our son again in this world, and the day and hour he died we were impressed that such scenes were ours to pass through, yet when they came upon us so suddenly how unprepared we were for them.

This breavement led us to feel that we must go to a new field of labor, so I went to Tuscarora Church, and with Elder Kellogg commenced a protracted meeting, and after three weeks of hard labor in this field some fifteen persons embraced religion. After this meeting closed I went to a place called Borden and commenced meetings with the Woodhall church, and as here there had been several efforts made without success, it took several weeks before there was much of any signs of revival, After a while the cloud broke, and some twenty persons

came out on the Lord's side.

During the progress of these meetings the church unanimously voted to engage me as their pastor, so I returned to my home in Newstead, Erie County, N. Y., and in the following May, 1880, moved with my family to Woodhall. When I arrived here I found plenty to do having been absent for four weeks since the meetings closed.

The first Sabbath after I arrived I had the privilege of baptizing several happy converts, who had been received as candidates for baptism before I left, as I have always found it better to receive persons into the church as soon as they are converted, than to let them go without any obligation to church

relations.

Now things moved on pleasantly, the people gladly received us, and did all they could for our comfort. They first made us a surprise pound party, which kept us in provisions for several months. Before the year was out the church increased about twenty members. We took steps to build meeting house sheds, which added much to our congregation, as they could find a place to put their teams. I also found plenty of chances for afternoon appointments to fill, so I could get back to evening meetings. Our prayer and covenant meetings were also well attended and our old members said the church was in the best condition it had been for years.

The second year I obtained a supply one quarter of the time and went to Garland House school, and preached one quarter of the time to the second Naples Church, also preaching afternoon and evening at the First Naples Church, some six miles distant. The people here were unusually kind to me. The first time I came they made me a present of \$20 to get me a suit of clothes, besides bearing my expenses. Our lamented brother Wm. Walker had much to do in waking up this interest which was manifest in my behalf. Though things moved on so pleasantly with me, I needed those things which I obtained to make my family and myself comfortable, and the first and second Naples churches paid

me well for my services. Yet matters did not progress as well for my being gone a quarter of the time. The man I got to supply my place, to help him out in the line of preaching, made a division in the church, as he wanted to become their pastor. When the third year arrived, however, he did not succeed, so I have found here as I have in other places, you may help some ministers into preaching, and they will help you out if they can.

The two years I was with the Woodhall church I was pleasantly situated, and am pleased to say the church has made steady progress all these years.

After I got through there I received a call from the Delmar, Pa., church, to which place I moved in the spring of 1883. After arriving here and getting to work I found some strange surroundings. It is something of a lumbering country and the people were more fluctuating in their religious course, which prevents the success of Gospel truth and thwarts religious efforts. Yet I had some revivals in out appointments with several conversions. As I, a few weeks since, came through Wilson Creek I saw the contrast between the means of grace being kept up and their neglect. A brother Quinby kept up a Sunday School for several years, of about forty scholars. He has since died. I moved back to New York and, oh, what a state of things I found there. No meetings or Sunday Schools in the place. Young men had become addicted to drink. ing and the filthy use of tobacco, and ball playing and other recreations on the Sabbath. And this has all come from the absence of a suitable effort to keep up the means of grace. When I got through with this church I returned to Pike. My son, who is now at Bates College, returned from Canada and

joined me in traveling among acquaintances in former fields of labor. But what changes I found! Some had died, and others had been called to dif-

ferent places in this world.

In the following spring I received a call from the Cottage Church to become their pastor, to which I responded, and moved my family there. I had preached in this town years ago, before I lost my sight. Cottage is in the north-east corner of Dayton, and our Dayton church was in the south-east, with which I commenced work when I was ordained and preached to them some six years. It was pleasant for us to come back here where we had many friends, some of whom came out under our humble efforts. The Cottage Church has been raised up since then under the labors of Rev. A. P. Cook and others.

A serious sickness while here prevented my doing the good I would have done. During this year I assisted Rev. Estey in a meeting in the Clymer and Harmony Church, resulting in some conversions

and encouragement to the church.

The following year I was employed as pastor of this church. Here we were very pleasantly situated and remained as pastor four years. The second year of this pastorate I preached one-half the time with Spring Creek, Pa., church, which was a pleasant field with large congregations, good sabbath school and mission workers. The young people support a general teacher in India. Rev. Whaley, a resident minister, was very kind and helpful in revival meetings. During this year I labored the other half of the time, as a home missionary, preaching in Steamburg and East Randolph. Here we once had a strong church. I was pastor in 1857. We own some shares yet in the meeting house, but our

members have died or moved away.

I also preached in Pigeon Valley and in Little Valley. Here we once had a strong church. I preached here in 1854 and '55. Here Elder H. Whicher and J. B. Davis did a good work in their early ministry. I also preached in Kennedyville a few times. We have some members of Ellington church living in this village. I also preached in French Creek, Chautauqua Co., a number of times. This place is about ten miles from our town line church, near where Elder Wm. Johnston lives. In connection with this work I also attended a good many quarterly meetings of which I have given an account in "The Star."

In these travels and labors I have sometimes found it very embarrassing to get along without eye sight. A part of this time my wife and others drove my ponies for me. They were getting over 30 years old for I had driven them over 20 years. Last April one of them died so I mostly have to go by rail, or as I chance to get a ride with some one from place to place.

In January 1891, I commenced publishing my book, and as soon as part of them were done I started via. Buffalo to Canada. It was a real treat to stop at Buffalo and attend the Eric Quarterly Meeting held with the Hudson Street church.

I with twenty others pledged \$10 for Dr. Ball's support and the Home Mission Board gave \$300 more. Then we bought Dr. Lord's church on Pearl Street in \$5.25 shares and I paid for one. This

house was afterwards sold and the Ntagara Street Baptist church was bought. Then that was sold and a lot bought on Hudson Street and a beautiful

house built on it, where we now worship.

Some thought it was throwing away money to commence in the city, but only see what this church has done. It pays as much mission money as the whole Yearly Meeting. It is growing in membership and usefulness, and now the second church is started on the corner of Grant and Ferry Streets. These churches are each sustaining a pastor, and the lookout is bright for their futute success. At this Quarterly Meeting I sold books enough to take me to Canada, on a visit to my wife's cousins in Drayton, Willington County. We started from Buffalo in the morning in the midst of a rain, crossing the Suspension Bridge, and when we got there about I P. M. the 'busses met us on sleighs, and took us to our cousin's house.

The parents of these cousins came from Pennsylvania and New Jersey in an early day, and settled in Canada, in Youngstreet, thirty miles north of Toronto. In their religious belief they were Friends, or what we call Quakers, but when their children grew up they became adherents of other churches When this Wellington County was a new country they came here to seek them a home, and when we arrived here we found some of them belonging to the Methodists, and some to the Christian order, and as there was an opening I soon went to work with the Christian minister in a protracted meeting which lasted some three weeks, during which some fifteen people professed faith in

Christ, and commenced a Christian life.

After this my wife and I went to South Zora to attend a Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting. This church is about three miles north of the village of Woodstock. We had a good time at the Quarterly Meeting.

Our people were glad to have the Lord's supper administered according to our usage which had not been done for some time for the want of an ordained minister. The Close Baptist preacher,

preaching to them, liked it ever so much.

I found brother Webster from Hillsdale College in Quarterly Meeting. From here we went to North Zoar church. In this church brother Harrington, from Portsmouth, N. H., and our missionary in India, brother Griffin, were raised up. In this church I saw some useful revivals when these two brothers started out in religious life. These two Zoar churches were raised up under the labor of Elder Jacob Griffin the missionary's father. These churches have done a good work for God and our cause. Some of its members have been associated with churches in Michigan and Dakota, and some are useful ministers in these places.

I returned home to Bear Lake, stopping at different places and selling my autobiographies, preaching and lecturing at different places. After the spring months I went to Chautauqua and remained there during the months of July and August. This is a great place to go for accomplishments. We hope the time will soon come when Keuka will be a similar place.

After the close of the Chautauqua Assembly season of '91, I spent the fall months in visiting the Spafford, Owego, Susqueharncat and Troy Quarterly Meetings. On this trip I visited fifteen churches, made one hundred religious calls, preached fifty times, and spent a few days in holding revival meetings, where lifteen persons came forward for prayers, and also spent a few weeks in Hoytville. At this place there is one of the largest tanneries in the United States. They use 80 cords of bark a day and turn out 1,200 sides of leather.

On my way home I stopped with the Woodhull church and attended the Tuscarora Quarterly meeting. After reaching home and resting a few days I commenced the present edition of my book.

I would not forget to mention that my wife and I have been reading in the C. L. S. C., Class of '93. I have found many things relative to Chautauqua that are very useful to me, and I think it a move in the right direction to make the world wiser and bet-

The reader must make allowances in this humble ter. autobiography, for it has been written from memory. It has been accurately written, but it might have

been more systematically composed.

In the foregoing lines I have tried to impress the reader with only such facts as I have met by the way. I have experienced them personally, but how can my experience be told? I have felt it, but cannot tell it. To pass through life for years with such surroundings, brought on by partial blindness, losing the sight of one eye when a child and the other when I had reached the age of 36 years. I had only been out of school ten years, preaching that long with my eyesight, had spent all my property in getting an education and then to be left in darkness, with a small family to care for, made the outlook

anything but a bright one.

I have always found God's promises verified to me through all these years. My loss of sight exposed me to trials too numerous to mention, but as I have had them to bear through all these long years, I thought it might in some way benefit the public to know of them, so I send forth this little work of prose and poetry, asking God's blessings upon the reader.

I have in this book described

Some scenes through which I've come
While on my journey through this world
To my eternal home.

In childhood, youth and middle age
This stroke was ever nigh,
And as I pursue my journey on
Its effects are ever nigh.

My brain also was impaired, By that sad fatal stroke;

Which not only robbed me of my sight, But hinders me in Gospel work,

I try to bear my dreadful fate, Which thus to me did come. But, oh, how long I suffer on, And yet it is not done.

I need my sight so, every day,

And yet it does not come, So, I must blind, go on my way, Remembering how 'twas done.

I love to preach the Gospel now,
As well as when I first begun
And now I try to keep it up,
Long as it can be done.

Its wages are a hundred fold
While in this world below,
And when our work on earth is done
To Heaven we will go.

And while we do this work below,
We save from sin and woe,
And spread around us truth and light,
Which makes our pathway bright.

And now I've some advice to give,
To those who will receive;
Be kind and true in all your ways,
And God will prolong your days.

Never drink, nor smoke nor chew,
While your journey you pursue,
Other evil try to shun,
Until you with this world have done.

Don't ever take God's name in vain, Shun paths of sinful gain, And love your God with all your heart, 'Twill give you an eternal part.

Whatever you may find to do
Do it when it comes to you.
Never leave to another day,
What should be done this day.

One more counsel I wish to give Before I leave this poem, Be always free from prejudice, And that will save from ruin.

Be kind and true to all you meet,
All life's pathway through,
Then you will find God's blessing sure,
Will ever rest on you.

My reading, too, I now must get
From others on my way,
And this, you know, 'tis hard to do,
As I need help each day.

This book by memory has been written,
These poems by memory made,
And if this could not have been done
It never would have been made.

Thus I have toiled from year to year
To help my family on,
And that they might all happy be
When with this life they're done.

As I moved on from place to place
My duties to perform,
God's grace was ever with me
And shielded me from harm.

For in the Lord I've put my trust,
To follow in the way,
As in early life I learned
To trust Him and to pray.

So when trials gathered round me, That were deep and dark with care, I persevered on my way And the Lord was ever near.

Now, as I look upon the past,
I feel rejoiced to see
That through all trials I have passed,
And still I'm on my way.

And I am still trying
In duty's path to tread;
And preach the gospel everywhere,
And help the truth to spread.

And I still hope success to have In winning soul's to Christ, And building up God's kingdom Till I get through with life.

And all the scenes I've here described,
That I have thus passed through,
I trust they will a blessing prove
To me as well as you.

And now I thank you all, my friends,
Who have been so kind to me,
And I hope that others will pity those
Who live and cannot see.

And now I bid you all farewell, My friends and strangers too, Let us through life journey on The narrow way pursue.

IN MEMORIAM.

Composed by Rev. George Donnocker, of Bear Lake, Pa., in memory of his son, Charles S. Donnocker, who was accidentally shot at Long Point, Ontario, while in a canoe a short distance from shore, October 30, 1880, and died the next morning at three o'clock—being the sentiments of his parents and undoudtedly those of the unfortunate son could he have expressed them

Dear Charley, our son, has gone to rest,
Thy teaching on earth is all done;
Thy sorrows are past, thy sufferings are o'er,
And thou hast left us so young.

From thy infantile moments down to thy death We cared, we toiled, we prayed,
That thou might prove a blessing on earth,
And then in Heaven be saved.

But we did not think that thou wouldst leave us so soon,

For our hearts were always cheered,
As the time drew nigh that thou wast to come
home

To see us from year to year.

But now, when together we do meet, We find an empty chair, In which our Charlie used to sit, Alas, he now is not there.

I left my school as I oft had done,
Thinking there would be no harm;
But as we wafted near the shore,
How sudden it all was done.

Forgive me my parents, O parents forgive
The step that led to all this;
I would not have gone one moment to stay
To Long Point, if I had thought of all this.

My child, we all forgive thee so free—Sorry thou couldst not all of us see,
And press our lips to your smiling face,
And pa would have pleaded with God for his grace.

As I look over the scenes of the past,
There were many things done by me amiss;
But Christ will forgive all that in him trust,
And to all believers salvation will give.

I die in the faith of Christ Jesus my Lord,
Who now to me peace and comfort affords,
Who brought me when a child from sinful ways,
And now in death's hour my God I can praise.

What pain and sorrow I'm passing through,
As I think of my parents and home so dear;
And what I thought I would for them do,
Before I passed away from here.

My brothers, be kind to my parents so dear,
They have always been kind to me;
And do unto them as I would have done,
If I had not been taken away.

Farewell my father and mother so dear,
And brothers and sisters too;
I'm going to the mansions the Saviour prepared
For all that are faithful and true.

My uncles and aunts, good bye to you, My cousins and pupils too; Follow ever in the narrow way, And always be faithful and true.

When be had passed these sufferings through, They thought he would get well; But he felt something creeping on, And he called for his brother Della

Come brother, nearer to my side,
I cannot see through this spell;
He then threw his arms around his neck,
And kissed him a last farewell.

Arthur, too, came to his side,
He grasped his brotherly hand;
Thus side by side these brothers stood,
From childhood up to man.

At home, abroad, at work, at school,
They all united toiled,
That they might successful be,
In whatever they were employed.

From year to year each went with me,
As I could not go alone;
They faced with me the cold and storm,
When far away from home.

But now we come to the most solemn scene,
When one of them must go
To leave this circle of friends so dear,
And join the other shore,

Where funeral bells are never heard, And accidents are not know; Where family circles never break up In that celestial world.

Thou art gone and we see thee no more
With human eyes as before;
But by faith we feel that thou art ever nigh,
And hope to see the in the sweet bye and bye.