

trial in the Tennessee Conference during the next month. Then came the long life: three years on circuits, two years among the Indians, six years on stations, three years as presiding elder, eighteen years editor of the *Christian Advocate*, eight years Book Agent and missionary to the army, four years Secretary of Domestic Missions, eight years Secretary of Foreign Missions, and nine more years as Book Agent. In this office he "ceased at once to work and live." During all this time Dr. McFerrin was a living proof that a Christian preacher can be a Christian citizen without tarnishing his character or lessening his influence. He owned real estate, had servants at his bidding, kept open house, was given to hospitality, could make a speech on internal improvements at a town-meeting, held political opinions, and voted on all election days, owned bank stock, gave cheerfully and sometimes profusely to the poor and to every good enterprise, made temperance speeches, was once President of a street railroad, provided a competency for his family, and finally died at his home, the honored and revered patriarch of his neighborhood, without one blot or stain on the fair escutcheon of his Christian or ministerial character. From crown to heel he was a patriot and a citizen, without begging anybody's pardon. He stood chin to chin and toe to toe the peer of any comer. He was more than all this—he was called by the Spirit of God to preach the everlasting gospel, which he did for sixty years with singular fidelity, courage, and success. "Servant of God, well done!" applies to him in every relation of life. All ready his neighbors have honored him with a memorial Church, and we predict there are many McFerrin Chapels yet to be built. Dr. McFerrin was married twice—each time to an exemplary Christian woman. Methodism still abides with his children and grandchildren. His son and his son-in-law are honored members of this Conference. Two nephews are with us also. Bishop Wilson said in his admirable address to the class on Friday: "A Christian minister is the highest style of man." In the advantages of this life providence seems to have denied nothing to Dr. McFerrin. Even his personal appearance was commanding. He was six feet high, and weighed about two hundred pounds, with health gushing from a thousand springs. That tall, cliff-like brow had a busy brain working behind it. No wonder he sat in more General Conferences and occupied Connectional office longer than any man in universal Methodism. Let us now come to the closing scene. Dr. McFerrin's last regular sermon was delivered at Vandale, Ark., within a mile and a quarter of his mother's grave, from the text 1 Cor. xv. 53. His last public appeal, made for any Christian enterprise, was for the new church on Foster Street in Edgefield, Tenn. The last two services in which he participated were at the funerals of Rev. William Burr and the infant child of Major Finch. His last writings for the press were the obituary of the Rev. William Burr and an article on creeds. We copy his last message to the Tennessee Conference,

given Monday evening, May 2, 1887: "I feel grateful to God for having been permitted to labor for him so long—for a period of over sixty years—with so little intermission. I feel thankful to God for such bodily strength. I have been enabled to do two men's work. When a young man, I suppose I loved to be victorious in a tussle. I have always had a love and disposition to indulge in wit, and sometimes I may have been sharp, and my brethren may have been hurt in some of my contests, but I never bore malice to any. Tell them to hold fast to our articles of faith, and contend earnestly for the doctrines of justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and holiness of heart. If any brother believes I have desired to prevent his rise, I desire at this juncture to say I have never entertained such feeling. I never intentionally wounded a brother, but evil may have followed where evil was not intended; if so, I ask forgiveness. I forgive all who have injured me, and I ask forgiveness of all. If there is a body of men on earth I love above others, it is the Tennessee Conference. I owe all I am to them. They have honored me far above my deserts, and have never neglected me. I die in peace with them and all men, and in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the love of God, and in expectation of immortality and eternal life. Tell the brethren I love every one of them." Dr. McFerrin requested us to give the young men of the Conference the following message: "Dear Young Brethren—My work is ended—the hour of my departure is near at hand. In reviewing my past life, one of the most satisfying thoughts to me is that I consecrated my young manhood to God's service. He said to Bishop Hargrove: 'Give my love to the Bishops when they meet. If I am alive, I ask an interest in their prayers. I trust the Bishops may have a grand review, and unparalleled success in the future.' Now we shall see how a Christian can die, for we close this sketch with some of his last utterances: 'The Saviour suffered in the garden, and hung three dreadful hours on the cross for me. I ought to suffer and not complain.' 'I cannot see to read the Scriptures; I am not able now to hear them read; but the precious words of God, learned by me long ago, are with me, and they give me comfort.'

"O would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessel break,  
And let the ransomed spirit go,  
To grasp the God I seek!"

"My journey is nearly ended, I am ready to depart and be with the Lord. I have no fears."

"O if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed."

"All is settled." "Halleluia! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Dr. McFerrin died May 10, 1887, on the brink of eighty full years. Nashville Methodism gave him such a funeral as they only can give when the colleges of Bishops, the Board of Missions, and the Book Committee are holding their annual meetings.

Bishop McTyeire's funeral sermon contained a wealth of information for the future biographer. Then a great company of mourners laid our old hero to rest in the pensive shades of Mt. Olivet.

JOHN BELL HAMILTON was born in Williamson County, Tenn., October 29, 1807. He was first married to Miss Sarah Ann Anderson, by whom he had two children, a son and daughter, both of whom are now dead. His second marriage was to Mrs. W. H. Lucas, of Nashville, Tenn., with whom he lived in great affection until his death, which occurred March 14, 1887. Mr. Hamilton had many excellencies of character. His natural abilities were good, and he had been diligent in their improvement. Others may have excelled him in brilliancy of intellect, but he was equal to the most of them in a sound and healthy mental organization. The cast of his mind was practical, and he was a wise and safe counselor. And his heart was more than equal to his mind. Kindness and affection prevailed with him. There was great breadth and depth in his tender sympathies. He was liberal to a fault. His charities in the days of his prosperity were large and dispensed without ostentation. He gave much of which the world knew nothing. His hand was ever open to supply the wants of the needy. He fed and clothed and educated many who were destitute. The only limit to his generosity was his ability. The blessings of the poor and those who were ready to perish are on his memory. The integrity of Mr. Hamilton was without question. In the management of his own affairs and in the administration of public trusts he was honest and true. He was steady and firm in his opinions and conduct. His convictions were strong, and he maintained them with unwavering devotion. You might convince him of error and change his course, but it could be done in no other way. In what he believed to be right he was immovable. He was not pliant to the touch in matters of conscience. You might break, but you could not bend him. The rock is not more solid, the flint more inflexible than he was. He had the courage of his convictions, and dared maintain himself against all opposition. There was much of the martial spirit in him, and his life was held in cheerful submission to truth and honor. There was nothing more prominent in his character than his fidelity to the friendships of life. His professions of attachment were sincere and lasting. He did not smile and stab you at the same time, or part from you without sufficient cause. Treachery and he were strangers to each other. He never betrayed a friend or deserted him in the hour of need. Your life and honor were safe in his keeping in a time of trouble. You never knew how true and faithful he was till the clouds gathered and the storm was out. You could lay your hand upon him the darkest night that ever fell upon life. And these brave and generous virtues were adorned with the graces of religion. He was as true to God as he was faithful to man, and lived with a conscience

void of offense toward either. He was a devout and earnest Christian, and led a blameless life. A man of faith and prayer, he had a rich experience of grace, and went on his way rejoicing. His was a manly, robust, cheerful piety, that brought comfort to the mind and brightened life. He loved the Church, and it was his pleasure to work for her prosperity. He loved the house of God, and its service was his delight. The world is better by his having passed through it. He has left behind him the odor of a good name. As a minister he was plain and pointed. His preaching was characterized by simplicity and earnestness. He affected no greatness, but with much zeal and directness urged and persuaded men to a better life. He joined the Tennessee Conference in the fall of the year 1844, and filled many important appointments. Then he took and retained a supernumerary relation to the Conference to the close of his life. He loved the preachers, and they returned his love with equal warmth of affection. The annual reunions, which he invariably attended, were times of joy to him. The end was peace. It was a patient and hopeful waiting for the hour of dissolution. To every inquiry as to the future, his uniform answer was: "No fear; not a cloud; all is bright." He was confined to his room for nearly twelve months. He had no special sickness. The machinery of his life was worn out. It was a gradual and steady descent to the grave. It was first the chair, then the lounge, at last the bed. Day by day he wasted away; night after night he camped a little farther down the valley. The vital flame wavered, burned down, and went out. Death shaded, slowly darkened, and then fell heavily upon life. Lover and friend had passed beyond the shadows into the cloudless glories of heaven.

WILLIAM M. SHAW, son of John and Elizabeth Shaw, was born in Orange County, N. C., July 5, 1806. In 1816 he emigrated with his father's family to Tennessee and settled in Bedford County, where he lived and labored until his work was done. In February, 1827, he was united in marriage with Mahala Wilson. In 1842, at Mt. Zion, in Stone's River Circuit, he sought and found the Saviour of sinners, who was ever afterward his own precious personal Saviour. Shortly after this he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1843 was appointed class-leader by Rev. E. J. Allen for the Society at Ray's School-house, in Stone's River Circuit, Tennessee Conference. On July 5, 1845, he was licensed to exhort by Rev. L. R. Dennis, preacher in charge of the circuit, and was licensed to preach by Rev. A. F. Driskill, presiding elder, March 15, 1846. He preached his first sermon at Mt. Zion, to the people among whom he was converted. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Capers at Shelbyville, Tenn. In 1851 he was employed to distribute Bibles in Bedford County, Tenn. Shortly after this the health of Rev. John McCurdy, who was on the Middleton Circuit, failed, and Brother Shaw was appointed by the presiding elder, Rev. T.