The Life, Work, & Character
of
REV. JAMES FARIS

Chiefly from Memory but Aided by
Papers and Documents
in the possession of
D. S. FARIS

Full twenty eight years have sped away since my Father's death, but his appearance and character are embalmed in memory, so that I feel as able to describe them, as if he had lived but yesterday.

When in his prime, James Faris, stood full six feet in height, weighed 160 pounds, was straight, well proportioned and of manly presence. Brown-black hair, cropped moderately short, covered his head, and beard of the same color, neither thick nor thin covered his face, which was always closely shaven. The forehead was rather low, sloping a little back, and well exposed by the lick of the forward part of the hair. The head was round and of average size. Mild blue eyes, wide open and rather prominent, gave a benevolent expression to his countenance. The features were coarse, lips thick, nose large and flat, and the face round. Manliness and independence were the general effect of the combination. The skin was fair, the muscles full but soft, the physical strength moderate. Old age brought heavy hair which he wore long and combed back in a becoming manner. He also grew corpulant though not unwieldy. He was still in the enjoyment of his mental power with little abatement, when he died. His age was sixty four, having been born, May 1791, and dying May 20, 1855.

As to mind he was a mathematition, a logician and a thinker. Thought, idea and arrangement were prominent. He studied a subject thoroughly - was correct and methodical. In youth he was resolute of purpose and able to master the difficulties that stood in the way of his cherished objects. The memory was deficient - the memory of words. He could seldom make an exact quotation of Scripture, and had often difficulty to find the common proof texts of the Bible.

His ear for music was so dull that he scarcely could learn any tune by simply hearing it; he understood the gamut, and by the help of notes, learned a few tunes. Even these he often missed when trying to raise them.

The social qualities were good. In conversation he led by drawing out others. Silence seldom reigned when he was present. His art was to keep others talking rather than talk himself. In the company of the well informed, the talk was about reforms and public matters of church and state. With uneducated people, he talked about religion, Providence and the common affairs of life. Experience tells me it was entertaining. We children though overfond of play, would stay in to hear the conversation. He enjoyed the society of women, and could laugh and chat with them with grace and dignity.

In manners he was gentle. Rude, vulgar speech and conduct, he could not bear. He required his children to look people courteously in the face when speaking to them - to pass a house near the road in silence - to take off the hat when coming in. Like his Uncle James Becket, he forbad all slang words and phrases, all kinds of nicknames and bywords and exclamations bordering on the profane; such as, "my goodness", "my gracious", etc.

His modesty was remarkable, especially in the presence of those he deemed his superiors in age or gifts. I have never met a person more bashful after the discipline of a college course. This was not so apparent when among those with whom he was well acquainted. But when respectable strangers were present. I have often seen him disconcerted in the pulpit: and for this reason, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to preach when there were several ministers at hand. This held him back from greater usefulness both in church courts and in the pulpit. Had he gone to college when the character was forming, it might have been different. He being rather old before he was subjected to class discipline, he could never overcome this amiable weakness. Partly for the same reason, he did not like to go among strangers and therefore did not have a great number of confidential friends. But his friendship was true with those he embraced in the number. When alienated, he was somewhat hard to be won again, but showed no other resentment but to let them severely alone that injured or insulted him. He never allowed himself to be miffed at anyone so as not to be on speaking terms. If others refused to speak to him, he did not try to force himself on their notice - he simply kept his distance till a better state of mind appeared.

He was very careful to speak only the truth. If a neighbor's character was concerned, he prudently said as little as possible; though when he thought others had a right to know, he would not hold back the facts.

He had a pretty strong temper, but usually well bridled, which gave him force of character. In the family, his corrections were severe. It was the youthful judgment of the older children that a little more gentleness in family discipline would not have been amiss. We believe moreover, that time softened his sterner qualties, that he grew more lenient as he grew older, and that the younger members of the family were subjected to less severity of discipline.

He entertained a desire for the work of the ministry at an early age-joined the church at sixteen, but being a penniless orphan, made little progress till grown up. Having conceived the purpose, as soon as he was free to pursue the bent of his own mind, he set about obtaining an eductⁱon. He secured the means to get a common school course by work - studying during his leisure moments. A certain Mr. Young, of whom I have often heard him speak, was his model school teacher. He mastered Gough's Arithmetic, Murry's Grammer, and the other studies then necessary to prepare for teaching the primary branches. Then he taught and studied with whatever private help he could get, until he was able to enter the Junior year at Columbia College, S. C. His resources were still meager. He boarded in the commons, and eked out a scanty support, by privately teaching students that were behind in some of the branches. He lost no time unnecessarily, encroached far into the hours of the night. Slow to acquire, he pegged away with the greater diligence. In Latin his scholarship was good, in Greek fair. He mostly read the New Testament in this language. The opportunity to make any great advance in Hebrew was slight; but he thirsted for the water of the original fountain of truth, in the language in which it was first given. He was a careful student of this language, and has left a manuscript of notes and definitions on a part of the Hebrew Psalms. He read without the points as the fashion was then, but seemed to anticipate the general use of them, as he always bought pointed books.

Mathematics was his fort. In this branch he had greatest delight, and had confidence in himself. He kept manuscripts of the ground passed over, and of the work done, which proves that he was an extra careful and correct student. Brought up in uncultured society from his youth, he overcame the native solecisms and mispronunciations, by a constant referemce to the grammar and dictionary. When I was studying the language, I found it best to follow his pronunciations, except when upon examination by authorities, I found it otherwise. Walker was the authority of that day. Few students surpassed him in fidelity to this standard. He spoke the language with purity and correctness. He often criticized the young people in grammar, pronunciation and propriety, thus giving his children an early drill in the use of the mother tongue.

As a teacher he attained considerable success. Experience was added to the necessary learning before he took his degree. So when the trustees of the Academy at Pendleton asked the faculty to name a suitable person among the graduates for principal, his name was given. Thus he entered at once upon honorable and lucrative work, which was assiduously followed about five years, and with such satisfaction to himself and his employers, that he was strongly tempted to settle down in the business of teaching for life. It required tact to govern such a school. The warm Southern blood is not so easily kept in subjection as that of a more Northern latitude. The students, at one time, fell into the practice of dancing and neglecting their studies. Stern persevering discipline broke it up. Some who afterward figured in the politics of the state and nation attended that school while he was principal. The famous John C. Calhoun was among the visitors of the Academy. The profession of teaching had such charm for him, that he entertained the hope of uniting it to the work of the ministry; and with this aim chose Bloomington, then recently appointed as the site of the Indiana University, as his home. When a vacancy occurred in the chair of Mathematics he applied for the situation, but was defeated by an up-start of a fellow, who had a better command of the ropes and wires. His ability as a teacher, however slighted by the trustees, was recognized by a clever student by the name of Joseph Wright. This brilliant young man soon sounded the depths of the professor, and sought more efficient instruction, in the science of that department outside of the college. This student afterward rose in politics and became Governor of the State of Indiana.

As a Preacher and Pastor he was willing, in his own estimation, to take the lowest room. His hearers would scarcely have been willing to have him ranked so low. He had acquired a thorough knowledge of Biblical Theology - the preaching therefore was instructive and Scriptural. Being of a mathematical turn, his power of analysis was good, and hence a good skeleton might have been expected. The division was clear, logical, natural, simple and exhaustive. The filling up was by the way of or of and intellectual illustration. His style was far from ornate - chaste , to the point and easily understood. The delivery was conversational - free from false tones and affectations. There was often hesitation for the proper word, even the necessity, sometimes, of changing the form of the sentence, in extemporaneous speaking. This was less noticeable in later years, when he gave himself entirely to his professional work. If his style lacked the elements that form an attractive speaker, it was also free from faults that provoke criticism.

He preached from a sense of duty. Beginning with a salary of about $50, he at no time received more than $180. He could well say, "I have sought not yours, but you."

As Pastor there was a fair measure of success. He moderated the session with impartiality and ability. The first strain, upon his judicial powers, came in the division of 1833. The session was evenly divided. Some of the leading elders had voted at a political election. Family ties should have bound them together: but, in that time, near relations parted in principle. James Blair and David Smith had married two sisters, daughters of Thomas Neil, and stood on opposite sides of this question. James Faris was son-in-law of David Smith. Thomas Smith his son, had followed the example of James Blair and D. B. Woodburn, and had voted. It was a mixed affair. When the matter came into the session, the court was found to be evenly divided. The Moderator's casting vote determined the result. Through the decision and faithfulness of the Pastor, and the Elder David Smith, the majority of the congregation was saved from the defection. T. Smith and others acknowledged their error and returned, and became stable defenders of the old-time testimony. But the alienation between Mr. Blair and the Pastor was perpetual. For many years the former would pass the latter on the street, without recognition. He, of course, thought he was badly served by the Moderator. It was that casting vote that hurt. My Father, though by nature modest as a child, could, in a court, exercise the decision of an inflexible judge.

Formal pastoral visitations were regularly attended to; but social visits were not made, except among the near relatives, and these sparingly. No doubt there was a faulty distance of pastor and people. I rather think the blame was mutual. The pastor was not invited, and did not choose to go without invitation. Yet, the younger people under his care, mostly joined the church. He made it a matter of conscience, however, to visit the sick. At such times, his prayers and counsels were very much esteemed, both by persons without and within the congregation. After the New Light division, preaching was held in private houses, barns, schoolhouses, etc. One sacrament was held in the barn, another in the woods beside the Pastor's house, and one was held in the Court house, before the brick house near T. Smith's was ready. The little school-house on Mr. Blair's place, formerly used as a meeting house, had been locked up and the clapboard pulpit put out of doors. My knowledge of these things is aided by overhearing many talks of the old people relating to the division.

The salary being so small, his material wants were chiefly supplied by his own means. Teaching in the South was remunerative. He had laid up about $2000, while principal of the Academy at Pendleton. With this he bought and improved 160 acres of land, one mile north of Bloomington-cost of the land 800 dollars. A balance, he loaned to needy settlers, who were able to pay after many years. He afterward bought 80 acres of school land, sold at auction, and to this, after some time, added another 40 acres. These purchases kept him under the pressure of debt for a long time. But he made good improvements, and was entirely free from debt when he died. The first farm he improved with a substantial log house and a good frame barn, and this place he occupied till the spring of 1842. Here the older children were born. The last 13 years of his life were spent on the "New Place", which he had improved with a large log barn, and commodious brick house - the latter completed about a year before his death.

Till James, his oldest son, grew up, Father was a farmer. He worked five days in the week, most of the time - doing all kinds of work. And his work was well done. He was a very careful farmer. Pure seed wheat did not turn to cheat on his farm. It was contrary to his faith. Burrs and briers did not take the fields, nor even the corners of the fence. His fences were built with a straight worm - each rail perpendicularly over the lower, heart-side up, and the corners resting on a flat stone. He once hired an ignorant hard-shelled Baptist preacher to build him a line of fence. It was not to his notion. He challenged the builder, who apologized for his work by saying, that he was studying a sermon at the time. Father said, "When I study sermon, I study sermon, and when I build fence I build fence." This was the man that preached, as we heard, about that time, "Samson was the biggest, and the strongest, and the wisest, and the best man that ever lived." The same made rails for Father, as did his father. Each claimed the same rails. Father said, "There is a lie between you; which shall I believe?" The old man said, "Believe me." He rented to several parties, at different times; but the renters were very unsatisfactory.

He had on each farm a small orchard of the best variety of fruit which he collected in his travels. He made his own nursery, and did his own grafting and budding. I remember the first apples from the Rambo tree. They were divided among the children, a small piece to each with the rhyme - "Pippen, pippen, fly away,
And bring me an apple, to-morrow day."

His sheep, at first of common breed, he improved with merinos. The principle rams and wethers of the flock were named after the public men of the day. Chief Justice Hornblower was the appropriate name of a large horned wether. Martin Van Buren distinguished another. A black one kept in remembrance the representative of the Republic of Hayti, bearing the honorable name of Quatie Pompo, a colored man accredited to this government, but not received by the proslavery oligarchy. The names of the sheep showed how well the owner was versed in the current politics of the country.

He was naturally of a mechanical turn - made shoes, bottomed chairs, bound books, stocked plows, made wooden forks, hames, snathes for the scythe, and sleds. Under his direction, the boys cut a large gum log into cylinders that served as wheels to a truck wagon for oxen. He never owned a carriage or buggy, and had no wagon till about 1843. A primitive sled was made of the crotch of a tree. The end below the fork was dressed down for the clevis. A bar of wood crossed, and bound together the two branches, and received the log. It was a droll sight to see Snip, the old mare, running away with the fork, or sled, with the top of a tree log chained to it, and dashing through the narrow gate. The damage was to the harness rather than to the conveyance. The driver was safe, as he drove walking beside the load. And so were the children if they got out of the way. Snip was a good mare to work; but would run away with a sled which she seemed to dread. She was trusty enough in the wagon or plow. Her chief virtue was that she foaled an only living colt, by name of Filly, a most remarkable sorrel colored nag, which when pushed on the road, could walk five miles an hour, for twelve successive hours and never fag. Racing gentry bantered him to part with her. The mare was very quick, skittish, and prone to rear and jump. The boys were afraid to ride her. Father seemed not the least afraid, but often rode with one behind. I never knew him to be thrown. He was an excellent rider. I have seen him on that mare when a colt, bare-backed, riding at a break-neck speed,

through the pasture, to subject her to the bridle, to my boyish eyes, the feat was terrific. The old log house, the frame barn, the spring-house, the woods, the fields, the cattle, the sheep, the hogs, the dogs (Lion and Cato), the cat (Dido), and the chickens, with bare-footed children seem now a world of romance. Oh! for a day of those primitive times! But it is almost as good as sight to roam back in imagination, to youthful sports amid scenery, long since swept away by later improvements.

The diet for ordinary, was coarse and simple, at least in my earliest recollection - it was more luxurious in later times - weak coffee, corn bread, milk and butter, with bacon or beef for breakfast; corn bread (usually a dodger, meal and water, shortened with lard), or a Johnny cake in the winter (meal and water, without salt or shortening, baked hard on a board before the fire), meat and butter. Cooked vegetables with milk for dinner; corn meal mush for supper. Flour was scarce. A baking of biscuits on Saturday, made a grateful change for lunch on Sabbath at church. These were carefully counted and each got his share, - two or three, or for a wonder, five.

The clothing was usually primitive. Homespun served for wear to the family, and to himself, even in the pulpit for years. He mostly kept a cloth coat and pants to attend church courts in. This economy was forced on him by the smallness of the salary, and the hardness of the times. When teaching in the South, and until he settled as pastor, he was used to the best. "He knew how to abase himself, and how to abound." Of necessity he was very saving. Nothing went to loss. His plow and tools were all under shelter, when not in use, in spite of Southern and Western carelessness. Everything was in its place. There was order in everything he did. He would not even retire to bed without setting table and chairs, out of the middle of the floor, to the wall.

With all his economy, not a hand's turn of woman's work could he do. I remember a few meals which he attempted to prepare in the sickness or absence of Mother. It was woeful! He often said he did not know what he would do if Mother were taken away. We did not know either, but we thought he would be apt to get married, for he was a man that needed a wife, and he had a gallant air among women. It need scarcely be said that he never interfered in the kitchen department. Milking, washing and ironing, baking and cooking - and washing and dressing babies, were mysteries he could not be initiated into.

He was by nature a Reformer. The evils of intemperance, or rather of moderate drinking, so called, were impressed on his mind by what he saw in others. When at the Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, the great doctors of the church came to the examination of the students. At a private entertainment, in the evening, the moderate drinking was continued till a noted D.D. could not walk across the floor. Such scenes determined him to be a teetotaler at a time when it was thought genteel to drink. Later, when a wedding ceremony was about to come off at the house of his father-in-law, David Smith, the jug was sent to him to be filled at the neighboring distillery, and brought along for the occasion. This he neglected to do, on purpose. When asked about the jug, he replied, "There is no need for liquor at a wedding." From this time on though not a fussy temperance man, his influence among his friends and hearers secured the better class of them for total abstinence, before the pledge associations were heard of. Yet he did not accept the theory that Bible wine was free from alcohol. It was an argument between him and Rev. J. Wallace, on this subject, that convinced me that the wines used in our Saviour's day were fermented. Never since, have I doubted it.

His manner of conducting a discussion, was to make the least direct arguments first, then bring up the rear and make the final assault with the reserve of strongest reasons. This method, with entire reserve and self-possession, enabled him to handle a cause in private debate very well, I never knew of him entering into a public debate.

He also held tobacco in absolute abhorence. I would as soon have been caught stealing, in his presence, as to have been seen using the filthy weed. Many a lecture in private have I heard on the subject. He literally groaned to see the fine white-oak forests, of Indiana, girdled, so that a crop of tobacco might be grown on the virgin soil. All his children have grown up in the belief that the use of tobacco in any form of indulgence is a sin and scandal. But he was far in advance of his day.

He was an early supporter of the Bible Society, and has left among his papers, a copy of the constitution of a society auxiliary to the A.B.S. formed when he was at Pendleton. Later, this connection was given up, lest he should offend a party then somewhat prevalent in the church, who maintained that Covenanters could not consistently join in voluntary association with others.

None were more practical advocates of freedom for the slaves. It was a mistaken move in this direction that led him to join the Colonization Society. The true character of this association was soon found to be pro-slavery; and he bedame an abolitionist. About the end of his career as Principal of Pendleton Academy, he paid $500 for a man named Isaac, in order to set him free. He had thus intended to give the faithful janitor of the School an opportunity to free himself. But Isaac was about to be sold to the plantations, and upon his earnest entreaty, he made him the favored subject. Isaac was to have the priviledge of working for his freedom. He paid back $100 while in the South. The rest may be set down to the score of benevolence, for though he received a note with Isaac's name on it, no part of the money ever came. The note lay for long enough as a mark in one of the books in the library. When he went to Philadelphia, he took Issac along. Once or twice they were arrested upon suspicion of his being a runaway. He proved to be a worthless negro, fell in with bad women, and might as well have been in slavery, for any good he ever did. Many a time my Father rued the selection and wished it had been the other man. Before he took the man North, application was made to the Legislature to pass a law enabling slaveholders, desiring it, to rid themselves of the evil, by setting their slaves free; but the petition was in vain. Freedom was not to be allowed in South Carolina. David Crossin, knowing his sentiments, died, willing a large family to my Father, that they might be set free. They were offered their chance to go to Liberia. They chose to come to Indiana. Even there they had to be formally sold, and security given for their good behavior.

Our house was a station on the U.G.R.R. Many a poor panting fugitive found their way to Canada on that line. James Clark, son-in-law of Dr. Todd, who lived on the main road often brought them. His coarse, bass voice grew rather familiar. The call, "A stranger here!" made in the dead of night, was well understood. Safe quarters were found in the house, barn, fields or woods, according as they supposed there was danger of search. In one case, in which a habeas corpus was sent out on Sabbath and the man was retaken, but afterward eluded his captors and came back. I never knew where the negro was secreted; but the hunters rode through the surrounding woods, cracking whips and breaking brush, at a fearful rate, and made it a night to be remembered. The man in spite of them got safely away.

The leading antislavery papers found their way to my father's study. The "Human Rights" by Lovejoy - "The Emancipator", by Joshua Leavitt - and finally, "The National Era", by Dr. Bailey. He read these papers eagerly and, as time passed, became more intensely an abolitionist. He read the speeches of J.Q. Adams and of Joshua R. Giddings and John P. Hale with deepest emotion; and regretted the extreme Southern course of his old friend, John C. Calhoun, and one of his former pupils, by name, Francis Burt. He lived to see the conflict at its height, but departed from the scene before deliverance came. His mind was full of anxiety at the time of Sumner's first election to the Senate. The choice hung between two or three parties five or six weeks. Then by a coalition, Sumner was chosen. During this struggle, as soon as the National Era came, even if this was Saturday, his first care was to learn what progress was making in the election case. It was a feeling of triumph that came at the close, when the cause of liberty was to be represented by such an able and learned exponent. My father used to say of Sumner and such as he, "They are wonderfully great men." He seldom, or never, made an abolition lecture in public; but embraced every opportunity to advocate freedom privately, both at home and abroad, and encouraged and hospitably entertained the traveling lecturers of the Anti-slavery Society.

As a Christian, he was blameless, sincere and pious. His piety appeared in conversation, by an artless, unostentious method of giving it a moral or religious turn. He talked often to his children, inspiring them with love of learning, and love to the church and her distinctive principles. His purpose seemed to be to incline their minds to the work of the ministry. He desired many boys, that they might be preachers. His desire was largely gratified. He had eight sons and two daughters. The first born, a son died in infancy, also the seventh born, a daughter. The last was a girl. Of these, four are preachers, David, John, Daniel and Isaiah; one, James, is an Elder; two, Thomas and Samuel, are Deacons; and Mary's husband, Matthew H.McKelvy, is a Deacon.

He was a man of singularly good common sense judgment, and thus combined wisdom and piety.

At college, he was the leading founder of the Philo Euse[illegible] Society. The object was to cultivate the pure worship of God among the students. The constitution, in his hand-writing, is among his papers.

In the education of his family he sometimes gave them a task, at some times a consideration. A shot at a mark with a rifle, paid for ten questions in the Shorter Catechism, got in ten days. A note was given to;; the debt was paid. Fifty questions in the Larger, in fifty consecutive days, was the price of a pocket knife. Ten cents paid for laying up 100 rails. The object was to get the work done, and teach the children how to save by knowing how hard it is to make.

His journeys were frequent, and some of them extensive, and chiefly on horseback. In 1822 he rode from Carolina through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Illinois to Indiana, and back, viewing the country. He has left a journal of this trip. In 1825, after being licensed to preach, he rode to Philadelphia, accompanied by Isaac on foot. Here he attended the Theological Seminary one session, and finished his course. In the spring and summer of 1826 he traveled to the West, at least as far as Indiana, and thence home to the South. During this long trip his first born son died of Summer-complaint. In the Fall of the same year, he and his brother-in-law, T. Smith, lately married, moved to Bloomington, Indiana. Of these journeys he has left fragments at least, of notes and observations.

On his first visit to Illinois, he found Rev. S. Wylie living in a small log hut so incommodious that it was necessary to pack away their bed and bedding by day. This did not prevent Mr. Wylie from being the genial, polished gentleman, he always was, excelling in conversational powers. My father was much astonished to find such an educated and refined gentleman with such surroundings. But Mr. Wylie observed that he expected it would be better some day - which was true enough in a few years: for Mr. Wylie had a fine house, and a large estate, in his later life.

Father and Mother rode together on horseback, to Illinois in 1827. At this time he was ordained, in the old frame church - the first church of the Covenanters in Illinois. Mr Wylie was the settled Pastor. This was a wearisome journey, to Mother, as I have often heard her say. The installation took place afterward, at Bloomington, and thence we date the beginning of the pastoral work. He went many times to Synod, and was gone five or six weeks at a time. The journey was so planned, as to bring the preacher, on Sabbath, into the bounds of some congregation, or preaching station; so all this time was not lost to the church. These were the days in which ministers did indeed endure hardness. It was trial to himself and family, and such as we now know little about. We step aboard the cars, and in less than 48 hours, set foot in New York or Philadelphia. The great trunk railroads were just penetrating the West, when he died. Once, or perhaps twice, in going to Pittsburgh by boat, he reached the Ohio at Madison, by rail from Columbus, which was reached by hack line from Bloomington. The whole journey was made by rail the year he died. Preparation had been made for it. He would have started on the Monday on which his funeral took place. The end had come - his work was done - he was called to attend a higher court.

In health, he was not the most robust - yet not often sick. He had a few attacks of fever and ague, in the first years of his residence in the West - a malarious climate. He was always subject to faint at the sight of human blood - also from pain or weakness. Once when cholera was about, he took diarrhea, was up in the night, and fell his full weight on the floor, alarming the whole family. We thought it was turning to cholera. As age advanced, periodic nervous headaches set in. The spell seldom came more than once in three or four weeks, and lasted only a day or two. When a child, he had some symtoms of dyspepsia. His stomach refused some kinds of food, especially corn meal mush - common then for supper. His Aunt Agnes Smith, sister to his father, and mother of David Smith, who had charge of him after the death of his father, thought it was a foolish notion, and forced him to take mush, or do without. Often, has he said, as a result of that experience, that he would never force a child to eat anything revolting to taste. He got over this to a good extent when he came to manhood, but always had a squeamish stomache. The mere imagination of a hair or mote was enough to turn it. For this reason he used to sift and pick his grist of wheat before taking it to the mill. He never could eat hot biscuit and coffee. This was common breakfast diet at the South. The coffee was strong and black, and the biscuit half raw. One might as well swallow so much clay. It took but a little of such a breakfast to suffice him. He was fond of raised flour bread, but could do very well on cornbread when properly baked. He became very fond of mush for supper, and ate it with buttermilk.

A wrench of the back in lifting brought on sciatica, with which he lay up at one time for several weeks. He suffered from a rupture, the result also of an injudicious lift. The shins, the last 15 years of his life, were tender and troublesome. They broke out with spreading, festering sores with proud flesh, from the least scratch. A salve, made of the boilings of elder bark, verdigris, and sheeps tallow, mostly healed them.

The lungs were sound, and the chest well developed.

The last sickness was ushered in by severe headache. Father, John and myself had been to Princeton, Indiana, attending communion and Presbytery. On the return, Wednesday night we lodged about 14 miles from home. Headache, worse than common, troubled him all night. Part of the time, he walked the floor. Next morning he ate some breakfast which disagreed with him, and caused vomiting. Nervous derangement was very observable. When we crossed the railroad, he could not trust to our sight, that the way was clear, but raised the curtains of the carriage, and looked both ways to satisfy himself. Usually when he got home from a journey, he was very cheerful and talkative. This time he sat down by the fire - it was a cold, damp day - took no dinner, but after while lay down across the children's bed, with the feet to the fire. Here he reposed, mostly silent, till about three o'clock, P. M. when he roused up and asked for his Bible and spectacles. These Mother gave him and went upstairs. After a little, she came down and found him sitting on the bed, looking very strange, but saying nothing. She questioned him, and found that he was speechless. The doctor was called, and said that he had paralysis of one side. Active treatment made no impression. The disease became more general. The power of speech was not recovered. Some signs - such as an intelligent tearful look at Mother and some of the children, but particularly, putting his hand to his mouth in token of his dislike and nausea for salts, satisfied the family, that at first there was partial consciousness. He gradually sank, and died at 11 o'clock A. M., the hour of public worship - a fit moment to enter, as we fondly hope he did, the temple not made with hands. His last discourse, preached at Princeton, was on the words, "But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is Godly for Himself." (Psalm 4:3).

The funeral took place on Monday. A large concourse of people, with some of the college professors, attended, and followed the remains to the church-yard, near his residence. The body was put in a plain coffin, dressed in black - his usual preaching suit - the gray hair was combed backwards. The countenance was natural and pleasant. One would have said, "He is not dead but sleepeth."

The grave is marked by a small Italian Monument, put up by the family and congregation (the expense shared equally). After Mother's death, which occurred at Coulterville, Illinois, Aug. 20, '81, we took her mortal remains to Bloomington, and had them laid by the side of her husband - there to sleep together to the judgment of the last day. When we opened the coffin at the grave, for a last view to the Bloomington friends, we found the ice but partially melted and the looks and all well preserved.

Thus our Father and Mother have fallen asleep, and we remain, to follow their footsteps and finish their work.

"Our Fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"

THE END

The following is the inscription on the above monument:

In memory of JAMES FARIS first pastor of Ref. Pres. Cong. of Bethesda, which relation he sustained about 25 years with a prudence and humility rarely exhibited. Born May 1791 and died May 20, 1855, his bereaved family and flock erect this monument in token of sincere affection and esteem.