

A Pioneer in Northwest America 1841-1858
The Memoirs of Gustaf Unonius

VOLUME TWO

Chapter 4

STUDENT DAYS AT NASHOTAH—THE TEACHERS—
MISSIONARY WORK AMONG INDIANS IN MINNESOTA—DR.
ADAMS—THE REVEREND MR. HOBART—BISHOP KEMPER—
—HIS LABORS—THE BISHOP'S RESIDENCE

SO, ONCE more, I was a student. But it was an entirely different thing from attending the university and taking care of my studies according to my own sweet will. In that respect I was here anything but a *liber studiosus*. Every day we were assigned, as is the custom at almost all institutions of learning in America, our lessons, which we had to recite the following day, like other schoolboys. Without that method and without the excellent teachers who gave me special guidance in my studies, it would not have been possible for me, even with the special consideration given me in view of my situation, in a couple of years to pass the examination which entitled me to ordination as a deacon—especially since the subjects, which were new to me, had to be studied in a language which to me was largely a strange tongue. The isolated place we were living in and the comparatively slight association we had with any American families had resulted in our knowing much less English than we might have when one considers the time we had spent in this country. I could manage with fair ease in matters of business and in conversations on everyday subjects, but when it came to scientific studies and anything that lay outside the sphere of the ordinary settler, I had my difficulties. It was some time before I could study the lessons without a dictionary and exegetics without the aid of the Swedish translation of the Bible and the English commentaries.

Though I was older than any of my fellow students, some of whom in the preparatory department had hardly reached the mid-teens, my naturally youthful spirit was revived by my intimate association with them. American youth is reputed to be undisciplined, and the training that is given them is of such a nature that even mere boys attain a little too much of the spirit of independence, which often makes them almost unbearable. Young America is, on the whole, a spoiled child lacking the loveliness which in some spoiled children compensates for their capriciousness and forwardness. And yet I am

inclined to believe that the lack of moral restraint here is no greater but rather less than elsewhere. The offensiveness of their outward manners is seldom coupled with the wantonness which, sometimes hidden under a refined surface, is generally regarded by us as something pardonable in young people. During my daily association with both younger and older students at Nashotah, as I shared their work, listened to their jokes, watched the play of the younger students when they were alone, not suspecting that they were being observed by anyone else, I never heard an indecent word, never an expression to which a seventeen-year-old girl might not have listened without blushing.

In the neighborhood there was no lack of young people of both sexes belonging both to the educated and uneducated classes; but our young men never permitted themselves either toward one class or the other any such improper liberties as are unfortunately so common among us under similar conditions. Excesses in drinking were also quite unknown among them. In a word, the licentiousness which often accompanies student life in Europe and is blinked at by the public was completely absent among the students here. I am far from asserting that this holds good for all the students in this country's public educational institutions. The religious direction which was given them here and which is lacking in the public institutions of learning exerted a powerful influence without any outward compulsion's being exerted on them. This shows what can be done in America, and what we may hope will sometime happen when Christian education, freed from all fanaticism, has become more common.

My mind does not weary of recalling my memories of Nashotah, and I beg the reader, too, not to grow weary if, before we bid it farewell, I introduce a couple of the members of its teaching staff.

The Reverend Mr. Breck has already been mentioned in passing. He may be regarded as the real founder of Nashotah, an undertaking which demanded a strong, unyielding will, faith that never wavered even when he faced the greatest hardships, and a Christian self-abnegation which few would have been willing to endure. With these qualities he combined a rare ability of attracting people and of influencing them strongly. It was hardly possible to contradict him, even in matters in which he appeared wrong, and the roughest, most uncultured beings would never permit themselves to show him discourtesy. There was about him a mildness but also a seriousness which testified of moral power before which almost everyone had to bow. It was fortunate that he had not been brought up in the Roman church or was an

adherent of it, or he might have become another Hildebrand.¹ Upon the willful and to all appearances ungovernable young students who were placed under his guidance when the institution was first opened he exerted a wonderful influence without using any punishment. I do not know that any chastisement except kindly private correction was ever practiced at Nashotah.

Before my ordination and after the Scandinavian church had been organized at Pine Lake, he was its pastor, and though few of the members were able to converse with him, none failed to love and honor him. All he needed to do was to show himself and people were attracted to him. Once we had been invited to attend the dedication of a new church in a Norwegian settlement. In addition to a couple of Norwegian ministers there were also German Lutheran pastors present, all of whom took part in the services. Mr. Breck and I were, of course, silent witnesses. At the close of the dedication I entered into conversation with some of the Norwegians and asked them which of the ministers who had taken part in the service they liked best. They said, "We liked them all very well, but the English reader, though he said nothing, was the best one of them all. We got as much good from looking at him as from listening to the rest of them."

Mr. Breck was not so notable as a teacher as in planning and keeping an institution like Nashotah together. With the bishop as superintendent of the school and in cooperation with the faculty that was eventually appointed to lead the institution, Mr. Breck served for many years as its president. After he had seen his efforts crowned with success and the future of the institution assured—as far as that was possible under conditions such as prevail in America—Mr. Breck left it to another man to continue the work he had begun, and set out for the new territory in Minnesota; there, as a pioneer of the church, he organized several congregations that afterwards became strong and flourishing, and Providence opened to him an entirely new field of labor in which he made for himself a name that will live on in the history of the church in America.

When Mr. Breck went to Minnesota the Indians had not yet left the land. Numerous tribes remained there for the greater part of the year, and, a few hundred miles north of St. Paul, where Mr. Breck had settled, and close to the border of the British possessions the Chippewa tribe, formerly most powerful and still quite strong, had its hunting grounds and permanent villages and camping grounds. Several missionary efforts had been made

¹ Hildebrand (died in 1085), known as Saint Gregory VII, was Pope from 1073 to 1085. Credited with rescuing the medieval papacy from disintegration and collapse, Hildebrand is remembered for his dramatic humiliation of Henry IV at Canossa.

among them, but with scant success. By chance Mr. Breck came in touch with some of these Indians and took their condition to heart. In the kindness and trust which they showed him he seemed to sense a divine call to go out as a missionary to that pitiable people. Through the desolate wilderness, along paths that had never before been touched by a white man's foot, he walked, accompanied by a couple of Indians, to the distant home grounds of a people that were not very kindly disposed to the white invaders of their land. There he gathered about himself the savage sons of the forest, spoke to them of the Great Spirit whom we all worship, and of the name of the Savior at which all knees shall someday bend. Near their wigwams he erected a small log cabin, where he gave instruction to both young and old. His mission and labors among them recall vividly the days of Marquette, Mesnard, Jogues, and Lalemant.²

From the very beginning he realized how hopeless a task it really was to try to convert those people to Christianity before a change had been made in their nomadic mode of living and until they could be persuaded to turn to farming and other forms of labor. That is just the reef on which previous efforts had been wrecked. But Providence had furnished Mr. Breck with qualities which by His grace were to overcome that difficulty as other obstacles. He himself took the axe out of the hand of the Indian woman and placed it in the hand of the warriors who disdained all kinds of toil, encouraging them to help him build a cabin that might better protect him from the cold and the storms than the smoky matting-covered wigwam. When spring came he taught them to use the spade and the plow. In the course of time other white men came to assist him: carpenters and other craftsmen oversaw the Indian youths' manual training, and a couple of women taught the girls sewing and other kinds of hand-work. After a few years the Indian village took on the appearance of a white settlement.

These changes did not come about without much grumbling and dissatisfaction, which often threatened to wreck the undertaking, and exposed Mr. Breck himself to many dangers. He had already spent several years among the Indians at Gull Lake, Minnesota, mown in the Chippewa language as Kageeanshikunschigag, when a number of young warriors who

² Jacques Marquette (1637-75), French Jesuit missionary and North American explorer; Isaac Jogues (1607-46), French Jesuit missionary and martyr in the New World; Lalemant can be one of three by that name who served as Jesuit missionaries in Canada—Charles Lalemant (1587-1674), his brother, Jerome Lalemant (1593-1673), or their nephew, Gabriel Lalemant (1610-49). Mesnard is probably René Menard (1604-61), a Jesuit missionary who worked among the Indians in Wisconsin for several years. He is presumed to have been on his way to Dakota when he was murdered at the first rapid of the Menominee River, August 10, 1661.

had been roaming about in other regions came back and were not a little astonished and at the same time greatly incensed at the change their home grounds had undergone during their absence. They also brought firewater which was distributed among their people, and caused their savage spirit to reassert itself.

The small number who were attached to Mr. Breck hardly dared to raise their voices in his defense, and the rest of them decided that the white man's church, schoolhouse, and shops must be destroyed and he himself made to suffer severely for his temerity. At nightfall they surrounded Mr. Breck's cabin, shouting wildly. With unfaltering calmness, strong in his faith and trust in God, he opened the door and went out to meet them, without flinching before the lifted tomahawk which a drunken warrior brandished above his head and which, is if by a miracle, was prevented from touching him. Not a movement indicated that he feared death; not a sign hinted at self-defense, which of course would have been quite useless. His courage and, as I can well imagine, something in his entire personality must have made even the savage assailant feel that the man over whose head he was swinging his weapon was protected by a higher power, and made him restrain his arm. But he had to go away—that white teacher who had spoken of another glory than that of warring and hunting, another religion than the worship of the manitou. Trustingly, Mr. Breck laid his child, which was only a few months old, in the arms of an old Indian who was attached to him, and accompanied by him and a couple of other red men, he and his wife were compelled, in the cold winter night, to flee the danger that might again have overtaken him and which it would have been sheer folly to defy. Riding in a dogsled they went to the border fortress, Fort Ripley,³ where they were given asylum for a time.

But Mr. Breck was not a man to be deterred from his purpose by such obstacles. Familiar with the character of the Indians, he knew that as soon as the whiskey had been exhausted and its effect dissipated, their savagery would abate. He had never done the Indians, on their home grounds, anything but good; when they were hungry he had shown them how by a little work, which at first he paid for far beyond its worth, they could earn their living; in their nakedness he had clothed them. He knew that when they came to their senses they would recognize that. All alone he went to revisit

³ Fort Ripley, Minnesota, a one-company post, first called Fort Gaines, was established April 13, 1849, on the west bank of the Mississippi River (Unonius apparently thought the river formed the border of the state) seven miles below the mouth of the Crow Wing River, to control the Winnebago Long Prairie Reservation. Chippewa unrest in August, 1862, brought an increased garrison. The fort was abandoned in 1877. (*Dictionary of American History* [New York, 1946], Vol. IV, p. 487; Francis Paul Prucha, *Broadax and Bayonet* [Madison, Wisconsin, 1953], p. 28.)

them at the site of his home which they had ruined, and persuaded them to help him rebuild it. In a short time everything was as it had been. He and his wife gained the good will of the red men in an ever-increasing degree. His fiercest opponents finally became his friends and their conversion to Christianity and their adoption of the customs and usages of the white people constitute a remarkable chapter in recent Indian history.

The attention of the government in Washington was attracted to this missionary undertaking. In another part of Minnesota another mission had been started, mainly conducted by the Presbyterian church and supported by public funds. But though it had been active a number of years, few signs of success were in evidence. The Presbyterian missionary then in the field saw this and acknowledged that Mr. Breck must have understood how to come closer to the goal in "a more excellent way." He therefore sent—and be this said to his honor—a petition to the government, requesting that the grant which had been given to him and his church for the education of the Indians might, as he now gave it up, instead be given the Protestant Episcopal mission among the Chippewa people, which he recommended as being the only one that gave any hope of success.

In this way Mr. Breck received an annual grant of \$2,000; but a year later he declined that support, preferring to continue his work independent of civil authorities and free from any interference, responsible only to the ecclesiastical authorities and assured that for its future progress the church would continue to give him the support that had never been wanting. He appeared, however, several times before the government authorities on behalf of the red men, and called attention to mistakes in the efforts that had been made to improve their condition. During his long stay among that people he had gained experience and influence which caused the authorities to take his words to heart. Thus he has become an instrument in the hand of God for the elevation of the red race in both temporal and spiritual matters.

Mr. Breck was in no great hurry about his work of conversion, as had been many of his predecessors. Several years passed before he received the first Indian through baptism into the Christian church. He sought first of all to give them thorough instruction in Christian doctrine and to bring about a change in their nomadic mode of living. This was a labor that took time, but since it began to bear fruit it has been richly blessed. In 1858, when Mr. Breck, after laboring among these Indians as a missionary for six years, made a trip to the East, several teachers, men and women, associated themselves with him in his noble undertaking which at that time would seem to have overcome its greatest obstacles. Altogether they were then eight in number, as many as those in the Ark of old who carried the church of God over the waters of the great flood and built the first altar underneath the

rainbow of the first divine promise. Since then the Indian mission in Minnesota has been considerably extended, and several stations, even among other tribes, have been established, all of which seem to promise as blessed results as were achieved in the first one. In addition, Mr. Breck has set up in that state, which is filling up with more and more white settlers, a school and a seminary like those in Nashotah. Through the tireless labors of this man and the excellent bishop who has recently been appointed for that diocese, the kingdom of Christ is becoming ever more firmly established among both the white and the red population.

But I have dwelt too long with Mr. Breck and must limit myself to only a few words about two other members of the teaching staff and Nashotah. Still, everything that concerns them and that institution is a subject as rich as it is dear to me, and about which I could never tire of speaking.

Among these, Professor W. Adams, D.D.,⁴ takes first rank. The same age as Mr. Breck, he was ordained to the ministry at the same time and collaborated with him in founding Nashotah. He was as zealous and sympathetic as Mr. Breck for the holy cause to which they had both dedicated their life and strength. By birth an Irishman—a fact that he was reluctant to admit—he had been a student at the University of Dublin. His father, the wealthy owner of a big estate, sought to persuade him to enter the service of the church, a thing for which he had neither inclination nor disposition. Much against his father's wishes he went to America where the desire awakened within him to take up the very occupation which in his homeland everything had been done if not to compel at least to persuade him to enter. Indeed, he was a most unusual person, a man of solid and extensive learning. Both as my teacher and friend I had learned to value and love this highly original person, the most talented man I have ever known. From his conversation one might learn more in an hour than from a week's study of books. He was the author of several volumes and of a number of theological articles in American church magazines, all of them testifying as much to his learning as to his geniality. Through these publications his name and influence have tended to give a higher standing to the institution of which from its very beginning and until this time he has been the most eminent educator. Without question he has filled his place as a teacher in a way that can be surpassed by few. It is not only my opinion, which in this case might not be of too great value, but that of others who are fully competent in that respect, that Dr. Adams might have occupied with honor any chair in theological or philosophical subjects in any European university.

⁴ William Adams (1813-1897), American Episcopal clergyman and professor of systematic theology at Nashotah from 1842 to his death.

But had he remained there, would his genius and learning have earned for him a greater name and reputation than that which he is enjoying here, confined as he is to a more limited sphere; that is, within the church to which he belongs and for which he lives and labors? It is possible, but not probable. Most likely he would have been unnoticed in Europe. With his disposition and odd character it was only the bracing life of America and especially its free ecclesiastical institutions that could stir into activity the powers that lay dormant within him, and which under other conditions might never have been developed. What is certain is that whatever he could have become in Europe, and whatever reputation he might have gained, there he could never have been more useful and better fitted for his place than he became here. His present position and labors recall the words of the poet, "Great things are quietly done."⁵ In certain respects people who know and appreciate Professor Adams's ability as a teacher and scientist might be inclined to bewail the fact that he has exiled himself to what may appear a small, insignificant institution in the American West, where he does not have access to a suitable library from which to gather material for new and important books, and where he lacks an unlimited field for the activities of his genius.

But on the other hand we might well ask, What would Nashotah have been without him? He has identified himself with this institution of learning which is so invaluable to the cause of the church and religion. What he has planted and watered there has been blessed by the Lord who gives the increase. The fruit of his unselfish toil and labor shall not be wanting. It can already be seen in the numerous small churches that have sprung up, one might say, in the wilderness. And in these churches a genuine Christian spirit and a true church life is developing under the guidance of the disciples who have come forth from his school and are preserving his memory in grateful hearts.

The third of the first missionaries at Nashotah, and during the first years one of its teachers—though he exchanged that position for a pastoral appointment in the Trinity Church, the largest Episcopal church in New York—was the Reverend J. H. Hobart.⁶ He was the son of the late bishop of New York, a man whose name shall be perpetuated in the history of the church in America as one of its most outstanding personages, perhaps the

⁵ "Vad sker stort, sker tyst," from the poem *Odalbonden* (The Freeholder) written in 1811 by Erik Gustav Geijer (1783-1847), Swedish Romantic poet.

⁶ John Henry Hobart (1817-1889), clergyman, born in New York, where his father was a bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church. After a short time at Nashotah, he returned to New York, where he died at Fishkill on August 31, 1889. (*Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography* [New York, 1894], Vol. III, p. 222.)

greatest of those to whom the shepherd's staff in the church of God has been entrusted. As highly valued and honored by his country as a citizen as by the church which he adorned as a true leader, he was called by Providence to put the impress of his personality on both. While he was engaged in a hot theological dispute with one of the most learned and honored ministers in the Presbyterian church, a book written by his astute opponent contained the following acknowledgment: "If I were compelled to entrust the safety and welfare of my native land to the hand of any one man, that man would be *John Henry Hobart*."

Missionary Hobart was a worthy son of such a father. If he has not inherited the outstanding qualities of his sire, and if he could not, like him, be awarded a place of honor in the pantheon of the civil and ecclesiastical community, he has in the less conspicuous places to which he has been appointed by Providence, wrought the work of a good minister of the gospel.

And how can I fail to mention him whose personality is connected with my first impressions of Nashotah, who later dedicated me to my calling for which he there had prepared me, who from the first time I saw him won my warmest love and respect and who from then on became my fatherly friend and benefactor?

In 1835 the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church convened in Philadelphia, where certain important decisions were made. Among them was perhaps none that was to have more highly beneficial consequences than that of dissolving the missionary union of the church, which had until then been an independent organization, and reorganizing it so as to make it an integral part of the church; that is, the church constituted itself into a great organization for home and foreign missions of which every communicant became a member and of which the bishops became ex officio officers in collaboration with two committees, one for home missions and one for foreign missions. These committees consisted of both ministers and laymen elected at every general convention by the representatives of the dioceses in attendance, and of other church members who attend the general missionary meeting where every minister, and every layman who has been admitted to Holy Communion, have voice and vote. In connection with that decision, which gave new life to the missionary work and has been crowned with exceptional progress, the convention realized the necessity, as missionaries were sent to work among the newly developing communities in the wide western areas, of also appointing a missionary bishop over the small congregations that were growing up in those regions. Those who might doubt the need and importance of that office in the church may at least in this case find striking evidence of its indispensability. Certainly without such an office the mission in America could not have attained to the success it has enjoyed.

Even a most superficial knowledge of prevailing conditions would show that many of the churches at the time of their organization consisted of perhaps only five or six families. While there were great tracts of unoccupied land to select from and while new fields were opening up for every new venture, such families frequently did not remain long in one place, and as a consequence the churches could not have survived without the association they had with each other through the episcopal office and without the oversight which was thereby given them.

The choice of the church fell on a minister who at that time was still a young man, and whose later work in the new and hitherto untried field where he was destined to labor, fully justified the hopes that were centered in him and the work, for the pursuit of which He who knows all hearts chose him as He had once chosen Matthew, that he might “take part of the ministry and the apostleship.” John Kemper,⁷ at that time pastor of one of the larger congregations in Philadelphia, a very popular preacher and skillful theologian, combining in his person all the virtues and other qualities that adorn a true Christian and a real gentleman, was ordained that year as missionary Bishop to preach the apostolic faith and build up the apostolic church in all of that wide territory of the United States, with the exception of the state of Illinois, north and west of the states of Kentucky and Ohio. That great territory, where so many flourishing states have since grown up, was at that time largely a vast wilderness, populated by the uncivilized sons of the forest and prairies.

Bishop Kemper’s early activities were limited to Missouri and Indiana, to which during the more than a quarter century which has passed since that time—a time throughout which the Lord has granted him His strength and grace, even in his advancing age, to continue in his labors with youthful power and untiring energy—have been added Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and finally Nebraska and Kansas. In all these states he has been a champion of the gospel, and his labors shall always constitute one of the most inspiring and interesting episodes in the modern history of the American, not to say the entire Christian church. Still he has not been a man that has made much of his labors and himself. His voice has not been heard in the crowded streets and marketplaces; fame has not blown her trumpet for him nor cried out his name through the world; but quietly, unnoticed, always watchful in his labors, he has implanted in the virgin soil a seed that, watered by the rains of heaven, is pushing up its shoots and prophesies a rich harvest for time and for eternity, as a good soldier of the cross he has suffered and toiled, thereby winning noble victories for the cross about which again and again he has gathered great throngs of believers who, when he is no longer among them, will bless his memory. Often for eight months at a time he has traveled within his extensive district, “in peril among heathen, in peril in the desert, in perils in water.”

⁷ Jackson Kemper (1789-1870), first missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Sometimes he has traveled under the burning rays of the sun over the endless prairie without seeing a human habitation; sometimes in lonely forests, along the narrow and shady Indian paths; sometimes in a frail canoe, along foaming rivers; always untiring in his labors, seeking in the wilderness the scattered sheep of the Lord to bring them back to the true fold.

Thus, after completing a visitation journey in the part of his diocese which lies along Lake Michigan he might receive a call to make another journey beyond the Mississippi, preaching from house to house, perhaps for months, conscientiously pursuing his duties without an opportunity to rest in his own home or see his family. Having been informed that there were some, though few in number, who were prepared to renew their baptismal covenant, he was ever ready to set out, within a few hours, like the apostles of old from Jerusalem to Samaria, to bless those who had accepted the Word of God, even though they lived hundreds of miles away. After this fashion, as the years pass, churches have been organized and supplied with ministers, houses of worship erected, for which Bishop Kemper generally, through his influence and his connections in the eastern states, has secured the money, often making contributions out of his own small means, for such and other causes that have as their goal the promotion of the church. Truly, where the episcopal office is thus administered and managed, we cannot but admit its usefulness. And likewise, when the office is lacking, in spite of spasmodic efforts to find substitutes for it, it will soon be seen how little can really be accomplished without it.

In the course of time almost all the states and territories which at first had constituted a great missionary district under Bishop Kemper's oversight became separate dioceses which for a time continued under his care but finally selected their own bishops. In this way, after a period of only a few years, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin—where, at the time I began my studies at Nashotah, there were only a few scattered churches and mission stations—and finally Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas—territories which at that time were hardly known even by name—have now churches and ministers enough to be organized into separate dioceses. In Wisconsin alone there are more than fifty ministers, and an equal number of churches without ministers, belonging to the Episcopal church. All of this, under the grace of God, may be ascribed to the tireless labors of Bishop Kemper and the excellent mission school at Nashotah.

Several of these dioceses, on being organized, elected him as their overshepherd, but declining the greater comforts and far less toilsome life of an organized diocese, he preferred, though at an advanced age, as long as health and strength permitted, to remain in the calling in which he was engaged, to go about the sparsely populated new territories and gather the

scattered sheep around his shepherd's staff till they became numerous enough to be turned over to other hands. Finally, in 1854, when he was seventy, though still in the full strength of his manhood, and after he had been serving as a voice in the wilderness for twenty years, he yielded to the entreaties of churches in Wisconsin to become bishop of the diocese where for more than ten years, only a short distance from Nashotah, he had maintained his simple home—which, however, he had seldom an opportunity to visit.

After becoming bishop in Wisconsin he continued to serve as missionary bishop in Minnesota and Kansas. "I have been very reluctant," he said in his report to the General Convention which met in Philadelphia in 1856, "to accept the call to the Wisconsin diocese, or I had hoped to be permitted to die as a missionary bishop, but the persistent urging of the brethren with whom I have been laboring a many years finally overruled my own desires." At the same time he had the privilege, with gratitude to the Lord who gives the increase, of rendering a most satisfactory report on his labors during the preceding three years. According to that report he had, in Wisconsin alone, officiated at 523 confirmations, among them 43 Oneida Indians; dedicated 8 new churches; ordained 9 deacons and 12 priests, a which number had also been added 1 who had recently held the same office in the Roman Catholic church. Among the students at Nashotah 14 were graduated and accepted as ministerial candidates.

This report may appear to many as insignificant in a diocese that is almost as big as all of Sweden, but when we remember that the complete population of all that area consisted of only four hundred thousand, most of whom belonged to no church or to some other denomination, I daresay that the result was far from small. No other religious body within an equal area, when one overlooks the exaggerations that generally occur in their annual reports, has either before, or then, or later, been able to report anything that testifies to such a successful past or gives such justifiable hopes for the future.

But before saying farewell to Bishop Kemper I wish to invite the reader to a brief visit in his home. He will not be angry, I am sure, if in this fashion we enter in under his kindly hospitable roof. The simple unpretentious dwelling has never yet been closed to a stranger, and it has always been a home for the missionary working under his jurisdiction, for Bishop Kemper considered his ministers members of his household. But it is not my purpose to expose his private domestic life, however assured I may be that if I did so the reader would share the feelings I have often experienced within the family circle of this home by saying, "It is good for us to be here"; I merely wish to give the reader a brief glimpse of a bishop's residence in the West, as I have sought to reveal something of his labors. It is

unlike an episcopal palace in England and even the less pretentious residences of Swedish bishops.

I beg the reader to imagine a clearing of a few acres in the deep forest, and, among the stumps that still remain, a small building erected in cottage style, consisting of ground floor with three windows and a door facing the country road. For some time it had served as the home of a new settler, who sold it to the bishop, along with the farm connected with it. This farm the bishop's oldest son took over and farmed. A few minor changes were made, and here was one of the first episcopal residences west of Lake Michigan, consisting of a couple of attic rooms and a kitchen and three rooms on the first floor. One of the latter rooms, more unpretentious than the humblest student's chamber in Uppsala, was for several years the bishop's workroom and library, where however he could find room for only a small part of his large, excellent collection of books, the rest being kept at Nashotah, where they were available to the students. Of the other two ground-floor rooms one served as parlor, dining-room, and daily gathering-place for the family; the other was always ready as a guestroom and as such was seldom unoccupied. Almost every day some one of the students at the seminary was a visitor here, thus enjoying during his student days the added privilege of association with a highly cultured family. For ministers living near and far, there was always a place at his table when they came to consult with their bishop, and the guestroom was often for days at a time home not only for the traveling missionary but also for his wife and children, the minister was always certain of finding in his bishop both a paternal and fraternal sympathy in all his troubles, and often the bishop shared with his priest not only his bread but secretly also his scant supply of cash.

Although tempted by the feelings of gratitude and love with which I recall to memory the unforgettable hours I spent in that house to dwell too long on this subject as I have sometimes done in the past, we shall do well now to leave the bishop's residence. Such additions and improvements as have been made the last few years still leave the house far from offering the conveniences and comforts which might make the occupant of even the most unpretentious episcopal residence in Sweden willing to make a trade. As we leave it, surrounded as it is now with verandas and flowerbeds, overshadowed by ancient oaks and maples, the venerable old man follows us to the gate, presses our hand in kindly farewell, baring his gray head and giving us his blessing as we go on our way.