



Alden B. Robbins
Daniel Lane

William Salter
Harvey Adams

Edwin B. Turner
Ephraim Adams

Ebenezer Aiden
James J. Hill

MEMBERS OF THE IOWA BAND

Portraits are lacking of Erastus Ripley, Horace Hutchinson, Benjamin Spaulding

THE IOWA BAND

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

BY

REV. EPHRAIM ADAMS, D.D.

BOSTON
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CHICAGO

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION

BY

REV. WILLIAM BARROWS, D.D.

IF any one ever doubted the utility and success of home missions, let him read this volume. If any one ever doubted whether his contributions to this cause were wisely made and expended, let him study this simple narrative of Christian labors in a new territory and state.

Prior to July 4, 1838, the region covered by this work was Wisconsin Territory; then it became Iowa Territory, and, when the Band entered it in 1843, the settled portion of it was a belt of land on the west bank of the Mississippi, two hundred miles long and forty wide, with a population of something over fifty thousand. The country was then divided between the hardy pioneer, the Indian and the buffalo. There were fifteen Congregational churches. The college, the academy, had not gone over the great river; hardly the common school and the Christian Sabbath. It was a noble sight—an act of quiet, beautiful heroism rarely witnessed—to see these eleven men enter in to do their part in building a Christian

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DEDICATION TO FIRST EDITION

To the Rev. Asa Turner,

DEAR BROTHER:

It was in November, 1843, that you welcomed to your home, your people, and the West, the brethren since known as THE IOWA BAND. At that time, as composing the ordained ministry of our denomination in the then Territory of Iowa, there were with you six others; to wit, JULIUS A. REED, REUBEN GAYLORD, CHARLES BURNHAM, ALLEN B. HITCHCOCK, OLIVER EMERSON, and JOHN C. HOLBROOK. From these, too, came a cordial welcome.

This was twenty-five years ago; bringing us, and our mission work here, to the Silver Wedding time. It is usual, on such occasions, in the presence of friends whose sympathies make the joys common to all, to revive the history of the parties, and reminiscences of the past.

In this little book, as a Home Missionary offering in honor of that noble Society which we all love, there is given, first, a brief history of the BAND, followed by a few facts and scenes from out our common efforts; with such reflections, in passing, as by a review of quarter-century labors, are naturally suggested: all of which, with due thanks to the Master, you will permit, as one of the first Congregational Ministers of Iowa, and one whom we all love to call FATHER TURNER, to be to you dedicated.

ONE OF THE BAND.

1868

state, and dedicating the latent and developing energies there to Christ and the Church.

It was hard, unseen, unappreciated labor. The very word Iowa was yet a strange one to Eastern lips and ears, and was slowly taking its place in our textbooks and schoolrooms. The men were hidden from us in the dim, hazy distance, under frontier shadows. Bridle-paths, ugly fords, and monthly mails led to their work-fields, but the Master knew each of their cabins, heard every prayer and hymn in their creek and prairie homes, and owned all their great work. What though men did not see their rough foundations for Church and State! we see now what is built on them. In a sublime unconsciousness of their obscurity, they lost themselves in their work. So noble granite blocks disappear in the deep waters, that there may be piers and wharves for queenly ships and the merchandise of all climes.

This volume would not be complete without its picture of the rude log-cabin church where they were ordained, and laid their plans, and whence they moved off in their different and chosen paths. It was a solid, one-story building, originally twenty-four feet by twenty. Built in 1837, when there was no sawmill in the region, its rough logs were dressed down by the axe of the pioneer, split shingles covered the roof, and oaken puncheons made the floor and the seats—the pews! Afterward, but before the ordination in 1843, an addition of sixteen feet was

made to one end. This was the first Congregational meeting-house in Iowa; and here noble and good Father Turner was for so long a time “the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!” The benediction of his face is the fitting prelude and preface to this volume. How often his deaf old father spoke to us reverently and affectionately of the work “Asa” was doing in the “Great West!” While, in our college vacations, we were mowing for the old gentleman where there were two rocks to one grass, “Asa” was planting the “handful of corn.” Now the fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon, and the hundreds of cities of Iowa flourish like the grass of their native prairies.

This same log church, moreover, was the first academy building in Iowa. Here Denmark Academy had its humble yet noble beginnings in the February preceding the ordination. A view of its present beautiful edifice graces this volume.

Here, too, Iowa College was first talked over, prayed over, and then projected. It was one of the first joys and fruits for the Band, at one of their first meetings in Denmark, to consider plans for founding the first college in Iowa. Midway in these sketches, the buildings now lift themselves to our view from their interior and glorious prairie home. How much of heroic history and august prophecy in that picture!

In days to come, Denmark, Iowa, will be as a

shrine for Congregational pilgrims; and, five centuries hence, how much would be given for one log from that old church! The place was settled originally by immigrants from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Of course, true to New England character and habit, they would at once start a church and a school. New Englanders come honestly by such a tendency. When John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, was seeking a new home in England, long prior to his coming to America, he wrote to his son, acting as his agent, "I would be near church and some good school." May that aspiration, so long hereditary, never die out among the descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans! That sentiment of Winthrop is the larger and better part of our national history, compressed into a sentence.

Iowa now has her more than two hundred Congregational churches, the common-school system, highly perfected from the Eastern model, with a noble array of high schools, academies and colleges. It is a record of honor, and eminently fitting it is that these labors and fruits of twenty-five years should go into written history. This is the Congregational chapter. Noble coworkers have material they may well rejoice in for other most worthy chapters.

It should be here said that these sketches have been modestly held back and reluctantly given by men who preferred rather to do work than tell of it. Can you remember how Iowa looked before the Band

saw it,—when Keokuk was a village of twelve log and two frame houses; when Burlington showed the green stumps in its main streets; when Davenport was barely the superior rival of Rockingham; and buffalo, deer and Indians divided among themselves the waters of the Des Moines, Cedar and Wapsipicon. We have watched the magic change and studied it in frequent revisits, and it seems but due to God to tell how he has made the wilderness a fruitful field.

A Christian state has been founded. Let skeptics study the work, who think we have no longer need for the Christian religion. The Church of Christ has lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes. Let the supporters of home missions behold, and thank God, and so draw dividends on their charity investments and take new stock in new states beyond. The Congregational Church has gone into a new territory, and become energetic, thrifty and multitudinous. Let those make note of it who think Congregationalism will not work well out of New England, is not adapted to a new country and mixed communities. As if sacred Republicanism cannot go hand in hand across the continent with secular Republicanism, and men manage their own affairs, by popular suffrage in a church, as well as in a town, city or state! Congregational funds have had denominational investment in Iowa. Let results so eminently satisfactory confirm our churches in the

wisdom of such investments. Another step of divine Providence is taken westward in fulfilling the prophecy, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Another Christian state is added to the frontier, looking towards the great sea. The base-line of the army of occupation for Christ is moved so much farther towards the prophesied boundary. What new Bands will now go out to the front, and picket the advancing army? By and by they will meet those coming up the Pacific slope; then will the watchmen see eye to eye, and rejoice together; then will glory dwell in the land.

Reading, Mass., May, 1870.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

It is with no little hesitation that it is presented. It has seemed in its preparation somewhat like repeating a story once told, or telling it where there is but little interest to hear. And yet the venture is made. Courage for it has come partly because of pleasing evidence that the first edition was not without its use, partly that inquiries for what has long since been out of print are still made, but mainly from the judgment of friends that a second edition would find circulation and do good. As will be seen, it is but a reprint of the first, with few exceptions. The names of persons and places referred to in the first by initials and blanks are here given, the reason for withholding them no longer existing. The notes in passing, a few chapters added to bring matters down to the present time, and a brief appendix may add interest to, while enlarging the view of events referred to. As to the object in view, it is still the same, to pay a tribute to Home Missions. If it will serve to imbed more deeply the noble work of Home Missions in the hearts of the churches, the hopes of the author will be realized.

EPHRAIM ADAMS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION

BY

REV. JAMES L. HILL, D.D.

The Iowa Band has supplied for the country the romance of home missions. The frequency of references to it in Associations and National Councils and in the religious papers justifies this opinion. It is a tale of border life. Men are so made that they reverence a bold venture when accompanied by a sense of duty. The fine stories of the world are made up of heroisms. What contagious warmth of feeling used to pervade the meeting of the General Association of Iowa at the moment when these members of the Iowa Band, Fathers in Israel, doughty pioneers, stood together about the pulpit and sang, "My days are gliding swiftly by"!

These men were superlatively fortunate in the choice they made of location. It is probably true that Iowa, lying between her great rivers, is the most productive solid area of ground anywhere to be found. The name means *This-is-the-Land*. "It is the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode," says DeTocqueville in speaking of this garden, of which Iowa is perhaps the choicest portion.

People who have seen the state only during the last twenty years can scarcely imagine the indescribable beauty of the prairies before they were settled. It was the state of the wild rose. The grass grew thick and strong and high. Myriads of prairie flowers dotted the unbroken expanse. Some came early and others remained until the frosts killed the most beautiful of all, the aster and the goldenrod.

More fortunate still, these men believed in the power of "together." They remind one of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in their cooperative work. "When bad men combine," said Burke, "good men must associate."

The emphasis is not only upon the word *Iowa*, but fully as much upon the designation *Band*. They were allied in their work. They were "association men." This disposition to be united in their labor and to cooperate fully with others on the field, made them more effective in fostering the churches and at length in the joint work of founding a college. School instructors, a great portion of whom were ladies, multiplied until Iowa employed more teachers than any state in the Union, with the single exception of New York and that on account of her great city. The highest incidental service and an enduring imprint on the territory designed to become so distinguished, sprang from the fact that they were educated men. They had the strength and spirit and came forth from college halls. From them the tide turned irresistibly toward

education. The result is compressed in the statement of "A church on every hilltop and a schoolhouse in every valley." Iowa came to have the least illiteracy of any state in the Union. She has employed more teachers than states that have two or three times her population. She was contrasted even with Massachusetts by Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, showing that Iowa had, in the comparison, less illiteracy. Iowa has more banks than any state in the Union. In the dozen North Central States Iowa's estimated wealth exceeds all except Illinois and Ohio, and that on account of their great cities. The statistician Mulhall was forced to exclaim, "This is a prodigious growth of wealth, and without a parallel in the history of the human race." How strange have seemed the statements which she has published when she has been without a debt!

Her fine, great soldiers' monument near the capitol shows her pride in the patriotism and devotion of her sons. She furnished more than her quota of soldiers in the Civil War, and when one man enlisting for three years was made the equivalent of three men enlisting for one year, the draft was abrogated. Now there is no such a thing as an accident; there is a cause for everything, if we can find it. From some source this prairie state on the sunset side of the Mississippi received just the right initiative at just the right juncture. The times served the men, and the men met their opportunity. Such a field can never be again presented between these seas. What a bundle of his-

tory this Band binds up! The religious pioneers in Iowa were remarkable men. They were raised up by Providence for a definite and important and immortal purpose. They were decided factors in its achievement. "It is not too much to say," writes Dr. Dunning, in 1894, "that their combined influence has given character not only to the denomination in the state but to the state itself." Dr. Robbins acted as president of a board of college trustees for seventeen years. Dr. Lane, a good preacher, was by preeminent gifts also a teacher, and did not neglect his talent. The two survivors, Drs. Adams and Salter, "venerable men who have come down to us from a former generation," are both writers of history. The men of the Band made the impression of gentlemen. They were cultivated and mild and genial. They had nothing, not one of them, of that loudness which is sometimes associated with life on a western frontier. They were quiet in speech and demeanor. They were well born. They came out of the choicest families in the East. They shut behind them all doors opening either toward ease or a competency when they uncomplainingly began their work on a salary of \$400 a year.

In counting over the Iowa Band be careful, reader, not to omit to notice the part taken in their noble, self-denying work by the pioneer prairie women who, having been delicately reared and carefully educated in the East, accompanied their husbands of the Band to their outposts. Their names are all written in a

book of remembrance, which is the Book of Life. When thinking of home missions one must think, too, of the missionaries of the home. In the crude, early days these homes were representatives of all the amenities of life. In the family, no matter how frugal the meal, all waited until all were ready to approach the table. The Band stood for the home idea. Working with others, they sought by direct influence to induce the governor of the state to introduce into the far West the New England observance of Thanksgiving Day which became, in time, a Home Festival. Here is life on the frontier, but it never lost its dignity and refinement and delicacy. Let this be said to the praise of the moral priestesses as well as to the credit of college men. These are the forces that cast up a highway for our God through the wilderness. In the light of results we see their life only now on its sunny side, but the small economies of the home doubtless in earliest days sometimes suggested "the shady side." As the number of these men and women diminishes, our honor of them is carried up into veneration. The two men that are left are looking at life's work in the light of the setting sun. And have they not high honor? It is they who lose their life that find it. "It is probable that no equal number of young ministers, leaving a theological seminary together, ever founded so many churches in five or ten years after their graduation as these men" whose aggregated years of service have amounted now to over half a thousand.

They accomplished more than they could have done had they remained in the East or had they been more widely scattered. They did more than two or three times as many could now do in that or in any other state of the West. Such toils, sacrifices and heroisms as are here suggested have undoubtedly given to this noticeably well governed commonwealth her peculiar state pride which is equalled by but one, at the utmost by but two, other component parts of our Union.

If it is meet to lay the laurel upon the veteran's grave, should that of the old pioneer minister be forgotten? Was he not a patriot too? The statutes in Iowa provide that our country's flag shall float over her schoolhouses and that her children shall be taught to sing a state song set to a popular tune which is calculated to kindle their state patriotism.

"From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O fair it is as poet's dream,—
Iowa, in Iowa.

"Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast,
Iowa, O Iowa.

"So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou 'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O Iowa."

Salem, Mass.

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THE IOWA BAND

CHAPTER I

GERM--THOUGHT

IT was a beautiful evening in the summer of 1842, when the students of Andover Seminary assembled in the chapel, to be led as usual in their evening devotions by one of the venerable professors of those days. Among them sat one, pale and emaciated by continued illness,—one of whom friends began to whisper, “Unless relieved soon, we fear he will never be well, even if he lives.” They might, perhaps, have spared a portion of their anxiety, had they known better the nature of his disease, it being what may be called the student’s enemy, dyspepsia, and that not of a chronic form.

Our friend was in the middle year; a year when theological subjects, the great doctrines of salvation, are studied; a year that has more influence, probably, in shaping the minister, than any other of his seminary course; a year in which, if ever, the student’s

heart kindles with desire to preach the great truths of the Bible to his fellow men. He had entered the chapel that evening under the combined influence of his studies and his disease. He longed for the time when he should be a preacher; but then, could he be one? Even the duties of the seminary were a burden almost too heavy to be borne. Could he, then, go forth to write two sermons a week, attend funerals, weddings, prepare lectures, perform pastoral labor, and all the *et cetera* of a parish minister's life? Impossible! Sedentary habits had already induced a disease, which, if unchecked, would cripple his energies, while shortening his days. A minister's life was likely to aggravate rather than check it. What should he do? Must he abandon his long-cherished plan, or should he press on and give himself an early sacrifice to it?

Just then there came to his mind the thought that there was a field where the necessary labors of a minister would probably counteract, rather than foster, his disease; and that field the West. With this came a rush of other thoughts, of things that he had heard and read about the West. It would be self-denial to go; but then, in self-denial there would come strength of character, with the gain of a more conscious consecration to God. Then there was the probable influence of his going upon fellow students, friends, Christians and the Church, for to go West then was truly a missionary work. For the moment

he seemed to be there, preaching to the destitute and laying the foundations of society. Then came the thought, that, possibly, he might live, labor and die with the fruits of his toils about him,—himself enshrined in the hearts of a beloved people, sought out and adopted by him in his youth.

These thoughts, with others, passed before him with the swiftness of a vision. They had for a time the effects of a vision. All things else were shut out. The chapter, the hymn, the singing, were all unheard. In the general movement he rose for prayer, but not to join in the petitions offered. The spell was upon him, and he seemed to stand alone as before God,—his feelings, his petitions, all embodied in one sentiment, one feeling,—a position of soul in which his one desire was, "Lord, prepare me for whatever field thou hast before me. Prepare me for it, and make me willing to enter it."

He went out that evening not as he came in. Henceforth the prayer was, "May I be found in the right place, doing the right work!" Here was the germ, the unfoldings of which, unto the fruit thereof, we are to trace.

CHAPTER II

A SUGGESTION

WHO that has passed a seminary life has forgotten the seminary tramp, which means a long walk of half a day or so, generally taken of a Saturday afternoon, when students, in little companies, are wont to extend their rambles far away from sight of seminary walls and sound of seminary bell? It was in the spring of 1843 that our dyspeptic friend, Daniel Lane, and two of his classmates were on such an excursion amid the hills and bracing air of the West Parish.

For two and a half years these classmates had been associated in sacred studies; and they were classmates indeed. Circumstances had conspired to bind them together with ties of more than usual strength. The time of their preparation for the great work in view was rapidly drawing to a close. And now, as was natural, the conversation turned upon the probable field of their labor. The New England parish, the foreign field, the home field, especially at the Far West, each, in turn, was discussed. The feeling seemed rather to incline to the latter. The more they talked of it, the more they felt. And now Horace Hutchinson suggested:

“If we and some others of our classmates could only go out together, and take possession of some field where we could have the ground and work together, what a grand thing it would be!” “So it would,” was the reply. Then the advantages, the difficulties and the probable influence of such a movement, were the theme; until, ere they were aware of it, their feet were again climbing the old familiar hill. The declining sun hung low, and the bell, faithful to its duties, was hastening them to prayers. “We will think of this,” said they. Thus the germ, ripening to a suggestion, had struck root in other minds, the growth of which we are still to follow.

But right here it should be told how God, as afterwards discovered, was leading other minds also. In one case, it was on this wise:—Notice had been given, about this time, that an elder of a church in Cincinnati would meet the students, to address them on the claims of the West. At the hour appointed, there were assembled both students and professors, but the elder came not. Yet a Western meeting was held.

Venerable Dr. Woods read a letter from a good deacon of a little church away out on the frontier, calling for young men to break to the people the bread of life.¹ The saintly Bela B. Edwards, who had just traveled West, and whose mind was quick to take in its destined progress, expressed his belief in

¹ Deacon Houston, of Denmark, Iowa.

the assertion, bold, startling, uncredited at the time, that "whoever would go West, in ten years would find himself better off than if he had stayed in New England, and, better than all, would have the satisfaction of laboring where he was more needed." Prof. Emerson, in his offhand way, declared that he had no sort of doubt that it was the duty of more than two-thirds of the students to seek fields of labor outside of New England. It was a stirring meeting. Many were glad the elder did not come.

The meeting was closed, and the students dispersed. To most, to all, perhaps, save one, Harvey Adams, it came and went like many another. There was before him a sleepless night. In his mind was at work another germ thought. "Out of New England, where he was more needed." And if out of New England, where more needed, why not where most needed? Strange was the power of that question as it took possession of him for that night and the next day, leading to much thought and prayer! Sometimes there can be no rest till things are settled, and settled in the way that seems right. So it was in this case, and our friend came manfully to the conclusion, "I am for the West, where needed, and where most needed."

Then there was another, Edwin B. Turner, a graduate of a Western college, whose friends were in the West. It was known to be settled in his mind, from the first, that he would go West somewhere. Just

how, by his presence and intercourse, germ-thoughts were started or fostered can never be known. Seldom can it be told in any movement, in which are the united efforts of human wills, just what the first influences were, or how they combined to produce the result. Here, preeminently, God works among men to will and to do. The movement here recorded we acknowledge as of him. Other germs of it doubtless there were in other minds, but each can give only what to him is known. This only can the writer do; and so we will follow on.

CHAPTER III

THE PRAYER-MEETING

HOW uppermost in our minds are thoughts, plans, projects, which we hold in common with others! How, by a new tie, are we bound to them, and they to us! And how natural now, if Christians all, and the plan be one of import, to carry it to God in united prayer! Our three friends of the former chapter, among whom the question of concerted action had been started, were more closely allied than ever as they together walked and talked of the Western scheme. By mutual consent, each, in a quiet way, suggested it to others. Whenever it took with especial favor, as being by God's preparing of course it would, there was one added to their number.

Soon the enterprise began to wear an important aspect, calling for the guidance of heavenly wisdom. So a prayer-meeting was proposed. All assented. But where should it be held? Not in a public room, for the movement was as yet kept secret. If, in the end, anything should come of it, there would be time enough yet, it was thought, to make it known; if not, it was better that it should always be a secret. Nor, again, could they meet in a private room, for, as yet,

no two of those interested happened to be roommates, in whose room they could privately assemble. Where, then, should they meet? One of their number, Daniel Lane, was assistant librarian; and the library was proposed. "Agreed," said they; and Tuesday evening, in the Seminary library, was fixed upon for the meeting. "But it will be dark," said one; "for the rules forbid lights in the library." "No matter," said another; "we can pray in the dark." So on Tuesday nights, in one corner of the library, they used to pray, to seek of God whither to go, where to labor. In one corner of the Seminary library! And what fitter place could have been chosen in which to go to the mercy-seat with such an errand, than this, where heralds of the cross in every clime once had trod; where were about them the works of the pious dead of every age; where, as the moonbeams played upon the portraits of men once eminent in the Church, the great cloud of witnesses seemed to compass them about?

There they prayed. Those first entering would find their way to the appointed corner, and begin. Others, coming in, would join them in turn. Occasionally, in the darkness, some new step would be heard; but whose it was would be unknown to most, till a new voice would be heard in prayer. First the prayers, then the conference, consultations as to motives, qualifications, encouragements and discouragements of the Western work, mainly what field, if

any, should be occupied. Should it be Ohio, Michigan? These, indeed, were west, but not really Western. Illinois, Wisconsin? These were farther west, indeed, but then partially, perhaps comparatively well, supplied.

"Well, then, Missouri," says one.

"But Missouri is a slave state."

"No matter; they need the gospel there if it is."

"Yes; but, if there are places outside of slavery just as needy, why not go where we can labor to the best advantage?"

"Well, Iowa, then,—what say you to the new Territory of Iowa?"

Not much could be said, for but little was known—only this: it was an open field, and of course there was need.

So there they prayed and consulted in that north-west corner of the library. Had it anything to do with the great Northwest soon to be? In God's nurture were the germs being developed, united, directed, whose fruitage was to be borne in regions yet to be peopled. But we will not anticipate save in this: that Tuesday night prayer-meeting on Andover Hill, transplanted, as it was soon to be, to the plains of Iowa,—may it long live! May it never cease to be held in sacred observance by the Congregational ministry of this fair State!²

² Note 1.

CHAPTER IV

THE BAND FORMED AND PLANS MATURED

AS yet, nothing was decided. All eyes, indeed, after reflection and prayer, were unanimously turned to the new Territory of Iowa as the field to be occupied if they should go. Some of the more ardent had opened a correspondence with the secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society; also with the Rev. Asa Turner, agent of that society and a resident pastor of the Territory. But no one was as yet committed to the enterprise. It was not certain yet that any one could go, and the weeks were flying swiftly. It was time, surely, for action, and thus it came:

"I am going to settle this question," said Daniel Lane, "so far as I am concerned. We have been thinking about it long enough to conclude one way or another."

That day he retired to his room for fasting and prayer. At evening, as he came out at the setting of the sun to walk with a friend, he was ready to say, "Well, I am going to Iowa: whether any one else goes or not, I am going."

"And I think I will go with you," was the reply.

So a nucleus was formed, and around it gathered others one by one,—some at once deciding, others after more thought, or seasons of private fasting and prayer, till soon the number stood, as decided to go, at twelve. Their names were as follows:—

Daniel Lane, Harvey Adams, Erastus Ripley, Horace Hutchinson, Alden B. Robbins, William Salter, Edwin B. Turner, Benjamin A. Spaulding, William Hammond, James J. Hill, Ebenezer Alden, Jr., Ephraim Adams. This was the Iowa Band. Though seeking labor in a wild country these pioneers were not uneducated men, but were thoroughbred collegians, as the following data will show. Their college spirit led to the establishment of a high grade institution in their new field.

Erastus Ripley was of Union College, New York; William Salter came from New York University; Horace Hutchinson, Ebenezer Alden and Alden Burrill Robbins went through Amherst; Daniel Lane and James Jeremiah Hill were of Bowdoin; Benjamin Adams Spaulding graduated from Harvard; Ephraim Adams from Dartmouth and Edwin Bela Turner from Illinois College.

There was no longer need of secrecy. Open steps could be taken to mature plans. The Mission Rooms were filled with gladness at the prospect of such a reinforcement for the home missionary work. The following autumn the Rev. Milton Badger, D.D., came to Iowa to hold a personal interview with the

Band; commissions were promised for their chosen field, and all things favored the enterprise. But the far-off brethren then laboring in the proposed field rejoiced with trembling. Oft had they looked for promised help, but looked in vain. Those who had started with commissions in hand for the distant Territory had all lodged by the way hitherto; none had reached them; why should these?

"It's no use," said Rev. Asa Turner of Denmark, the Western pastor who had been written to upon the subject, and who had set himself to the formidable task of replying to the long list of queries sent him about the climate, the ague, the fever, the food, clothing, etc.—"it's no use to answer any more of your questions; for I never expect to see one of you west of the Mississippi River as long as I live."

He was assured, in reply, of earnestness in the matter, but still he was incredulous. Again he was told, that, God willing, he would surely be visited by a dozen or so, and compelled to believe.

"Well, then," said he, "come on; come all of you directly to my house; come here to us, and we then can help you to your respective fields of labor." This seemed reasonable; so Denmark, Lee County, Iowa, became a locality in the mind of each, as yet to be seen. It seemed best also, unless, in individual cases, there should be special reasons to the contrary, that the ordination of the young men should

take place on the field where their life-work was to be.

Such a home missionary movement in one class was thought worthy of some public recognition. Accordingly, a meeting was held on Sabbath evening, Sept. 3, 1843, in the South Church at Andover. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., and an appropriate address made to the Band by Dr. Badger of the Home Missionary Society.

"You go," said he, "where you will find a soil of surpassing richness, all covered with beautiful flowers. But remember that the soil is yet in its natural state, and must be all turned up. Those flowers, though beautiful to the eye, are but flowers of weeds, wild and useless. They must be rooted out, and better seed cast in their place."

This meeting was large; and the exercises throughout were appropriate, interesting and solemn. It was now near the close of the term. The Anniversary Day soon came, and was gone. The time had been improved. Already had the boxes been made, and the books packed, soon to be shipped, labelled "Burlington, Iowa, *via* New Orleans."

A few weeks now with home friends, after which must be fixed the time and place of departure. Boston will not do as a starting-point, as some reside west of this, and so on the way. Some place must

be chosen west of all. So each has it in his memorandum, "Albany, New York, at the Delavan House," on Tuesday, 3d of October, the next morning to take the cars westward."

Where through broad lands of green and gold
The Western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told,
We find our homes; perhaps, our graves.³
J. H. Bancroft.

³ Chosen because a temperance hotel.

⁴ From hymn written for the class of 1843, and sung at their graduation.