

Reminiscences of Rev. Donald Kennedy Campbell

Ninetieth Birthday Greeting

Written and sent to Dr. Donald K. Campbell,
on the occasion of his Ninetieth Birthday,
April 26, 1936, by Mrs. Emma McIntosh
Perrill, of Bloomington, Illinois.

I visited all the bookstores
And scanned the poets' lore,
To find you a birthday greeting
Nicer than any you've had before.

But none were just to my liking,
Though the thoughts were kind and true,
So I am sending in this greeting
A message just for you.

Old Father Time has been gracious,
In giving ninety years to your score,
And I wish that in his kindness
He will add to that many years more.

So many years in God's service
Is granted to only a few,
And I know it's brought many a blessing
To those you hold dear—and to you.

There has been no place too lowly,
For you to find work to do,
You have garnered in the harvest,
You have worked in his vineyard too.

You have watched His sheep on the hillside
You have gathered His lambs in the fold
You have prayed with the weak and erring,
Have helped the hungry and cold.

You have ministered to the dying,
Have comforted those bereft,
You have walked in the Master's footsteps,
And obeyed the commands He left.

Your reward is sure and certain,
And this you will one day hear;
"Thou hast done well my faithful servant,
And we have a place for you here—"

A place where no one grows weary,
And there is never the darkness of night,
Where all is joy and contentment,
And God Himself is the light.

My wish is, that *this* birthday will be happy,
That you may have many more,
And the friends who wish this with me
Are numbered by many a score.

Sincerely your friend,

EMMA McINTOSH PERRILL

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REMINISCENCES

OF

Rev. Donald Kennedy Campbell

Bloomington, Illinois
May, 1933.

My grandfather was the oldest member of the family I ever knew. His name was John Campbell, and it was my pleasure to know him well. He was born in the year 1790, in Inverness, Scotland and grew up in that locality. The community is otherwise known as Invernesshire, "shire" meaning County. Some facts about his life given here have been related to me; others I know from personal knowledge.

It was in the year 1814 that he was married to Janet Frazier, daughter of Archibald Frazier, also of Invernesshire, who was my grandmother. Shortly thereafter he took part in the Napoleonic war, being an officer in a company of the famous "Highland Regiment" composed of many members of the Campbell Clan. It was in this capacity that he took part in the battle of Waterloo, which took place in October of the year 1815. I have often heard my grandfather tell of his experiences in the Battle of Waterloo and of the heroic deeds of the men of his regiment. He took great pride in the fact that they helped to put down the Napoleonic dominance of the world.

My father, Peter Grant Campbell, was the oldest son of John Campbell. He was born in Invernesshire, Scotland, in the year 1816.

After the Napoleonic Wars, the Crown offered land grants to the former

soldiers in consideration of their war service. Every enlisted man was entitled to a land grant of one hundred acres; a commissioned officer was entitled to two hundred acres. Land in various Crown provinces was offered.

A number of people from Invernesshire had become interested in Nova Scotia and several brothers of Janet Frazier Campbell, my grandmother, had selected land grants there. It was through their interest in Nova Scotia that my grandfather, John Campbell, claimed a land grant of two hundred acres in Pictou County, Nova Scotia. It was about the year 1818, when my father was about two years old, that the family embarked for the New World, Nova Scotia, and the new homestead that awaited them. There was at that time one other child, a girl, Catherine, sister of my father. She was still a babe in arms at the time.

The passage took them two months. At one time there was a great storm while the ship was on the seas, and the captain put into port to wait for better weather, staying in the safety of the port for some time. In due course, the vessel landed at Halifax.

Upon their arrival, the Campbell family found that their land was situated about one hundred miles from the port of Halifax. They decided to make the journey on foot, and did, walking one hundred miles with a two or three-year-old boy and a babe

in arms.

The new community into which they had come was composed entirely of Scots, most of them coming from the same locality of Invernesshire, Scotland. A number of families had come over and as time passed and new generations grew up, there was naturally much intermarriage between these families. Certain names dominated this section of Nova Scotia. There were Campbells, Fraziers, McDonalds, Camerons, Kennedys, McGillivrays, McLeans, McIntoshes, Grants and a few other good Scotch names.

In Invernesshire, Scotland, Gaelic was the language of all the inhabitants. It was only through the course of years that English grew to supplant the Gaelic in Pictou County, Nova Scotia. Everybody belonged to a Scotch family; everybody belonged to the Presbyterian Church. There were two branches of the Presbyterian Church - the Established and the Free Church and, there was a good deal of feeling between them. My people belonged to the Established Church.

My grandfather, John Campbell, was the father of a large family. He was married twice. By his first marriage, he and Janet Frazier Campbell became the parents of seven children, all of whom grew to maturity. My father, Peter Grant Campbell, was the oldest child. There were three other sons, James, William and Archie. The three girls

were Catherine, Margaret and Grace. By his second marriage, John Campbell was the father of three boys and three girls. The boys were named Donald (he was called Don for short), John and Archie. The girls were named Jessie and Margaret. One other girl died in infancy.

Janet Frazier Campbell's brother lived about three or four miles from my father's place. I knew all the families in this section and knew all thirteen of my father's brothers and sisters, who were my uncles and aunts.

My father, Peter Grant Campbell, although a native of Scotland, grew up in Pictou County, Nova Scotia, and of course had no memories of Scotland. As he grew to manhood, he for a time taught school. Schools in the community were not supported by the state, but were rather a private enterprise of the citizens of the community. They were supported by subscriptions of the families of the community. Peter Campbell taught school for about five years and it was then that he purchased some land about four or five miles from his father's place and settled there, becoming a farmer but also studying law.

Peter Campbell married Elizabeth Kennedy, my mother, in the year 1842. The Kennedys had come from Invernesshire, but Elizabeth Kennedy was born in Nova Scotia.

East River, my home in Pictou County,

was about fifteen miles from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. New Glasgow was a port, and when the tide was up, ships could come into the town to unload, etc. The surrounding country was strictly a farming territory, and the farmers prided themselves on the crops of oats, potatoes and apples they raised. The apples were of particularly fine flavor.

It might be interesting to know that during my youth, we had no coal, no lamps, no kerosene, no cloth except what we made. The sheep grew on the place. We cut the wool, cleansed it, spun it, carded it and with a little hand loom wove all the cloth for every purpose for the family. We killed calves, or heifers, took the hide to the tanner and brought home the leather. Then a shoe-maker would come to our house and make the shoes for the whole family. He might stay with us for two weeks. His pay was small. There were no stoves, either for heating or cooking. We used the crane and fire place. We cut grain with a cycle or cythe and threshed it in the barn with a flail.

In Pictou County, we spoke extensively of "East River". It was not a formidable stream, but it was very useful as a means of identification of persons. There being so many of the same name led us to speak of "the Camerons who live on the North side of East River" or "the McIntoshes who live on the South side of East River" to distinguish them from others of the same name who lived in the community.

It was many years before Gaelic died out as a common language. My grandmother, Janet Frazier Campbell, never learned to speak English, but spoke only Gaelic.

All our neighbors belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and I never knew anyone who was not Scotch and a Presbyterian until I went away to school.

My father, Peter Grant Campbell, became magistrate for the County of Pictou and served in this capacity for some thirty years. He read law and while he was not actively engaged in the practice of law as such, he was esteemed a most excellent lawyer, and he had quite a reputation for his legal talent. The magistrate's position was by authority of appointment of the Crown. On account of the poor roads and lack of transportation, the magistrate became an important factor in the community; most all differences of the settlement that were taken to court were settled before the magistrate. My father prided himself on the fact that in all his thirty years as magistrate, there was never a single case in which a decision handed down by him was reversed by a higher court. It was said of him by his neighbors that "The Old Man ruled the County with an iron hand". He died when he was seventy years old.

I passed my boyhood years on my father's farm in Pictou County and attended the schools of the neighborhood. The school was about two miles from the house and of

course we walked back and forth. Our school term was of varying length. We always worked on the farm in the summertime. Sometimes we had six months school in a year, sometimes four months, sometimes as much as ten months in a year.

It was when I was eighteen years old that I went to New Glasgow for a year to attend the high school there. I remember distinctly the launching of a ship at New Glasgow. School was turned out for the event. We all waited for the tide to come up so there would be enough water in the river to float the newly built vessel. It was a momentous occasion.

After a year at New Glasgow, I returned home. There was in the County a student who had been away to college for two years, and he lived with us for a time so that he could tutor us. He taught me Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

It was about this time that I made my decision to enter the Ministry. My father had talked with me about becoming a lawyer, and I had seriously considered that. But I felt that I wanted to preach, the only difficulty being that I needed more education to enter the Ministry and I had no money with which to go to school. In my mind, I reasoned it out this way: "I'll form a partnership with the Lord; if He wants me to preach, I'll hold myself in readiness to do my part and He'll do the rest". Sure enough, an opportunity presented itself for

me to get a job teaching school. I taught eleven days each two weeks, a total of about one hundred and twenty-five days in six months. I received no pay during this school term but was paid in one lump sum at the end of the term. The rate of pay figured out that I had made ninety-five cents a day teaching.

It was at the conclusion of this teaching job that I got enough money to go away to college for the first time. I was to go to Dalhousie College, Halifax. It was at the time a new school, being only two or three years old. In discussing the impending trip with the family, my grandfather asked me, "How are you going to Halifax, Donald?" I told him that I would go forty miles by stage and sixty miles on a railroad and that the cost would be \$4.00. "Why don't you walk like we did?" he asked me.

I attended Dalhousie College at Halifax four years. The school term was about six months each year. The balance of the time I would have a job teaching or preaching, whichever I could get. By this time I was definitely committed as a student preacher and could sometimes get employment for the summer preaching in some country church. I entered college with about \$100.00 and after four years in college and three years in theological school, I graduated and had no debts, which I thought was pretty good. I often thought of a verse in the Bible, which says: "I once was young and now am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread".

It was during one of the summers that intervened in my years at Dalhousie College that I obtained a job preaching in Cape Breton. This section was an island, off Nova Scotia. The Presbyterians there had sent word that they would like to get a student preacher for the summer who could speak Gaelic, as most of the people in the community could not speak English, and they required the minister to preach his sermon both in English and in Gaelic. My father would never speak Gaelic to us children, but my mother would speak Gaelic to some extent and from her and from the neighbors I had picked up a very limited number of words, probably one hundred or so. I told them I could speak Gaelic and so I was given the job. My first Sunday, I got along beautifully as long as I preached in English, but when I tried the Gaelic, I had a terrible time making myself understood. I had never attempted such a thing before and found that the limited vocabulary necessary to carry on a conversation in the home was not sufficient to make a public address. After the service, the crowd filed out and stood around talking. One of the members of the Free Church made a disparaging remark about the preacher's Gaelic. One big, double-fisted man named McDonald, who was a member of the Established Church, couldn't stand for any criticism of a preacher of his faith and, stepping out into the middle of the crowd, said "Say that again and I will knock you down". I decided if it was necessary for the members of my branch of the Church to defend me in that way, I had better confine myself to English for the present. After the morning service, I went home with

one of the families for dinner. I asked the lady of the house, mother of the family, how they liked my sermon and if they could understand it. Hesitatingly, she said, "There was one place where I understood you when you said something about Jesus Christ". I practiced up on my Gaelic. I talked with the people, and then I would go out in a pasture behind the barn and talk to the cows in Gaelic. After a few weeks, I again began preaching in Gaelic as well as English and got along all right.

It was after my four years in Dalhousie College that I went to Queens University at Kingston, in the Province of Ontario, to enter a regular Presbyterian seminary. This was a state-supported university. I did not like it, did not think well of the course of study offered and being dissatisfied, took steps to get into another school for the next year. At that time, Princeton Seminary was the leading theological school of North America. The Seminary was conducted in connection with Princeton University and was supported by the Presbyterian Church of the United States. I entered Princeton in the fall of 1870 and graduated in April, 1872 - a full-fledged Presbyterian minister.

It was during my time at Princeton that I secured my first "store bought" suit of clothes. Up to that time, my suits had been made of homespun by my Mother. When I graduated from Princeton, I was twenty-six years old.

During my last year at Princeton, I had supplied the pulpit in a church in West Philadelphia. It was about four miles Northwest of the downtown district and was known as the Lancaster Church. The pastor was ill for sometime, and I was engaged as his substitute.

I was licensed as a preacher upon leaving Princeton, April 10, 1872, and immediately went to a church at Aberdeen Maryland. It was during the summer at Aberdeen that I was ordained, October 31, 1872. The call that took me to this place came about as a result of my Canadian origin. The people of the little town of Aberdeen were strictly Southern, had owned slaves, and in the year 1872 they still carried many vivid memories of the war. The Presbyterian Church there did not like the idea of having a minister from the North, and they wanted to avoid an open break with the Northern element of the Presbyterian Church. They figured that a Canadian would not have the objectionable feature of Northern sympathy. The result was, that I was called and assumed charge.

I was stationed at Aberdeen from 1872 to 1874. In the summer of 1874, I took a vacation and journeyed back to Pictou County to see my family and friends there. And it was on this visit that I was married, on September 22, 1874 to Margaret Jessie McGillivray.

My wife was the fifth daughter of Angus McGillivray, a Presbyterian minister. Angus had been born in Inverness, Scotland

and had come to Nova Scotia to settle at Springville, Pictou County. Here he preached forty years in the same church. He had married Anna Matheson, daughter of Isaac Matheson. Isaac Matheson had originally come from the lowlands of Scotland to the town of West River, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, where he had established himself as a farmer and merchant. He was in business there for forty years and became very successful. It is an interesting fact that when he died, he left a legacy to the Presbyterian Church, and it was the first legacy to any organized benevolent body ever recorded in Nova Scotia.

My wife had five brothers and five sisters. There was William, John David (a minister), James Thomas (also a minister) Alexander (who was a practicing physician at Cape Briton for thirty years) and Isaac. Her sisters were Mary, Isabelle, Lizzie, Sarah and Anna. Margaret Jessie was the fifth girl. Mary married Alex Grant. Isabelle married a Frazier. Lizzie married Robert Gordon. Sarah married Maxwell Cameron, father of Victoria Jesseman of Boston.

Angus McGillivray, born in Scotland, was a minister of the Free Church (Presbyterian) while the Campbell family belonged to the Established Church. As a young man, I had taught two summers in the community in which his church was located, had visited in his home and stayed there several times. As a boy, I can remember one time when the Campbell family went over to his church to hear him preach. There was not room in the

carriage for all the people to go, so I walked. It was about three or four miles. I had on a heavy pair of brogans, with wool socks, and a homespun suit of wool. McGillivray was really a long-winded preacher. He would hold services first in Gaelic and then in English. His prayers would often last twenty minutes, the sermon one hour. At the conclusion of the Gaelic service, there would be a recess in which the people would go outside the church, stand around and talk, and then convene again to hear the second sermon, this time in English. Another sermon would be preached with an entirely different text from that used in the Gaelic sermon. On this occasion, the day was unusually warm and the meeting house exceptionally hot. With my heavy wool clothing, new shoes, and with the exercise I had taken, it was simply impossible for me to stay awake during the long prayers and sermons and I finally dropped off to sleep. When we returned home, my Father said I had absolutely disgraced the family. I never received a scolding so severe as the one Father gave me on this occasion. At the time I was not over fourteen or fifteen years old.

The matter of language spoken was rather a problem. Both my father and mother spoke Gaelic, but my father did not approve of the idea of us boys speaking Gaelic. He always spoke English and insisted that we all speak English in the home. In the schools, there was always an "Overseer" on the school grounds to see that the children spoke English. When a child was reported for speaking Gaelic, the teacher would strike him across the knuckles with his "taws".

Our home was located at Glen Cove, Pictou County, which was about five miles from Springville, the home of my wife's people. A book has been written, named "The Pictouians" which tells largely of the people and evens of Pictou County. Some of the facts and stories from it could well be made a part of this account of some of the events of my life.

When Margaret Jessie McGillivray and I were married, the ceremony was performed by one of her brothers, John David McGillivray, who was a Presbyterian minister. Her father, Angus McGillivray, also a Presbyterian minister, had died about five years previously. John David was a long-winded preacher, and the ceremony was a long one when we were married. He talked to me before hand about the ceremony to be used, and I suggested that he make it short. It wasn't, however. One time later, my wife asked me if I had ever heard John David preach. I answered "Only that time when he married us". "How did you like him?" she asked. "I would have liked that sermon a lot better if I had been sitting down", I told her.

As an illustration of the length of Presbyterian prayers, sermons, and ceremonies of that time, I well remember the occasion of a double wedding ceremony performed in Pictou County. Two sisters were to be married, one to a man who belonged to the Free Church, and the other belonged to the Established. There was a tradition that it was good luck to be the first girl in a family to get married, so these sisters

to be fair with each other about it, agreed to be married at the same time. The fact that one of the men belonged to one branch of the Presbyterian Church and the other to the other, meant there must be separate ceremonies, so they planned to have both weddings start at the same time, the Free Church upstairs and the Established Church downstairs. The two pastors had a little conference beforehand. The "downstairs" preacher was Angus McGillivray. The "upstairs" preacher asked, "How long do you think your ceremony will take?" It so happened that the season was in the winter, so McGillivray told him, "Oh the people don't have much work to do these days anyway, so I expect I'll go ahead and make it a full service, about an hour and a quarter". The two weddings started on schedule, one upstairs and one downstairs. The "upstairs" preacher moved along at a pretty good speed, was through his prayer and talk in the incredible short time of thirty minutes, and all the assembly up there came downstairs where the other wedding had started. McGillivray was still in his first prayer.

At this point, I will retrace my story to give some details about my mother's family and my brothers and sisters and their families. My mother was Elizabeth Kennedy, daughter of Donald Kennedy and Elizabeth Frazier Kennedy. Incidentally, Elizabeth Frazier Kennedy was a distant cousin of Janet Frazier Campbell, my maternal grandmother.

Donald Kennedy, my maternal grand-

father, was born in Scotland and had three children by a first marriage in Scotland. Elizabeth Frazier Kennedy was his second wife and to their union were born ten children.

The oldest boy was Donald, a farmer. William Kennedy, another brother, was a farmer. There were eight girls in the family.

In my family, Simon Campbell was the oldest child. He was a farmer and lived in Pictou County. He married Mary Ann Ross, a neighbor. They had no children.

I was the second child.

The youngest child was my sister, Jennie, probably the favorite of the family. Certainly she was the brightest. She stood at the head of her classes and was liked by everyone. She not only was bright, but was one of the strongest characters I have ever known. She married Donald McLeod of Buffalo, a Scotch Highlander, born in Scotland. He came from a good home and of a very fine family. They were members of the famous McLeod Clan.

Another of my brothers was John William Campbell. He became a student minister and died in Aberdeen.

Then there was James Colin Campbell, who was drowned when he was twenty-three years of age.

Albert, another brother, studied

medicine at Buffalo University and became a doctor. He practiced for years at Clinton, Illinois and then became Health Officer for the entire system of the Illinois Central Railroad. Later, he was elected Health Officer at Springfield, Illinois. At this time, 1933, he is retired and is living in Agoura, California, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles. He is seventy-three years of age. He has two daughters, named Gertrude and Louise. Gertrude married Clyde Dyer. They have one child, a girl, named Mary Louise, and live in Chicago. Louise married Norman McRae. They have no children. They also live in Chicago.

Donald McLeod and Jennie (my sister) had five children. There was William, who died in the Spanish-American War. Colin married and lives in Boston. He has two children, Colin, Jr. and Janet. His wife's name is Katherine.

Next, there was Duncan, who married Margaret Kennedy and lives in Buffalo. They have five children. Their names are Janet, Colin, Betsy, Gordon and Duncan.

Another daughter, Jennie, became Mrs. Paul Kennedy. They have no children. Her husband is a brother of Margaret Kennedy McLeod, Duncan's wife.

Another son, George McLeod is not married.

Sister Jennie was a forceful character, a devoted mother and raised a family of

whom we are all proud.

To get back to the sequence of my story: Shortly after my marriage, I received a call from Leacock Church at Paradise, Pennsylvania. Paradise is an historic spot, and the church is surrounded by a very old burial ground. George Whitfield preached there while in America. I was pastor at Paradise for two years.

From Paradise, I moved to Joplin, Missouri. Joplin was a lead mining town, which had experienced a very rapid growth and had all the ills and growing pains of a Western boom town. Our church officials warned me before going that it was a most difficult undertaking and that the town had a bad reputation. Its difficulties lived up to the predictions that had been given to me. Although there were ten thousand people in Joplin, there wasn't a single church building in the town except a small frame building used by the Methodists. We first held our services over a grocery store. This was in 1876. Then within a few weeks, we began plans for the building of a church. In addition to my work at Joplin, I took an interest in building a church at Webb City. This was six miles from Joplin. It was another boom town of about twenty-five hundred people, although it was only six months old. It had no church of any denomination and no organized church-going element. Working with a Mr. Webb, I made arrangements for a meeting place on Sunday afternoons in a hall over a drug store. We put out hand

bills that services would be held on the coming Sunday. Only half a dozen people showed up. The next Sunday, about twenty-five were on hand. Progress was slow, but we were finally able to interest enough people in the community and to bring enough into the church to form a real active, aggressive organization. Our progress was such that we received considerable favorable publicity in the Herald and the Presbytery, the Presbyterian church papers.

I recall one very interesting incident. We received a letter from church people at Wooster, Ohio who had read accounts of our work and wanted to be of assistance to us in connection with the Webb City Mission. I had been hiring a horse at a livery stable each Sunday and riding horseback to and from Webb City. The congregation at Wooster raised \$40.00 and sent it to me to purchase a horse to help me carry on this work. About twenty years later, I was on a train coming back from the Presbyterian General Assembly. In a coach on the train, I started a conversation with a stranger, who later told me he came from Wooster, Ohio. Without knowing who I was, he went ahead with his story to the effect that he was an official in the Presbyterian church there and some years back his wife had become much interested in the work of a pastor in Joplin, Missouri and had raised money to be sent down there to help in carrying on the Mission established at Webb City. This stranger was the president of Wooster University.

As stated above, Joplin was a real boom town. At that time the district was probably producing one-third of all the lead mined in the United States. One summer while I was there, nine hundred new houses were put up. Naturally, the community was afflicted with all the ills of a boom community. There were all sorts of people and all the bad influences that are usually found in such a place.

When I first went to Joplin, we held all our services and our Sunday School in a room over a grocery store. Shortly after my arrival, I suggested one Sunday that we have sort of a week-day gathering in the form of a combination prayer meeting and social. One lady very kindly offered the use of her home for the first meeting, and the time was set. One girl in the congregation made it known that she intended to start a card game at this meeting. Someone advised against it, but the girl said "It is none of Brother Campbell's business if we want to play cards". Shortly after our arrival, this girl produced a card table and a pack of cards, and with three companions started to play. I told her this was a meeting directed to the interests of the church, so we would not play cards. She said "Our card game will not interfere with your meeting". My reply was simply to take the deck of cards off the table, open the door to the stove, and throw the cards inside. I was not bothered after that by anyone trying to run away with our church meetings.

It was at this social meeting that

we appointed a building committee and soon started soliciting funds for a new church. We were able to build an excellent church and I bought a house which was later disposed of to the church for a manse, when I left there.

My family first consisted of only my wife and myself, but Bruce and Ann were both born there.

The church was completed thirteen months after the movement was started and was completely paid for within twenty-four months from the time we started work. I left Joplin well satisfied with what had been accomplished. I left two good church organizations that had been built - one at Joplin and one at Webb City - both with good buildings, entirely free of debt. During my stay, I had preached three times a day on Sunday, in addition to teaching a large Sunday School class and riding twelve miles on horseback back and forth between Joplin and Webb City. Many people predicted that I could not stand such strenuous work; that it would kill me. But I kept at it for many years and apparently never suffered from it. These two churches are today the strongest in that Presbytery.

My next charge was at Wakeeney, Kansas, where I stayed three years. It was here that I became interested in farm land. My experience with this land was so disastrous that it cured me of any desire to run a farm as a sideline, but I guess

it was one of the things I had to learn by experience. I don't think my telling of this experience will be of any value to my readers for every man apparently must have this experience and learn for himself that farming is a business, requiring all of a man's time and attention, and that it is as impossible to make money out of a farm as a sideline as it would be any other business. On account of the drouth, the town did not grow as expected, and I stayed in Wakeeney only about two years. My sons, Arthur and Gordon were both born there.

In 1883, I was called to Mason City, Illinois, where I remained for three years. It was a village of about eighteen hundred population. The character of the surrounding country was more of a governing factor in the strength of the church than the size of the town. Every one hundred and sixty acres in the entire countryside was farmed, and the rural support of the church was extensive. It had a good brick building, constructed about ten years previous to my coming. I left there in 1886.

I have been asked to preach on two anniversary occasions at Mason City in recent years - one the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the building of the church; the other the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the church.

My next church was at Litchfield, a town in Southern Illinois. This was a factory town, with a population of about seven thousand. There were large shops,

manufacturing railroad cars, and some of the largest flour mills in the United States located there. A church had been built in Litchfield thirty years before. It was old and unsuited to the needs of the congregation. We soon started a movement for a new church. In the four years I was there, we not only built a new church, but acquired a manse and doubled the membership of the church.

It was there that Bruce began to take music lessons and the last year there he played the organ regularly for Sunday School and prayer meeting. He was only twelve years old at the time.

The work accomplished there was considered an outstanding achievement by men in Church, and it was in August, 1890 that this resulted in my receiving invitations to preach at three different churches, all of whom voted to call me. One church was located at Carbondale, one at Shelbyville and the third at Pontiac. The church at Shelbyville was in good shape financially. They owned their church and a manse. Their Elders assured me they had never been in arrears with a pastor's salary and no pastor had ever had to ask for an increase in his salary. Much the same situation existed at Carbondale and their last pastor had been there for seven years. Pontiac, on the other hand, was said to be a hard field and the church in a run-down condition. It seemed to me that here was my opportunity for service, and I accepted this call which to many seemed by far the least desirable of the three.

Pontiac proved a splendid town in which to live. It had a population of about four or five thousand. The State Reformatory was located there. I was stationed at Pontiac for eight years, and the town was really the childhood home of all my children because it was there that they spent the years of their lives that influence later life most.

The Presbyterian church became a strong one. We added one hundred and thirty members the first year and while I was there, we added four hundred and eighty-four new members, and I was pleased to have the Presbyterian periodicals mention that church as one of the places in the West where great progress was being made.

While at Pontiac, I also conducted services on Sunday afternoons at Cayuga, a small town six miles from Pontiac. I either drove a horse and buggy or rode horseback.

Our years at Pontiac were happy and fruitful. Our family was at an interesting stage. My wife taught a Sunday School class. Bruce played the organ, and the other children helped, both in Sunday School and in Christian Endeavor work.

It was at Pontiac that my wife died, February 18, 1897. Subsequently, the family was much broken up and disorganized and part of the consideration in moving from Pontiac was to enable us to get a new start under new circumstances and in new surroundings.

Before finishing the account of my days at Pontiac, I want to tell one story about an occurrence years later. In 1931, I was called back there to preach a funeral. A man came up and introduced himself to me and told me this incident: He said he was about the same age as Gordon and had lived near us in the days we were in Pontiac. He and Gordon belonged to the same baseball team. One day, they were arranging for a game to be played on Sunday. Gordon explained that he did not play ball on Sunday and invited this boy to go to Sunday School with him. The lad had never gone to Sunday School before, but agreed to accept the invitation and attended with Gordon next day. This was the beginning of this boy's church work. Today, he is an official and leading member of this church.

At the time of my wife's death, Bruce was in his second year at Lake Forest. He came home and did not return to school. He secured a position with the State Reformatory, where one of his duties was to play the pipe organ and train the choir. He was an excellent musician; had played the organ in church at Pontiac and Lake Forest and had given concerts and minstrels to earn money to help himself through school. While at Lake Forest, he met Mr. Swift of the Swift Packing Company, who lived in the town of Lake Forest. Mr. Swift became interested in him. When he failed to go back to school, Mr. Swift communicated with him and told Bruce if it was a matter of finances that prevented his return, that he (Mr. Swift) wanted to take care of the situation and see that he continued his school work.

Gordon started to Lake Forest the year Bruce quit, remaining there two years. On leaving, he had almost the same experience as Bruce. This time it was one of the professors who offered to advance him the money to make it possible for him to finish his college course.

My next charge was at Watseka, Illinois. It was while at Watseka, October 3, 1899, that I was married again, to Louise Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Scott, pioneer settlers of McLean County, Illinois. Mr. Scott was born in Nova Scotia, only about four miles from my own home.

Bruce remained in Pontiac and Gordon was at Lake Forest, so there were only three of us, my daughter Ann, Arthur and myself. Both Ann and Arthur were of great help in creating interest among the young people. A boys class was organized and Arthur, who was captain of the high school football team, persuaded most of the members of the team to become members of his Sunday School class.

After two years at Watseka, we moved to the church at South Chicago. One of the considerations for going to Chicago was that Gordon could live at home and attend the University of Chicago and Ann could attend the Kindergarten College. Arthur was in high school in South Chicago, where he was again captain of the football team. While in South Chicago, Ann played the organ, Gordon sang in the choir and taught a Sunday School class, and Arthur helped with the young peoples' work.

While in South Chicago, Henrietta Scott Campbell was born, May 14, 1901.

From South Chicago, we went to Ottawa, Illinois, where I was pastor for fourteen years. On May 31, 1904, Donald Kennedy Campbell, Jr. was born.

Ottawa is an exceptionally fine town of twelve thousand people, with a fine strong church. After I had been there a few years, I received a call from the church at Morris, Illinois, but declined. It was after this incident that some of the officials of my church raised my salary, but I specifically asked that this not be done. In all my experience in the ministry, I never asked for a raise in my salary and at no time during my ministry was my salary ever in arrears, and at no time during my pastorate was I ever a day without a charge.

As concerns finances, the life of a Presbyterian minister is not an easy one. My children learned to work and earn their own money. I was anxious to see that they received good educations, but I was not able to just go ahead and finance entirely the kind of educations they would like to have. I told them that I would match, on a fifty/fifty basis, the money they could get themselves for their school work.

The influence and assistance of my wife, Louise Scott Campbell, proved a bless-

ing to me, to my family and to the churches I served. She had been a teacher for seventeen years, teaching in Evanston, Illinois until our marriage. She was active in Sunday School work and in the work of the circles of the church. The circle in Ottawa is still named after her, the Louise Campbell Circle. She has been splendid in her work and in her influence. Her two brothers are Walter Dill Scott, president of Northwestern University, and John Scott, head of the Greek Department of the same school. Her sister, Retta Scott Smith lives in Glendale, California.

It was after I had been at Ottawa for fourteen years, at the time I was sixty-nine years old, that I decided that I had been there long enough. I received a call from the church at Earlville, Illinois, but did not accept it because I felt that I would be better off without having a regular charge.

We moved to Bloomington in December of 1915, and I took the assignment of acting as Chairman of Vacancies for the Illinois Presbytery of our church. The work of this new position of mine was really one of rehabilitation. Usually, when a church lost its pastor, it was because conditions within the church were not good, the people had become discouraged in their efforts toward management of the church, and the outcome had been the loss of the pastor. It was my job to go in, fill the pulpit, and try to reorganize their work so that they would be in better shape and could get a desirable preacher to take charge. When that was accomplished,

my work with the church at the time was done. I found that many people in the Presbytery came to call me "Bishop". Our church has no bishops, of course, but this was just a nickname they coined from the nature of my work, because I was in fact looking after all the churches in the territory.

When I was eighty years of age, I was still doing this work. My natural inclination was to keep on, but I felt that I had completed a full life of service to the church and that it might be best for me to retire from active service. This I did when I was eighty-one years old.

My oldest son, Bruce, married May Greenebaum of Pontiac, Illinois. He entered the practice of law and moved to Helena, Arkansas, where he did unusually well, built up a fine practice. He was killed while hunting in 1922.

Ann married Charles P. Coles in the year 1909. They have lived in San Francisco, California, Portland, Oregon and now live in Vancouver, British Columbia. They have seven fine children.

Donald, who is named after me. He came to live with us in Bloomington in 1930, attending Wesleyan University, graduating in 1932. He is now working for his Master's Degree in Physics at the University of British Columbia.

Bruce lived with Gordon and his

family in Little Rock, going to school and graduating in 1932 from Little Rock Junior College. While there, Bruce worked in the Aetna office and upon returning to Vancouver became associated with the Vancouver Agency of the Aetna Life Insurance Company.

George is a partner of his father in the grain brokerage business.

The younger children, Edith, Arthur, Louise and Alice, are still in school.

Arthur Campbell Married Margaret McCain in Jonesboro, Arkansas, June 24, 1920. They have three children, Arthur Wallace Campbell, Jr., Margaret Ann Campbell and Donald Kennedy Campbell. They live, at this time, on the old Robinson plantation at Scott, Arkansas, where Alice (Gordon's wife) was reared, about eighteen miles from Little Rock.

Gordon married Alice Montague Robinson in 1908, in Little Rock. They have four children: Oliver Pearce Robinson Campbell, Margaret McGillivray Campbell (Vineyard), Laura Pemberton Campbell and Elizabeth Kennedy Campbell.

Margaret is married at this time. She married Foster Anderson Vineyard in April, 1931. They live in Little Rock and have one child, Alice Robinson Vineyard, born January 17, 1933.

I have had the pleasure and satisfaction of performing the marriage ceremony for my four children, and my grand-daughter Margaret, and of baptizing all of my grandchildren but one, and one great grand-daughter. But no life is all happiness. I have buried three of my children and three of my grandchildren have passed on. Ann's oldest boy, Charles Campbell Coles; Gordon's, Alice Louise and Arthur's, Mary Williamson.

This little account of part of the history of my life is being set down in the spring of the year 1933. It has just been my pleasure to make a visit to Arkansas with my wife, Louise, and to visit Gordon and Arthur and their families, and to celebrate my eighty-seventh birthday. On this occasion, I have had the pleasure of christening my great grand-daughter, Alice Robinson Vineyard. She is about four months old, the fourth living generation of our family. I knew my grandfather and now I know my great-grandchild, a spread of six generations that I have known. Such a circumstance is in line with the record of our family for longevity. For example, my grandmother, Elizabeth Frazier, whom I knew, was ninety-two years of age when she died. She had two sons and six daughters, a total of sixty grandchildren, fifty great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren living at the time of her death. My uncle Donald lived to be ninety-four.

In setting down this record, I have had the assistance of Foster Vineyard, who

married Margaret McGillivray Campbell, my grand-daughter, Gordon's child. I have had a pleasant time recalling the experiences of my past, and am glad that these facts and incidents may be recorded and passed on to the various individuals who may be interested in having this data concerning the family history.

Reminiscences of Rev. Donald Kennedy Campbell