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Property of Earl and Elva Schrock
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Eld. C. E. Gillett and Rachel E., His Wife, 1912

PIONEERING

BY
ELD. C. E. GILLETT



Published for the Author
by the
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILL.
1929

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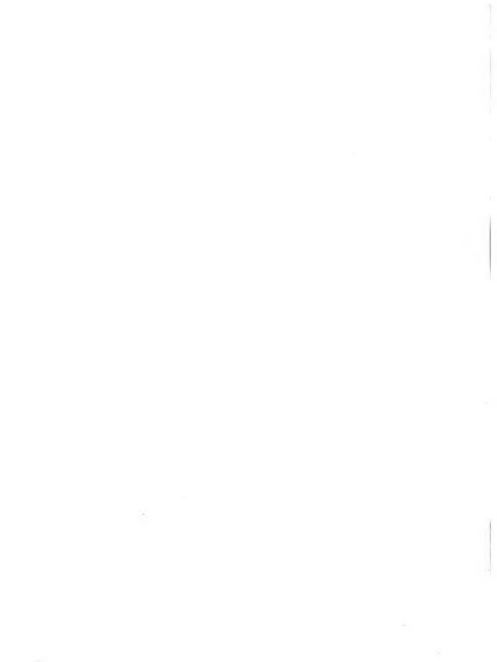
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DEDICATION

The author dedicates this book to the whole wide world, praying that it may be the means of accomplishing at least a little good in the name of the Holy Child Jesus.



PREFACE

The undertaking of writing a history of my life work is somewhat embarrassing to me, as it will be necessary for me to use so many personal pronouns. Had it not been for this timidity this history would have been written long ago.

I am not on the witness stand pledging myself to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but I do pledge myself to tell the truth, but not all the truth, as some of the truth might not look well in print, or be of benefit or interest to anyone, and my object in view is that, at least, some one may be benefited by my experience on the frontier as an old-fashioned Dunker preacher. I shall endeavor to say very little of the results of my life's work, as in my opinion I have accomplished so little good it would not be worth telling, and I might tell something that might seem to the reader to be boastful; for when on the Verde Mission, in Arizona, I was taught one of the best lessons in my life.

In my correspondence with that old Soldier of the Cross, the late Elder David Norcross, he wrote to me thus, "Brother Charley, I read between the lines in your letter that you are somewhat discouraged in your work. Do not be discouraged, do your best and leave

the results with the Lord." That advice has tided me over many hard trials, both within and without.

But as I have declared that what I speak will be the truth and founded on facts, although I don't claim infallibility, since I know the mistakes of my life have been many; so if the reader should find many errors in this work, please attribute it to the head, not to the heart.

Now under our present system of pastors and the call of college men and D. D.'s, to fill our pulpits, and the fact that I was not called from college but from following the plow, and that I am now past the allotted days of men, threescore and ten, my opportunity in the pulpit is limited; so I am sending out an account of some of my life work, supplemented with a number of my pioneer sermons, praying God's blessing to go with them and hoping and praying that the reader may take this narrative in the same spirit in which the writer has endeavored to give it.

ELD. C. E. GILLET.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Eld. Walter Swihart and Prof. S. J. Miller for their valuable assistance in helping me to prepare this work for the press; and also to Ellen Fricke, of 148 South Mount Vernon Avenue, San Bernardino, Calif., Mrs. Elmer Long and Miss Orpha Statler, of Glendale, Ariz., who have done my typing without money and without price.

THE AUTHOR.

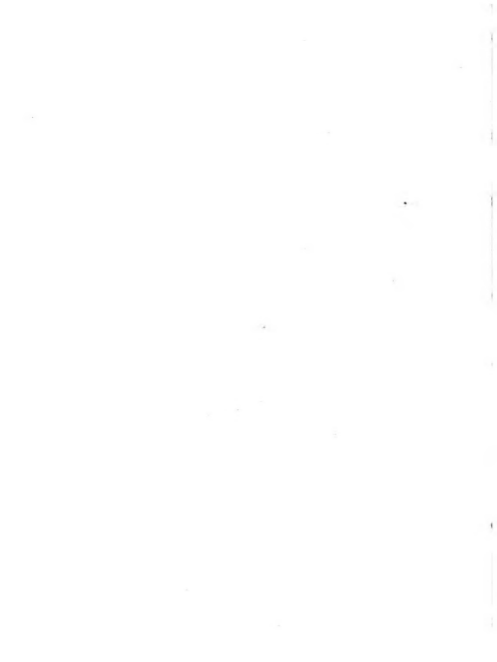


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CHAPTER 1

Childhood

I shall start my first chapter by telling something I do not really know to be true, while I must have been there, yet I do not remember the event; still, I have the testimony of my father and mother, and I have always taken it for a fact, so I shall expect my readers to do the same. On March 6, 1857, in Prarie Rond Township, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, about five miles west of Schoolcraft, then known as the west woods, I first opened my eyes to the light of day and claimed a home with John and Mary Ann Gillett. I don't remember whether there was much display of the event, but I have some good reasons to believe I was welcome, from the fact that I was the first boy, and that they boarded, clothed and educated me to the best of their ability, without money and without price. They must have loved me more than I ever realized until I had children of my own. Oh, that we could teach children to understand more about the love of father and mother (and our Heavenly Father), of their care and protection, and their sacrifices. The children surely would do more for them than they do, and we would have a better world and they fewer regrets when they are old.

Yes, I was the first boy in our family, but I was

preceded by a half sister, Betsey Eleanor Welch, born to my mother by a former marriage, and a sister Alice, who was twenty-two months my senior. My father was the son of Hosea and Hannah Gillett, who moved from Wayne County, New York, to Ohio, then to Hillsdale County, Mich., where he raised a very large family. I have known only three of my father's brothers, namely, Noah, Albert, and William. My mother's maiden name was Edmonds, of Old Vermont stock. Her father's name was Reuben, and she was the youngest of eleven children, all of whom lived to have families of their own. The first great event I remember was that on Oct. 2, 1862, I had a little brother born. He was named Willard Franklin, and now lives at Holtville, Calif.

The next important thing which I remember was my father going to war. I well remember him and my Uncle Noah and some others, marching off to the barracks at Niles, Mich. I started to go with them, but father said I should return home. It must be borne in mind that my parents were not members of the Tunker Church, and not overreligious, although at one time members of the Protestant Methodist Church. Mother held on until death, but father apostatized and I was reared to be a war dog; but remember the old proverb, "A wise man sometime changes, but fools never do."

I started to school when I was five years old, in an

old log schoolhouse. It had slab benches, with no backs to lean against. Having one and one-half miles to walk, I became so tired one day that I lay down during school time and went to sleep. The teacher punished me by standing me on the table and putting a split stick on my nose and a girl's bonnet on my head. It seemed that this was not enough, for I stood there brave as a lion; so she had all the pupils point their fingers at me and shame me. Of course, at this I wilted and, like a baby, began to cry. The teacher then also wilted and snatched me from the table in a hurry. I have often thought she was punished more than I was. School days were different then from what they are now. I don't believe there was a lead pencil in the entire school, and slate pencils were so scarce that if I got one I had to cut it in two and divide with sister. Books also were very scarce, so we both had to study from the same one.

One winter, when I was ten or eleven years old, I had commenced to study Thompson's Practical Arithmetic and was still going to the same log schoolhouse to a teacher by the name of Mary McCain, who afterwards married Nathan Kinney; both are still living. One day I was sitting idle in the schoolroom and the teacher told me to get busy, but I did not heed her. She told me again, but still I paid no attention to her. She then stood me up on the floor, and by that time I

became frightened and began to work. I must have been nervous and, as I had worn my slate pencil down to about one-half inch in length I lost my finger hold on it and it slipped and went rolling down to a large crack in the floor. I was not courageous enough to tell the teacher, but stood there like a dummy. When the teacher saw that I was still idle, she asked me why I was not ciphering. I told her that my pencil had rolled under the floor. She told me to go down after it. I said, "I will if you make me." She replied, "I will make you," and told me to take up the board. I again replied that I would not, and as the school was in the edge of the timber she sent out a boy for two whips. He soon returned with two real hickories. The teacher again told me to lift the board and get the pencil and I said, "No." She then took up the board herself, and gave me another chance, but still I was stubborn as a mule, so she began to give me what I deserved. Oh, how she did wallop it on my back, until my nose began to bleed a stream out of both nostrils! The teacher became frightened and sent me out of doors, where I stuffed snow up my nose until it stopped bleeding. I was too sore to come back to school for several days. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never forget that licking. It was the last licking I ever got in school, but as I am penning this story, oh, how I wish I had minded my teacher!

Fifty-eight years later I was back there and had Willie Terry—one of my old schoolmates—show me the spot where the old schoolhouse stood. I was on the same spot an old, gray-headed man! As I pondered over the past, I thought of that good teacher and wished that I had minded her. If I could have found that pencil I would have kept it for a relic. I visited the teacher, who is still living, and reminded her of the incident. She said she had forgotten all about it, and I replied that if she had been in my place she would never have forgotten it.

In the fall of 1868, when I was eleven, we emigrated to Missouri in covered wagons. I either rode horseback or drove a team. We crossed the Mississippi River at Quincy on a ferryboat on election day, when Grant was elected for the first time.

We passed over the Missouri River at Boonville on a ferryboat at the time the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad was in construction. We located in Henry County, twelve miles west of Clinton, in the fork of Big Creek and Grand River. We could then drive from Sedalia to Fort Scott, Kans., without going through many lanes, just cross-cut. I don't know how much further we might have gone without passing through a lane (a Missouri term for a fenced road), but I suppose we could have continued to the Rockies.





This photo of C. E. Gillett was taken from an old tintype, which was taken in Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, in 1864. The author was then seven years old

CHAPTER 2

Early Life in Missouri

In our new home we were not looked upon with the greatest favor by the settlers, for we were not their kind. Those who crossed the Mississippi River from the East were called (in those days) Yankees. The North and South had not yet been united. In a literal sense they were united, but in mind and spirit there was still a barrier between them. So it was not the most pleasant place for a boy to live, but I could have got on better had I known enough to keep my mouth shut, which was a hard thing for me to do. I suppose those who know me best would say that I have not altogether overcome this failing. However, it often is necessary to open one's mouth if he has something to say which should be said, provided it is at the right time and place.

I well remember standing on Big Creek bridge, arguing politics with Sam Ferris. He was three or four years my senior and almost as large again as I was. To top it off, he held me by the ankles, head down, over the bridge. If his hold had slipped I would not have been here to tell the story. He said, "I am going to hold you here until you promise to vote the Democratic ticket." I gritted my teeth and said, "Never!"

He finally lifted me back over the railing and let me go, and I was, and still am, glad of it. Naturally, after that we were not very good friends. About three years later, when I weighed only eighty-five pounds and he was a man grown, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, we were playing blackman at school. With very little provocation, or practically no reason at all, he struck me on the side of my head and staggered me about ten feet. Before I could get my balance he hit me again in the same place, and my head and shoulders struck the ground first. Ere I could get up he jumped on me with his feet and stamped until he seemed to be satisfied, but he was not, for he repeated this three times. My, but I was glad when he quit! He probably would have ceased sooner if I had said "Enough," but I was either too plucky or too frightened to say that. I was pounded until I was mellow and injured in a way that promised to be for life, but the injury was overcome in later years. Of course, our friendship was not improved by the transaction, and from that time on we did not speak to each other for years.

But time passed on until each of us had a family of his own. We had moved to different localities, and so saw very little of each other. I had joined the Brethren Church and had been put to the ministry, and was back in the old neighborhood, preaching. One Sunday, as I stood up to preach, I looked down the

aisle and whom did I see but Sam Ferris! Just imagine how I felt to find him facing me, and to remember that I had not forgiven him; and I a minister of the Prince of Peace! I was filled with consternation, somewhat, I imagine, as Belshazzar felt when he saw the handwriting on the wall; but I thought hard and fast, and preached as if nothing had happened, for I had made up my mind as to what I would do. At the close of the meeting I walked down the aisle, looking neither to the left nor to the right until I came to where Sam Ferris stood. I then reached out my hand and said, "Hello, Sam."

He answered, "Hello, Charley. It has been a long time since we met," and I said, "Yes, and a good deal longer since we have spoken."

"Let us let bygones be bygones," said Sam. "All right," I answered, and we shook hands once more. As I ponder over the past and look into the future, I would not have missed that opportunity for the world.

I will now tell of another scrap in which I got the worst. One Friday evening, after school, while still on the school ground, I was contending with Milton Norris, a boy of my own age. He had been jumping on the back of my brother and other small boys, breaking them down to the ground. I was protesting his action with pretty strong language. Another big boy was standing between us, facing me, when Milton

picked up a ball club, which had been made out of a three-cornered rail, and laid it across my head with such force that it seemed almost a miracle I was spared to tell the story. I struck the ground so hard that I fairly bounced to my feet, with blood streaming from my nose like a stuck hog. I started after that boy with all the strength I had. But he could run like a greyhound, and I could not catch him. I want to state here that I pride myself in the fact that I never struck anybody hard enough to hurt him. I never struck a man, and never ran from one but once, and that was from a negro who was larger than I was. But, believe me, if I could have caught that boy my record would not have been so clean. Oh, how glad I am now that he could outrun me! The news of the fight was soon spread around and the next Monday morning, to my surprise, when I came to school I found the directors were on hand to settle the trouble. One of them was Milton's father. Let me state right here I never had been in a better humor in my life. I just could not keep mad at that boy, for he was the biggest-hearted boy in our whole school.

The directors took testimony of all who had seen the one-sided battle, and heard what Milton and I had to say. They decided that Milton should go to one end of the schoolhouse and I to the other and meet half-way, where we should shake hands. I reached out my

hand, but Milton just stuck out his forefinger at me. So they made him try it over, but he persisted in sticking his finger out at me. The teacher then said to the directors, "What can I do? I can't punish Charley. He is willing to fulfill his part, so what shall I do?"

They all said, "Give Milton a good flogging."

Now that teacher was a God-fearing man by the name of Jerome Keptner. He was prepared for the occasion, so he went to his desk and took out the hickory. He had Milton take off his coat and held him by the hand. How he did lecture that boy, with such kind words that it seemed to me it would melt a heart of stone. But then the thrashing that he received! I never saw but one like it, and that was when the teacher tried to make me get my pencil. And, of course, I both saw and felt that one. After his punishment Milton was willing enough to shake hands.

A few years ago a nice-looking man in Glendale, Ariz., stepped up to me and said, "Are you Charley Gillett?"

I said, "Yes, but who are you?"

"My name is Norris," he answered.

"Who was your father?" I asked.

He answered, "Milton Norris."

I then told him how I had been knocked down by his father with a ball club, and the rest of that story.

But I surely was glad to see the son of one of my schoolmates.

I am now through telling about my losing battles in carnal warfare, and later in this work I will mention greater battles which I have fought—not with the carnal weapon, but with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

In those days there were lots of wild game—geese, brants, ducks, swans, sandhill cranes, prairie chickens, coons, minks and muskrats. One day with two other fellows I caught ninety-five muskrats. But all this game proved to my detriment, as I would rather hunt than go to school or work. However, I could divide my time and then keep up with my classes in reading, writing, and arithmetic, which were taught to the tune of a hickory stick.

I do not wish to cast any reflections on my dear parents, but they did not object to my going to dances, yet I went to very few. I could take my gun and go hunting on Sunday, yet I did very little of it. When only thirteen years old I was allowed to go to Clinton, which was twelve miles away, with a crowd which they knew would drink. My father was not a drinking man and he gave some good advice, but he used no restrictions on me. I had read the book, "Ten Nights in a Barroom," before we left Michigan; and it surely made a deep impression on my mind. I did not want to be-

come a drunkard, and I was determined not to be one.

Yet I did come close to being a tobacco fiend. It happened that, during the time of the war, my Uncle Stephen gave me a large chew of fine-cut tobacco. Now I am glad it was large, for it made me sick. After the war a man wanted me to try a chew of plug tobacco. It seemed that in those days a fellow had to chew and see how far he could spit in order to be a man. Well, the Missouri boys said that their kind of tobacco, "Long Green" they called it, was good, and finally persuaded me to try it. And believe me, it was good—it cured me for life. I was sure sick. I am glad it made me sick, for I never tried it again. I thought I would rather always be a boy than to use the dirty stuff.

I am bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco, yet I claim no credit for not using it, as I tried three times and had to give it up. The fellow who likes it, but will not use it, certainly deserves lots of credit. I have reasoned on this matter all my life, and still I can't understand why a man who claims to be a child of God will defile his body, which is the temple of the Holy Spirit, with filthy tobacco or whisky. Such a person, if he is what he thinks he is, and if he is guided by the Holy Spirit, as he claims he is, ought to be ashamed to shut the Spirit of the living God up in a tobacco house or a grog shop.

CHAPTER 3

First Acquaintance with the Brethren

It was in 1869 or 1870 that the Brethren commenced to move into our midst. It was the first we had ever seen or heard tell of such a class of people. They were Eld. J. S. Mohler, John Houghendoughler, Newton Perry, Una Shutz, John Reish, and some others. Bro. Mohler taught school one term in our district and had occasion to give Milton Norris an awful hard whipping when Milton was almost a man grown. I think that was the last whipping he ever received. Bro. Mohler preached four funerals in our family. We thought that he was a wonderful man. He baptized my wife, solemnized our marriage, and afterwards came to Greenwood County, Kans., and baptized me. My favorite song in the old hymnals is one of his composing, number 683, "Meet Me There." I have requested to have it sung at my funeral.

The first sermon I ever heard by the Brethren was at the Cornet schoolhouse. I was about fourteen or fifteen years old. It was by Eld. John Hershey, who afterwards became the father of the Old Orders in the West. I could never forget it—not for the good things he said, since they did not appeal to me then, but he said one thing that tickled me. There were

three other preachers present—J. S. and S. S. Mohler and some one else, I have forgotten or never knew. But Bro. Hershey got up and in a slow, drawling tone began to say, "Brethren, I would much rather some one else would preach today, for I am not well, and if I should leave the pulpit and go out of doors quite suddenly, don't think strange, for such is the nature of my disease." No boy in my day could ever forget that. I think he must have said many good things, but my boyish mind could not grasp them.

If we could remember good things as well as the funny things, how much better it would be! All of the Brethren with whom I came in contact in my younger days were pretty good people and could be trusted. I always respected them and I could tell one of them as far as I could see him. The first impression I received of them was that there was a beauty in knowing one's brother and sister when you met them. They were "known and read of all men."

At the age of seventeen I made up my mind to lead a better life, and having very little knowledge of what the Bible taught, and being under the influence of the Missionary Baptist Church, the prevailing denomination of our neighborhood, I became a member of that body. As I now look back to that period I must give the Baptists credit for helping me to make a new start in life, but in reality I was only partially con-

verted, and the story of my future conduct will convince my readers of that fact. The Baptists seemed to have enough confidence in me, for they offered me a free education in the William Jewell College, of Liberty, Mo., if I would become a minister. Why I turned this opportunity down I do not know, but I did, and I am glad of it, for if I had accepted I probably would have been a Baptist minister instead of what I am now. I am very glad that I found something better.

CHAPTER 4

The Prodigal

In our home the ties between father and myself were not what they should have been, but I am now willing to take all the blame on myself. After the third effort to run away from home I finally succeeded, at eighteen years of age, but oh, what a mistake! I stopped around Louisiana, Mo., and Pleasant Hill, Ill. I was up and down the river from Hannibal to St. Louis. I worked at whatever I found to do; chopped wood, railroaded, and was not afraid of any kind of labor, but very often I could not get work at any price, so I frequently was without funds, and went hungry. I was too plucky to ask for food of anyone, if I did not have the price. I believe I would have starved first.

There was a very tough element up and down the Mississippi River in those days. Of course, there must have been many good people also. I have since been in the lumber camps of the North and the mining camps of the West, but I have never seen anything that could compare with the toughness of the river towns excepting Mexicali, Mexico, where the off-scourings of the United States gather like buzzards after a carcass. There, in broad daylight, I have seen things we dare not put into print. In later years there

was burned one building that housed one hundred sporting women, and ninety-nine were accounted for after the fire.

I want to give at least one experience I had in Louisiana, Mo. You will remember I had decided when quite young that I never would be a drunkard, but very often I did get into bad company, and I have often escaped, by the "skin of my teeth," from falling. Certainly a mother's prayer must have followed me the whole world through. On this one certain occasion I was with a bunch of toughs. I was in a saloon playing cards for the drinks, but when we marched up to the bar and they asked me what I would have I said "a glass of water." But once they were prepared for me, with one on each side of me and one at my back. When I said "water" the one at my back grabbed me by the shoulders, put his knee in the small of my back and threw me to the floor. Two of them held me down, while the third took a glass of whisky and tried to force it down my throat. He had nearly succeeded when one of the bunch by the name of Ike Lanbert, who had not lost all of his manhood, stepped up and said, with the voice of command, "Boys, you have gone far enough. If Charley don't want to drink that is his business. Let him up." And they did.

I could relate many more experiences in regard to temptations, trials, and hardships which I encoun-

tered. I have always regretted the trouble and grief which I caused my parents, and yet I received lessons from which I have tried to profit all my life in order fully to sympathize with the other fellows. In all fullness you must first travel over the same road yourself.

In my life I have never let anyone—red, yellow, black or white—pass my door hungry, if I knew it. I have many times stood on the brink of the pit and come near falling in, to the destruction of my body, soul, and spirit. I have seen so many of my comrades fall, and some of them seemed to have had a better chance in life than I had. I can't understand why they slipped over the precipice and I, who came so near, did not. I can attribute it only to the power of Almighty God, who, it seems, set the bounds and whispered to me, "Don't go any farther, Charley; be a man."

No one could have been guided over the rough places I encountered and doubt the existence of a higher power, who has done, does do, and will still do all things well. Now the lesson I have learned is this: I can now look with more mercy on the ones who have slipped and fallen, or, as Paul says, can "condescend to men of low estate." After battling against my own conscience and better judgment for one year and three months I resolved to go home—the prodigal. I was so happy when I made this resolve, but still happier when I got started. Oh! the joy of getting home! The

words in English have not been coined to express the joy of that meeting. My father met me at the door with outstretched hand and welcomed me back to the fold, and best of all, my dear old mother came fairly jumping across the house, clapping her hands, exclaiming, "O my boy, my boy, my boy!"

I have often thought that my home-coming was like the sinner's process in his conversion: when he gets the consent of his stubborn will he feels a relief; when he puts his will into action he feels better; but when he gets to the place where God has promised to meet him, and fulfills his part of the conditions, namely, to "repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and receives the gift of the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2-38), then his joy is full.

CHAPTER 5

My Father's Death

Well, it was good to be home once more and to feel the joy and blessings of being among friends, real friends, the kind I knew truly loved and cared for me. I could see a few changes since my absence. I noticed the greatest in my father. I saw that he was failing. I probably realized this in father more than the rest did, on account of my absence. Now my father was not an old man, only fifty-two years of age, but the hardships of the hellish war had left their imprints.

I had been home but a few months when it was decided that my mother should make a business trip to Michigan, and intended, while there, to visit friends and relatives. She insisted that I go along with her, as she had had little experience in traveling. She concluded that she could come home alone in case I wanted to stay. We left home Feb. 20, 1877, for Michigan, with ticket, which was to land us in Kalamazoo, but we got off at Dowagiac to visit Uncle Amos Cogill. From there we went to Schoolcraft to visit my Uncle Obadiah Edmunds. Leaving mother to go home alone, I went on to Morley, about one hundred miles further north, to visit my father's brothers, Uncles Noah and Albert Gillett, and Cousin George. I left

Schoolcraft March 6, the day I was twenty years old. I found snow on the ground in Morley and plenty of cold weather.

While at Uncle Albert's I had an unusual experience. I remember it very distinctly, the date being March 31. I went to bed early that night, as I was lonesome and homesick. I was thinking of home, sweet home and of a black-eyed girl whom I had the fond hopes of sometime in the future claiming legally for my own. Now that was the mood I was in when I fell asleep. I had a vision. I saw my father get up from the table and fall to the floor, apparently dead. I saw two men pick him up and lay him on the bed for dead. I saw him open his eyes, gasp for breath, rise in bed to a sitting position and then fall back dead.

Later, in comparing my dream with the circumstances, related by my mother, it was exactly as I had seen it, and as near as we could understand, it must have been the precise time of my dream. How real that dream was! It was so real that when I awoke I took it for a fact that my father had passed away. Two or three days later I got a letter from that black-eyed girl, informing me of the death of my father. The next mail brought news from my mother, telling me all about it, and saying that Eld. J. S. Mohler had preached the funeral sermon.

When I answered my mother's letter I told her that

I had already received the news. She sometimes had to wonder how I could get news ahead of her letters. Surely, I had heard two ways, before her letter: one that supernatural message and the other the letter from my sweetheart. Can any one explain that first message? I have given it much thought and study. My conclusion is this: that through some law, not yet fully understood by man, this message was transmitted to me and my mind was in a receptive mood. This is my explanation. There is much to be learned about such matters. I think of many, many things which have been found out since that time—the phonograph, telephone, television (thousands of miles away from the objects, pictures are taken), and radio messages which are sent to and from all parts of the world.

I want to stop here and record some of my thoughts along this line. In receiving messages over the radio the receiving instruments must be in the same key as the sender, or the message will be lost. We have been sending messages to and receiving messages from the great God of the universe ever since the creation. A great many messages never reached heaven, for the same reason as with radio: the senders were not in union or in key with the Great Receiver. I believe without a doubt that if the whole church were in perfect union and in harmony with the Word of God and in the right key of the Heavenly Father, wonderful

things would happen. Such thoughts may give some one else something on which to meditate. One thing is sure, there are only two supernatural stations, Heaven and Hell, and we cannot tune in to both at the same time. Let us stop and ponder and be sure to key in at the right station.

CHAPTER 6

Home Again

I must not linger too long here. It was on July 2, while I was working on a farm near Vicksburg, Kalamazoo County, which joined the farm of my Uncle William Worthington, that I received a telegram stating, "Come home; sister drowned."

I took it over to Uncle William and he gave me some money and had his son Tommy drive his eight-hundred-dollar trotting horse to take me to the station at Kalamazoo. The train left about midnight. My! How we did fly to get there on time. It was indeed a lonesome, sorrowful trip. I arrived in Clinton, Mo., at 8 A. M., July 4. Word had been left at the depot that a horse was at Black's livery barn for me to ride home on. I got the message there that Sister Alice had been drowned in Honey Creek and had not been found. I went as quickly as possible to the banks of the creek, where crowds of men were searching, but she had not been recovered. I then went home to mother—to poor, heartbroken mother.

When I returned to the creek Alice had been found. She was buried that night at 1 o'clock by the side of my father in the Norris cemetery. J. S. Mohler afterward preached her funeral sermon. My Sister Alice

was twenty-two years of age in June and unmarried.

My half-sister, Eleanor, was married before this time, so all the ones left at home now were mother, Willie, and I, a lonely mourning family.

One day mother asked, "Do you and Rachel" (the black-eyed girl) "expect to be married?" I said "Yes, sometime, but I don't know when, for I have nothing to take care of a wife with."

"Well," mother said, "you have." She then showed me horses, cows, and a forty-acre farm. "They are yours," she said. "I am so lonely; you bring Rachel home and stay here, and I will furnish everything for one year." Oh, what a mother! Of course, I wasted no time in putting the proposition up to Rachel and then to her folks. After asking her father three times, and insisting, I finally gained the consent of all parties concerned.

We were married July 25, 1877. What a desperate chance she ran—for she and her parents were members of the Brethren Church and I a Baptist, and not a very good one at that. We have never regretted it, but have been very glad that in later years our five daughters did not take such a risk.

My mother gave me the following advice: "Charley, you know Rachel is a 'Dunker,' dresses plain, wears a bonnet and a little cap. Now you knew this beforehand; don't ever abuse her afterwards for

it." I promised her I wouldn't. Later, I almost broke that promise. This one time it happened like this: We were getting ready to go to my church. The Sunday before we had gone to her church. Of course, when we went to her church I expected her to wear her little cap, but when she started to put it on to wear to my church it hurt my pride a little. It was here I almost broke my promise. I said, "Are you going to wear that thing to church?"

She said, "Yes, sir, I am, and if you don't like it you can lump it." I then thought of my promise, and said, "I don't care, but have you any scripture which proves that you should wear anything like that?" She then and there turned to First Corinthians chapter 11, and read with proper emphasis what Paul had to say. I said, "Wife, I will never say anything against the cap again." I have kept my word for fifty years, and thank the Lord she still wears the cap. Now it might do for a sister who had the pluck and courage and will power that she had to take some chances in marrying, but I have seen some that took the risk and were not strong enough to hold out and made themselves much trouble.

It was July 25, 1877, that I promised to take Rachel E. Kuns, daughter of George D. and Margaret Kuns, to be my lawful, wedded wife. This I promised before God and witnesses, Eld. J. S. Mohler officiating. I believe that the two most sacred promises that can be

made are those we make when we are married and when we join the church. Both are for life, before God and witnesses, and yet how lightly they are regarded by so many!

We agreed to debate the differences between our respective churches, and that we would take the Bible for authority. We also decided to pray over the matter; that the one who substantiated his position by the Word would win, and the loser must come over to the other's church.

We have often arisen after we had gone to bed, lighted the lamp and gone to the Bible to see who was right. Sometimes a meal became cold while we were looking up Scripture passages. Of course, my wife eventually won, but it was not for some time.

May 9, 1878, our first boy was born and we called him George Franklin.

Mother, having given us the forty acres with the house, soon afterward built a neat cottage on fifty acres she had given to Bro. Willard. Mother and Willard lived in the new home only six weeks, when she took pneumonia and died, Dec. 2, 1878.

CHAPTER 7

A Full Surrender

In the fall of 1879 we moved to Greenwood County, Kans. We settled on the raw prairie, six miles east and two miles south of Eureka.

Nov. 11, 1879, another boy was born and we called him Charles Leander.

At the suggestion of my wife we had subscribed for *The Primitive Christian*, the Brethren Church paper, published at Huntingdon, Pa., by James Quinter. Both of us were working very hard in those days, but what time I had to rest I wanted to read. When I went to pick up the county paper from where I had left it, it was never there, but *The Primitive Christian* would be in its place. Of course, I would suppose it was an accident and would naturally take it up and read something in it.

About this time the Stein and Ray debate was being published in the paper and I became very much interested in it; also in my soul's salvation, and I nearly was convinced that the Brethren were right except on baptism.

(Let me state here that my wife confessed to me years after that she had changed papers with me and placed her paper where mine should have been, I sup-

pose to get me to read it. Whether she did right or wrong I don't know, but I am now very glad that she did it.)

Now, coming back to the debate, in Stein's affirmative he analyzed the commission of Matthew 28:19, parsed it, and supplied the ellipses agreeable to the laws of syntax, and when Ray answered it he said that Stein had added nine words to the commission to make it teach the Tunker doctrine. Then in Stein's next speech he offered to leave it to a learned class of men, neither Tunkers nor Baptists (say three or five), and let them say whether he had added or whether, according to the laws of syntax, the words should be supplied. I thought that was fair, and I realized that such scholars knew. Ray replied by saying that he would not leave it to men or to angels. That surely put me to thinking, and my thought ran thus: "Mr. Ray, you must think you are wrong and Stein right, and if you are wrong I am wrong, too."

Well, in another part of the debate, Stein quoted from historians to prove that trine immersion was very ancient. Ray replied by saying there was no such history, and that the quotations were Stein's historical fraud.

Stein proposed again to leave it to three or five men, neither Baptists nor Tunkers, who had access to church histories, to say whether such history existed or

not, and Ray again refused to do it. My next move was to get the history of the leading denominations of the world, by Belcher. I read it and studied it in connection with the Bible, prayerfully and carefully. My object was to find which church was the nearest right, and when I came to the Baptists, Mr. Belcher, being a Baptist himself, gave them a larger write-up than he did most of the churches. In addition to the scripture to prove baptism he referred to certain historians who gave their evidence to triune immersion. He had quoted from the same church fathers that Stein cited, and quoted the words verbatim.

It was right here that the scales fell from my eyes and I realized that I had been reading the commission through my Baptist spectacles. I then went to the Bible and read the commission as I had never read it before, and I saw, as plain as daylight, that three actions were required. No one knows, only he who has gone over the same road, how hard it is to give up a faith which has been instilled in one's mind when he was a youth, even if he is convinced that it is wrong.

One time I had an Old School Baptist friend whom I was trying to convince that the Brethren doctrine was founded on the Word of God. He said he knew that, according to the Bible, the Brethren were nearer right than the Baptists. "But," he said, "I can't get the consent of my mind to leave the Old Baptists." He

actually wept about it, and as far as I know he lived and died a Baptist. A person who has never belonged to any church is much easier to convince of the doctrine of the Gospel, as we believe it, than one who has endorsed the principles of another church.

Well, when I had made up my mind to unite with the Church of the Brethren I felt good, but at that time we did not know of any members in Kansas (of course there were some), so I wrote an article to *The Primitive Christian*, saying that if Eld. J. S. Mohler would come out he could make a Tunker of me. I then felt better. I soon received a letter from Bro. Mohler, stating that he had no desire to make a Tunker out of me, but if he could be instrumental in the hands of the Lord in helping me to become a Christian he would come. I at once wrote him to come and I then felt still better. Eld. Mohler lived at Deepwater, Mo., at that time.

By the time he arrived I had found a few other members—an old crippled brother by the name of Samuel Hunt, Jacob Pippenger and wife, and Hannah Dugard. It was in October, 1880, that Bro. Mohler held his first meetings and baptized me, and then and there I felt that my joy was full, and I have never forgotten his instructions and the promises I made. The following winter Eld. Sidney Hodgedon and his son, Merl, and a young brother by the name of Jake Beck-

ner, came into our midst and held some meetings. It was here that Bro. Dugard was baptized and we were organized into a church.

Bro. Dugard was elected to the ministry and Bro. Pippenger and myself were chosen to the office of deacon. Bro. Dugard was one of the best of men, but he lacked as a preacher and the Lord's work seemed to lag for about two years. At this time Eld. G. W. Studebaker, of Fredonia, Kans., commenced to come twice a month, preaching three times each trip. He was a powerful preacher, a wonderful scripturist, and made quite an impression on the people. At the very start some others were baptized. Bro. Dugard had gone to his long home.

CHAPTER 8

Elected to the Ministry

In 1885, in our part of Kansas, times were rather hard. I had made up my mind to leave the country and had traded for a good farm in Holt County, Mo. I had made all preparations to move, when the church, on Saturday before the third Sunday in September, 1885, at a love feast in a shed on Bro. John Messner's farm, held an election for a minister. Bro. Studebaker, our elder, Eld. Washington Wyland, and C. M. Year-out were present. At our social meeting the next morning it was announced that I had been chosen. Bro. Wyland officiated in the installation services. Among the promises I made were these: to wear my beard and comb my hair straight back, or part it in the middle. I also promised to wear a frock coat with standing collar. I renewed my promise when I was advanced and later when I was ordained. I have never had any desire to break my word, and besides it appears to me, that if I did so, it would put me in the category of sin as Ananias and Sapphira (Acts 5:3, 4).

Now, after I had been put to the ministry all the members insisted that I should stay with them. If I stayed, it seemed to me, it would be at a financial loss, but to go might mean a spiritual loss. Of the two

losses I decided to take the financial loss, and stayed.

When the word reached Missouri that I had been put to the ministry, Milton Norris, the one who once knocked me down with the ball club, said to my wife's sister, Flory, "Is it a fact that Charley has been put to the ministry?" and she said "Yes." He then replied, "They must have been mighty hard up for preachers in Kansas."

Another made the remark that I must be going crazy. Still another, a stranger, said, before he had heard me preach, "If that fellow can preach he fools his looks." Well, we will let some one else judge whether I was crazy or "fooled my looks."

As to the scarcity of preachers in southern Kansas, no one can dispute this fact. I see that in the history of the Brethren Church in Kansas, under the head of Greenwood County some one has given me quite a write-up. One thing he said was that I held seventy-five meetings in the first year of my ministry, which is correct. As near as I can remember I received financial support for that year's work to the total amount of fifty cents and one big red handkerchief. My traveling was on horseback when my wife was not along, and when she went we had a lumber wagon. There was one thing I was blessed with—one of the best saddle horses of which the world could boast. He could trot, fox trot, pace, single foot, double foot rack,

run and walk. I could change his gait whenever I wanted to, which made it easy for me. His name was Dock.

Excuse me for a little digression here, as I wish to say something I should have told before I was put to the ministry. On February 14, 1882, my wife presented me with the first valentine I ever received. It was a real living specimen in the form of a little girl, and we named her Margaret, after her Grandmother Kuns. Her name is Margaret G. Statler, of Glendale, Ariz. She is the mother of five living children.

In the fall of 1883 I was breaking some young mules both to ride and to work. I had those of the masculine gender named after three of the noted infidels, namely, Voltaire, Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll. Now Bob Ingersoll was the prettiest mule I ever saw and about as mean as he was good looking. Oct. 5, 1883, I went to jump on Bob's back while trying to lead another mule. Bob jumped. The other mule pulled back, and when I got out of the tangle one of my fingers was broken and split so it would never knit. Even so, I rode that mule. Well, a few hours later my wife presented me with ten more fingers, attached to a baby boy. We named that boy Leroy. Six weeks later I rode that mule all alone twelve miles to have my finger amputated.

Reverting to my former subject, it seemed that pet

horse loved me with almost human intelligence. I did not have to tie him up, but just turned him loose at church or anywhere I was and he would wait for me. I swam deep streams with him to reach appointments. Please excuse me for telling so much about Dock, but I loved that horse and we were friends. Well, I traded our farm in Holt County, Mo., for raw prairie in Kansas and took a big loss.

Dec. 26, 1885, another boy came into our home, and we named him Ola Edison. His mother had stood at my side when I was installed into the ministry about three months before he was born. When I was ordained that boy stood by my side and was installed into the ministry.

I was not getting along very well. I did nearly as much work as I had been doing, but my mind was chiefly on something else. My education was limited, but in those days the church did not make a college education a qualification for the ministry. We had no Reverends or D. D.'s. The word reverend was applied to God alone (Psa. 111:9). Now don't think I am opposed to an education, for I am not. The more education, rightly applied, the better, but I do draw the line on making it a qualification for a preacher, when the Bible says nothing about it. Paul did tell Timothy, a young preacher, to "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to

be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth." That is what I tried to do. The only books I had that helped me were the Bible and a pocket dictionary. I have since thought they were enough, and that if our young preachers would study the Bible more and other books less we would have more Gospel sermons and less of some one else's opinion. Not that I am opposed to learning other men's views, but we should be sure they are right before we take them for facts. What we need is to develop our own minds (James 1-5), thus solving a wonderful problem in understanding the Scriptures.

During the first two years of our ministry, our meetings were held in schoolhouses. During that time our elder sent me up to the Flint Hills to hold meetings where there was one colored brother by the name of Mark Wright. Probably one-half of the folks of the neighborhood were colored. I preached at the Lone Elm schoolhouse, commonly called Blow Hard. I went back often. I also preached at the Rising Star and also at Spring Creek. We were well received at all the places. At Spring Creek I met J. J. Wassam. We had met on a cattle ranch one Sunday before either of us was a member of the church. We bought cattle on the Lord's Day! In our last meeting both were ministers. Thank the Lord for the change! The last time I was at Spring Creek the ladies of the community had made

my wife a fine quilt, with the names of the givers quilted in each block, though they had never seen her. On my way home it was discovered that there was an envelope with \$3 or \$4 attached to the quilt for me. It sure was a surprise. Also the people at Blow Hard gave me a purse, but I think that during the second year of my ministry I received less than \$10. I want to state right here, that in the forty-two years of my ministry I have never taken up a collection for my own benefit nor asked any one for a cent. My family has often gone without a good many of the comforts of life, but my good wife never complained.

CHAPTER 9

Lessons Learned

I learned some good lessons from different sources. I had an old friend who was an Old School Baptist preacher. He was a wonderful man, a good talker, could quote much scripture and chew lots of tobacco. When I commenced to preach, he told me it took three things to make a good preacher. I asked what they were, and he said, "The first thing is to know how to begin a subject, the second, to know what to say, and the third, to know when to quit."

One time we had a brother who had not been in the church long. He and I were at a Methodist meeting and the preacher preached on free open communion. The brother, after the meeting was dismissed, said to me, loud enough for all to hear, "Charley, he is right. We Tunkers are too selfish." My, how bad I felt, but I said nothing. Later at the same place it was the turn for the Old School Baptist preacher to preach, and the brother and I were present. I took the preacher behind the schoolhouse and told him I had a subject for him to preach on. He asked what it was and I said, "Close Communion." He said, "It just suits me." I never heard a better sermon on the subject in my life. He said, "It is not close communion; it is close

baptism for baptized believers, and nothing but immersion is baptism," and backed his assertion by the Word. Later he said, "You may think the way I talk that nobody is right but the Old School Baptists, and it's just what I think. But if there were no Old School Baptists in the world my next choice would be the Tunkers." Well, he just trimmed the bush. That brother flopped over to the right side of the question and lived and died a full-fledged Tunker. This is the main lesson I learned: "Let the other fellow fight your battles if he wants to."

I was holding meeting at the Shawnee schoolhouse at the request of an old Presbyterian friend. One time there was present a preacher who claimed to be a free evangelist. I talked on the subject of baptism and it did not suit him. As soon as I dismissed he came to me and commenced to abuse me in pretty rough language. I was just letting him run down, but before I got to say anything a man rushed up to him with his sleeves rolled up and stuck his fist in his face, saying, "Shut your mouth! Charley has come here and preached the truth, and if you don't like it, just keep your mouth shut." And he did.

Once at the same place there was present a Freewill Baptist preacher, to whom I gave the liberty to pray, but he took more liberty, and both prayed and talked loud. In fact, he just hollered. After the meeting that

old Presbyterian took me behind the schoolhouse and said, "Charley, we invited you to preach for us. We wanted to hear you, and don't you ever let that old man take part in your meetings again. What good did it do for him to get up and holler like he did? It is not the thunder that kills folks, it is the lightning," and I had learned another lesson.

A little more than one year after I was put to the ministry, I was advanced to the second degree. But the church had always allowed me the liberty to make my own appointments, and in fact gave me more privileges than was customary in those days. About this time James R. Gish started a church at Stuttgart, Ark. As we were not getting along very well financially, we concluded to move there and see if we could do a little better. We made the start, but for some cause or another we never got any farther than Henry County, Mo., where we once lived, and where my wife's folks still resided. We traded for a store and I was appointed postmaster of the little town of Hartwell. It was a small store, small town, small trade and a small business, and it was impossible to live off the profit.

Jan. 18, 1888, another little girl came to live with us and we named her Mary Ann, after my mother.

While living in Hartwell we held meetings in Hartwell, Deepwater, and other places; also in Cedar County.

CHAPTER 10

In the Ozarks

In August, 1888, we moved to Pulaski County, Mo., where I had traded for a tract of timber land, but later found out I had no title to the property, though there was an abstract showing perfect title. It seems as though certain parties had forged or made false statements at the land office at Ironton, Mo. Records showed that that land and many other tracts had been entered by certain individuals and transferred to some one else, and finally was sold by the state for taxes and then sold and resold and eventually got back into the hand of the party who had concocted the scheme. He was an abstracter of titles. Of course there were some fictitious names used. They had selected land that was lying along the boundary line of other counties and comprised in all thousands of acres which were still government land. Then they put the tracts into the hands of agents in various parts of the country to sell or trade. How they ever kept out of the clutches of the law I never could understand. When I had doubts of my title, I wrote to the general land office and they replied that my land never had been entered and was still government land. I went to the man and showed my letter, and of course, he claimed it was a mistake,

and said he would rectify it by buying the land from the government. I told him to just give me the price that it would cost him and I would settle with him and he agreed to, but he said he could pay me only in installments. He was not a responsible man, but I took the risk. We traded a team for the relinquishment of a homestead close to the Big Piney River. The improvements consisted of a small one-room log house without any windows, a small log smoke-house, a log barn and six or seven acres cleared. Then our labors were begun—six children to feed, clothe and school. Well, more of our labors later.

We had settled in the bounds of the Waynesville Church of the Brethren, a small body of members consisting mostly of the families of Solomon Stump, Daniel Stump, Eleazer Barrow, and John Delaplain. Solomon Stump was the elder and the only preacher. He was a wonderful man. He had settled in the Ozarks right after the Civil War. He worked hard, preached much, traveling mostly on foot, and was the best fire-side preacher I ever knew. He was a wonderful expounder of prophecy. Our college professors of today could take lessons from him to their profit. Sometimes he would start off four or five miles on foot to preach and, being in a hurry and not having time to study his subject, he would tear out the leaf of his Bible that he wanted and read it on his way. Now Bro. Stump,

like many of our old frontiersmen, did not get his name in the papers very much. He received very little reward in his life, but like many of our old brethren he is now over on the other side, waiting for his reward in the resurrection of the just.

There were plenty of places to preach, mostly in schoolhouses. We held meetings in Texas County, Laclede County, and Phelps County and in various places in Pulaski County. Many times we crossed swollen streams to reach our appointments, going horseback most of the time or in wagons, but sometimes I went on foot, after splitting rails and clearing land all the week. Sometimes on Sunday I would walk six miles and back, preach two times, and be on the job Monday morning on the farm. Times were very hard; wages were from fifty cents to seventy-five cents a day. Hired girls got seventy-five cents to one dollar per week.

One fall, when crops were short, my brother and I took a contract for banking a lot of sycamore saw logs on the Gasconade River, and were depending on getting our pay for them as soon as the job was done. But to our surprise the owner of the logs told us that he would notify the sawmill man at Arlington, and when he came down and sealed the logs he would pay us. He never came. Later, Bro. Bird Stump contracted to raft them down the river to the mill, but the river got so high that the raft broke up and he was saved from

drowning almost miraculously. I suppose the river must have been fifteen or twenty feet deep. Well, we have not secured pay for those logs yet.

We were depending on the money for the winter clothing, and it was already frosting every night. One evening, after the children were in bed and asleep, my wife said, "What in the world will we do? The children have no shoes, no good clothes, and no goods to patch their old clothes with." I said, "Don't borrow trouble." She said she did not. The trouble was already here. I said, "No, the children are all asleep, and no trouble until tomorrow." Well, for once, and the only time, my dear wife lost her pep and wept. The next morning I saddled Dock and went to Waynesville.

The first man I met was the one who had swindled me in the land deal, and he handed me \$50 that I had never expected to get. I jumped on my horse, hurried home, threw the money into my wife's lap and quoted from the Psalmist David, "I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The next day we went to town and that \$50 got everything we needed. That might seem strange to our readers, but things were cheap then; good work shoes costing \$1, calico 5c per yard, muslin 8 to 10c per yard, jeans for suits 25c to 50c per yard, woolen yarns

75c per pound. Remember, wife made all the clothes, knit all the stockings and mittens and made caps for the boys for winter and straw hats for summer.

One time I went to a District Meeting at Gravel-point, Texas County. I had about an acre of very heavy hazelnut brush that I wanted cleared. When I was gone the boys started clearing. Wife took her knitting and sat down where she could see them, keep them company and encourage them to work. She knitted while they worked and, believe me, when I got home we had one more acre added to our farm land. Now, if there is a minister in the Brotherhood that has a wife who can beat that, I want to shake hands with him.

It was in the winter and spring of 1890, when the epidemic of la grippe was all over the country, that our six children took the grippe, whooping cough and pneumonia at the same time. Oh, how we watched over them night and day, not knowing which one would be taken first. The doctor notified us that he thought at least three would not pull through. All recovered but our little Mary Ann.

"What's in a Name"

My little girl with curly hair,
With eyes of jet and face so fair,
Came to us soon in eighty-eight
Far back in old Missouri State.

A blossom fair from Eden dropped
Into our very presence, stopped;
How quick inclined a name must find,
My mother dear came to my mind.

Her body rests beneath the sod,
Her spirit walks, communes with God.
And thus you can well understand
The why we called her Mary Ann.

The baby grew, waxed sweet and mild—
Our darling, darling, darling child!
The others claim our love the same,
But something sacred is that name.

But he who doeth all things well
Took her to heaven with him to dwell,
While I, through tears must spend the years,
He cares himself, for the angel dears.

'Twas March of ninety—bitter gloom,
We laid her in the little tomb,
Short was her stay, but she went away
To a better land—to a better day!

Two given forms to me are dear,
They've shed with me compassion's tear;
Their names I love above all others—
The one, my wife's—the one my mother's.

May 29, 1890, another little girl claimed our protection. We gladly welcomed her and named her Flory

May. Her name now is Flory May Statler. She is the mother of two children and lives in Glendale, Ariz.

In the fall of 1891 fire broke out and burned almost all of our fencing. I believe that hurt me worse than any other material loss I ever had. I had made rails all day, rolled logs, and burnt brush till 9 or 10 o'clock at night. I had carried some of those rails on my back, and to see them melted down like wax in that fire! It actually made me shed tears. My corn was ready to husk and all outside, with nothing to protect it. But the good neighbors turned out and put it all in the crib the next day. Then rail splitting commenced anew. One day in making a glut (a wooden wedge) my ax slipped and cut the cord of my leg off above my knee, and then I had to lay off for some time. But the good Brethren came over and made rails for me. In those times in the Ozarks we had a small membership and they had little means, but thank the Lord they all had big hearts!

One time I was expected to be at a love feast in Laclede County, and the day before I was to start I found the cattle had broken into my field of corn. I said to wife, "I will have to give up going to that love feast." She said no, that she would help me to fix the fence. I declared it would be impossible, as there would have to be bull riders cut and put on all around

the field. She still said we would get it done, so I took my ax and she followed me. We had only fairly started when she clapped her hands and said, "Charley, you are going to go." I looked up and saw something I had not thought of nor expected—three brethren with axes on their shoulders, Brethren Bird Stump, John Delaplain, and Burrow. They had come six miles to fix my fence. They said they thought my fence was in no condition for me to leave to go to the love feast. Well, I went to that feast, about thirty-five miles, in a wagon.

June 4, 1892, another black-eyed baby claimed a home with us and we named him William Floyd. He now has a wife and three girls, the youngest one at this writing being only three days old, and our thirty-first living grandchild. I am now in his home in San Bernardino, Calif., writing and recording these facts.

One time Bro. Stump and I attended a love feast in Laclede County, Mo. Eld. Jordan lived there and had charge of the church. He was a very zealous man, much beloved, a friend to everybody and a good preacher. At the love feast were an old-fashioned Methodist and his wife, who invited us home with them, and we accepted the invitation. When we got there the man said that he had a "crow to pick" with Bro. Jordan. We asked him what it was about. He replied by saying, "You know Bro. Jordan used to be

a Methodist." Bro. Stump said "Yes, we sometimes call him our Methodist Tunker." The Methodist said, "One time Bro. Jordan was preaching and he stated during his discourse that his mother was a Methodist, lived a Methodist, died a Methodist and went to heaven. Now, what I want to know, is this: if his mother could get to heaven from the Methodist church, why did he have to leave the Methodists and join the Dunkard church to get there?" Bro. Stump replied, "Don't bother Bro. Jordan about that. I can reconcile it for you," and our host said, "I would like to know how." Bro. Stump suggested, "Let us reason together." The other agreed. "Then," Bro. Stump added, "Bro. Jordan is now an old man. Probably his mother has been dead fifty years. Fifty years ago the Methodists had a better promise than they have now. Fifty years ago they did not allow their members to belong to secret orders or go to law. Their sisters wore a cap for a special covering in time of worship, the same as our sisters do now, and they were then a plain body of people. His mother might have died in the Methodist church fifty years ago and gone to heaven, and Bro. Jordan might have stayed in the Methodist church (considering the changes they have made in the last fifty years), and died and gone to hell." Believe me, that man was no fool. He saw the point and said, "I do believe you are right."

One time I was holding a series of meetings in Sleeper, a little village in Laclede County, Mo., in Bro. Jordan's congregation. The meeting was in a private house, the home of Bro. Weed. It was an old-fashioned log structure, having one large room with a fireplace on one side of the house. A small table was placed close to the fireplace to put my books on and to stand behind. There was only one outside door to the room. About fifty people were there every night. Attending the meeting was a certain man about twenty years old, with four or five of his associates. About the time I would begin to get the crowd interested this young man would go out and slam the door. Then one of the other boys would follow and slam the door, and then another, and they would keep it up until all would be out of doors, when they would commence to file in, one at a time, until they were all in the house. They would file out and in and keep it up until meeting was dismissed. Well, I got tired of preaching to a traveling congregation. I suggested to the brethren, after the boys had taken their seats, that it was pretty warm so close to the fireplace and I would like to move the table back to the door. I did so, placing the table so there was room between it and the door for me to stand. When I was about half done with the sermon, and had stepped forward toward the congregation and away from the door, that young man thought his chance had

come to get out, and he made for the door. I saw him coming and made a gesture and stepped back until my heel was about one foot from the door. He opened the door, but there was not room to get through. He slammed the door against my foot several times, and I said, "Do you want out?" He said, "Yes." So I let him out, said "Good-bye," slammed the door shut and locked it. It was a very cold night. The wind was blowing, fine snow was falling—in fact, it was a real Missouri blizzard. I found out later that when I shut the door it caught his coat tail. He had on his Sunday coat and did not want to tear it or leave it, and he could not open the door to get loose or to get into the house, so he was held a prisoner out of doors in the midst of that awful blizzard. As soon as the meeting was closed he came to Bro. Jordan and promised he would never disturb his meeting again, and I learned afterwards that he kept his word. I met him four years later and he told me I served him right. He actually thanked me for doing it.

CHAPTER 11

My First Trip to Arizona

My brother Willie had been lured to Salt River Valley, Ariz., close to Phoenix, through the advertisement of B. A. Hadsell, and he wrote me that wages were good and the country looked fine. He insisted that I go there, work awhile, and see the country. At that time I was in debt some and times were hard. Being possessed of a weak mind and a strong back I yielded, and in August, 1892, I landed at a place they called Glendale, nine miles northwest of Phoenix. It was Glendale only by name, as there was not one house on the town site, but now it is a village of about 3,500 population. At that time Phoenix claimed a population of 10,000, but now has about 50,000. Phoenix had no railroad, except a "jerk water" branch of thirty miles from Maricopa off the Southern Pacific. There was no railroad at Glendale. Goods and farm products were freighted with sixteen-horse teams and wagons with trailer; and such roads, chuck holes, hub deep, filled with dust, and hot! I should say it was. But where they had irrigation such crops I never had seen.

Well, I got work on the Rancho Del Higo, which is Spanish, in plain English meaning the ranch of the figs, or fig ranch. I shall never forget my first day's work.

It was pitching hay, the first alfalfa I had ever seen. It was so hot and the water so warm that the more I drank the more I wanted. While I have admitted having a weak mind and boasted of a strong back, after I had tanked up with a quantity of that warm ditch water I found that my stomach was about as weak as my mind and my poor back was fast losing strength. Finally it was reduced to the common level of my mind and stomach. There I was, a poor, wretched man, but one part of myself was still left, and that was my will power. I would pitch hay awhile, then take a drink, then throw it up and repeat it over and over again.

Well, my weak mind went back to my home in the Ozarks—home, sweet home. Oh, how I longed just to lie down at one of those cool, sparkling springs and quench my thirst! I shall again acknowledge my weakness by saying there were actually tears in my eyes, and I could not help it. If you, my dear reader, had been in my place, I believe you, too, would have shed tears. A few River Brethren had been settled in the community a short time, and some of our Brethren were there. The first Sunday after my arrival Bro. Willie and myself went to Sunday-school and preaching, conducted by the River Brethren at Newton Hadsell's, in an unfinished house, which is now in the town limits. After Sunday-school their preacher, Henry Byers, came to me and wanted me to preach. I said

no; that I had come to hear him preach. But he stated he had just got up from a sick spell, and if I did not preach, there would be no preaching, so I consented.

That was the first meeting of the Brethren at Glendale and the first in the territory excepting that of Bro. Peter Eisenbise, who had settled about six months prior to this, between Mesa and Tempe, some twenty-five miles from Glendale. He had held a few meetings in his locality before I came. At that meeting twenty-five persons were present, including the babies.

After services Henry Byers said to me, "As some of your members are here, as well as our members, I want you to preach every other Sunday." I agreed, upon the condition that when I attended his meetings he would not call on me to help him in any way, shape or manner, and I would treat him in the same way, when he came to our meetings. He agreed and we lived up to our promise. We got along finely and are still the best of friends.

Our meetings were held in the homes. Later in the fall other members moved in, including the Vanhorns from Oregon. Bro. John Vanhorn was a deacon, and he and I took it upon ourselves to visit all the members, both at Glendale and in Bro. Peter Eisenbise's community. By the consent of all the members a council meeting was appointed and I presided over it. At that time it was decided to hold a love feast either at Christ-

mas or New Year's, I have forgotten which, and it was arranged to organize into a church at the same time. We wrote to the elders in Southern California for their consent and requested the privilege to use the first elder available and they gave their consent. We were looking for Eld. Peter Forney from Iowa to be with us soon, and we were not disappointed, for he arrived in due time for our love feast. The members were organized into a church with about fifteen or sixteen members. Now this was the beginning of our Glendale church, as near as I can remember.

Neither Bro. Forney nor myself was a charter member, as we had only traveling letters. Bro. Forney bought a farm and moved to Glendale later.

Well, I will dismiss the history of the Glendale church for the present, but I shall have more to say about it later.

In May, 1893, I started for home, working my way as far as Nickerson, Kans., on a cattle train. Believe me, I worked, punched steers much, ate little, and slept less. From there I got a ticket for Crocker, Mo., took a stage for Waynesville, borrowed a horse and rode home. I reached home about 9 P. M. Oh, what a happy meeting, after nine months of separation from the dear ones! How we all poured out our heartfelt thanks to our heavenly Father for his mercies and blessings and his watchful care over us while we were

separated, one from another. It was so nice to be home again that I made up my mind to live and die in the Ozarks. But there is a saying that wise men sometimes change, but fools never do.

We had set out five hundred apple trees and had expected to stay with them. Then there came a big rain storm and washed out a ditch through my best field so deep that a horse could not cross it. The field was in a hollow about thirty rods wide, only twenty acres in the field, and the ditch went right through the center lengthwise and almost ruined the field.

Winter came on and lots of snow. After wintering in the Salt River Valley, Ariz., one of the best winter climates in the United States, the cold and snow made me long for a milder climate; so I sat down and wrote to J. J. Wassam at Manvel, Tex., to trade my farm for property down there. In less than ten days he wrote me for a deed, that he had made a trade for twenty acres of raw land at Manvel. On March 12, 1894, we bade farewell to brethren and friends and started for Texas.

Wife had been afflicted for some time with chronic bronchitis. I also had the same complaint. One winter I had a contract for hauling ties and banking them on Piney River. I worked from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, boarded myself and team, for \$1.55 per day. I worked six days in the week, through rain and sleet, snow and cold, and I contracted a very bad cold,

which terminated in chronic bronchitis and later in tuberculosis.

CHAPTER 12

To Texas

We landed in Manvel, Tex., a low, flat, hog-wallow prairie, O. K. We found a fully-organized body of about one hundred members. Eld. George Shively was the elder in charge. We were well received and got good treatment, but soon found out that we had jumped "out of the frying pan into the fire." I have never seen the like of mosquitoes, nor do I want to. If it had not been for the sea breeze we had part of the time, it might have taken nine generations of frogs to live one year.

July 20, 1894, another baby girl claimed a home with us and we named her Rachel Elizabeth, after her mother. Her name is Young now. She lives at Glendale, Ariz., and has one child. I have always called her my Texas Star.

In August and September, 1894, seven of the eight children were sick at once with typhomalarial fever. They sure were a sick lot, but the good Lord spared them all. After some of them were able to be up, but were still weak, we were coming home from church one day on foot on the open prairie. In the crowd were Eld. Shively, his wife and little girl, myself and four of our children—eight in all. We met a large Texas

bull, which came charging right at us. Say, he sure was on the warpath proper, and something had to be done quickly or he would have killed some of the children if not us grown folks. Before I really knew what I was doing I jerked out of my pocket a big red handkerchief and commenced to wave it. I ran right toward that roaring, bellowing monster. I got his attention, and when he had singled me out I started to run and circled around the crowd. When I was past the crowd again, I turned, faced him, stood still till he made the plunge at me, and then jumped to one side and dodged him. The bull went on. The whole thing occurred in less time than it takes me to tell about it. It was just instinct that caused me to act at once, and that instinct must have been moved by a higher power. It seems that when a wild bull makes a plunge he shuts his eyes, and if he misses you he always goes on. I have dodged a smaller one since that time, and he made the same movements. Another time on the range a small bull—and as luck would have it, he had rather short horns—made for me. I was on a horse. The horse did not prove to be as quick as I had been and he hit the horse broadside. I lifted up my left leg and he struck the horse right under it. The impact nearly knocked the horse down but no harm was done.

While in Texas my wife got better from her bronchitis, while I became worse.

Well, no crop and sickness soon weakened our financial resources until we did not know what to do. About that time I received a letter from Bro. Vanhorn of Glendale, Ariz., wanting me to come to Arizona. He said I could make it O. K., and that I would get some financial aid. So we sold our oxen and a cow and everything we had except our land, for which we never did get anything.

CHAPTER 13

Sunny Arizona

We landed in Phoenix in the forepart of February, 1895, with eleven to feed. We had with us an orphaned niece, besides our own children, and we actually lacked fifteen cents of having one dollar in money when we got to Phoenix. There were three rigs to meet us and we were cared for by Bro. Willie and others for awhile. But oh! I do hope and pray that no other Brethren preacher or anyone else will ever have to go through with the hardships that we experienced.

I got very little help from the Brethren, as most of them were poor, but I do not want to complain. I think best to refrain from telling some of the worst hardships endured, but this I will say: I have seen a house, which belonged to a rich brother, stand empty for want of a tenant, while at the same time a poor brother preacher and his family were camped out of doors because he had no money to pay rent; and besides, the rich brother listened to the poor brother preach every Sunday. I could not think that was quite right, but it might have seemed right had I been in the rich brother's place. Some one did make me a present of a new suit of clothes, and I never found out who

gave it to me, but I certainly needed it. The coat was of the cutaway style, and wife soon had the collar changed so that I might still have the appearance of what we stood for.

We finally bought an old hay baler on credit. The man we bought it from wanted to know if some of my brethren would go my security. I told him no, they would not, and if they would I would not let them. When I was put to the ministry I resolved not to ask anyone to sign notes for me, and I never have, and thank the Lord I have been able to meet all my debts without worrying anyone else.

Hay was plentiful. We baled hay for \$1.75 per ton, furnished the wire, and boarded ourselves. We made a living and a little besides.

One hot day in August I started to Phoenix on a horse that had never had a saddle on before. He had been raised on the range and was eight years old before he was caught up. He bucked with me until the saddle girth broke and I struck the ground with the saddle between my legs. I thought I was some rider, since I could stay with the saddle. I borrowed a better saddle and tried it again. I mounted, held a tight rein and put the horse in a run. I ran him about six miles, and he finally got his head down and went to bucking proper. He was what we called a "winding blade." That means he would swap ends while in the air and

make a crooked jump. Well, on this occasion he must have done his best, for when he twisted in the air I failed to twist with him. That put my body in a twist, and when he came to the ground, something inside of me popped and I could scarcely get my breath. I really thought my time had come. After he had made several more jumps, I was sitting on him, perfectly balanced, but oh! what a pain I had in my internal region! When he squatted to make another jump, I stepped off and the horse stood still, as docile as a lamb. A man in the field close to the road came to my assistance, and another man in a cart came up behind me. They went to a farmhouse, got some bandages, tied me up, and the man in the cart took me to Pheonix. I sat down on the curb, not knowing what to do, when Jim Meadows, a man that had worked for me on the baler, saw me, and took me to the home of his brother, Jake Meadows, and there they cared for me like two brothers. I sent a card to Glendale that night, and Bro. Harvey Betts brought wife to me the next morning. In one week Bro. Jake Parrot took me home in his fine carriage. It was found that the long ribs on my left side were broken and the short ribs severed from my backbone. For ten days I lay between life and death. I could scarcely move. Those ribs would not knit, and for one year, when I would twist my body I could feel those broken ribs grit together. But after a year they lapped over

and knit permanently, but there was left a pressure on my heart and left lung which was of no benefit to my general health. Let me state right here I have broken wild horses and mules to ride since that time, and had some hard buckers, but none to compare with that "winding blade." I rode once since when the girth broke, and of course I stayed with the saddle, and that horse turned on me while I was yet on the ground and tried his best to jump on me and kill me, but I was too swift for him. Another time I was riding a mule on a narrow trail down a steep mountain. I was chewing a big cud of pine gum when the saddle slipped over the mule's neck. When I tried to step off the saddle turned, and being on a side hill, I fell under the mule's belly across the trail with my head up-hill. How the mule did buck!—but he had sense enough not to fall over the precipice. As luck would have it, he came down in the same place and missed me, but I was still under his belly and still chewing my gum. Two other fellows were with me and laughing all the while. I was not a bit excited and I never missed a chew on that gum. There were not many horses that I could not ride, and I believe I could ride any mule that had hair. A good many other folks had the same opinion.

My son Charley at one time had the credit of being the best rider on the Mogollon Mountain range, but that was no credit to him nor to his father, either. He

now holds the office of high sheriff of Imperial County, Calif., and I do not consider that any credit, either, to him or to his parents. But to his credit and that of the rest of our dear children is the fact that they are still so good to their old parents and see to it that they do not lack anything for their comfort.

We had taken a contract to clear, level and water 320 acres of land for ex-General Churchill. I was to have twenty acres with water stock for my labor. My boys did most of the work, and when I had it completed he came out, looked it over and said it was O. K. But in a few days I found that the land was worthless without water. That was another great disappointment to me.*

In the spring of 1896 Walter Swihart came into our midst. He had been elected to the ministry at Wawaka, Ind., before he left there. He preached his first sermon here at Glendale in a tent which had been erected by the River Brethren to be used jointly by them and our brethren, alternating every other Sunday. The same spring the churchhouse was built, but not fully completed, not being ceiled on the sides. Since that time there have been additions and improvements until it is now quite modern. Bro. Peter Forney was to have preached the first sermon in the new churchhouse, but he was not very well and I filled the appointment. It so happened that I preached the first sermon

* Mr. Churchill died very suddenly and his widow failed to carry out the contract in regard to the water stock.

at Glendale, the first in the territory except for Bro. Peter Isenbise, whom I have already mentioned, who had settled about twenty-five miles from Glendale, between Tempe and Mesa. I delivered the first funeral sermon that was given here by the Brethren, which was for Sister Sally Rhodes. I officiated at the first marriage that was solemnized by the Brethren here. I presided over the first council meeting, officiated at the first love feast, and baptized the first person that was baptized by triune immersion in what is now the state of Arizona. The Glendale church has not made the growth it should have made. It has had its ups and downs, probably about the same as all other frontier places. It now has about one hundred and fifteen members. However, the Phoenix congregation is an outgrowth of the Glendale church. In December, 1896, I was sent to Globe, Ariz., on a mission. Lee Ikenbery, the son of a brother in Iowa, had written to Bro. Forney that he thought there was an opportunity to do good if a preacher could be sent up there. I made the trip in an old government stage coach. Well, the trip seemed to be a failure, only I went with Mr. Ikenbery on the back of a mule twenty miles to the McMillian silver mine and solemnized his marriage to Miss Garlinghouse. She was as fine a specimen of feminine humanity as ever was seen on the frontiers. I got acquainted with George W. P. Hunt, who is now



-serving his sixth term as governor of Arizona. He has never forgotten me and evinces his friendship by occasionally putting his feet under my table. He also has shown his confidence in me by taking me with him to the state prison a number of times to preach to the prisoners, and also to the reform school at Fort Grant, where I preached. I have preached in many places and to many classes of people, but those confined in the penitentiary outclass in intelligence almost any other body of people I ever met. They did the singing and praying. Here is a poem one of them gave me. It is of his own composition:

"I Found That the Bible Was True"

Tune, "Two Little Girls in Blue"

1. An old man mused on his sinful past—
Of a life he had wasted for years;
When he spoke of his youth his grandchildren asked
Why the memory had caused his tears.
He said, "My boys, I will tell you a tale,
It may be a warning to you.
I found when too late, now my race is in,
That the dear old Bible was true.

Chorus

- "I found that the Bible was true, lads,
I found that the Bible was true:
I read it at morning, I read it at evening,
I read it on Sundays, too;
But the last of all, when on God I call,
I'll prove that the Bible is true.

2. "A scoffer I lived for years, my lads,
 Though many the warnings I had.
My mother, with tears streaming down her face,
 Would pray for her wayward lad;
But I laughed at her tears and her warnings,
 My money I quickly ran through,
But I woke one day when my hair was grey,
 And knew that the Bible was true.
3. "And now, dear children, take warning by me,
 Your youth will quickly pass,
Your eyes grow dim, and your hairs turn grey,
 The judgment will come at last;
You'll find when too late to turn, lads,
 And do as you ought to do,
That your mother's God is the One to serve,
 And the dear old Bible is true!"

—By Jeff. O. Shaw.

CHAPTER 14

Opening of the Verde Mission

In the summer of 1896 William Van Horn and family, my wife, six of our children and myself went up to People's Valley, between Glendale and Prescott, where it was cool, and spent about six weeks. While there we held meetings. Quite an interest was shown by the people of the valley. The next summer we went back, but I thought I might stay and keep out of the heat, so we drove our cows along with us. At that time, the way the roads ran, it was about forty miles across the desert, without water. We had depended on a water hole about halfway across the desert, which had plenty of water the year before. We drove off the road about four miles out of our way, but when we got there we were disappointed, for there was not a drop of water, and the supply that we had with us was pretty well gone. We had to make a dry camp, and how we did want a drink before we camped that night! Our good shepherd dog had perished. No one who has not crossed those hot, dry deserts in August and run out of water can fully realize what it means. We now have a highway over the same route, and I can go over it in one hour's time, but not without thinking of the past.

The Lord was merciful to us and we landed at Has-

syampa River at 11 A. M. the next day. There was no water, but we knew enough to dig for some. There are so many rivers in the West that are dry on top but have an underflow, so we dug in the river bed and got plenty of water.

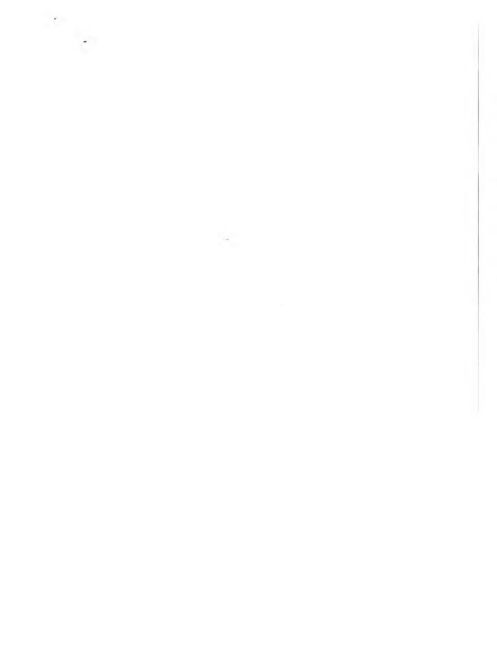
I am reminded of the Forty-Niners who crossed the plains on their way to California for gold, and so many of them perished for water. Had they dug only a little deeper than they did to bury their dead companions, they would have had all the water they needed. Also I have seen many souls perishing for the Water of Life, and so close to it. How near, how near, and yet so far! They don't seem to know where to dig or how to dig, or rather, they seem not to know where to go or what to do to get the Water of Life, and some don't seem to want it and would rather drink the stagnant water on the lower levels than to climb the mountain height and quench their thirst from living springs.

We went on to People's Valley and found a flock of Seventh Day Adventists camping where we had camped the year before. They had a big tent and were expounding Adventism to the people. They had two big preachers in their crowd, Eld. States and Eld. Isles, very intelligent men who had their lessons well learned.

I have forgotten how it all started, but a debate was proposed and it was left for the crowd to decide. They



The way I traveled to my appointments
during most of my ministerial career



all voted for a debate and the questions to debate were decided.

First: "Resolved, that the Church of the Brethren possesses the characteristics which entitle it to be recognized as the church of Christ. C. E. Gillett, affirmative; Eld. Isles, negative.

Second: "Resolved, that the Seventh Day Adventist church possess the characteristics which entitle it to be recognized as the church of Christ." Eld. Isles, affirmative; C. E. Gillett, negative.

The debate lasted a whole week. Shortly after the debate was concluded Will Van Horn, one of our party, said to me, "Charley, you did well." Then later one morning he said to Eld. Isles, the Adventist preacher, "Good morning. How are you this morning? The preacher replied, "I am just as happy as I want to be. This is a beautiful world and there is nothing to mar my peace and joy." Shortly Mr. Van Horn came around to my wife and said, "Well, Rachel, how are you this morning?" She said, "I would be as happy as I would want to be, if there were not so many out the Ark of Safety; but as it is, how can I be really happy when there are so many who have not accepted the Lord?" He then said, "How can that old preacher be so happy, then, when he feels that all who do not keep the Sabbath day are condemned to hell? He can't surely have the love for humanity that a preacher ought

to have." This William Van Horn is now a member of our church.

We went on our way to Prescott, the mile-high city, and then on to the Verde River. There we got work for our teams and stayed, and the Van Horns went home without us. The first Sunday we were there I went to church on Middle Verde at a schoolhouse. A Baptist preacher by the name of Bristow preached. He was an old timer, well respected and known far and near, but about fifty years behind the times. We took dinner with him and he requested me to preach the next Sunday. This was the beginning of the Verde Mission.

I wrote to the Mission Board of Southern California and Arizona, explained the conditions, and requested that some one be sent there to hold meetings, and, if thought best, to place a man as a home missionary in the field and let me get away.

My reason for requesting them to send some one there first was because I did not suppose they had ever heard, before they received my letter, that there was such a fellow living as Charlie Gillett. I did not expect they would be willing to risk my judgment, so I requested them to send some one there that they could rely on. At that time Thomas Keiser and David Overholzer were on the board. I have forgotten who the other one was; anyway, they heeded my call, and they

surely used good judgment in sending the right man in the person of Bro. F. Masterson, who held some meetings in Old Camp Verde and got acquainted with us and the people. He must have made a favorable report, for I received a letter from the board, saying that if I would stay with the work, they would give me \$20 per month, and I accepted. Up to that time I had always given more for the cause than I had received.

March 5, 1898, I had just returned from Prescott with a load of freight, when wife presented me with another baby girl, whom we named Addie Bell. She used to think that she was one day older than I was because her birthday was on the fifth and mine was the next day. Her name is now Kurtz, and she has three girls.

Well, the next day after Addie was born, Sunday, March 6, W. E. Smith was baptized in the Verde River, the first person ever baptized by triune immersion in the territory of Arizona. Our meetings were held in schoolhouses up and down the Verde and its tributaries; viz., Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, and Clear Creek. I almost always went on horseback.

There were the M. E. South, the Campbellites, and the Baptist preachers, and time for preaching at the schoolhouses had to be arranged so as not to clash. I generally preached three times a week, besides holding a series of meetings. I leased a small farm for cash

rent, and besides freighted goods from Prescott, the nearest railroad point excepting Jerome, twenty-five miles distant, which had a narrow-gauge railroad. The Verde was a very narrow valley with an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and Prescott was one mile high. It sometimes was quite cold, and in freighting I had to camp out two nights on each trip and sleep on the ground. One particular night I shall never forget. I became very thirsty, reached out, took my canteen to get a drink, and found it frozen solid. It required lots of bedding to keep from freezing, and my eats consisted of bacon and bread or flapjacks, flour mixed with water and fried in bacon grease. I have seen my dog actually refuse to eat the same bread that I ate, but to me it generally tasted good, for roughing it makes a man hungry.

We saw some pretty hard times and found it impossible to make ends meet.

The next spring, 1899, I went to the District Meeting, which was held in the college building in Lordsburg, Calif., now called La Verne. In giving in my report, I told them all of our troubles and that I was \$100 behind. Eld. S. G. Lehmer made a motion for a collection to be taken up for me right then, and while the hat was going around he fairly shouted, "If this collection does not amount to \$100, I will make it out to that amount myself."

Well, I got the \$100 and two or three over, but I never knew how much Bro. Sol had to put in and I guess he has forgotten the amount himself, for that was over twenty-eight years ago. However, that started something, for the Mission Board concluded to raise my salary to \$25 per month, and the next year they raised it to \$32.50. That was the pay I got. The balance of the time I was on the mission, which was six years.

January 9, 1901, our eleventh and last baby was born. She was a bright little girl and we named her Elva Etta. Her name now is Schrock. She lives in California and has one little girl.

If I have not missed counting we have ten living children, five boys and five girls, five sons-in-law, five daughters-in-law (and not a tobacco fiend in the bunch), thirty-two living grandchildren, two granddaughters-in-law, one grandson-in-law, and two great step-granddaughters. Counting our in-laws there is a little family of sixty, all strong and healthy. Should the Lord spare us to see our fourscore birthday, we might have a pretty good-sized family. Besides raising our own children, we have had seven or eight orphans in our home at different times, from one to twelve years of age. The most of our children have a fairly good business education, with three schoolma'ams in the bunch. The eldest son helped the girls through school,

and the whole of them had ambition to assist themselves and their parents. I never like to hear parents say that children don't ever pay for their raising. Mine have, and if they had not, I should think it was my fault, and I would be ashamed to tell it.

Excuse my digression from the subject, but in recording the birth of number eleven, I got to running down the line and did not know when to stop, for we surely think lots of our children.

One day, when Elva was about six months old, wife was going with me to church in Jerome, twenty-five miles away. We hitched up my saddle pony to a one-horse buggy. Now that pony was gentle as she could be, but had never been hitched to a buggy, and had never had a blind bridle on. We hitched her up and drove her around awhile. She behaved so well that finally wife and I started. We got out in the road about eighty rods from home and she threw her head around far enough to see the buggy. It scared her and she started to run, but I held back, and then she commenced to kick. My wife was holding the baby. Such kicking I never saw before nor since. Her heels flew past our heads time and again, but we managed to dodge them. She kept on kicking—kicked the dashboard off, broke the shafts, and kicked herself loose from the buggy, turned around, and stood and looked at us as docile as a lamb. We then sat on what was

left of that rig and sang one verse of "Jesus knows all about our struggles, he will guide till the day is done." There was a neighbor boy, or rather a young man, in the field next to the road, watching the fun. His name was Ed Mundholland. He said, "Mr. Gillett, go back and get another horse and hitch to my spring wagon and go on to your appointment." I did so and lost only one hour's time. Say, that buggy was so near kicked to pieces that I never moved it from that place.

CHAPTER 15

A Fast Ride

An old proverb says that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

It was in the fall of 1900 that I had a call to go to Glendale to hold some meetings. Son Charley had come up there to the Verde on a rented bicycle. The distance was 110 miles, over mountains and desert. He had expected to return, but changed his mind. He told me that if I would take the bicycle back to Phoenix, he would pay my way. He had come up in one day and he thought I could make it in two days, and I thought so too. Well, he gave me a \$20 gold piece and I had seventy-five cents of my own, so early one morning I started. The first thing was to push the bicycle up a mountain road ten miles. I was not in the best of health. When I got to the top of that mountain I was awfully tired; and dark overtook me before I had gone half of the way to where I had expected to stay that night. I had passed only one house all that day and had not seen a single human being. But two or three miles off the road a friend of mine was living. He was George Brown, an old timer. So I turned aside and got to his house quite awhile after dark, a very tired man. They seemed glad to see me, fed me, lodged me

and treated me as fine as if I had been a king. The next morning it was cloudy and looked as if it might rain. Mr. Brown told me not to go back to the road I had left, and he would show me a closer cut. So he accompanied me out on a hill or mountain where there was a trail which ran around on a backbone of the mountain, in a curve or rainbow shape, and came back to the road at a camp station in about fifteen miles. It seemed all right, so I mounted my bike and away I went. But before I had gone far it began to rain. The soil on that mountain was mallapai, something similar to Eastern gumbo. It stuck to the wheels and I had to dismount and push. Soon it would not push and I had to carry that bike, mud and all. The next thing I knew I was in a real cloud. I wonder how many of my readers were ever in a cloud on a mountain. I have been a number of times. I soon discovered that I had lost my trail. Oh, what a fix, in a cloud on a mountain, no trail and "packing" my bike! There was one blessed thing; I had not lost my head nor my pep, and I knew my direction. But to cut across that curve or rainbow and go straight to Bumble Bee (my next station) I had to go down the mountain and climb up the other side. Believe me, I went down that mountain where I do not think any man had been before or has been since. But I made it to Bumble Bee at 1 P. M., more alive than dead. The town consisted of one

house, a little store with about one-half wagon load of groceries, and a corral. I spent 25 cents for some crackers and cheese and started on. Now the rain was over. The soil was composed of granite. The road was little more than a trail. It took one team to pull up an empty wagon, for it was a steep grade for fifteen miles, and the road very crooked most of the way. There was a bluff on the left and a precipice on the right. My bike had only a hand brake. I cleaned the mud off, mounted and started down-hill. But, lo, my troubles had just begun. My brake broke and away I went! Well, since that time I have ridden in Fords, Cadillacs, Studebakers, Lincolns, and an airship, but believe me, that was the fastest ride I ever had. I thought my time had come, but did not have to think very long, for right ahead of me was a short elbow curve; to the right and straight ahead was a solid stone wall. I was fairly flying, and I started to make the turn, but poor me, I could not turn, but went smashing right up against that natural stone wall. My, but I was glad to get stopped, but it was too sudden to feel pleasant, and what a shock! I managed to pick myself up and thought sure my leg was broken, but after feeling and rubbing it awhile I found I had no fractured bones. When I picked up my bike, I saw both handles were broken off, and then it was push again. I waded the Agua Fria River, and that night

reached Goddard, where I should have been the first night, still a little more alive than dead. I was then halfway to Glendale. I went to bed without any supper, spent a restless night, ate some breakfast the next morning, asked what my bill was, and Mrs. Goddard said "one dollar." I handed her the \$20 gold piece but she could not change it. She told me she knew who I was, and I could leave it at a certain place in Phoenix, which I did. It was fifteen miles to the next station. I made an early start, pushed on, and arrived there a little before noon. This was New River Station, just one house and camp ground in the foothills, one old man to keep water for the range cattle and entertain travelers. When I reached there he was standing in the doorway with both hands on the casing above his head. I said, "Mister, my bike is broken, and I am sick, and I want to stay with you until I can catch a ride to the Valley."

But to my consternation he said, "I have no place for sick folks, and if you are sick you'd better hit the pike." I replied "I am sick and can not," but he declared, "I can't keep you." As I looked longingly past him I saw a canvas cot and asked him, "Can't I lie down on that cot and rest awhile?" He said, "No, it is my cot."

Well, I sure was a sick, lame, sore man and I had a high fever and headache. It was twenty-five miles to

the next water. Say, reader, what would you have done in my place, and what do you suppose I did? Well, I'll tell you what I did. I had tackled mad bulls, bucking horses, rattlesnakes, and Gila monsters. I had gone hungry and cold and I was at that moment almost all in, and that old canvas cot looked good to me. I did not think that one man could keep me from lying down on it, so I just ducked under his arm and started for that cot and said,

"I don't care whose cot it is; I am going to lie down on it," and I did; and he neither did anything nor said a word. In about fifteen minutes I broke the silence by saying, "Old man, you might turn some kid off on the desert to die like a dog, but I am too old for you. I shall stay right here until I get a ride across the desert."

He said nothing, but after awhile he went to the kitchen, baked some biscuits, fried some bacon, put it on the table and finally opened his mouth, saying,

"Stranger, maybe you would feel better if you had a cup of coffee."

I said I believed I would. Well, after I had drunk my coffee and had eaten a little I went back to that cot and I did feel better. He then resumed his silence. At sundown, as luck or Providence would have it, a teamster drove into camp, headed for the Valley with a four-horse team and an empty wagon. I told him my

troubles and he proved to be a real man. He said,

“Don't eat breakfast with the old man, because he gets up so late, but eat with me, so we can get an early start.”

I ate supper with the old man and when night came on he showed me to another room, with two beds as fine as I ever slept in. Before we left the next morning I handed him that \$20 gold piece and told him,

“Take your pay out of it.” He had no change and I said all the change I had was 50 cents. He replied,

“Give it to me; it will do,”

And I did. I shook his hand and said,

“Good-bye, and if you ever get over to Camp Verde call on Parson Gillett and you will never be turned out to die like a dog.”

I have been along that road many times since, but I have never again seen that old man.

The only reason I could think of that caused him to treat me as he did was that the law was so strict. If anyone died, there would have to be a doctor's certificate that he had died a natural death or an inquest would be held. If I looked as bad as I felt, he probably thought I might die on his hands and there might be a murder charge filed against him, so he would rather I would die on the desert than to run any chances.

I reached the Arizona Canal about 4 P. M., and the

teamster would not take a cent for my ride or board. I thanked him and said "Good-bye."

I was then about ten miles from Glendale. I found some baling wire, tied the handles on my bike and managed to ride where Bro. Jim Coffelt lived. I still was more alive than dead, and was glad of it. But I was too sore and tired to preach till I had rested a few days.

Now there is an auto highway over that same route, with some changes, but when I go over it I think of the trip I made twenty-seven years ago on the bike.

When the meetings were at an end I took the train for Prescott, expecting to take the stage for home, but luck favored me, for Dr. Ketcherside was there with a spring wagon and he took me home. Well, home again, and I still felt like thanking the Lord and taking new courage.

CHAPTER 16

Development of the Mission

We had considerable assistance in our ministerial work on the Verde, as the Mission Board from time to time sent ministers from Southern California to assist me and to hold series of meetings. They were, first, Eld. Ben Masterson, whom I already have mentioned; Bro. Joseph Trostle, and later Eld. Simon Yundt and Eld. Edmond Forney. While they were there they held a council meeting and I was ordained to the full ministry. O. E. Gillett, my son, stood by my side and was installed into the ministry at the same time. W. E. Trostle and Eld. H. R. Taylor also were sent into our midst on separate occasions. In the early part of our mission on the Verde, Bro. George Chamberlen came into our midst on his own responsibility, held a series of meetings and cheered us in our work. While there we visited the Montezuma Castle and the Indian Wickiups. He made the statement,

“I am more glad that I am a white man than ever before in my life.”

The Verde Valley had prior to this been an Indian reservation, and Camp Verde had been a government post, but after it was found that the white man could make a good living on the land, the Indians were re-

moved to San Carlos. But still they were coming back on the Verde, until sometimes there were a fourth as many Indians as there were white folks, and occasionally we lived close neighbors to them. My wife has been in their camp at midnight, doctoring their papooses; sometimes teaching their children to speak English. We have often wondered why the Church of the Brethren had never established missions among them, realizing the fact that we owe to them as much as or more than we do to foreign missions, although I am not and never have been opposed to foreign missions. But why have we not done something for the poor, ignorant, superstitious Indians, who are in our very midst? And not only the Indians, but there are thousands of white folks in our state who have never heard the pure Gospel preached. I have been in homes that have never had a Bible. I was in one home in Gila County where a grown girl told me that she never had heard a prayer offered until she heard me pray.



Charley Hollenhead, One of the Howling Cow Boys of the Mogollon Mountains

CHAPTER 17

Cowboys

Yes, cowboys. I have been among them and learned their ways and manners, made friends with them and solemnized their marriages. At two different times I have had two couples, cowboys and their sweethearts, on the floor at the same time and solemnized their marriage. They always showed me the greatest respect. I have been in their camps, have eaten with them and enjoyed their association. Generally they wintered at Camp Verde, staying on the mountains most of the time during the summer. Sometimes they would be down at Camp Verde, and have a dance appointed for the same time that I was to preach, and they would bring their girls to church, pay good attention and seem to enjoy it, but after the meeting was out and the old folks had gone home they would have their dance. Once in particular when Bro. Taylor was with me, we went to Cherry Creek to the schoolhouse and made an appointment for meetings a day sooner than we had been holding services. This was on Friday night. I had an unusually large congregation, and gave out an appointment for the next two evenings, Saturday and Sunday. I had wondered why there were so many cowboys present, but the next month,

when I came back to fill my regular appointment, I was told why so many cowboys were there on the previous occasion. There had been a dance appointed at the schoolhouse on Friday night, before I gave the announcement, but when they came to the dance, they held a caucus and decided they would give way to preaching, and as I was one day ahead of time, they thought I would not preach on Saturday night and so agreed that they would have their dance then. But when I announced meeting for Saturday night, they abandoned their dance entirely and came to church just the same. Bro. Taylor did the preaching, to the satisfaction of everyone present, and one man was so well pleased that, not knowing how else to express himself, he made the remark that Bro. Taylor was a "cracker-jack" of a preacher. One goat man dressed a goat, wrapped it up in a sheet, tied it behind my saddle and had me take it home.

On our way home we were to pass a wayside saloon kept by a man and his wife by the name of Horn. Both were never known to be sober at the same time. Bro. Taylor a few nights before had preached a sermon about women, telling all about their good qualities and their moral superiority. He remarked that he never had seen a woman drunk. Just before we got to that saloon I told Bro. Taylor I was going to show him a drunken woman, and sure enough, as we passed by

there was Mrs. Horn. She weighed about 250 pounds. As we neared she came out to the road, frothing at the mouth, as drunk as she could be. She stood there and commenced hollering at us. I said,

“There, Bro. Taylor, look at that, and I’ll show you a drunken woman.”

But he said,

“You won’t,” and he looked the other way and added, “you are not going to spoil my sermon.”

We were riding a couple of small mules and the one that Bro. Taylor had was named Billy Bryan. Bro. Taylor was not as used to riding mules as I was, and he was somewhat afraid of the animal, but I told him that Billy was perfectly gentle and would not kick. Afterwards he reminded me of what I had said, remarking,

“Billy kicked me just the same.”

One of the saddest scenes I have ever seen was when I was called on to preach the funeral sermon of a young girl who was not quite fifteen years old who had committed suicide on a ranch on Clear Creek about six miles from Camp Verde. I had never seen the family before. They had moved in from the mountains recently. Their name was Farrel and the girl’s name was Maggie Bell. The girl had been courted by a grass-widower whom I did not know and who was forty years old. He wanted to marry the girl but of

course her parents objected to such an unequal yoke and protested. But when the girl found that she could not marry him, she took a dose of strychnine and killed herself. It so happened at that time that some of the cowboys were down from the mountains and attended the funeral which was held in the Clear Creek schoolhouse. The house was full of people and a good many could not get in. At the close of the meeting, before we sang the last song, the father and the mother wailed and lamented, repeating over and over, "Oh, Maggie, why did you do it?" When I called for a closing song, the congregation broke down and could not finish the song. Tears were flowing from big, little, old and young, cowboys and all.

CHAPTER 18

Reminiscences

Recently while visiting some of our old friends at Camp Verde, wife and I and our granddaughter, Esther Statler, and my brother Willie and wife, were invited to attend a banquet in honor of a doctor by the name of Taylor, who had been there thirteen years. It so happened that wife and self were seated at the table also as guests of honor. Such a wonderful feed, which was served out of doors, it has seldom been our privilege to partake of. The Methodist preacher, who was toastmaster of the occasion, called on various ones to make speeches. Among the things he said was this:

“We have with us an old pioneer, who also is a sky pilot, and we want him to tell us something about his pioneer days on the Verde.”

He then introduced me to the crowd and I did not know anything better than to respond. I stated that I would tell of some of the results of my work on the Verde. So I related this:

“Some of the older ones among you remember a man who used to live here by the name of Ben Snyder. He did not believe in man, God, nor the devil, yet he sometimes attended our church. It so happened that at one time when I was freighting from Prescott to

Camp Verde, about halfway between the two, at a place called Ash Creek, I found a man lying down and wallowing in the dirt like a hog. He looked up and seeing me said,

“ ‘ Hello, there, parson, don't you know me? ’

“ I said ‘ No. ’

“ He replied, ‘ You ought to know me, for you converted me. ’

“ I answered, ‘ You look like some of *my* work. If the *Lord* had converted you, you would not be lying there wallowing like a hog. ’ ”

Also I told them, “ You remember Bill Lane, who kept the saloon. I used to go to his place on Sunday and say, ‘ Bill, sober up your old drunks and bring them over to church tonight. ’

“ He would say, ‘ I will, ’ and he would. They would pay good attention and behave themselves, but as far as results are concerned it was another Snyder case. ”





Montezuma Castle, Beaver Creek, Ariz.

CHAPTER 19

Things Prehistoric

In and around Camp Verde are prehistoric ruins, probably not surpassed by anything else of like nature in the United States. There are hundreds of Cliff Dwellers' houses, some of which are in a perfect state of preservation. One of these—Montezuma Castle—on Beaver Creek, about seventy-five feet above the level of the creek, is sheltered under a big ledge of rock. It contains nineteen rooms. The government has placed ladders to ascend to the rooms, and also a building housing a museum. A caretaker is on the ground to preserve the property and to explain things to visitors. He should have been there a good many years ago, for much has been carried away. One man over twenty years ago sold a collection of relics he had made for \$1,500. This collection, if kept till now, would have meant a small fortune. Some of the rooms are excavated out of the body of the cliff, while some of the front walls are of masonry, plastered with native gypsum, of which the whole cliff consists. One can plainly see the finger prints in the plaster, proving that the workers used their bare hands. Some of the houses are literally filled with bats. The bats have so obnox-

ious an odor that some faint-hearted persons cannot stand to explore the ruins.

These prehistoric people must have attained some degree of civilization, for among their ruins were found cloth, lace, pottery, toys, and other things of interest. Some of them must have been farmers, as I have already mentioned their irrigation projects. Too, many corn cobs have been found among their ruins. Bill Back, the man who owns the Montezuma well, found, hidden from the teeth of time a few large white beans, a few of which when planted grew. He now has quite a start of them, and they bid fair to become an article of commercial value.

Now, let us stop and think a few minutes about those beans lying dormant for, no one knows how many ages, placed in the clefts of the rocks by some human hand. God only knows who they were or when. But these beans, discovered in this, the twentieth century, by other human beings, planted and watered, and coming in contact with the laws of the God of Nature, germinate and spring forth, develop and produce exact duplicates of the ones secreted there so many ages ago. This is not a fairy story, like the bean that Jack planted, but I have seen them and have related the facts.

Realizing these facts, can any one doubt the resurrection from the dead? A few days ago Bro. Swi-

hart, in preaching the funeral sermon of Bro. James Coffelt, my brother-in-law, referred to these beans. He held one of them before the congregation, and after relating its history, drew from the illustration a very effective and appropriate truth relative to the resurrection from the dead.

Further up Beaver Creek, about eight miles, there is the famous Montezuma Well. From the level of rocks it is about seventy-five feet down to the level of the water. There are only two places where one can descend from the top to the surface of the water. The well has an area of about three acres and in the deepest part no bottom has ever been reached, although often sounded. Around the rim of the well, Cliff Dwellers left a number of their houses, which were dug back into the rock, and are still perfectly preserved. Near the rim of the well on the east side are the ruins of some mammoth buildings of stone. This well is situated on top of a hill on the bank of Beaver Creek. There is a continuous flow of water, never increasing, never decreasing, going through to Beaver Creek, which amounts to one hundred and fifty miner inches. (A miner's inch consists of one square inch with a four-inch pressure on top of it.) From its appearance it is thought that at some time this well flowed over its top, and that the ancients put a tunnel through to draw the water out below. The tunnel has

fallen in, but the water still finds its course out about fifteen rods, to where it comes out of the bluff. This water, being of a limestone nature, was used by the ancients for irrigation purposes. Their ditches can be traced for a number of miles; they were used so many ages that the limewater formed a solid limestone crust four inches thick on both sides and at the bottom of the ditch, which is about three feet wide and three feet deep. The laterals from this ditch can be traced, and also are lined with limestone. In later years some geologists examined the ditch and estimated that not less than a thousand years has elapsed since it had been used. Mr. Back, the present owner of the property, has since discovered another ditch, which ran under this one, and was probably used long before this one was built. Now, Mr. Back says, if this one ditch is a thousand years old, how old may the under one be?

Anyone traveling through Arizona should not fail to see the Montezuma Well and Castle, and also should go one mile up the creek to the Soda Springs. These springs are owned and kept by a family by the name of Finney, who are my special friends. Among others they requested me to write this book. Last, but not least, about one and a half miles from Camp Verde, west by south, is what is known as the Salt Mine, though it contains substances other than salt. It is now being worked by a chemical company. The salt mine

is practically a mountain of solid salt and other elements. In putting a tunnel into this salt mine at a depth of 150 feet they found relics of a prehistoric age. Among them is a well-preserved pair of sandals. I have handled these sandals and am convinced that whoever wore them, wherever they came from, or how many ages ago, he had a perfect foot like a man and not like a monkey. I have the testimony of those I can depend upon that the sandals came out of that salt mine at a depth of 150 feet. Also at a depth of fifty feet in the salt mine they found the skeleton of a man with a battle axe sticking through his skull, with the handle of the axe and everything intact. That skeleton can now be seen in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. Will some of my readers please tell me where these people came from, who they were, and how they got down there?

On Oak Creek, in a mound called Sugar Loaf, there is a rock, in which is the deep impression of a large lion's foot. There are two other layers of rock on top of that. Now, when was that lion's track made? I know of only one explanation: These things belong to a prehistoric era, and they prove the man's existence in this world before Adam was created. Else what did the Lord mean when he told Adam and Eve, to "Be fruitful and multiply and *replenish* the earth"? And if the Lord saw fit to destroy the known world and

save Noah, the eighth person preserved in the ark, and hand down to us a complete history of the facts, is it not possible that before Adam's time he may have destroyed another world of people and told us nothing about it? Again, in the first part of the first chapter of Genesis he says, "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form and void." Now, when that beginning was, we know not, but he did say that darkness dwelt upon the face of the waters and God said, "Let there be light; and there was light. . . . and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day and the darkness he called Night." Now there was no sun or moon or stars to govern the day and the night, until the beginning of the fifth day, and it seems to me unreasonable to say that those periods or those days consisted of twenty-four hours each while there was no sun to govern the day. Yet I believe with all my heart that we are the offspring of Adam. I believe the story of the Garden of Eden to be fact and nothing but fact. Some might consider me an infidel, but I deny the charge. I believe that true science and God's Word go hand in hand.

CHAPTER 20

Mining

The mining wealth in Arizona is very great, as is shown by the enormous output of ore. The geography of Arizona is responsible for the statement that the Bisbee mines have an output of \$3,000,000 per month; that the Jerome or the United Verde mine, which was owned by the late Senator Clark, has an output of \$1,000,000, a month and since that statement was made other producing mines have been developing at a wonderful rate. Jerome is situated about twenty-five miles above Camp Verde, and all along the Black Hill Range on the west side of the Verde River is highly mineralized.

One day my wife was standing in the front yard looking up at the hills and said, "Oh, my, if I were just a man!"

I said, "What would you do?"

She said, "I would hunt a mine up in those hills."

I had tried to keep out of the mining game, but it was so tempting, with mineral ledges close by waiting for somebody to locate and develop them. Now about 5% of all the prospectors are successful. In 1901 I got interested in a claim in Squaw Peak District, Black Hill Range. Squaw Peak is the exact geographical center of the state of Arizona.

A mining company had been organized by some Brethren and I deeded to them my interest in the claims for a one-fourth interest in the company. Then, for the company, I located a group of mines. Some of them looked very promising and it seemed that with the proper development there a mine could be made. To develop a mine successfully it takes money and brains. This company was named Inglenook. I was sent East at one time to interest people in the mine, in order that we might raise money. In selling the stock, I sold only \$5 worth, and that was to a man in Peculiar, Mo. But I did interest one person who took an interest in the company. Soon after I came home from the East I found that what money had been raised had been used in developing a road instead of a mine. I was very much dissatisfied with the way my partners were working the property, and I soon discovered they had no use for me and I had less for them. Those who held stock may have seen my name still used on the certificates, without my knowledge, and I may have been censured for being connected or helping to dispose of stock in the company. When I found the foregoing condition I walked down and out. What profit I ever got from the company was principally from the ones who were responsible for putting the company in its unfortunate condition. I met, not long ago in La Verne, one poor old sister who is now a widow, whose

husband had invested in the Inglenook mine, and had supposed at the time that I was still connected with it.

I still believe that if the money had been judiciously handled, and part of it used to hire some mining engineer's brains, in which I will admit the company, including myself, was very much lacking, there might have been developed a wonderful producing mine. As it is, I suppose the Inglebrook mine has gone out of existence, and all the mining claims, about twenty, have reverted to the government. All who invested in the mine doubtless lost their money.

Probably some of these promoters may be excepted. I have refrained from mentioning the names of any persons connected with the company except my own. One has gone to his long home; two more I cannot account for, and it is not my desire to cast any more reflection on the promoters than is necessary. I believe that in the beginning their intentions were good. I hope that my explanation will be satisfactory to all concerned.

While I was interested in the mining company I was not on the payroll of the Mission Board, but still was doing some preaching.

I had, while on the mission, the agency of the American Woolen Mills for selling tailor-made clothing. I would visit the mining camps, take orders for suits and make appointments for preaching at night. But I

never used my religion or the church as an advertisement to do business. After I got a man's order for a suit, and had measured him, I told him where I was going to preach that night and then asked him to come to church. I never thought it right to use my religion to further my business transactions. I did this by being honest and upright in my dealings with my fellow-men.

I have always been in favor of the religious debate. I think it is the best way to get the truth before the public. It shows the difference between truth and error. I am sorry that it has become so unpopular. I have held a number of debates at different places. One I had at Camp Verde, with Dr. Ketcherside, who was a Campbellite preacher and a good friend of mine, too, a very honorable and intelligent man. I have promised in my introduction to say little about the results of my life's work, but I will state this: I never held a discussion at any time but that the general public, when we had concluded, was on my side of the question. One time in the debate Mr. Ketcherside took the position that the Brethren had no baptism at all, from the fact that their candidate went into the water on his own accord and then knelt down until two-thirds of his body was under the water, and that we baptized only the remaining third, which he claimed was no baptism at all. I replied that he took his candidate, or rather

that his candidate of his own will went into the water, until he was halfway immersed, and then he baptized the remaining half once by backward immersion. Hence, I said, "you have half a baptism. But admitting that our candidate kneels in the water until he is two-thirds immersed, it is a fact that we immerse the other third three times; three times one-third is three thirds, and three-thirds make a whole. So we have a whole baptism and you have half of one." When we started this debate, to show to the crowd that we were friends, we shook hands and at the close of the debate, to indicate that we were still friends, we shook hands again. In holding debates, if any unkind words had been spoken, and anyone got angry, I always managed to let it be the other fellow.

CHAPTER 21

Wayside Barroom

One winter, while living on the Verde River, we thought we would come down to Glendale to spend part of the winter and be among our friends once more. After we had started and had been gone probably an hour, some one sent for me to preach the funeral of Mr. Horn. Mr. Horn had kept the wayside saloon that I have already mentioned. He was not only a bartender but he belonged to the Catholic Church. That is one time I was glad that I was not at home when a funeral was to be preached.

We had one span of mules and a wagon, one team of horses and a spring wagon. We stayed with some friends on Ash Creek the first night, about halfway to Prescott. That night there came a snowstorm. The next day our teams being rough shod picked up the snow in their shoes and made traveling very slow. Later in the afternoon as we were climbing to a higher altitude it began to freeze, and the higher we got the colder it was, until it seemed almost impossible to reach Prescott that night. Nine P. M. found us four miles from Prescott, near a wayside saloon, with no houses in sight excepting the saloon. The thermometer must have been away below zero. Besides wife and me there

were five of our younger children, and all were cold and chilled through and through. We stopped at the saloon, warmed up in the barroom and the fire actually felt good. The bartender turned over his kitchen, which was a separate building, for wife to cook our suppers. While she was getting supper, I stayed with the children in the barroom. We threw our beds down on the kitchen floor and slept there that night. We also had our teams well cared for, and when we paid our bill the next morning, the man was very reasonable. While we were there he did not offer any of us a drink or a cigar.

I have fought saloons and been practically an abstainer all my life, but I believe in giving the devil his just dues. If it had not been for that saloon and that bartender, some of us might have frozen to death that night.

When it comes to what might be called charity, even church people go to the saloonkeepers and the tinhorn gamblers for donations, and they generally get what they go after. Usually these folks are more liberal than some of the church members. (We want here to except the Church of the Brethren.) There is some reason for the foregoing statement. First, it is the good-hearted boys who are liberal, who find it hard to say "No," that go in or are enticed by that kind of business. Second, they can afford it, for they general-

ly have plenty of money, and, having taken money from the people, they may feel under obligations to be charitable.

I have seen so many big-hearted men in the West, and especially some of the cowboys, that I have been moved to say to them, "I am glad that I am not to be your judge in the last day, for I do not consider you good enough for heaven and I feel you are too good for hell: therefore, if I were to be your judge I would not know where to put you."



CHAPTER 22

To Northern California

In the winter of 1905-6, an extremely rainy winter for the Verde Valley, I took a deep cold and bronchitis, which I contracted back in the Ozarks when I was hauling ties, returned with severity. It seemed that every time I had it it was worse than before. We had always supposed that it was nothing more than bronchitis, yet at times we almost felt that it was a worse malady.

So in the spring of 1906, because of my health, we moved to Butte County, Calif., close to Bangor. On our way to Bangor we stopped for a little while in Imperial Valley, Calif., where I did some preaching. While I was there I recruited in health a great deal, probably from getting out of the damp weather into a dry atmosphere.

Bangor is situated in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Originally the region was all timber, but it was cut over in an early day. About one-tenth of the land could be cultivated. All kinds of fruit could be raised. We found a small congregation of believers of like precious faith, with two ministers, Bro. Benson Myers and Bro. M. Andrews. While there Bro. Andrews was ordained to the full ministry by Bro. Crist Holsinger and myself. Bro. Myers was ad-

vanced to the second degree of the ministry. Bro. A. J. Peebler and wife, who were holding the fort in Chico, about thirty miles from Bangor, still kept their membership in the church at Bangor, which was known as the Fruitdale church. Later Chico was organized into a separate body.

Bro. Crist Holsinger and myself had been authorized by the elders of the District to go down to Princeton, on the Sacramento River, forty miles west, where a band of believers had recently settled, to organize them into a separate congregation. But Bro. Crist had held a series of meetings in the Fruitdale church. After getting through, and feeling indisposed, he appointed Bro. Andrews to take his place, and he returned home to Laton, Calif. Bro. Andrews and myself went to Princeton and effected the organization. I was elected their elder and had oversight of the church as long as I lived in that part of the state.

During our sojourn in Northern California, California was divided into two Districts, Northern and Southern California. This was done at a District Meeting held in the Oak Grove church, near Laton.

The first District Meeting of Northern California was held in Reedley. I was chosen moderator of the meeting. The next year the District Meeting was held in the Fruitdale church, near Bangor. Bro. Harvey Ikenberry moderated and I was elected to serve on the Standing Committee, with Bro. Ikenberry as alternate.

CHAPTER 23

To Imperial Valley

During the winter of 1907-8 it rained almost continually and I caught another severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and my old complaint developed twofold, until it seemed that I was in a dangerous condition. Bro. Willie of Holtville, Imperial County, Calif., wrote me to come down to his place, where it was warm and dry. Soon after I reached there my cold loosened, but I was left in a very weak condition. A little later my daughter Maggie and husband and little Orpha took me to a hospital in El Centro, to have my lungs tested for tuberculosis. The doctor put my sputum in an incubator, and in twenty-four hours I was to return and learn what he thought was the matter with me. When I came back the next day, the verdict was "T. B." I said, "Doctor, I certainly must have developed T. B. recently."

However, by the quantity of germs which he found, he said I must have contracted it a good many years before. Now in the place of improving I seemed to be getting worse and worse, until Bro. Willie, unknown to me, sent for my wife. He did not let me know anything about this until she was in Holtville, eight miles away, and then he came and said, "Charley, what do you think about sending for Rachel?"

I said, "No. In our financial condition we cannot afford it. We are in debt, down and out, and have no means."

A few minutes afterwards he came to my room and said, "Charley, I have already sent for her," and presently he came again and said, "She is on the road," and again he came in and told me, "She is now in Holtville." When she came (it was after dark) I was so low that it was quite awhile before they dared to let her see me.

Some days later they summoned the children, who were still at home, to come down if they wanted to see me alive. This was also unknown to me. We were already owing a store bill of over one hundred dollars to Allen Brothers, Bangor merchants. These same brothers loaned the money to my children, in addition to what we already owed them, to permit them to come to Holtville to see their father.

I continued to grow worse. At one time they did not think I could live twenty-four hours. Bro. Peter Forney of Glendale, Ariz., visited me, and while there Bro. Willie Platt, who had charge of the mission at El Centro, came over. Bro. Peter and Bro. Platt anointed me. I told them, "Brethren, don't pray for me to get well unless it is the Lord's will. I would rather die than to live, unless the Lord has something for me still to do."

Well, I commenced to get better. I had notified the treasurer of the District of Northern California, and also Bro. Harvey Ikenberry, my alternate to the Annual Meeting, that it would be impossible for me to represent on the Standing Committee, and he would have to take my place. But I was improving remarkably fast.

The next fall a good brother paid the fare for myself and wife to attend the District Meeting of Northern California, which was held in the Oak Grove church, near Laton. While I was there the members told me that all the time during my critical illness the whole District was praying for my recovery. It does seem that when we comply with the Scripture—the anointing—when the one anointed and those officiating are in harmony with each other and with the great God of the universe, and a whole church District likewise is in harmony, pleading for the one thing, namely the recovery of the one anointed, it is almost impossible for one to die.

I now weigh twenty-five pounds more than I did before I had the T. B. I have ever since sympathized with those who are afflicted as I was. If I had the funds, or enough influence over some one who has funds, I should certainly start a T. B. sanatorium. (I know of some wonderfully good places for such institutions.) I have seen so many tubercular patients who

came out West, ran short of funds, and had so little care that it was impossible for them to recover, and some of them died without friends or money. Now, what I would like would be a sanatorium conducted on what I would call a gospel plan, letting those pay who are able to, or rather charge them according to their financial ability; those having no funds to receive as good attention as those who have. I would also have some good, loyal brother for superintendent. I should want to give the patients the following recipe; viz., "Get in harmony with nature and nature's God," which I believe would be the first principle of a cure. Anyway, if it did not cure them and they passed over to the other side, they would still be in a safe condition and probably better off than if they had recovered.

This probably would not be a money-making proposition. It does seem very hard, though, for many of our people to invest a dollar unless they expect to pick up two dollars in its place. But I would like to leave this impression on the minds of all our readers, that there is something in this life worth working for, above dollars and cents.

I have always taught in my ministerial career that our helping to save somebody else was a part of the conditions of our own salvation. Of all the miracles in the New Testament, these two appeal to my own mind the most prominently; viz., the two where once Christ

fed the multitudes, broke the bread, blessed it, and passed it on. In turn they broke to one another, and when they were through the fragments gathered up were more than they had commenced with. When we break the Bread of Life to our fellow-man, or rather pass out our religion to the other fellow, we have more religion remaining than when we gave it out. The more blessings we give, the more we receive.

While we were in Imperial Valley the church at El Centro was organized, with W. M. Platt as elder. The church then consisted of members in the Holtville District, about twenty miles from El Centro. Later the church was organized in the Holtville District and I had charge of the same. Bro. Quinter Calvert afterwards moved into our midst and assisted in the work about **two years**.

CHAPTER 24

Back to Arizona

In the spring of 1915 we moved to Benson, Cochise County, Ariz. I did some preaching, but never could rally enough members to effect an organization. We also held meetings at Elgin, Santa Cruz County, where there were a few members.

After we had got into war with Germany my troubles there began. First, I was called on to make a speech at a big war rally. I had to inform the committee that called on me that we, as a church, were opposed to war in any way, shape or form, and that, if I should make a speech on that occasion, it would probably bring the wrath of the community upon me. So my presence was not needed, much less my speech.

During the war I was in Camp Cody, looking after the interests of some of our brethren. There I found a certain preacher, with whom I was well acquainted, preaching in the camp. The judge advocate had him take me to the officer's headquarters, feed me and give me a place to sleep as long as I wanted to stay. He treated me very courteously, but I will have something more about this preacher later.

The banker in Benson, and others, insisted that I should buy bonds, and when it came to a show down

I simply had to tell them, "No, I might just as well fight, myself, as to furnish money to carry on the war for some one else to do the fighting for me." Of course I raised the indignation of my fellow-citizens. On the start they were my friends, and seemed to be as much opposed to the war as I was, but when they found it might hurt their business, they changed their minds, and in place of being my friends they became my foes. Anonymous letters were written to me. I was bawled out in public speeches, and in fact they dealt to me as much misery as seemed possible, with the exception of using the rope. The government sent a man to see me and to ask me whether reports made to the government were correct or not. The first thing he asked me was, "Have you been to Camp Cody lately?"

I told him, "Yes."

"What was your business?" I told him. Then he asked me, "Did you ever buy or take flour from a certain store without buying a substitute?"

I told him "Yes," and gave him the reason I bought it and whom it was for.

A family consisting of a man and wife and several children were camping close to us, and the man was an invalid. They had nothing to eat in their camp but beans. My daughter Flora and I went over to Benson, took up a "pony purse," went to the store and bought

substitutes, but not all. I thought it was necessary that that family have some flour, and when I did not have enough money to pay for flour and substitutes, I asked them where the flour was, and I threw down the price of the flour and helped myself. I said to the officer,

"Sir, whoever reported this to you knows where that flour went and its purpose. They know I have an order from the food administrator of Arizona, authorizing the merchants to sell me my pro rata of flour, for I own a cornmeal mill and make my own substitutes."

Second, he asked, "Did you ever say this was a money war?" I told him "Yes." He asked then, "Have you changed your mind?" and I told him, "I have no reason to change!"

He next asked me, "Have you refused to preach under the U. S. flag?"

I told him, "No, and the people of Benson have heard me preach under the flag time and again. That flag is my flag and I am an American first and last. I belong to a church which has been on record for 200 years or more, whose principles, according to the Bible, are opposed to the taking of the life of a fellow-man. I have always preached peace in time of peace and I am still preaching peace in time of war."

The officer then treated me like a gentleman. He shook hands with me and bade me good-bye.

The next day or two I went into the bank to transact

some business, and Mr. Smith, the cashier of the bank, ordered me out of the place. I said,

“Sir, I came in here to get a settlement, and when I have a settlement I will certainly leave your bank and not until then, and I will never darken your door again.”

He then told me,

“You’re a pro-German and you’ve been down to Camp Cody trying to get the soldiers to quit the army and go back to their farms and other businesses.”

I said, “Smith, whoever told you that told you a lie.”

But he said, “Parson so-and-so told me and he did not lie.”

I said, “Smith, I don’t believe he ever told you.”

But I found out afterwards that he actually did. Later he came down to Glendale and told Bro. Ronk, the Brethren pastor at Glendale, the same thing. But Smith kept on abusing me. Finally I squared up to him and said,

“I am a better American than you ever were. You are a gentleman every inch above your head, and one of three things I want you to do. Either raise a mob and hang me by the neck until I am dead, or have me prosecuted according to law, or keep your old mouth shut. Which will you do?”

He said “Neither,” and for once he kept his word.

Now, some may think that I should apologize to Smith for disputing his word about what the preacher had told, but after the abuse he gave me I don't feel that I need to give him any apology.

I never thought I was a coward, but we began to think the best place to live during the awful war would be in a congregation of Brethren. So we came back to Glendale, where the Brethren during that awful conflict were treated with profound respect.

CHAPTER 25

Our Trip East

In the spring of 1924 wife and myself went to California to see the children. We were over the line into Mexico, home again, rested for a few days, and on May 8, 1924, with our granddaughter, Orpha Statler, started for the Annual Meeting at Hershey, Pa. On our route we stopped at Friend, Kans., and visited wife's brother, Floyd Kuns, who later passed away. From there we went to Crestline, Kans., where we visited with her sister, Flora Hutchison, and her children, whom we had not seen for thirty-eight years. Our next stop was at Waynesville, Mo., in the Ozark Mountains, where we had labored thirty years previously. The church had been disorganized and the meetinghouse torn down. We found a good many old neighbors and friends, who gave us a royal welcome. At the old schoolhouse, close to where the church had stood, an appointment was made for me to preach at 3 P. M., the other time being taken by other people. We had a splendid crowd. The house and yard were full of people; not only the country folks, but people from Waynesville, including one lawyer and the Methodist preacher. The lawyer shook hands with me and left a ten-dollar bill in my hand. The preacher in-

sisted that I should fill his pulpit in Waynesville that night, which I did. From there we crossed the river at St. Louis, Mo.; on to Ada, Ohio, where we visited friends by the name of Long; also filled the appointment for Bro. Guthrie at the County Line church.

We had only one accident on the road. About ten miles east of Pittsburgh we bumped into another machine, hurt my wife, damaged my car, and injured a little boy who was riding in the other machine.

After having my wife patched up and the machine repaired, we went on to Hershey, minus forty dollars. We attended the Annual Meeting, and went to Gettysburg. There I met Bro. Lightner, who showed us over the battlefield and had me fill the pulpit on Sunday. We returned to Hershey, went to Atlantic City, N. J., and followed the coast to New York. From there we crossed to Niagara Falls, then over to the Canadian side, followed the river up the Canadian side to Buffalo, where we crossed over in a ferryboat; thence to Cleveland, then to Kirtland, Ohio, where we viewed the old and first Mormon Temple. Then we proceeded to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where Orpha visited a cousin; then back to Ada, Ohio, thence on to Pioneer, Ohio, where we found some cousins on my father's side, whom I hadn't seen since I was three years old and had not heard of for forty-seven years. We had a royal welcome. In this place was a congregation of

Brethren some of whom when they found out that a Dunkard preacher was visiting Bill Gillett, my cousin, called on me and I was invited to fill their pulpit on Sunday, which I did to the best of my ability.

From Pioneer we went to Schoolcraft, Mich., the place where I was born, and where I lived until I was 11 years old. We visited some of my cousins whom I hadn't even heard of for a long time, and called on a few of my old schoolmates. We found four of them living, and two of them have since passed away. From Schoolcraft we journeyed to Monon, Ind., where wife had an aunt still living, who was then 79 years old. After visiting her we went to Climbers Station, where my wife lived until she was 14 years old. She found quite a lot of her old schoolmates. Also we visited David Flora and visited at the grave of my wife's Grandmother Kuns. From there we went back to Monon and then on to Keokuk, Iowa. We had stopped at Carthage, Ill., long enough to look at the old jail where Joseph and Hiram Smith were assassinated. At Keokuk Orpha visited another cousin. From there we proceeded to Henry County, Mo., where I had finished growing up, and where I had attended school and first met that black-eyed girl whom I have already mentioned in the forepart of this book. Pretty nearly all the old folks had passed over, but a good many of the younger ones of our age, and younger still, remem-

bered me, and gave us a wonderful time. They appointed a meeting for us and had us preach two times. We visited the old graveyard where wife's and my parents and sisters are buried. We found the tombstones fallen over and in bad shape. In adjusting one of the heavy sandstone bases of father's tombstone, it was necessary to use something to pry it out of the ground. I went to my car and got a piece of rail which I had brought from Michigan, which my father had split before the war of the rebellion. I took that piece and used it to pry up the base. While there we had to see to the moving of the remains of Mother Kuns, who was buried on the wrong lot a long time after we had left there. We reburied her by the side of Father Kuns. We went to Clinton and ordered a tombstone for each of them. From Henry County we returned to Crestline, Kans., and visited wife's sister again. From there we went to Garden City, where Bro. Floyd's widowed wife lived, Bro. Floyd having passed since we were there. Our next stop was at Wawaka, Tex., where lived some of the Stumps with whom we had been closely associated back in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. We preached three or four times and from there went back home, having been gone from home four months and been in eighteen states and three nations.

Some of my readers may think that we were pretty

well fixed, financially, in order to take such a trip, but the fact is that one son had made us a present of a new Ford car, and with the balance helping we were furnished expenses for the trip. Financially, I am like the negro since I came to Arizona. The negro said he had held his own, for he started with nothing and hadn't got anything yet.

In the spring of 1925, having corresponded with the Brethren at Wawaka, Tex., it was agreed that wife and I should go over there and spend the summer, helping in the church work, as they had no minister in their midst nor close to them. I was to receive my actual expenses from the time I left home until I got back. On our way over on the White Pine Mountain I became suddenly very ill with pains in my stomach, until traveling was burdensome and we were longer on the way than I expected. We stopped at Clovis, N. M., with Bro. Fager and I was very ill while there. I was anointed by Brethren Smith and Fager. Bro. Fager drove the car for me over to Wawaka and came back on the train. When I got to Bro. D. B. Stump's I was more alive than dead, but a very sick man. Bro. Stump sent for a physician. When he had examined me he said I had a cancer of the stomach, and told my wife to take me home; that I would never be able to preach another sermon. But in a short time I was able to preach, and if I had a cancer there was a miracle

performed, because I got well. I preached every Sunday two or three times and during that time conducted three series of meetings, one at Huntoon, one at Wawaka and one at Griggs, Okla., where lived the Burrows with whom we had been associated back in the Ozarks. After the summer's work and the cold weather had set in we went back home to Glendale. By urgent request we returned to Wawaka the next spring. But this time it was wife's turn to get sick. She took very ill Aug. 2 with what might be termed nervous prostration. The work at Wawaka was too straining on her nerves. The membership was scattered over a radius of thirty-five miles, and to travel around seeing the members, holding Bible classes, and helping in Vacation Bible School proved too much for her.

When our children heard that mother was sick, three of them, with their companions, came to see us, and took mother on the train. I followed with the rest in our cars and arrived home a few days later. Mother, no worse for the trip, had commenced to get better.

Now the Brethren at Wawaka made good their part of the contract and some besides. Oh, how I did hate to leave them, and especially under the conditions. Bro. C. H. Brown is with them now, and I understand is doing a good work.

CHAPTER 26

The Golden Wedding Day

(View of a Friend—Eld. Walter Swihart)

A half century is a goodly span for any two to be associated in any affair, but for two to be united in the bond of holy matrimony with never a difference to mar or jar its sanctity, is very unusual. The union of Bro. Charley and Sister Rachel, so unostentatiously entered into fifty years ago, is still unmarred and unbroken. In looking over our brother's Memoirs you will readily observe that the voyage, however, has been particularly easy, flowery, placid, or salubrious; but, on the contrary, has had many ups and downs. It has been fraught with many changes. Sickness, poverty, trials, oppositions, and misrepresentations on the one side; and spirituality, power, prowess, fidelity, affability, and faith on the other were so mixed and blended in their journey that their rounded-out-age is a real triumph. It seems fitting that the two should now, in the quiet of old age, have the pleasure of sitting peacefully in each other's embrace while the vesper chimes ring out the fading day.

On July 25, 1927, they enjoyed their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Their ten children, with their companions and families, assembled with them to make it

a happy event. Fifty-six descendants marked the steps made from the like date of 1877. Many other relatives, besides friends and acquaintances, met with them at their Glendale home. The two, wearing the marks of long and keen struggles, sat in their easy chairs under the shadow of their own "vine and fig tree," happy in the affluence of love tendered them by their own and others. True, they were depressed by the weight of days, yet the fire of the past still glowed in their well-preserved tabernacles of clay.

In keeping with Job 1 : 5, Bro. D. D. Thomas made a sincere appeal to the God of the universe for guidance and direction throughout the day's varied features.

A program, rendered by the various members of the immediate family—songs, readings, poems, talks, and musical numbers—with hearty good cheer was fittingly suggestive of the diversity of talent transmitted to the future. At noon the tables, groaning with lavish richness and a superabundance of good things, amply satisfied every comer, whatever his station or age. If any went away with his wants unsatisfied, I cannot conceive of a means of accomplishing it. It must be especially cited that Willie Beaty—an old range cook, who has asserted from forty years' experience his ability to bring out the acme of flavor—demonstrated to a finish his art in a wonderful "pot roast."

Friends remembered the two with many tokens of

respect. Among the gifts made was \$200 in gold coins.

As the day closed a blessing was expressed, extolling the patriarchal joys of a gray-haired father and mother surrounded by a numerous family. It was not that they had evaded their duties; not that they had side-tracked the cares and worries of child-rearing; but that they had nobly shouldered the responsibilities of fostering a halfscore of children who are able-bodied, courageous, progressive, law-abiding citizens, and who attest the thoughtfulness of this statement by their abiding love and confidence in the boy and girl who dared to set this mighty force in action.

CHAPTER 27

The Golden Wedding Anniversary

View by Two of the Daughters, Addie and Rachel

The day had long been planned ; with great anticipation each regarded it. The entire family, including uncles, aunts, and cousins on " both sides of the house," and numberless friends, had been looking forward to it with much joy for years. Even the youngest grandchild knew of it and wished for the day to come. Business obligations and all other duties that detain people at home had been arranged, so that nothing would mar the celebration of father and mother's Golden Wedding Anniversary on July 25, 1927. For years father had been inviting people to attend. Often in his sermons he would speak of the great pleasure he expected on this occasion—his fiftieth wedding anniversary and family reunion. After requesting the audience to be present, an analogy was then made to the grand reunion in heaven, to which Christ had asked " Whosoever will " to come and enjoy the marriage feast ; where there will be no partings, nor death, and God will wipe away all tears.

" This," he added, " is infinitely more worthy of efforts to attend than any earthly gathering."

Thus friends from the Pacific to the Atlantic had

been invited to join him on his golden wedding day. This was the way father did everything; when he had a pleasure or a blessing he got the most out of it only when he shared it with all of his friends. Of course, many from the far distance could not come, but they sent word by letters and telegrams by the score that they were with the celebrants in spirit. Even Governor G. W. P. Hunt sent his regrets.

As time rolled by and the 25th was close at hand, it found father in such ill health that all hoped and prayed God would see fit to spare him for "that day," at least. The inspiration he got by helping plan for it was one great factor in reviving his desire to live, giving him a new lease on life.

According to plans, the reunion was held in Glendale, Ariz. It was a hot month, but Providence blessed the occasion with a light rain on the 24th, and on the 25th a cool breeze blew most all day. The four daughters and one son, who resided in Glendale vicinity, with their families, made arrangements for shade, cool drinking water, and seats for the guests. The menu was planned, the pies and ice cream being ordered from Phoenix, to cause as little work and confusion as possible, but still give a satisfied feeling.

On the 24th folks commenced to arrive by auto—there were four sons and one daughter and other relatives coming from California. Then it began to get

exciting. Dad stationed himself at the telephone to keep the "near-bys" informed. First, it was "The sheriff and his wife are here." Later came "Bertha, sister, and some others." Then "Mercy! Mercy! I just can't keep track any longer; come see for yourselves!" Of the thirty living grandchildren, three did not come; the one great-grandchild, to the disappointment of all, was not present; also one granddaughter-in-law and one grandson-in-law; otherwise the circle was complete. Father's only brother, W. F. Gillett, and wife, came from California. Mother's sister, Mollie Coffelt, and family, a brother, G. W. Kuns, and a nephew, Wallace Harbstreet, were there. The latter came from Kansas City.

The morning of the 25th was filled with last-minute preparations, mixed with family jokes and stories. By 10 o'clock the friends were gathering. They were seated under an improvised arbor on the lawn, facing the front of the house, where, under a rose-covered pergola, sat the bride and groom of fifty years. Though aged by time they were lovers still. No groom was ever more attentive to his bride! As they sat thus, facing the audience, they saw their ten children ensemble for the second time! What floods of recollections must have crowded their memories that day!

The oldest son, George Franklin, was chosen master of ceremonies. The morning exercises started with

father leading in, "There's a land that is fairer than day." Then prayer, led by Eld. D. D. Thomas. George then introduced the man full of years and honor, his father. He stood, looked at each, and smilingly said, "You're as welcome as the flowers in May, and we love you in the same old way." His speech was short, and in conclusion he reminded them of the heavenly reunion and hoped that all would meet again, "Over there." Then he introduced his lifelong companion with an incident of their school days, in which he had won a chromo as a prize for good attendance, knowing that a little black-eyed girl would have won it, had she not stayed at home to care for a sick mother. He told his teacher he thought Rachel deserved the card more than he did. It must be remembered that in those days picture cards were scarce, hence more appreciated than now. The teacher approved, and "Rachel Kuns" was written under his name on the back of the card. "But," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I later won the girl, and got the card, too! She will now say a few words."

Mother's speech, too, was short. She praised her children as only a mother can, forgetting the pain, the toil, the midnight oil, the worry; remembering only the joy, concluding her remarks with, "No matter what they say, children do pay for themselves, and are worth more than double their cost."

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W. F. Gillett, father's brother, made a short talk. Then all the ten children, now fathers and mothers, with their own families, were summoned chronologically to the front and introduced to the crowd.

This was an amusing affair, as George made comments both true and otherwise. Each was glad when it was the other's turn to come.

The noon hour arrived only too soon. There was an intermission for lunch. The people were invited to pass through the rear of the house and help themselves to the eats, which were served cafeteria style.

After dinner pictures were taken of relatives and the immediate family. Then the program was resumed; fitting songs and readings were given by children and grandchildren. At the close of the program father called to the attention of the audience, the grand reunion "Over there," hoping that all would be present. The Lord's prayer was prayed by all. A period of visiting and real old-time family reunion followed. They gathered in groups and the groups were ever changing. Some were telling old tales; others were relating new; snapshots were being taken of various ones; the younger ones were playing games. Time flew! Darkness began to fall. The day was ending all too soon. None came prepared to stay for any length of time, and now the circle was being broken; by first one, then another departing, each returning to his own

home. The aged bridal couple left shortly, accompanied by the groom's brother and wife, for a trip to Grand Canyon. When all had gone the old home was so desolate! but each carried away a memory like unto a heavenly vision of a most perfect day.

CHAPTER 28

Reunion Day

Just now I seem to remember
Of times both past and blest,
When I was home with mother
With dad and all the rest.
How much they worked for us
They will never, never say;
It took them both to keep fires bright
And scare the wolf away.

Their home was blest with children,
And each received a family seat.
Oh, no, not one too many,
I've heard them oft repeat.
Their hearth was freely given
To other children left alone,
And warmth and food and shelter
Were divided in our home.

A picture of each brother, sister
Comes plainly to my mind
As I sit and ponder over
The life that's left behind.
From the oldest to the youngest
They have all had their place,
And now we're glad once more
To look each other in the face.

The first that I remember,
My brother George's fate,
Mother was leaning on his arm

PIONEERING

Walking through a gate.
He was a soldier boy,
Who sought to win his fame
By fighting for his country
In the Spanish war by name.
Of all the rest the family
He was the last for me to know,
But he gave of his dear self
That I to school might go.

Now "High-law" Charley
Is next to come in view,
He was to manhood grown
When dolls were all I knew.
I remember on his wedding day
I thought him big and grand,
And his wife, the fairest lady
That e'er graced the Verde Land.
Then later with their children
I used to play with Joy,
For Oma was my baby
And Harold was my boy.

I have a second mother
Who is to me most dear;
She is my sister Maggie,
The best the world could rear.
She used to teach me by the hour
The words I ought to say,
And give me cake and pie for dolly.
And never say me nay.
She, too, now is older,
But a second mother still,
And I love her, loved her always
And I always, always will.

With Roy two years I went to school.

He'd comb my hair and wash my face,
And said the color of my hair

Was like taffy he pulled with Grace.

When my hair he was combing,

And he saw no one was near,

He'd lean over quickly

And whisper in my ear:

"Make it known all over school

This work that I can do,

Then the girls will smile on me

Ethel, Edna, Bess, and Sue."

When Ola was a lad at home

His never-ceasing fun

Was tugging at his sleds

Or riding horses on the run.

On the grass once he was thrown

To the rest the sight was rare,

For he moaned and cried aloud,

"The horse, he did not do it fair."

Then when in his early teens

He tried with girls to go,

Until he stopped playing with his sleds,

Mother said, "No, my son, no, no."

I think it very fitting

To pause a moment here

In memory of the little one

Who was to us so dear.

Although she lived but two short years,

I know 'twas not in vain,

For all are drawn to a higher sphere

Whene'er we hear her name.

A carefree child was Flora,
And always had her fun;
She used to think of pranks to play
And tried them out on anyone.
When any of our neighbors
I used to go to see,
I wanted her to go along
To talk to them for me.
In the suit case of a stranger
She dared one time to peep;
She tasted of a bottle there
That made her laugh and weep.
The way she acted was so funny
Mother thought that she was ill,
But Flora knew the reason
And kept very, very still.

With Floyd I used to romp the hills
And go wading in the brook.
The birds, the bees, and flowers
We found in every nook.
But such a restless wiggling fellow
He always was in school,
I never felt exactly safe
Lest he should break some rule.
But when from out the library
A book he would take,
I could safely settle down
For he would then no trouble make.

With Addie, too, we used to play,
It was then our great delight
To play hide and seek
In the dark without a light.

"Right up there, O brother Floyd,"
She called, "I see your laughing face."
Then how we laughed in fun and glee,
For he was in another place.
In youth she was my comrade
And years no change unfurls,
For we are just as chummy
As when we were little girls.

The last but not the least
Of all our wondrous tribe,
Is our little baby Elva,
Who always tried our dad to bribe.
She knew just how to do
To get the things she wanted.
She'd comb his hair and braid his beard
Then tell a joke that she had hunted.
Knowing then that she had conquered.
While laughing, he would say,
"What is it now my little daughter,
What do you want today?"

No not one too many
They will always, always say,
And kneeling 'round the family altar
I've so often heard them pray
That God would bless their children,
And lead their steps aright,
That in the great hereafter
They'd be with the Lamb, the Light.
Now we have had a glad reunion.
On their Golden Wedding Day;
May God bless and keep them
And with us much longer stay;

PIONEERING

But when life here is over,
God grant that near thy throne
They may stand together waiting
To welcome each child home.

Rachel E. Gillett Young,
Glendale, Ariz.

This poem was written for the occasion, and was read
by the author at the reunion.

CHAPTER 29

Father's Seventieth Birthday

When an inspiration's ready
It isn't best to wait;
And put it off and put it off
To another time and date.

I had an inspiration to write
To my dear old dad;
To tell him that I love him
And to say that I am glad

I am among the destined number
To be his baby girl;
To have him pull my baby teeth
Before I could say "Squirrel,"

So I could bring his glasses
And untie his knotted shoes;
And bring him drinks of water—
I'm glad it wasn't booze.

To run his little errands,
Though sometimes I made a row,
When I had to attend the horses
Or ride the sulky plow.

Now, sometimes I wonder
Since I'm a woman grown;
And have a little household
And a baby of my own,

Why I sometimes would tarry
And take my time and play,
When you were in a hurry
And wanted it right away.

I'm sure I meant to get it done
And not to disobey;
I always meant to do it
But still I loved to play.

I didn't aim, I'm sure of that,
To be willful, mean and bad;
I wanted sure to do the right
For how I loved my dad!

It wasn't at all the lack of love,
That I'm sure and know;
It was that childlike Nature
To do things wrong and slow.

Some day my little daughter
Will surely do the same;
I hope I'll remember
And not give her too much blame.

I know you love me, dear old dad,
Though I don't always do
All the things been taught and
Preached to me by you.

But this one thing will always stick,
I do it day by day,
I cannot let a day go by
But I take time to pray.

FATHER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY 167

Now my prayer is always thus;
"Father, calm our petty fears,
And let my daddy have good health
For many, many years.

"Let him keep on doing his good work,
Just being our good dad;
We need him, always need him,
To scold us when we're bad.

"But I pray, dear God, when the time
Is ripe we'll all meet in heaven;
And there'll be room for everyone
Even number eleven. Amen."
From Your Superlative Friend,
Elva Etta Schrock.

CHAPTER 30

Sermon on Baptism

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost” (Matt. 28: 19), or “into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost” (Revised Version).

This command comes from the Savior when he was in possession of the combined power of heaven and earth (Matt. 28:18). And now there is more importance attached to the ordinance of baptism than is generally supposed by the masses; so much importance that there can not be found a promise of salvation to believers that will reach down to us unless we comply with the above command. But the promise is to them that *believe* and are baptized. (See Mark 16: 16, John 3: 5, Acts 2: 38, Titus 3: 5, 1 Peter 3: 20, 21.) Now, with so much importance attached to the ordinance as the Gospel seems to give to it, we as poor, weak followers of the Lamb can not be too careful how and to whom we administer the ordinance. In this sermon we want to consult three witnesses: First, the Gospel, which is infallible; second, common sense; and third, the early church fathers.

First. Baptism is not an old Jewish rite as some claim. The first time in the Scriptures that the word

is used is Matt. 3:6. It does seem that if the ordinance were an old one the translators would have used the word at least once in the Old Testament, but as it seems to be a new rite under the Gospel Dispensation, and as Christ is the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him, we will go to Christ and those who were eyewitnesses to his majesty and glory. Now, Christ says, "The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it" (Luke 16:16). John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ, and he taught baptism for the remission of sins (Mark 1:4). Peter taught the same thing (Acts 2:38), and it is plainly intimated by Ananias (Acts 22:16). What man would dare to change the design of the ordinance?

That Christ's blood was shed for the remission of sins (Matt. 26:28) is true and must not be overlooked. In order that we may place ourselves in the reach of mercy, or that we who have come to the years of accountability may claim the blood of Christ, and through the blood be made free from past sins, we must be baptized for the remission of sins.

As Christ has done his part we are required to do our part. And to reach his blood in baptism we, of necessity, must be baptized into his death, not burial, while he had blood in his body. While Christ was on the cross he paid the original debt, the Adamic sin; so

we do not have to baptize children for the remission of sins. They are all right; they are not sinners. Hence, infant baptism is useless. But we who have become sinners by our actual transgressions must be baptized into his death while he still had blood in his body. Paul says, "We are buried with him by baptism into death" (Rom. 6:4), not into burial.

And again he says, "If we have been planted together in the likeness of his death" (Rom. 6:5). Now, how did Christ die? He bowed his head and gave up the ghost, and after the soldiers had pierced his side there came out blood and water. So it must be that we should reverently bow in baptism in likeness of Christ's death, while we can still reach his blood which was shed for the remission of sins. But if we baptize in the likeness of his burial we cannot reach his blood, for he had no blood in him. He was a dead Savior. Backward baptism is contrary both to reason and revelation, for every command of God requires forward action. There is no exception. Then let us bow under the mighty hand of God, and be submissive to his Word, and be baptized in the likeness of Christ's death.

"Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The verb "baptize" is not properly an English word, but is taken from the Greek word *baptizo* and transferred to the English. I believe this is admitted by all scholars. Then, to un-

derstand what it means we will go where the ordinance was first administered and see how it was observed, as nearly as possible. We find that John was the first administrator, baptizing in Jordan (Matt. 8:38). But objections are raised, that John the Baptist baptized *with* water, and to baptize with water the water must be applied to the candidate, which at first looks reasonable. But when we investigate, we find that it does not militate against immersion. For example, you have raised a crop of wheat. If you were asked how you threshed your wheat, you say with a machine. Now, did you have to put the machine on the wheat? No, you put the wheat into the machine and still you threshed with a machine. So we can baptize with water and put the applicant into the water just as well as you can thresh with a machine and put the grain into the machine. So you see that does not militate against immersion.

And another objection is raised on account of the scarcity of water. A geographical outline of the country is given, which seems to indicate that water was scarce, or had too rapid a current, or the Jordan was too deep, which, when properly investigated, in the light of reason and revelation, proves nothing for sprinkling or pouring. How often in our short life have we seen rivers change their channel! For instance, the Missouri River and many brooks and springs in our time have failed. With these facts, and

looking back at the Bible lands nearly nineteen centuries, there is no telling what changes God may have brought about. But to advocate scarcity of water is contrary to God's promise. For he assured his people that the land should be a good land, of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills (Deut. 8:7).

Now, this is the country in which Christianity had its birth. Again, could not John have baptized in the Jordan as well as Naaman could dip himself in the river seven times? If there was too much water for one there was too much for the other. Let us be consistent. We have seen that there is no direct proof against immersion. As we have already proved, the ordinance was administered in the river and in water. People begin to guess how it was done. Some guess it was by sprinkling, some, pouring, and some, immersion. Now, guesswork is all right if it hits, but if our guessing or our opinion is in opposition to the Word of God we should be willing to give up; to "let God be true, even if it makes every man a liar." Christ says, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:5).

It is generally admitted that our Savior meant to convey that idea by "being born of water." It is so interpreted by our Methodist brethren in their discipline, and how can a man be born of a few drops on the top

of his head, when, according to all reason and nature, the less must come out of the greater in order to represent a birth? This may be so represented by immersion of the actual body in water, but cannot be done by affusion. Paul says, "We are buried with him by baptism into death" (Rom. 6:4). "We are planted in the likeness of his death" (Rom. 6:5). Now, to bury or plant we must cover, hide or conceal (Webster), and this may be represented by immersion. And again, baptism is represented as a washing (1 Cor. 6:11; Titus 3:5; Heb. 10:22). With all these facts before us, let us choose to follow in the footsteps of Christ and the apostles which, when looked at in the light of reason and revelation, will surely lead us down into the stream where we can represent the figure and the design that God intended.

It has always been the practice of the Brethren, or the German Baptist Church, to administer baptism by a threefold action, as given by Matt. 28:19: "Baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" (Revised Edition). The above language is elliptical, and to supply the ellipsis is not adding to the meaning of the language. Ellipsis is the omission of one or more words of a sentence. The words omitted are said to be understood (Harvey's Second-Part English Grammar, Page 161, 162, 164). Harvey says that in an ellipsis the omitted

words are clearly implied and must be restored before the sentence can be analyzed or parsed. For example, I say that in Alabama they cultivate corn and wheat and cotton. You understand me when I say it in those words. By supplying the ellipsis it makes me say as you understood. Now, "cultivate" is an active transitive verb, and the way I used it in this sentence I expressed it only once, but it is understood that they cultivate wheat and cotton. The omission was simply supplied and did not add to my meaning at all.

Again, when Christ was crucified, Pilate wrote an inscription and placed it over him: "This is the King of the Jews," and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek and Latin (John 19:20). Now, "written" is understood three times, but expressed once. If we supply the omission it would simply express what is understood by the power of language. The commission with the ellipsis supplied would read as follows: "Baptizing them into the name of the Father, and baptizing them into the name of the Son and baptizing them into the name of the Holy Ghost." The above construction I am willing to leave to any grammarian who is unbiased in his mind.

The is a definite article pointing to some definite object, and is used in the commission three times, pointing out the three definite objects, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. It is God's place to speak and ours to

obey. With the combined power of Heaven and earth Christ says to baptize in the name of the Father. Then, if we do as he says we make an action for the active transitive participle *baptizing*. The action must pass over to the object acted upon which must be the candidate. Christ said to baptize in the name of the Father. We tell our candidate we will baptize him into the name of the Father. So to do as Christ commanded, and as we promised we dip or immerse our candidate.

Christ also says, "baptizing them into the name of the Son." We again tell our candidate that we baptize him into the name of the Son. To obey the voice of the Son of God, and to make our word good, we make another action, that is, we dip our candidate. But we are not done yet, for Christ further says, "baptizing them into the name of the Holy Ghost," and again, if we obey the Son of God and do as we promise our candidate, we will make another action, that is, dip or immerse our candidate once more. Thus making *triune* immersion, for three times one are three. And in so doing we have not added to his Word but only supplied what is understood by the power of language. We thus can represent the plurality and unity of the Godhead.

But if we tell our candidate we will baptize him into the name of the Father, and remain motionless, and

into the name of the Son, and still remain motionless, and into the name of the Holy Ghost, and then make an action or dip our candidate, according to the power of language we have baptized our candidate into the name of the Holy Ghost, and not into the name of the Father and Son at all. We have represented the unity of the Godhead but not the plurality of it. That the three are one in a certain sense is true. But in the same sense that they are one, baptizing into each respective name would make one baptism. For if we dip into each name and it takes the three names to make the one God, would it not take three dips to make the one baptism of Ephesians 4:5: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism"?

In this place Paul is using baptism as a noun, the name of the action after it is done. But in Heb. 6:2 he uses it in the plural. We do claim that it takes three immersions to constitute the one baptism as commanded by our Savior. But, says one, "Are not Father, Son and Holy Ghost one?" As I have already admitted in a certain respect they are. They are one in love, and unity, united in the same grand work of saving the human family, the same as Christ's followers are one. For Christ prays for his disciples that they may all be one as he and the Father are one (John 17:21, 22, 26). Paul declares, in speaking of the church, that there are many members in one body, so we be-

ing many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another (Rom. 12: 5). Further on in the same chapter he tells of the different gifts. And again man and wife are said to be one (Eph. 5: 23: 33).

But we see that they hold different offices in the family. So with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Though working to the same end, they hold different offices. The Father is the Creator and Preserver of all things. The Son is the Mediator between God and man (John 16: 23; 1 Tim. 2: 5). The Holy Ghost is to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and to guide into all truth (John 16: 8, 14). Because husband and wife are one, can our wife eat our dinner and satisfy our demands?

We say no. On the same plane of reasoning why should it satisfy the demand of the Father and Son to baptize into the name of the Holy Ghost, and not baptize into the name of the Father and of the Son, as Christ has told us to do? That there is a plurality in the Godhead can be proved from Genesis to Revelation. And God said, "Let us make man in our image" (Gen. 1: 26). Here we find the Father talking to his Son (compare Heb. 1: 2). Again when Christ was baptized in Jordan there were three made manifest. Two were seen and one heard (Matt. 3: 16, 17). And there should be three manifested in our baptism, who are Father, Son and Holy Ghost. But Christ is called

God, and Peter directs to baptize in his name.

First. Why was Christ called God? I answer, for the same reason that I am called Gillett. My father's name was Gillett, and my name is Gillett, and I can not help it; neither do I want to. I inherited my name from my father and that is not all. I inherited looks from my father, in so much that I have been identified at different times by those who were familiar with my father, and now I am Gillett, the son, not the father, but sometimes referred to as being the father because I so resemble him. Now Christ inherited his name from his Father (Heb. 1: 3, 4), and he is sometimes referred to as such, yet it would be out of all reason to say he was the real Father, for he prayed to his Father while on earth, and tells us to ask the Father in his name.

Second. It is true that Peter commanded to baptize in the name of Christ (Acts 2: 38). He also commanded the lame man in the same name to rise and walk (Acts 3: 6). In fact, all that the apostles said and did was in the name of Christ or by the authority of Christ. By the authority of Christ he commanded them to be baptized, and that will lead us back to Matt. 28: 18, 19, where Christ so plainly says, "All power is given unto me. . . . Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." If he obeyed

to the letter, this will never fall short of triune immersion.

“Well,” says one, “you have represented baptism as a birth or burial. We take our candidate into the water only once and out once. But you make three actions or three immersions in one baptism.” A burial or birth is only figurative, and may be fully represented by a threefold administration of the ordinance. Peter says of baptism that it is “not the putting away of the filth of the flesh” (1 Pet. 3:21). Now, if affusion had been the primitive mode, Peter would have had no use for the above language. But as triune immersion was the practice, and probably looked to some as though it might be for the cleansing of the body, to stop the mouths of the gainsayers Peter declares that it is for a more noble purpose.

A sinner can be compared to filthiness, and when anything is filthy it takes water to purify it—the more water the better. Baptism is emblematic of washing away sin (Acts 22:10). Not that in reality it washes away sin, or that the power is in the water. The power is with God. He commands; if we obey we can claim a promise of the remission of our sins; not through merit of the water, nor our own merit, but through Christ, who gave us the way. For it is “not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saves us by the washing of regenera-

tion and renewal of the Holy Ghost" (Titus 3:5; Eph. 5:26). Let me give an example: Our wives generally wash all their soiled clothes once a week, and put them through at least three waters, but if we ask how many times they have washed they will say once. Yet they have put their clothes through three waters, and so we dip our candidate three times, yet it makes but one washing or one baptism. Now from the standpoint of history we will consider the subject.

There is a history written by O. V. Orchard of Bedfordshire, Eng., a Baptist minister, entitled "Foreign Missions." It traces baptism back to the primitive age. Mr. Orchard gives the church of the first century the name of Baptist (page 36). He also gives Tertullian the honor of being a Baptist (page 33), and names his authority for baptism which, he says, is "plunged in the water three times" (pages 23, 44).

He says again that the respectable historians affirm that no evidence exists as to any alternation in the subjects or mode of baptism. During the third century we have no testimony as to any alteration in the rite of baptism (page 35). And if there had been no change up to that time, surely the practice that then prevailed must have been the same that had been handed down from the apostles. And on the same page, Mr. Orchard said, "They generally dipped them thrice in water, invoking the name of the Holy Trinity." Yet, with all

of this, the learned writer says they were Baptists.

But if triune immersion was right then, it is right now. Let us be consistent. Suffice it to say that the following historians have given their testimony in favor of triune immersion: Tertullian, Basil, Cyril, Gregory, and Ambrose, with others. All agree in giving testimony in its favor. And A. Campbell makes the honest admission that not only Mosheim and Neander, but all of the historians, as well as Professor Stuart, trace triune immersion to the time of the apostles (Campbell and Rice debate, page 258, first edition). We might multiply witnesses, but for the present time will not permit.

Now, do not treat this discourse as the man did the rotten footlog, say it may be all right, but we will go around some other way, for if it is all right for one it is all right for all. Neither come up with the excuse that "I have already been baptized by some other way, and that satisfies my conscience." Remember, the conscience may be educated wrong. You may have had faulty instruction, as was the case with those Paul found at Ephesus who, when they found themselves wrong, were rebaptized (Acts 19:2, 7). Remember, there is one lawful way to get into the sheepfold: "He that climbs up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Christ declares that he is the door (John 10:16).

And again he says, "I am the way, the truth, and the Life. No man comes to the Father but by me." He being the way, says that we should be baptized "into the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And surely he means what he says. Again, our Savior says, "If you love me, keep my commandments." Now, in conclusion, I will say, that by urgent request and strong desire to see the primitive mode of baptism restored, I have presented these few broken remarks to the public, and if they are according to God's Word, may you accept the same and give God the glory. May we all at last reach heaven and immortal glory is the prayer of your unworthy servant in Christ.

CHAPTER 31

Sermon from 2 Timothy 4: 7, 8

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

This is the language of the Apostle Paul in his declining days. He knew what it was to fight against the Lord, and he knew, also, what it meant to fight for the Lord. In the first instance, when he found out that he was fighting wrongly, he surrendered without compromise; he accepted the Lord's terms fully, going wherever he was sent, obeying whatever he was told. He must have been a wonderfully brave soldier, too, for the Lord. It takes a brave soldier of the cross today, as well, to win the crown.

I am going to call this sermon "BRAVE," and I shall divide it into five parts in the form of an acrostic:

BATTLE for the LORD,
RECRUITS for his army,
ADVANCE toward Heaven,
VICTORY is ours, and
ETERNAL life is sure.

Now, no government of this world would send an army against the enemy until it was first fully equipped

for the battle. The soldiers would first be organized. There would be a general, captains, and various other under-officers, including even recruiting officers. The soldiers would have to be drilled and disciplined. They would need to be uniformed; and that uniform would have to be different from that of the opposing army, or they would not recognize one another upon the battlefield and, like the hosts of Midian (Judges 7: 16-22), would kill their own fellow-men. Accessory to the army are the doctors, surgeons, and hospital corps to care for the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Additionally, every soldier has to stand a physical examination. For an army, the best men are taken, and the shame of such a practice is that our best blood is left dead on the battlefield, crippled for life, or diseased. And owing to the false idea of war the physical scrubs are left to rear a new generation; and logically a weaker generation than the one that preceded it. In this kind of an army there are many professed Christians. Many denominations are at strife on each side. This is especially true of our late Rebellion. Thus composed they met on the field of carnage; Catholic killing Catholic, Baptist killing Baptist, Methodist killing Methodist. In other words, they trampled the peaceable religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which they all claimed to experience, on the level of the brute creation, mingling one another's blood. Now, if such work is Gos-

pel religion, I confess I do not have it; and neither do I want it. I will make no compromise with such teachings. My motto has always been, "Make No Compromise with Sin, Flesh or the Devil."

Looking to the Lord's army we find it organized similarly; but, thank the Lord, it is for a more noble purpose. The former army is organized to take life and is headed by the "Prince of the power of the Air." The Christian army has a different Leader—the God of Hosts is the General, Jesus Christ, the "Prince of Peace," is the Captain; the Holy Spirit is the Comforter and Guide. Besides these there are various other officers, such as elders, preachers, and deacons. Our elders are supposed to be guided in this work by and through the Holy Spirit. The minister's work is to help the elder. Thinking of the two we might term them recruiting officers. The deacons in their particular service make up the hospital corps to take care of the wounded, the sick, the weak, the orphans and widows.

As to the uniform in the Lord's Army the Book does not say in so many words that we should wear a uniform; but it certainly does imply it. It says, "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance" (1 Peter 1:14). And again it says, "Be not conformed to this world" (Rom. 12:2), and again, "Whose adorning let it not

be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel" (1 Peter 3:3, 1 Tim. 2:9). And again, "We should be known and read of all men."

Seeing then that the Book does teach modesty, plainness, and difference from the world, how shall we maintain that plainness without rules and order? The Brethren have in their General Conferences, from time to time, decided on certain forms which they deemed appropriate, and which they had a perfect right to do, that there might be a complete unity maintained; that the Lord's army might be so attired as to be readily distinguished from the hosts of the world's army; and that we might recognize our fellow-soldiers anywhere we chanced to meet. Most of us have solemnly promised before God and men that we would conform to the set order of our army. Especially so have the elders, preachers, and deacons. It is a sad fact that many of our elders and ministers are living in direct opposition to the promises they have made; are in open rebellion against the Annual Meeting decisions and their promises. They wear a different garb; they sport neckties, and even adorn themselves with jewelry and regalia until they can not be told from the army of the world—no, not by outward appearance; no, not by conduct. Our young people, going out from our colleges on deputation teams, are not ashamed of their school em-

blems, for they wear their badges and colors clearly for that purpose. They show just where they belong. When our young people go out for contests and games they are not ashamed of their garbs. They show who they are and to what side they belong. Would it not be just as easy for them to wear a garb to show that they belonged to the Lord? that they were brethren and sisters? When our members get into government service, they do not hesitate to put on the uniform Uncle Sam says to wear. When you ride on the train you do not have to ask "Who are the conductor and brakemen?" You can tell them by their garb. The Salvation Army people are known, and they are not ashamed of their peculiar dress. And why should we be? What right have we to break our promises?

Next in importance are the instruments of warfare. They are not of the same order as the implements of carnal warfare; not swords, nor guns, nor cannon, nor battleships, nor airplanes, nor bombs, nor poison gas. Such things destroy the life and property of others; they fill cemeteries, make cripples and orphans and widows. No, no! Paul says, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. 10:4). Also he says, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For

we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; . . . Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication . . . for all saints " (Eph. 6: 10-18).

Now, being fully equipped we are ready to go into BATTLE for the Lord.

And using the language of Patrick Henry, as he paced restlessly the legislative hall of Old Virginia, he said, " We must fight! I repeat it, sir, WE MUST FIGHT!" So say I, brethren, " We must fight " if we expect to win. We must save our souls and those around about us. God forbid that we should fight as the Jews did in the year 70 A. D., when Titus surrounded the walls of Jerusalem. Inside the walls were provisions for years, but instead of fighting their common foe, they divided into four factions and fought among themselves. They destroyed one another's sup-

plies and provisions. They struggled like demons, and when their provisions were exhausted they even ate the slain bodies of their comrades. Yea, they ravished the temple of the Most High God and committed murder before its sacred altar. Brethren, stop a moment and think! Was not that temple a type of the Church of Christ (Eph. 2:19-22)?

Paul says, "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another" (Gal. 5:15). Shall we help history to repeat itself? The Jews, as I said, were divided into four factions. The Old "Dunkard" church is likewise broken into four segments. The Jews, in consequence of their condition, lost their battle against the Romans. May we not take warning? May we not learn the lesson? Again, I cite you to old Jericho—stronghold of Jordan. But said God, "March around the city once each day for six days, and the seventh compass it seven times. Then blow your trumpets of ram's horn and shout." They did and the walls fell flat before them. Why? The army did just what God had said to do. Israel took the city—it was theirs. God had also said, "Take none of the booty to yourselves." But one man, Achan, disobeyed. He took a wedge of gold and a beautiful Babylonish garment. He hid them in his tent. But when the victorious army marched against Ai they failed. Why? They had lost their great Commander.

God hid his face from them. One man had sinned. When that man was found out, he was put to death with all his household. In a figure, when sin had been put away the city was taken. Brethren, beware of the golden wedge and the Babylonish garment!

But brethren, we must fight the good fight of faith:

“Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.”

“Hold the fort for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
‘By thy grace we will.’”

But it is not enough simply to hold the fort. We must

RECRUIT for his army.

We must not only fill up the ranks, but we must have more recruits in reserve.

“Mighty men are around us falling,
Courage almost gone.”

Many of our best soldiers have served their time, and the Lord has given them their honorable discharge. “They have fought a good fight; they have finished their course; they have kept the faith.” And many more like myself are only waiting for the summons to quit the ranks; and their places must be filled.

We get our recruits out of the world; the devil gets

SERMON FROM 2 TIMOTHY 4:7, 8 193

his from there also. He and his agents, which are legion, are doing their utmost. Their tactics and devices are legion, also. Their ranks are full, but they are striving for more. They have no conscience; they respect no sanctity; no home is immune. They enter even into the rank and file of the church. Even of our own sons and daughters do they take. We are appalled at their daring, but what can we do? This only: rally to the standard of our Great Captain; close our ranks and fight. It will levy our time; take our money; question our talents; it will tax our courage, our endurance, our longsuffering, and our integrity. Every one must realize that it is a fight unto death—a fight of perfect unity. Division of forces is failure—volunteers are needed:

“A volunteer for Jesus, a soldier true;
Others have enlisted, why not you?
Jesus is our Captain, we will never fear;
Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?”

Now, having enlisted under the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel, and having put on the whole armor of God; and having fought for God, for heaven and for the good of humanity, as brave soldiers of the cross, and having helped to recruit the Lord's army, we must now

ADVANCE toward Heaven.

Now, the enemy is in our way, and all along the road that leads to the Glory world will we find our ad-

vance blocked and abutted with evil devices. So I repeat again, "*We must fight,*" and at the same time advance toward "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And the general of our foes has not lost any of his adroitness. But through his six thousand years' experience in the destruction of souls of men he is the better qualified to deceive. He knows his doom is sealed; he sees the bottomless pit yawn before him; yet will he drag with him all the innocent blood he can to his death. If he can't get enough recruits outside of the walls of Zion, he will even scale the battlements of the sacred enclosure, and play havoc with the flock within. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheep fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Even though he may not consume them, he destroys their morale, and they become weak and sickly. As Paul says, "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep" (1 Cor. 11:30). Ah! That "sleeping sickness," the worst of maladies. One dreaded disease among us is infantile paralysis. Those that have spiritual infantile paralysis, like the natural, never develop; always a babe. They must be taken care of, though it impedes our progress. Now our

VICTORY is at hand.

SERMON FROM 2 TIMOTHY 4:7, 8 195

When we were convicted of sin; accepted of the testimony of the Son of God; repented of our sins and were baptized into the name of (or by the authority of) Jesus Christ for the remission of sins; and received the gift of the Holy Ghost, we entered into victory. The fact that all our sins are forgiven, and that we have the Holy Ghost for our Guide is a most *Wonderful Victory*. But there are victories all along the way—victories every day for our arch foe is still pitted against us. James was right when he said, “Resist the devil and he will flee from you; draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you”; so why allow the devil the privilege to grapple with you, when you can have the Great General by you?

But it is at the end of the race, after we have fought many good fights, finished our course and kept the faith. It is only then

ETERNAL LIFE is fully assured.

It is then that we hear the welcome plaudit, “Come, thou, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,” and receive the crown of life. The crown will be given to all them who “overcome.” Then for the first time, with Paul and Peter and John and all the faithful, who have gone on before, can we join with them in the great Redemption Song, “Great and marvelous are

thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

"Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of VICTORY we shall bear."

CHAPTER 32

Revelation

The Book of Revelation is recognized by all Bible students as a book of prophecy, or prophetic book. All prophecy is in the future at the time the prophet reveals it. Events foretold which have now been fulfilled become history. John records in Rev. 4:1, "After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter."

Now, many preachers and writers in trying to explain Revelation place what should be future when John saw it as though it were in the past; some of it even before creation, and to my mind make it seem much more of a mystery than it really is. Some of it may be in the past now, and I believe it is, but it was not so when John saw it. With this explanation, I shall proceed to give my view on chapter 12. John says he saw another wonder, in heaven, "a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet." Most writers say the woman represents the Virgin Mary, but as that would be in the past we will have to make some other application. Now, as the church is always represented in the feminine gender, I shall say that

the woman represents the church, clothed with the Son of Righteousness, or in other words, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The moon under her feet, undoubtedly means the old law, while the crown of twelve stars on her head are probably the same stars as in verse 4. (I will let the reader make his own application as to what the stars may represent.) Verse 2: "And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered." Verse 3: "And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his head." Verse 4: "And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born." Verse 5: "And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron: and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne."

Now, the dragon must represent Satan the Devil. (Compare verse 7, chapter 17: 3, 9, 10; Dan. 8:9.) It could not possibly have been Herod, as some would have it, and the man child not have been our Christ, for his mission was not to rule the nations with a rod of iron. Besides, the birth of Christ was in the past, so this child must have been the Antichrist. You will find the same person described by Paul.

“ Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition. Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped; so that he as God sitteth in the Temple of God shewing himself that he is God ” (2 Thess. 2: 1, 4).

Constantine ascended the throne of the Roman Empire in A. D. 323. During his reign he caused a compromise to be made between Pagan Rome and Christianity. Many pagan rites were introduced in the church and the true church committed spiritual adultery. Still there were a remnant left who remained true and did not compromise. Now, it was no more Pagan Rome but Papal Rome.

It is a fact that the true church gave birth to Roman Catholicism, headed by the man child—the pope (Rev. 12: 5, who it was prophesied would rule all nations with a rod of iron, and he sure did. Now the woman, or church, was not delivered of the man child (or Antichrist) all of a sudden. It took travail pain and trouble before the real pope got into

full power. It came about by one bishop gaining more power than another and finally resulted in one bishop gaining all power and supremacy. Hence the pope, who ruled with the rod of iron, probably about the middle of the fifth century "was caught up to God and 'his throne,'" a metaphorical term meaning self-exalted. And the woman (the true church) fled into the wilderness where she had a place prepared of God that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days. (See Rev. 11:3.)

In prophecy one day stands for a year (Ezek. 4:6), so the church was cared for in the wilderness 1,260 years. Now, it is a fact that the true church was secluded or lost succession as a church for that or about that many years. But, thank the Lord, she kept her identity. It must have been about the end of the 1,260 years that the true church, or, at least, a church which had the exact identity of the New Testament church, built on the same foundation, came forth out of seclusion, organized in a working body at Schwarzenau, Germany, in 1708, calling themselves Brethren. Some of our old Brethren believed that, at least, one of that number was a baptized Waldensian. I believe that had the Brethren written their own early history, it might have been so proven. Verse 7: "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels." Verse

9: "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." And now this, too, was in the future, as John saw it, and I am inclined to believe it still is in the future.

Let us locate where that battle took place. I am striving to get away from war and I want to go to that heaven John describes in Rev. 22. In 2 Cor. 12:3, Paul speaks of the third heaven. Then there must be a first heaven and a second before we get to the third, so let us reason out which one the war is in.

A kingdom must have a king, subjects and territory. Christ was born King. When he called his first disciples and they followed him, his church kingdom was started, though only a little stone. But it was to roll and get larger until it filled the whole earth. Jesus says the kingdom of heaven is like a net cast into the sea, catching all kinds of fishes; the good are preserved; the bad are cast away. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field. When he slept an enemy sowed tares. They were to grow together until the harvest and then be separated. By this Christ must mean the first kingdom or church kingdom, and the second kingdom must be the millennium kingdom, in which we reign with him for a thousand years. The third and perfect kingdom must be

the New Jerusalem, the eternal abode of the saints.

Now, it seems to me that the most reasonable place to locate that war would be the first heaven (the church), and the war is still in progress. Are we not divided? Are we of the same mind and same judgment as Paul says we should be (1 Cor. 1:10)? It seems now, as in the times of Job, when the sons of God came to worship, Satan comes also. I am so glad he is going to be cast out, but when that time comes, if we have fought on the right side I think we will be ushered into the millennial or second kingdom.

As further proof that the war was not in the third heaven, read verse 11. That seems to establish the fact that death will take place in that conflict. In the latter part of that verse it says, "They loved not their lives unto the death."

Now, who is this Devil? Where did he come from? I believe there is a Devil. I believe him to be a personal being; a being in opposition to God and everything that is good. I believe he can transform himself into an angel of light. I believe that through his agents (angels) he can even perform miracles (Ex. 7:11; 8:7, 18; 1 Sam. 28:11-14). I believe he still can and does perform miracles and does them under the cover of religion.

I believe that Joseph Smith and some of his followers actually performed miracles, and by so doing de-

ceived many. Like John Alexander Dowie, Aimée Semple McPherson and hosts of others have done the same thing, but by what power? It couldn't have been the power of God, for they did not and do not comply with the conditions that are laid down in the New Testament, which brings them into the relationship with our Heavenly Father (joint heirs). I believe that many think they are doing right, "because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. 2:10-12). Now, where did such a powerful personage originate and how was it brought about? It has always been thought that he originated in heaven, that God made him an angel and he sinned and God cast him out and he became a Devil. The main scripture to prove this argument is taken from the 12th chapter of Revelation which I am now trying to explain.

Let me again draw attention to the fact that this was still future when it was revealed to John and there was sure a Devil long before that. In fact, when God put forth his first creative act, the Devil was on the job as his opponent. Now, I never thought that God would create or make his own opposition. I am sure I wouldn't, neither do I think anyone else would; and

again, if that particular angel sinned who tempted him? What caused him to go wrong? There must have been an evil influence somewhere.

You may call me a heretic, but I deny the charge. I don't believe that God made his own opposite, nor do I believe that an angel made himself a devil.

Come, let us reason together. I believe I am safe in saying that everything you can think of has its opposite. Night is opposed to day, darkness to light, bad to good, and negative to positive. Now, when God, in the first creative acts (Gen. 1), said it was good, what would the word good qualify, if there had not been some bad some place or somewhere? It must be that the Great God of the universe is a self-existing personal Power. It follows that his opposite must have existed always. He must always have had his opposite or negative. Hence the Devil must be a self-existing power. But, says one, "When the disciples returned after performing miracles, did not Christ say he saw Satan fall from heaven?" Well, let us read just what he said and then we can come to some conclusions as to what he meant to teach. "And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven" (Luke 10: 18). But compare Satan's fall or overthrow to the lightning falling from heaven, not from the kingdom of heaven, but from the firmament above. When did Jesus see this, at that particular time or did he see it in

the future? I am inclined to believe it was the future; and it may have been the same event that John saw. It couldn't have been at the time when Jesus made the statement, because he had been on earth long before that. So there is no argument in that statement to prove that he was a fallen angel. Lucifer is supposed by some to mean the Devil, and may be he is. Isaiah says, "How art thou fallen from heaven; O Lucifer, son of the morning ["O day star" is marginal reading], how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations" (Isa. 14: 12)!

"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High" (Isa. 14: 13, 14).

"Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit" (Isa. 14: 15). Notice Lucifer (or Day Star) says, "I will, I will do so and so," which is future, which proves nothing opposite to my idea of Satan. Some think Ezekiel is referring to Satan in speaking of the king of Tyrus (Ezek. 26: 3; 28: 12). In the 28th chapter and 2nd verse he refers to him as a man. Now Tyre and Tyrus mean the same, and there was such a place and the prophet must have been speaking of some self-exalted king.

I don't think that it is essential to our salvation to know or to believe that he was created or was a fallen angel, or a self-existing power, but I do think, to be consistent, it gives me a better understanding. I do believe the scriptures are a common-sense book, God's revealed will to common man. I believe it was A. Campbell who said that "a revelation that needed to be revealed was no revelation at all."

One time, as I stood up in the pulpit I quoted my text from Job: "And it came to pass when the sons of God came to worship, Satan came also." Just as I was quoting my text a drunken man came staggering in through the door hunting for a seat. It caused quite a sensation; the congregation looked at me and then at the drunken man. I suppose they thought I took my text on purpose to fit the occasion. I did not, but it fit just the same. As one common family, we believe there is a God, but we may differ as to how to approach him. We all agree that there is likewise a Devil. We realize that he is doing his best to defeat the plans of Almighty God. James says, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you; draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh unto thee." So we all must do our best to resist him and keep out of his clutches.

I want to relate a story I read in a book entitled, "Replies to Ingersoll." I can't vouch for the truthfulness of the story. It could have happened, and maybe

it did not. Anyway, it teaches a wonderful lesson. The story, as related, is as follows: In the days of slavery there was an infidel who had a slave that was a Christian. One time the master took the slave with him to hunt. The slave was telling his master about his troubles. The master said, "Sambo, how does it come that you Christians have so much trouble? Now, I am no Christian; I don't believe in Christ and I don't have the troubles you Christians have. Why is it?" "Don't know, sah, can't tell you," said Sambo. But finally the master shot into a flock of ducks, killed one and crippled one. He told the slave to go and get them and the slave picked up the dead duck and stood looking at it while the crippled duck was getting away, and the master hollered at him: "Let that dead duck alone, run after the crippled duck." And when the darky had caught the live duck and had picked up the dead duck and returned to his master he said, "Massa, I can now tell you why us Christians gets in trouble and you don't. You told me to let the dead duck alone and run after the crippled duck. De Debel got you plum dead, he just got us Christians crippled, and is still after us."

Dear reader, are you dead or crippled?

CHAPTER 33

All Kinds of Houses

A house is a place in which to live. There are all manner of houses. Some are brick, some stone, some wood, and some are snow; some are big, some small, some modern and some crude; some have solid foundations, some poor, and some no foundation at all. Also the occupants differ as much as the houses and foundations; some are rich, some poor, some white, some black, some neat, some filthy, some peaceable, some quarrelsome, some saints, and some sinners. Some own their houses and some are tenants. Now, it is the tenant house and the tenant that I wish to talk about.

A family is frequently called a house. Paul, also, in 1 Cor. 3:15, represents the church as a house. He says, "But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth." Of course Paul refers to the one and only church which was built upon a sure foundation; viz., on the foundation of Christ and the Apostles and Prophets—Jesus Christ being the chief Corner Stone (Eph. 2:20). And the Great God of the universe is the Architect. But since then many more houses

have been built (or churches organized), so there may be some doubt as to their foundation, their material, and their architect.

Now, there are as many grades of churches as there are of the temporal houses we have mentioned. And some say that one is as good as another. Think; is there no difference in our temporal houses? Were you buying or renting a house in the city, would you not exercise a choice? If you were buying would you not look at the foundation? examine the material? get the price? and most of all see if the title were clear?

Were you renting only would you not exercise caution as to the price and time you might stay? Oh! if people were only as particular about their house—the church—as they are about titles and lands and homes, it seems to me it would be better here in this life and much more assuring as to the Heavenly Mansion.

Now, we come back to the tenant house. The tenant is to a great extent at the mercy of the landlord. The landlord may want to sell the place, and may show it a hundred times, to the annoyance of the tenant. The tenant lives in suspense lest the landlord may compel him to move. At last the house is sold and he gets his orders to vacate at once. The orders may make him put up with many inconveniences, for he may not have the price to get a better. Your humble servant, under such conditions, has even been compelled to camp

out, because he could not secure the price. Oh! how my heart goes out for the man with wife and children and no money and no place to go! How I pity the old man without wife or children, packing his blankets! God pity! But some with homes and plenty say, "It's their own fault." Maybe it is, and maybe it is not. Maybe if we had been reared amid their environments, with their chances, we might be in the same fix, or even worse. Anyway, I do pity them, and I believe our Heavenly Father does.

Going back to the tenant, we find the landlord may have other reasons than sales for notifying the tenant to vacate. It may be the tenant is not desirable; perhaps he does not take good care of the property; possibly he lets the weeds grow and neglects the fence; the hogs and cows may break into the door yard and destroy the shrubbery and plants; maybe the good wife neglects the interior; and sometimes the children mark the walls, break the window panes, or do sundry other things. Of course, occasionally the landlord is disagreeable or unreasonable and doesn't do the right thing. At any odds, it is annoying.

Let me say right here it pays the tenant to take care of the landlord's property; and it pays the landlord to be reasonable with his tenant. Now, I want to raise this question, and desire that my readers pay strict attention. Read it over twice, for I shall have occasion

to refer to it later. Question: Did you ever know a landlord to notify a tenant to vacate and have a better building prepared for him to move into without any rent to pay?

Sometimes the tenant has to move because of conditions—the house may have been shattered by storm or earthquake and has been condemned. I was in San Bernardino once watching a wrecking crew tear down the old courthouse. I had seen that building a good many times. I had thought it was a wonderful structure. It was made of the very finest granite rock. It looked as if it could stand for ages. It would have been a credit to any county seat. Well, I wondered what was the matter, and I inquired, "What is wrong?" The answer was, "Condemned." Some time before an earthquake had practically wrecked Patton, a village about ten miles away. San Bernardino was in the edge of the disturbed zone. The walls were cracked, the structure injured and the authority had said, "Condemned—vacate." Well, it set me to thinking. Our bodies are only places in which to live, and we are merely tenants. "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5:1).

In writing to the church at Corinth Paul says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that

the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are" (1 Cor. 3: 16, 17).

So it behooves us to take good care of the house in which we live; for all have to move out sooner or later: and it depends on the way we have cared for the house how soon it will be. Anyway, it's high time we are finding out where we are moving to when we go. Yea, doubly so, for our next residence will be for eternity. Again, as Paul says, I say, "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5: 23).

The above scripture, without a doubt, proves that man is a threefold being—soul, body, and spirit. Now, the spirit and soul are not one, as some believe and teach, for the Word of God separates them. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, . . . dividing asunder soul and spirit" (Heb. 4: 12). The beast has a spirit but not a soul. "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast the goeth downward" (Eccles. 3: 21)?

Suppose we substitute the word "life" for spirit. Then it reads, "The life of man that goeth upward or the life of the beast that goeth downward," and in Eccles. 12: 7 use the word "life" instead of spirit.

Does it make sense? Now ghost and spirit mean the same thing. When Christ was crucified he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. John 19:30 in some translations is "gave up the spirit." Now use the word "life," "He bowed his head and gave up his life." Is that not what he did? And again Ananias and Sapphira gave up the ghost (spirit), or it is understood, gave up their lives (Acts 5:5, 6). Wherever the word "spirit" is used, which pertains to man, use the word "life" and it makes good common sense. And when Paul prays that the whole "spirit and body and soul be preserved blameless," he must mean our whole life. Now our life consists of more than brain action and heart-beat. It means our motive and actions—our character. Hence we read of the lives of great men; and their lives consist of the good that they have done for humanity. An old proverb says, "Actions speak louder than words." So if Paul's prayer is answered in us our lives will be blameless. The soul must be a counterpart of our body. It is the *real* man, and the old body is a house in which it lives. We're only tenants—the body only a home.

Our soul-sleeping friends claim the soul and the body are one, and that in the resurrection this old body shall come forth; but Paul says, speaking of the resurrection, "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other

grain: but God giveth a body as it hath pleased him" (1 Cor. 15: 37, 38).

Those prehistoric beans I told about in another chapter, when planted did not bring forth the same bean, but a bean just like it. It was a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is Spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. 15: 42-50).

I believe it was Daniel Webster in his latter days that made the following statement: "I am a tenant living in a rickety house. The foundation is decaying underneath it. The door creaks on its hinges. The window panes rattle, and my landlord positively refuses to make any further repairs." But, thank the Lord, our Landlord has prepared a mansion for us to move into; so when this earthly house is past living in and we have had a long rest we go to occupy the other (Rev. 6:9, 10). Then we shall be done moving—no more notices to vacate. There will be no rent to pay,

no trials, no pain. Oh! it pays to be a good tenant; it pays to keep our house in order, for the time will soon come when "thou shalt die and not live."

The storms of life have had their effect upon my poor old body; my house is nearly shaken to pieces; my term of occupation is almost spent. I have already told you of some of the things I have endured; but on the 2nd day of January, 1927, I was taken by a strange malady. It came while I was in services at our home church. Bro. Israel Young of Hickory Grove, Ill., was preaching. All at once my old house began to quake so violently that my folks had to take me home. They put me to bed and held me there. My jerking was not continuous, but by spells. Sometimes one side was involved, sometimes the other; sometimes my head only, and sometimes my whole body. It generally commences when I am sitting quietly or lying down and my body relaxing. Sometimes my hat will even be shaken from my head. While I am writing these items I scarcely ever shake, but let me stop and begin to relax and I am likely to be shaken like an earthquake. The sensation I experience is very similar to that of coming in contact with a live wire. I have had eight doctors examine me. None of them knows what to do for me. They say there is not another case like it recorded in medical annals. Of course, it is my nerves. I don't

tremble. I am not nervous, but I simply quake like the old earth, by spells.

Last summer we went to the mountains and stayed a month. While there I became better ; but when I returned home I got worse again. Last fall we went to the coast. I improved immediately and was able to do some preaching. We came home to Glendale for Christmas ; I became worse. The only remedy I know is to go again to the mountains or to the coast. I don't suffer ; I am not sick, only afflicted. I eat well and am holding my weight, but I am weak and can do scarcely anything. Oh, but I do get tired quaking ! I can't attend church, for I am likely to take one of my spells at any time ; and it not only disturbs me but it interferes with the services. It seems that my Landlord doesn't intend to make any further repairs ; and I am patiently waiting for his summons to vacate. Then I shall move to a better mansion.

I know the mistakes of my life have been many, but I have put up a hard fight for the truth. My dear readers, this may be my last message. Be sure you comply with the conditions of salvation. Jesus is standing outside knocking and waiting for admittance. Will you let him in ? He says, " Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me " (Rev. 3 : 20). " The Spirit and bride say,

Come, and let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." I feel that I have "earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints" (Jude 3), and like Paul, I say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at . . . his appearing" (2 Tim. 4:7, 8).

I bid my readers Good-bye.



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