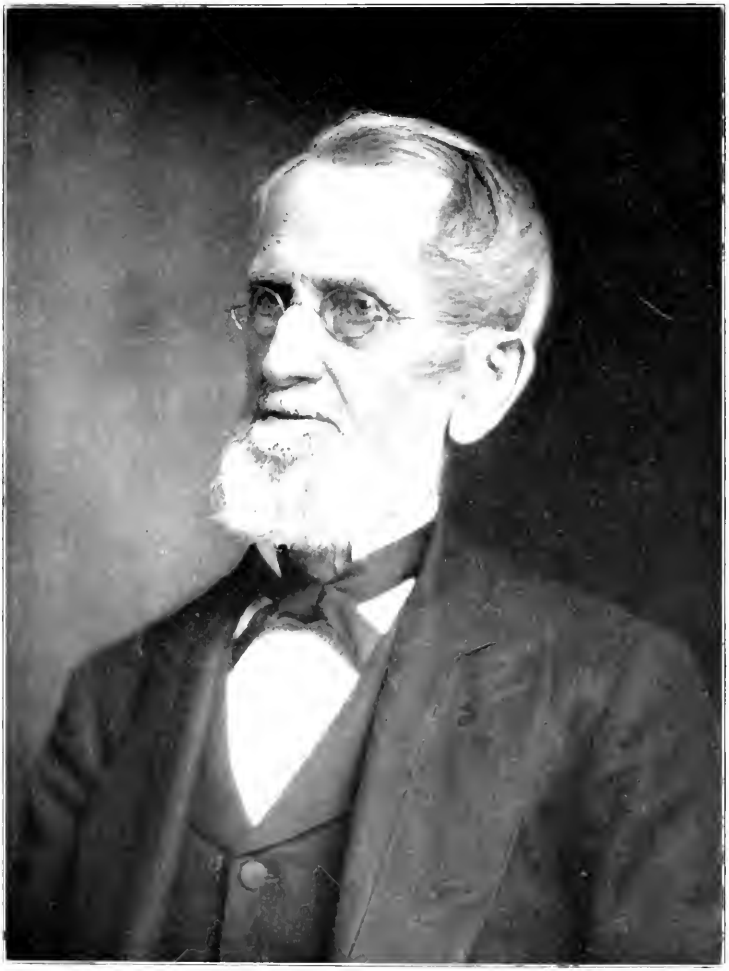
Fifty-Five Years
IN THE
Gospel Ministry

FLICKINGER



D. K. Flickinger

Fifty-Five Years of Active Ministerial Life by

BISHOP D. K. FLICKINGER, D.D.

For Forty Years a Laborer in the Mission Work of West Africa, as Missionary, Missionary Secretary, and Later as Missionary Bishop

With a Preface by
Bishop S. M. Mathews, D.D.

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To the Membership of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ
and to all those who have exalted the Gospel of Jesus Christ
as the highest calling; but especially to those who,
obedient to the Master's call, have gone into
mission fields is this volume respectfully
dedicated by the author

PREFACE

The influence and far-reaching results of over a half century of ministerial life and service are beyond human computation. A ministerial career spanning the last half of the preceding century, so wonderful, as it was, in its events, growth, and achievements, must necessarily command special attention. By reason of his faithful service, fruitful activity, great sacrifices, and generous contributions to the Church, the author of "Fifty-five Years of Ministerial Life" has been qualified to present to the public a volume full of information and interest.

The life of Ex-Bishop Flickinger parallels the entire history of the missionary operations of the United Brethren Church in the foreign field. He was one of the three who planted our first mission on the West Coast of Africa, with which he was associated about fifty years. Dr. Flickinger possibly stands without a peer in many points of consecration to the African mission. Like St. Paul, it burdened his heart as a debt he owed to the Greeks and barbarians; hence he threw all the energies of his being into the missionary enterprise, in the midst of the embarrassing and trying period of its early struggles.

With graphic description, interspersed with enlivening humor and spicy anecdote, the author recounts the early experiences of the Missionary Society, its fortunes during the Civil War, and the difficulty of maintaining and prosecuting missionary work during the succeeding period of financial depression. The reader will be glad to follow one who crossed the ocean twenty-four times, and who figured in the forefront of our home and foreign missionary work for half a century.

The modesty with which the author refers to his own labors and gifts to the colleges and other institutions of the Church, gives merit to this book, which enriches the biographical literature of the denomination.

G. M. Mathews.

Chicago, Illinois.

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INTRODUCTION

FIFTY-FIVE years of active life in the gospel ministry, having served in the capacity of "circuit rider," stationed preacher, home missionary, foreign missionary, presiding elder, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, and missionary bishop, has given me an extensive knowledge of the work in the United Brethren Church. Going to Africa twelve times, first in the year 1855, and last in 1896, and spending several years in missionary work in that country; visiting Germany eight times between the years 1874 and 1889, and spending in all over one year there, acting as presiding elder part of that time, and being bishop of that field for four years, gave me a good knowledge of those mission fields. Spending six months on the Pacific Coast, during the years of 1873 and 1884, in the States of California, Oregon, and Washington, doing mission work; also in Colorado, Kentucky, and Tennessee, preaching at all the places where United Brethren missionaries had appointments; visiting all other mission districts, and mission conferences, to which the United Brethren Board of Missions gave support in this country —these being in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Canada—while corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, from 1857 to 1885, gave me a full knowledge of the condition of things in these places. I also attended over two hundred sessions of annual conferences in the interest of missions and other Church enterprises. I selected the headquarters of the African mission, and many other positions occupied there. I suggested and managed the transfer of the Mendi mission from the American Missionary Association to the United Brethren, making a trip to Africa especially for that purpose. I also organized the first United Brethren societies in Africa, and later missionary districts (conferences), there and in Germany, and had much to do with both from their commencement till the Church divided in 1889, at which time they were in a prosperous condition. Of the 594,000 miles I traveled, at least 570,000 were in behalf of Church work, mostly for missions.

It is indeed remarkable how much may transpire in fifty-five years of active work in the gospel ministry. Dr. Talmage once said that one could live more now in ten years than Methuselah did in nine hundred years. Extravagant as such a statement may seem, it is true in respect to many things, some of which were not known in the days of Methuselah. St. John's declaration seems as extravagant as that, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books."

Many of the incidents and anecdotes narrated in the following pages were witnessed by me, I often being an actor in them. The reader will bear in mind that this is not intended to be a history, or an autobiography, or a missionary journal, or a record of current events, but reminiscences thrown together, one part of which, in some instances, having no relation to any other part. Neither are the anecdotes and incidents intended always to illustrate the matter in connection with which they stand, but for the humor and good points in them they have been inserted.

I wish to record my gratitude to God that he called me into his service sixty-seven years ago, and into the active work of the ministry over fifty-five years ago. How mercifully and lovingly he has cared for me in perils by land and sea! Truly his everlasting arms have been beneath and around me. Once on the ocean the vessel in which I sailed collided with another; on another occasion the steamer lost its rudder one thousand miles from land; once a gale carried the vessel across the Gulf Stream, out of its way, staving in the sides; then, in Africa, on small, frail row-boats, several times it looked as if death was inevitable; the African fever once so prostrated me that I was given up to die, and one time, in America, the doctors said I could not live three months on account of the poisonous effects of African fever in my system. Truly goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!

Perhaps the greatest wonder of all, and the one for which I should praise God the most, is that marvelous grace that has made me an heir of salvation. But for the restraints of religion, my impetuous disposition, high metal, and readiness to retaliate insults would have led me from bad to worse, no doubt, and resulted in my death long ago.

I wish here to say that after very extensive and careful observation, and a long and varied experience in religious matters and Christian work, the religion of Christ does for men

what St. Paul declares he was sent to do; namely, "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith." It does save the chief of sinners from all moral guilt, pollution, enmity to God and man, and fits those who heartily embrace it for happy, useful living, victorious dying, and a home with God and the glorified in heaven.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE IN THE GOSPEL MINISTRY

CHAPTER I.

1850–51—First Circuit—Hide Good for Forty Years—Local Preachers —Surprised the Quarterly Conference.

I BECAME a member of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ in November, 1839, and received quarterly conference license to preach the gospel in April, 1849. I united with the Miami Annual Conference in October, 1850, and became an unreserved itinerant, which relation I have sustained ever since. In 1895, I withdrew from Miami Conference of the United Brethren Church and united with the Scioto Annual Conference of the Radical United Brethren Church, from which I transferred in 1904, returning to the Church in 1905, and reuniting with the Miami Conference in 1906.

I received my first appointment in October, 1850, when Miami Conference sent me and Rev. R. Norris to the Mt. Pleasant Circuit, a circuit of nine appointments, near the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Norris was the senior, and I the junior preacher. This action of the conference did not meet the approval of a certain minister of our Church living on that circuit, for the reason that Mr. Norris was too well known, and I not well enough. That minister had served as presiding elder a year or two, and always wanted either that office or his home circuit. He had a controlling interest in a small store in the town in which he lived, which made him prefer that field of labor, when he was not chosen to the office of presiding elder. Among other things, he said that it re-

quired good preaching to satisfy the people there, and that if a man could please them for one year, his hide would last him forty years. This word, which was meant to keep us from accepting the field, reached us before we went to the circuit.

Mr. Norris and I talked over the situation, and decided that, to the best of our ability, we would do the work that the conference had assigned us. Mr. Norris being preacher in charge, and responsible for the management of the circuit, made the first round, and announced my coming two weeks later. We met with little opposition. Early in the year we commenced holding protracted meetings, during which time we visited a good deal. By the help of the local preachers we kept up the regular appointments, and held revival services nearly all the winter, receiving nearly one hundred members into the Church during the year, and left the circuit in good condition.

Among the local preachers living on that circuit was one who was original and witty, and had the courage of his convictions. He had traveled a circuit in his younger years, and continued to do a good deal of preaching, especially on funeral occasions. He hated shams, and loved plain evangelical preaching. Once he was listening for about an hour to a man who never could preach much, and on that occasion was doing worse than usual. His text was, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy: break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

Sitting in the pulpit with him, the local preacher spoke right out and said, "Brother J———, you better unhitch, and take your plow to the smith-shop, and get it sharpened." On another occasion a man who had little qualification for the ministry was trying to preach. For nearly an hour he had blundered on, when he remarked that he had then reached a place where a large field opened before him. Just then that old preacher, who sat near to the pulpit, spoke out: "O Lord, put up the bars, so Brother L——— can't get into that field,

for we are tired and want to go home to dinner." This old minister and the two whom he rebuked being farmers, and the congregations composed mostly of farmers, the statements made about getting the plow sharpened and putting up the bars were well understood, and in both cases brought the harangues to a speedy close.

That old minister had a near neighbor who was an infidel, and who sought at times to ridicule him about his religion. One day the neighbor called him over to his corn-field to see what was wrong with the corn, which did not grow as fast as the preacher's in an adjoining field. He went, and the infidel said to him, "I know you believe in prayer; now you pray that my corn may grow as fast as yours." "Yes," said the minister, "I do believe in praying, but that will do no good in this case. What you need to do is to keep the weeds out of your field and enrich the ground, as I did mine." Then, stepping in front of him and looking him square in the face, he said, "God never answered a prayer to do for men what they could do for themselves. I can't pray for your corn-field; but I will pray God to take away your laziness, and make you an industrious, good man." That infidel never attempted to mock that minister again, and soon moved away to another neighborhood.

You may wonder how I succeeded in preaching. As I had attempted to preach but four or five times before being sent to my first charge, and not using others' sermon sketches and skeletons, I was compelled to study hard and pray much to be able to do the work required of me. I would write sermon outlines and memorize them on the way to my appointments. I learned that God helped me most to preach when I helped myself most, and that the Holy Spirit did assist me, but that he never did for me what God's Word required of me, in the injunction, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The third quarterly meeting for the year was held in April, 1851. Just as the quarterly conference was about to close its business on Saturday evening, a motion was made asking Mr. Norris to resign, on the grounds that the circuit was unable to pay the salaries of two men. The Disciplinary allowance then was eighty dollars a year for a single man, and one hundred and sixty dollars for a married man. As we were both married, three hundred and twenty dollars were to be given us. Mr. Norris was a poor man; I owned a good farm of one hundred and sixty acres of land. There was considerable salary due us, and the idea of sending away unpaid the man who could not live without his salary, and keeping me who could live without the stipend, aroused my indignation. The circuit was rich, and could easily have paid all that was required, and I felt it to be an outrage to treat Mr. Norris in that way. Just as the quarterly conference was about to vote on the motion I interrupted the proceedings, and told them that if they adopted that motion I would be on my horse, then hitched near the church, in ten minutes, and go home that night, eleven miles distant, and never return to that circuit to preach again, declaring that I would rather preach for nothing to people too poor to pay, than to preach to rich, stingy people for one hundred and sixty dollars a year. There was something in my manner that made that conference feel they ought not pass that motion, and it was withdrawn. The religious services that night and the following day were good, and we both stayed the remainder of the year, and all went on smoothly. The sum total received was two hundred and eighty-one dollars for the year's work, Mr. Norris getting one hundred and sixty dollars, and I one hundred and twenty-one dollars, the division being in accordance with my wishes.

The presiding elder of that year had a few favorite sermons. He held two quarterly meetings on circuits but four miles apart, attended by the pastors and many of the people of both circuits, and he preached the same sermon at both places. One of the pastors deplored the occurrence, and told

the elder that he had thereby lessened his influence for good, especially with irreligious people. The presiding elder justified his course by saying that he could see no objections to using the plow that had done good work in one field to cultivate another, especially when the soil was about the same kind. Notwithstanding his reasoning, his course injured our cause.

Just before closing my work on that circuit, I bought a home in Oxford, Ohio, with a view of moving there and completing a course of study at Miami University. I left the session of the next annual conference before its adjournment, on account of the sickness of my wife, who died the following Monday night. This unexpected bereavement, leaving me with two children, the one near three years old, and the other less than a week old, changed all my plans.

CHAPTER II.

1851–52—Education—Changing the Hour for Service—Whisky in the Harvest Field—Baptizing a Big Man—Camp-meeting.

WHEN about fifteen years of age I requested my father to let me go to college five years, in lieu of receiving a deed to a farm worth about $5,000, which I was told should become mine at twenty-one. This was denied me, and my education was all obtained in a small country school, except what I got after the age of twenty-one, when I attended a seminary one year, preparatory to my entering upon a full college course. Failing health prevented the realization of this purpose. When I felt it my duty to preach, I more than ever desired a good education, and notified the conference that I intended to go to college. Contrary to my wishes, it sent me to Lewisburg Circuit. That field had six regular appointments, to be filled once every two weeks, and not being in good condition to attend college, on account of the death of my wife, I went to the circuit with the view of serving it for a time, but not the whole year. At the second quarterly meeting I offered my resignation, my health not being good, owing to hard work done in revival meetings. This resignation was accepted on condition that I would continue to work until one could be found to take my place, which never was done. At the end of the third quarter I was induced to continue to preach till the end of that year.

At one of the oldest preaching places on that circuit the meetings had always been held at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. There was an appointment six miles from that place at two-thirty in the afternoon, and the roads being bad in the winter, I asked to have the meetings at the former place

held at ten o'clock. Serious objections were made, but the privilege was given me to try, with the assurance that the attempt would fail, as all former attempts had done. I then told them that my next meeting would be at eleven o'clock, as usual, but after that at ten, and that they should arrange accordingly. The people smiled at my folly for trying to change. In two weeks I emphasized that after that time the meetings would be at ten o'clock promptly. So it was, but the first Sunday my audience consisted of the sexton of that church and one woman. The usual congregation was coming as the meeting closed. They were told again that the hour would be ten in the future, and at the next service about one-half of the people were there, but after that the usual congregation got there at ten o'clock.

I had another embarrassing experience at that same church. Some of the members, among them the class-leader, would drink whisky in harvest time, and give it to their harvest hands. When they were told that it was a violation of our Discipline, and asked to desist, they laughed and almost defied me, knowing that the class would not act or assist me in enforcing the Discipline. They were rich and paid well, it was said, and they had better be left alone. I visited them the last time on Sabbath morning on my way to church to preach my last sermon for that year. I plead with them to promise not to take whisky to their harvest-fields, or to use it at any time as a beverage. They refused to consent to my request, but told me that as I was making so much ado about the matter, I should take their names off the class-book. I told them that they had better stay in the Church and obey its rules, but if they insisted on my erasing their names it might be done. None of them would accompany me to church, but I found a local preacher there from an adjoining circuit, who was on the side of the law-breakers. I had him sit in the pulpit and make the opening prayer. He then told me that he wished to advise with me after the services respecting the trouble there. As I had advised with about half a

dozen other local preachers on that circuit, and most of them in that class, and as that was my last Sunday there, I felt the time for action had come. After the sermon I made a short prayer, and proceeded to say that as the persons who had been violating our Discipline, in the use of strong drink, refused to promise reformation, but had authorized me to take their names off the class-book, I therefore, at their request, declared that they were no longer members of the United Brethren Church. By that time the local preacher in the pulpit was pulling my coat-tail, saying that they could not be put out of the Church without the action of that class, to which I replied that they had a right to withdraw from the Church, and upon their authorization, I had the right to say that they had withdrawn, and hence were no longer members of the Church. They had boastingly said that their preacher could not get them out of the Church, neither could I have done so had they not so ordered. So dissatisfied were they and their friends that the matter was taken to the annual conference, and the Bishop was asked to reverse the verdict of the preacher. His reply was that the young preacher may have been a little hasty in doing what he did, but he was evidently on the right track, and hence the matter had better be left as it was. That rich class-leader soon afterward moved into one of the Western States, quit keeping whisky in harvest time, came back into the Church, and gave several hundred dollars to build a house of worship where he then belonged.

There was another grand triumph over whisky that year at another place on the circuit during a revival meeting held there. A young man having a wife and three children was drunk much of the time, causing his family to suffer a good deal. He came to a morning meeting and asked the prayers of those present, and then kneeled at the altar. We all knew that he had been drunk the night before, which caused a little hesitancy on our part. He imploringly said, "Do help me, for I am a miserable sinner." We gathered around the man and prayed, and instructed him as best we could. He came to the

night meeting, and kept on coming until he professed to be saved, and then united with the Church, and as long as I knew him, which was for some years after that, he was a consistent Christian.

At the same meeting twelve unusually large men united with the Church one Sabbath morning. I exhorted them to "put on the whole armor of God, that they might stand against the wiles of the devil." A wag remarked at the close of the meeting, that twelve large men like those ought to be able to whip the devil without any armor.

At the close of the first revival that year a number were baptized by immersion, and among them several large men, and a woman who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, which was twice as much as I weighed. Some fears were expressed that I could not handle them; but I did, by having all kneel in the water before I dipped them into it. The year closed with seventy additions to the Church, my salary all paid, and all the money to the various Church enterprises provided in full, and some overpaid.

On my way to conference I attended a camp-meeting of remarkable power, east of Cincinnati, Ohio. The meeting commenced on Tuesday night, and was to continue until the following Tuesday morning. I arrived there on Thursday in a shower of rain; the next day, in the forenoon, I preached between showers, and on Sunday afternoon I preached, having to stop twice on account of showers of rain. On Monday toward noon it cleared up, and that afternoon dry straw was provided for the altar and space immediately in front of the preacher's stand. After a sermon that night an invitation was given to the unsaved to come to the altar and seek salvation. In a few minutes about fifty were there, and forty of them professed to be saved; the next night sixty persons knelt at the altar, nearly all professing conversion. That night while we were at the altar laboring with the seekers of religion, some one began to shout. A local preacher present called out at the top of his voice that it was not the time to

shout, saying that we should mourn with those who mourn, and then rejoice with them after they had found the Savior in the forgiveness of their sins. That stopped all shouting for a time, but it was resumed a little later, when about fifty persons were at it with all their might.

CHAPTER III.

1852–53—Traveling—Colporteur Experiences in Cincinnati—"Everything has to be Leavened."

My health continuing poor, I deemed it best not to accept a circuit, and being averse to asking for a location, I took a transfer to unite with any annual conference I might choose. Bishop Glossbrenner, who presided at that conference, went from there to the Indiana, Wabash, Iowa, and Illinois conferences, and I accompanied him to them all, being gone nearly two months before returning to Ohio.

I greatly enjoyed that trip. The travel and rest much improved my health. The poverty, privations, and hard work of itinerants in the West, with their zeal for the salvation of men, greatly excited my admiration and sympathy. I gave them all the spare money I had with me and my watch, amounting to about fifty dollars. Itinerating in the West then implied many hardships. The circuits were large, exposure to inclement weather great, and the pay small.

I remained in Ohio about a month after I returned from the West, and then went to Virginia, spending nearly two months at the home of Bishop Glossbrenner and in that vicinity. I did a considerable amount of preaching during all of these months of travel in the East and West. On the 9th of January, 1853, I was married to Miss Catherine Glossbrenner, the oldest child of Bishop Glossbrenner.

The first United Brethren Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, had operated a mission Sunday school for some time, and the American Tract Society wished a colporteur for the part of Cincinnati in which that school was held, the building used being a rickety old house, once occupied as a residence. I was appointed as a colporteur and city missionary, and preached

on Sabbath to congregations varying from three to fifty persons. As colporteur I visited as many as forty and fifty families a day when the weather was good, having tracts to give away and books to sell. I talked with the people respecting their religious condition, praying with them when permitted and it seemed advisable. This work continued until Miami Conference met in the fall of 1853, when I returned to it for work. The mission in Cincinnati was discontinued, but my work as colporteur and missionary opened my eyes to the sad condition of some people and their need of being saved. I learned that truly the tares and wheat grew together in this world, that saints and scoffers at religion lived next door neighbors.

In one instance the mistress of the house, in the presence of her children, some of whom were nearly grown, said that she had no use for any such books as were published by the American Tract Society, or of the Bible itself. She had gotten quite beyond such old productions, and received revelations from God direct when she desired them. When asked if it would be agreeable to pray there, she replied that if it would do me any good it would be all right, but they did not need it. I prayed, nevertheless, and while upon my knees she and her children sat and made fun of me. On another occasion the man of the house, after saying ugly things against Christians and their books, remarked, "You are welcome to pray, but I will not quit smoking while you do so." He made the room dark with smoke. In a few instances I was not allowed to show my books, or to leave tracts to be read, and in one place I was ordered out of the house by a Catholic family, who said their priest had told them to do so, if any one tried to sell them books.

Once, during very hot weather, I was entertained by a farmer who told me, when taking me to my bedroom, that the reason he always had the windows and doors closed where he slept was that he feared some evil would befall him in the night while passing through China. His idea was that in the

rotation of the earth we passed through China about midnight. My experience with some people as colporteur caused me to feel that all the windows and doors ought to be closed against their blasphemous and outrageous conduct, so others might not be contaminated by them. No wonder St. Paul says, "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

Having been brought up in the country, by honest Pennsylvania parents, and never having mingled with people who neither feared God nor respected their fellow-men, these experiences were new, impressive, and in a sense important to me. Having entered the ministry without any special training or preparation for that work, and having nearly everything to learn during the first three years, I was poorly prepared to perform some of the obligations resting upon me as a minister.

I have often been reminded of the truth of what an old fisherman told me when I was a mere lad. We had the same kind of poles, lines, hooks, and bait, and we sat within ten feet of each other on the bank of the river, but that man caught from three to four times as many fish as I did. When I asked why it was, the old man answered, "Everything has to be learned, young man." Truly so it has been in my life. My experience when about sixteen years of age convinced me that so simple a thing as riding an ox had to be learned. An older brother and I had gone about twenty-five miles from home and bought a drove of hogs. We hired a young man to assist us, whose father also went with us to take a yoke of oxen to market. The road for about half a mile led through woods, and we were kept very busy preventing our drove from getting away. A full hour was spent in getting them to the long lane through which we passed afterward. As soon as all were in the lane I gave the young man, who was afoot and tired, my horse to ride, and I walked. The mud was deep and I soon got tired, when the owner of the oxen told me to get on

the back of the near ox, as he had often been ridden. I soon was astride the animal, and all went well enough except the oxen did not keep up with the hogs. Having a spur on my right foot, I pricked the beast a little, causing him to step forward more briskly for a time, but he soon dropped back to the old gait. I spurred him again, a little harder than the first time, when that ox gave a furious bawl, and kicked so high that I turned a complete somersault over his head into the mud, which was so soft that it received a good imprint of my whole body. The eyes of the ox flashed fire, and his great horns were close to my head, but he did not attempt to injure me. The three men on horseback were some distance ahead, but the bawl of that ox caused them all to look back in time to see me fall heels over head in front of the offended beast. They all yelled in laughter, and kept at it so long that it gave me a good opportunity to scrape the mud off of my clothes, face, and hands. Getting off that animal was one of the quickest and most remarkable feats of my life. The old fisherman's remark, "Everything has to be learned, young man," was verified in that experience, and in many other things in my life.

CHAPTER IV.

1853–54—Junior Preacher—Revivals—Holiness People.

HAVING been a member of conference three years, and having passed my course of reading, I was ordained. The ordination services were unusually impressive, and I sought anew to consecrate my life and powers to God. I realized that I must be the Lord's fully to be a successful minister, and I felt that not to be successful in such a sacred work was itself a reproach and sin. I felt that a call from God to preach the gospel was a call to study hard, pray much, and labor earnestly to promote the salvation of the wicked, and the edification of Christians. St. Paul's language deeply impressed me: "But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, and watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

The field of labor to which I was sent by the conference consisted of Dayton, Miami Chapel, one mile distant, and Beavertown, four miles from the city. Rev. William Rhinehart was senior preacher of the charge, he preaching one Sunday morning and night in the city, and the next at the

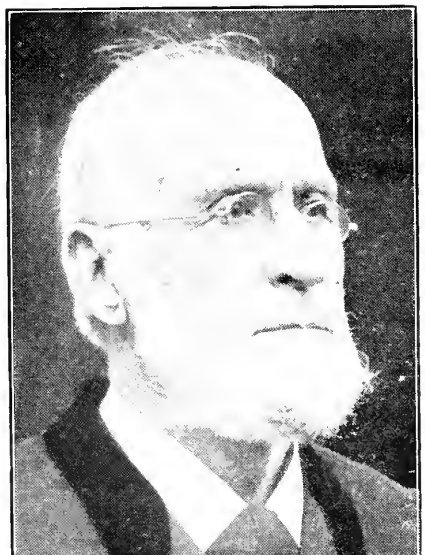
other appointments, and I in the same order. Having to preach twice on one Sunday to the same congregation, the people from the country appointments often coming to the city, especially during protracted meetings, required care and study for a young preacher.

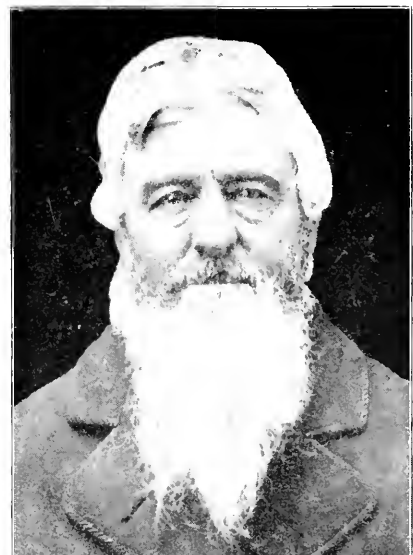
The *Religious Telescope* office was moved from Circleville, Ohio, to Dayton, during the autumn of this year, bringing with it Rev. J. Lawrence, the editor, and Solomon Vonnieda, Publishing Agent; also Bishop Edwards and Rev. Henry Staub, editor of our own German paper.

Mr. Rhinehart having been in the ministry for many years, and being an eloquent speaker and an excellent singer, and I being neither, put me at a great disadvantage, which I keenly felt, but nevertheless I pegged away, doing my best to be acceptable to the people. The ministers who came to Dayton with the *Telescope* office, and whose presence at the preaching services embarrassed me at first, soon became my best helpers. They knew how to sympathize with, and pray for a young, timid preacher.

During the year there was considerable success and growth in the membership of the Church, both at the country appointments and in the city of Dayton. In the city, large audiences attended the protracted meetings, so much so that at times many could not get into the church, which was sixty by forty feet, with a gallery in the rear. Our Church was new then, more noisy than any other in the city, and that brought crowds of people. Quite a number were saved, some joining our Church, and some other churches. There were some who, instead of calling us United Brethren in Christ, called us "United States artillerymen."

Among the members was one woman who could not keep in line with good English in her public prayers. She told the Lord that he must not let the world, or the flesh, or the devil get into her and others, so as to force him out. Once she said, "Lord, mash us down, or break our bones, if thou canst not keep us from sinning any other way." An Irishman who





REV. W. J. SHUEY DR. D. C. KUMLER

With Rev. D. K. Flickinger, the First United Brethren Missionaries to Africa

REV. J. C. BRIGHT
First Missionary Secretary

REV. JOHN KEMP
First Missionary Treasurer

had been converted in the meeting, in a speaking-meeting stepped out into the aisle of the church, and said, "I am the happiest man that ever stood in shoe leather." He had been an unbeliever and a wicked man, but was soundly converted, and with lips and life he magnified the saving grace of Christ.

Some of our members there were great advocates of entire holiness, and greatly deplored the indifference and worldliness of others. A few holiness workers from abroad came to assist in holding a holiness prayer-meeting for a week. The meeting was well attended, especially on the night of the regular prayer-meeting, when they made an effort to have all go forward to the altar and seek the blessing of holiness. Three of us ministers did not go, but knelt where we were, and helped to sing and pray.

During that meeting the word "perfect" was often used. "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," was frequently quoted. I asked whether to love the Lord with all the heart, mind, soul, and strength was not perfect love, as nearly as it was possible to possess it, and whether to implicitly believe his Word was not perfect faith, and whether perfect obedience to the requirements of God's law was not as high as we could go in that matter. The answer was that all the perfection they claimed was to love God supremely, believe his Word implicitly, and obey it to the best of one's ability. I said then, and say yet, that to love the Lord with all the soul, mind, and strength is perfect love, and to fully believe his Word is perfect faith, and to implicitly obey its teachings is perfect obedience, and that all these we must possess to be Christians at all. How much better to strive to be Bible Christians, not extraordinary Christians, just fully Christians. It is a misfortune for any professor of religion to be like the Indian's tree, "so straight that it leaned a little." A certain minister once took the wind out of the sail of an enthusiastic sanctificationist by telling him that he had watched them for years, and found them no better than other professors of religion, that at best they "were sanctified only in spots."

CHAPTER V.

1854–55—Pastor in Dayton—Quarreling Members—Answers "Yes" to the Missionary Call—Goes to Africa—Explores the Country.

THE annual conference of 1854 made two fields of labor of the Dayton charge, constituting the city one and the two country appointments another. Mr. Rhinehart was put in charge of the country appointments, and I was given Dayton. Two things made the end of the fourth year and the beginning of the fifth year very sad; namely, the death of my wife in August, and the disgraceful quarrel which occurred at the reorganization of the Dayton class, in October, between two church officials. So bitter became the quarrel that one day, in a grocery kept by one of them, very ugly words were spoken, and one of them grabbed a ham close to him, and the other a cheese-box with a cheese in it; they were about to throw at each other, but were prevented by a third party getting between them. The church cited them to appear before a committee for trial, and they were adjudged guilty of unchristian conduct, and required to confess the same to the class and promise to cease from such conduct. The one complied with the order of the committee, but the other one refused. He was the richest man in the class, and possessed some very good qualities. There were some good women belonging to that society who insisted that there must be an end to the ugly quarrel, but they urged the pastor not to be hasty in executing the order of the committee, which was that unless the confession be made within two weeks, the pastor was to publicly state that the offending person was no longer a member of the Church. The boy's composition on woman had the following: "Woman was made after man and she has been after him ever

since." The best women of the class were after that man, earnestly desiring his reformation, and I also urged him to the last hour of the time given to make confession. During my last interview with him, which was just before I went into the pulpit on Sunday morning, he said, "Put me out of the Church," perhaps thinking that I dared not do so. At the close of the service I made a brief explanation of the case, and said that I was under the sad necessity of saying that this brother was no longer a member of our Church. He and family, and their friends, were present, and there was intense feeling in the congregation, and some hard things were said about me, but I felt much relieved, because that which had troubled that church for nearly a year was coming to an end. As Pat said, "There is an end to all things, but my wooden poker, which was burned off and now it has no end." The congregations were not diminished, nor any interest of the church injured by what was done, and all went well for the remainder of the year.

It was in December of this year, 1854, that the unexpected call came to me to go to Africa as a missionary, to accompany Rev. W. J. Shuey and Dr. D. C. Kumler, who had been under appointment for some time, and were only waiting until a third man could be found to go with them. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I was asked to be that third man, and at two o'clock the same day I answered, "Yes." I had offered my services a couple of months before, but they were not accepted on account of my health. At six o'clock that same night I took the train for New York to make arrangements for sailing, and returned to Dayton four days afterward, having been on the cars three nights out of the four gone. I resigned my charge the day after returning from New York, which was Christmas, and commenced making preparations for my departure to Africa, the three of us leaving the following week. I made a will just before starting for Africa, bequeathing five thousand dollars to Otterbein University, which it certainly would have received had I died in

Africa, as many supposed would be the case. The college did not get that money, but did get about four thousand dollars, in payments of from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars afterward, and it graduated my four sons, for whose education at Otterbein University I expended over seven thousand dollars.

We were detained in New York City about two weeks longer than was expected, as the vessel delayed sailing until the 23d of January, 1855. After a rough voyage of thirty-four days we reached Freetown, on the night of February 26. Besides the three United Brethren missionaries on that brig, there were six missionaries going to Mendi mission, sent there by the American Missionary Association, of the Congregational Church. The whole company suffered much from seasickness for nearly two weeks, but after that all seemed to enjoy the voyage. Daily prayers were held in the cabin, with preaching each Sunday by one of the missionaries.

Among the things which attracted our attention when we went ashore in Freetown, was a row of barrels lying at the wharf, having printed on their heads in large letters, "Smith & Co., rectifiers of ardent spirits, Cincinnati, Ohio." Three of us had gone from near Cincinnati, Ohio, as missionaries, but Smith & Co. were there ahead of us with rum. We soon learned that the black people loved strong drink at sight, and that when full of whisky they had no more sense than white people under similar circumstances.

We remained in Freetown only two or three days, including a Sunday, when all three of us preached in Wesleyan chapels. Our company then went to Bonthe on the same vessel which had carried us from New York. Mendi mission had a mission residence there, known as Good Hope Station, at which we made our home when in Bonthe. It was there where one of the two brethren who accompanied me said one day, "Africa is a dark place. God's time has not yet come to evangelize this country, and it's no use for us all staying here." Two of them did afterwards come away, and I felt

like doing the same thing, but feared that if we all left then it would so discourage our people in America that they would never attempt foreign missionary work again. They remained from February 26 till June 30, one of them ascending the Boom River nearly one hundred miles, and two of us going up the Jong and Baily rivers to Mo-kelleh, a large town, where we thought of opening a mission station. After the two had returned to America I explored the country more fully, twice going up the Boom River one hundred miles, and on other rivers as far as they were navigable. The rainy season and my sickness during July prevented any more exploration during the months of July, August, and September.

CHAPTER VI.

1855–56—In Africa—Given Up to Die—Returns to America—Soliciting From "Nigger"-Haters.

At the beginning of the sixth year I was in Africa, as hopeful and cheerful as a man alone and surrounded with discouraging circumstances could be. Of that company of nine who went to Africa as missionaries with me, one died in six weeks, another in three months, a third one in six months, and two had returned to the United States about three months after getting there, leaving four of the number in Africa. These had all suffered a good deal with African fever, especially myself. I had explored the country a good deal, and concluded to open a mission close to the town of Baily, on the Baily River, or at Mo-Bovia on the Big Boom River, or at Shenge on the coast. The latter was my preference, but the head man there would not give his consent to have a mission at that place.

The diversity of opinions expressed by the brethren of the Mendi mission, with whom I made my home, and the serious obstacles in the way of commencing anywhere alone, in view of my poor health, were perplexing.

On the 30th of October I was married to Miss Susan Woolsey, one of the missionaries of the Mendi mission, a member of the party with whom I had gone to Africa. Just before that I had visited Shenge, and had gone on to Freetown to engage mechanics to build a house at some point at which I would decide to commence the United Brethren mission. On the 21st of November I made a second trip of one hundred miles up the Big Boom River, where I arranged to open a station at Mo-Bovia on that stream. The chiefs failing to meet me as they

had promised, I left after waiting on them for several days, and redoubled my efforts to get Chief Caulker to agree to give a tract of land at Shenge for a mission site. In this I had the help of D. W. Burton, who convinced the chief that a mission station at Shenge would make it safe for him to return to that place, he being then in exile, his enemies seeking his life.

During this second trip up the Boom River I came near drowning once, and I was so bitten by mosquitoes as to suffer great agony. Drinking about a quart of strong coffee brought me relief, but evidently those bites had much to do with causing me to have the most severe attack of African fever I ever experienced. I reached Mo-Tappan, a mission station of the Mendi mission, on Saturday, and found no one there at the time but a native and his wife. On Sunday I preached to the people, when quite a crowd remained to see me eat. Among the number was the head man of the town, who told the others, "White man can eat but little, *little, little*, can have only one wife, and die soon; but black man can eat plenty, fill himself good, and can have plenty wife, and live long time."

Thus the months of November and December were spent trying hard to obtain a mission site, and to commence building a mission house, but the last days of December found me a very sick man in Bonthe. On New Year's eve I was given up to die, and I thought myself that I would die. During that night a French schooner came to Bonthe, upon which I was carried, and it left the next morning. When I came to realize my whereabouts I was on my way to Freetown. But for my having been put on the schooner and taken out upon the salt water, it is quite certain that I would have died. The schooner, in charge of colored men, was four days in getting to Freetown, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Beating against head winds, and rolling and pitching as it did, caused my wife and me, who were the only passengers, to be very glad when the anchor was dropped in Freetown har-

bor. Both of us were sick, tired, and hungry. We remained in Freetown a couple of months, trying to recuperate our health. In the month of March, my physician told me he could not do anything more for me, and my only hope of recovery was in getting out of that country soon, which I and my wife did by taking passage on a sail vessel for New York the last day of March, 1856. While in Freetown I received from Rev. J. C. Bright, secretary of the Board of Missions, a letter authorizing me to purchase a house and lot for a home and recruiting place for our missionaries. This I did for the sum of $2,400. That was a good investment, but the property had to be sold some years afterward to get money to keep the mission going.

We reached New York May 11, and proceeded to Willoughby, Ohio, the home of my wife's parents, where I was sick several days. I then went to Dayton, Ohio, and after a few weeks' rest I attended the meeting of the Board of Missions, held in Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, early in the month of June. By this time my health was much improved. Getting away from the deadly malaria which had so prostrated me, and having a long voyage on a sail vessel, breathing the sea air, had done much to bring me back to health again. At the meeting in Mt. Pleasant I did a good deal of talking, explanatory of the condition and needs of the heathen, during the business sessions, and then one night was given me to lecture on Africa, and to show the idols and various curios which I had brought from that country. In explaining these things, I became so exhausted that I had to be helped to my boarding-place. By the first of July I was able to lecture on Africa every Sunday, and solicit money for missions during the week, which I did until conference met in September.

Some of my experiences while thus employed, especially talking in behalf of African missions, were interesting. Going to lecture on Africa to a church which had about half a dozen men in it who were able to give one hundred dollars each, I felt that large sums must be secured. The plan of operating

was to get as many life members and life directors of the Missionary Society as possible, the former to pay ten dollars, and the latter fifty dollars each, the one to be paid in two yearly, and the other in five yearly installments, notes to be given for the total sums. One man who came to hear me lecture on Sunday morning, and from whom I expected fifty dollars, did not listen to me over fifteen minutes until he left the church, angry, saying as he passed out that he had not come there to hear a man talk about "niggers" in Africa, but to hear the gospel preached. Others there who were expected to give liberally were little more friendly to "niggers," but remained till the meeting closed.

On Monday the man who was the most likely to make himself and wife life directors was visited by me early in the morning, and all forenoon was spent trying to get his note for one hundred dollars. At noon he agreed to make it fifty dollars, and it was night before the note was secured for one hundred. The next forenoon I got another one hundred-dollar note and one for fifty dollars before reaching the residence of the man who left the church on Sunday in anger because I was talking about "niggers." I arrived there just at noon, and met with a cool reception, they being at the dinner-table when I entered the house, but I was finally asked to stay for dinner and have my horse fed, which invitation I accepted. After dinner I went with the father and boys to the corn-field, and helped them hoe corn while talking African missions. All the afternoon was put in, and after supper, at family worship, I held a little class-meeting with the whole family, and at eleven o'clock that night wrote that man's note for twenty-five dollars, which he paid in a year. He continued to pay to the mission as long as he lived. I stayed in that neighborhood until five hundred dollars were secured, which sum was reached on Thursday. I continued in this work until the end of my sixth year, when I attended the Miami Annual Conference with a view of being appointed to a field of labor. This was refused me on the ground that my

services were needed by the Board of Missions for the African mission. Piqua mission church was left to be supplied, and to it the presiding elder appointed me just after the conference adjourned, and I moved my family there soon after.

CHAPTER VII.

1856–57—Pastor of a Mission Church—Sent to Africa—Seasickness—"The Go in It"—Secures Mission Site—Elected Missionary Secretary.

THIS was an eventful year. Having been appointed to a poor mission, to which I resolved to give my best energies, I felt highly gratified at my prospects of being able to read good books, and to give myself fully to the work of the ministry. At the end of six weeks I was summoned to Dayton, thirty miles from my charge, to meet the Executive Committee of the Board of Missions. They informed me that they had started Rev. J. K. Billheimer and W. B. Witt, M.D., to Africa, that they were then in New York, expecting to sail in a few days, but they would recall them at once and give up the African mission, unless I would agree to accompany them to get a title to the site which had been selected for our mission headquarters, and initiate them into the work. This was Friday afternoon, and I could not reach home until that night at nine o'clock. Next day my trunk was packed, on Sunday I preached twice, taught a class in the Sunday school, received four members into Church, and on Monday morning at four o'clock took the train for New York City. During the six weeks spent on that city mission the congregations had doubled, and the people were much encouraged because they had a minister to live on the charge and be present at week-night prayer-meetings, and help them in the Sunday school.

Upon reaching New York, I found that the vessel upon which we were to sail had left, which permitted me to come back to Ohio and spend several weeks with my family. We

sailed December 3, and reached Freetown, Sierra Leone, about the middle of January, 1857.

The first week at sea was rough, and as I was the superintendent of the African mission, and had crossed the ocean before, I was elected to superintend the two brethren who were going to Africa as missionaries. There having been quite a strong wind the day before sailing, I got on my sea clothes as soon as aboard the vessel, and I advised the brethren to do the same before passing Sandy Hook, telling them that I would be seasick, and it was likely they would be as soon as we should be fully out to sea. One of them was so interested in looking at the forts and other objects of interest that he failed to get off his good clothes until he became very seasick.

After I had heaved overboard most of the movable contents of my stomach, I ventured to go to see my comrades, and found the one all right, though suffering some with seasickness, but the other was in his berth with his good vest and trousers and boots on, having hung his beaver hat and best coat on pegs in his room. These had fallen onto the floor, owing to the rolling of the ship, and over them he had turned the contents of his stomach. The sight greatly increased my squeamishness, and I barely took time to say to him that his coat and hat were badly soiled, and his vest and pants would be if he did not get them off, and that I was too sick to help him, but would send the steward to do so. He replied that I did not need to trouble myself or any one else about his clothes, for he expected to die and would not need clothes any more. He did not die, but had a big job to make that good suit of his look fit to wear after he got over his seasickness.

Some years later I went from Liverpool to Freetown on a steamer, having a young Scotchman for a roommate. We were both very seasick, and had not been out of our berths for a couple of days. The Scotchman talking to himself one day said, "Dang the nasty thing; if that port hole was large enough I would get into the salt water and drown the dang

thing." Soon after our steward came into the room with some chicken broth, telling us that we had been there long enough, and must drink some of the broth and get up and go on deck. I said to him I could not swallow any broth, but the steward pushed the bowl toward me and I took a mouthful, but instead of it going down my throat, it flew out of my mouth as if shot out by a force pump. The steward escaped getting the broth in his face by a quick jump to one side, and it went clear across the stateroom, which satisfied him that there was one stomach aboard that would not allow food to enter it. Over twenty-five years ago an old lady took her first railroad ride, coming into Madison, Wisconsin, on the same car which carried me and others. We had to wait there for a train about four hours. A frisky switch engine kept passing back and forth, which the woman watched closely. About midday it came to a standstill close to the depot, which was the old lady's opportunity. Adjusting her spectacles to see well, she went close to the engine and walked around it, scrutinizing it carefully. Unperceived by her, the engineer got on it from the opposite side from where she was, and suddenly pulled the lever, which started it off at a lively rate. In her surprise and with uplifted hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, I see now how it is; that engine has the go in it!" Our steward on that steamer, and many others, and some by a sad experience, have learned that when persons are really seasick, their stomachs have the "go" in them. If everybody could manage that matter as well as a Frenchman did, who was a passenger with me on a sail vessel once, it would not be so terrible to be seasick. That man ate his meals regularly. At dinner the first course was soup, which he would eat, and then go on deck and heave it overboard, and then he would eat the second course and do likewise, and return for the dessert. He said he paid for three meals a day, and it was his duty to eat them and nobody's business what he did with them afterward.

The same vessel which carried me and my comrades to

Freetown, went on to Monrovia, Liberia. The captain offered me free passage to Monrovia, which I accepted. I spent three weeks there visiting the schools, witnessing the proceedings of the Liberian Congress, and mingling with the people generally. I went with the presiding elder of the Methodist Church to a mission station about thirty miles up the St. Paul River. I also saw the Mulenburg mission farm on the same river, where the Lutherans were carrying on a manual labor enterprise in connection with schools and religious services.

I obtained valuable information respecting the condition of the people, and especially the kinds of work to be done to enlighten and save them from the degraded state in which they were. I felt more than ever that the place for the United Brethren Church to work was in Sierra Leone, and returned there to renew my efforts to secure a deed for land at Shenge to establish a mission station. By the help of Mr. D. W. Burton I got a bond from Mr. Caulker for fully one hundred acres of land, which proved to be a very desirable site for mission stations and headquarters for our mission in Africa.

During my stay in Africa, J. K. Billheimer had a severe attack of fever. I being both his doctor and nurse, got him through safely, but oh, what faces he did make! especially the second and fourth days, when I gave him five-grain doses of quinine every three hours.

Having accomplished the work I went to do, I returned to the United States just in time to meet the Board of Missions, and to attend the General Conference which met early in the month of May, 1857. At that Conference I was elected corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, in the place of Rev. J. C. Bright, who had served in that capacity the previous four years. I felt that it was wrong for the General Conference not to reëlect Mr. Bright, and tendered my resignation, which the board refused to accept. I therefore entered upon the work, and did more lecturing and soliciting of money than I was able to endure, resulting

in sickness which kept me from doing anything for four months, nearly ending my life.

St. Paul once said, "For what I would, that I do not: but what I hate, that I do." Such was my experience during this year. I commenced it as a home missionary, then became a missionary in Africa, then was secretary of the board, and finally was pronounced so near to death that I would not live three months, which prediction was not fulfilled.

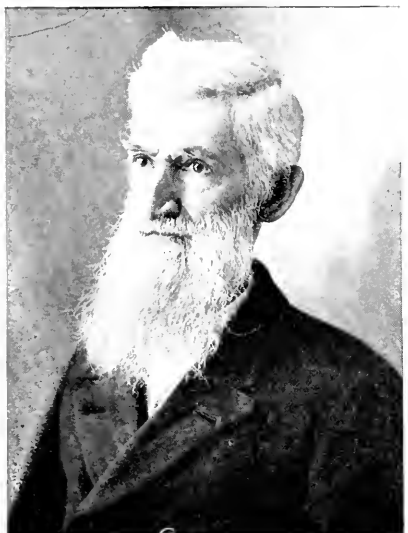
It is said that a farmer once went to market with two crocks, one filled with apple butter, and the other with cottage cheese. He soon had customers for both, but had but one ladle to dip with. The one article was white, the other black; and the use of the same ladle soon left traces of each upon the other, and finally they looked so much alike that he could not tell which jar had the smear-case and which the apple butter. My work for the year had been almost as badly mixed.

CHAPTER VIII.

1857–58—Disappointing the Doctors—Lecturing in German at a Pennsylvania Camp-meeting—An Experience—Saving the Credit of the Missionary Society.

At the beginning of the eighth year of my ministry I was a very sick man. I had spent all of the month of August in Pennsylvania, where I attended four camp-meetings in two weeks, and held a number of special missionary meetings during the other two. I preached and lectured on Africa and solicited money for missions privately, securing about $3,000 in cash and notes; but overwork brought on a severe attack of sickness. After a month's illness I was able to reach my home in Ohio, where two doctors told me that I could not live over three months. They gave me no medicine, but told me to eat rye mush and milk, and drink water in which slippery elm bark had been soaked. Upon these I lived exclusively for a couple of months. Having been told in Africa once by a doctor that I could not live over night, and having made several narrow escapes from death on sea and land, I determined to do my best to make those doctors false prophets. I soon began to gain in health, and at the end of three months I preached again, and have been doing that, and much other work, ever since. Since then I have been ten times to Africa, eight times to Germany, to California, Oregon, and Washington twice, and to many other places in the United States a number of times. Going from the intense hot weather of Africa to the severe cold of Germany was an ordeal through which I passed several times, and which robust constitutions often do not endure without permanent injury.

Foreign mission work was such a new thing among our people then and the habits of the people in Africa were so



REV. J. K. BILLHEIMER

MRS. A. L. BILLHEIMER

Early Missionaries to Africa

REV. O. HADLEY
Missionary to Africa

strange, that a description of these greatly interested the Pennsylvanians. Great crowds attended my public addresses, and listened with ears and eyes to the descriptions and exhibitions I gave of their idols, articles of clothing, and other curios which I brought from Africa.

Among the experiences I had to relate was that of my first Sunday spent in Africa, when I preached in a Wesleyan chapel. In the gallery were seated a number of raw heathen. Soon after I commenced preaching I saw a man with a long switch, or rod, passing around the gallery, and every now and then he struck some one. At least half a dozen were thus treated during the thirty minutes I preached that day. As soon as the services closed I asked why that was done, and was told that the natives were apt to go to sleep or talk aloud, and the man was there with the rod to wake them up and to make them be still. That man made more impressions on about a half a dozen people that day with his rod than my sermon. One young man jumped up and screamed quite loud when the rod was laid across his shoulders.

There was another kind of flogging the Africans spoke of which they called "God flog." If any great evil befell an individual, or a community, they would say that such had caught "God flog," or "big God flog," meaning that a judgment had come upon them from God. Going up the Boom River, the captain of my boat pointed to a place that was once a large town, but nearly deserted then, having been torn all to pieces by a tornado. He said, "Massa, that large, good town once, but it catch one big, big God flog, which nearly destroyed it, and killed plenty people."

While laboring in the East, I attended a camp-meeting two miles north of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. The people there were slow to respond to my solicitation for missionary money, but promised me a good collection if I would lecture to them in German. I could speak a little German, and as they could not understand English well, being anxious to make five hundred dollars that Sabbath afternoon, I told them I would

speak some German. When German words failed me I would use English. There was a large audience present, including lawyers, doctors, and ministers from Lebanon. Of course many things I told were amusing, and would have been so told in plain English, but as told in my broken German, sandwiched with English, they were very funny. I sweat and did my best to make that congregation understand me. They laughed boisterously, and even Bishop Glossbrenner laughed until tears stood in his eyes. The five hundred dollars were all made up, but I vowed then and there never to deliver another English-German lecture on Africa.

A well-dressed woman came to me at the close of the meeting, and asked me to deliver the lecture in the court-house in Lebanon, saying she would pay me fifty dollars cash if I would. She said it would be a big treat to the people there, especially if I would repeat what I said about being made a prisoner in Africa. Once afterward, in Westfield, Illinois, after I had delivered a lecture on Africa, under the auspices of the college authorities, I was offered fifty dollars by a man who had come ten miles to hear me, if I would go to his town and deliver the lecture. Had I not nearly frozen to death getting to Westfield, and should have had another similar cold ride to reach his town, I should have accepted his proposition.

But how and why I was made a prisoner in Africa ought to be told here. It occurred about six weeks after I reached the Dark Continent the first time. I had followed a path leading to a devil-house in the woods, at which I stopped and took into my hand a beautiful, round stone, which was in the house. A naked boy close by, but unperceived by me, gave a hideous scream, and gesticulated vigorously. I put down the stone where I got it, and went to the town of Wela close by, where the mission boat and several other missionaries were. The head man there told the company that I had done a bad thing: that if one of their men had done what I did he would have been sold as a slave, and if one of their women

had done it, she would have been killed. He said I must pay plenty of money, but as I had not been in the country long, and did not have good African sense yet, the sum would be less than if I had been there longer. Finally, the price of my release was agreed upon, to be paid in goods we had with us to buy provisions with, except a piece of silver the headman said he must have to appease the anger of the devil, who, he said, was very angry because I had interfered with the contents of the devil-house. Another missionary, who had been in the country longer than I, became my advocate, and he told me not to give any silver, for if I did it would have to be repeated every time I went to that town. My attorney in the case offered to give a bar of lead which we had with us, and after a long time the headman agreed to take it, and proceeded to show the crowd how he would fool the devil. Having a knife in his right hand, he took the bar of lead in the other, and then showed how he would cut the surface off, and make the lead shine "all the same like silver," and the devil would not know the difference. They all laughed heartily when shown how Satan was to be made to believe that lead was silver.

My severe sickness, from which the doctors said I could not recover, so prostrated me that I resigned my office, and Mr. Bright, my predecessor, became my successor. By request of the executive committee, I visited Pennsylvania in the spring of 1858, and held a number of missionary meetings and attended the annual meeting of the Board of Missions, which met there. During June, July, and August, I supplied a circuit near Dayton, there being a vacancy. In the meantime, Mr. Bright's health became poor, and he refused the secretaryship. I was urged to take it, which finally I did, and continued in the office for twenty-eight consecutive years, except the few months during which I was sick, as has already been stated.

In the autumn of 1857, in New York, I contracted for a house to be made ready there to set up when it reached Africa. Just at the time I was so very sick in Pennsylvania the money became due, being over $1,000, and this had to be

borrowed in bank in Dayton for ninety days. Before the expiration of that time there was great stringency in the money market, and none was to be had anywhere. A German friend of mine agreed that if I would give my personal note and a mortgage on my home, he would give me eight hundred dollars he had in bank. This was done and the Missionary Society's paper was kept from going to protest. There was a debt of about seven thousand dollars against the Missionary Society when I was first elected secretary, which, with the great stringency of the money market for the next few years, made it hard to keep our missionaries in the field. The secretary had all the work to do, as the treasurer only held the funds of the society, receiving no salary therefor. Sometimes it was very hard work to keep the ship afloat, and the officers of the Board felt exceedingly sorry when missionaries could not be paid promptly.

CHAPTER IX.

1858–59—Dealing with the Annual Conferences—Hardest Work—Spirit of the South—Some Incidents.

I commenced the ninth year of my ministerial life feeling that I was to be Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions. The General Conference having refused to accept my resignation and the Executive Committee having relieved me only because of ill health, it looked as though it were my duty to accept the responsibility, though I felt my inability to do the work successfully.

One thing that made the secretaryship a very responsible, delicate, and difficult work at that time was the fact that the self-supporting conferences were doing considerable home missionary work, and they had the right to determine by vote, annually, what proportion of the missionary money the pastors collected should go to the Board of Missions, and what they would retain for home missions. I will never forget some of the hard contests I passed through to get a reasonable share of the money for the frontier and the foreign missions of the Church, which the Board were responsible for. At one of the eastern conferences I was appointed as fifth man on the committee on missions by the presiding officer. The committee met at night without giving me notice of the meeting, and told me next morning that I must submit to their report, for they had nearly all the conference on their side. The report was read soon after the session opened. It proposed to give to the Board only the amount which might be left after paying their home misssionaries, which would be about one-eighth of their collections for missions. I remarked to the conference that I had not been notified of the meeting of the committee. I went on to show what a large and important

work the Board had on the frontiers of our country, and what a great mission field it had entered in Africa, and that they ought not retain more than two-thirds of the money, and that the other third should go to the destitute people of the great West and of Africa, especially as the Board had to pay a secretary and to meet all contingent expenses of the Missionary Society. I plead so earnestly that finally four of the younger members of that conference came round to my view, one of whom moved and another seconded the motion to amend the report so as to give the Board one-third. The whole forenoon was consumed in discussing that question, and just before adjourning for dinner the vote was taken, which gave the Board one-third, making a difference of several hundred dollars in its favor. Much religious fighting had to be done to overcome the selfishness and covetousness of some people, and to teach them that Christians on earth had more to do than to sing and pray and get happy, and that a solemn obligation rested on them to send the gospel to the destitute and heathen, by giving money to build up the kingdom of God in all the earth.

My hardest work in behalf of missions was not done in Africa. I suffered most there with sickness, but did my hardest work in America to convert Christians from the error of their way, and to show them their duty to the heathen. For years, as secretary, I preached and lectured on Africa from sixty to eighty times annually, attended from eight to ten annual conferences, wrote several hundred letters, and edited the *Missionary Visitor*, which was issued semi-monthly.

During my previous experiences as an itinerant, I was preparing for the ministry while in the ministry. Now I was learning how to be a secretary while doing the work of the secretaryship. Mingling with so many ministers at the annual conferences, and with all the bishops, and having my office in the printing establishment of the Church in Dayton, Ohio, coming in contact with the editors of the Church papers, and the Publishing Agent, as well as the members of the

different Church boards, gave me excellent opportunities to learn and understand many things which had some relation to my work, and which I needed to know to make missions a success in the Church.

The peculiarities of some prominent men and their methods were a study to me. One who was appointed one year previously to preach the annual sermon at the meeting of the Board, himself being a member, did not decide what his text was to be until quite late on Saturday evening, when the sermon was to be preached next day at ten o'clock. He slept little and kept me awake most of that night reading from a sheet of foolscap scribbled all over, then adding other items on another sheet of paper, asking me whether that was the kind of preaching needed. This was the way one of the most eloquent ministers in the Church prepared an annual sermon, and it cost me some work to get scraps of it together for the printer, as that sermon was printed in the proceedings of the Board, as all annual sermons were then.

As illustrative of the intolerant spirit existing in the South at that time, I reproduce the following, taken from the Knoxville, Tenn., *Whig*, edited by Rev. Mr. Brownlow. It appeared in October, 1858, and was copied extensively in the South. The heading of the article was, "Look Out for an Abolitionist." "Rev. John Ruebush, a missionary of the United Brethren, is laboring in east Tennessee, and is a very popular man among negroes. He is the agent for the sale of divers books and publications, hailing from Dayton, Ohio, among them 'Lawrence on Slavery,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and such infamous publications. It is astonishing that a missionary of this stripe, hailing from that quarter with books, should be tolerated in east Tennessee. We hope this man, and his associates, may run off half of the negroes in the counties where they labor. This would bring the citizens to their senses."

The writer put this into his report to the Board of Missions at the annual meeting. Such a spirit of proscription, from

a minister of the gospel, shows what our missionaries in the slave States had to contend with. One really wonders if such people were in their right mind. A member of the General Conference of 1881 arose and said, "Mr. President, I wish to inquire whether I am in my right mind." Everybody laughed, and the presiding officer remarked that he could not just then answer the brother's question. The brother meant to ask, whether he had the right view concerning a certain measure which had been before that body. A German minister in exhorting after an excellent English sermon, said, "The brother told the truth, the whole truth, and more than the truth." He simply meant that the arguments in favor of Christianity were stronger than necessary to convince reasonable people of its truthfulness; but being a German, he used the wrong words to express himself.

A minister was holding a meeting in a new place in a schoolhouse. One night a number went forward and knelt at the anxious seat; among them was a young man whose father was opposed to Christianity, and especially to such exercises. While the minister was kneeling and praying, the father went to his son and took hold of him to force him away. The minister suddenly closed his prayer and expostulated with the father to let his son alone until the meeting closed. The man became furious and used profane language, whereupon the minister took him by the back of his neck and seat of his trousers, and carried him to the door of the schoolhouse and pitched him out, saying as he returned, that Christ when upon earth had cast out devils, and he knew of no reason why he should not do the same thing. That minister had been a professional boxer and fighter before his conversion, and was a strong man physically and ministerially. That man, whom the writer knew quite well, solved that rather serious question quite as easily, and showed fully as much good sense in doing so as did the Virginia slave in solving the following question:

One morning, as Judge C——, of Virginia, was starting for town, he was approached by one of his negroes, who, with more or less confusion, asked: "Massa, when yo' goes to the co't-house will yo' git me a license? I'se gwine to be mar'ed. Git my license, massa?" Returning, the judge said: "Sam, you old fool, you didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always courting Lucinda, and got the license in her name." "Lawd, massa!" exclaimed Sam, "'taint Lucindy; it's Kyarline. What's I gwine to do?" "Well," said the judge, "the only thing will be for me to get another license." "Massa," said Sam, "do yo' pay anyt'ing fur dat license?" "Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents." "Will another license cos' anyt'ing?" said Sam. "Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents more," replied the judge. After scratching his woolly pate for a few minutes, Sam replied: "Well, massa, I done axed Kyarline an' she said 'Yase,' but dere ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents' diffunce in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucindy."

It is said that a raw foreigner hired himself to a farmer, who put him to plowing. He went with him to the field and told him to draw a furrow to the other side to where a heifer was standing, supposing, as a matter of course, that he would return along that furrow, and then plow back and forth, as is usually done. After a couple of hours he went out again to see how his man was getting on, when to his surprise he found him following that heifer, which was walking here and there through the field. My crossing from one incident to another in this narrative may seem a little like that young man's plowing.

CHAPTER X.

1859–60—Hard Times—"A Good Deal for Twenty-five Cents"—Missionary Telescope—The Bishop Severe.

Owing to the stringency of money matters and the debt against the Missionary Society, I accepted work at the Miami Annual Conference in September 1859, and was elected presiding elder of the Dayton District, which had eleven fields of labor. A couple of the pastors on the district assisted me in doing the work of the Secretary, all of which was done gratuitously. In that way the Missionary Society had no outlay of money for administration, except for stationery, postage, etc. The times were really hard and the people not accustomed to give largely, and the only way to keep the missionaries in the field was to divide among them all the money that was collected for missions, spending as little as possible for contingent expenses.

Few people will give as did the poor preacher, who on a cold Saturday met a girl on the street, who stretched out her hand, saying, "Sir, give me something to get food for mamma; she is sick." Seeing she was poorly clad and emaciated and in real need, he felt like giving her something, but all he had was twenty-five cents, and that was in one piece of money. He hesitated a moment, but finally he gave it to her and went on his way. The following week, while at his desk preparing a sermon for the next Sunday, he suddenly and unexpectedly became very happy. As he had not been praying, or in any way seeking for such ecstasy, he wondered why he should feel so happy, when he remembered giving that girl the only money he had the Saturday before; then through his tears he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "O my Lord, that's a good deal for twenty-five cents!" He realized that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Another illustra-

tion of the good coming to the giver is the case of a bachelor whose health was poor, and who concluded to commit suicide and end his sufferings. He had started to go to the river to drown himself, when he met a beggar girl who said, "Please give me some money to buy food and medicine for my sick mother." As he was on his way to drown himself, he concluded to give her all the money he had with him. She thanked him and started away happy. He then felt like going to see what the money would do, and went with the girl to an alley and up a rickety stairway in an old building to the fourth story, and there in a room found a woman lying on some straw, to whom the girl said, "O mamma, see what this gentleman gave me!" holding the money out so she could see it. That poor dying woman and hungry girl were so happy that they thanked him over and over for his gift. Then as he was starting off to go to the river, it came to him that if giving money made people as happy as that, he had better give all the money he had to poor people before ending his life. After distributing it to the poor, the thought came to him that though he did not care to live for himself, it would be a good thing to live to help others, and he concluded not to commit suicide.

One very embarrassing matter in the management of the Missionary Society was the fact that the *Missionary Telescope,* organ of the Missionary Society, which was established by the former Secretary, was promised gratis to all life members and life directors of that society. This required an annual outlay of five hundred dollars more than was realized from subscribers who paid for it, and it had to be discontinued. If all who got it had paid the small sum it cost, it would have given me an excellent medium to promote the cause of missions among the people.

I and the brethren who helped me do the work of the Missionary Society kept all going well for that one year. Generally it is no reproach to be poor, but for a missionary society to have an empty treasury when Christians have an

abundance to keep it well filled, is both a reproach and sin. I held forty-three quarterly meetings and would have held the forty-fourth, the last one for the year, but I was called to go to Nebraska and then to Iowa, to hold two conferences for an afflicted bishop. I returned barely in time to meet my conference, where the bishop criticised my report because it was not more complete. Others who had not been hurried all year, as I was, were as severely taken to task. Just before finishing the business of the conference on Saturday evening, a leading member of it said to the bishop that many felt that he had been severe in exacting from them annually complete reports, and asked him to pour a little oil on the troubled waters. The bishop replied that he would leave them on Monday morning for a year, and he hoped that their work would be so well done that there would be no need of his finding fault again, and that was all the comfort we got from him. It was true that the pastors did faithful work the next year, and no fault was found by that bishop at the next annual gathering of Miami Conference. His course reminds one of the Irishman who hired to a farmer to drive his four-horse team, and was put to hauling stone. In going through a very deep mud-hole he applied the whip to Dick, who was the leader, leaving the other three horses without any incentive to work. Being asked why he whipped Dick, who always pulled his best, he replied that it was no use to whip horses which did not pull. Willing workers are whipped sometimes simply because they do pull well.

The bishop's criticism reminds me of the reprimand given by a bishop for wearing a beard. The man rebuked asked the bishop whether it was any more harm to wear hair on the under part of his head than on top, when the hair grew there naturally. Another very bald man, with a heavy beard, asked if it really was wicked to have hair on the lower part, and none on top of his head, and if so, what he was to do. That bishop lived long enough to see the folly of his notions, and he wore a heavy beard for some years before he died.

There was a colored minister who preached on the text, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered," who said, that if they had a microscope they could see the number on the end of every hair they had. A smart young fellow who thought he would annoy his school-teacher, came to her with a hair and asked her to tell what the number of it was. She told him that was number one, and then pulling a bunch of hair out of his head, she began counting, showing him numbers two, three, four, five, etc., and asked him if he wanted to know anything more about the numbers on the hairs of his head, but he was satisfied.

The Board of Missions, at its meeting in 1859, had appropriated certain sums to all the mission conferences, a part of which they were to collect within their own bounds, some appropriations being $500 and $200, which they were to collect themselves. At the end of the year not only had the Missionary Society failed to pay its part fully, but these conferences had failed to collect a part of their portion also. The president of a college and the editor of our Church paper, both good debaters, at the annual meeting in 1860 had an exceedingly spirited discussion on the question as to how much they had used.

The one added the sum the Board had paid to the amount the conference was to raise itself, and made the amount look respectable. The other took what the Board had paid, and added what had actually been collected in the conference, and the sum was considerably less. That debate was very amusing.

There was a man there who was a trustee of a college, and who was a great advocate of manual labor in connection with college study. He made a speech declaring that the only thing for the missionaries who failed to get money to live on to do was to engage in "emanuel labor." He always used the word "emanuel" instead of "manual."

CHAPTER XI.

1860–61—Lecturing on Missions—Great Success in the Frontier—"White-Man Fashion"—Throwing the Teacher.

Owing to the continued hard times, making it well nigh impossible to enlarge collections for missions in the ordinary way, and the fact that what was secured was divided between the Board and the annual conferences by the vote of the conferences every year, the home missionaries being voters and present to plead their own wants, the Board was always at a disadvantage. This caused me to strive hard to reach men of wealth who could give large sums, hoping in that way not only to get money for present needs, but by bequest and other forms of obligation to provide for the future. With that end in view, I spent much time lecturing on missions, especially showing the great needs of Africa, and wrote a good deal for the Church papers, pleading with God and man for more missionary money. Other friends of missions, especially some of the members of the Board, also spoke publicly and wrote and prayed in behalf of deliverance from our missionary debt and for more financial ability to keep missionaries at work. Thank God! these united labors and prayers were not in vain. Help did come by the gift of about one thousand acres of land, from two members of our Church, which was worth more than the debt, but could not be turned into cash at that time without great loss, owing to the financial stringency. I also influenced a man, who lived neighbor to me once, to will to the society a farm and a house and lot, which some years later brought to the Missionary treasury about $14,000. Enough cash was realized to reduce the debt from $7,000 to $5,000 during this year.

One thing which greatly helped to accomplish these results was the excellent success our missionaries had in the frontier department of our work. There was a wonderful spirit of revival attending their labors. In several instances the missionaries wrote that they must turn aside and do something else to secure a living, for they could not possibly live on the pittance they were receiving, but they did. Like the boy who whistled in school, and upon being reprimanded, said, "It just whistled itself," so some of our missionaries were in the midst of great revivals which would not allow them to cease their labors. True, they and their families lived poorly enough, but they got along, and God blessed them greatly. The Board and its missionaries tried to retrench, but God's salvation was poured out upon the people abundantly, and they went forward, despite their efforts to go the other way. In the ten mission conferences there were over three thousand accessions to the Church during the year. President Lincoln said that in the middle of the river was a poor place to trade horses. In the midst of the great success of this year it was exceedingly difficult to retrench or lessen the work attempted. Notwithstanding the condition of our treasury made it look as though it must be done, it was not done. There was another condition which made it well nigh impossible to diminish our efforts. We had missionaries in Kentucky and Tennessee who were greatly persecuted on account of our anti-slavery views. We could not abandon them and do right. It looked as if we were held by Providence to stick to the work. On our frontier missions there were ten thousand accessions to the Church and in the entire denomination there were 33,054 in the four years ending May, 1861. There are times when religious matters do so impress people that they cannot be satisfied without, in some way, showing their interest in the matter.

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In Africa, some natives thought that dressing "white man fashion" is to be a Christian. We had a man of that kind

in our employ as captain of the mission boat. He first got a pair of white trousers and put them on; then next day a check shirt; a couple of days later red-topped boots and a silk hat were secured. He was from Monday until Saturday getting the outfit, and on Sunday, just after I read my text, he entered the chapel and passed the whole length of the house to the pulpit. He tucked the pants inside the boots to show the red tops; he had his shirt outside of his trousers to be cool, and the hat was worn at an angle of about forty-five degrees on his head. Thus he had turned white man, and as such, sat on the seat in the pulpit during the service.

Having been detained in Freetown by a slight fever one whole day and night, I had this same man for my night nurse. When we got back to Shenge, he ran to the house to Mr. Gomer and said: "Massa been sick too much this time; he just lef little bit for die." Simply because he had to stay with me one night to give me water and medicine, he thought I "lef' little bit for die."

When about eight years old, I and a chum of mine, a year older, were given as our first reading lesson in school, the first chapter of Genesis, one-half for the forenoon and the other half for the afternoon. The teacher was a feeble old man who used the ruler a good deal to make the scholars study and behave. We were told that the chapter had to be so well studied that we could read it without miscalling any words. There were no first, second, and third readers then. As that chapter had thirty-one verses, we were somewhat perplexed to find the half-way place in it, and we feared to ask our teacher lest he would answer by hitting us with the ruler, a way he had of answering his scholars not unfrequently. We made an earnest effort to do as we were told, but, alas, we made some mistakes while reading in the forenoon and got our hands well warmed with the ruler, which the teacher nearly always had in his hand. We resolved to study in the afternoon and do our best, but decided that if he attempted to use the ruler on us when reciting again we would grab

his legs and throw him down, which we did, he coming down upon the puncheon floor pretty hard. After throwing the teacher on the floor we ran out and down a steep bank to the creek near by, where we knew he could not follow us. He came there and called us to come back, which we told him we would not do unless he agreed to cease striking us with that ruler. He did not promise then, but before he dismissed school that evening he said he would not punish us if we returned, nor did he. We continued to go to school and finally did learn to read the first chapter of Genesis, and others in the old Book. That ruler was used less afterwards on others, as well as ourselves, and we were assured of help to down the old teacher again unless he quit his cruelty. That was the first real missionary work I helped plan and execute, and it did not only the teacher good, but the school, for we got on well afterward.

In the same schoolhouse, several years later, another teacher hit me very hard with a four-foot switch, when going to the water-bucket for a drink, saying, "I will teach you how to walk and not make noise." My father was a director and I told him how I had been treated. He went to the schoolhouse the next morning and turned up a couple of slabs of the floor and pulled out a jug of whisky, and then waited till the teacher came, when he emptied the jug, and told the teacher that if there was any more complaints of his punishing pupils for nothing he would be dismissed. That was another little piece of missionary work I did, and it worked grandly, for that teacher was all right when not under the influence of whisky; and he never was again while he taught that school.

CHAPTER XII.

1861-62—Goes to Freetown — Dealing With English Law — Anti-Slavery Money—Drunken Captain—Encounters a Gale.

This was another eventful year. The debt of the Missionary Society had again increased from $5,000 to $7,000. The only hope of being able to continue the African mission was to sell the Freetown property, which had been bought for an acclimating and health-recruiting station for missionaries. Our missionary in charge of that work had found a purchaser, but when he came to make the deed a defect in the title was found, which caused the purchaser to decline to take it. With the hope that I might sell it, and thus get money to pay the debts against the mission, and put things in shape to continue the work, the Executive Committee requested me to go to Africa the third time. I sailed from New York City the first of November, and returned the following April. I succeeded, after much effort, in selling the house in Freetown and paid all the debts against the mission, amounting to three hundred and seventy dollars. I also bought a canoe for the native missionary, which he much needed, and supplied him with money to hold the fort another year.

The first vessel that reached Freetown from England after I arrived, brought the rumor that England had declared war against the United States, which not only greatly militated against the sale of our property in Freetown, but kept me from realizing any cash until a good deed was delivered to the purchaser, signed by every member of our Board of Missions. My contract was to get one-half down, but the lawyer advised the purchaser to pay nothing before such a deed was furnished him. Had our local trustee done his duty, and had the deed been made right at first, much trouble and expense

would have been saved. It was necessary to have a local trustee to hold that property for our Board in America, and he, through carelessness or otherwise, had gotten the matter into good shape for the property to revert to the Crown of England. We being so poor, and England so rich, made such a possibility painful to contemplate. Never while memory lasts can I forget the patience, perseverance, and shrewdness I had to practise, and the painful emotions which I endured, because of the many difficulties in the way of getting a deed, though I had a power of attorney to sell and convey the property.

Another difficulty confronted me. If war should be declared by England against the United States, it would be best for me to leave soon, or I might not get away at all, and my belongings might be confiscated. My best friends advised me to leave as soon as possible, which I did, after all was in shape to sell the property and get the money to apply to prosecution of African missions. Truly, God helped me to bring about that which seemed impossible for a time, and saved our Church from abandoning Africa.

I paid the entire expense of that trip to Africa and back on sail vessels, which, however, was a small matter in comparison to the discomfort and sufferings which I endured. On my way out, a fearful gale filled my cabin with water, and on my way home, an equally severe storm was encountered. Then the ship was short of provisions on the home voyage. For two weeks the only food we had was wormy bread, "sow belly," as the sailors called it, and black coffee. The captain and crew were very profane, and their only passenger was much neglected.

Another remarkable occurrence, or gracious providence, I should call it, was this: Just after I returned from Africa, M. W. Blanchard, of Kentucky, came into my office at Dayton, Ohio, to tell me that he had several thousand dollars of missionary money, and that he had heard that the United Brethren in Christ was an anti-slavery church, and wished to

know how that was. A Discipline was shown him with our anti-slavery clause in it, and he was assured that we lived up to its requirements, absolutely keeping all slave-holders out of the Church. This led to his paying our treasurer two thousand dollars then, and caused him to send more, so that in all we received $4,200 from him. Truly God had heard our people, who had prayed that our missions in Africa and in America should not perish for lack of money to keep them going.

About that time a Mr. Lane, of Illinois, gave our Board of Missions land valued at $4,250, and transferred to it notes amounting to $10,007.34. This was not made available for several years, and some of it was never received, but it gave the society a financial basis, or credit, which it had not before, as it had no assets to put against its standing debt of $7,000. These evidences of God's superintending providence greatly encouraged me. My course had been very severely criticised and my motives impugned. I was charged by some with going to Africa simply to make pleasure trips, and by others with attempting the impossible to save "niggers."

That third trip to Africa was a very trying one in many respects. I shipped to go direct to Freetown, but was first taken to Goree, and the vessel remained there and at Bathurst so long that I took steamer from Bathurst, which cost extra. It was while waiting in Goree that I was asked to baptize a white baby, whose parents were English. I did so in the usual way, making a short prayer before going through the ceremony of applying the water to the child's head. The brevity of the service, and the little ceremony used, evidently disappointed the parents, and they showed their dissatisfaction. As I was leaving the house I overheard the mother say to the father, "Oh, well, that will do until we get to England, which will be in a few months, and then we will have the baby baptized aright." It was a poor, feeble-looking creature, as most white children are that are born in western Africa, less than six months old, and might not have lived to reach England.

The couple were quite as much disappointed as was a young woman, whose marriage ceremony I performed soon after I began preaching. Her husband, just before the ceremony, asked me to make it short, as they did not wish to be on the floor long. It was so short that it was all over within less than a minute, including a prayer at the close, when they were told to be seated. The woman turned to her husband and asked him, "Is that all that is to be done?" It was all that was done, except to extend to them congratulations, and eat a good supper, after which I left to preach that night at a place several miles away, the wedding being at six o'clock.

When our ship left Goree harbor for Bathurst, the captain being quite drunk, got his feet entangled with some rope coiled on the deck of the vessel, causing him to stumble around for a time. His pet dog thought he was playing, and joined in the sport with all his might. This made the captain swear like a sailor, and taking hold of the dog he threw him into the hold of the vessel, hurting him considerably. That captain and his steward, who did all the cooking, were both heavily armed, and had not spoken to each other after the first week out from New York, then over a month. The captain was afraid of the cook, and the cook of the captain. He did his work as well as ocean cooks usually do on sail vessels. I was the only passenger the vessel had, there being, all told, nine of us aboard.

Returning home on a sail vessel, we encountered a fearful gale just as we got across the Gulf Stream, which carried us several hundred miles out of our course, and drifted us near to the Bermuda Islands. While at dinner, a large wave knocked in the bulwark of the vessel on one side, and put over six inches of water into our cabin where we were dining. The captain had just come to the table from his bed and was in his stocking feet. He, the first mate, and I were the only ones at the table, as again I was the only passenger aboard. Leaving the table we all went to the door of the cabin, when the captain said, "I will run her to hell." I then

said, "Captain, we may be nearer that place than you suppose," which caused him to cease his profanity, and never until we reached Philadelphia did he utter oaths again in my hearing. That man charged $100 to bring me from Freetown to Philadelphia, and so starved was I that it took me two weeks to get over feeling hungry. We landed at four in the afternoon, when I went to a restaurant and ate some. I again ate at six, taking a train for Pittsburg at that time; then I ate at midnight in Harrisburg, again next morning at Altoona, and so kept it up for two weeks, never eating till I was satisfied, for fear that it would injure me. I had a laborer in Africa once who climbed a large tree and tore skin about the size of a silver dollar off his breast. I paid him all he asked extra for that hazardous undertaking. He then showed me how he had rubbed the skin off his breast, and said, "Massa, please give me two or three crackers to mend that place." He got the crackers as soon as we got where they were at the mission house, and that sore spot was healed thereby and his stomach gratified.

CHAPTER XIII.

1862-63—Civil War—Threaten the Abolitionist Preacher—Authorize Work Among the Freedmen—Visit to President Lincoln—The President's Reply to Doctor Davis.

When I entered upon the thirteenth year of my ministerial life, the Civil War of 1861-1865 was at its height. During that year the great battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg were fought. Besides my usual labors as secretary I did some circuit preaching, to supply vacancies made by some of the itinerants in the Miami Conference who went to war, and others whose labors were interrupted by the war. It required close attention upon the part of ministers to keep church work intact at home and to induce them to give missionary money even up to their former low standard.

I was then a member of a church just outside of the city of Dayton, Ohio, which had in it some bitter anti-war people, and who were very stingy at best. I was told at the close of a week-night prayer-meeting, by a sister member, that such praying as I and the pastor were doing, and the things preached, had brought on the war, and that she was determined not to hear any more such preaching or praying. She soon got over that foolish threat, and did hear us both pray for victory for our armies, and for the freedom of the slave. I then lived about two miles west of the court-house of Dayton, and my children went to a country school, in which were the children of some very bitter secessionists. One night my second son, then about eleven years of age, came from the school greatly agitated, because another boy had told him that his father and others were going to come to our house to clean out that d—— abolitionist preacher, meaning myself. It so happened that I had to go from home that night. The

boy's uncle, who was then a cavalryman in Kentucky, had captured an excellent double-barrel shot-gun, and sent it to his nephew. Busy as I was that evening preparing to leave home on a night train to be gone several days, I took time to clean up that gun and shoot it a few times to see that it worked all right, and to show my wife how to load and fire it, and what she had better do if she heard footsteps on the porch or at the front door, or if there should be an effort to force an entrance into the house. I left the family alone feeling that all would be well, and sure that if an attack was made the party doing so would get the worst of it. Dayton at that time and until after Mr. Vallandigham, a rank secessionist, was sent inside the rebel lines, was the hotbed of secessionists, and more than once bloodshed was threatened, and if such had been precipitated by some overt act, blood, no doubt, would have been shed freely.

I heard an old preacher tell once that he fell into company with another traveler crossing the Alleghany Mountains, both on horseback. Toward evening, when at a lonely spot, the stranger pointed a pistol at him and said, "Your money or your life!" The preacher quickly drew the pistol from him, and held it over his head to strike him, when he called out, "Don't do so, for that pistol is empty and I only wanted to scare you a little." Said the preacher: "How could I know whether your pistol was loaded or empty, and how could I know whether you were in fun or earnest? I ought to knock you off of your horse yet, just to teach you a little sense, and would do so were I not a preacher." That man saw his folly and made an apology.

The following taken from my report, made to the Board of Missions in May, 1863, will show to some extent the state of things then: "Meeting at a time when a most wicked rebellion is exhausting the energies of this country, filling the land with devastation and mourning, it is fit to call to remembrance the unfaltering adherence of our fathers to the principles of right, especially in their firm opposition to that sin

which has so justly brought upon our nation the judgment of Almighty God. For more than forty years we have refused membership to slaveholders; because of this many have turned from us, and we have been subjected to much opposition and injustice, especially in the slave States. No one now doubts the wisdom of our fathers in preferring right to members and popularity. The progress the nation is making in breaking the shackles of the enslaved is a reward for all that has been suffered and for the sacrifices we may yet have to make before the terrible struggle ends." At that same meeting, the following resolutions were adopted: "1. That we commence a mission among the Freedmen. 2. That in connection with this work we will do all we can for the destitute whites in the South. 3. That an appropriation of $400 be made, and the appointment of a man, and that the further interests of this work be referred to the executive committee." Owing to the fact that the Board had already more mission work on hand than it could well provide for, there was a hesitancy to undertake more. I proposed to give $200 of the $400 asked, which I did, and the other was made by special collections, and an excellent work was commenced. This was continued for a couple of years and then was turned over to the Freedman's Mission, an organization which did a great and good work in the South, but no better than the United Brethren Church did while it worked there.

In August of this year, in company with Bishop Edwards and Dr. L. Davis, I went to Washington City and called on President Lincoln to get government transportation for our missionaries and supplies to open a mission in Vicksburg, Mississippi, also to secure the privilege to occupy vacant houses for the use of the Freedmen. As Mr. Stanton was then Secretary of War, we called on him; he sent us to a Mr. Townsend, and he then sent us to President Lincoln, to whom we were introduced by Messrs. Schenck and Wade, then members of Congress from Ohio. We spent three-quarters of an hour with the President.

All we asked was granted by the President but the use of empty houses. He said he could not allow that except for military purposes. Vicksburg had fallen into our hands only in July, and as a matter of course all was under military control there. The President was in his shirt sleeves, and much care worn, yet took ample time to consider all we said to him. He told how he was killing slavery, as a good doctor would remove a wen from a man's neck, not by cutting it out, for in that case the man might bleed to death, but by squeezing it hard every now and then and killing it that way. If he attempted to abolish slavery at once, the nation would probably die, so he wished to kill slavery and yet save our nation. When we were ready to leave, Doctor Davis said, while holding the President's hand, "I hope God will be with you." To which he replied quickly, "It is much more important that I be with God, for he is always right."

President Lincoln had to bring about the abolition of slavery like the old slave told his master of the way his cart and yoke of oxen were destroyed. The slave was sent to the woods for a load of wood. He cut down a tree which fell the opposite way from what he expected, killing both oxen and badly breaking the cart. Returning without anything, his master asked him where the cart and oxen were. He said he cut down a tree and it fell the wrong way, and killed one ox. "Well, why did you not bring the other ox and cart with you?" "Why, massa, dat tree broke de cart." "Why did you not bring home the ox then?" "Why, massa, dat ox done get killed, too." "Sam, why did you not tell me at once that both oxen were killed and the cart smashed?" "Massa, I told you dat way so you could stood it better." So President Lincoln sought to choke slavery to death by degrees so the nation could stand it.

CHAPTER XIV.

1863–64—Opening a School at Vicksburg—Miss Dickey—Subsequent Fate of Vicksburg Mission.

The fourteenth year commenced in the autumn of 1863, when our Civil War was causing great suffering. I was very busy, especially looking after the new missions. The work among the Freedmen pleased our people, and they freely sent money, clothing, and books for that purpose. By December we had two ministers and four women teachers in Vicksburg, Mississippi, teaching five hundred freedmen and preaching to many more. A church was organized, and grew to over four hundred members in one year. A school was commenced at Davis Bend, not very far from Vicksburg, which could be continued only a couple of months because of the withdrawal of the Federal troops, making it unsafe to continue it longer. At one time we had nine laborers in Vicksburg, but some did not remain very long on account of becoming sick. The progress made by the freedmen in their studies was remarkable. In a few months many of them learned to read quite well, and made equally as rapid progress in penmanship, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. They eagerly sought all the knowledge within their reach, both in the day and Sunday schools, and by listening to preaching. This was true of young and old.

During the year I visited Vicksburg, and spent several days there, including a Sabbath, when I preached to a large congregation made up of freedmen, our teachers and others. Chaplain Warren, a venerable and humorous minister, was the general superintendent of the freedmen's educational and religious work there, and he told me that the United Brethren Church had sent a company of excellent teachers

and workers to Vicksburg. One lady, he remarked, was not suited to labor with others, so he put her alone, and she was doing efficient work. That lady teacher was not satisfied to have others do as they liked, but insisted on having them do as she dictated, and yet she was a good Christian worker.

Another one of the teachers we sent there, not being as good a scholar as she thought she ought to be, and quite poor, pawned her watch to get money to go to Mt. Holyoke, Massachusetts, where she spent four years working her way through college. She then went South and opened a school for colored girls, which grew to become a large and prosperous institution, conducted after the Mt. Holyoke plan. She, being its president, frequently came North and East to solicit money, while friends in the South helped her, until that institution owned about one hundred and sixty acres of land, excellent buildings, and the apparatus and equipment necessary to operate it. This she did for about thirty years, or until her death, in January, 1904. I first met Sarah A. Dickey at the mourner's bench. She was seventeen nights at the altar seeking salvation with all the earnestness of her soul. How true the declaration made by St. Paul, "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." God knew the work he was preparing that young woman for, and the test of faith and perseverance she needed during the time she agonized at that altar for the pardon of sin and to obtain evidence of her acceptance with God.

During my stay in Vicksburg, in company with several of our teachers I visited the tree under which General Pemberton surrendered to General Grant, and had a limb cut for a cane, which is still in the family.

As I do not wish to write about our work in Vicksburg again, I will run ahead a few years. That work, so glorious in results, being discontinued, led to severe criticism for throwing away several thousand dollars, which some thought

was done simply because we did not gather into United Brethren churches the people we had helped. The report I made to our Board of Missions one year later had these words in it: "During the year about fifteen thousand freedmen received instruction in the Southwest, seven hundred of them from our teachers, many of whom have learned to read and write quite well." The following was passed by the Board at that time: "That it is, the duty of the Christian church to put forth extraordinary efforts for the spiritual, moral, and political regeneration of the people of the South, without distinction of color; and that in view of the antecedent history of the United Brethren Church, the position it has always occupied with respect to the subject of slavery and the rights of the enslaved, it is peculiarly fitting and incumbent upon it to go and occupy, to the fullest extent of its ability, this moral waste and needy field, and that not less than ten thousand dollars be applied to this work."

Owing to the changed relations of the North and South at the close of the war, we resolved not to continue the freedman's mission as a separate department of work, but to send as many missionaries into the Southern field as we could, to labor for the salvation of the people irrespective of color. Shortly after hostilities ceased the military authorities at Vicksburg remanded the lot upon which our mission chapel was built to its owner, who demanded the removal of the building at once. As we could not procure another lot without great cost, it was thought best to abandon that place altogether. The people who had united with our Church had mostly gone to other places, and the city was fully occupied by other churches. We received for the house four hundred and fifty dollars, and for goods and other equipments we had there, three hundred and nineteen dollars, a total of seven hundred and sixty-nine dollars. Our Board did great good while it operated in Vicksburg, but alas! that was pretty nearly all it did for the South for many years afterward, except having small missions in Kentucky and Tennessee, though it did say

that not less than ten thousand dollars be applied to work in that field.

A cobbler's sign read, "Soles saved here." A man going in to see what it meant learned that a peg here and a stitch there did save soles. He concluded that it would be a good sign to put on a church, "Souls saved here," and especially if its worshipers, like the cobbler, did what they could to save souls. There was practical good sense in that mother whose daughter, just after graduating from a high school, was telling to others that she wished next to study psychology, philology, and biology. She said to the girl, "Stop right there; I have arranged for you a course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, and general domestic hustleology. Now get on your working clothes and I will give you the first lesson."

CHAPTER XV.

1864–65—In the Christian Commission—Preaching to the Soldiers at Nashville—Smallpox Hospital—A Bishop's Loyalty Questioned—A Joke on Two Home Guards.

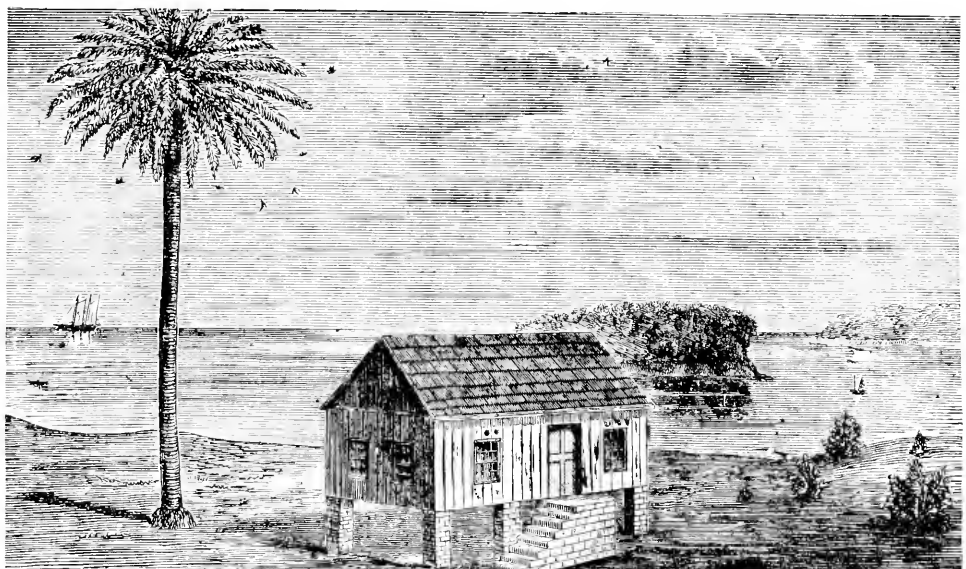
From the fall of 1864 to the fall of 1865 was a year of unusual excitement on account of the war. We in the North had much to do to help the Union cause, such as paying for uniforms for our home guards, supporting soldiers' families, and otherwise helping them. Besides giving considerable sums of money for these purposes, I gave six weeks' time doing hard work as a delegate of the Christian Commission. There were thousands of soldiers in the hospitals, and squads of them in other places as guards of railroads and other valuable property, all of whom needed more attention than the Government could, or at least did give them. The Sanitary and Christian commissions sent persons to minister to their spiritual needs, which they did by distributing religious literature, holding prayer-meetings and preaching, and in some instances supplying them with mittens, socks, etc. Delegates gave their time gratis, but the government gave them transportation to and from the places, and furnished their board and lodging.

I went to Nashville, Tennessee, soon after the battle between Generals Hood and Thomas, in January, 1865, and was first appointed to Hospital Nineteen, in Nashville, where I spent two weeks. The surgeon there who had charge of the badly wounded requested my help to dress the wounds and wait on those who were sick. A young man who had had one arm and one leg amputated, having also had a bullet go clear through his right lung and come out, met us with a cheery "Good-morning." He was very patient when his wounds were dressed, and said he would be out of that in a few weeks. He

got well. Another man with only a slight flesh wound on his big toe made more ado over it than did the badly-wounded man, and he said it was sure to kill him, and it did. It was indeed a sickening sight to go through the ward where all were badly wounded, or very sick. In some of the wards the soldiers were cheerful, and showed great loyalty to the Government.

The Sundays spent in Nashville were very busy days. On one I preached four times—once to a regiment just outside the city in the open air, the soldiers being formed into a hollow square, while I stood on the stump of a large oak tree. The colonel of the regiment and several officers stood around the stump. Being the last of February, it was cold, and hence I kept my overcoat and gloves on while I preached from the text, "As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." There were good singers in that regiment who led the singing, while I did the rest, the service lasting forty minutes. At its close the colonel invited me to his tent, and to come back to preach next Sunday, saying he always wanted preaching on Sunday, for he could control his men better, though he was not much of a believer in religion himself. He was much like the steward on an ocean steamer, who on Saturday said he wished me to hold religious services next day, adding, as he was about to leave, "Don't make your service too religious." There was another passenger on that steamer who said that he "did not believe in machine religion."

After two weeks spent in Nashville I was transferred to Bridgeport, Alabama, where for four weeks I preached four times a week, the post chaplain being away, and walked several miles every day distributing hymn-books and religious newspapers among the different squads of soldiers who were guarding munitions of war and other property. While there a squad of rebel prisoners came, to whom I ministered the same as to our soldiers.



FIRST MISSION CHAPEL IN AFRICA

RUFUS CLARK AND WIFE TRAINING SCHOOL

At a smallpox hospital, fully two miles away, nearly fifty soldiers died, to which place I was forbidden to go. They were in a sad condition, with no surgeon, only the surgeon's steward visiting them every other day to give medicine and to instruct their nurses as to what to do. I stole off several times and went there and held religious services, preaching several times to the great comfort of those soldiers, some of whose faces were almost a solid scab, but they took in all that was said. Having had the smallpox two years before, I was safe. I wore a very long overcoat, which was kept closely buttoned when there, and this I took off before I got to my boarding-place, and hung it on the limb of a tree where the wind and air purified it ere I took it into the house. It was doing this that gave me away, and I had to quit going to administer spiritual consolation to the suffering and dying men of that hospital.

There were names given me by some of the sick men, which reminded me of the following, reported by Rev. W. F. McCauley to a Cincinnati paper: "My predecessor was one Rev. Jeremiah Prophet Elias Kumler. You think that's odd? Well, listen to the names of his brothers and sisters. A sister was named Juan Fernandez Island Kumler. Another sister was Tierra Del Fuego Kumler, while a brother was William Harold King Agrippa Kumler. Another brother bore the name Sir Walter Scott Primrose Kumler. A cleverer or nicer family than those Kumlers it has not been my chance to meet. The minister always signed himself 'J. P. E. Kumler.'" All the Kumlers named were full cousins to me, and grandchildren of Bishop Henry Kumler, who was a member of the first General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

At the annual meeting in May that year, my annual report said: "Nothing of an extraordinary character transpired during the year in connection with our mission work, though some things were accomplished that are highly gratifying, among which may be named the payment of our standing

debt. The treasury has no liabilities against it." All were very glad to hear that statement.

At the General Conference which met immediately after the Board adjourned, and of which body the writer was a member, I took an active part in bringing out the real facts respecting one of the bishops of the Church, who lived in a slave State, inside of the rebel lines, and whose loyalty to the Union cause was suspected. Reports had reached the North that he had helped the Southern rebellion, which he came near doing, but not in a censurable way. He had a son-in-law who was an officer in the rebel cavalry, who knew that the bishop was to hold a quarterly meeting near where he was at that time. They lived in the same house, and the son-in-law wrote to the bishop that he should ride a certain horse to that meeting to leave with him, and take back home the one that he then had, as he was lame; and he did this. After that and some other things were explained, the bishop passed without further criticism, and was reëlected bishop and served twenty years afterward, as he had served twenty before, forty years in all. Some of the bishop's stanchest friends had said they had no use for any one who sympathized with the rebellion, and it was clear that he would have been defeated but for my questioning him till he told it all, which he was not inclined to do, and thought hard of me for pressing it, until it was explained months afterward.

Two preachers living in a village in Butler County, Ohio, were members of the Home Guards. When Morgan's army passed through southern Indiana into Ohio, it was thought it would raid Hamilton, and the Home Guards were called out to defend that place. The two preachers rode to Hamilton in the same buggy. One said to the other as they neared that city, "Brother J———, this is serious business we are in to-day." "Yes," said the other, "we may be shot, and I would not be shot for all Hamilton." At the given hour they reported for duty and were told that they should return soon after dinner and get their arms and ammunition. By that time

word came that Morgan had passed south of Hamilton, and they would not be needed. They returned home, but the joke of not being willing to be shot for all Hamilton got out on them, and they were often twitted. Many years ago a preacher had to ride all day in the rain, over corduroy roads and through deep mud, and toward evening his horse's foot got fast, and in struggling threw him and his saddle-bags into the muddy water. He had felt cheerful all day, but now his clean clothes were wet and dirty, and he wet and cold, and he felt at first like complaining at his hard lot. Just then it came to him that Satan was trying him, and after pouring the dirty water out of his saddle-bags, he got onto a log and crowed like a rooster, and said, "Now, old devil, you thought you would make me mad because of the accident to me, and in that way spoil the meeting I am to hold to-night, but you can't come that game on me." A man, unperceived by the preacher, was a witness to what happened, and he went to the meeting that night and told on the preacher. There was quite a congregation present, and he preached excellently, and great good was done, notwithstanding rain, mud, and Satan had hindered.

CHAPTER XVI.

1865-66—Reverses in Africa—Misconceptions of Good People—The German's Blunder—The Board's Endorsement.

It will be remembered that I began my ministerial labors the first week of October, 1850, and the conference I joined always met in August or September.

Unless I was at the various conferences to plead for the Board, they kept the lion's share of the missionary money for their home missions. I often got increased sums for the Board, and kept the conferences from multiplying home missions, which, in many instances, would have required all the missionary money collected by the pastors. This they could do up to 1869, at which time the General Conference made it obligatory upon them to give the Board from one-quarter to one-half of their missionary money. I shall never forget the sharp contests required to get a reasonable share of that money previous to 1869.

During this year the African mission had serious reverses. There was no American missionary there, though the Board had done its best to send one or two more missionaries to that field. To the native who was in charge, five hundred dollars worth of goods and some money were sent, to enable him to keep the school going and to do some preaching. The vessel upon which these were sent was lost at sea. That left our native missionary so destitute that he had to leave the station and go elsewhere to earn a living, but his wife remained and taught the school. They did well, considering the very embarrassing circumstances in which they were placed.

These reverses brought serious criticisms upon me, and renewed the old charge that I was keeping money from our home fields while attempting the impossible in the helping

of negroes in Africa. I had located the mission, and had earnestly advocated its prosecution, notwithstanding the distractions in the United States growing out of the war, and the great need of missionary work at home. There were then professed Christians, as there are still, who cared little for missions among the heathen, and especially were they indifferent, and even opposed to missions among the Africans.

Never shall I forget how a good brother of a sister church hailed me on the street in Dayton, Ohio, and said: "Hello, Flickinger. I see you are just back from Africa again. I am glad to see you, but feel sorry that you are throwing away your life on niggers, when you might do so much more good among whites. You have been going to Africa for more than twenty years, and you ought to have them all about converted by this time." After looking at him a moment, and knowing that he was a good meaning man, and a real friend of mine, I said to him: "You Methodists have four or five churches in Dayton, and the Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Lutherans, and United Brethren about as many more each, and in all these there are Sunday schools, and prayer-meetings, and preaching every week, and Dayton has had much Christian work done in it for seventy-five years, and yet it is full of sinners, and some of them are no better than the heathen in Africa, and more guilty before God. Now, since with all these religious appliances in Dayton many of the people here are not yet converted, you ought not expect the Africans all to be converted in so short a time." He replied that there were some "niggers" that could not be helped morally or religiously. I admitted that, but said that there were scores of white people in Dayton and elsewhere who could not be improved either. They would continue to be the same lazy, filthy, wicked creatures they were then, and had been all their lives probably. Just so with some negroes; but about as large a proportion of them would be benefited by Christianity as of whites. I reminded him of the fact that the people of western Africa had about twenty centuries of heathenism behind

them, and that we ought not to expect as much from them as from Americans.

I often think of my little five-year-old boy, who had been playing with other children, and felt that they had imposed on him. He came to me and said, "Papa, they don't treat me right, and I would run off and get away from them if I knew where to run to." I have often felt that I would like to get away from unreasonable people. It is said that an Irish soldier who was charged with cowardice exonerated himself from blame by saying that it was his legs that refused to go into battle.

My father had a tenant who had recently come from Germany. He became a Christian, and in social meetings would often sing the hymn, "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," with tears in his eyes and glory in his soul, but he sang it, "Jesus my all *and* heaven is gone." The Lord knew that he meant all right, though his words were wrong. So I was consoled often with the thought that the Lord knew I meant it right, when charged with wasting time and money in my efforts to help Africa. I am glad that that kind of opposition to Africa has about ceased. When a lad not over six years of age, at a meeting in my father's house one night, I was sitting on a slab bench so high that my feet could not reach the floor. The meeting lasted about two hours. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, I was on my feet stretching myself, and saying that I was glad it was over with once more. The people laughed and my mother reproved me for that honest expression of mine. I was just as glad when high officials in the Church and others ceased their unreasonable and unscriptural opposition to the African mission. A bishop and a very prominent layman nearly forty years ago proved conclusively, as they thought, that the United Brethren Church could not support a mission in Africa, and that Satan was prompting me to favor missions there to the detriment of home missions. That was published in the *Religious Telescope*.

The Board of Missions at its annual meeting in 1866 adopted the following paper, which gave me some relief and satisfaction:

"*Whereas,* God has graciously preserved our mission in Africa through all the actions and burdens of the late war, and has blessed our labors there, making the mission a marked power for good among the people, thus showing his approbation of our efforts, therefore,

"*Resolved,* 1. That we realize our responsibility as a Board and Church, and we call upon our people everywhere to give more liberally of their means, that we may prosecute that work with greater energy.

"2. That our thanks are due to the missionaries who have sustained that mission during the long years of rebellion in this country, while we were compelled to turn aside to exterminate the heathenish institution of slavery in America."

At that meeting the Board appointed Rev. O. Hadley and wife as missionaries to go to Africa, which was also an endorsement of my course in advocating the continuance of the African mission.

CHAPTER XVII.

1866–67—Metallic Casket—Sample of Opposition to Foreign Missions —Discouragements.

Not long before I went to Africa the first time with two other brethren, the question was asked whether it would not be the wise thing to take three iron, air-tight caskets with us, in which our bodies might be brought back to this country in case of our death. It was then believed that the majority of all who went to western Africa died there. My reply was that I cared not what the other brethren did, but I wished to be buried where I died. If I died at sea, let me be buried in the ocean, and if in Africa, I would be buried there. Owing to the long years which passed ere we had success in Africa, the heavy burdens borne, and the severe criticisms and complaints made, I have felt a few times in my life that I would have been spared a great deal if I had died the first time in Africa.

In an article in the *Religious Telescope,* written in reply to an article of mine, a bishop of our Church said: "The commission 'Go ye into all the world' has been fulfilled long ago, and it remains to be proven that this command does mean that after a nation has become fully established in the doctrine of Christ, and then retrogrades into idolatry, it should be fulfilled the second time. Let the African alone, Ephraim has turned to his idols, until God sees fit to send men whose calling will be made plain to them by the spirit of truth; such will not hesitate to obey. I am fearful that the devil is playing pranks with some of our preachers, so as to make our home work less prosperous." Take the words, "Until God sees fit to send men whose calling will be made plain to them by the spirit of truth: such will not hesitate to obey." That

bishop assumed that the writer, and others who had gone to Africa, had not been called to that work by God, and that he was fearful that the devil was using us and our advocacy of the African mission "for the purpose of making our home work less prosperous." I give some prominence to the character of the men and the kind of opposition they put in the way of the African mission, to show how very determined good people may be to carry their ends and to oppose what God's Word so clearly teaches is our duty. A colored preacher said in a sermon that unless the wicked repented and received forgiveness of sin, they would be forever lost, as sure as he would kill the fly then sitting on his left hand. He struck and missed it. But he did not place himself in a more awkward and embarrassing position than did those opposers of the African mission, especially those who kept up their opposition until great success attended our work in Africa. A very few did that even afterward by denying the truth of the good done there, as reported by our missionaries.

A sister, at whose house I had been a welcome guest for years and whose husband had been my special friend, once left the church where I preached a missionary sermon, and went home to get dinner, saying at the table, by way of apology for doing so, that she did not enjoy missionary sermons and lectures, especially since there was always something in them about our African mission, and she had no use for negroes. That woman showed real pleasure when she heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. But for her being, in most respects, an excellent woman, though ignorant and narrow, she would have been roughly handled by some of her neighbors, who told her never again to utter words approving Lincoln's assassination or she would be punished. She took the hint and talked less thereafter.

Once at an annual conference in Kansas I preached one of my best missionary sermons, at the close of which a sister said to me: "Why do you preach such stuff out here in Kansas? We all know that you can preach good sermons, as you

used to do when you were our pastor in Ohio. What a pity you made such a mistake, for now the people will go away cold and disappointed, instead of being shouting happy, as we expected to be made at the meeting to-night." No doubt my missionary talks did keep back some shouting.

Rev. O. Hadley and wife, our missionaries in Africa during this year, were much discouraged, as a statement from their report shows. Especially was it so in view of an empty treasury and some debts which had accumulated. He wrote: "Both mission boats are unseaworthy, and the mission chapel is so badly eaten by bug-a-bugs that it had to be propped to keep it from falling. We are compelled to use the mission residence for worship, and for a schoolroom. We scarcely know what to say of the mission in spiritual things. We are afflicted at the thought that so little is done."

Nothing is more discouraging than the want of success, and with such good missionaries on the field as the Hadleys sending the report they did, with the opposition at home, my load truly was a heavy one. I had a much esteemed friend who, though a very kind man, a good citizen, and always ready to minister to the needs and happiness of others, was not a Christian. He and his family had an income sufficient to own a home, but they lived and dressed well and saved nothing. One day the question came up, in the way of a jest, as to what this man lacked, or in what he failed to do as he ought. The answer came into my mind like a flash, and I said to him, "You are neither laying up treasure on earth nor in heaven." So it seemed to be about this time that our Church was neither converting sinners from the errors of their way in Africa, nor among the officials in America. When Christians fully believe the commission of Christ, "Go ye into all the world; and preach the gospel to every creature," and when the heathen do turn to God by hundreds, there is encouragement from both ends of the line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1867–68—Success on the Frontier—Church Erection—An Iowa Example—Discouragements in Africa.

WHILE some discouragements continued, there were more encouraging features connected with my work this year than existed during several previous ones.

The fact that during this year 7,000 persons had been received into the Church by our missionaries on the home and frontier missions, was used as an argument against our African mission, where so few had been induced to become Christians. Had I not offset that argument by showing that our commencing a foreign mission had greatly awakened interest in the cause of missions generally, and that thereby we got more money for missions in the United States than ever before, that argument against Africa would have won many who were friendly to it, or at least not opposed to it. I did show conclusively that Africa was attracting interest, that it had stimulated our people to give more liberally than they had ever done before, and that was one reason why a considerable part of the money collected for missions ought to go to Africa. It is a fact that as soon as the Church went abroad to preach the gospel her prosperity increased at home, where she had more money for mission work than ever before.

I had urged the organization of a church erection society for several years, but it was objected to on the ground that it was unwise to increase organizations requiring money. The Church had in the twenty years previous organized the Missionary Society, and the Sabbath-School Board, to help destitute communities operate Sunday schools; it had built a number of new colleges, and given considerable money to these enterprises, and hence it was said it were better not to have any

more organizations at present. I did succeed, however, in getting church erection organized at the General Conference of 1869. Though very little was done for some years, it finally grew stronger, and helped to build scores of houses while I was yet its secretary, and it is now helping to build many United Brethren churches. Church erection and missions are handmaids to each other, each helping the other, and both greatly aiding church growth in this country.

There was one occurrence that I often told with good effect, to show how much the Church lost by not having a church erection society. At an annual conference in Iowa, an itinerant reported one hundred and fifty converts and accessions to the Church as the result of a meeting held in a schoolhouse. Several years afterward I attended the same conference, and very naturally inquired how the society had prospered. To my surprise and chagrin I was told that there was no United Brethren society there then. An effort had been made to build a church soon after the revival, but, the people being poor and much scattered in that new country, it failed. The pastor of another church, in a village three miles from the schoolhouse in which so many had been saved and added to the United Brethren Church, and which they could no longer use for meetings, hearing of their failure to get money to build, told them that there was an organization in Boston which furnished money to poor societies to build houses of worship, and that he would get them several hundred dollars for that purpose if they would unite with his church. They did, and the result was that there was a thriving Congregational church built near that schoolhouse. Had we had a church erection fund then, from which a few hundred dollars could have been loaned for four or five years without interest, as we have had since 1869, we could have saved over one hundred and fifty members to our Church at that place. The good thing in our plan of helping poor societies to build houses of worship is that the same money goes on helping to build churches while time lasts. Many societies have in this way

secured houses of worship which they could not or would not have built without this help. I have known a number of instances where the promise of a loan of from two hundred to five hundred dollars for a few years stimulated societies to build churches, and they afterward met all the cost themselves without calling for the money promised by the Church Erection Society. Believing in these possibilities led me to prepare a constitution for a church erection society, and to present it to the General Conference of 1869, which adopted it. Being a member of that General Conference enabled me to work and speak in behalf of church erection, which I did freely.

To show my attitude to our work in Africa, I wrote to Rev. O. Hadley, who was then in charge of that mission, to give his real opinion as to whether we had better abandon Africa altogether. The reply was as follows: "I doubt if there is a field harder than this in all the world. The climate is a great drawback here. By the time we are prepared to work we die, or must go home to recruit our health. Slavery and polygamy exist here; these breed caste, pride, indolence, degradation and robbery. The want of veracity is a great evil; I almost think they are all liars. The mission has but little hold on them. They do not feel that Christianity is their religion."

After receiving this from a man of good judgment and a godly missionary, who had worked among that people long enough to know them well, I was discouraged a little, but felt that the only consistent course was to prosecute that work with greater energy. To abandon Africa was a virtual acknowledgement that the gospel of Christ could not save that people from their deep degradation. The thing to do was to go forward with the work, believing that the gospel was the power of God unto salvation unto all nations, and in due time those who sowed bountifully should also reap bountifully. The members of the Board, with one exception, heartily sanctioned these views, and by its action put upon

record its position, which was not unlike the inscription put upon the arch of the gateway into a cemetery, "We are here to stay."

CHAPTER XIX.

1869–70—Pleading for Better Rules—The Crisis in African Mission—Thomas Tucker—"Palaver."

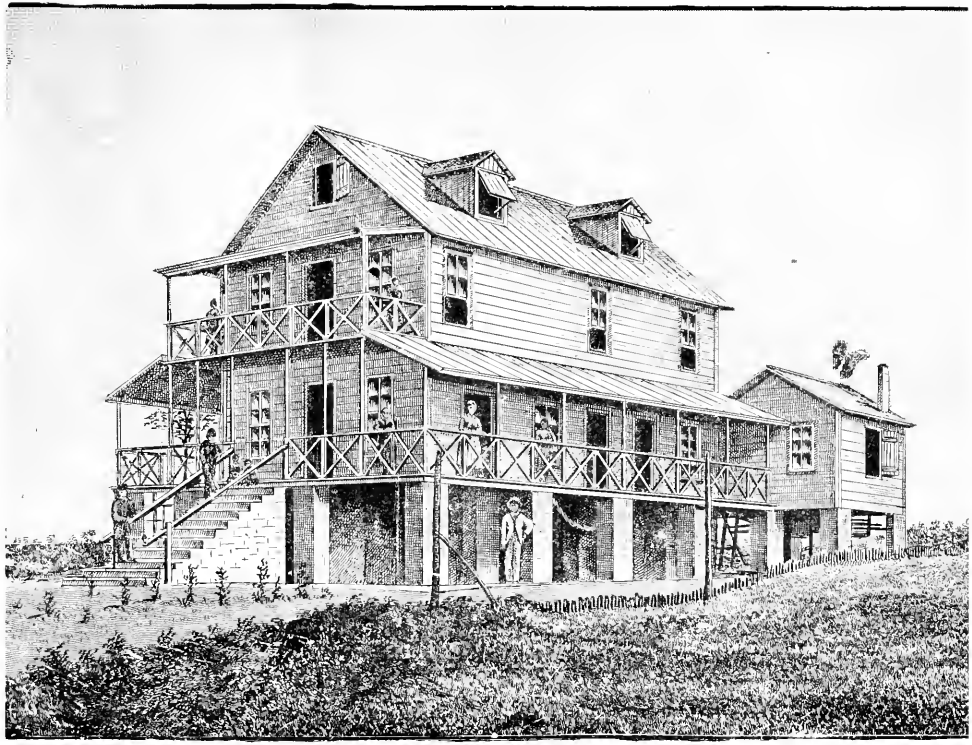
THE declaration, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is quite as applicable to weeks, months, and years, as it is to days, and perhaps more so, for there are some days when very little evil comes to one, but that is seldom true of the whole year. Several evils had burdened the society, which I felt must be removed this year, if possible. One to be gotten out of the way was the method of dividing the money collected for missions. I believed it necessary to have a rule adopted that would give the Board of Missions a certain proportion of money collected by the pastors for missionary purposes. I had urged that at the General Conferences of 1861 and of 1865, but failed to get such a rule adopted. However, I felt that it was right, and by word of mouth, as well as in the *Religious Telescope* and the *Missionary Visitor*, I had shown that if the Board of Missions was to prosper such a rule must be enacted. In my report to the Board, which held its annual meeting a few days before the General Conference of 1869, as also in my quadrennial report to that body, I showed clearly that the thousands of destitute people in the southern and western portions of our country, and the millions in Africa, were in greater need than any portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, in which States more than two-thirds of our missionary money was expended.

To help to get a rule to give a certain proportion of missionary money to the Board, I showed that an average of one dollar to the member should be collected by the pastors, which would have been about twice the amount then obtained for

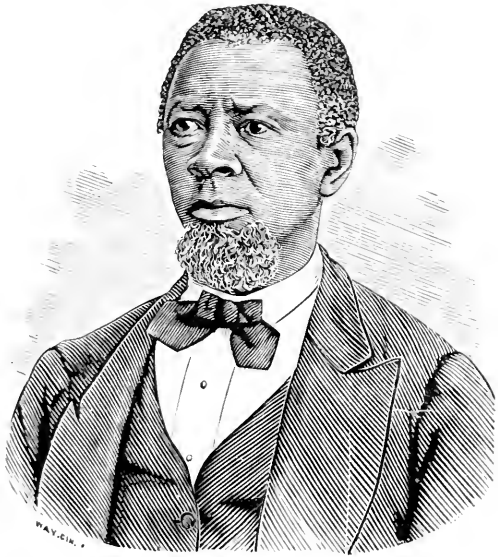
missions. This was urged for two reasons; namely, that more money ought to be collected for missions, and that by so doing the General Conference would more likely vote the rule desired, and give the Board a larger proportion of what was collected. This it did. The rule worked so well that it was practised thereafter until two boards were organized in 1905, one for home, and one for foreign missions. Nothing in the Bible is truer than the declaration: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

The rule adopted by the General Conference gave the Board about one-third the missionary money collected by pastors. The strong and rich conferences gave one-half of their collections, and others from one-third to one-fourth.

Another matter that had given me much concern, and that I was determined should be settled by the General Conference of 1869, was whether the mission in Africa should be prosecuted in a way to make it successful, or be discontinued. That question had agitated the Church and caused considerable discussion for several years, and I was tired of it. The only American missionaries the Church had there, Rev. O. Hadley and wife, reached America on the tenth of April, after having been in Africa less than two years, and Mr. Hadley died the 21st of that month, just four weeks before the General Conference met. Their early return, his death, and the unfavorable report they made of the outlook in Africa, with a feeling among some of our people that we were not able to find the missionaries or the money to make that work successful, made rather a strong case against continuing that mission. Notwithstanding all the opposition to its continuance, I used these words in my report to the Conference: "A glorious harvest of souls will yet be gathered there by the church which will sustain laborers in that field." After the question was discussed pro and con for some time by the



MARY SOWERS GIRLS' HOME



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General Conference, it voted almost unanimously not to abandon it, but to keep the way open to prosecute that work as soon as laborers and money were available for that purpose. That ended forever the question as to whether we should abandon Africa.

Mr. Thomas Tucker, one of our first converts in Africa, came to the mission at Shenge a nude, filthy creature, and was employed as a laborer at first, and then foreman of laborers; also captain of our mission boat. After a few years he became a Christian, and then a minister of the gospel. One time he was sent with a boat up one of the rivers to buy rice for the mission. While his boat was at anchor a marauding party seized it, and were already out in the river with it when he came upon the scene. Though he was naturally a coward and easily scared, and the river was deep, he plunged into it and swam to where the boat was, and put out the three men who were making off with it. He said to them, "Ah, you go *thief:* this God palaver boat." It was the boat the missionaries used in going to preach. "You may fight and hurt me if you can," he said, "but I will fight for mission boat, and God will help me keep it." In due time the boat came back to the mission with a good supply of rice, and Thomas was a very happy man, because he had won so signal a victory over those who were themselves thieves and robbers, and who would have killed him if they dared.

Having used the phrase, "God palaver boat," I wish to say that the word "palaver" is much used by Africans. One can almost speak the whole of the Sherbro dialect with that word. They say "work palaver," "sleep palaver," "eat palaver," "drink palaver," "good palaver," "bad palaver," and "sick palaver." Preaching is "God palaver." It seems to mean quarreling primarily, as when they do quarrel they say they have "palaver," and when it is a serious dissention they say "big palaver," or "hard palaver," or some such qualifying adjective is employed.

CHAPTER XX.

1870–71—Experiences With Tricky Africans—Negotiations With American Missionary Association—Joseph Gomer—Headman Holds Service—Germany.

WHEN in Africa the first time I started in a rowboat to go one hundred and twenty miles, having with me five natives for boatmen. On the second day out I became so ill that we had to stop early in the afternoon in an African village, and remain there till the next morning. It was Saturday, and being still sixty miles from my destination, I started quite early, telling my boatmen that they must get me to the end of the journey that night. After all was ready for starting, I had all the awnings put down in the part of the boat I occupied to keep the breezes from striking me, and this hid the boatmen from me. The sound of their oars seemed to be all right, and I believed all was going on properly. At the end of half an hour I looked out to see how far we had gone, when to my surprise the boat was within one hundred yards of where we started. The boatmen made it up among themselves that they would not get me to the end of my journey that day, and knowing that I would not travel on Sunday, they had planned to spend the day on an island only three miles away.

I made it lively for a time, and watched them, and in less than an hour they were opposite the island. They insisted on landing there, but I said, "No." Then they said, "Master, our water to drink and to cook with has all been spilled out of keg." One man had managed with his feet to loosen the stopper in the end of the keg, and let the water run out, so as to compel me to stop, hoping thereby to delay so long that we could not reach our destination that day. They were made to

fill the keg with water as quickly as possible, and to pull out from the island, and there was no more stopping till the end of the journey, which was on Sunday morning at daylight. Such conflicts between laborers and their employers are common experiences with missionaries in Africa. It is often difficult there to get others to do a reasonable share of work. The natives practise intrigue and deception on missionaries in many ways, as in making regular strokes with their oars without advancing, and in causing the water-keg to get empty. This is often annoying, though sometimes amusing, and missionaries and others are not unfrequently made to realize that the cunning deception and carefully-planned fraud are strong arguments in favor of their being the equals of white people, especially in these respects, though deeply degraded in many things.

Respecting the management of the African mission in 1870, the following was adopted by the Board:

"*Whereas,* The Executive Committee during the year did not see its way clear to send laborers to Africa, nor are we able to do so now, therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we will give our property in Africa to the American Missionary Association, with the missionary on the ground, Rev. J. A. Williams, until May, 1873; also that we will give what is needed to support Mr. Williams during the period named."

The secretary of the American Missionary Association and I had had a meeting in Oberlin, Ohio, at the instance of our respective Executive Committees, canvassing the situation and the conditions upon which such a transfer could be made. The last letter from the secretary of the American Missionary Association to me, received but a few days before this meeting, contained the following: "Our Executive Committee has authorized me to complete any arrangement that can be effected with you that will not involve increased expense to us, which I think can be done." Pending negotiations between the United Brethren Executive Committee and American

Missionary Association Committee, the sad news reached me that our native missionary in Africa, Mr. Williams, had died. That was only two weeks after the above transfer to the American Missionary Association had been considered. The effects of this death upon the Church was to impress it that too little had been done for Africa, and that instead of letting go the feeble hold we had upon it, we ought to redouble our efforts to work there.

I had agreed to this transfer only on the ground that it was the one chance of retaining a mission in Africa at all, and had been busy in the meantime trying to find a suitable man and his wife to go to Africa to take charge of our mission there. I succeeded in finding a good layman, a colored man, Mr. Joseph Gomer, and his wife, then living in Dayton, Ohio, whom I recommended for that work. The Executive Committee, however, were not all willing to send them, urging as one reason that a minister ought to be sent. I then proposed to accompany them, and remain with them one year. The committee deferred final action one week, and then decided not to allow me to go, but to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Gomer. They sailed from New York to Africa in December, 1870. The thought that so greatly mortified me and caused me to offer my services for a fourth trip to Africa was that I believed that the United Brethren Church was as evangelical and spiritual, and had as good a government, as any in the United States, and with a membership of over 100,000 it ought to possess enough foreign missionary zeal to produce a missionary and his wife to send to Africa, and to furnish the money to support them.

I often thought of a good lady I knew whose husband was much from home as a minister doing work for God. She always kept up family worship morning and night, there being several grown sons at home, all of whom were professed Christians and who prayed in turns. These young men had been husking corn one day, and at the time for family worship that night were sleepy. The one whose turn it was to lead

in prayer knelt down, but soon went to sleep on his knees, with his head resting on the chair. The good mother was so horrified that she exclaimed, "God have mercy on such praying!" Calling to another son, she told him to pray. The boy by that time was nearly splitting his sides laughing at his brother's going to sleep while trying to pray, and he made no effort to comply with her request. Then the good woman commenced praying, and did it so penitently and earnestly that she turned the sleepiness and levity of the boys into great seriousness and regret at what had happened. It became as serious with them as an occurrence did with some people in Africa, in a village where I often preached, not far from Shenge. There was a native missionary stationed at that place several years. Once he went away to remain several weeks. The first Sabbath after leaving, the head man of the village told the people that there would be a meeting in the barri as usual, and that they must come. He said to some of the boys and girls who had been attending the mission school and could sing, that they must lead the singing, which they did. Then he called upon a Sierra Leone trader who was stopping in the village, ordering him to come to the meeting to pray. He refused at first, but the head man told him that if he did not come to the meeting and pray he must leave his town. Having a canoe and some goods there that he could not move just then, he concluded to comply with the request, and he went to the meeting and mumbled some words of prayer. Then the head man, who was not a Christian, attempted to preach, but it got to be a serious thing. He, like the man who attempted to pray, seemed to be deeply convicted, and was greatly confused. The description given by one present was that "they had big God palaver there that day." What motive prompted the head man to hold that meeting we never learned, but he never held another.

The writer had for several years favored opening a mission in Germany, for the following reasons: 1. Because the founder of the United Brethren Church was a German. 2. A

large number of our people and their descendants were German. 3. Germany needed earnest, spiritual, gospel preaching. The Board of Missions, at its annual meeting in May, 1869, had consented to commence a mission in Germany as soon as suitable missionaries could be found to go there. Rev. C. Bischoff and wife were appointed, and they sailed in October, 1869. They commenced work in Naila, Bavaria, but as all independent churches were denied many privileges given to the state churches, the work was slow at first. Things soon took a favorable turn, and before the first year passed seventy-two persons united with the Church. The Board recommended sending another missionary as soon as practicable, which, however, was not done for some time.

CHAPTER XXI.

1871–72—"Only Betsy"—Talking Money—Chinaman and Indian in California—Encouraging News From Africa.

My father had a neighbor who, in answer to the question, "Is your family well?" would reply, "Yes, we are about as usual, only Betsy. She keeps her workbag hanging on the bedpost, and takes out a new complaint every morning." He then would proceed to name the particular thing his wife was complaining of that day, sometimes neuralgia, at other times rheumatism, or headache, or some other affliction. This man, sitting in church once, he on one side and his wife on the other side of the middle rail dividing the women from the men, went to sleep during preaching and got to dreaming, and in his dream he thought their baby had fallen out of bed, when he cried out, loud enough to be heard all over the house, "There, Betsy, the baby has fallen out of bed again." The night before, this experience had befallen their baby, and in his dream the scene was reënacted in his thoughts.

Well, I had some things to complain of, too. I was troubled by the tardiness of some pastors and their congregations in responding to reasonable calls to help increase the missionary money. I plead for a more aggressive policy this year, writing a good deal, both in the *Missionary Visitor* and the *Religious Telescope*. I also recommended the publication of missionary tracts, circulars, and collecting cards for free distribution among our people, but these suggestions met with little favor. I also plead that something effective be done to secure money for the Church Erection Society, there being great need in that department. As I was secretary of both the Church Erection and Missionary societies, and the only paid officer they had, my hands were quite full of work.

Notwithstanding this, I was pressed by the managers of Union Biblical Seminary, and especially by the senior bishop of the Church, to give at least three months to the work of soliciting money for that purpose in connection with my other duties. I therefore attended all the annual conferences I could, and took subscriptions for Union Biblical Seminary. The subscription papers stated that the amounts set opposite the names of subscribers were to be paid several months after date, and they were to be duplicated in one year thereafter. The work required to be done was very laborious, owing to the fact that all names put upon the subscription papers had to be copied from one to three times, and a copy left with each presiding elder, whose duty it was to collect the amounts subscribed and forward to the treasurer of the Seminary. The original subscription book was given to its manager. This extra work so seriously affected my health that it took a whole year to regain it.

In this connection I might say, while on the subject of extra work, that a few years before I spent considerable time collecting money for the Publishing House debt. During one year I traveled a circuit and collected for the Publishing House two hundred and fifty dollars, paying in addition two hundred dollars on the debt myself. With the assistance of a couple of pastors of Miami Conference I did the work of the secretary at the same time, all of us working gratis for the Missionary Society. I received one hundred and seventy-five dollars more salary on that circuit than had been paid previously, and collected over twice as much missionary money. In the previous quadrennium I gave one week to soliciting money to endow a chair in Otterbein University, the amount, five thousand dollars, being given by my brothers, brothers-in-law, and myself. It is known as the Flickinger chair in Otterbein University.

The old lady whose husband had been a life-long itinerant in the United Brethren Church, and who was greatly interested in a lecture on Africa and a money sermon she heard me

deliver at an annual conference, ought to be excused for saying, "Flickinger has talked money so much that his mouth has gotten crooked." That which caused me to reluctantly do so much soliciting outside of my regular work was the fact that it took away the only leisure I had for reading and study, which I much desired to do, and felt great need of doing, to fit me for the position I occupied.

When in California, in 1873, in company with Bishop Dickson attending the Coast conferences, we were holding a woods meeting about three miles from a railroad station and post-office. One day I went in a buggy for the mail, and was returning to our stopping place when I overtook a Chinaman who was walking, carrying an ax. I reined up my horse and entered into conversation with him, with a view of doing some missionary work on him. I asked him where he was going, and he replied, "To choppe wood." After some more talk I told him I must go, and that he must be a good man and not steal, or lie, or drink whisky, or swear. He had been very sociable and friendly, but now his face became serious, and with both hands uplifted he exclaimed, "You tellee me too muchee goodee to do all at one time. Too muchee, too muchee." So I had too muchee, too muchee good to look after at one time, and hence did not always succeed as I otherwise would have done.

Some days before that interview with the Chinaman, while at the California Conference, Bishop Dickson and I, having our home at the parsonage, had some washing done. The woman came early in the morning, bringing her husband with her. They were the finest looking Indians I ever saw. It was in the month of May and quite warm, and the washing was done out of doors, at the rear end of the parsonage lot, under the shade of a large tree. The Indian husband built the fire, filled the kettle with water, put up the clothes-line, and made himself generally useful helping his wife. Our dinner that day was eaten on the porch in the rear of the parsonage, in full view of where that woman was washing. After dinner

I concluded to go where she was at work and have a little friendly talk with her. By way of introduction, I said that the day was quite warm. To this she replied with a guttural sound which was neither a grunt nor a groan, meaning "yes." Next I asked her if she was not very tired, and received the same guttural response; she kept right on rubbing the clothes. Then I asked her where her husband had gone, when she stopped rubbing and wiped the sweat off her forehead, looked me full in the face and said: "My old man no been here since ten o'clock; he go off and lay down in the shade and sleep; he all the same like white man; he too much lazy." There was considerable laughter on the porch, as the pastor and his family and Bishop Dickson were within hearing. I had no more questions to ask that woman.

During this year, owing to the decided opposition to our mission work in Germany upon the part of the state officials, we had but little success there, nor could a second missionary be found to go to that country, as was directed by the Board of Missions at its annual meeting the year before. The outlook was discouraging. Against this, however, there was very encouraging word from Africa, where we had had so little success for years. Mr. Gomer and wife had received a hearty welcome among the people, and especially by the chief at Shenge. In about five months after he commenced work there he wrote: "Our meetings are well attended. Chief Caulker himself comes to them, and allows his slaves to come to Sunday school. He enjoins on all the observance of the Sabbath, has become a professed Christian himself, and urges others to do the same. The people are very attentive, especially when the chief speaks to them in Sherbro." Another very encouraging thing was that the *Missionary Visitor*, which the writer started in 1865, with fears that it would not pay the expense of publication, now had a circulation of twenty-five thousand, yielding a nice profit over all expenses.

CHAPTER XXII.

1872–73—Two Remarkable Providences—The Answer to Mrs. Hadley's Prayer—Unexpectedly Meets His Namesake, Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce—Growth of the Home Mission Work.

SEVERAL remarkable events in connection with my work occurred during this year, which I regard as special providences. Rev. J. A. Evans and Mrs. Hadley were sent to reinforce the African mission. I accompanied them to New York City to assist in getting their outfit, and to buy supplies for the mission. The steamer on which they were to sail was to leave New York on Saturday, and we reached the city on Wednesday night. On Thursday evening a letter was received by Mrs. Hadley from her father, severely reprimanding her for going to Africa and leaving her only child with them, and threatening to disinherit her if she did not return to them. It also contained some rather uncomplimentary things about me for the part I had taken in getting Mrs. Hadley to return to Africa as a missionary.

We were stopping at a boarding-house kept by a Christian, and after evening prayers Mrs. Hadley made known her sad plight, and asked counsel and the prayers of our landlord and his wife, Mr. Evans and myself. I had that day bought tickets for the two missionaries to go to Liverpool, and to surrender one would be to incur some loss, but I said I would do that in case she decided not to go. However, I advised that we think and pray over the matter till the next morning, and then decide whether she would proceed on her way to Africa or go home. Much of that night was spent in prayer, especially by Mrs. Hadley. With her it was truly a time when "weeping may continue for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We all met next morning at the brakfast-table,

when Mrs. Hadley, with a countenance full of saintliness and a tone of cheerfulness, said, "I am going to Africa. My father had consented to my going ere I left home, and I feel God wants me to go."

That day was a very busy one with us all, as they were to go aboard early next morning, and I wished to leave for Dayton, Ohio, on a night train. For a special reason I did not leave New York that Friday night, but went with Mrs. Hadley and Mr. Evans to the steamer next morning. The farewells had all been said, and the writer stood on the pier close to the gangway, where the man stood ready to pull it aboard, when a servant from our boarding-house came running with all his might with an envelope addressed to Mrs. Hadley, and handed it to me. I at once called to the captain to get permission to deliver it to Mrs. Hadley, which was granted, and I ran to her. She opened the envelope and read, "Dear daughter, if you will go to Africa, go with your father's blessing." She almost leaped for joy, and so did I at such an announcement, coming in the nick of time before the steamer left. The father had traveled eleven miles on horseback the night before to reach an office to send that telegram to the daughter whom he had so severely criticised and threatened with financial losses but a few days before. The all-night praying upon the part of that good woman had moved the hand that moves the world. God relieved her of great distress, and put a burden upon her father that caused him to ride twenty-two miles and spend some money to send his blessing to his daughter. Truly God hears prayer, as I have many times realized in behalf of myself and others.

Another remarkable incident took place that Friday evening in the rooms of the American Missionary Association. As the United Brethren Board of Missions had no offices of its own in New York, it made the rooms of the American Missionary Association its headquarters. One room was called the "packing-room," from which the Association was at that time shipping large quantities of books, clothing, and provis-

ions to its missions among the freedmen in the Southern States. The room was in charge of a colored man, who had a boy, whom I supposed to be his son, to assist him in his work.

I had bought, in small parcels, quite a number of things to go to Africa, all of which were sent to that packing-room to be put into strong boxes or barrels to be shipped. As the man and boy had been very kind and helpful to me in getting my purchases for Africa properly put into boxes and barrels, I felt that I ought to show some appreciation of their help. So when I was about to leave for the railroad station at five o'clock that afternoon, I entered into a short conversation with them. The man's name was Jacob, and the boy was called "Boy." After I had talked with Jacob a little I turned to the boy and asked him his name, and he promptly answered, "Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce." A clap of thunder from the sky of that clear day could not have surprised me more than to meet my namesake in New York, and to think that I had worked with him two afternoons packing goods for Africa, and I had not known it. To be assured that there was no mistake in the matter, I asked him if he was from Bonthe, in Africa, and what had brought him to America, and when he expected to return to Africa. I soon learned that the boy was the real Daniel F. Wilberforce, who had been named after me in February, 1857. I then got from him the story of why he was in New York. He had come to America as the nurse of a sick missionary and his wife, who had become so debilitated by the African fever as to need help en route for home. He had spent several months at the home of the man, in one of the New England States, and was now awaiting an opportunity to get passage back to Africa on a sail vessel.

I immediately saw the officers of the American Missionary Association, and told them not to send him back to Africa until they had heard from me from Dayton, Ohio. I saw it was necessary to stay another night in New York to further

look after the matter. The next forenoon I bought "Todd's Lectures to Young Men," and had my namesake read a page of the book. I then completed arrangements to have him come to Dayton to be educated, in the event our Executive Committee agreed to his doing so. He came to Dayton a few weeks later, where he remained from December, 1871, till October, 1878. In this time he graduated from the Dayton High School, and, soon after, he was married. He went to Africa and became principal of the mission schools there, and later took charge of the Rufus Clark Training-School. Before they went to Africa he was made a member of the Miami Annual Conference, and was ordained to the office of elder in the church of Christ. His wife was made mistress of the Girls' Home, at Shenge, and housekeeper. They have four children, two girls and two boys. The eldest daughter taught the school and itinerated at the town of Victoria, the headquarters of Mr. Wilberforce from January 1900 till 1905. The youngest daughter attended school there, while the two sons were at college fitting themselves for mission service. He and his family did valuable work for years.

These remarkable providences, the one which caused Mrs. Hadley's father to telegraph his daughter, and the one which led to calling a negro baby by the name of Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce, and the remarkable circumstances bringing us thus together, with all that has attended our labors in Africa, show that God's hand had been upon us and the African work.

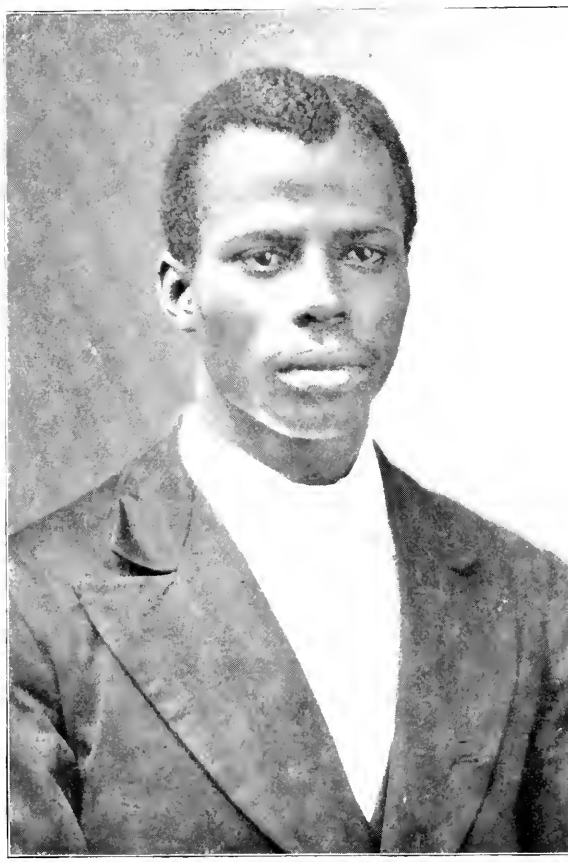
I said in my annual report to the Board of Missions, that our progress in Africa had been better than ever before, sixty-three persons having been baptized, and scores of others awakened to their need of salvation. Chief Caulker had for months professed faith in Christ, and lived a consistent Christian life until his death, which had occurred soon after the previous meeting of the Board. To be saved from a heathen life at the age of eighty years was a remarkable trophy of grace.

At that meeting I also gave a comparative statement of progress made in the cause of missions for the three preceding years, which was as follows: "Three years ago there were one hundred and ninety-three home missionaries, eighty-seven in the frontier, and three in the foreign fields. These received from all sources, $83,381.80. The following year there were one hundred and eighty-seven home missionaries, one hundred and three in the frontier, and four in the foreign fields, who received $90,334.44. During the year just closed one hundred and seventy-nine home missionaries were employed, one hundred and fourteen in the frontier, and six in the foreign fields, who received $98,781.63. The average salary paid our missionaries for the last year was $330.39." This was the highest average ever paid up to that time, and for years afterward.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1873–74—Church Erection Prospering—Sabbath Schools Give $3,000—Flickinger Chapel at Shenge—Reverses in Germany—Some African Experiences.

This year I recall two things in connection with my work that were gratifying, and one that was saddening. The Church Erection Society began to show signs of life, and four weak societies were helped to build houses of worship this year. A second and highly gratifying fact was the way three thousand dollars were raised for a church building at Shenge, West Africa. There was great need for a commodious and substantial house of worship at that place, it being the headquarters of our African mission. How to get the money to build it was a question. The Missionary Society was already in debt for a good sum, and there were many calls for money for the colleges of the Church and for other Church enterprises, making the outlook quite discouraging. I saw some hope in the Sabbath schools, and got the sanction of the Board of Missions to appeal to our Sunday schools for money to build that church in Africa. I showed in the Church papers how easily the three thousand dollars could be obtained if all the Sunday schools of the Church took hold of it and the superintendents took collections for it. The ball rolled slowly at first, and remittances were few and far between, but we kept it before the schools until many were induced by their superintendents and pastors to take collections. These were in sums varying from twenty-five cents to five dollars, but the entire three thousand dollars were obtained, and the much-needed house was built. The size was thirty by forty-five feet, the walls of stone and the roof of slate. I dedicated it in the spring of the year 1875. Except some seats and the



DANIEL FLICKINGER WILBERFORCE

MRS. MARY SOWERS
First President of the W. M. A.

MRS. SYLVIA HAYWOOD
Second President of the W. M. A.

painting of the woodwork, it had been finished and used for quite a length of time before. Arriving in Africa in the fall of 1874, I found the walls settling out at the top, which would have ruined the house during the next rainy season. I procured iron rods one inch in diameter, which reached from corner to corner near the top of the stone walls, and by this means the house was kept in good shape for many years, or until the uprising in May, 1898, when the insurgents partially destroyed it. It had been used for the schoolroom for several years, and was much used for meetings, but the war of 1898, which destroyed so many lives of missionaries and others, and so much valuable property, marred it a good deal. The house was called Flickinger Chapel, so named by Rev. J. Gomer, the writer not having been consulted in that matter. Soon after the war of 1898 it was thoroughly repaired, and then called Gomer Memorial Chapel, he being buried near it.

Getting money from the Sunday schools of the Church to build that chapel did more to create sympathy and enlist the hearty co-operation of our people in behalf of the African mission than anything else for a long time. It made it easier to get enlarged contributions for Africa, and turned the attention of the Church to that country as never before. Often "man's necessity is God's opportunity."

That house, built near the ocean, often attracted the attention of people sailing by, and reminded them of the fact that it was their duty to love and worship the God of heaven. It, with our excellent mission residence, so easily seen from passing vessels, made a good impression on many people.

The sad experience of this year was in connection with the German mission, which had been reinforced by sending another missionary and wife to that work. Just before they reached there the missionary on the ground had received twenty-six additional members, making about one hundred in all who had united with our Church. It was thought best by the missionaries on the ground, soon after the second one reached the country, to separate entirely from the state

church, when only thirty-five members remained with us. The state church in Bavaria subjected all who withdrew from it to certain privations, respecting which the writer will have occasion to write again. The civil authorities after this forbade our missionaries from holding meetings in Bavaria, which caused them to go into other places to do missionary work. The societies organized in Bavaria still remained together, and held meetings on the sly, in such manner that the police could not interfere with them.

I made a great mistake in Africa once preaching on the text from John 15:4, frequently using the word "vine" instead of "country rope," as the natives name the vine. My interpreter failed to understand the matter, and could not interpret the word "vine," and hence the real meaning of the text was lost to the congregation.

Another missionary in Freetown and myself, on horseback, met a man personating the devil. We were told that we must give the road and alight from our horses while his majesty was passing. Instead of that we put spurs to the horses and the man got out of the way. The Bible injunction was realized—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you." There were quite a number following him, who also got out of the way quickly, and we rode on as if we had not met his satanic majesty.

I spent a night in an African town, on the Boom River, whose head man was a noted cannibal. Only a few days before one of the men of the town lost himself in a grass field near by. Grass fields there are similar to our prairies, except that the stalks of grass are from eight to ten feet high, and are often half an inch thick. To be lost in such a field, with nothing to be seen but the sky above you, is much worse than to be lost on our prairies or in the woods of America. This lost man wandered about all afternoon and night, and found his way back to his town about daylight. Being tired and hungry, he took a few palm nuts which were lying near the path which lead him into the village. These happened to be-

long to the head man, who had been drunk the day before—drunk on American whisky. Feeling in bad humor that morning he ordered the man killed, which was done instantly. No doubt the head man and others ate him, for the town was notorious for cannibalism. There, as in other countries, alcohol is contributary to almost all the evils that exist. O heathenism, with thy barbarities, how terrible thou art!

CHAPTER XXIV.

1874–75—Hard Times, But Missions Prospering—German Editor on the Temperance Crusade—On the Lookout for the Policemen in Germany—Women's Missionary Societies—African Experiences—"Big Devil in Pocket."

Among the events that are very trying to the secretary of a missionary society are hard times, and twice during my life I have experienced them, in 1857 and 1858, and again in 1873. Being called to the secretaryship in May, 1857, the latter part of that year I found money was exceedingly scarce, hard to get under any circumstances, and well nigh impossible to get as a loan for missions. Between these two periods of financial stringency there had been considerable debt against our missionary treasury most of the time. The appropriations made by the board for this year were quite up to the receipts expected, even if there had been no hard times, hence I was very glad to be able to write the following in my report to the Board at its annual meeting in 1874:

"Notwithstanding the cry of hard times common in the country during the year, there has been no decrease in money to the missionary treasury, and all our mission work has been successful. Not less than 5,000 persons have been converted during the year under the labors of our missionaries, and most of them have become members of the Church. The large ingathering of members into the churches, and the temperance revival in the woman's crusade against the liquor traffic indicate the near approach of better days for the church of Christ. The woman's temperance movement is essentially a missionary work."

I shall never forget an occurrence that took place in the hall of the *Telescope* office this year. The editor of a German

daily paper, whose office was near the mission room, met me as I was going to my office. He had just come up from Miamisburg, where he saw women going from one saloon to another and kneeling down in the snow and mud and praying for the saloonkeepers. Being much excited, himself a large, typical beer guzzler, he said he never saw or heard of such crazy work. "They vere nice good vimmen, too, only they had their heads turned wrong side out by foolish demperance fanatics. Vat you ting, nice, vell-dressed vimmen kneeling down before a saloon or going inside to pray! Got in himmel, vat for crazy work that vas in this free country! Beer is good for helts, and no use to pray for to stop drinking it, for ve Germans must have it. Demperance people is fools!"

And I am here reminded of an experience in Germany, while I was filling the office of both presiding elder and bishop in that country. It was in the city of Hof. The service was held in a private house standing about ten feet above the street, with the gable end of the house next to the street, and having two outside doors, one at the side of the house, and the other at the rear end. The mistress of the house during the Saturday evening services stood at the door at the side of the house, frequently looking out along the walk to the street. This was done to see if policemen were about. If one had put in an appearance she would have made a sign to the preacher to sit down. There was no law against people sitting in meeting and singing, but to preach was forbidden in all but the state churches. On Sunday similar services were held, after which we all went to the garret, and there broke bread and drank wine in memory of Christ's death.

This year the writer obtained permission of the Board of Missions to procure missionary boxes to be given gratis to Sunday schools and families who agreed to use them for collecting missionary money.

During the year five more societies were helped to build houses of worship by the funds of the Church Erection Society.

The business of the *Missionary Visitor* was transferred from the Missionary Society to the Publishing House by order of the General Conference, I continuing to edit it, for which $500 was paid to the missionary treasury.

At the meeting of the Missionary Board this year the following action was taken: "We recommend the organization of women's missionary societies wherever this is practicable in the annual conferences, and if the women's missionary work should in the future assume the form of a general church organization, this Board will give it cheerful and substantial help."

Missionaries in Africa travel a good deal in rowboats, and sometimes, to reach their destination before the tide turned against them, they worked their boatmen hard. It is very common there to hear them say, "Massa, we tired too much, and hungry and tired catch we all at same time." To make my men understand when water was boiling, I told them that water did not boil until it jumped, and they must not take it from the fire till it "jump, jump plenty."

Soon after we had our farm opened at Shenge, a chief came a considerable distance to see us plow. The yoke of oxen which drew the plow had one man to drive them and another to hold the plow. The chief and his attendants followed quite awhile, giving the African's usual "aw," "ah," "hum," and other words of surprise at the performances. Finally he could stand it no longer, and he very earnestly declared that it was wrong to make "cow root the ground, all the same like slave or a woman." All cattle are called "cows" by them.

An African mission girl about twelve years of age took the instruction given her by the missionaries very literally. The missionaries had told the children to pray and ask God for whatever they needed, and he would bring good to them and keep evil away from them. So this little girl while alone prayed, and was heard to say, "O Lord, give me plenty of rice and fish to eat," that being the food they were fed on,

and then she added, "Please, Lord, give me plenty of clothes to wear, and keep snake from bite me, and make me a good girl. Amen."

A woman at Rotifunk, in Africa, had an idol which Mr. Gomer and I much wished. She had twin children and one had died, and she said the soul of that dead child was in the image. We offered her a big price, and, the third day after, she brought it, we paying the price offered. In the meantime she had had another image made like the one she sold to us, and got the witch master to take the soul out of the one we bought and put it into the new image. As we would as soon have it without a baby's soul in it, all were satisfied.

Falling asleep in my hammock one day, while my boatmen were cooking on shore, some of the natives present held a kind of post mortem examination on me. They quietly pushed up the sleeve of my coat to see if I was white up my arms. They were surprised to find me whiter under the clothing than on my hands and face. In the meantime I waked up, but feigned to be sleeping, to let them go on with their examination. Soon one of them heard my watch tick, when he became frightened and started to run off, saying, "White man have one big devil in his pocket for true, true." Calling them I explained what the watch was for, but they left, feeling it was not safe to be near me.

CHAPTER XXV.

1875–76—Visits Africa and Germany—Decide to Continue in Germany—A Clean Church in Africa—Saved From the Rocks—In Glasgow—Divine Healing—War Party in Africa.

This year was one of great privation and peril to health and life itself, and yet a year of victory. It is with deep emotion and thanksgiving to God that I recall some of the struggles and sore trials through which I passed, and how these were blessed to my growth in grace and an increase of joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

There were serious difficulties in the way of our success, both in Africa and Germany, which it seemed necessary to more fully understand. This caused the Executive Committee to ask me to visit those missions, and spend as much time as would be necessary to learn the real condition of things, and to suggest what to do to remove the hindrances in the way of success. I therefore sailed from New York, November 14, 1874, and returned to that city the 13th of May, 1875, and telegraphed that I could not get to Dayton, where the Board met the same day, till the 15th, which caused the Board to put into its minutes the following: "Being unable to come to a conclusion in regard to Germany and Africa, the committee recommends that action with respect to these fields be deferred until Mr. Flickinger can be present with us."

While I was abroad there was a good deal said in favor of abandoning the Germany mission, especially by some ministers in the Ohio German Conference, hence the perplexity and doubts on the part of the committee. The letters I had written respecting Africa had greatly encouraged the Board and the Church in respect to that mission, and they were favorably disposed to it. I told the Board that I would just as soon vote

to discontinue Africa as Germany. I had seen the poor people of Germany in their oppressed condition, and believed that they needed to be helped to a larger civil and religious liberty, and that our Church ought to help to do that work. I felt deeply the humiliation and wrong of abandoning Germany then, and earnestly pleaded for the continuance of the work. The following paper was then passed unanimously: "We regret that the laws of Bavaria, Germany, have been enforced against our missionaries there, so as to prevent them from preaching the gospel, and we recommend that should the effort now being made by our missionaries to secure permission to organize our Church there be unsuccessful, that we labor in Saxony, or some other part of Germany. Also, that $1,200 be appropriated to that mission for the next year." The following action was taken respecting the mission in Africa:

"We have abundant reason to praise the great Head of the Church for the success granted during the past year, and that through all the opposition to that work the word of the Lord was not hindered, and we are more than ever convinced that the Master desires us to go forward; therefore,

"*Resolved,* 1. That we approve the changes made in the work by employing native teachers for the schools, so that the missionaries can visit the towns adjacent to our mission stations to preach to many who are yet in great darkness. 2. We are thankful to God for the completion of the stone chapel at Shenge, and the country-built chapel at Bompetook, both of which were dedicated to the worship of God by Mr. Flickinger before leaving Africa. 3. We approve the course of our secretary and the missionaries in organizing societies at these places free from polygamy, slavery, poroism, and the liquor traffic, and withholding membership from women who are wives of men having other wives. 4. That five thousand dollars be appropriated to that mission for next year."

It should be born in mind that drinking and trafficking in

ardent spirits was no bar to membership in other churches in Sierra Leone. Members of the poro, a very objectionable secret society, were also admitted to membership by those churches. To deny them membership in our Church created quite a stir. Some people who had been prominent members of the church in Freetown had lived in Shenge several years, and had been very active in praying and speaking in our meetings. Now that we had organized a church there, it was very humiliating to them and trying to us not to take them into our organization. They, and some heathen converts who loved strong drink and sold it, pleaded earnestly to come into the Church. We told them they could attend the meetings and sing, pray, and speak, but they could not join us till they were free from polygamy, drinking rum, and secret societies. The result was that nearly all of them did free themselves from all their heathen evils, and united with the Church later on.

I went from New York to Glasgow on the steamer *Victoria,* commanded by Captain Hederwick, a typical Scotchman, who said grace at table. He always shot it off without a breath, using these words, never more, never less, "O Lord, we thank thee for this provision of thy bounty, pardon our sins and accept us. Amen!" There was a kind providence which prevented us from running onto rocks the night our captain expected to make land. It was dark and rough, as most of the voyage was, and he decided to slow down and wait for daylight. When morning came we were forty miles farther north than he thought, and among rocks so near the top of the water that they could be seen. It was well he had slowed down, or we no doubt would have struck rocks.

I went to an ordinary hotel in Glasgow and paid seven dollars for two days there, having no extras, only meals and bed. I was reminded of the meal a king in Germany had ordered, which consisted of eggs and bread, furnished by a plain farmer's wife. When he came to pay he was asked an enormous price, and the king said, "Eggs and bread must be

scarce here." "Oh, no," said the woman, "they are not scarce, but kings are." Flickingers seemed to be scarce in Glasgow. Many fours were connected with this trip. I was appointed to make this trip November 4, sailed from New York the 14th, saw land first on the Irish coast on December 4, reached my destination in Germany the 14th, left the 24th, and all in the year 1874.

The German names I had to master was a task for me, such as Lobenstein, Wurzbach, Durrenbach, Sonfsengrum, Schoenbrumn, Lechenhuegen, Eliasbrunner, Weundarf, etc.

I reached Liverpool from Germany only two days before I sailed to Africa, badly used up with bronchitis, and called on a doctor to prescribe. The first thing the doctor said was: "You are in bad shape, and you had better go back to America. You will die going to Africa." I replied that to go to America the last of December would be certain death, and my only hope was to get into a warm climate. Having come from Bavaria, Germany, on a cup of chocolate and a few crackers, and having no appetite and a terrible cough, my doctor put me on hot Scotch whisky, and urged its free use. On the day of sailing he gave me two pint bottles of Scotch whisky, and as much cough mixture. I was a very seasick man, and reached Africa much enfeebled. I then procured and took a quart of cod liver oil with iron in it, and at the end of three weeks was well, and did four months' hard work ere leaving for America. I believe in Divine healing, and experienced the same, but through medicines that God blessed.

On board the ship to Africa there was the most inveterate talker I ever heard. He was told by the other passengers that he talked too much. Finally he promised that he would not say anything for three days, but early on the second day he was pouring a torrent of gabble into the ears of others; when reminded of the promise he made, he replied that when he made that promise the previous day he expected to die that night, or he would not have perpetrated such a piece of folly. The only time the poetic muse struck me hard was on hearing

this everlasting talker, and I wrote four lines of poetry, which, fortunately, I cannot recall now.

While in Africa this time a war party came to Koolong, captured all the wives of the head man there, and his sister. Several of these women were members of our Church at Bompetook, only two miles from Koolong. That head man and the head man of another town between Shenge and Bompetook came to Shenge for protection. We fed them and sent them away. Mr. Gomer, superintendent of the mission, went to Koolong, and I stayed at Shenge, where for three nights I slept with an ax at the head of my bed. Mrs. Gomer and the school girls were also ready to defend themselves, they keeping a large boiler of hot water to throw in the faces of an attacking party if the occasion should arise. The basement was full of people from the town of Shenge, and all in a state of alarm. The war party was finally disbanded by our returning to them the fugitives whom they punished for misdemeanors.

Going to see the head man at Tonkoloh, to collect some debts he owed the mission, he looked very sad. Inquiring the cause, he said, "Been have trouble too much." Laying his hand on his heart he said, "Trouble, big, big trouble live here." He explained that he had had a palaver with another head man and he was worsted, being required to make up a large quantity of palm nuts, or be punished. Besides, he owed us a considerable sum. If a human countenance ever showed despair, his did that day. Several of his wives came to where we were, and I told them if they all went to work they could pay all their debts, and help our missionary there to build up a mission. Those heathen wives clapped their hands for joy at the prospect of getting out of debt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1876–77—A Mission for the Chinese on the Pacific Coast—Woman's Missionary Association—Education of D. K. Wilberforce—John Caulker, the Mohammedan, in Jail—Testing a Medicine Man's Charms—Tom Tucker Orders Silver Spoons—Monkeys.

I ONCE knew an egotistical German who had the good fortune to make considerable money on the sale of a lot of hogs he had bought to fatten. When complimented on his good fortune, he said that he made the money by keeping his eyes open wide and skinned a little. Later on he made another venture and lost money. Then he said, "One cannot always sometimes tell what the market would be, whether hogs would higher up go, or lower down come." My report to the Board this year shows that I had my fears and misgivings, but victory came at last. The report said that no less than seven thousand members had been brought into our Church the past year through the labors of our missionaries. Amid great financial depression throughout our country, the receipts to our treasury were in excess of the previous year, but it would be well for all to keep in mind the fact that as a Church we still fell far below the standard of liberality that God's Word requires. I said, "Your attention is called to the following modes for increasing funds: 1. The publication of well-prepared tracts showing the good done. 2. A yearly budget of news, facts, and general intelligence respecting our work, to be read by our pastors to their people." I had insisted for years on an average of one dollar to the member for missions, and I felt sure that if pastors would give the people the necessary information in regard to the world's needs, and our duty to supply them, as taught in the Scriptures, that standard

could be reached, and it would give the Board at least twice as much money as it had, and the Conferences also.

The annual report also had the following respecting the Chinese mission: "The opportunity offered us to give the gospel to the heathen who come to our shores, where it can be done so much cheaper than to go to China, ought not longer be unimproved." The Board adopted the following: "We look favorably to the projection of a mission station at some point on the Pacific Coast, with the specific view of the evangelization of the Chinese, and we recommend that the corresponding secretary ascertain, as soon as possible, where such station should be located." The following was also adopted by the Board: "*Resolved*, That we call the attention of our people throughout the Church to the importance of holding monthly missionary prayer-meetings, for the purpose of awakening a deep interest in the missionary work, and securing a more general outpouring of the Holy Spirit for its prosecution." I had pressed this matter until the General Conference put it in the Discipline as a part of the pastor's duty, and until a number of places had such meetings. I recall with great pleasure the fact that Dayton First Church had these meetings, and they were generally the best of the month.

During this year the Woman's Missionary Association was organized, a step in the right direction, and not taken any too soon. The Church Erection Society helped to build five new houses of worship.

My namesake from Africa had been in the high school in Dayton a couple of years, and did well, but up to the preceding year little was done to educate him in music, some members of the Board thinking mission money ought not to be used to teach music, and especially instrumental music. Not a few in the Church were then opposed to instrumental music in public worship. Quietly and carefully I had Mr. Wilberforce take some music lessons, but at this annual meeting the matter was discussed at length, and finally the following was adopted by the Board: "That the Executive Committee con-

tinue Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce at high school in Dayton, Ohio, two years longer, and furnish him such instruction in vocal and instrumental music as would fit him to teach the same upon his return to his native land."

The success and reverses of our foreign missions during this year brought some facts to light which gave me a good deal of anxiety, but all ended well. In Germany considerable success had attended the labors of the lone missionary outside of Bavaria, but in Africa there was much to impede progress. The report of the superintendent of that field, Rev. J. Gomer, will tell the story. He wrote in January, 1876: "At the beginning of the year Satan went to work in earnest, putting forth every effort in his power to hinder the progress of the gospel in this field of labor. He selected for his prime agent John Caulker, a Mohammedan, a very energetic and daring man. Thanks be to God who has given us the victory, John Caulker and his accomplices are in Freetown jail, and all their efforts to put out the fire which the gospel has kindled have only acted as so much oil thrown into the flames. I cannot describe to you the effects produced upon the minds of the people throughout the country by the capture of Caulker and his war party by the government of Sierra Leone. We missionaries and our little band of converts are filled with joy and gladness, not because John Caulker is in jail, but because God is bringing good out of this war. A number of slaves have lost their masters, and three masters, who are professors of religion, have lost their slaves. Smallpox has been raging for two months and many have died. As soon as they are taken with it they are carried into the bush, or farm shed. Many come from neighboring villages to attend worship at Shenge. I have received ten into the Church, and nine into the seekers' class during the quarter, and two have died."

One of the most amusing things which occurred in Africa, just before I left in 1875, was the treatment some of the natives gave a medicine man, who had a charm that he said would keep war from coming to their town, and that would

keep everybody from hurting them. He was told that if it would do that they would pay him big money, but before they did so they would try it on him. They then tied him to a tree and told him they would flog him unless his gregree, or charm, kept them from doing so, and that he should do his best to make it work. The villagers gave him an unmerciful flogging, and then threw his charms into the sea. One of our missionaries fished them out and I brought them to the United States. I showed them often to congregations when explaining the superstitions of the people and how they were imposed on by witch masters and medicine men. The people of that village had been enlightened by our missionaries for several years.

Another somewhat amusing and significant object-lesson was taught me by an order I got, just before leaving Africa, from Tom Tucker, then the head man of laborers at the mission. He had come there a naked, ignorant creature. He had been converted some years before, and now appeared before me well dressed. He gave me an order for silver spoons, dishes, knives and forks, chairs, bedding, and other articles, the whole amounting to nearly $100, to be sent him from New York. I said, "Tom, you can't afford these things," but he replied that he could, and forthwith produced the money. Being head man and captain of the boat, he received twice as much wages as common laborers. "Massa," said Tom, "I eat biscuit (meaning bread such as we eat), and I drink tea and put sugar in it, all the same like a white man, and I sit at table, and no more eat with fingers; why, massa, I done turn white man, clear all over, and must live, dress, and act like white man, so you send these things from New York." I did, and Tom paid for all, and enjoyed sitting at a table to eat.

There were amusing experiences in Africa sometimes when rowing boats along the river. Monkeys and parrots would follow our boats, singing, chattering, and making all kinds of noises in so friendly a way as to make the impression that they were trying to visit with us. The monkeys would jump

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from tree to tree and break off small twigs from the branches and throw them at us. The parrots would make much ado, whistling, chattering, and singing. Once one of the boatmen shot a monkey in the shoulder, when it put its other paw up to the wound and cried pitifully, but did not try to run away. The next shot brought it down dead. I never allowed my men to shoot monkeys afterwards, though they loved to eat their nice, sweet flesh, which I never tasted but once, however.

African children are usually easily governed, but we had one boy at Shenge, about eight years old, who was incorrigible. Whipping him and making him work during play hours did not reform him in the least. Mr. Gomer concluded to shut him up in the basement of our residence, which was dark and used only for mission supplies. When first put in he screamed at the top of his voice, but after a while subsided. The second time he was put in for the night he did not even cry, and we wondered at the change. Next morning we saw that a barrel of crackers had been opened and a cheese cut, and considerable of both had disappeared. He had eaten his fill and was happy. It seemed he never was happy unless he was doing wrong things, and all efforts at reformation were unavailing. We sent him to his mother, who was a widow, but he went from bad to worse, and was doing prison service when last heard from.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1877–78—Sold Stove to Attend Circus—Firmness in the Chair—Chinese Mission on the Coast—Windowless in Kentucky.

As 1876 was the centennial of the nation, many people from abroad visited this country, and spent considerable money attending the exposition at Philadelphia, and seeing other places of interest in the United States. Nearly everybody in this country who could attend that exposition did so, and some used the money that they had formerly given to missions for that purpose. Money given to benevolences was decreased, rather than increased by the exposition. In some instances people sold needed articles to get money to attend the exposition; not unlike the family in southern Indiana some years before, who sold their cooking-stove to get money to attend Barnum's show. At a conference held in that neighborhood soon after, I delivered a missionary address, in which I said that no doubt the congregation to whom I was then talking had paid out more money to see Barnum's show than they had given to missions in a year. There was present a man who doubted the truthfulness of that statement, and he investigated the matter far enough to be satisfied that it was true. That is the man who told about the poor family selling their cooking-stove so that father, mother, and their seven children could all attend the show. It is remarkable what sacrifices people make to see curious, funny things, and what excuses some professed Christians make for not paying missionary money.

To help get the United Brethren Church to pay an average of one dollar to the member, I favored the organization of the Woman's Missionary Association. The opposition to that

movement from some leading men in the Church, including two bishops, a president of a college, and some members of the Board of Missions, like the opposition to the African and Germany missions, and the organization of Church Erection Society, was not only strong, but unkind at times. It was truly said by one of the most aggressive, efficient, and godly bishops the United Brethren Church ever had, referring to a high official in the Church, that every railroad train had to have one or more brakemen, and every board in the Church had to have one or more members in it to check the speed of the work it was carrying forward. Thank God, there were some courageous, hard-working men, who believed that what ought to be done could be done, and would be, by proper effort, and who were willing to aid to the best of their ability.

One thing I had to do when in Germany, in 1876, was to teach temperance to our ministers there. To organize that body into a mission district, and to ordain several native ministers to the office of elder, a minister of another church was called to assist. I demanded that they endorse the United Brethren Discipline, which teaches that the vending and using of ardent spirits could not be engaged in by members of our Church. Our man in charge of the mission and the man from the other church were against me. I, being in the chair, told them there could be no organization and no ordination without an absolute pledge upon their part to live up to the Discipline, and insisted that all members of the Church do the same. The only thing they could do was to make such a pledge, and the organization and ordination took place.

In view of all the causes hindering the getting of money for missions, I was cheered with the fact that by bequests and special gifts for the African industrial school more money came to it and to the treasury than usual. In my annual report this year I reminded the Board that the executive committee had not found a man for the Chinese mission on the

Pacific Coast, and added the following extract from a letter written by a minister in Oakland, California: "About two hundred and forty thousand Chinese have come to this country, of whom one hundred and twenty thousand are yet here, the others having gone back or died. They are already so numerous as to establish for themselves a complete social, moral, and commercial community of their own customs, moralities, and religion. Throughout California they have their temples, idols, priests, and heathen rites, and are corrupting our morals, distracting our churches, and degrading the whole class of manual laborers. Let us see to it that the results do not prove as evil as slavery did."

The following from my report to the General Conference is suggestive: "Our foreign mission work has taught us the highest form of benevolence. We give, expecting no return save that which accrues from the grateful acknowledgment of the saved heathen; yea, without so much as hoping to see those who are benefited by our gifts until we shall meet them before the judgment seat of Christ. It has taught us another valuable lesson; namely, that it is safe to engage in large undertakings for God. He sometimes leads churches and nations into places where they are compelled to undertake and accomplish great things or be dishonored, not to say destroyed. Had we known in 1861, when our late war commenced, what a task it would be to crush the rebellion, the sacrifice of life, and treasure, and happiness that would be required, we would have despaired of saving our country, and perhaps ceased all effort. As we got deeper into it we realized fully the fact that we had to make great sacrifices to get out, or be hopelessly disgraced as a nation. In the providence of God we commenced a mission in Africa over twenty years ago, which was then for us no small undertaking; but it has grown so that it needs thrice the number of laborers and five times the amount of money now that it did at the beginning of the last decade. We are so deep in the work there that we must go forward or be disgraced in the eyes of God and

men. The heathen there would rise up in judgment and condemn us if we did not."

Some people have to be married to missions on both sides of the county line, like the man who got his license in one State, and by the thoughtlessness of the minister, was married in another. The road was the line, and the house happened to be on the other side. It was Sunday morning, and a meeting was going on in the neighborhood, but the pastor bethought himself and went back from the meeting and had the couple walk across the road, and he remarried them in the same State and county in which the license was issued. No house was there, and the snow was on the ground, but standing in a fence corner they were legally made husband and wife.

The writer spent three weeks in Kentucky soon after the Civil War. He went to visit our missionaries and help them. During that time he had some wearisome horseback rides. He preached in United Brethren churches and in schoolhouses that had no windows, and was in a new parsonage that was without windows. It was built of logs, twenty by twenty-four feet, and had a cooking-stove near the one door in it, and a great fireplace not far from the stove in the end of the house. While the missionary's wife was getting dinner the door stood ajar to furnish her light, to my discomfort, for it was a cold November day. In one of our churches, about thirty by forty feet in size, with only one door and a great fire-place in it, the sexton left the door stand ajar till I had read the Scripture lesson and my text. After that the door was shut and we conducted the services in the dark. There were present a large congregation on Sabbath, but not a vehicle was in sight. Many came horseback. Farmers hauled their wood, fodder, and other things on sleds. The women, most of them, dipped. To dip is to have a nice smooth stick and some pulverized tobacco, and with the stick the tobacco is rubbed over the teeth. Some also chewed tobacco, and most of them looked sallow and unhealthy. I preached in more than a

dozen different places, and had very good meetings. They seemed to appreciate the privilege of attending God's house, and heartily entered into the services.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1878–79—Fifth Wheel to the Missionary Society—Hon. Carl Schurz—Advice to College Faculties and the Bishops—Talked Too Much in Germany—A Fighting Man at the Camp-Meeting.

It is said that a teacher of hygiene received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Please doant learn Johnny any moar about his insides, as it makes him sassy." I was charged with being a little saucy and meddlesome, and perhaps justly, during this year. Before reviewing these things I wish to insert the following respecting church erection, taken from my report to the Board of Missions: "So little has been accomplished in this department of our work, that but for the necessity of saying something I would gladly pass it by. There have been about fifty applications, requiring some labor and expense to answer them, and only four hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ten cents were collected for that purpose last year. We ought to do more or quit."

In view of the opposition to church erection, it was made a fifth wheel to the missionary wagon, its interests being committed to the Board of Missions. There were three hundred and fifty-seven missionaries to be provided for then, and hence but little could be done for church erection.

During this year I corresponded with the Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, D. C., asking recognition by the United States Government for our Church, so that our Board of Missions might be placed on an equality with other mission boards in recommending suitable persons to be appointed as Indian agents. I showed Mr. Schurz that religious denominations smaller than ours, doing less missionary work than we, were upon the list, and that we ought

to be there. Mr. Schurz wrote that the Indian agencies had all been divided among certain denominations, and no new division could be made without their consent, but possibly a transfer could be made to us by our corresponding with them. I had more sense than to undertake that, and nothing further was attempted.

I had given much help in many ways to the cause of education, and had been a trustee for years of the Church's principal college, and of its theological seminary for a time. I wrote in the *Telescope* as follows, under the heading, "Push Things": "The conferences coöperating with our colleges ought to send three hundred additional students to Lebanon Valley College, four hundred to Otterbein University, one hundred to Smithville, two hundred to Hartsville, one hundred to Roanoke and Green Hill each, three hundred to Westfield and Western each, and one hundred each to Shenandoah, Avalon, Lecompton, Philomath, Edwards Academy, and Elroy Seminary. I have reserved one hundred each to be ready for the academies soon to be opened in California and Fostoria. I insist upon it that the faculties in our colleges and teachers in our schools go out among the people soliciting students for the institutions which employ them. Let the inscription on their banner be 'Twenty-five hundred additional students in United Brethren schools.'"

During this year I also wrote an article under the heading, "Our Bishops and Missions Again." In a former article it was shown that the bishops of some other churches, especially the Methodist and the Episcopal, were spending considerable time holding missionary meetings, and that it ought not be longer delayed by our bishops. As general superintendents, they ought to give the missionary work much attention. I maintained that the growth, spiritually, and liberality of the Church would be greatly promoted by increasing missionary zeal among our people. I suggested that at the approaching annual conferences arrangements be made for at least one missionary meeting of two days to be held in each presiding

elder's district, and all the pastors be urged to attend. I also advised that missionary addresses be delivered on commencement days in our colleges, or in baccalaureate sermons. I said our bishops all did work enough, but some of it could be done as well by others, who could not do so well in missionary work, not being so familiar with mission fields and their needs as were the bishops, who visited annually fourteen mission conferences, and who were members of the Board of Missions. Their position in the Church gave them better opportunities for helping the cause of missions than the ordinary pastor possessed.

In this article published in the Church organ, I again showed that there should be at least an average of one dollar to the member given annually to missions, and that we fell far below that, and hence everybody from bishops down to the boys and girls in Sunday school should be awakened, and their best efforts enlisted in increasing missionary funds.

For writing such an article, and for exhorting college faculties to become solicitors for students for their respective schools, I was severely criticised and censured. Indeed, it was hinted to me that my mouth and pen should be stopped, or something done to cause me to cease meddling. It was not done, however, as effectually then as it was once in Germany. The presiding elder of the Germany district and I were going to a quarterly meeting in a sleigh, and were caught in a snowstorm. The snow lodged on my beard and froze. When we reached the hotel where we took dinner my mustache had become a chunk of ice, closing my mouth effectually, and I could not open it until the ice was thawed enough to pull it off. While standing at the stove warming, I remarked to the presiding elder that the German Empire ought to have twenty-eight fewer kings and governors, and that these high officials who were drawing large pay ought to take the places of the women we saw that day in the snow breaking stone on the turnpike road in such cold weather. That presiding elder told me to be still, or the police would land me in jail if they

heard me talk that way. Thinking he was jesting, I repeated the remark, when he hurriedly took me to one side and told me that nothing but my poor German had saved me, for there were men there who asked him what I said. It was a very foolish thing on my part to talk as I did. General Grant was then president of the United States, and it would have been an expensive thing to send an army to Germany to get me out of jail.

I attended a camp-meeting about fifteen miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, when about sixteen years of age, where, just after a shower, three rowdies rode inside the circle of tents and got more than half way around when a stone struck the leader on the side of his head and knocked him from his horse. There was a preacher there, a large man, who had been a professional boxer and fighter before he was a Christian, who saw the three men maliciously ride onto the ground, making it so muddy that pedestrians could not get around well, and he slyly got behind a tent and threw a stone that brought the leader to the ground. That preacher was the first man to speak to him, and he said, "My friend, there is a minister here who was a great fighter, and he will pummel you men good if you don't get away from here." He helped him onto his horse and the three left, swearing that they would come back that night and break up the camp-meeting, but they did not attempt it. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon, but there was no more disturbance at that meeting, which lasted three days. That same preacher, at another camp-meeting, where the ground on one side of the tents slightly ascended, caught a young man kicking the props from under the wheels of the wagons and buggies, causing them to run down against the tents. He took him by the back of his neck and the seat of his trousers and carried him to a bank close by and pitched him down a declivity which was almost perpendicular, landing him about ten feet from where he started. That ended that kind of pastime during the camp-meeting.

I was present once at a meeting in a barn when a Methodist Episcopal preacher stood on a Windsor chair. He stamped his foot and one of the chair legs gave way, but he quickly stepped on another chair close by, saying it was not the heavy theology that broke that chair, but his "corporosity." He was a man who weighed two hundred pounds, and often got happy preaching, and would stamp with one foot. That time he nearly toppled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1879–80—An Eventful Year—Organized Mission Districts in Germany and Africa—Experiences in Germany—Injustice to the Downtrodden—Church Erection Growing—Sight-seeing Reserved for Heaven.

THIS year was perhaps the most eventful of all the fifty-five years of my ministerial life. I spent six weeks in Germany, and organized a mission district there December 10, 1879, then went to Africa, spending many days and nights traveling in a rowboat, and organized a mission district there March 20, 1880. During my stay in Africa the deed was obtained for a mission site of one hundred and sixty acres of land at Rotifunk for the Woman's Missionary Association. That place had been occupied by Miss Beeken, and afterward by Mrs. Mair, for several years, and the Woman's Missionary Association had shipped material to Africa to build a mission residence there before they had a deed for land upon which to build. Learning that Chief Richard Caulker had promised to call the head men together to sign a deed, but had not done so, Mr. Gomer and I went to hunt him, for he had been hiding away. We found him, and got all together, and had the deed signed after three days and nights of great annoyance caused by mosquito bites, heathen intrigue, and duplicity.

Among the important questions that I had to settle, both in Germany and Africa, was how to organize mission districts in those countries with the missionaries who were then employed there. In Germany our superintendent, Rev. C. Bischoff, had taken into the Church several ministers from other churches, with only quarterly conference license to preach. In Africa Rev. J. Gomer had also employed several missionaries in the same way. Now the question was as to whether it would be

proper to organize mission districts in Germany and Africa with only one annual conference member in each. There were six suitable persons on each field ready to come into such organization, and the condition of the work demanded that it be done, and done it was, putting both missions in excellent shape to do effective work.

The organization of the German mission district had the following missionaries as its charter members: Revs. C. Bischoff, G. Noetzold, F. Holeshuer, H. Oehlschlegel, G. Gottschalk, and H. Barkemeyer. Five of these were men in the active ministry. There were thirty-four preaching places, and two hundred and thirty-five members, organized into eleven classes. It will be remembered that only five years before the Ohio German Conference and Board of Missions were both ready to give it all up.

Then it was truly gratifying to go to Africa, and after visiting all the preaching places there to organize a mission district consisting of J. Gomer, D. F. Wilberforce, J. C. Sawyer, J. P. Hero, J. W. Pratt, and B. W. Johnson. I will never forget my feelings and impressions as I saw the work taking form in such a substantial way.

Under the heading, "Farewell to Germany," I wrote as follows to the *Religious Telescope* December 12, 1879: "I have spent six weeks upon your soil, coming when you were beautifully green with grass, and leaving when you were frozen and white with snow. I have ridden on your railroads nearly two thousand miles, traveled in open buggy one hundred and fifty miles, in a sleigh one hundred miles, and some miles in mail coaches and afoot. I have seen many of your hills and valleys. Your old fortresses, bridges, churches and residences I looked upon with admiration, remembering that three, four, five, and even more hundred years ago the identical stone floors upon which I stood in your churches were put there, as well as the stone arches in your bridges, and the grand architecture in your fortresses. I also saw the entrances into many of your beer and wine cellars, but did

not enter them, nor allow their contents to enter me. I also saw your horse, cattle, dog, and goat teams, and, what was painful to me, your women bearing burdens which were so heavy that some other way ought to have been employed to carry them, instead of the weaker sex. I also ate of your black and white bread, your soup, potatoes, apples, goose, rabbit, and beefsteak, drank your coffee, which was good and otherwise, your tea which you do not know how to make, slept in your feather beds, mingled with your people in their residences, at public houses, and in the sanctuary. I saw much to admire in your midst, but some things to despise and even hate. Your industry, economy, well-raised children, your courtesy to strangers, your honesty and general good behavior are to be praised and imitated, but your Sabbath desecration, neglect of God's house, beer and wine drinking, are to be deplored. The severe treatment of your poor people, especially the women, and your unwillingness to grant religious liberty are to be hated, and hate them I will, now and forever. Then your cold railroad cars and unwarmed churches, with stone floors and three galleries, ought to be abolished—that is, the cold ought to be abolished. There are other things you ought to do. Cease to build such narrow and steep stairways as to make it unsafe to go upon them. Do not put your looking-glasses so high up that a man of ordinary size must stand on tip-toe to see his chin, and then do put them long side up and down, instead of sideways, for since the days of Adam till now there is more length than breadth to that part of creation needing looking glasses. Put soap in your bedrooms in hotels. Americans never think of ordering it when they go to bed at night, and many Germans and some others will not do so to save expenses, hence many get a poor wash in the morning. Farewell, Germany, I forgive all, though I shall not forget two days when snow froze on my beard, forming ice an inch thick, and the cold almost froze my nose."

Owing to the great injustice done to the down-trodden of

America, and our Board being denied a share in helping to furnish agents to the Indians, as related in a former chapter, the Board, at its meeting in 1879, put the following upon its minutes: *"Resolved,* That the unjust discrimination becoming so general in this country against Negroes, Chinese, and Indians, is to be deplored. The Indians have been forcibly deprived of their lands, and on account of being shamefully treated and outraged, do at times resent these wrongs, and the Africans, because they were forcibly reduced to chattels, and have retained their God-given rights, are despised, misused, and cruelly wronged, but we are none the less under obligations to them, as we are to others. They bear the image of God. Christ died for them, and hence they have claims upon our sympathy, benevolence, and efforts for their civilization." I also recommended again at this meeting the publication of a missionary quarterly, and the publication of tracts to be read by pastors to their people, and a plan to receive missionary money in weekly, monthly, or quarterly installments. I showed that many could be induced to pay five or ten cents a week who never could pay five dollars at one time. I also showed that the *Missionary Visitor,* having now a circulation of nearly forty thousand, was doing a good work for all the benevolent institutions of the Church.

Mr. Wilberforce, the native African who had been brought to Dayton, Ohio, and educated at the expense of the Church, had married well, and was in Africa doing good work. The Church Erection Society did better this year than it ever did before. In all, forty churches had been helped, none to large sums, but enough to stimulate them to erect houses of worship. This, considering the fact that ever since the organization of the society, only ten years before, it was operated as a side line, was gratifying. The treasurer of the Missionary Society had put forth special effort during the year in its behalf, which helped to bring about this cheering result.

I was chided by different persons for not turning aside to see the big trees in California, and the great sights in Ger-

many and England. I felt that my time belonged to the cause of missions, and never could have devoted the time to sight-seeing without neglecting or omitting certain interests connected with my work. To silence a person on one occasion who chided me for not going out of my way to see the pyramids of Egypt and the great things in Europe, I gave the following answer: "I expect to get to heaven when done with earth, and will see more wonderful things there in a week than I could see on earth in a year, and with less fatigue and cost." Of the nearly six hundred thousand miles I have traveled, most of them were in the interest of missions. I am quite sure that I was a happier man sticking to my work, and conscientiously doing what I felt was my duty, than to allow either the flattery or censure of men to cause me to turn aside.

CHAPTER XXX.

1880–81—Transformations in Africa—The Spiritual Need of Germany—More About Germany—State Churches—Head-Men's Sons as Mission Boys—Fate of the Boys.

No wonder that a great American statesman said, "One with God is a majority," and that Martin Luther could say, "I will go to Worms, though there are as many devils there as tiles upon the housetops."

The tide had made a favorable turn in the affairs of both Africa and Germany, though the converts were less than three hundred in Africa. Mr. Gomer wrote, just before the Board met in 1881, "Five new members have been received into the Church at Shenge, and the Sabbath is well observed here and elsewhere where our schools are located. To compare ten years ago with the present, it does not seem like the same place. Then every farm had its medicine, and every hut its devil-house, or sabbe-house. The latter is where the spirits of the old people are supposed to dwell. Now there are many villages where none of these things are seen."

Our missionaries, besides keeping up day schools and Sunday schools, did a good deal of itinerating into neighboring towns preaching the gospel. They also had weekly meetings for prayer and Bible study, thus training native converts for teachers and preachers. These things, with the building of mission residences, chapels, schoolhouses, procuring shops, managing farms, and building boats to travel in, were a heavy tax upon the time and energy of missionaries.

Of Germany, I said in my report that though Germany was a land of schools and learned men, there was great need of just such mission labor as we were doing there. The people were heavily taxed to support their civil and military insti-

tutions, and it was only by the most rigid economy that the poor could make ends meet, owing to the low price paid for labor. To be required, under these circumstances, to pay for building state churches, and pay pastors and choirs, had given them great disgust for their religious services, which furnished little food for mind or soul. The majority of the people never went to church, except upon funeral or extraordinary occasions. Many pastors went to beer houses to drink during the week, and when Sunday came most of the people went to these places of resort, leaving the pastors to preach to empty pews. I said that that country needed our help to reform its drink habits, the desecration of the Lord's day, and to teach the people experimental godliness. As a Church we were only repaying a just debt to Germany for giving us the good and great Otterbein. We had at that time nine missions and two hundred and ninety-seven members. The people there, though very poor, paid three hundred and fifty dollars the previous year.

I will add a few extracts from letters written in Germany, which properly belonged to the previous chapter: "Geese are important in Germany for both their flesh and feathers. They grow quite large, are good to eat, and their feathers constitute the largest part of the beds here. With a foot of feathers under you and half that thickness over you, you can sleep comfortably with the thermometer anywhere from zero to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. I am chilly most of the day, for they do not keep warm houses, and the weather is cold and damp, so during the day I have chills, and at night fever. I am beginning to like feather beds and goose meat. With one on both sides of you, and the other in you, there is danger of becoming a little goosy, for which you must make allowance."

"The prayer repeated before meals here is, *'Gott lob und dank fur speise und drank.'* To this they ought to add *'federn,'* which would make the prayer in English, 'God be praised and thanked for food, drink, and feathers.' Building up missions in Germany is a slow work, and carrying forward

mission work in Western Africa, where there is no written language, and where cannibalism, slavery, witchcraft, poroism, and polygamy exist in their most horrible forms, and where superstition enters into everything, is difficult."

One of our missionaries lived in Saalfield, with whom the writer spent several days. It was here the notorious Tetzel at one time held forth, proclaiming to his hearers that he had the authority to sell indulgences, saying to them in German:

"Sobald das Geld in Kasten klingt,
Sobald die Seele in Himmel springt."

The English is:

"Soon as the rattle of money is heard in the chest,
So soon will the soul go to heaven and find rest."

It is said that a certain man bought several indulgences from Tetzel, the latter giving him liberty to do certain things, and after paying for them he told Tetzel he wanted to do something that he did not wish to tell, and would pay a good price for permission to do so. Tetzel agreed to give him the indulgence, for which the man paid him. Tetzel soon left that place to go to another town to ply his vocation, and this man followed and overtook him in a lonely spot, and waylaid and beat him, and took from him all the money he had paid him and much more. When Tetzel remonstrated and told him how wicked it was to beat and rob him, he replied he had paid well for doing that thing, and do it he did, thoroughly.

While in Saalfield I attended a quarterly meeting, when our congregations, in the pastor's house, numbered from thirty to fifty. At the close of the forenoon meeting on Sabbath I went to the state church, which cost probably seventy thousand dollars, and there I found eleven women, one old man, the sexton, and the preacher delivering a learned discourse. I was told that often only one-half that number attended, though that was the only church in a city of eight thousand.

Three pastors were employed, they having also several villages to look after, which, however, had no church-houses, nor were services held in them. That magnificent church had three galleries, and was built during Martin Luther's time, he having preached in it.

David Kosambo and Alex Doomaboy were the first mission boys we received in Africa. Children were then given to the missionaries by their parents to rear, educate, and train in Christian life and work. Boys were required to do whatever useful work they were capable of doing, such as bringing wood and water and cultivating the ground, and girls were taught household duties. When these two boys came to the mission they had some bad habits, and being sons of head men of towns, they were much averse to work. They would say at first, "Slaves and girls for work, but not head men's boys." They would steal, and look one straight in the face and lie. They both learned rapidly in school, and were good singers and talkers. In short, they were smart boys.

Before they could speak English well David was asked to tell about the Sabbath-school lesson for the day. He said: "The teacher done say that time when Jesus was born there were some persons there for mind sheep and goats, and one angel come. He shine like sun. Dem people afraid of um, and he say, 'I no come to make you afraid, I come to bring you glad tidings that a Savior is born,' and his mama put him in same place dem cow stay." Coming from prayer-meeting one night he was asked what lesson had been read. He replied: "They been read about dem people who had meeting, who had a gate dat dey called beautiful, and they carry one man that no able walk, and put him there to beg dem people for copper (they call all money copper), and Peter and John say to him, 'I no got copper, but that thing we done got we give you; you get up and walker,' and that man began to walker one time." Once I met Alex when he had a very sore neck, and I said, "I pity you." He at once replied, "Do you pity me one shilling? If so, den give it to me."

David became a pronounced Christian and one of the foremost students, not only in Africa, but in America. When he had finished his second year in high school in Dayton, Ohio, he died, and had one of the largest funerals ever witnessed in that city. The principal of the Dayton high school said at his funeral that he had never known a better-balanced mind than David's, for he excelled in all branches of study, including music. He was greatly interested in his people, and was qualifying himself to go to Africa as a missionary when God took him to heaven. Alexander received as good an education in Africa as could be given in the Clark Training School, and became a teacher. Though a professed Christian, he was not free from sins common to Africans in that country, and little by little drifted into rebellion against God and the Sierra Leone government. He took part in the insurrection of 1898, which destroyed many valuable lives, and he was convicted and hung with many others for taking part in that wicked rebellion.

After I left Africa in 1887, that young man wrote the following to the *Religious Telescope,* under heading, "Farewell to Bishop Flickinger": "Four months ago we welcomed our indefatigable Bishop, Dr. D. K. Flickinger, to Shenge again. His stay among us has been a pleasant one. Three days ago, on the evening of the 30th of March, 1887, our dear Bishop bid us good-by, and hence I say farewell to the Doctor across the waters. He has always been a friend to me, for I was the second boy taken into the mission in 1873, being then four and a half years old. I am happy to tell you that the Bishop has built a nice tomb over Mr. Thomas Tucker's grave. I wonder if I shall see him again; but whether I see him or not, I hope God will go with him. So farewell, our dear, dear Bishop."

Among the many good things connected with our mission work in the United States was the establishing of many new Sunday schools. From the organization of the board in May, 1853, just twenty-eight years previously, there had been no

less than one hundred and fifteen thousand members received into the Church through the labors of our missionaries, at an average cost of not to exceed ten dollars, and for every fifteen dollars of missionary money expended one soul was led to Christ.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1881–82—Visits Africa Again—A Circle of Mission Sites—Industrial Training—Stingy Men—Rejoicing Over Success—Experiences on a Rough Sea Voyage—Collision at Sea—French Infidel.

OWING to the fact that important matters needed to be looked after in Africa, I was requested by the Executive Committee of the Mission Board to visit that country again. Starting December 1, 1881, in a sail vessel, I returned on the same vessel, May 24, 1882. Rev. J. Gomer and wife, having completed their second term of five years of service as missionaries in Africa, came to the United States with me. All were present at the annual meeting of the Board, which met in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, May 26th, 1882.

The year had been a prosperous one in Africa, especially in the way of enlarging the work there. The chief of the Sherbro country, Mr. George Caulker, had died five months before I got there, and his successor in office, T. N. Caulker, his brother, was more friendly to our mission work than George had been. This suggested to Mr. Gomer and myself that that was an opportune time to obtain new mission sites, and the following new places were secured, each containing one hundred and sixty acres of land: Rembee, which is about twenty miles from Shenge, in a northwest direction; Mambo, fifteen miles south of Rembee; Mo-Fuss, fifteen miles east of Mambo; Tongkoloh, twenty miles south of Mo-Fuss; and Koolong, fourteen miles south of Shenge. This circle of new mission sites, most of them extending interior from ten to twenty miles from the coast, and about one hundred miles around, had in it over one hundred towns, nearly all of which could easily be reached from one of these stations. At each of these was a resident missionary and a day school and

a Sunday school. Most of the missionaries were natives who had been educated at our own or other mission stations.

One object in procuring so much land was to provide for teaching mission boys how to cultivate the land; another was to settle our converts on it, in lots of from five to twenty acres, and thus keep them under Christian influence. The land cost very little. It is a very important part of mission work in Africa to teach the people how to farm and to build houses, furnish and live in them; how to raise, cook, and eat food properly; how to make, wear, and wash clothes; in short, how to provide for their bodies as well as their souls. They must be helped out of their small, cheerless, dirty mud huts in which they live; clothes must be put upon their naked bodies, and they must be taught to eat their food from tables, with knives, forks, and spoons, instead of sitting on the ground and taking it out of the vessel in which it is cooked and putting it into their mouths with their hands. To accomplish all these things, profitable employment must be given them, hence the necessity of teaching the mission boys and girls how to be housekeepers, mechanics, farmers, and how to care for sick people, how to acquire property, as well as how to read, write, believe on Christ, and worship him in such a way as to save their souls.

Two rich, stingy men were once solicited by me for missionary money. One excused himself from giving because he had given the Lord one thousand two hundred dollars not long before, saying the lightning had struck his barn, which was full of hay and grain, and all was burned, causing a loss of twelve hundred dollars. The other man was quite as stingy, but he had some conscience left. He felt he ought to give the fifty dollars asked of him. Going to his house to talk with him the day after he had been urged to give at a camp-meeting, he said: "Do let me alone; I can't give you the fifty dollars now, and I will die if you don't let me alone." There was an awful struggle in his soul; he felt he ought to give the money, but such was his love for it that

he did not want to part with it. His wife finally said to him, "Do give that man the money and let him go," and he gave it.

This year general success attended our mission work, except on a few frontier fields, where there was but little success. In Germany, in Africa, and especially on home missions, and on most of the frontier missions, there was real prosperity. The home missions in the thirty-one self-supporting conferences employed two hundred and fourteen missionaries. There were received into the Church three thousand five hundred and sixty-three members, and over twenty thousand dollars were paid to the missionaries on these missions. The *Missionary Visitor* had reached a circulation of nearly forty-five thousand. The Church Erection Society had also made more progress than ever before. I recall with much thanksgiving to God the happiness I experienced over the results of the labors of our missionaries this year. To me it was a year of great peril and hardship. The vessel on which I went to Africa had poor accommodations. Returning on the same vessel, my associations and accommodations were better, but it had its perils and disadvantages.

To give the reader an idea what these voyages were to passengers, the following is copied from a letter written by me at the time: "The voyage has been the roughest I ever made. The first two weeks we had high winds and waves, except two days, in which time there were two three-day gales, and the last one was so severe that it seemed as though the heavy sea would knock our bark to pieces. Every little while a large wave would strike the vessel with such force as to make everything tremble. The sky-light in the cabin was so open, and also the port-holes in our staterooms, as to admit considerable water at times, which came dashing down upon our table, beds, and cabin floor, making it exceedingly disagreeable and unhealthy. A Mr. Cambell and his wife were driven out of their beds one night, and my mattress and bed clothes were wet for several days and nights. The floor next to the water-closet was quite wet for most of the

voyage, because water escaped from it. The captain frequently lighted his pipe in the cabin, which to us seasick ones, at least to four of us, was very disagreeable. The gangway, and the only way into the cabin, had to be kept closed most of the time for several days and nights, on account of heavy seas, and this was the only means by which fresh air could be admitted. There was plenty of room for water to get into the staterooms and cabins, which we did not want, but none for fresh air, which we did need very much. The table had enough on it, but was poorly supplied with suitable food for seasick passengers, and some things were horribly cooked. Several of us suffered for want of that which we could eat; some lady passengers finally requested a little more attention to their wants, which brought to the table an abundance of rice, which we ate till over our seasickness. Occasionally there was fruit and dessert, which we relished much, but seldom as much as an ordinary person should have. It was evident our bark was managed by those in control to make money, without regard to the health or comfort of passengers."

After such a voyage to Africa, it may seem strange that Mr. and Mrs. Gomer and I should venture to return on the same vessel. It happened this way: The owner of the vessel had an agent in Freetown to whom I remarked that we would return to the United States about the 1st of April. The agent stated that was the time that bark would sail for America, adding, "And you will go on it?" To this I gave an emphatic "No," with reasons. A few days afterward the captain sent an apology, and said things should be all right on the return trip. So it was, having a new captain, and all went well until we collided with a brig about three hundred miles from New York. The account of that was published in the Church paper by the writer as follows, under date of New York, May 22, 1882: "Just landed and all is well, but we narrowly escaped a watery grave. Between one and two o'clock in the morning on the 18th inst., a Dutch brig struck the jib-boom

of our bark and carried it away. The rigging of the two vessels caught, and it took about half an hour to get them apart. The damage to our vessel was about one thousand dollars, but the brig suffered more. Its captain said at first they would go down, and asked our captain to lay by and see. At eight o'clock next morning it was decided she could get into port. We soon knew we were safe, as our vessel did not take water. Fortunately there was but little wind then, and the collision was in a manner to do the least damage. God reigns. We go from here to annual meeting at Lebanon, Pennsylvania."

We had a Frenchman for a passenger who had been in Africa as a trader for several years, and was going to France by way of New York. He was an infidel. After it was known all was safe, he came to where several of us were standing, and jeeringly said, "What a pity that we did not all become angels this morning." Our captain gave him the following well-deserved rebuke, and made him feel its force keenly: "Good angels are made of better material than you possess, and they only are in heaven, but bad angels are with Satan in hell."

Once while a passenger on the City of Berlin, going from New York to Liverpool, we lost our rudder in a severe gale, and were forced back to New York City. A French woman, after being told all was safe, screamed all one night, and kept awake several of us whose berths were near hers. She was determined to go to the bottom of the ocean. My roommate laughingly said, but not loud enough for her to hear it, that he believed she was too silly and light to sink if she were in the water, and that she certainly was a big fool.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1882–83—Accept the Mendi Mission—Go to Africa—Ship Disabled—Mendi Property—The "Early Dawn"—The *John Brown* Steamer—The "Drivers."

How more activity and responsibility could be crowded into one year than were in this, is difficult to conceive. In November, 1882, I obtained the information that the American Missionary Association, of New York, was about to transfer Mendi mission, in Africa, to the American Board, in Boston, in exchange for some Indian missions they had. Mendi mission being contiguous to our mission in Africa, and we having coöperated, always being on terms of friendship, I was deeply interested in this change. I therefore wrote to the secretary of the American Missionary Association that I hoped Mendi mission would be properly cared for, and said to him that if it had such a superintendent as Sherbro mission had, in the person of Rev. J. Gomer, success would be assured without increasing their appropriation. Mendi mission had been managed by a freedman from the South, and the missionaries employed there were also freedmen, who did but little good. In reply to that letter the secretary of the American Missionary Association asked if the United Brethren Church would take control of Mendi mission, and operate it for five years upon the avails of the Avery fund, which was put into their hands for Africa, and which amounted to about five thousand dollars annually. He also asked whether it would accept eight thousand dollars which had been collected in Sunday schools for the special purpose of building a steamer for the African mission, to be called *John Brown*, and see to it that such a steamer was built and operated in behalf of missions in Africa. As the headquarters of Mendi mission was at Bonthe,

one hundred and twenty miles south of Freetown, at which place missionaries debarked going there, and embarked for returning to the United States, and as our headquarters were at Shenge, midway between Freetown and Bonthe, it was very desirable to have just such a mission-craft as was proposed, to carry missionaries and mission supplies from Freetown to Shenge and Bonthe.

An agreement was reached between the three committees about the first of December, turning over to the United Brethren Board of Missions all the property of the Mendi mission, together with eight thousand dollars with which to build a steamer, one of the conditions being that I would go to England and contract for the building of the *John Brown*, and then proceed to Africa and supervise the details of the transfer of Mendi mission to the United Brethren Board. To do this the executive committee requested me to go, and also to look after the needs of Sherbro mission; hold the district annual conference; then go to Germany and hold the annual conference with our missionaries there, and return to the United States in the spring of 1883, in time to be present at the annual meeting of the Board, which met in May. I did all of that, and experienced a shipwreck in the bargain. I embarked in New York, on the *City of Berlin,* December 9, and that vessel lost its rudder in a fearful gale at midnight of the eleventh, when about one thousand miles from New York. After floating about at the mercy of the waves for forty-eight hours, using all the signals of distress available, the *City of Chester,* a steamer westward bound, overtook us, and towed us back to New York, which place we reached the twenty-first. I sailed again on the twenty-third for Liverpool, and had a good voyage.

While in Africa I took an inventory of all that was in possession of Mendi mission. There were only two stations, Good Hope and Avery. At both these places there were good mission residences, chapels, schoolhouses, and at Avery a sawmill, a coffee farm of one thousand five hundred bearing

trees, and quite a lot of lumber and logs. There were also five rowboats, and a lot of household furniture and other things, well worth two thousand dollars, not including land or buildings. As we were to get about five thousand dollars a year, and these two stations did not require all that, a new station was opened at Manoh, which was in the Mendi mission territory. At Bonthe, where Mendi mission once published a small paper, there was some type and other printing material, and the publication of the *Early Dawn* was resumed; Mr. D. F. Wilberforce was made its editor. To help in this the *Religious Telescope* office afterward gave one hundred and fifty dollars, by order of the General Conference.

On my way to Africa I went to Scotland and England to confer with shipbuilders, to learn how much of a steamer could be bought for seven thousand dollars, reserving one thousand dollars for getting it to Africa, and for its equipment there. Not being able to contract for such a vessel as I thought was needed for seven thousand dollars, I wrote to the New York committee to make it nine thousand six hundred dollars, which it generously did. On my way home I contracted with Mr. E. Hayes, at Stony Stratford, England, for a steamer sixty feet long, twelve feet in the beam, and to be able to carry fifteen tons cargo, and accommodate six or eight passengers and fuel for two days' running. It was to cost one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling, or about eight thousand seven hundred dollars, and was to be finished by October, 1883. It was not completed by that date, and it was November before it finally got off. Encountering a fearful gale, it was towed back to Dartmouth, where the Board of Trade detained it till May, 1884, and the salvage and repairs necessary to go to sea again cost immensely. We also lost the contract to carry the mail in Africa, which will receive explanation further on. This much ought to be said now, if the shipbuilders had gotten the *John Brown* finished according to contract, many thousands of dol-

lars would have been saved, and I should have escaped much unjust criticism.

Another important event of this year was the securing of the coöperation of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, of No. 18 Adams Street, London. Dr. White, of New Haven, Connecticut, who had spent some time in England soliciting funds, gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. J. Gwynne Jones, the secretary of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, as did also Dr. Strieby, secretary of the American Missionary Association, of New York. With these I visited Mr. Jones, and give him a copy of the missionary report of our Board for 1882, and other documents, and made such statements of our African mission as I deemed proper. I also wrote Mr. Jones from Africa, and on my return to London gave him a written report showing what we had in Africa, including Mendi mission. The result was that the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society agreed to coöperate with us, and gave us that year nearly five thousand dollars, and have contributed considerable sums since to Africa.

My visit to Germany was also much needed. Besides having our liberties abridged there by the civil authorities, discordant elements had developed among our missionaries to such an extent as to forebode evil. These were largely removed, four new members were admitted into the annual district meeting, and thirteen new members were received into the Church. Steps were taken to publish a small monthly there in behalf of our missionary work. One hundred and fifty dollars were set apart by the General Conference for this, at my request.

Great prosperity attended our home missions, they receiving into the Church during the year four thousand five hundred and forty-three members, while in our frontier missions two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four were received.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that during my absence from the United States for six months at a time, I still edited the *Missionary Visitor*. I selected matter for months ahead

when going abroad, and then wrote editorials on the cars, aboard of ship, and whenever there was a leisure hour to do so. I also wrote for other Church papers, English and German, and for the Sunday-school periodicals.

While in Africa on this trip, I traveled over one thousand miles in rowboats, not counting the rapid movements I made when the drivers got after me. These drivers are a species of black ant, which march with all the regularity of an army. They enter houses, and go into every nook and corner of them, marching in a column from one to one and a half inches wide, the outside ones being picked fighters and biters. Twice at Shenge they entered my bedroom, and got onto the bed at ten o'clock at night, and bit me so furiously that I left in my sleeping-gown, until they finished their tour of that room. They go from cellar to garret, killing cockroaches, mice, and rats, and have been known to kill goats when in pens, where they could not get out of their way. They sink their bills into one's flesh and never let go. When pulled off with the hand, their heads remain.

Three things gave me much trouble: 1. To make a good deed for Freetown property. This required three weeks' walking, talking, and praying. 2. Building a sea-wall at Shenge, which was a failure in part, and ought never to have been attempted. 3. Building the *John Brown*, which I did after much counsel and prayer, and which was both a success and a failure.

In an article I wrote at Shenge, March 7, 1882, the following is found: "Just twenty-one years ago last fall I came here from America at my own expense, bringing with me a few goods with which I managed to pay the debts of the mission, amounting to about one hundred and thirty dollars, and left an equal amount with Mr. Williams, the native laborer, for him to get through the next year. There was here a small chapel, which soon fell down, because so badly eaten by bug-a-bugs; in it Mr. Williams and family lived, and taught a day and Sunday school, having from twelve to fif-

teen children in attendance, and held services on Sabbath with very small congregations; and that was all there was of Sherbro mission then. Now we have five stations, the weakest of which far surpasses all we had then, preach in forty odd towns regularly, and arrangements have been made to open one new station immediately, and another next year."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1883-84—Increasing Responsibility—Misfortunes of the *John Brown*—Spiritual Results and New Missionaries—A Prophecy—Flogged the Oarsman—In a Storm.

THE African mission had given me all the work and responsibility and peril I could endure, as I thought, but these kept increasing more and more. Receiving large sums of money from the American Missionary Association pleased the executive committee much, but because the Freedmen's Missions Aid did not furnish five thousand dollars the second year, as its secretary said he thought it would, I was severely criticized. Some men measured success achieved in mission work by its inexpensiveness. To save money by employing inferior native helpers, no difference how much the work might be neglected thereby, or the spiritual welfare of the people left uncared for, in their estimation was success. Then they never made allowances for reverses, which inevitably occurred in Africa, owing to sickness and other conditions there.

To be sure to have the steamer *John Brown* built according to contract, and finished and started to Africa in time, and to assist Rev. J. G. Jones in his work as secretary of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, the treasurer of our Missionary Society was sent to England in September, 1883. The steamer was not ready for nearly a month after the time it was to be done, and then some changes had to be made which delayed its sailing for some days. At last the *John Brown*, commanded by William Brown, left London for Sierra Leone. The second day out a severe gale was encountered, which so disabled the machinery of the vessel that it had to be towed to Dartmouth by a pilot boat. Being so small, and the season

of the year causing rough seas, the Board of Trade refused to allow it to venture to sea again until May, 1884. The cost of towing it into port, repairing machinery, and keeping it at anchor from November till May, and getting it to Africa finally, was enormous. This large extra sum of money would have been saved had the steamer started two weeks earlier. When in Africa, the year before, Mr. Gomer and I had practically made a contract with the Colonial authorities in Freetown to carry the mails from that city to Bonthe, just the route the *John Brown* was to go weekly, and for which they were to pay two hundred and forty dollars a month. With this contract, which would have been effected had the *John Brown* got to Africa in November instead of May, it would have been a source of considerable profit to the Society, instead of great loss. As it was, the boat did excellent service for a couple of years, and had the reputation of making the trips of one hundred and twenty miles, from Bonthe to Freetown, more regularly than any craft ever did before.

At the same time the Society was incurring great financial loss, remarkable gains were being made in the number of converts and in the increase of spiritual life at both Sherbro and Mendi missions. Sending the *John Brown* to Africa led to the appointment of Revs. J. M. Lesher and W. S. Sage and their wives to our mission, in October, 1883, and to the opening of several new mission stations, some of which became important, and was the beginning of a general ingathering of souls into our mission churches there. The year 1884 added one thousand and twelve members, while in all the twenty-eight years previous there were but five hundred and fourteen received. In 1885 there were one thousand one hundred and three, and in 1886, one thousand three hundred and eleven more were received. That looked as though God's time to favor Zion had come, notwithstanding the great financial loss. The following, copied from my report to the Board, shows how some things can be forecast pretty correctly. Bear in mind that this quotation was in the report made in May, 1884,

when the great success of that year was unknown to me. "The reverses of last year caused me to carefully examine all the circumstances to see whether it was not a blunder for us to undertake so great a work as we now have in Africa. The more carefully this question is examined, the more fully will it appear that in this we were providentially led, and that God's blessing has manifestly rested upon our efforts to reinforce that field with efficient laborers, who, in connection with others previously there, are having very encouraging success. Everything connected with the late great enlargement of our work in that country indicates that the same Providence which led us so unexpectedly into the responsible position we occupy as a board of missions, will guide us to a glorious victory and an honorable ending, if we are faithful. As I stated to the General Conference fifteen years ago in reference to mission work in Africa, so I say now, I cannot but believe that a glorious harvest of souls will yet be gathered among that people by the church which does faithful work in that dark land. The magnitude of the work which our Heavenly Father has so evidently placed in our hands may well cause us to falter, considering the great liability there is in our being misunderstood and even censured, in case reverses should come, unless we are able to walk by faith and not by sight."

The first time I was in Africa I ascended the Big Boom River one hundred miles, and once had to cross it where it was a mile wide. When near the middle, and in a strong current, my main oarsman refused to pull, which caused the frail native canoe to get broadside in that current, making it liable to capsize. I thereupon struck the man with the tiller stick, causing him and all hands to pull well, and thus soon I was carried to a place of safety. The crew had been quarreling with the captain all the three days it took to make that trip, which was ended Saturday. On Sunday I preached, and the only one of my crew, five in number, who attended the service, was the man I flogged two days before. My experience on the

Big Boom River was a good illustration of the impropriety of trading horses in the middle of the river.

Once in going from Freetown, in Africa, by way of Liverpool, we were caught in a terrible gale off the Bay of Biscay. The high wind and seas from the northwest impeded the progress of the vessel, which had very defective machinery and was short of coal. She finally reached Liverpool two days late, with less than a ton of coal aboard. On Easter Sunday afternoon three young men who had been quite wicked met in a stateroom, and sang most beautifully the hymn, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." These men in that way were trying to make right some wrongs they had done during the voyage, for they realized, as we all did, our great danger. The chief engineer did not have his clothes off either Saturday or Sunday nights, he and a number of men being waist deep in the water which they were bailing out.

At the annual meeting of 1884, I plead hard to have the Board of Missions apportion ten cents per member in the United Brethren Church, besides what it received from the American Missionary Association and the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, for Africa; also to apportion two cents to the member for our Germany mission, these being the only foreign missions then dependent upon the Church.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1884-85—Grumblers—On the Pacific Coast—Treasurer Billheimer Reports—Comparison of Cost Per Member—Assets, Material and Spiritual—New Kind of Foreordination.

This year was in many respects a remarkable one: much travel, much peril by land and sea, much suffering, physical and mental; much criticism, much anxiety, and much success on the Pacific Coast, in England, Germany, and Africa. I endured much, and learned that some men, both in the ministry and laity, were quite willing to grind men like farmers ground corn off the cob, and after they got all that they could of money, toil, privation, they would do with him as the farmer did with the cob, throw it away as a useless thing. I closed one of my letters sent from Africa with the following words: "More and more I feel like meeting all who severely criticise us and the African mission at the judgment-seat of Christ. If there were a way of going and coming back, I would agree to accompany one hundred of the worst grumblers and settle the matter at once."

About the first of June 1884, I went to the Pacific Coast. I did not desire to go, but went because the Board so ordered. There were difficulties in Oregon to be adjusted. I met Bishop Castle in Washington and went with him to quarterly and dedication meetings. Then we went to Walla Walla mission conference, which met in Huntsville. There the question arose as to what to do with our church property in the city of Walla Walla. The church and parsonage were worth $3,500, but the society had gone down; some thought the property had better be sold, others that it should be leased, Walla Walla being a growing city. I learned that there were a number of Chinese there, with nothing being done in behalf

of their Christianization, and advised that a school be commenced for their benefit. To this the conference agreed, and a subscription of $500 was raised to start a school, and a committee appointed to superintend it. It was commenced the following November and did well. Next I visited the Chinese school in Portland and spent a day and night seeing its operations. Then I went to Oregon Conference, which met in Philomath, the site of our college. A difference of opinion among the members on the subject of holiness, secret societies, and the action of the Board made it difficult for the bishop to administer the laws of the Church, and this was retarding the cause. One principal object of my visit was to bring about more harmony between these brethren, which was largely accomplished. From Oregon I went to California, and spent several weeks with the missionaries; then I came on to Colorado, and spent several days helping missionaries there. Mainly through Bishop Castle I received in collections for the African mission the entire cost of the trip. The following October I went to England and spent two months helping the Freedman's Missionary Association to collect money. Then in December I sailed for Africa, my eighth trip to that mission, and landed there the first week in January, 1885. I returned in the spring, barely in time to reach the General Conference, which met May 13.

In my absence Rev. J. K. Billheimer, the treasurer of the United Brethren Missionary Society, largely did my office work. He prepared the report to the Board and said: "We are much encouraged with our work in Germany, and in the Sherbro and Mendi missions; but few if any of our home missions are able to report so large an increase as this mission. While some may count thirty and fiftyfold, that mission had over two hundred per cent. increase. According to the directions of the Board at its last meeting, the Secretary went to England, where he did much to further our interests by public meetings and private solicitation. The presence of our Secretary was never more needed in Africa than during the

last year. Our superintendent there was being borne on a tidal wave of a great work with such force and rapidity as to give him no time to look back. The mighty ship was under full sail. It is easy to make sail with a gentle breeze, not so easy to take it in in time of storm. The Secretary helped to ease the ship down to a speed more in conformity to our idea. Our motto is, Go slow, keep in the edge of the trade-winds.

"If some heathen craft, with distress signals, hails you for a cup of water or to be taken on board, answer back, 'Our supply of water is limited, and we are forbidden to take any more on board.' Sail on, good ship, and let them perish. Colloquy on the heathen craft: 'We perish for water, why is their supply limited? They have plenty of vessels, and can get more missionaries; why are they not filled? Who sent the ship here? The Christian people of America. But why not fill their vessels? Because some did not want to spare the water, and others think the barrels leak and the water is wasted; but if we could only have the leakage we would not die.'

"The general order is 'Retrench, go no further, reduce your working force.' The management of our foreign work has been criticized because of our heavy expenditure. Let us compare figures. The following figures given in the Foreign Missionary do not include our Board, but we will include it. In the Congregational foreign missions there were added during the year 2,371 converts at a cost of $248.14 per member. The Christian church received into her communion from heathen converts 365 at a cost of $72.55 per member. The Episcopalian missions received 228 at a cost of $592.03 per member. The Methodist foreign missions 2,981, at a cost of $234.91 per member. The Baptist church received in its foreign mission, 11,891 at a cost of $37.05 per member. The secretary of the Presbyterian Board justly finds fault with the methods by which the Baptists arrive at these figures. The statistics given by the other boards represent the number gathered in from the heathen, but the Baptists include all in

foreign lands. About 7,000 converts were made in Sweden and Germany, while 4,679 converts were made from among the heathen at a cost of $67 per member, which is still the best by over $5 per member. We report for our mission in Africa 1,113 at a cost of $23.68 per member. This is one of the most encouraging facts that was ever recorded on the pages of United Brethren history."

In my report to the General Conference I said that we had paid some of the debt, but things took a sudden turn against the society, and added: "It looks very much as though the Lord had managed some of the things charged against our superintendent in Africa, the executive committee, and officers of the missionary society. At all events, he has greatly blessed these efforts in rapidly building up his cause and saving precious souls in Africa. While there last winter I examined into the financial and moral worth of the mission more carefully than ever before, and with results far more favorable than I believed possible. In our distress for money we seriously considered the question of selling out, in part or whole. This led to the discovery that we were worth from $25,000 to $30,000, and that the cash could be realized upon one-half of this at any time, and we believe on it all in the near future. The available assets consist in produce and goods in the mission store, nearly a dozen rowboats and canoes, mission wharf and warehouse, with the privilege to do business upon mission premises. The balance of our assets consist in lands, houses, shops, and farms, which are valuable especially for mission purposes. The most valuable assets of the mission are the religious and moral influences in operation producing results highly gratifying. I tried to invoice the gospel seed sown in 294 towns into which our missionaries go.

There are 500 children in our Sunday schools, upon most of whose young hearts the law of God has been so engraved as to lead them to Christ. I also took account of 1,526 members we have there, the large majority of whom were a few years ago as degraded heathen as ever lived. Most of them

are now striving to follow Christ. I made note of the sixty raw heathen who walked several miles near midnight and waked up our missionary to have him tell of Christ. He had preached that evening to about thirty persons, being the first time he was there. Two men from a neighboring town went home after that meeting and told what they had heard, which so interested the people that sixty of them came to the missionary and waked him up, saying they feared he would be gone before they could get there in the morning, and desiring that he tell them the "God word." This he did at that midnight hour. I also took stock of the scores of souls saved in heaven and on earth from the terrible degradation of heathenism, not represented on ordinary balance sheets. I am quite certain that the assets of our mission in Africa far exceed its liabilities."

While in Africa this time I held the sixth annual session of Sherbro mission district, the first week of March, 1885. The secretary of that meeting in writing an account of it said it was the most enjoyable of all our district meetings. The very first gathering was characterized by the presence of the Holy Spirit, which continued throughout the session. It was a prosperous year in the history of the African mission, 294 towns being visited by our missionaries, with a membership of 1,526. I asked Mr. Gomer to tell how many had died at Shenge during the fourteen years he was there whom he regarded as Christians. After thinking the matter over for some time, he said he could safely say twenty-six, but added, "You may count them by scores if you include those who died at all our stations who had been striving to do the will of God." A careful appraisement of our property in Africa, including lands, houses, boats, amounted to over $28,000. Add to these facts the truth that thirty years before people lived in mud huts without floor, doors, or windows; many of them wore no clothing, slept on the ground, and would eat bugs, ants, rats, snakes, monkeys, and one another; they were cannibals, polygamists, slaveholders, devil worshipers,

burning to death witches, and in many other ways inflicting on each other untold cruelties.

When in Africa in 1883, a new kind of foreordination was discovered. We kept quite a number of mission children whom we fed and clothed, their food consisting principally of rice and fish. At times fish were not easily caught, at other times our fisherman would smuggle most of the fish away and sell them, supposing we would not find it out and continue his full wages. When the children were without fish for a time we furnished some beef to the man who drew their daily supplies of rice. On Saturday morning there was enough supplied for two days, and thereafter it got to be a common thing that there was no fish for Saturday, so that a double portion of beef had to be furnished. The steward and fisherman had foreordained that there should be no fish on Saturday, which would give them beef for two days, which they all relished very much. As a matter of course we put an end to that kind of foreordination, it being too expensive.

The sexton of the mission chapel, besides seeing that the house was kept properly, had to keep the people in order. Occasionally raw heathen and children had to be told to be still and shown how to behave. One Sunday, just after I had commenced service, a boy about three years old came into church with all of his clothes, which consisted of a Madras handkerchief, wound around his head. The sexton marched him out and put the dress on him from waist downward, and then brought him back and put him in a seat. He also saw to it that the people kept awake during service, and for this he not unfrequently had a switch about three feet long with which to touch them, or if need be to strike them. This same man was one of our class-leaders, and led class-meetings well; but at public worship he quietly passed around, not to inquire of them respecting their religious experience, but to see that they kept their clothes on, staid awake, and behaved properly.

That country was infested with jiggers to an alarming extent at that time. That small insect, about half the size of

an ordinary flea, would bury itself unperceived into the flesh, mostly in the ends of the fingers and toes, and if not removed promptly it would deposit its eggs, and soon there would be a brood of jiggers boring into the flesh, producing painful sores which would terminate fatally if not remedied. They made terrible looking fingers and toes in a short time. Our bookkeeper at Shenge, a son of ex-president Benson of Liberia, was scarcely able to get about on account of jiggers in his feet. The wife of the governor of Sierra Leone had very sore feet from the same cause, and once I had to get a surgeon on shipboard to dig jiggers out of one foot, the second day after sailing from Freetown to Liverpool. Wearing shoes and stockings was no protection from the pest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1885-86—Elected Missionary Bishop—Valedictory as Editor of Missionary Visitor—To Africa—Secretary Warner's Report—The Situation in Germany.

THE General Conference of May, 1885, believed that the work in Africa, Germany, and England ought to have the whole time of one man, and hence elected me bishop of the foreign district. Dr. Z. Warner was elected corresponding secretary in my place, and Rev. Wm. McKee was chosen treasurer instead of Rev. J. K. Billheimer. The Board of Missions was charged with the work of bringing the society's expenditures within the limits of its receipts, and to provide for the payment of its debts. The following is the report that was made at the end of the first year of the new Board: "Notwithstanding all the care we have exercised upon the matter of appropriations, the expenses of our society have exceeded the amount of money received into our treasury, thereby causing a considerable increase of our indebtedness. The necessity is now upon us to adopt a system of retrenchment which no doubt will be seriously felt by our faithful missionaries, but we hope they will acquiesce in the necessity. We recommend that an effort be made all over the Church to secure within the ensuing two years the sum of $50,000." This is the report adopted at the annual meetings of 1885 and of 1886, and shows that the new officers found it as difficult to retrench as did the old, and made no more progress in paying debts, though it was especially charged to do so.

The following valedictory was written for the *Missionary Visitor:* "I cheerfully vacate the place given me by the General Conference twenty-eight years ago to Dr. Warner, my successor. I bespeak for him the same hearty coöperation of

the friends of missions and Sunday schools which has been accorded me. I am thankful to the thousands of readers of this paper for the liberal patronage given and the forbearance they have exercised during the twenty years I have been its editor. It never had but the one editor till now, and it's time to have a change. Doctor Warner will no doubt greatly improve it, and in this I will rejoice. I enter upon the duties of my office not to attempt any new work, but to accomplish more of the same kind in which I have been engaged in the foreign missionary field for many years past. I ask the readers of the *Visitor* to remember me at the throne of grace, and not to cease to pray and pay for the cause of missions both at home and abroad, especially to remember Africa and Germany missions."

On the twelfth of September, I started to Africa on a sail vessel, but did not get there until November 6, owing to unusual calms. I reached Freetown the day two of the missionaries, a husband and wife, sailed for the United States. Two others, husband and wife, had left in July, lessening the force so much that only two men and their wives were on the field. I was charged with the duty of putting the work upon a basis that it would cost only $8,000 besides what the African Missionary Association gave, which was about $5,000 a year. I, in consultation with the two men on the field, arranged to carry on the work with $10,000 all told, from January, 1886 to 1888. This was not to include the salary and traveling expenses of Mr. Wilberforce, in case he was sent back to Africa again, he then being in the United States attending a medical college and doing some lecturing on Africa.

I had arranged with Doctor Jones, secretary of the Freedman's Missions Aid, of London, to be with him at the beginning of the year 1886, and left Africa December 23, 1885, reaching England January 10.

The Secretary, Doctor Warner, in his report to the Board in 1886, said: "The spiritual results of our work in Africa

are very gratifying. One year ago there were reported 1,526 members; this year we report 2,629. From them we can select the men who are to redeem the people among whom we are laboring. The foreigner cannot evangelize Africa. The native church can, and must do the work. Strong leaders will be needed for years, perhaps, but the rank and file of Christian workers must be found in the native church. The African missions sustained a real loss in the death of Thomas Tucker, our oldest convert, and pastor of Mo-Fuss. Among his last words, he said: "I am ready to die and go to reign with my Savior."

"The Secretary's report said of me: "Bishop Flickinger has been in England since early in January. While in Africa he visited all our stations, held the annual meeting and ordained one native preacher. This visit will have a good influence on our work in the future. He gave the value of our property in Africa, Sherbro mission, $9,368.80; Mendi side, $19,250.00; total, $28,618.80." Respecting Germany he said: "The annual meeting was held by Bishop Flickinger April 21. By an arrangement with, and the approval of the Board, he will act as presiding elder the coming year. The true policy is to use native preachers with a superintendent from the United States." During this year Rev. C. Bischoff, the founder of the Germany mission died. He had been a successful worker and presiding elder. The Secretary also, in his report, referred to the school in Walla Walla, which had extended beyond the Chinese; and as I was its originator, reference is made to it here: "The Chinese population and a local church of about thirty members and a flourishing Sunday school have been organized. The school did well among the Chinese, and the Board was much encouraged. The Walla Walla conference had a healthy growth, with a good prospect for the future."

The following by me, published in the *Religious Telescope,* April 23, 1886, relating to the foreign missionary work, is significant and explanatory: "I fully believe and have for the

last thirty-seven years (my first license to preach is dated April, 1849), that the United Brethren Church is a creature of God's providence and that he who said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' especially led us to commence and prosecute the mission work we are now doing in Africa and Germany. Knowing these missions from their beginning, and the deep waters through which they have passed, waters that so often threatened to overwhelm them and utterly crush out every vestige of United Brethrenism from these countries, with the remarkable victories which followed, especially the great prosperity of the last few years, we should feel greatly encouraged; for when all is considered, no missions in Africa or Germany have been more successful than ours. I know what Bishop Taylor is doing in Africa, and rejoice in his success, but reaffirm the statement that no missions in Africa or Germany have been more successful than ours. To confine myself to Germany where I now am—it is true that others have more to show here than we have, and they have spent many more thousands than we have hundreds of dollars to accomplish these results, and are pushing their work still with a zeal which to them is highly commendable, and ought to make us a little ashamed. Our ministerial force has been much weakened by sickness, death, and apostacy. Two years ago we sent Brother Sick here; he has done an excellent work for Germany, but, alas, he is so afflicted that he cannot stay to finish his term of three years, and will soon leave. In these same two years Brothers Bischoff and Stawitzer died, and one of our most talented ministers badly fell from grace and is no more one of us.

"We still have ten men whom we employ, but several of the young men ought to go to school a few years, and several of the older ones are about worn out. After all, our greatest draw back is a lack of money to pay for building and for renting houses for our missionaries to live and preach in. Very few private houses in Germany are suitable to hold meetings in, even if they could be had, which is seldom the

case. The laity here are as good as in any country, but mostly very poor. A few of our people are well to do, able to pay, and we expect them to do so.

"There is a Bible on the table where I am writing with a likeness of Martin Luther, which represents him standing, and any one familiar with his life and work can easily see in the attitude that either he had just been, or soon would be in a severe struggle with the pope, some monks, or the devil. The thought came to me that if some of our rich brethren in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland should happen to meet Luther or Otterbein when they get to heaven, and they should introduce the subject of missions in the Fatherland and ask them how much money the Church expended there, they would feel a little ashamed. We need here $10,000 just as soon as it can be gotten across the ocean to build chapels and parsonages for which we now pay rent, which sum our poorly paid missionaries ought to have added to their salaries. I spent all my leisure time getting money for these things."

An illustration of the truth of the couplet, "Large trees from little acorns grow; large streams from little streamlets flow," the following is to the point. When I was in Africa the third time, in 1861, I took the man in charge to the water's edge at Shenge where a large tree had fallen into the sea, tearing a hole in the bank there. I told him he must watch that place, and if the flow and ebb of the tide washed the ground away he must hire a laborer to fill up the hole with stones, which were near there. That would not have cost over $5 then. The writer did not get back to Africa for ten years, when, to his astonishment, that tear-out had opened the way for washing out the bank a quarter of a mile along the coast and an eighth of a mile inland. If it continued, the encroachment of the sea would soon reach a good well of water, and then the mission house, and greatly injure the nice point of land upon which the mission residence was built. It was to fix that bank, more than anything else, that I went to Africa the fourth time, and it cost at least $1,500.

and this after a number of acres of valuable ground had been washed away.

That time I got there early in the morning and sent word to chief Caulker that at 4 P. M. I would reach the town, and shake his hands and hold meeting. I found him all cleaned up, a nice grass mat for me to stand on, and a stand and Bible ready. There were about thirty persons present, and he and all knelt with me, as I prayed. We had a good visit and all passed off pleasantly. That old chief became a Christian some years later, and died a happy death.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1886–87—Rufus Clark and Wife Give $5,000—Training School Built of Stones from Slave Pen—Process of Building.

I REACHED America from England barely in time to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Missions in the spring of 1887. Before going to my district, nearly a year before, I visited a few places in Pennsylvania to collect money for chapels in Germany, and had secured about $1,000 for that purpose. After spending a couple of months in the United States, I was ready to start back to England, to help the secretary of the Freedman's Missions Aid Association, August 1, when I received a letter from Rufus Clark of Denver, Colorado, requesting me not to leave till August 4, as on that day a suit at court was to decide whether he could then give us $5,000 for a training-school in Africa. I had been called to Denver several years before to look after missions in that city, and while I was there lectured on Africa. Mr. Clark became interested in Africa, and asked something respecting its wants. He was told of its many needs, especially of the need of a training-school in which native teachers and preachers could be prepared to work there. He seemed impressed with its importance, and intimated that he might respond to such a call sometime. His pastor, Rev. W. Rose, who did a good work in Denver in building Smith chapel and parsonage, and I took Mr. Clark's remarks to heart, and from that day until the ninth of August, 1886, when Mr. Clark paid the $5,000 to me, we had coöperated to get the money. Many letters had been exchanged between us, and the following telegram was sent me by Mr. Rose, "Come and get the money." So on the fourth day of August, instead of leaving home for

England I left for Denver, and on the eighth day of August, I again preached and lectured on Africa there, and the next day I received a check for $5,060, the $60 covering the traveling expenses from Willoughby, Ohio, to Denver and return.

On my return trip I stopped to see Doctor Rosenberg in Osage City, Kansas, from whom I got $600 for the Germany chapel fund. I also stopped in Dayton, Ohio, and got the executive committee to appoint Rev. J. M. Lesher to go to Africa the following month to commence building the Rufus Clark and Wife Training-School at Shenge. Mr. Clark had made me responsible for the erection of that house, hence I wished to select my helpers. I left the money with the treasurer of the missionary society to be paid as I ordered it. On the eighteenth of September, Mr. Lesher sailed from New York to Freetown in a sailing vessel, but did not get there till November, and did not get the work started until December. Mr. Lesher was a carpenter before he became a preacher and missionary, and hence was the man for the place. I did not reach Africa until December 7, having to look after some things in England.

On the last day of January, 1887, the corner-stone was laid, the walls having been partly put up. That corner-stone, and many other stones in the walls, were in a building known as John Newton's slave pens, on the Plaintain Island, three miles from Shenge. Mr. Newton, at one time a cruel slave-trader, and after his conversion a celebrated minister of the gospel, surely would have rejoiced had he been present to see the identical stones he once used in enslaving men, now used to give them liberty, civil and religious.

The training-school building was sixty-six feet long by thirty-one wide, three stories high, the upper story being furnished with light by large windows in the roof and in the gable ends. There were two recitation-rooms, fourteen by seventeen feet, and a chapel, twenty-eight by thirty feet, on the ground floor. On the second story were ten rooms, each large enough to accommodate two students in which to lodge

and study. The third story would accommodate as many more, though not in separate rooms.

There were from thirty to fifty men employed for five months to complete the building. The stone had to be quarried on islands from one-half to three miles from Shenge, then loaded into boats and brought to the mission wharf, then carried up a steep bank, which was at least one hundred feet high, put into a wagon and drawn a quarter of a mile by oxen, before they were dressed and laid up in the wall. It took a good many stones, and every gang of men had to have a headman. The lumber was brought to Shenge in rowboats, and to the site of building in the same way the stones were. Considering the fact that it takes at least three native laborers to equal one American, it will be seen that to erect such a building was no child's play. But for the large supply of mission boats, received with the transfer of Mendi mission, the good wagon and wharf at Shenge, for procuring which Mr. Gomer and myself were severely criticized, that building would not have been erected in one dry season. Had the period of building extended through the rainy season, it would have made it cost much more than was paid to procure the wagon and wharf, both of which continued to be very serviceable afterward. Providence led to getting that wagon and wharf, and Mr. Gomer's good work in Africa will never be fully appreciated. He was a great help to Mr. Lesher and myself in overseeing laborers and pushing forward the building. We had at times three captains of boats, and three other gangs of men as overseers. We watched these overseers, and the committee at home watched us. The headmen watched the laborers, we watched the headmen, the Mission Board at home watched us, the Church watched the Board of Missions, and God watched us all. When they built Babel there was confusion, and so was there at Shenge building the Clark training-school.

Dr. Z. Warner, Secretary of the Board, said in his report made in 1887: "The last annual meeting of the African dis-

trict was one of the best in its history. Bishop Flickinger presided, and the net increase in members was 1,311, making the whole number 3,940. A number of our people there died during the year, leaving a strong, clear testimony to the power of divine grace. Many are reported as seekers, but this does not mean that they have not been converted, for many of them have been. The number of towns visited was 387, an increase of eighty-four over the previous year. There is no egotism in saying that we are doing a work that no other church has done up to this time. A gentleman of intelligence, not a member of our Church, visited the African coast from the mouth of the Congo to Freetown, and said the reputation of our mission is the best of any along the coast. Is this true? If so we owe it to the faithful work of our missionaries."

The following resolutions were passed unanimously by the Board in annual session in 1887, which, considering the previous severe criticisms against the management of the African mission, were appreciated:

"WHEREAS, Rev. J. Gomer, superintendent of Sherbro mission, and Rev. J. A. Evans, superintendent of Mendi mission in Africa, have gone forward in winning souls and building up the kingdom of the Redeemer in the midst of many trials,

"*Resolved*, 1. That we give thanks to God for the preservation of their lives and health, and for the good work which under God they have performed.

"2. That the thanks of this Board are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. Rufus Clark and wife of Denver, Colorado, for their generous gift of $5,000 for the training-school in Africa.

"3. That we tender Bishop Flickinger and Rev. J. M. Lesher the sincere thanks of the Board for their successful management of the erection of the Clark training-school building. We are also glad that Rev. D. F. Wilberforce has already commenced said school, with flattering prospects of success."

Of Germany, the Secretary said, "The work there is hopeful. Bishop Flickinger has arranged for Rev. J. M. Lesher to spend some two months in Germany to aid that work. I think this arrangement a good one."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1887-88—A Row Among the Workmen—Germany's Need—Criticise Industrial Work—Horrors of Slave Traffic—Heathen Burial.

When in Africa the tenth time, I wrote February 9, 1887, as follows for the *Religious Telescope:* "I have been publishing letters for thirty-two years respecting Africa and mission work here, and have been solicited to write more. The building of the Clark training-school under the leadership of Mr. Lesher, the patient, the general work of Mr. Gomer, the merciful, and the schools under Mr. Wilberforce, the educator, are progressing; not as satisfactorily as is desirable, but those in charge of them are doing all they can to succeed. The people do not appreciate schools, and some will not send when they have anything else for their children to do, or when the mission does not feed them.

"Some of Mr. Lesher's mechanics got into a drunken row about a month ago, and had a quarrel and knock-down with our mission watchman. They took from him the gun he carried to enforce the command he had to give every night or two, 'Stop thief!' to those who were stealing our cassada. In defending himself with a club he knocked out the eye of one of our stone masons. Because of this the boat, with Mr. Gomer, had to go to Freetown, sixty miles away, where the man who lost the eye went to the hospital, and our watchman who knocked it out was released on bail to appear at police court the eleventh inst., when the boat went again. These trips required six rowers, and cost considerable time and money. On the fourth, the foreman of the masons said they would all quit work. He complained of Mr. Lesher, who told him he was too drunk to do his work properly, and that

the other masons would get drunk. The worst of all was, Mr. Lesher told the truth. How true, as one of our drunken men said, 'It's all well enough for American ministers to tell us not to get drunk; if they would keep alcoholic drinks from coming here, we might listen to them.' "

My work in England and Germany during this year kept me quite busy. To give the reader an idea of how many things were expected of me, I here insert a few extracts from letters written: "The annual district meeting of Germany was held May 25 and 26. On the twenty-fourth and part of the following day, the ministerial association met in the same place, Gollnow, Pommern. These meetings are generally held in the same place and at the same time, otherwise our missionaries could not attend both on account of expense of travel. I was to have been there, but owing to Brother Lesher not reaching London from Africa in time, he and I did not get there till the twenty-fifth, missing the ministerial association."

The business of the missionary district was all attended to in a day and a half, and the meetings at night were good. The success of the year was highly encouraging. There was a net gain of one hundred and forty-four members, after losing ninety-eight by death, removals, and expulsion, and more money was raised by them than ever before. The work of the presiding elder of the district was in my hands, and I induced Mr. Lesher to hold one round of quarterlies. To get halls and places to preach in required considerable money, and hence I did all I could to collect money to build chapels, both in the United States and in Germany.

This year I tried to get chapels built in Germany and named after Rosenburg and Bischoff, writing in our Church papers as follows: "Friends of Germany mission, shall we not have your help to build these two chapels? There is $1,200 to come from interest on the $10,000 Mrs. Bischoff gave the Board, and $400 more from Doctor Rosenburg's life-loan as interest; these sums with the cash on hand make

$2,350.95. With this amount doubled they can be built, but there ought to be $3,000 for each, as they are to be in large towns where lots are dear."

I also wrote early in June, 1887, that one thing seemed strange; namely, that the statements made by missionaries were often misunderstood and criticised, and their course condemned by committees and boards, when they made roads, built houses, and taught the natives how to work. I quoted what a member of our own Board said, "We don't raise missionary money to build wharfs, and shops, and to carry on business with." Having attended a number of May anniversary meetings of different mission boards in London, England, including the Moravians, who are a model people for mission work, and having heard their reports, I was fully satisfied that few if any, had achieved the same success in their foreign mission fields of the same kind that we had in Africa and Germany. It must be remembered that in each of these we were publishing papers, and that both paid expenses of publication, and a little more; that we had increased in membership so rapidly that it became a serious matter what to do with them. I told the brethren when in Africa last, to pay much attention to those whose names were upon our church books, and not seek so much to get new members. Concerning this, Brother Evans wrote: "We tried to carry out your instructions, but still the increase on the Mendi District during the quarter was over one hundred. If the increase on the other two districts is proportionately as large, we have now in Africa about 4,500."

I said further: "It is apparent that with the training-school in Africa and our paper, the *Early Dawn,* and our large itinerant force we are rapidly multiplying our facilities there for work. Then in Germany, with the *Heilsbote,* the publication of our minutes in pamphlet form, the annual almanac, and ten preachers who preach at the rate of fifty sermons a week, our success is assured if we do our duty in giving them reasonable financial support." I added:

"It was a providential leading that we became acquainted with the Freedman's Aid Society, which has helped us to several thousand dollars and will continue to help in the future. They have paid since General Conference of 1885, in round numbers $9,910. There are hundreds of other good objects in England for which money is asked, such as ragged schools, hospitals, foreign missions of other boards, and many charitable enterprises here in London."

It will be seen from the foregoing that my cares and responsibilities were heavy this year. Having selected the location of the African mission, and stoutly advocated its prosecution, and having had an active part in operating the mission in Germany, and by my persistent efforts having kept the Church from abandoning both these fields, now that prosperity attended them, and more than a score of white men had been employed, besides many native Africans, and great sums of money were being expended upon them, I felt to praise God for what was being done; but I also realized the need of much care and watchfulness, lest there be a retrograde movement and much evil should befall those two mission districts, which were the only foreign missions the Church had then. I prayed often that God would keep me and others from indiscretion, and from doing the wrong thing.

As illustrative of the truth that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, the following is to the point: I reached Rotifunk from Shenge, late one evening, just after a caravan of slaves had been put into a pen there. Going into the enclosure I saw naked men, women, and children; some were tied together with ratan bark or vines, the babies being tied to the women's backs. They were poor, hungry, tired creatures. Returning at daylight the next morning they were gone. Passing over the road along which they went, a couple of days later, a terrible stench was present. In explanation, some of my men said this was the woods where they carry small-pox patients to die, and there

was one dead baby there. Evidently one of the babies belonging to the slave party had been restless and annoyed the slave driver, and he cut its head off and put its body among the small-pox dead.

While at Shenge I followed a funeral procession to a burying ground. Reaching an open place in the woods, they went a few rods from the path leading to another village, and put down the corpse, and then dug a grave. With cutlasses they loosed the ground, and with their hands they scraped it to one side, until a place was made large enough to put the corpse in. The corpse was rolled in a country cloth, bark being used to keep the cloth around it. The loose earth was then put on the body, which was barely covered. I saw while there the foot of another corpse, which had been buried shortly before, that had not been covered with earth. All was quiet till the burial was completed, when they set up a terrible howl and kept it up by fits and starts for an hour. Then they danced and were giddy awhile, and then they howled again.

Once in a rowboat, passing to a town not far from Bonthe, I requested my men to land the boat at a big tree. They looked frightened and pulled to within about one hundred feet of the tree, when one said, "Massa, big, big devil live at that tree, and if we go there he come and kill us all." Not being able to get them to go near the tree, we landed a few hundred feet below. I then walked to the tree, struck it with a stick, and dared the devil to come out and hurt me. The roots extended out of the ground and I sat on different ones, but could not get one of my men near. They said, "Ah, white man sabbe, know more than devil, but black man don't." Some of the roots extended into the water, and the current being strong there, a ripple was caused in the water, which they supposed the devil made.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1888-89—Appreciation of J. Gomer—Thirty-two Years of Service—Division in the Church—Signed the Proclamation.

My work in the years of '88 and '89 was closely related to an epoch in my life which well nigh separated me from the foreign mission field for a time. These years of my ministerial life will be largely represented by what others said of me and what I wrote during that period.

The following is copied from the minutes of the annual meeting of the Board of Missions, which met May 7, 1889, two days before the General Conference:

"WHEREAS, Rev. J. Gomer and wife have returned in safety to America, after an absence of seven years, spent in earnest missionary labors, in western Africa,

"*Resolved*, 1. That we hereby express to them our hearty thanks for their earnest and successful labors, and our willingness to continue them in their service, for time to come.

"2. That this Board hereby expresses its confidence in the work of Rev. J. A. Evans of Mendi mission, and Rev. D. F. Wilberforce, principal of the Clark theological training-school, and prays the blessing of God upon them and their work in the years to come.

"3. That the thanks of this Board are due, and hereby are tendered Bishop Flickinger for his diligence and faithfulness in superintending our foreign missions during the last quadrennium; and, whereas, he and others report that industrial schools for the training of boys and girls in Africa, are an important factor in lifting up the people from the state of barbarism to that of Christian civilization, therefore, *Resolved*, That we look with favor on the plan of establishing such schools in Africa in the near future."

Dr. J. W. Hott, who was then editor of the *Religious Telescope,* and before that time had been the treasurer of the missionary society, and hence was well acquainted with its work and workers for twenty years, was present at that annual meeting, and wrote the following respecting Mr. Gomer and myself: "That veteran missionary of Africa, Rev. Joseph Gomer, just home from that far off land, was present. He comes like a battle-scarred soldier of Jesus. On the first of December, 1870, he and his faithful wife went to Africa. He at once inaugurated the system of itinerating in Africa. Since that time they have only visited our country twice, in 1876, and again in 1882. For seven years he has labored incessantly in that terrible climate. He is now here for a session of rest. He will soon be fifty-five years old. God has wonderfully spared and blessed his life. Bishop Flickinger is also fresh from Germany and Africa, and though just home from his eleventh visit to Africa, he is fresh and vigorous as in the years gone by. He has crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-two times, but often by the long route of England, making an equivalent of not less than thirty crossings of the ocean. He has stood in the front of our mission work as a Church for thirty-two years, for it is now thirty-two years since he was first chosen secretary of the missionary society. Two years before his entering upon the secretaryship, he had gone to Africa as one of the first company of missionaries our Church ever sent abroad. Eternity alone will unfold the wonderful results of his toil. The Church will warmly welcome him home again."

The part I took to prevent the unfortunate division which took place at the General Conference of 1889, deserves mention here. I wrote to Bishop Castle, February, 1887, enclosing a letter from Dr. C. H. Kiracofe, as follows:

"Dear Bishop Castle: Just before the enclosed from C. H. Kiracofe was published in the *Telescope,* I had jotted some things in the same train of thought to publish. It containing substantially what I wrote, I did not send mine to the

Telescope. I write you to ask what objection there is to pursuing the course he advises. I have not so much objection to the Commission paper, as I have to the how, and when, and where of it. Now if the vote to be taken in 1888 is a two-thirds majority, then let that be the request for a change of Constitution, and let the General Conference of 1889 formulate a paper to send down to the people. If the paper thus sent down be substantially what the present Commission is, and if it gets a two-thirds vote, all will be right. In that case Doctor Davis, Bishops Wright and Dickson, Revs. Dillon and Miller of Auglaize, Barnaby and Titus of Michigan, Floyd and Kiracofe of White River conferences, and a number of other first-class men, could not complain, and their power would largely be broken, so that they would not have half the following that they will have under the present Commission paper. As a matter of course, some of the Commission leaders will cry out against any compromise, and insist that it must go through as now. I will join with you, Bishop Dickson, and Bishop Wright in advocating before the next General Conference some measure to give the Church a chance to vote for a new Constitution, and do it so that it cannot be said it was done in violation of our present Constitution. If you think there is enough in it to write Bishops D. and W., do so. While I can live under our present Constitution, I believe there is a change needed. I only wish that which is for the best."

Bishop Castle did not think it wise to unite with me and Bishop Wright and Bishop Dickson, who was then thought to be quite radical, to bring about the end sought by me. As a matter of fact, that was a time when good men were greatly perplexed, and there was a great conflict and struggle between their convictions of right, and what best to do to save the Church from division and its consequent evils. The following reply from Bishop Castle's last letter to me shows this: "I would be in favor of any reasonable adjustment. Peace to the Church, though it be secured at great personal cost, is

a measure of great wisdom; but I see no way of securing it by any change of method that can acquire any considerable or sufficient advocacy to make it potential in that line; the danger is that of utter demoralization of methods so that there will be none to guide us."

When I reached Chambersburg to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Missions, Bishop Weaver presented me with a paper known as a proclamation, recorded in proceedings of the General Conference of 1889, page 173. As I had been in the United States only for occasional visits during the quadrennium and had just reached New York from my district in the foreign field a few days before, I told Bishop Weaver that I could not sign the paper until I made some inquiry as to whether all the steps taken were regular and right. This was at the noon adjournment of the Board. He brought the paper again that evening, but still I was not ready to sign it, as I had had but little opportunity to make inquiries. That night I inquired of several of the members of the Board of Missions and two of the bishops, who said that they believed the vote represented the honest expression of our people. Next morning I signed the paper.

It is said that a certain Dutchman had eaten something which disagreed with him, whereupon he said that he had swallowed that thing down, and now he wished he could swallow it up again; so we sometimes wish we could do. A half-witted genius, who once went deer-hunting with experienced hunters, was told to scare the deer out of a swamp. He insisted that he should be given a gun. They gave him a musket heavily loaded, thinking that its kicking would satisfy him. Four deer soon came within shooting range, when he blazed away; the musket knocked him down and burnt his eye-winkers some, but he killed two deer. They ran to him, expecting him to complain of the gun being so heavily loaded, when he said, "If you had loaded that gun right, with a full load, I would have killed all four of the deer at one shot, instead of only two of them."

REV. I. N. CAIN
Massacred in Africa, May 3, 1898

MRS. MARY M. CAIN
Massacred in Africa, May 3, 1898

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1889-90—Reviews of Progress—Appreciation of Aid from Other Missionary Associations—Men Who Did Things—Triumphant Native Christians—Tom Tucker—Christian Poisoned by Mohammedans.

I wish next to refer to the progress of several projects which I had strongly advocated during the quadrennium ending May, 1889. Of the *Missionary Visitor*, which I had begun and edited for twenty years, the new Secretary of the Missionary Board said in his report: "It is not the easiest thing to give satisfaction to all in a paper designed both for Sunday schools and the Missionary Society, and yet the *Missionary Visitor* has held its own remarkably well with the *Children's Friend.*" The *Children's Friend* was in the field long before the *Visitor*, and was purely a Sunday-school paper.

That report had this to say respecting the Church Erection Society: "In comparison with what it did in preceding quadrenniums, it did fairly well during the past four years, but in view of the vastness of the work to be done, the urgent calls for help, and the ability of the Church to render aid, our work is so little as to humble the Board and the Church. However, the treasurer's figures show that a noble work has been accomplished. In sixteen years preceding 1885, the society had collected $20,374.98, and in the last four years it has collected $12,325.39 in new funds; about two-fifths of this was in bequests. From 1869, when the society was organized, till 1885, there were seventy-five houses aided. In the four years just gone, sixty-nine houses were helped; in all 144."

Another thing which greatly cheered me was the wonderful manner in which God helped me to get money for our foreign missions in Africa and Germany. During the seven years preceding May, 1889, the American Missionary Association

of New York City gave $39,000, including the $9,600 it furnished for building the steamer *John Brown*. In addition to this it gave us lands and buildings and other things worth thousands of dollars. The Freedman's Missions Aid Society of London, England, gave us $13,000. Both the New York and London associations put the United Brethren Church under many obligations to them. Their help in time of great need was providential, and ought to call forth sincere gratitude to God.

Then, in addition to these large sums which had been especially given to Africa by agencies outside of the Church, Mr. Rufus Clark and wife of Denver, Colorado, gave $5,000 for the training-school in Africa, and Mrs. Bischoff, the wife of our first missionary to Germany, gave $10,000 for missions in that country. Thus in ways wonderful God helped us to get about $85,000 for the foreign mission work. But for these large gifts the Board could not have done the work it did in Germany and Africa.

Many heavy financial and other burdens have been borne by the men and women in the Church, which, in the present good times and with the great facilities now at hand for carrying forward church enterprises, would not be so crushing now as then. If the scope of this book assumed to give a history of the interests to which I frequently refer, I could name many men and women who bore heavy burdens and toiled hard for the success of the Church, but since this is more largely a personal narrative, I need not attempt to name them.

General Grant never surrendered, it is said, because he did not know when he was whipped. So the noble men and women of our Church kept on fighting sin and church debts until they were compelled to stop, when they picked the flints of their guns, and went at it again, until what seemed like defeat was turned into victory. Thank God for such men and women, past, present, and to come. Our printing establishment and Seminary at Dayton, the colleges all over this

country and in Africa, and our missionary, church-erection, and Sunday-school interests are sure to find the men and women, who, in the future, as now and in the past, "do things."

But not to make the material progress of the work of missions the main thing, I wish to give some results of our mission work in Africa, as these were manifested in the good lives and happy deaths of our converts there.

The first churches in Africa were organized in 1876, at Bompetook and Shenge. At Bompetook there was a woman named Hannah, who united with the Church. Her heathen husband flogged her and in other ways cruelly treated her, yet she always came to meeting, her face radiant with joy, such as the Holy Ghost alone can give. That being the first organization the United Brethren Church had in Africa, there was some bitter persecution in store for those who went into it, especially for Hannah, whose husband did all he could to cause his wife to go back to heathen practices. Nine months of suffering from him and faithfulness to God, and he took her to heaven. She told her husband and others who opposed her that she had forgiven them, and that she was going to a better country than Africa.

There was another woman, an old slave, named Quiah Mammie, who was converted at Shenge, who lived a faithful Christian for three years. No night was so dark, or weather so bad, as to keep her from prayer-meeting, which was held in the chapel a full half-mile from where she lived. She had been a bitter opposer of religion, and said hard things against it and its advocates, but finally she submitted to God. After that she never missed a meeting, day or night, if she could possibly be present. She always took part, praying and talking in Sherbro. Three years she thus lived happy in the service of God. At noon one day word came that she was dying. Mr. Gomer and I went to see her. She was lying on the ground on a grass mat just outside of the mud hut she lived in. The mat was only half as long as her body, and she had

a bunch of dirty rags for a pillow. A few women sat around her. Mr. Gomer asked her if all was well; she nodded, Yes: and then we knelt and prayed, and in a few moments Quiah Mammie bade adieu to earth, and with a smile and halo of glory and victory in her countenance, visible to all, passed away.

Still another case at Shenge was Na-you-kin, a one-eyed woman and a very bitter enemy of religion, who often vexed us missionaries. She showed her contempt for missionaries and their teachings in a marked manner; but after some years of such a course she became a humble Christian, and bore privation and suffering with much resignation. The last time I saw her alive, she was reclining on the sunny side of a large cotton tree, to find warmth for the chill of death, having a coarse coffee sack wrapped about her body, but in happy prospect of heaven, to which her spirit went a few days afterward.

Bishop Hott, then editor of the *Religious Telescope*, writing of the deaths of these African women, said: "They went from rags to glory." It was indeed a great change in their case, from bondage to liberty, and from rags to glory. They were wonderful trophies of saving grace.

Then there was Rev. Tom Tucker, who came to the mission an ignorant, nude, filthy youth of eighteen years of age, and begged to stay there. He was made a common laborer for one year, then headman of the mission farm, and, soon after that, captain of a mission boat. In about three years he became a Christian. He commenced studying, finding it hard work to learn to read, but he persevered until he could read in the New Testament fairly well. One thing he did know how to do well—to offer to God the effectual, fervent prayer, and to win the heathen around him to Christ. In due time he was licensed to preach and a large circuit was given him. Chief Neal Caulker also made him a sub-chief in the country where he labored, a district containing about thirty towns, where he preached the gospel and administered the law, doing

both in a satisfactory manner. The last time I saw him was at the annual district meeting held in the spring of 1885, when he was so filled with the light and love of God that it beamed from his countenance in a manner easily observed. That Sabbath was a most blessed day to him, and all present, when a number of white missionaries and their wives were present. Best of all, God was there to bless. Tom died suddenly the following September, triumphantly assuring those who were with him that all was well.

There was a Mohammedan who was poisoned because he became a Christian. Great emoluments had been promised him if he would return to Mohammedanism and terrible threats made if he would not, and these threats were fulfilled. He was faithful till death removed him from time to eternity. He was married to one of the mission girls sometime after he became a Christian, and she stood by him heroically through all his sufferings. They truly suffered for Christ, and no doubt now reign with him in heaven.

Then there was Johnny Williams, who from nine or ten years of age till his death, at fourteen, lived an exemplary life and did excellent missionary work. He was a good interpreter, led the singing well, and closed meetings with prayer when requested. He cheerfully waded swamps and endured hardships to help hold meeting. May be in this way his death was hastened, he dying from African scrofula, or "knot disease," as the Africans called it. After he could no longer go abroad he and his mother stopped half a mile from the mission house near Shenge. The school children, at his request, visited him every few days to sing and pray with him after school closed in the evening. One day he sent word that they should be sure to come that evening. When they arrived he told them that he would die that night, and asked them to sing the hymns commencing, "Thou, My Everlasting Portion," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and, "I Am Sweeping Through the Gates." They sang the first hymn and com-

menced the second, but before they finished it Johnny's soul swept through the gates, and he was at rest.

Another name to be considered is David Louding, of whom I need say but little, as he was spoken of in the thirtieth chapter of this book. Suffice it to say he was one of the first mission boys we received, and he excelled in every study he undertook. He became a Christian when about thirteen or fourteen, lived an excellent life, and died a peaceful, happy death. He was anxious to live to work in Africa.

CHAPTER XL.

1890-91—Laid Around Loose—Rev. C. Bischoff, Rev. J. K. Billheimer, and other workers in Africa.

As I laid around loose more than usual this year, having no regular employment most of the time, for the first time in forty years I had time to do some much-needed work on my home in Willoughby, and to visit relatives and friends, something I had not done for about a score of years. In this way, and by preaching and lecturing on Africa, I spent this year, except about four months, in which time I solicited money for Union Biblical Seminary for a few weeks, and served a charge left vacant in the Miami Conference. I received calls from two colleges of the Church to become a soliciting agent for them. The manager of Union Biblical Seminary had me see certain persons whom he regarded as likely to give large donations to that institution, but I learned that they never had any such intention.

It will be remembered that I was told the first year I traveled, in 1850, that if any man could preach on the circuit I was sent to for one year, his hide would last him forty years. As I was in fair health, and had no good reason for retiring from the work of the ministry and the Church, whose educational, missionary, and publishing interests I had been active in promoting, I felt like the boy who was running with all his might to reach a Sunday school in time, because he was "part of the concern." Feeling I was part of the United Brethren Church made me note all its movements in Africa and America.

As there is nothing in this year's work that needs to be considered further, I will mention some of the prominent workers in Africa and Germany, most of whom I had had an

active part in procuring for these missions during the twenty-eight years I had served as secretary of the Board of Missions, and the four years I was missionary bishop of those countries.

Rev. C. Bischoff, the founder of Germany mission, whose widow gave $10,000 to that mission, had no children, and that bequest was made by Mr. Bischoff upon my suggestion. I suggested that he divide his estate into three parts, giving his side of the house one-third, one-third to his wife's people, and one-third to the Missionary Society. He had written his will to so dispose of his estate, but had not signed it, when he was suddenly killed while riding in a buggy, which was overturned by his horse shying and going down a steep place on a hillside. Mr. Bischoff was an excellent organizer and ready speaker, and managed that mission well from the time he commenced the work until within a year or two of his death, when he retired from active work in the ministry. As helpers in making that mission the success it was up to 1889, there were the two Barkemeyers, Oehlschlegel, and Holeshuer, who did much hard work, while others did well, also.

In Africa there were a number of noble workers deserving high honor; Rev. J. K. Billheimer and wife, Dr. Witt, Rev. O. Hadley and wife, and Mr. Williams, the faithful native missionary who alone held the fort for several years, and at a smaller salary than he had been getting as a clerk in a store in Freetown; Rev. J. Gomer and wife, who did more than any others to make Sherbro mission a success, and did it for many years, in the face of great discouragements; Rev. C. A. Evans and wife, Mrs. Mair, Rev. R. N. West and wife, Rev. D. F. Wilberforce and wife, Rev. J. M. Lesher and wife, Rev. W. S. Sage and wife, and others.

Rev. J. K. Billheimer did valuable service, especially in building houses, furnishing the heathen good rules to live by, and living a good life among them. Mr. Hadley and wife gave the heathen a good insight into true piety, illustrating the excellences of the Christian religion. Mr. Gomer and wife stayed with them longer than any others, and thus not only

made their work permanent, but continually progressive. He was an excellent manager of the native headmen, and people generally. His method was to go to the common people in their rice fields and mud huts, showing them sympathy and giving religious instruction. Mrs. Gomer made an excellent home for missionaries, and did her part in going to meeting and doing her duty when there. She also taught many useful lessons to girls and boys. Mr. Evans was a systematic preacher and bookkeeper, and his wife an excellent teacher of naked children. Mrs. Mair, with her good heart, ready wit, and good sense, could manage the natives well. She exerted a great influence over the natives, and could rebuke them for wrongs and retain their good will. Being in charge at Rotifunk, she greatly reformed Sourie Kessabe, the headman there, getting him to put away all his wives but two, keeping his first wife because she was the first, and another who could talk English. When she told him it was bad to drink whisky, he said it was good, for it was white men who made it and sent it to Africa, and hence it must be good. Then much credit is due R. N. West and D. F. Wilberforce for preparing a course of study and shaping an educational system. They did much to impress the natives that they needed education, and that they could get it if they would apply themselves. They had great influence over the people, both in and out of the pulpit, but more especially in the schoolroom, and did much good as missionaries. It is but right to mention also Messrs. Lesher and Sage, and their wives, all of whom faithfully labored for the good of Africa. Especially should Mr. Lesher be remembered for his efficient work in superintending the erection of the Rufus Clark and wife training and theological school. Such a building could never have been erected but for the oversight of a mechanic such as he was, he having been a carpenter before he became a preacher. He was also a good bookkeeper, and rendered valuable service in that respect.

There were heroic, faithful workers there in the years preceding 1889, as there have been since.

In Africa, in dealing with native children for doing wrong, we took a piece of pasteboard or a card about six inches square, and put a string in two corners long enough to reach around the neck, with the card hanging over the breast. On that we wrote the kind of wrong they were guilty of. If one had lied we wrote in large letters, "I am a liar"; if it were stealing, we wrote, "I am a thief"; when given to quarreling, we wrote, "I am quarrelsome"; or, "I am lazy," etc. They dreaded that way of being punished more than to be flogged, and not unfrequently begged to have the card taken off and to be flogged instead.

CHAPTERS XLI AND XLII.

1891-92-93—A United Brethren Pastor—Preaching for Congregationalists—The Proprieties—Some Experiences—Fell Asleep at Prayer—Among the Unfortunates of London.

I ONCE had a school teacher who had an excellent faculty of making comparisons. He showed the class in geography the trinity of oceans by saying that the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian oceans were one and yet three. A theological writer used the same illustration to explain the trinity of the Godhead. Some families are three or more, and yet one. I call to mind a family of three who were one in every respect. There were the father, the mother, and their only son, none of whom could be induced, under any circumstances, to differ from the others respecting dress, work, or church operations. What was the mind of one the other two agreed to.

As I was a United Brethren pastor part of the time, and a Congregational pastor most of the fortieth, forty-first, and forty-second years of my ministerial life, and without regular work a few months of each of these years, I will make this chapter a trinity in the sense of saying something of the work I did in each.

After the division of the Church, in 1889, owing to certain things which had occurred, I did not feel at home in the Church, and hence spent most of these three years preaching for Congregationalists, though I never withdrew from our Church. Thinking that I would get over that feeling, I did commence my forty-first year by taking charge of a United Brethren mission station in my own conference. I spent three months of the previous year as a supply in a large town on a new mission, which had been commenced but a short time previously, the meetings being held in a small hall. There I

preached every morning and night, and went one mile into the country to preach in the afternoon. The country appointment had a membership scattered over considerable territory, which caused me to walk a good deal. From the beginning I resolved to buy a lot for a church in the town, which I did at a cost of $1,000, and secured subscriptions for most of the money, going to several other places to get some of it. The lot was bought, and upon it there was built a substantial church, which is now self-supporting and doing well. The quarter spent there was an unusually busy one. Not having been in the regular work as pastor for thirty-five years, being secretary of the Board of Missions and missionary to Africa, I had to learn many things anew. The methods of work had changed, and new measures had been instituted, so that it was like commencing anew in the ministry. All went well enough for several months on the charge last given me, when my wife was stricken with paralysis, and was entirely helpless for several weeks. Because of my being abroad so much for several years, I had moved my family to my wife's native home, in Willoughby, Ohio, about twenty years before, having bought a good home there. I offered my resignation, but the official board declined to accept it, and provided a supply for a time. After about six months I returned, but had not been there long when the word came that my wife was in such a condition that it was necessary for me to be at home, when I resigned the charge.

I had not been at home more than a few weeks until I was offered a pastorate by the Congregationalists, at a point so near my home that I could be there whenever necessary. I was employed for one year, and went to work. The methods were so different from ours, that I had to learn how to be pastor in a Congregational church. I pleased the people about as well as they pleased me, and that was only tolerably well. Going there in mid-winter, and finding the majority of the leading members of the church living from one to three miles from the village, I had some long, muddy walks. I have

a very distinct recollection of pulling through the mud afoot, when it was well nigh impossible to do so. The people were always cordial in receiving me at their homes, and much interested in my welfare. Being few in number, and scattered so widely in a country with muddy roads, made it impossible to have week-night prayer-meetings, so we had week-day prayer-meetings at two in the afternoon. There were three deacons, one of whom was not active on account of old age, but one of the best men I ever knew. I often saw him, though he lived two miles from the village. He had a happy faculty of talking religion, and he loved it. He never got to hear me preach except once. I preached his funeral. The other two deacons were good men, but one never prayed in public, although he stood very high in the community. The other deacon prayed and spoke in public. I received seven new members into the church while there, and all of them picked fruit, and good. I once proposed a protracted meeting, but it was not heartily seconded, the leading members declaring that picked fruit was preferable, by which was meant that I should go to people and by personal persuasion induce them to be Christians. So I did. The communion was observed every two months, at which time members were received into church. The people made a great deal of propriety, and freely spoke of what was becoming and what was not. Especially on funeral occasions everything was to be done to a dot and in the line of propriety. I preached six or eight funerals during the year, where my church choir furnished the music. At one place the funeral was being held in the house where the death occurred. I saw the members of the choir go out, although it was time to commence, and I went to look for them, and there behind a shed they stood, in the snow, practicing pieces to be sung. I always let them select the music, and on this occasion the only opportunity to practice was out of doors. A sad occasion was a double funeral, both members of the church and good people. The father, mother, and daughter, living two miles from the village, had come to

church in a buggy. Returning home, while crossing the railroad track the daughter heard the express train coming, but the horse could not be stopped and they were struck. The mother was killed instantly, and the daughter died that night. The father was made a cripple for life. With two hearses in the procession, and a long row of carriages, and with two coffins in church before me, it was an impressive occasion.

Having been elected to membership on the Board of Missions, I met in all its annual meetings, and while I was getting on well I was not doing the work I felt most interested in, nor was I working in the church I wished to work in.

The following will show one of the experiences such as pioneer ministers were subjected to. Two preachers held a camp-meeting for a week, and at that early day had to do about all the preaching, exhorting, and praying that was done there. At the beginning of the meeting they had promised to visit a family a mile and a half from the camp ground. The last meeting closed at midnight, when the woman reminded them of their promise. As they had to leave for another camp meeting early next morning, worn out as they were they concluded to go there that night. They reached the cabin at one o'clock. To show her appreciation of the visit she prepared a good meal, after which they had family worship. The one from whom the writer got this narrative said he feared he would go to sleep, and so he said, "Brother J———, you lead the worship." They knelt, and he commenced to pray, but had not gone far before he fell asleep, and as he was going to sleep he said, "We will look to God for his blessing and be dismissed," and then his head rested on the chair beside which he knelt, and all was silent as death for a moment. He soon waked up however, and all got off their knees, an embarrassed company. After a good laugh they made their apology, and went to bed and slept two hours.

Once in London I accompanied a policeman, on a very rough night in the month of March, from midnight till daylight. The policeman's beat that night was where vagrants and bad

men and women were found under bridges, or close to the walls of large manufacturing establishments, where the walls remained warm all night, or in market houses, or any place where poor, half-clad and hungry people could stay. We saw over one hundred of these unfortunates, English, German, Scotch, Irish, French, and two Americans. One Frenchman told us he had had nothing to eat for three days, and that he intended to kill himself that morning. To all these, except a few well-known criminals who had frequently been fed before, and who were known to be impostors, tickets were given that entitled them to breakfast at a certain hall at seven o'clock the next morning. There were one hundred and thirty-one persons in that hall for breakfast, and I became a waiter. The chapel was built like any other chapel, and seated one hundred and fifty. All sat while eating. The breakfast consisted of two large pieces of bread, with meat sandwiched between them, and one pint of coffee. The bread and meat were put into a paper bag, and coffee given them in a tin cup. After the breakfast was served we held religious services; the superintendent read the Scriptures, announced a hymn, which they sang well, and prayed, after which I preached a twenty-minute sermon. After that those unemployed had to leave that warm room and go out—not home, for they were homeless. All who wished work were sent out of the city to stay with farmers who would give them employment. Few stayed in the country.

CHAPTER XLIII.

1893-94—A Congregational Pastorate—Types of Church-members—Would Not Unite—A Prohibitionist.

At the annual session of the conference to which I belonged, I asked to be left without work in 1893, on the ground that there was a full supply of laborers without me, and that I had an invitation to preach for the Congregational Church. The conference granted my request, and I at once accepted the call. There were three churches to serve on that charge. The principal one was in a town that had a Baptist, Methodist, and Disciple church, and all had resident pastors. I made that place my home, preaching every Sabbath morning, helping in the Sabbath school, and leading the Wednesday night prayer-meeting. On alternate Sunday afternoons I preached at country churches, one four miles from headquarters, and the other six miles away. This was a year of much valuable experience to me. I had more active workers, more men and women who would speak and pray publicly, than at any other Congregational church which I had served. I received twenty members into the church at one of my afternoon appointments, but none at the other places. My pastorate there was to me and to the people entirely satisfactory, so much so to them that at the end of the year I received the vote of every member of the church to continue with them another year.

As my wife was still an invalid, and could not keep house, she was taken to Indianapolis to live with a daughter. But for that I would have served the Congregationalists another year.

Some types of members found on this charge may interest the reader. In the town church there was a Christian En-

MISS ELLA SCHENCK
Massacred in Africa, May 3, 1898

MISS MARY C. ARCHER, M.D.
Massacred in Africa, May 3, 1898

deavor society, made up of the young people of all the churches of the place, which was a real blessing to it. At one of the afternoon appointments there was also what was called a Christian Endeavor society, but it was little else than a young people's frolicking and courting school. It was in a neighborhood where all was demoralization in the church and community. A leading rich member of the church there had been offended, and he seemed to think that the church could not get on without him, and, indeed, it could not well, while he was staying away and keeping others away. His wife and daughter, who were excellent women, were greatly handicapped by his conduct. The man was determined not to be reconciled. He had been offended, whether with or without cause, and he intended to remain so. I visited him several times, and finally prevailed upon him to hear me preach just once. He came, but went away from church highly displeased, because certain people were not invited to sing in the choir, and no persuasion or explanation could be made to satisfy him. He was like the man who came home drunk and put his old hat in the middle of the floor, and then told his wife that if she picked it up he would flog her, and if she let it lie there he would flog her.

There was another family that was as peculiar as he, but in a different respect. The man was also a rich farmer, and his wife a good woman. They lived in good style, and were highly respected. Neither of them would unite with any church, and yet they attended church regularly. She sang in the choir, and he was one of its best financial supports, but unlike the cranky, complaining man just described, they would do nothing in the way of managing church affairs, though always ready to take hold and carry out the plans and arrangements made by others. The one would be bell-sheep or nothing, while the others would never be bell-sheep, but always were willing to follow and carry out the arrangements made by the pastor and official members of the church. They did much to build up Congregationalism, though not members

of the church, while the other man, who was a member, did more to pull down than to build up.

There was another man who had been a great help to the church, but had withheld his support from it for the reason that all the members of the congregation were not out and out prohibitionists. He came to hear me several times, and it so happened that I preached a temperance sermon, emphasizing strongly the duty of Christians to taste not, handle not, and swallow not the accursed thing that makes drunk. He was highly pleased with that sermon, but found out that I did not always vote the Prohibition ticket, and that spoiled all. I visited him before and after that sermon, to get him to work with us, but he would not, though a member of the church.

The people really relished plain gospel preaching, and complimented me several times for hitting them hard, saying that they deserved all they got. Twice I was asked to unite with that church and become fully one of them, but I declined.

I once stayed all night with an old chief in Africa, who was telling of the bad conduct of some of his wives who had run away. Asking his son, who seemed to be second headman of the town, how many wives his father had, he said he did not know, but that he had commenced getting wives when he was a young man, and he had kept on getting wives ever since; pointing to a young girl about twelve years of age, he said she was one of his wives which he got the previous week. That old chief was not less than seventy or seventy-five years old then.

Visiting the headman at sea-bar once, and seeing a beautiful witch greegree, I asked him to sell it to me. That man, with his eyes flashing anger, said, "What, you go take my witch medicine from me, so witch come and kill me one time!" He meant that if he did not keep the greegree a witch would kill him at once.

CHAPTER XLIV.

1894-95—Serving a Mission Church—"Pioneer Sermon"—The Many Lives of a Debt—Hard Work and Worry—Too late for the Funeral.

SEVERAL months before closing my work as pastor of the Congregational church, I was invited to accept a mission station in the White River Conference by one of the presiding elders of that body. I consented to do so, owing to the continued illness of my wife and the necessity of her removal to Indianapolis to live with our daughter there. I attended Miami Annual Conference, where I was a member, and there learned I was appointed to Columbus, Indiana, which is but forty miles south of Indianapolis. At that session of the Miami Conference it became my duty to preach what was known as a "pioneer sermon," that plan having been commenced the year before, when Rev. W. J. Shuey preached the first pioneer sermon, he being the oldest member of that body, and I next oldest. The following quotations from that sermon show what United Brethren pioneers were and did: "The key-note of their lives, both in the laity and ministry, was to be saved from sin, and know it, and to convince the irreligious that they were in danger of being lost without this knowledge. Not to know that one was saved was, in their estimation, equivalent to not being saved. Like a man who was the legal heir to a large estate, but living and dying without that knowledge, it would do him no good. They certainly had some strong proof-texts in the New Testament supporting their views upon this subject, such as St. Paul's words: 'For we know that 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.' The following, from St.

John's epistle, is also to the point: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.' Like these inspired writers, the pioneer ministers of the United Brethren Church in Miami Conference knew that they were saved, and could tell others how it was done. This they did with so much unction as to make the word of God 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Like Apollos, they were mighty in the Scriptures, and being fervent in the Spirit, they spoke and taught diligently the things of the Lord. As a matter of course, then as now, some did not magnify their office, but these were the exceptions, and not the rule. Teaching religion, not philosophy, or geology, or astronomy, or science of any kind, but that, 'denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and Godly in this present world,' was the great aim of their discourses. They gave great prominence to the 'three R's' namely, ruin by the fall, redemption through Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. To make the unsaved realize that they were sinners before God, that Christ had redeemed them by giving his life for them, and that without a personal interest in his blood they would be separated from the presence of God and the glory of his power forever, were the truths which they pressed home upon the consciences of men."

As the White River Conference had met a week earlier than Miami, I left on Saturday morning and reached Columbus that night, commencing my work there the next day. The day was hot and the audience small. The church had just been built, and was not dedicated yet. It was one mile from the center of the city, and quite a distance from any other church. About four miles away in the country, was another good church-house, but with only a few scattered members. These two points constituted the field of labor given me. The

division of the church in 1889 had badly disrupted the society, and several of its most influential members had left and gone to the Radicals. Some had removed from that neighborhood, and altogether that point was badly demoralized. The society in town was also weak, so that there was not a very hopeful outlook. In the name of the Lord I set up my banner, preaching in the city morning and night, and in the country in the afternoon. I attended Sabbath schools at both places, and the prayer-meeting in the city, and tried to increase the attendance at all these meetings. It was hard work to keep any of them going profitably. There were a few faithful workers at both places, but so few as to discourage us all at times.

A few months later, at my request, the church in Columbus was dedicated by Bishop Kephart, and the small debt was fully provided for by subscriptions, mostly obtained by myself before the day of dedication; but alas! like some other subscriptions, all were not paid, nor was the debt on that house. That church debt had as many lives as a cat. It was like a church debt in Dayton, Ohio, that I helped to pay at three different times. It was not because any money had been misappropriated, but because some had failed to pay what they had subscribed; some because they were not able, others not willing, and some died before their subscriptions became due. Church debts should not be made without the best of reasons, and then they should not run for years, to the detriment of God's cause and the reproach of Christians. I have known local church debts to keep societies for years from contributing to the general interests of the Church. There are cases where the people would neither pay the church debt, nor give money to missions, education, or any church enterprise, though abundantly able to do so. It looked a little as if they kept the local debts unpaid as an excuse for not paying to any general church interest. Some people seem to love to tell of their poor health and inability to be useful. Some churches boast of their refusal to pay money to God's cause,

and their ability to turn down solicitors for religious and benevolent purposes.

To enlist the services of some people who lived near our church in Columbus, but who were members of other churches, one of them was made superintendent of our Sunday school. He brought into the school a few others, who helped some, and all went well for a while; but alas! a Christmas entertainment one Saturday night resulted disastrously. The entertainment was all right, and the house was filled, but I felt bad, and left before the exercises closed. That so offended the superintendent that the next day neither he nor those he could influence came to the Sunday school or the preaching. After he was visited and explanations made, they were induced to return, but it was clearly seen that they were not trying to build up our church. The worry and hard work seriously affected my health, and I resigned the charge after serving it about seven months. My pastorate there was largely a failure, and those that followed me found it hard rowing for years afterward.

I knew a minister who was a man of more than ordinary natural gifts, and a classical graduate, who failed largely in what he undertook because he was wanting in promptness to fill his engagements. Once he was to conduct the service at the funeral of the grandson of one of our ministers. He was told to be on hand promptly at two o'clock, as the burial was to be some miles away. To be sure and get him there, his wife was told to see to it that he got started in time, which she did, but he got into a debate with a neighbor on the street, and kept at it until half an hour after the time. The grandfather conducted the funeral service, and the people left the house ere the pastor got there. It was not the result of "malice aforethought," as the coroner's jury declared to be the cause of the death of Sally Pitt, who had committed suicide.

While in Columbus I attended a number of cottage holiness prayer-meetings, and heard some wonderful experiences re-

specting the "second work," as it was called. Being asked to speak, I said that they were on the right line to insist on living a life of holiness, which I was striving to do. I said, "Friends, let us obtain this higher life and stay there. Get it by the second work route, or otherwise, but reach it and retain it. Better not insist so much that it must be just after a certain way, but insist on having and living it. A woman in one of those meetings said she had not sinned for three years, and she did not need to seek Christ's presence in prayer, for he was with her all the time. A few months after this she left her husband and children, and went off with another man. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

CHAPTER XLV.

1895-96—Soliciting—Thrown Over an Embankment and Injured—"Our God Has Saved Us."

AFTER leaving Columbus, Indiana, I spent five months in Indianapolis, and attended the United Brethren Church when able to go out. I had said, upon first seeing the house they worshiped in, that the congregation there would never have much success until it got out of the dark, dingy building, into a more suitable place for a church. The pastor and people realized the truth of my statement, but, in view of their poverty, they felt unable to remove into a more desirable part of the city and a better house. I kept the matter before them, and finally helped them to subscribe money to remove. In this it was apparent that their zeal had gone beyond their ability to pay. I proposed to spend a year getting subscriptions by going throughout the conference and soliciting for a new church. My proposition to work for six hundred dollars a year, and give two hundred dollars of that sum toward the enterprise, was accepted. With the very generous subscription of the congregation I succeeded reasonably well in obtaining help, but mostly in sums of only five dollars and ten dollars. I thus spent most of the winter, often remaining from three to four days in one neighborhood, assisting in protracted meetings. I did considerable hard work for eight months, when an accident befell me which utterly disabled me, and came near ending my life. My deliverance from death was so remarkable as to deserve a description of it here.

The pastor of the Pendleton Circuit had me preach at a point one mile from Pendleton one Sabbath night. A heavy shower of rain and hail commenced falling as he and I were

getting into the buggy to drive to Pendleton after the service. The man with whom we were to stay was afoot, and soon after starting he called to us and asked to get into the buggy with us, as it was so dark he could not see the road. The pastor said to him, "I can't see it either." As we halted the horse, being struck in the face by the falling hail, backed a little, and then there came a crash such as I never experienced. The buggy and its occupants, with the horse, went over an embankment into a gravel-pit, the horse over the buggy, and the buggy over us, I being on the under side as it capsized. For a moment the pressure was so great that I felt it would crush my life out, but the combination kept rolling on, until we landed twenty-five feet from where we started. Eight feet of that bank, next to the road, was almost perpendicular, and then it sloped, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, for fifteen feet more, to the bottom of the gravel-pit, where we landed in mud and water. A lantern was soon brought, and there stood the buggy right side up, with nearly all the spokes broken out of one wheel, the top torn into fragments, and shafts broken off and lying under the buggy, the harness all off of the horse, which stood near by trembling. We went to a house near there and stayed all night. My chest was sore, several ribs being fractured, and I slept none that night. Neither the pastor who was with me, nor the horse were hurt, except a few slight bruises.

A number of people came the next morning to see the distance we rolled from the top of the bank to the bottom of the gravel-pit, and among them was an infidel editor of a paper, who said that the devil had nearly killed us that time. "It may be that Satan had a hand in that tumble," said the pastor, "but our God has saved us," and truly that was the case. In all my ocean traveling (having then made eleven round trips to Africa, and having been shipwrecked twice), in the thousands of miles I had gone on railroads, in the many narrow escapes from drowning when in rowboats in Africa, and in numerous other hairbreadth escapes by land and sea, none

came so near causing my death as that tumble in a buggy. My chest became very sore, and it continued so about six months, when it left me suddenly and I had my usual health.

About a month after that accident I felt my limbs were losing their strength, and walking became difficult. I resolved to remedy that if possible, and did so by walking half a mile at a time, repeating the effort after a short rest. I did this several times daily, and kept increasing the distance until I could walk two miles. Had I given up and not forced myself to exercise my limbs, as too many old people do, I probably soon could not have walked any. Having a little strength left, I used that, and have kept at it, so that now, in my eighty-third year, I can walk a couple of miles.

At the close of this year I attended my conference, which met in Dayton, Ohio, and when my name was called, I said to the conference that on my way there I had visited several cemeteries with a view to selecting a final resting-place for my body, feeling that, with my soul's salvation secured through Christ, all I had to do now was to await the summons from earth to heaven.

As we were then to live with our daughter in Columbus, Ohio, instead of with the one in Indianapolis, Indiana, my wife had gone on before to Columbus. I went there from Dayton, and was arranging to kill time and do nothing but eat, drink, and behave the balance of my life. So ended this forty-fifth year of my ministerial life, and also my life's work, as I then thought, but the Lord had arranged it quite differently.

CHAPTER XLVI.

1896-97—An Eventful Year—A Letter—To Africa for the Radicals—A Remarkable Meeting—Meeting the Head Man.

Of all the fifty-five years of my ministerial life, the forty-sixth was the most remarkable. My health coming back to me suddenly and unexpectedly after that fearful buggy wreck, I regarded as providential. The good voyage I had to Africa and back, and the successful work done, under God, by Mr. Wilberforce and myself, opening several mission stations and holding a revival meeting which continued only eight days and resulted in organizing a church of fifty members, made this indeed an extraordinary year in the history of my life. All this being done when nearly seventy-one years old, and after arranging to retire from active work because of my age and infirmities, and with what I have done since that time, makes the impression deep in my mind that God led and kept me. While, with the psalmist, I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," truly goodness and mercy followed me in a marked manner during this year.

I will here quote a paragraph from a letter of explanation which appeared in the *Religious Telescope:*

"During August, September, and October, 1890, five years previous to my last trip to Africa, I received letters from Revs. J. Gomer and D. F. Wilberforce, saying that for want of money four mission stations were without laborers, and that others would be if financial help did not reach them soon. They urged me to collect money and send it. I wrote them that for me to do so would be misunderstood, and bring me into conflict with the officers of the Missionary Society,

and urged them to do the best they could with the money they had. I received two letters in one week, imploring me to send money at once. I replied to each without delay, and as I was returning from the post-office, after mailing the last letter, thinking how disappointed and sad they would be at my inability to help them, it came to me forcibly that if I could not assist them through the Liberal United Brethren Church, I might, perhaps, through the Radicals. In a week or two, and in a manner wholly unexpected, the way was opened for me to go to Africa, on certain conditions, for the Radical United Brethren Church.

It is not necessary now to relate how I consulted with my friends in the Church, and how they sought to dissuade me from going, predicting unfortunate results to the missions if I gave my services to the Radicals. I went to Africa for the twelfth time, and witnessed some wonderful manifestations of God's power.

In the fifty-five years of my ministry I have seen and heard many remarkable things in connection with the services in God's house, but March 1, 1896, surpassed all others in that respect. During the previous week meetings had been held every night. The congregations were large, and deeply interested in the services, and about thirty persons for three successive nights arose, asking the prayers of Christians, and fifty gave their names as candidates for membership. Mr. Wilberforce had some time before taken a list of twelve names, six of whom were still seekers. These twelve, added to the thirty-eight new converts, made fifty, of whom sixteen were full members and thirty-four were seekers. Then there were forty-seven persons baptized, about twenty-four of whom were adults, thirteen mission boys and girls, and ten infants.

Our mud chapel was so packed that we could scarcely find room for all to stand. An old heathen woman came forward and insisted on being baptized, and as she had been coming to our meetings all week, and was an honorable heathen woman, I felt it right to gratify her wishes. Three children

were brought to be baptized, whom I was asked to name. Two mothers with infants lashed to their backs came to have them baptized, standing sidewise so I could reach the heads of their children. As I was giving the right hand of fellowship, an elderly man with only a country cloth on, screamed with pain. He had a very sore finger, of which I did not know, and grasping his hand I hurt it. These and other ludicrous things occurred, and yet such was the seriousness of the people that there was no foolish laughing or unbecoming conduct. The meeting throughout was very orderly, and the people showed that God had touched their hearts. A man less than thirty years old, after having asked prayers for three successive nights, said his heart was bad and it kept him from doing right, and then he broke out in the following prayer: "O God, thou seest my heart is bad, and do, Lord, give me better heart. Lord, you make my heart, and I bring it to thee to fix em, for if you can't fix em, then no one can help me." A real work of opening the eyes of the blind, and turning men from darkness to light, had been accomplished by the Holy Spirit in his case and others, at that meeting.

I must not omit my introduction to the head man and the people on this trip. All met in the country chapel, and it was quite a crowd. Mr. Wilberforce told them he was named after me, and that I had secured his education in America, and was his "daddy," and had come there to do him and them good. Then he called on me for some remarks. I said I remembered the time when Mr. Wilberforce was born and named after me, and that I was glad to find the head man and all so friendly to the missions, and hoped the head man would give ground for it, and help all he could. The head man said he was very glad to see me, and as I had come far to see them, I must be "plenty hungry," and they had brought me rice,—about four bushels,— and a sheep, which was tied in sight, and that I must full myself good, and then they would do as I told them, adding that Mr. Wilberforce was their "daddy," and as I was his "daddy," he must tell them

what I wanted them to do, and they would do it. I thanked him for his good words and present, and in return I made him a present, and we parted good friends.

CHAPTER XLVII.

1897-98—Holding Missionary Meetings—Joint Missionary Magazine—Letter to Miami Conference.

IMMEDIATELY after my return from Africa in April, 1896, I visited many places, lecturing on Africa and preaching missionary sermons. I also attended the annual meetings of the parent Board of Missions, and of the Woman's Missionary Association of the Radical United Brethren Church. A quotation from an article I wrote in their church organ will show how I found things, and what I did during part of the forty-seventh year of my ministerial life. Late in June, 1896, I wrote as follows: "While there was much that suited me at the missionary meetings held last month at Charlotte, Michigan, and Leaf River, Illinois, nothing pleased me more than the hearty approval of both boards to publish a joint missionary magazine. No one tried to show how such a magazine could not be published without loss. Formerly nothing was more distasteful to me than for prominent members of mission boards to show how things could not be done. It may be that class of people have all gone to heaven; I sincerely hope so, for this world, and especially mission boards, do not need such, but do greatly need wide-awake, heroic, self-sacrificing people to show how things can be done, and then go right along and do them. The two boards are to be equal parties in this magazine, each occupying half the space and sharing half the profits. There were no arrangements made for any losses, nor need there be. It is to cost fifty cents a year, and the publisher is to publish it on a paying basis."

I wish here to insert my letter, written to the secretary of the Miami Annual Conference, telling of my withdrawal from

the conference and the Church. It was addressed to Rev. C. J. Burkert, secretary of the conference, from Greensburg, Indiana, August 25, 1896:

"As you, and most of the Miami Conference know, I became a member of the Radical United Brethren Church last December, and have been doing missionary work in said church ever since. When my name is called next week at your annual meeting, you will please give notice of my withdrawal from the Miami Conference, and the Liberal United Brethren Church. By the time you are through with the examination of character in Lewisburg next week I will be at the fourth annual conference this year already. But for this kind of work now pressing me, I should be at Lewisburg with you. With best wishes for your welfare, and the members of Miami Conference, I am sincerely yours."

MISS MARIETTA HATFIELD, M.D.
Massacred in Africa, May 3, 1898

REV. AND MRS. L. A. McGREW
Massacred in Africa, May 9, 1898

CHAPTER XLVIII.

1898-99—Elected Missionary Secretary—At Huntington, Ind.—An Absent-Minded Minister.

A FEW months before this year's work was commenced, I was elected corresponding secretary of the Domestic, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society of the Radical United Brethren Church. I soon entered upon the duties of that office, which position was easily filled by me, having spent nearly twenty-eight years in that capacity. By virtue of that position I became editor of the first eight pages of the *Missionary Monthly*. Thus by the use of the pen, and by public addresses and otherwise, I labored to promote missions. Two pages of the eight I filled with editorial matter, and sought to impress the importance of laboring zealously for the enlightenment and salvation of all who were without Christ. During this year the Radical Church moved its headquarters from Dayton, Ohio, to Huntington, Indiana, making it necessary for me to go to Huntington, where I continued to work up till June 1, 1905. Being among the people a good deal, during this and some succeeding years, to hold missionary meetings and attend annual conferences, I learned much of human nature. The bitterness and unreasonableness of some people made me wish sometimes that I was as absent minded as two men I knew well, one a minister and the other a layman. I really should have been glad to have forgotten as easily as the layman referred to could forget things. I was called to preach the funeral of a grandson of this man. After the burial we went back to the house for dinner, and as we sat at the table I remarked to the grandfather that the funeral had been largely attended. The old gentleman replied, "I do not know; I was

not there." He had ridden two miles on horseback to the church, and sat on the front seat close to the coffin while I preached, and yet he had forgotten all about it in a few hours. A short time before this he had written a letter to his daughter in Indiana, and after all this was done he went from his room to the kitchen to ask what his own name was, and when about half way there he suddenly stopped and said, "Why, my name is Philip Fry." He frequently forgot the names of members of the family.

An absent-minded minister lived in Dayton for years, and edited a religious paper. I have known him to start from his office for dinner, come down two flights of stairs and get half across the street, when the cold on his bald head would remind him of his hat, which he had left in his office. Once he overslept, and told his wife to hurry the preparation of breakfast, while he went to bring a loaf of bread from the bakery two squares away. He walked right past the bakery and went to his office, half a mile away, and worked till after ten o'clock, when, feeling hungry, it came to him that he had forgotten to return with bread, so he started back to get the bread, and again walked right by the bakery home without it, when his wife sharply reminded him of leaving her without bread. Bread was finally procured and a meal eaten, which that day was both breakfast and dinner. He and I lived near each other, and we were to go to a dedication service one Saturday, leaving on the one o'clock train. All was ready, except that my friend could not find his Sunday coat. Finally he remembered that he had left it at a tailor's shop to be repaired, and he secured it just in time to catch the train. Once he went on horseback to a meeting and walked home with a brother for dinner, leaving his horse hitched near the church.

In some African villages, adjacent to mission stations where the people wished to observe Sabbath, they would cut seven niches, or put seven holes in a piece of wood, and call the top one Sunday. They sometimes got things sadly mixed, for I occasionally found them keeping Thursday or some other day

for Sunday. Their simple way of telling when Sunday would come was all right, provided the peg for the holes or string for the niche was moved every day.

CHAPTER XLIX.

1898-99—Uprising in Africa—D. F. Wilberforce Escapes—"Boofima" —The Rufus Clark School—Naming Children.

THERE was a terrible uprising of the natives in that part of Africa occupied by the United Brethren missionaries, the last day of April, 1898. An organized effort was made by the natives to massacre all missionaries and traders who were favorable to civilized life. The people saw that Christianity was undermining their heathenish barbarities, and hence all missionaries, traders, and business men, white and black, favorable to Christianity, were to be killed. Buildings and all things which might enable these classes to resume business were to be demolished, and heathenism was to be made supreme. Missions of the United Brethren Church were much injured by this uprising. Seven capable American missionaries and many natives were killed, and thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed.

Only one of the missionaries of the Radical United Brethren Church was killed, Mr. Clemens, a colored man. The escape of Rev. D. F. Wilberforce and Miss Mary Mullen, the only white person there, was miraculous. Mr. Clemens was employed in March, 1896, but did not enter upon the work until nearly a year afterward. He was a native of Africa, and had spent several years in this country getting an education and learning a trade. He was a tinner, and possessed some mechanical genius, and was a good man. He rendered valuable service as teacher and preacher, and his untimely and barbarous death was greatly lamented. He was cut to pieces and thrown into a hole at Bangbiah.

On June 27 a cablegram reached me saying, "Wilberforce and family safe in Bonthe." The months of suspense in respect to his fate were terrible ones. This will be more fully understood when it is known what he had done, and was doing, and the estimation in which he was held by his Church. The Missionary Board passed the following resolution: "While we hope almost against fate that the lives of several missionaries have been providentially spared, we solemnly pledge our hearts and hands for manly effort, with the Lord's help, to raise up Africa redeemed, as a monument to the memory of our crucified Lord, and his crucified missionaries.

"Whether living or dead, we will tenderly cherish and ever honor the memory of D. F. Wilberforce, our great African missionary, and that of Mrs. Elizabeth Wilberforce, his not less worthy wife, and that of their family and other laborers. Their pious useful lives will long live in the hearts and annals of Imperri.

"*Resolved*, 1. That, if in the gracious providence of God the life of Rev. D. F. Wilberforce is still spared, he be recognized, as heretofore, as being superintendent of Imperri mission.

"2. That Sunday, the twenty-fourth of July, be recognized as memorial day, and that our pastors throughout the Church are hereby earnestly requested to hold memorial services in their several churches, and take up by subscription and otherwise, in behalf of our treasury, a memorial fund to aid our missionary work in Africa, and that our bishops and general officers be requested to give all the aid within their power to make this effort successful."

From reports made just before the uprising, some idea of the prosperity of the missions may be gathered. At a meeting held by Mr. Wilberforce and J. B. Brainard, at Gangalloh, nine persons gave their names, expressing their wish to be on the Lord's side. More could have been secured, but it was thought best not to receive them until they were further taught with regard to the requirements of Christianity.

At a meeting held at Mr. Wilberforce's home, between Christmas and New Years, nine adults and some children gave evidence of coming to Christ, and among them Chief Fornee, the man who gave me such a hearty welcome to that country two years before. He spoke feelingly of God's goodness and the benefits of the mission to him. The missionaries in the Imperri country were now going into over fifty towns, about twenty more than a year previously. The advanced pupils in the schools were rendering good service as missionaries.

I wish to give some extracts from a letter by Bishop Mills, who visited Africa about this time, and had good opportunities to learn and know the facts. He says: "A sample of native fetish is one called Boofima. This I met in the Imperri country, where it was introduced some years ago. There was war between Taiama and Paramas. The latter sent their war boys to make an ambush in the intermediate country, and the Imperri people delivered these war boys to the enemy. In revenge the Paramas sent fetish Boofima into the Imperri country. Its worship was connected with a secret society known as the Leopards. Boofima is a roll of rags, annointed formerly with animal blood and grease, and is about five inches long and two or three inches thick. When it was sent into the Imperri country the natives were taught that to enjoy the benefits of this powerful fetish they must anoint it with human blood and with grease from certain parts of the human body. Thus the Paramas hoped to get the people of Imperri to exterminate themselves in the making and worship of Boofima.

"The Leopard Society became cannibals, eating the victims slain to make Boofima. When they wished to catch a victim, some of the men clothed in leopard skins, with sharp, crooked knife blades fastened to their fingers, and extending through the leopard skin where the claws once were, stole up near the man and pounced upon him, seizing him by the throat after the manner of the leopard. The man usually died in the at-

tack, and part of the body was eaten and more Boofima was made; but if he escaped death, the assailant was thought to be a real leopard, which he much resembled in his cry, appearance, and the wounds he made.

"Only two years ago last summer three men from the Imperri country were tried in Freetown for murder in connection with this Boofima. They were convicted and hung. It is now believed that the Leopard Society is entirely broken up. This particular fetish is losing its influence, and soon will be dead, for fetish subjects are deemed dead, and the people lose confidence in them when the spirit is supposed to leave them. For the destruction of this society one of our missionaries, Rev. D. F. Wilberforce, must receive the credit. In the face of threatened death he fought the order, with the aid of British law, till it has well nigh disappeared from Imperri. The number of fetish objects is unknown; as the old ones fall into disfavor, new ones are taken up. They even now linger in Christian lands, as lucky stones, or unlucky days, or the number thirteen, etc., and all the light of the nineteenth century cannot banish them from our land."

When Bishop Mills was in Africa the second time, in 1904, he bore the following testimony respecting the usefulness of the Rufus Clark school which the writer was criticised for building at Shenge:

"I spent the Sunday following at Shenge, with Alfred Sumner. He has done faithful work through the year. He is honored as postmaster for the town. Our inability to restore all of our buildings here, and no one coming out this fall to increase our force at this point, and some other things, have conspired to discourage the people.

"The Rufus Clark and Wife Training-School, the church, and the small wooden building occupied by Alfred Sumner, and a clay building for boys, and a few small buildings, are all we have been able to restore of the once magnificent plant. The church-house and the school-building are in fine condition, and if Brother and Sister Clark could only see them,

and the work being done here, they would surely leave a noble part of their princely fortune to carry on the work in West Africa till it is converted to God, and the Redeemer comes to receive his kingdom."

The Africans have a peculiar system of naming their children. The first boy born to African parents has a certain name, so of the second, and on to about a half dozen. The girls are named in a similar manner. This rule holds good, even where several wives have children by the same husband, only in that case the name of the mother is added to that of the boys or girls, to distinguish them from the first wife's children.

The people in Africa show taste and love for things which are beautiful and impressive. Chief George Caulker interpreted for me at the dedication of two chapels, at which times I read a part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple. He was so impressed with the beauty and appropriateness of that prayer, that he frequently spoke of it to me. Chief George Caulker had been educated in England, but lived after the heathen style when he returned to Africa.

Soon after starting on a two-day trip from Shenge once, a boatman named Toby begged me to give him a case-knife, I having two in my canteen. He was given the knife for the trip, with instructions that when we got back to Shenge the knife was to be polished as bright as when he received it. As we arrived in sight of Shenge on the return, I reminded him of his promise. He had used the knife to cut oranges, and the acid and dampness of the air made it black and rusty. To clean it he simply turned up the bottom of his bare foot, and rubbed it, as would be done on a board with brick dust, and soon it was as bright as one could desire. He then took his woolen shirt, which he had worn for two days, and rubbed it, saying, "Massa, that knife very clean now." The natives go barefoot always, and the skin on the bottom of the feet gets very thick and rough, and enough sand adheres to them to make them as good as a scouring brick for polishing metal.

CHAPTER L.

1899-1900—The Madness of Heathenism—Mr. Wilberforce Paramount Chief—Still Pleading for Africa.

Owing to the uprising in Africa, the fiftieth year was one full of labor and care to me. In June, 1899, Mrs. Wilberforce and her four children reached Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Wilberforce and his family had many hairbreadth escapes in Africa during May, 1898. The insurgents who killed so many missionaries, government officials, traders, white and black, were kept from destroying them. Mr. Wilberforce was now the paramount chief of the Imperri district, and had established his headquarters at Victoria. He had rendered valuable services to the colony of Sierra Leone, before the uprising and after, in ferreting out and bringing to justice some of the leaders of the war against the Colonial government. He had for several years spent considerable time in an effort at exterminating cannibalism and other great evils in that country. His course in these respects did much to incense Mohammedans, members of poro societies, and cannibals, and to cause them to conspire together to destroy Christianity. In their madness, and instigated by Satan, they destroyed the lives of many noble people and much valuable property.

Being chief, it was impossible for him to leave that country without great loss to the Colonial government and the mission, so he remained while his wife and their four children came to the United States. It devolved upon me to secure proper quarters for the family, and to see that these four children received schooling. This I did, and all were kept in school until the fall of 1901, when the mother, the two daughters and their father returned to Africa. The two sons were students in college till June, 1904.

Mr. Wilberforce came to America in May, 1901, and remained until the autumn of that year. During this time he visited a number of conferences and other places, preaching, lecturing, and raising money.

The following was published in the *London Times* early in the year 1899, and is inserted here to show how a great newspaper in London, England, looked at things. The characterization of things is about right, but it does not tell that United Brethren missions did much to bring about the changed condition of things in the colony of Sierra Leone. The *Times* says: "In Sierra Leone almost all the rebellious chiefs have been apprehended or have surrendered themselves, and confidence is almost entirely restored. Everywhere the natives are readily paying the hut tax. The prospects of Sierra Leone have never been so bright and promising as now. With a railway running through the fertile district, an abundant revenue with a considerable surplus, lessened import duties, cheaper markets, and a firm and settled policy, the colony has a future before it such as was not dreamed of a few years ago."

During this year I received a number of letters from high officials and influential men not to press the African collections so hard. Hints were given me, even before I was elected secretary in 1897, not to plead too earnestly for Africa, saying that home missions must be cared for, and hence Africa must not come to the front so much. As a matter of course I was influenced by these things, and did not push the financial claims of Africa as hard as I might have done, feeling that there was some reason for making other interests important.

At the Board meeting in 1899, however, I gave notice that it was my intention to disobey orders the following year, and open a way to secure funds for Africa on the annuity plan. This I did, and when I closed my work as secretary there was in the treasury $19,165, mostly cash, as annuity money. Not a few were favorable to abandoning work in Africa. In 1899 I wrote as follows: "The thought of abandoning Africa be-

cause of the great slaughter of missionaries there found no response upon my part; on the other hand, I felt that must not be, even if I must go once more to the dark continent myself. After hearing some say that they had no more money for Africa, and that it was wrong to send missionaries there to be massacred, my reply was that I was ashamed of such United Brethren. Such people surely do not comprehend the situation. They generally are converted from the error of their way as soon as proper explanation is made to them.

In Mr. Wilberforce we had more than an ordinary missionary. Being an educated native, with years of experience as teacher, preacher, diplomat, and general superintendent of missions, loving his people, he was a host within himself. Bishop Hott, in 1898, wrote the following respecting him: "Wilberforce belongs to us all, this by his conversion and education in America, but mostly by his broad mind and great heart, and great hope for fruitage of the work of all the missionaries. The last time I saw him, he and Mrs. Wilberforce sat with me in his own room in Africa till two hours past midnight, talking of the great work to be done for Africa, of plans for the future good of all our work, and God's love to us all. He had forgotten none of the kindness shown him by our people in America."

Bishop Kephart the same year wrote as follows: "I shall never forget the kindness of Brother Wilberforce and family during my two visits to that dark land. A truer and nobler Christian man never set foot in Africa than D. F. Wilberforce." This is high praise, coming from two bishops who knew Mr. Wilberforce for many years, and were with him in Africa. I have known Mr. Wilberforce from his infancy, was intimately connected with him during the seven years he attended school in Dayton, Ohio, and know fully his manner of life, and the great work he has done in Africa, and I am quite sure that Bishops Hott and Kephart did not overestimate the Christian character and worth to the cause of Christ of Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce at that time.

CHAPTER LI.

1900-01—Radical United Brethren Missionary Work—After Fifty-one Years—Reason for Selecting Africa.

SOME facts about the missionary enterprises of the Board which I was serving during several years may be of interest.

In October, 1899, Rev. R. A. Morrison was sent to Africa to superintend the erection of a boys' home, and the Jacob Phillips and Wife Chapel. That chapel was built at a cost of about five hundred dollars, which sum was furnished by Brother and Sister Phillips. Mr. Morrison succeeded well in that work until disabled by sickness in the month of May, 1900, when, upon the advice of his physician, he returned to America in July. During Mr. Morrison's visit there he met with Messers Wilberforce, Thomas, and Brainard, and held a mission district conference. Two small schools were kept, and considerable itinerating done, but as the war had killed and scattered over sixty members, no reorganization of the church had been attempted since.

On the last day of September, 1900, Rev. B. O. Hazzard and wife sailed from New York for Africa, and reached Danville, November 14. He went as acting superintendent of Imperri mission, with instructions to erect the girls' home for the Woman's Missionary Association; his wife to gather up the school children and care for them. Mrs. Hazzard soon became incapacitated by sickness, and had to go to England for treatment, and then came to the United States. Mr. Hazzard stayed there, and died in July, 1902. Mr. Hazzard did well in managing business matters, and in holding meetings and getting the people aroused to a sense of duty. Some were converted and brought into the service of the Master through his labors.

Mr. Wilberforce becoming paramount chief, his duties were such as to prevent him from doing much for missions; this was a great drawback to the work there.

Suggestions appearing that the Board had better quit Africa and commence missions in Cuba, led me to protest as follows: "It is all right to go to other places, if men and women are available for such undertakings, but to cease in Africa would be like leaving a man with both limbs and arms broken unhelped, for the sake of helping a man with only one arm broken.

"The United Brethren Church fifty-one years ago attacked heathenism in one of its strongholds, and by God's help has had success, as the good work done at Shenge, Rotifunk, Bonthe, Avery, Bompetook, Koolong, Mambo, Manoh, Danville, and other places in Africa attest. Thousands have been enlightened, hundreds saved, and scores have gone to heaven as a result of our mission work there. It did much toward making Bonthe a city of eight thousand people, and Freetown a city of forty thousand people, and to increase the commerce of the country in which it labors two hundred per cent. above what it was fifty-one years ago, requiring the building of a railroad from Freetown in a southeasterly direction through Rotifunk and Moyamba, and other mission stations on its line. Shall we quit Africa now, after doing so much hard work and making so many sacrifices, and leave it for others to gather the glorious harvest of souls which is sure to be gathered there soon by those who cultivate that field? 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.'

" 'Slow as the work of Christianizing the people of Africa has been, it is more rapid,' says Mr. Green, an accredited English historian, 'than it was to bring Great Britain under the influence of Christianity,' so that we ought not be discouraged on that account. The meeting at which it was decided what heathen country we should first commence mission work

in, was held in the autumn of 1853. Bishops Glossbrenner, Edwards, and Davis, and Rev. J. C. Bright, the secretary of the Board of Missions then, were the leading spirits of that meeting. After these men considered the question carefully, Bishop Edwards moved that Africa be chosen as our foreign mission field. His reasons were that it was more available to us than any other, and that being an anti-slavery Church, we should do what we could to break the chains by which negroes are made slaves in Africa and also in America. Not only the three bishops and the secretary of the Board, but all the voters of that meeting unanimously agreed to make Africa our mission field. Quit Africa now, and impeach the wisdom of this trio of bishops who chose Africa as our field—these men who never had their superiors in this or any other church as wise masterbuilders, able expounders of God's Word, and zeal for God's glory in the salvation of mankind? We quit Africa? 'Let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,' if I vote to do such an unscriptural and foolish thing as that."

CHAPTER LII.

1901-02—Division—A Plea for Different Methods—"Feel Bad Too Much."

Two things gave me much anxiety and real grief at times during this year. The one was the controversy and division among the members of the Publishing House Board of the Church of which I was a member. Being in Huntington, where the Board and its committee had its meetings, I was counseled a good deal, and knowing the great distance that one side was from the other, and the bitterness existing, it caused me real sorrow. Church quarrels alienate lifelong friends and destroy confidence among the most intimate. They are earthly, sensual, devilish. To my certain knowledge this quarrel kept the Missionary Society from getting five thousand dollars, and kept Central College from having a chair endowed.

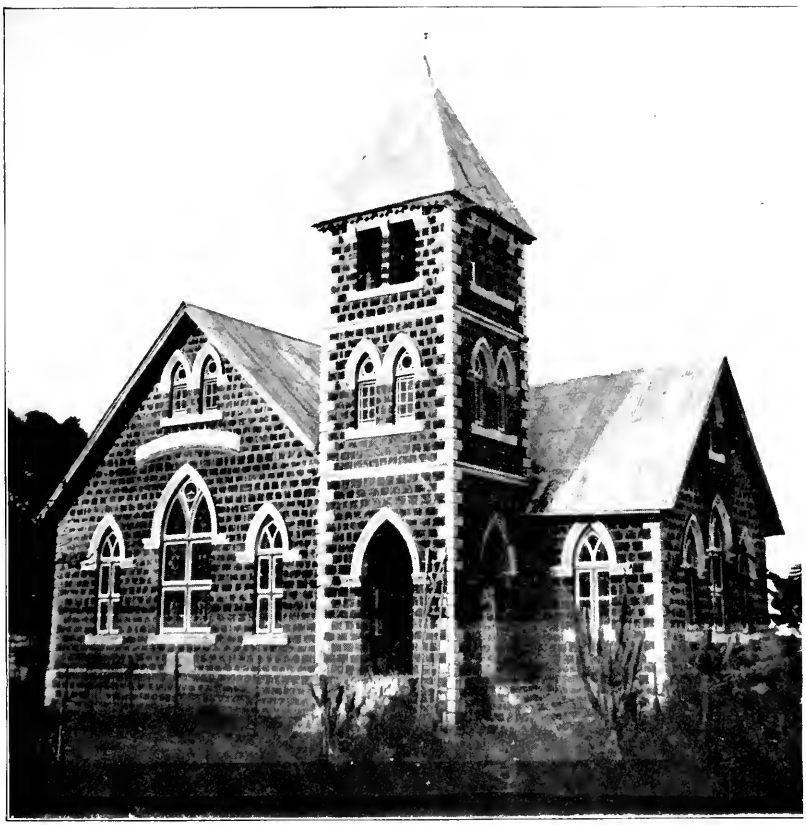
The other cause of anxiety and grief was the want of success in the frontier department of mission work. In my report to the Board of Missions at its annual meeting in June, 1903, I pointed out the losses in membership in the Western conferences from 1899 to 1903. A comparison of the figures of the self-supporting conferences showed that in the first two years of the quadrennium the losses had been heavy, probably resulting from inaccuracies in the Year Book; but nevertheless there was a considerable decrease in membership.

I had for years opposed the action of the Board in doling out small appropriations to many places, which caused me to say in my report: "Ever since my connection with this Board of Missions I have grieved at our want of success in our frontier missions, and have stoutly protested against the pol-

icy of dribbling out appropriations to unsuccessful missions. Far better let them be without appropriations, and give others enough to employ efficient laborers and keep them until success is assured. If the objection is urged that to wholly neglect such will eventuate in their death, the answer is, they are dying with the little they now receive. Better support half of our missions in a way to make them self-supporting, than to keep all so feebly that they are constantly decreasing, many of them to die in the near future, if we may judge the future from the past. Had we abandoned about half a dozen of these unsuccessful mission fields six years ago, and operated missions in such places as Oklahoma, Manitoba, and Alberta, where many of our people have gone and are going, we would no doubt be rejoicing over our success in these places, instead of lamenting our failures where we have been working."

The death of Mr. Hazzard in July, 1902, made it important to send some white missionaries to Africa, and I spent some time writing and visiting persons whom it was thought might go. In March, 1903, Rev. A. F. Stoltz, of Ontario, and his wife, were appointed by the joint action of both the parent Board's executive committee and the Woman's Missionary Association, he to be the superintendent of the Board's missions, and she to work for the Woman's Missionary Association. Mr. Wilberforce had looked after businesss matters somewhat, and had done some repairing on Phillips Chapel, but his chieftaincy had kept him so busy that he could not do all that was necessary.

One of our boatmen in Africa, by the name of Alfred, a conscientious, honest heathen, after he had professed religion for some time once came to me to confess that he had done wrong, saying: "Massa, I feel bad for that ting I do," telling of a blunder he had made. "I feel bad too much. I feel all the same like one big, big cockroach run up my back." Cockroaches are numerous there, and often run over one when asleep, and to naked negroes their running up the back pro-



MARTYR MEMORIAL CHURCH

FLICKINGER CHAPEL, SHENGE, AFRICA

duces very unpleasant sensations. This same Alfred, just after we had landed one evening, after a hard day's rowing, in answer to my saying to the boatmen, "You did well, boys," replied, "Yes, Massa, we tried hard to please you, but we ought to; you come far, and you give money, and you sick plenty for we people, to tell us of God and heaven, and we ought to be good." In less than a year after that he died, and no doubt went to the saints' rest in heaven.

CHAPTER LIII.

1902-03—Gave a Bible to a Mohammedan—A Rooster for Missions—A Native's Contribution—Neither Poverty nor Riches.

As nothing of a special character occurred in this year, I wish here to relate several incidents which have come under my observation, and which contain good suggestions.

The first is the conduct of a Mohammedan head man who visited Shenge occasionally, and with whom Mr. Gomer and I had pleasant and profitable interviews. The last time I saw him was on the veranda of the mission house at Shenge, when Mr. Gomer gave him an Arabic Bible. The American Bible Society had made us a grant of Bibles and Testaments, and among them were a few Arabic Bibles, for distribution among the Mohammedans. This man was cleanly dressed in Mohammedan costume, and had the reputation of keeping the town over which he presided the cleanest of any in that country. He was much inclined to learn the real object of our mission, and had asked for a Bible that he could read. When he received that Bible he arose and put a cloth he had on the floor, and the Bible on it; then he reverently kneeled down and opened the book, having first wiped his fingers clean so that the perspiration on them would not soil its leaves. He then said that he would now have to keep himself clean and not lust after women or do anything bad when he read that book. In the meantime he lifted his eyes to heaven in a devotional manner, after which he arose from his knees, wrapped up the book carefully in the cloth he had put under it, bade us good-by, and left highly pleased to get a Bible, which no doubt he read carefully.

A rather amusing, and in a way impressive affair, occurred at a conference held in Illinois some years ago. A preacher

had found it difficult to get his full assessment of money for missions, and finally told the people he would take produce, or any thing they could give, if they had not the money. They being farmers, some gave farm products, which he sold, putting the money into this fund. On his way to conference he stopped with a family who told him they had no money, or anything else that they could spare except a rooster. He accepted that gift, and brought the rooster to the conference, and when called on to make his report, said that he had collected so much money for missions, and had a rooster to turn over to the missionary treasurer. He was then told by the bishop to sell the fowl and give the money; so he announced that when conference adjourned at noon he would auction off that chicken to the highest bidder. This he did, and secured a good price for it, adding the money to his report.

Soon after the organization of our first church at Shenge, in Africa, we concluded to hold a missionary meeting to enlist as many as possible in the missionary enterprise. We appointed the meeting for Saturday evening, and told the people that they should come prepared to give what they could. Among the donors was a very poor woman, who at noon on that day came to the mission house bringing a nice young rooster, which she said was all she had, and asked us to buy it and give her the money. We gave her twenty-five cents, about five cents more than the fowl was worth, and she went away happy. She was at the meeting that night looking pleased, and when the collection was taken put in all she got for her fowl. I know people who do deny themselves of some things, such as coffee, tea, sugar, and other gratifications, to be able to give to God's cause, especially to missions. I could tell of men and women who had old clothes made over and mended to save the money that new clothes would have cost, that they might give to missions. Put these things beside the Savior's words to Peter, when he said to him, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee," or when he said, "Verily, I

say unto you, there is no man hath left houses, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who will not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Giving up this world for Christ's sake is, after all, the certain way to possess and enjoy it. Mark the words, "They shall receive manifold more in this present time," that is, get back in blessings from God more than they gave. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Having a native carpenter in Africa to do some work, he walked a quarter of a mile to tell me he wished one of the laborers to bring him a board which was a quarter of a mile from where he worked in the other direction. He was told to go and get it himself, when he replied that that was common laborers' work. As the same man had been employed as a laborer before, he was at once dismissed as carpenter and hired as laborer, whereupon he brought the board. Then he was made carpenter again to go on and finish the work he had commenced.

Twice in my life I have declined opportunities for becoming rich because the good Spirit impressed me that it would interfere with my work of going to Africa, and might not be a blessing to me. I was offered a farm, now a part of West Dayton, by its owners, and urged to buy it. Another man bought it, and it made him quite rich. At another time I was offered, and seriously thought of buying, twenty acres of land now in Dayton at $200 an acre, which was made to net $1,000 an acre soon after. The consideration of this opportunity caused me a sleepless night, when it was deeply impressed on me that I ought not make such a purchase. God in his goodness and wisdom has given me neither riches nor poverty. I have had and still have a competency which was best for me, my family, and God's cause.

CHAPTER LIV.

1903-04—Trouble and Sickness—African Incidents—The Converted Deck-hand—Won the Debate.

THIS year was one of great mental and physical suffering at times, and of great enjoyment at other times. The contention between the majority and minority members of the Publishing House Board caused me deep solicitude, and gave me some extra and unpleasant work. This quarrel affected the whole Church and militated against its success. But for the fact that that church is made up mostly of substantial Christians who greatly love her principles and are willing to suffer much for them, this controversy would have torn it to pieces.

My physical suffering was caused by an attack of sickness during the month of March, 1904, which at times seemed to threaten my life.

In contrast to these sufferings were months of remarkably good health, when it was a delight to work. Then the more than usual prosperity of the African missions, as carried on by the United Brethren churches was a source of rejoicing. United Brethren missions in Africa have landed many scores of souls in heaven, and helped hundreds to a better life on earth. Because of these things we have cause to rejoice, thank God, and take courage.

Among the most successful missionaries we ever employed in Africa was a colored layman, Mr. Gomer. Before he became a Christian he was a wicked, ignorant sailor, on Lake Michigan. One night passing a church in Chicago, he heard beautiful music and was led to enter. While there the Spirit of God opened his blind eyes, and helped him submit to

Christ. He said, when examined as to his fitness for mission work, "I believe that I can make the heathen in Africa see how I was saved, and thereby lead them to accept Christ." He was sent to Africa and made his statements true. For twenty years he did successfully lead many to Christ by his life and teachings.

A native of Africa was coming to the United States as a sailor on a sailing vessel. When off of Cape Hatteras in April we experienced a snow squall, and the large flakes of snow bit his fingers a good deal with cold while he was at work. He rubbed his hands briskly, and said, "Dem big, white mosquito; he bite too much."

Mr. Wilberforce had a servant boy who was a little dull and did not like to wash in the morning. He was on a row-boat with us, going up a river in Africa, when we anchored during the night for sleep. At dawn of day we aroused our boatmen, and they all washed except the boy. He was quite at the end of the boat, which the boatmen tipped suddenly, and pitched the lad into the water. Then they all laughed heartily and said, "Ah, Mr. Wilberforce's boy get one good wash that time."

Children in Africa are much averse to wearing clothes, having gone naked always. We could not allow them to attend school in a nude state, and hence we furnished gowns to those who came to both day and Sunday schools. They would throw them away as soon as school was out, and come naked next time, so we adopted the plan of keeping a box of clothes at the school, and would put clothes on them while they were there, then take them off and send them away naked, thus keeping their clothes for the next time.

One of the natives, describing the order of creation said, "God made white man early in the morning, which give him plenty time to teach him many things," which accounted for his knowing so much. "Next day he make Mohammedan, and told him a good many things; last he made the Sherbro man, and then sun go down and he could only take time to

show him a few things, such as to make salt, country cloth, and a few other things." That was the reason they knew so little.

I went to hold a meeting in a new country place in the Miami Conference over thirty years ago, the pastor being called away. The pastor had written to me to stop with a certain brother living near the church, which I did, getting there Saturday evening. The small house was nicely whitewashed, the yard clean, and all looked neat and comfortable. Next morning at breakfast my host, a man of about sixty, said he must hurry off to sweep the church and get ready for Sunday school at nine o'clock. I went later, and found that the man was superintendent of the school and class-leader, and was indeed the foremost member of that church. I went to another place for dinner, and there the following was told me respecting this gentleman. He had been very wicked up to about forty years of age, when he became a Christian. He had been a deckhand on a steamboat on the Ohio River, and would come home drunk and abuse his wife so that at times she had to flee to the neighbors for protection. An infidel moved into that neighborhood, and had challenged every preacher that had come there to debate with him on the subject of Christianity. This brother finally got tired hearing these challenges to debate the question as to whether there was a reality in the religion of Christ, and told the infidel that he would debate with him. To this the infidel agreed. The Christian was to make the first address, and he would reply. They met on a week night in the church; the house was packed. The infidel brought books, and paper and pencil to take notes. The old Christian took his place in front of the pulpit and said, "Friends and neighbors, you have known me for twenty years; ten of these I was a drunkard, and fought and swore, and as you know, abused my family, and was a terror to all the neighborhood at times. Then, at a meeting held in this house, I bowed at this altar and God saved me. I at once left my wicked associates, quit getting

drunk, ceased to swear and fight, and I have lived differently ever since. I then lived in a tumble-down cabin that was not my own, and poorly provided for my family. I now own and have paid for forty acres of ground, we have a comfortable home, and wife and I live happily, and all this because I became a Christian; and now I leave you to judge whether there is any reality in the religion of Christ." After making these statements, which occupied twenty minutes, he sat down.

The infidel sat there with pencil and paper in his hands, and eyes and ears wide open, but not a word had he written. The old brother quitting so unexpectedly almost took his breath, but he arose after a little while, and clearing his throat said he had come there to debate, and to show that there was nothing in what people called religion, but his opponent had said nothing he could reply to. Then he again cleared his throat and stood awhile, not knowing what to do, when one of the wickedest men in the house called out, "Hurrah for Father W." Others joined him in cheering the old saint, and the whole congregation left the house in a titter. That old man's argument was of the unanswerable kind. His changed life showed that religion is good. Holy living is an argument that infidelity can't gainsay; has never yet been able to meet, and never will. The world needs good living quite as much as it needs good preaching. Living epistles, known and read of all men, often are more effective than the printed Bible.

CHAPTER LV.

1904-05—Grieved—Saddening Events—Retires from the Missionary Secretaryship—Reunites with Miami Conference.

As I entered upon my fifty-fifth year of ministerial work, there were circumstances existing that were perplexing. I will quote from a letter published in November, 1904: "I came from the Liberal to the Radical United Brethren Church in good faith, expecting to work for its success as long as I had strength. In the providence of God a place has been given me which has enabled me to pursue the line of work to which I had consecrated my life, and in filling the place given me I have been happy, and measurably successful. My relations to the ministry and laity of the church have been pleasant, except the little friction with a few growing out of the disagreement of the Publishing Board. For a time I tried hard to be neutral on that matter, but, being right here in the printing establishment, and both sides coming to my office for counsel, I was reluctantly drawn into taking sides, sometimes with the one, and at times with the other side. The methods pursued were not as I felt they should have been, which made me oppose them. The matter has gone on from bad to worse, until the contention between the parties has become a disgrace to Christianity. More than the death of near and dear friends, this church trouble has been to me the most grievous burden of my life. Three times, once in Africa, another time in Germany, and at one time in the mission room here in Huntington, I felt so heartbroken over mishaps which had befallen our Zion that I feared they would kill me; and I still believe they would, had not my kind Father in heaven removed these burdens in answer to prayer."

Another sad and discouraging occurrence that took place this year was the discreditable reports concerning the attitude of Mr. Wilberforce. Rumors had reached the Mission Board that Rev. D. F. Wilberforce had been guilty of practices not in accord with Christianity. It was sad to think that Mr. Wilberforce, after acquitting himself so nobly for about thirty years, as a student, a teacher, a preacher, a diplomat, a missionary, and an African chief, should bring dishonor upon the cause of Christ. Subsequent developments in the case of Mr. Wilberforce fully exonerated him from the charge that he had become a cannibal. After a most determined effort to convict him of that crime before the highest court in Sierra Leone, the jury that sat in the case unanimously acquitted him. He had adhered to and advocated Christianity all the time. His becoming a chief may have led him to do some questionable things, and the combined powers of Mohammedanism, poroism, and heathenism, inspired by Satan, put forth their best efforts to destroy him and Christianity in that part of Africa. It is not too much to hope that Jesus Christ, who forgave St. Peter, and afterward helped him to preach such a wonderful sermon that three thousand were added to the church in one day, may yet use Mr. Wilberforce to lead thousands from heathenism to Christianity.

Aside from these saddening experiences, my work during this last year of my active labors, was pleasant, and reasonably successful. My relation to the Board of Missions of the Radical United Brethren Church ceased the first of June, 1905. In my valedictory, in the *Missionary Monthly*, I said:

"We have edited the first eight pages of this magazine since July, 1897. The secretary of the Woman's Missionary Association has edited the other eight pages. The Parent Board and the Woman's Missionary Association, in publishing this paper, and working conjointly in Africa, have achieved success in these departments of labor which otherwise could not have been accomplished.

"During the eight years we have served as secretary of the Parent Board our relations to the officers and employees of the printing establishment have been agreeable, and we retire from our work with the kindest of feelings toward all, leaving the Missionary Society which we have served in good condition financially.

"We take pleasure in introducing to our readers Rev. J. Howe, our successor, and bespeak for him the hearty coöperation of all the friends of missions. Mr. Howe, no doubt, will ably edit his part of this magazine, and faithfully do the work to which he is called as secretary.

"When, in December, 1895, we withdrew from the Liberal and joined the Radical wing of the United Brethren Church, we felt that to be the right thing for us to do, for various reasons, especially as that opened the way to continue to labor for the cause of missions in Africa, to which work we had given a large portion of forty years before. Fifty years ago we were in Africa, and in thought and sympathy we have been there ever since, and there in person at twelve different times.

"In view of the bitter controversy among the leaders of our church, and the seeming impossibility of their being reconciled, we now feel it will be right, and it may become our duty, to withdraw from it, etc."

The following resolution was adopted by a rising vote by the Board of Missions in 1905:

"In consideration of the fact that the infirmities of old age compel Dr. D. K. Flickinger to retire from active service with our missionary work, we wish hereby to express our appreciation of his valuable labors in the past, and we shall also pray that he may yet live to give us his counsel, and that a kind providence may give him a happy and peaceful old age, and a triumphant entrance into everlasting life."

I close with the statement that during the time I was a member of the Radical United Brethren Church my membership was in the Scioto Annual Conference. In October, 1904,

I took a transfer and letter from the class to which I belonged in that conference, and in December, 1905, I joined the First United Brethren Church in Indianapolis, Ind. In August, 1906, I was received into the Miami Annual Conference, to which I had belonged for years. During the last two years I have had no regular work, but have preached and lectured on missions about once a month. Old age and new infirmities give me good reasons for not attempting much public speaking, though I love it dearly. I have spent much time in reading the Bible and meditating upon its wonderful teachings. Truly, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

CHAPTER LVI.

1905-07—Reflex Influence of Foreign Missions—A Difficult Field—Results—A Glorious Future.

MANY thousands have been saved to Christ and our Church in the United States because of missions, during the last fifty years. Money has never been more wisely expended than it has been in this work, nor can it be. Our missionaries in this country have received as many into the Church as our entire membership is now, I believe. The self-supporting churches have also increased much in numbers and efficiency because of the missionary spirit awakened among them during the last half century. Our magnificent printing establishment in Dayton, Ohio, Union Biblical Seminary, our colleges, Sabbath schools, and other departments of the Church, have been greatly helped by these missions.

In Porto Rico, China, Japan, and Africa, abundant success has been achieved in proportion to the labor and money expended. I am certain that our success in the part of Africa we are in is greater than that of any other church there, in proportion to the money expended and labor done. There is good reason for believing the same is true of most of our other foreign missions, but not being acquainted with them as I am with the African mission, I cannot speak of them so positively.

Western Africa, especially Sierra Leone and the country adjacent to it, because of the unhealthfulness of its climate and the deep degradation of its people, has been one of the most difficult mission fields in the world. The Church of England, in a book entitled, "Missionary Records," and the Wesleyans of Great Britain, in Fox's history of their missions, show that scores of lives were sacrificed, and multiplied thou-

sands of dollars expended, just to commence their missions in Africa. Mendi mission also buried a number of its missionaries and spent over half a million of dollars, before that mission was given to us. Our sacrifices of life and money are very small, even counting the sad loss of the eight white missionaries who were cruelly massacred in 1898, in comparison with what other churches have endured.

And now what have the churches of Great Britain and the United States to show for the hundreds of lives and millions of dollars given to Christianize Africa?

If those who doubt the wisdom of sending missionaries to heathen lands could see that part of Africa in which our missions are located, and ride on the railroad one hundred and fifty miles inland from Freetown, through half a dozen towns in which we have mission stations, and note what has been done in these and more than a score of other places where missionaries teach school and preach the gospel, they would forever dismiss all doubts as to whether missionaries ought to go there. That country, so cursed with cannibalism, polygamy, witchcraft, and devil worship, has changed much for the better in fifty years. All honor to the noble men and women now there doing much to pull down the strongholds of Satan and build up the kingdom of God! Greater victories ought and will be achieved in the future than in the past, in the department of mission work at home and abroad, by us as a church, if we do our duty. The Captain of our salvation "must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." He said, when upon earth, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall ye do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Greater works were done on the day of Pentecost, and by the apostles afterward, in inducing the unsaved to accept Christ as their Savior, than he did while he tabernacled in the flesh.

Apostolic zeal for God's cause, and willingness to spend and be spent in winning this world to Christ, will enable the Church of to-day to do greater work than he did in inducing

men to accept that salvation proffered in the gospel. How willingly, cheerfully, and hopefully Christians ought to heed the call:

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

CHAPTER LVII.

Random Recollections—Numerous Observations—Bits of Experience —Interesting Events—Amusing Incidents.

Many years ago, in company with Bishop Edwards, I was waiting in the Indianapolis depot for a train, when a drunken man began to make himself a little too conspicuous. A policeman took hold of him, and pushed him along to the other end of the depot to put him out. He evidently hurried him more than was agreeable, and just as the policeman got him to where he was to step out of the depot, he suddenly turned and said, "Say, mister, is this your drunk or is it mine?"

The Africans said of me that I was a little man with a big heart, and that I had eyes on both sides of my head, and could see both ways at the same time.

An African in Freetown with monkeys to sell was asked the price of one. He said his first price was three shillings, but his second price was two shillings. When asked what the third price was, he replied he had not fixed that yet, but would if he could not get either of the others.

I came from Freetown to New York on a sail vessel. The voyage had been rough and tedious, and while at the table taking our last dinner together, being inside of Sandy Hook, and all feeling glad, the captain told us this incident. On a large ship with a crew of twenty, upon which he was once a sailor, the cook died. That is a great calamity at sea, as it is very difficult to make a cook out of an ordinary sailor. The captain of the ship selected a man who he thought would do, and to make it easy on him, ordered that the first man who complained of the cooking would have to take his place.

The cook became very tired of his work in a couple of days, and as no one had complained, he resolved he would give them something to complain of, so he put a quantity of red pepper into the biscuits he made. When the men came to eat, one of them broke open a biscuit, put butter on it, and took a large mouthful, which he rolled about in his mouth a moment and then cried out, "O cook, what did you put in these biscuits?" Just then he remembered the captain's orders, and he added quickly, "But they are good; very good." He swallowed the hot dose with tears in his eyes, glad that he bethought himself just in time to save himself from being made a cook.

At a steamboat landing on the Ohio River in 1842, on a trip between Pittsburg and Cincinnati, I saw, close to the wharf, a sick woman on a straw tick; three children were with her. The passengers all looked at the sad spectacle, and quite a number said, "What a pity"; but none offered help. Presently a quiet young man came to the scene. After looking at the woman and children a moment, without saying a word he pressed his way through the crowd and put a silver dollar into her hand, not so much as waiting to receive her thanks for the gift. The act led others to give her money, and in all she received about ten dollars, which acted like medicine upon her, and she was soon removed to a house near by and properly cared for. Actions speak louder than words.

Once when in Brown, Shipley & Company's bank, in New York City, I had to write my name three times to get a letter of credit which enabled me to draw money in England, Germany and Africa. I was very tired, on account of a long walk, and writing my name with a stub pen, my heavy handwriting looked blacker than usual. The cashier looked at my writing a moment and then remarked, "That will do to worship, for there is nothing like it on earth or in heaven."

I spent a night with a German in 1852, who at the breakfast table said to his sons, "Poys, we must begin to fix to prepare to get ready to commence to butcher our hogs."

I was on a jury about sixty years ago, hearing a case in court. We were put into the jury room at five o'clock in the evening, and by six eleven of us had agreed as to what the verdict ought to be, but the twelfth man kept us there till six the next morning, when he agreed to the verdict. It 's awful when eleven contrary men hold out against one man a whole night, and finally persuade him to agree with them.

It is a very common thing in Africa for laborers, when leaving an employer, to ask for a recommendation. A man who worked for one of our missionaries left without any, but in a few days asked for one. Being unworthy, he was told by the missionary that he did not wish to give one. The native persisted, and the missionary wrote as follows: "This man worked for me, and was dismissed for laziness, stealing, and lying."

When in Oregon I met a group of school children in a lonely woods, clapping their hands and singing. On inquiring as to the meaning of their conduct, the man with me said that in so large a forest there were cougers, a species of panthers, which sometimes would steal upon persons and attack them. Making a noise kept them away, and children were safe when singing and clapping their hands.

During the temperance praying crusade my mother, all alone, visited the only saloonkeeper in the village near which she lived, and told him it was wrong to be making drunkards. The only reason she did not pray was that the crowd she found there all left, leaving the proprietor alone, and she felt that prayer had better be omitted.

I once overtook a crowd of girls on their way to church barefooted. Just before reaching the church they put on their shoes, which they had carried. On coming out after the meeting they took off their shoes and walked home barefoot to save sole leather, and probably for comfort. This was not in Africa.

Years ago I heard a devout Christian read part of a chapter of the Bible at family worship, which he called, "The first chapter of the Gentiles." On another similar occasion he read what he called "the fifth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Acts of the Apostles."

Once at the close of an annual conference one Sunday night in August, when everybody was tired and sleepy, the bishop spoke a few parting words, and then said: "Brother K——— will sing the benediction, and Brother B——— will pronounce the doxology." He wondered why the people laughed, and never realized the mistake he had made until told of it after the dismissal.

A German who was warm in his first love for his church, told a neighbor, "We are going to have a great meeting at our church. The bischoff, siding alder, circus preacher, and exhausters are all to be there, and we will have a powerful time." His words were as badly mixed as those of another German whom I visited over sixty years ago to buy hogs from. In reply to my inquiry he said: "I did talk of selling them, but I have not very much hogs, and many corns to feed them with, and I changed my tick-tacks, and now I can't sell hogs unless my corns go with them. They must all go together, or stay together, and this is my last delision on that matter.

Once I went to Kent, twenty miles from Shenge, to get carpenters to help build the mission residence at Rotifunk. While waiting for a man to come home, I happened to look at the ceiling of the house. The joists of the second floor were about a foot wide and quite smooth. On one was written the date of marriage, on another dates of birth of several children, on another the time of the death of a child. The marking was nicely done with paint and a complete family record was kept on the sides of three joists.

A diminutive and much hunch-backed man called at the ticket-office in Dayton, Ohio, and asked the agent, "Can you

send me straight through to Indianapolis?" The agent looked at him a moment and said, "I will sell you a ticket that will be sure to take you to Indianapolis, but I can't promise you that you will be any straighter then than now." It was a timely rebuke, for he had strutted about quite lordly, and it took a ton of conceit out of him.

Coming from Africa once on a sail vessel, I saw a fine exhibition of earnestness. On board were a number of monkeys, and among them a large dog monkey, which was fastened with a chain about four feet long, which he rattled while taking exercise. The cook had given him his dinner, and a couple of small monkeys were trying to steal it from him, one finally getting a piece of it beyond his reach. Just then the long tail of the other small monkey swung around within reach of the dog monkey, and he grabbed it and drew that little fellow up to him. Seizing him with both his paws he threw him at the other small monkey, about eight feet away, eating what he had stolen, and knocked him topsy-turvey, hurting both of them so as to make them cry. They never again attempted to steal from that dog monkey, nor did they play with him any more, as they had done before. On another occasion, and also on a sailing vessel, there was a monkey. The captain was shaving one morning, and while his face was all lathered over he was called out of his room by the mate. Thereupon the monkey seized the brush and lathered his face completely, and took the razor to proceed to scrape it, as he had seen the captain do. But he cut both his nose and hand, and came out of the cabin on three feet, holding the bleeding hand to his nose and crying most piteously.

Crossing over from Liverpool to New York on a steamer, as I promenaded for exercise I observed an Irishman sitting on the deck for second-class passengers several hours every day peeling potatoes. As I desired a little fun I asked him what he thought of the doctrine that we would follow the

same business in heaven that we did on earth. He promptly replied, "If the good Mon in heaven wonts me to pale potatoes, all he has to do is to furnish them, an' I will pale them."

Leaving him I met two of the stewardesses, and asked them the same question. They replied that no ocean steward would ever get to heaven. They said: "We were just now consulting how to get through another night with a woman who kept us awake all last night, and we had to say cuss words to her, and now she is carrying on in such a way that we will have to act real wicked to get her to be quiet. We will never get to heaven, and if we did, we would not want to be stewards there, for we are only stewards here because we have no better way of making a living; but how wicked we are getting!" I told them they ought not to be wicked, but they said that they had such hysterical and foolish women to wait on that they must say cuss words to quiet them sometimes.