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FROM THE  
CRADLE TO THE GRAVE;  
LIFE OF  
**ELD. SOLON A. HOWENSTINE.**



BY

LYDIA HOWENSTINE.



*FORT WAYNE, INDIANA,*  
D. W. UNDERWOOD, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,  
1894.

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ELD. S. A. HOWENSTINE







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# PREFACE.



It was not the design of the writer when this commonplace sketch of biography was commenced to place it before the public. It was only our aim to chronicle some of the more important events of the pure, noble, useful, and holy life of our beloved son, Solon A. Howenstine, and form them into a neat manuscript to lay away with other relics of the dear departed one. But as the work of preparing the manuscript progressed, we reflected more and more on the fact that his beautiful life went out before it had reached the zenith of his manhood; and comparatively few had come under the influence of its effulgent rays. When we light a candle we must not put it under a bushel, but put it on a candle-stick, that all may see it, and be benefitted by the light thereof.

This is an age when mothers almost shudder at the thought of raising a boy; on account of the pernicious influences that are thrown around boys at such an early age. Good mothers fear and dread the period in life when the child first leaves the parental roof to attend the primary school, for fear that it will be robbed of its innocence and purity; and have its sweet child character contaminated. If anything that we have recorded in the following pages will aid in keeping these little ones from the corrupting influences of evil society, we will freely give it to them. We give a brief history of this noble character; first as a child, then a youth, then as a young man, as a school teacher, a Sunday school superintendent, and as a farmer, and a carpenter, a candidate for office, and a minister of the gospel. And, through all these vicissitudes he was the same generous, noble, kind hearted christian gentleman, loved and esteemed by all; and almost idolized by those who knew him best.

There are many biographies written and published, but they are generally of those, who, have had many advantages in life. Such as high parentage, wealth, affluence, leisure, educational advantages in high schools, and colleges. But the subject of this little volume came up through the rough school of experiences and adorned, beautified, and sweetened all the common walks of life by his examples of patience, forbearance and brotherly kindness. And when he laid aside all his other vocations in life and concentrated all the power of his intellect and the benefit of his wide experience upon the ministry of the gospel, he met with a success seldom achieved by those of superior advantages. It is for the benefit of those who are hampered by circumstances and financially cramped, and with no resources but their own exertions, that we present the picture of this beautiful and useful life: that it may be transcribed on the tablet of memory and give impetus to the progress of generations to come.

LYDIA HOWENSTINE.





# FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Life of ELD. S. A. HOWENSTINE.

## CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND PARENTAGE—THE CHILDHOOD HOME—  
SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

**S**OLON A. HOWENSTINE, was born November 29th, 1856, in Stark county, Ohio. His ancestry were of German stock; from Hanover on his father's side, and from Prussia, on his mother's side. His earliest ancestor in America on his father's side, was George Howenstine, who emigrated to Lancaster county, Pa., previous to the Revolutionary War, with his brother, John. They both enlisted in the service of the Colonists under General Washington. They were both taken prisoners by the British and John died of starvation and exposure; but George survived. He was an expert blacksmith and could shoe horses for the British officers with neatness and dispatch; for this reason he was better fed, and better cared for than the common prisoners. After the close of the war he married and became the father of six children, namely: John, George, William, Samuel, Elizabeth and Rosanna. Samuel, the grandfather of the subject of this little volume, married Barbara Bender, and there were eight children born to them, six of whom lived to maturity, Samuel Howenstine was a prominent member and elder in the pioneer Christian Church at Sparta, Stark county, O.: and his home was the comfortable retreat of the old pioneer preachers of Alexander Campbell's refor-

mation, and his amiable wife left nothing undone that would contribute to the comfort of such ministers as John Whitacre, Wilford A. Hall, author of "Problem of Life," "Microcosm," &c., and Lockhart, Moss, Lisitor McBride, and many others.

The children they raised to maturity, were Henry, Mary, William, Isaac, Sarah and Caroline. William, the second son, married Lydia Kimmel, youngest daughter of David Kimmel, Esq. This young lady was twenty-two years of age when married and was a school teacher of more than ordinary success and a great lover of books; especially books of history, biography, and poetry; and had spent most of the meagre wages that teachers received in those days in the purchase of books and apparatus for teaching. We commenced housekeeping in a small, but neat frame cottage which stood on the east bank of the Nimeshilen river near the highway leading from Sandyville to Canton in Stark county, Ohio. The west bank of the river was a large and very steep hill, covered by a dense growth of trees and shrubbery, which made a most beautiful background to this rural picture. In this pleasant little home we lived till there were five children born into the family. The eldest was Solon A., the subject of this little sketch of biography. The second was Barbara E., who is the wife of Elder Arthur Gillespie. The third was Acenath, the wife of Wilbert J. Kaufman. The fourth, Winfield Scott, only brother of the deceased, and married to Alice Kiser. The fifth, Mary L., wife of Everet Kaufman.

Solon was a slender, delicate child at his birth and before he was three months old he took a very malignant type of whooping cough, which came near terminating his baby existence; but by the skill and watchful care of Dr.

D. L. Gants, our family physician, good nursing and the blessing of Providence, he was restored to health, and became a very bright and interesting child. He was the first grandchild in the Howenstine family, and was much beloved by all of its members, especially by his grandpa and his uncle, Henry Howenstine and wife, who were childless. As soon as little Solon could run about, his grandpa, who was a venerable old "soldier of the cross," would come and take him by the hand and take long walks on the banks of the river and would often come back carrying him in his arms wrapt in the sweet slumbers of childhood. It was in company with his grandpa that he learned many of his early lessons in natural history, and the geography of the old home farm and the surrounding neighborhood. And as he learned to admire the beauties of nature, he was steadily pointed through them to the great God who created them, and taught to love Him, because He created all things so good and so beautiful. But, alas! these pleasant walks and talks soon came to an end, as do ail the joys of earth. When Solon was in his fifth year and had a little sister to share his joys and sports, his dear old grandpa was called from time to eternity. And dear as he loved these little grand-children and his own beloved wife and family, relatives, neighbors, and the church over which he had the oversight for many years, he was glad to go, and "be absent from the body and present with the Lord." In his dying hour, after having put his hands on his little grand-children and blessing them, he sweetly sang :

"I would not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's joys, full enough of its cheer."

Then he passed sweetly out of this world of sin and sorrow while some of the bystanders were finishing the hymn. Old Father Whitacre was requested to preach the funeral discourse, but he declined saying that he might as well undertake to preach at the funeral of his own father or brother, as that of Father Howenstine. They then procured the service of A. B. Way, of Alliance, Ohio. His remains were laid away in the the Green Ridge cemetery near the school house where Solon first went to school. After the death of his grandpa, he seemed more attached to his mamma than ever before, though his papa was very kind and affectionate toward him. No matter how busily we were engaged at work we would always take time to answer his questions and explain things he did not understand. It was in the years that closely followed this event that his mother taught him many grand lessons regarding our duty to God and our fellow man. Such as the Golden Rule, the parable of the good Samaritan, and that of the Sower, and how the human heart is like a garden, with a soil that must be prepared to receive the good seed of the kingdom; and how it must be cultivated and the tares rooted out, in order to have an abundant harvest of fruit that will be fit for the Master's table. And also the story of Joseph, the faith of Abraham, the choice of Ruth, the jealousy of Haman, the promotion of Mordica, and many other lessons drawn from the little incidents of every day life. And also how it is possible to pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.

About this time our boy had his first experience in going to the district school. His "guardian angel" or escort for the first term was Lizzie Hisem, an amiable and refined young lady that lived near by. His first school teacher or instructor in the common school was Rachel



Crisinger, who is now the wife of Rev. G. W. Sicofoose, presiding elder in the state of Washington. He went to school three terms to this estimable lady, who was in former years a pupil in his mother's school for four terms. And, it was under the tutorship of this lady that he took his first lessons in speaking or declaiming in school. His mother composed and taught him many little appropriate pieces to speak on these occasions, and in the last of the three terms, he occasionally went to a lyceum on Friday evenings. that was connected with the school. At one of these meetings little Solon spoke "The House that Jack Built," and when he came to the "rat that ate the malt" he pulled out of his pocket a large rat made of gray cotton flannel, with head and feet and a real rat's tail; and amid cheers and laughter he said with emphasis, "and *this* is the *rat* that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." In long years after this, when he thought and spoke as a man and had almost forgotten these childish things, he was preaching at Beach Grove, in Allen county, Ind., when a strange lady came into the neighborhood to visit relatives. She came with them to church and was much interested in the manner in which the preacher presented the gospel, and enquired who he was; on being told that it was Solon Howenstine, she exclaimed, "And is that Solon Howenstine! I saw him at the Green Ridge school house in Ohio when a small boy and heard him speak, 'The House that Jack built;' I said then that I'd bet we would hear from him in after years if he lived." Victor Burnet, a connection of the family of Wm. S. Howenstine, was his earliest playmate; and many an hour did they spend in the old mill yard on the river bank, with their sleds, carts, kites and driving hoops. And Sarah A. Haverland, whom he

named "Bodie" for a pet name, was the Peggotta of his early childhood.

Before concluding this chapter I will give one more little incident illustrating his childish joys and sorrows. One bright summer morning his mamma started him and his little sister, Barbara, to school. They were as happy as the birds that caroled to them as they passed along, and their faces were as bright as the daisies that nodded to them by the wayside as they passed. When they got to 'Squire Howenstine's they set their dinner bucket down outside the gate and went in to wait for Mary, a little orphan girl that was living there. In a few minutes the trio came tripping out along the walk in high glee, when lo! and behold! a big old pig had eaten their dinner and rolled the pail down the hill. Then was heard a wail of sorrow equal to Rachel mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. But these dear children were comforted; for good "Old Aunt Teeny" came out with her spectacles pushed back on her head and dropping words of love and pity at every step, and drove the naughty old pig away and gathered up the pail and lid and took them into the kitchen and washed them, and spread great slices of flaky bread with golden butter and put them in the pail with slices of cheese and ham and wiped away their tears and sent them on their way rejoicing. "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only, and ye shall be likened unto a man who built his house upon a rock." This term of school and the winter term following, taught by Harris Smith, of Bolivar, ended his school days in Ohio.

Be on duty every day  
And let your words be mild,  
E'en if wrath beset your way  
Speak gently to the child.

## CHAPTER II.

EXPERIENCES IN A NEW COUNTRY—STARTLING NEWS—CARRIED HOME.

**I**N THE month of February, 1862, Solon A. Howenstine, with his parents, little brother, and sisters, removed to Whitley county, Ind. This was their first car ride and it was very novel and exciting to the children. The country was new and wild, and nearly everybody lived in log cabins. The house into which we moved was built of round logs with the bark on and hewn down on the inside, and the cracks between the logs were filled with clay mortar and ceiled with clapboards, and a great old fashioned chimney fire place, with a brick hearth, in the east end of the cabin. And when the children first entered the house they exclaimed, "O! what's that big hole for?" But they soon found out what it was for, by a bright cheerful fire being built in the "big hole." Here, the scenery was new to the children, and the boy, Solon, was in great glee on the new farm, helping his father tap sugar trees, boiling maple syrup, filling egg shells with hot sugar, and getting up wood for the fires, till at length the summer school commenced. A young lady, who came with the family from Ohio, was the teacher, and was a sister of his former lady teacher. It seemed to be a streak of good fortune that he had the best of teachers in his childhood which was a great

advantage to him, in forming good habits and being genteel and polite. A very marked trait of character, in his school days, was to take the part and defend those who were abused by unruly schoolmates, or of those who were made sport of because they were poorly clad or dull of apprehension. This made him many warm friends and also some enemies. So far, in his life he never had the privilege of attending Sunday school, and here there was no Disciple Church nearer than Andrews, a distance of fifteen miles, but Solon with his sisters went occasionally to the Sunday school at the Methodist church two miles west of their home. Everything seemed to be going on pleasantly, but dark, sad days were coming.

At this time fever and ague prevailed in this locality to an alarming extent. His father was afflicted with this malady more or less for four or five years. Indeed it seemed as though he could scarcely get acclimated. And this threw many heavy burdens and much hard labor on Solon and his mother, but with grit and courage we persevered and kept things moving indoors and out. His father brought a large and very gentle grey horse from the old Buckeye state, and the boy would stand on a box and harness him, and hitch to a sled and go to the field and get a load of corn, when his father was sick. When he was eight years old he would mount this horse and ride four miles for the doctor or medicine and the mail, and once in this trying time he rode six miles on a strange road to do an errand and did not return till quite a while after dark. We were very uneasy concerning him; thought perhaps he had taken the wrong road and got lost. We stood outside of the cabin waiting, watching and listening as anxious parents will, when at length we heard the sound of horse's hoofs

and the boy whistling and singing as though darkness and strange roads were no terror to him. When his father looked so pale and weak and discouraged he would often say, "papa just stay in the house and lay down on the bed and read the papers, we will get along all right with the out-door work." His father at this time took the "New York Tribune," edited by Horace Greely, and the "American Agriculturist," edited by Orange Judd. The war of the rebellion was still going on, and young as the boy was he could hardly wait till the papers came to hear the news of the war. And on Sunday morning following that eventful day, the 14th of April, 1865, when a neighbor passed by and informed the family that President Lincoln was assassinated, he was almost wild with grief and excitement and exclaimed, "Where will they get a man wise and good enough to fill his place?" We explained to him that the vice president would be made president and fill his place, but perhaps not so efficiently as Mr. Lincoln himself. The summer passed with its bright days and dark ones, with its sunshine and showers, and the father still in poor health, and Solon, the little "man of all work" did not get to school but a few days; but we still kept encouraging him, by telling him that, he was growing so large and strong that when the winter school commenced he could go every day, though it was a mile and a half distant. But these plans were laid, and bright hopes entertained only to be frustrated; for the children had only gone to the winter school three weeks when a malignant whooping cough broke out in the school and a few cases proved fatal. There were five children to have this unpleasant and lingering disease, for another little sister had come to live in the family; Ollie was her name and is now

the wife of Ingram Merriman. We plainly saw that our winter's work was "cut out;" and by the time that they had the disease a week or two, it took the father and mother and Solon to take care of them. But our little hero was not discouraged, but kept bright and cheerful and would sit with his book or paper in his hand and rock the cradle or hold the baby, and bring in the wood and keep up the fires, and have a word of cheer for each of the little sufferers. His dear brother, Winfield Scott, took pneumonia and lay for weeks under the doctor's care, struggling between life and death. But, at length, as the winter began to wane and the sunbeams of early spring came to kiss the spots of grass where the snow had melted away, life began to get the mastery, and the monster, Death, had to beat a hasty retreat. Now, everything began to look brighter and the home had a more cheerful aspect. The father could begin to leave the house and go to his outdoor work, as the tired and careworn mother was relieved of some of her labor by a lady friend. Callie Finkenbinder, now Mrs. G. W. Howenstine, who came to stay a few weeks. One bright morning while there was still some snow and ice on the ground, Mr. Howenstine went into the barn lot with his son, Solon, to load a large walnut log, and just as they were pulling it up with the horses, a neighbor, Bushnel by name, came up unobserved behind the log, and just at that instant the chain broke, and the log rolled back with great force and rapidity over the man, with nothing to break its force and weight but a heavy fence rail, breaking one of his legs, crushing his shoulder, and almost mashing his skull. Mr. Howenstine uttered an awful shriek which alarmed some of the neighbors, but immediately he and Solon picked up the mangled man and carried him to the

house. Mr. Howenstine held him by the shoulders and Solon by the feet; and as they carried him along Solon kept saying, "Papa, he's a dying; papa he *is* dying;" but never flinched or let go his hold till they were met at the porch by his mother and friend, Callie. Then there was nothing else to be done but to take this mangled man in the house among the convalescing children and have his limbs set and his wounds dressed as soon as a surgeon could be procured. But, in six or eight hours it was all gone through with and the man made as comfortable as possible and carried home on a single bed, and the children did not seem much the worse, at least none of them took a relapse. These events or circumstances may seem monotonous to some of my readers, but I relate them mainly, to portray the sad experiences which Eld. S. A. Howenstine passed through in the first decade of his life.

"Where the heart of happy childhood  
In its purest rapture swells  
Is the home where virtue dwells."



## CHAPTER III.

REMOVALS—A LARGE FAMILY—INTERESTING EVENINGS.

“Not content, but ever pressing  
To the goal of hearts desire.”

**A**FTER the occurrence of the events related in the foregoing chapter, Mr. Howenstine became dissatisfied with the place, on account of so much sickness and bad luck, and the inconvenience of church and school. He would often say that the children would never get an education as long as we stay here. And from this time he began to look out for some one who wished to purchase a farm. In the spring following, he heard of one of his old neighbors, John Henry, moving to the county. As soon as they arrived he went to visit them and told them of his intention of selling out. Mr. Henry came and saw the farm and was quite well pleased with it, and in a few weeks came and purchased it. Two years before, Mr. Howenstine had built a room to the south side of the cabin with a loft, and a porch to the east. The spring was opening pleasantly, and men were busy at work on their farms, and of course Mr. Henry wanted possession of his farm. Mr. Howenstine failed in getting a house at this time that would be convenient for him to come and cut his harvest. So Mr. Henry concluded to move in the south room of the cabin, where they thought they could live till



after harvest, by putting some of their goods in the corn house. Sister Henry was a disciple; a member of the old pioneer church at Sparta, Ohio, and was the mother of ten children, all living when they moved in with the Howenstines'. This brought sixteen children together, as it were, in one family. The mothers did not lament for more room or better accommodations, but the lament was that the church of their choice was fifteen miles away and how could they bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But two women's heads put together always accomplishes something. They wrote a letter to Brother Shortrage, of Wabash, Ind., asking him to come and preach for them occasionally at the school house in their own district. With much joy they received an answer in the affirmative. And that summer the first Disciple meeting was held in that vicinity. Brother Shortrage was a plain, earnest, logical preacher and drew together a good audience of attentive hearers, and before the year closed Mr. Henry, his oldest daughter, and a number of others, heard and obeyed the gospel, were baptized and arose to walk in newness of life. This family of twenty persons lived here in perfect peace and harmony for five months. Of course the children would sometimes have little difficulties about their playthings, but they were never taken up and brooded over by the parents who were day by day teaching their children to live in peace with all men, and do good to all, especially to the household of faith.

Sister Henry was a woman who talked much on religious subjects and could quote almost any passage of scripture she ever read, and Solon was so interested in these subjects that he would leave the sports and plays, the children

were engaged in, and come and listen to these talks. The oldest son of the Henry family was Calvin C. Henry, who is now proprietor of the South Whitley saw mills. About the middle of August the Howenstine family removed to the school district north of their former home, known as the Bash school. Here Solon was a schoolmate and became an intimate friend of Elder Edmund Miller, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in some following chapter. From this school he passed into the Washington Center school and from there, by another removal, to the school at Mering Corners, which was then being taught by Dr. Trembly, of Larwell. Here his father purchased what was known as the "Old Beckley farm" on the northwest corner of which, the aforesaid school house was located, and went heavily in debt in order to get a home convenient to school and church, and for the first time in the history of our family did the children have the opportunity of attending Sunday school regularly. There was no church building in this vicinity when we came to the place; all the public meetings were held at the school house.

The young people had a literary society in session when we came to the place. This was very encouraging to the children. Solon said it reminded him of the "Old Green Ridge Lyceum." Our home was less than a mile from the village of Forest or Laud, as the postoffice was called. Here were places where men and boys would resort to spend their evenings in talking, smoking, whittling, telling stories and playing games. Now the question was how to interest these children and especially the boys, the older of which was fourteen and the younger nine, so that they would have no desire to go to these places to spend their evenings. In the first place their father set the

example of being at home evenings, unless business called him away.

I would mention here that the father was very short of means and labored very hard every day in order to send the children to school, and would do his chores and errands after it was too dark to work in the fields.

This left most of the evening training and amusing of the children to the mother. We would pull out the old fashioned table, put up the leaves, place a bright light in the center, and get the children all around it with their books and slates, and paper and pencils; and "mamma" was the lexicographer, the speller, the mathematician, the historian and almost everything to the children.

In order to get them interested in history and geography, she would tell them stories of the Pharaohs of Egypt, the kings of Babylon and Ninevah; of Cyrus, Cambyses and Cyaxarus. Of the great wisdom and eloquence of Cicero, Demosthenes, Solon, and Lycurgus; and of the heroic deeds of Washington, Grant, Garfield, Sherman and many other men and women of talent and valor.

She was their advisor as to their company, the books that they should read and the games that it was proper to engage in. Their parents taught them that dancing in itself, with the sexes separate, is a harmless amusement; but as it is practiced in this country, and in this age of the world's history, with late hours, improper clothing and the commingling of the sexes and also with the use of strong drinks, and rich viands all combined, it is a great evil, and often the destruction of young people belonging to the best of families. And also that gambling whether it be with cards, horse racing or selling baking powder, &c.,

is the devils work just dressed up in a different garb, to make an innocent appearance.

“With books or work or healthful play,  
Let my first years be passed:  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.”



## CHAPTER IV.

A NEW LIFE—AN ASSAULT PREVENTED—NEW LIFE IN  
CHRIST JESUS.

**F**ROM what has been related of his early training, we may infer that Solon A. Howenstine grew up with a genuine love for home and everything that is good, pure and lovely. He soon showed by his rapid progress in his studies, and his ability in penmanship that he was far above the mediocrity. He took special lessons in penmanship from Reuben Houser, of Roanoke, R. H. Mering, of Laud, and the teacher of penmanship at Valparaiso, where he also took a course in other studies. During several fall terms he attended Normals conducted by such men as A. J. Douglas, Prof. Barnhart, Smith I. Hunt, and others. He was now grown to manhood, and was free from all bad habits, polite, pure and intelligent. Did not use tobacco nor strong drink of any kind; yet he was one of the most cheerful and jubilant young men in the neighborhood. He was a charter member and secretary of the first Good Templar society in the vicinity of Laud. He was not satisfied with merely knowing how to farm besides his literary pursuits. He said every man, no matter what his other qualifications may be, ought to know how to do plain carpenter work. So he worked with a set of competent carpenters two summers and the intervening winter he

taught his first school two miles from home, This was the only time he ever went out to apply for a school. After he taught his first term the schools applied for him.

About this time there was a great religious excitement in the neighborhood through a meeting conducted by a man by the name of Wood, who is now in California. The Disciple church here at this time was very weak financially and otherwise and had but few members. Bro. Lewis Deems, elder and leading member, had removed to Mansfield, Ohio, to take care of his superannuated father; and the church was left without a regular preacher or an efficient leader, but, a few very faithful members were left, and they met every Lord's Day to remember the death and suffering of their dear departed Master, who promised to meet with us, as long as two or three will meet for worship. We had a union Sunday school, conducted by the United Brethren and Disciples. During the fall of 1875 the United Brethren held a protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Wood and took in nearly all the young people in the neighborhood, except S. A. Howenstine and his sisters. Though his oldest sister (Mrs. Gilespie) rose up and made confession of her faith in Jesus Christ, but was baptized by Eld. Hammond, a Christian minister at North Union, and united with the home church, and for about two years was the only single member in the little congregation. I will mention here that while this excitement was in full sway, one day when Mr. Howenstine was absent and there was some company present, a man you might call a fanatic came to their home claiming to have had a revelation. He said it had been revealed to him that this family was going to hell because they were members of the Disciple Church and would not leave it and join another. This was too

much for the young man Solon; though\* he was not yet a church member himself, he could not stand to have such accusations brought against his parents and sister. The color rose to his face showing that he was quite angry. He arose and advanced toward him with open hand ready to grasp him by the throat and put him out of the door near which he was standing, when his mother gently stepped between them and said, "My son you must not do anything in anger and violence. This man is certainly not in his right mind, and we will pay no attention to what he says." This was the only time that Solon was ever known to attempt to make an assault on any person.

The United Brethren built a church in the summer of 1876 a few rods north of the school house where they formerly held their meetings. After the dedication they moved the Sunday school supplies over to the church expecting the scholars and teachers to all follow. But the Disciples and some others did not feel like following these shepherds. So after a good deal of consulting and planning and praying, they concluded to organize a Sunday school of their own. The writer was intrusted with the superintendence of it. We saw very plainly that we must have a preacher, and after some deliberation we secured the services of Rev. H. M. Lambert, of Andrews, as our pastor. The first year he preached three sermons per month for the small sum of fifty dollars, but the work of the Master prospered under his pastoral care. The church increased in strength and membership, and as it grew strong in faith and love and good works, the worthy pastor was better compensated for his labor; and money and building material was pledged for a church building in the village of Forest, one mile from the school house where Bro. Lam-

bert preached. It was during the ministration of this faithful preacher, which continued without any intervention for nearly seven years, that Solon Howenstine and three of his sisters obeyed the gospel and were added to the church.

When the church building was finished Rev. Melvin Gallier, of Mansfield, Ohio, preached the dedicatory sermon and assisted Bro. Lambert in holding a protracted meeting in the new church. The building of this church had been in contemplation for over fifteen years and had been deferred on account of means, and its occupation was now a season of great rejoicing, and the first protracted meeting was entered into with a spirit of true devotion and unwavering faith, which in connection with the preaching of the pure, plain gospel of Christ would of course bring success.

Solon Howenstine's conversion was the first fruits of the meeting. On that memorable night after he had come forward and confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he asked the members of the church to bow in prayer in his behalf; after which he said he wished to speak a few words. He addressed his speech to his young companions. He said: "My friends, if I have ever said or done any wrong to any of you, I ask you to forgive me. I have taken a step to night that I have been contemplating for some time; and, I consider it the grandest, wisest, and noblest act that I have ever done; and I ask you, my young companions to go with me, and give your hearts to God, and take your place in the church, and we will help each other, and build each other up, and all rejoice together."

There were a number of the young people who heeded this wise counsel and obeyed the call of the Savior and the



church, which is always "Come." Yes, "the Spirit says come; and the Bride says come; and let him that heareth say, come; and let him that is athirst come, and partake of the water of life freely." On the following Lord's Day, he and several others were baptized in Eel river, three miles south of Columbia City. Solon was at this time teaching school at Sugar Grove, where he taught seven successive terms. He had now commenced a new life in Christ Jesus; old things had passed away and all things had become new. But, unlike most of young men when they come into the church, he did not need to spend his time and strength in fighting bad habits; he was ready at once to go to work in the vineyard of the Master. He commenced work in the prayer meeting, in the Sunday school, in the family, in the day school, and in society. In the spring following he taught a term of writing school and later in the summer he began carpenter's work again on a large barn for a man that was an infidel and was the owner of quite a library of this class of literature, and with a rough, jolly set of hands; but he was as jolly as any of them; but he kept the faith, read his Bible, watched his tongue, attended prayer meeting, and prayed in secret. Once when he came home, he said, "Mother, how glad I am that I obeyed the gospel when I did. I am sure I could not work among those fellows without being influenced by them, if it were not for the help of God. I look to Him for strength in time of weakness." O! who can tell what a source of joy and comfort this was to the loving mother, whose prayers and best wishes followed him in all the walks of life.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Proverbs.

## CHAPTER V.

TAKING THE CENSUS AND TAKING A WIFE—VISITING IN HIS  
NATIVE STATE—UNITED IN MARRIAGE—MOVING ON A  
FARM.

**I**N THE summer of 1879, S. A. Howenstine worked faithfully at his trade till the busy season of work was over; then he attended a six weeks term of Normal School at Columbia City, and helped his father with the farm work till the first of November, when his winter school commenced. This winter he taught writing and drawing on Tuesday evenings. In the spring following he made application for an appointment to take the census for the present year (1880) in Washington township, and being a good penman and having a good recommendation, he was the lucky applicant, and during the month of June he canvassed the township and made out his reports and took them to the proper authorities; then helped his father cut and take care of the harvest, and on the first of August he and his sister, Minnie, started to attend a Normal School conducted by Rev. A. J. Douglas.

This was the year of the campaign of Garfield and Arthur, and this young voter took an active part in the political affairs of the day. He was a Republican from head to foot; and was a reader of the "Toledo Blade" and other leading papers. When the Normal closed he came

home and put out a field of wheat and then sold books till the 12th of October when the state election came off. He was on the board and as soon as the votes were counted and the reports sent in, he began to make preparation to go back to his native state on a visit. It was sixteen years since he had been to the place of his birth—the home of his childhood. Many things were very much changed, others remained just as they were; the very yard gate was there yet where the pig demolished his school dinner, but the dear old lady who healed his childish sorrows had departed and gone to her reward. And his dear old grandma, (his father's mother) had departed; who used to be nearly always in the kitchen, and when her little grandson would come she would have a "turnover" baked and an egg put on to boil in a tin cup, and a stocking yarn ball ready for him to play with. And Isaac, his deaf mute uncle, with whom he used to converse by the finger alphabet, was also gone to his heavenly home. But the river, with its green banks, and the old water saw mill and the roads and many of the trees seemed just as they were when he was a boy.

He also went to visit the childhood home of his mother and found the dear old grandma still living and in a fair degree of health for one of her age. He was very much affected in meeting her and always afterward spoke of it with much feeling. He remained in those parts until the presidential election when he returned home and cast his first presidential vote for one of the best and greatest of men that the world ever produced, James A. Garfield; and on the 15th of November he commenced his fourth term of school at Sugar Grove. In this year (1881) he selected from his many lady friends Miss Jennie Merriman as the

"fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." She was the daughter of James Merriman, a thrifty farmer of Washington township, and was his school mate at several Normals. She was a lady of refined taste, a bright and cheerful disposition, and a good housekeeper. She was a member of the Baptist church and was a quiet exemplary christian; but in a few years after this, she, with three other married ladies, Mesdames Ione Broch, Louisa Bentz and Hattie Kaufman, united with the Church of Christ at Forest, at a meeting held by M. L. Blaney.

In the spring of 1881 a new two-story brick school building was let out for construction in the village of Forest and the school house at the Mering Corners was vacated and for sale. Solon Howenstine bought it for \$130 and during the summer and fall of the same year he remodeled it into a comfortable dwelling house which still stands on its old site. On the 2d day of October, 1881, S. A. Howenstine and Jennie Merriman were united in marriage at the bride's home by Rev. P. J. Ward, a Baptist minister formerly of London, England, in the presence of about fifty relatives and neighbors. All the morning of this wedding day it poured down torrents of rain. Indeed it looked as though neither man nor beast could venture out. His sisters kept joking him about his luck, and told him that he would have to get a boat and row over to his "bonnie bride." "Well," said he "I shall not be beat out. I know Jennie will be there and I am pretty sure the preacher will be there and I am determined too be there to, and we'll be married whether anybody else gets there or not." By that time he folded up his wedding suit and put it in a valise, put on his common suit and got out his horse and carriage and started through the unabated rain; but fortun-

ately toward noon the rain drops thinned decreased and almost stopped; and nearly all the invited guests got there in time to partake of the well served dinner. The day following was one of sunshine and beauty, and Solon with his lovely bride was received at his father's house by a host of warm friends and relatives. Thus commenced the married life of these two "pilgrims of the cross," who journeyed together but twelve short, busy years. For some weeks following they were busy cleaning and papering their house and preparing for winter which was fast coming on; and on the 14th of November Solon began his fifth term of school at the same old place and boarded at his father's till Thanksgiving Day, when he gave his scholars a holiday and moved his wife and her goods and furniture to their new home, and had his Thanksgiving dinner there in company with the parents of both families and a few other friends. From this time on he boarded at home and had his devoted wife to put up his dinners and minister to his wants, and sympathize with a teacher's trials and cares.

During the winter Solon taught his school, got his own wood and worked some at selling books. In the spring when school was closed he again laid hold of his hammer and saw and went to work at his trade. And through all this busy life he was a regular attendant and an active worker in the church and Sunday school and scarcely ever missed going to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

On November 20th, 1882, he commenced his sixth term of school; and on Saturday the 6th of January, 1883, his first child was born, and in examining his diary we find that he did not miss a day of school or of Sunday school on account of this little event. He was Sunday school superintendent and was bright and early in his place, ready to

receive congratulations. In the month of April they moved on the northwest corner of the Mering Corners known as the old Mering farm, where they lived for nearly ten years. I will not weary my readers with a detailed account of what transpired in these busy years. Suffice it to say that he taught two more terms of school, and kept his farm and its appurtenances in good shape, his stock in good condition, and filled many places of trust and honor in his immediate vicinity.



## CHAPTER VI.

GOING INTO THE MINISTRY—LICENSED TO PREACH—CALLS  
TO NEW FIELDS—LETTER FROM MRS. B. E. GILLESPIE.

**T**HE CHURCH at Forest was in need of a minister, and they had heard of the good work done in several places by Rev. S. C. Hummel. Mr. Howenstine, Solon's father, wrote to him telling him of the condition of the church and asking him to come and hold a meeting. About the middle of August, 1889, he came, a perfect stranger in person but not in reputation, and put up at our home and commenced a protracted meeting. Though it was a busy time for farmers, and the weather was very warm, the meeting was a successful one, there were several added and the church much revived and strengthened, and we were so fortunate as to secure his services as pastor for the ensuing year. He and Elder Solon Howenstine, (for he was then one of the elders of the church) soon became very intimate friends and were much together, arranging plans for Sunday school and church work. Elder Hummel asserted that he never visited a Sunday school that was so interesting and so well conducted as the one at Forest, conducted by brother Solon. He said, "Bro. Solon has energy, power, and zeal enough to make a success of anything he undertakes—he ought to be in the ministry instead of farming."

In the spring of 1890 Solon was again appointed to take the census, but this work was not so congenial to his taste as it was ten years before, as he was revolving in his mind the thought of going into the ministry. He had also become disgusted with the politics of the two old parties, as neither of them had taken any measures to suppress the liquor traffic or saloon privileges which are every year corrupting and ruining thousands of men and boys, and beggaring and destroying their families. He said he could not see how a Christian, not to say a minister, could conscientiously vote with either party. Elder Solon had been for some years studying the scriptures by subjects and dispensations, perhaps not so much with a view of going into the ministry as of being a competent teacher in the Sunday school, for, though he was superintendent for nine years, he, most of the time taught the young people's class beside. He kept adding volume after volume to his library, of such books as were helpful to him in his Bible studies. About this time Rev. Hummel urged and encouraged him to go into the ministry and leave the minor duties to others, which he consented to do, though his wife was not quite reconciled to his entering into an occupation that would call him to be from home so much, as she had the wants of three small children to look after.

Elder Hummel had preached for the Forest congregation for three years and was about to enter other fields of labor, and he called on the congregation to take a vote on giving Brother S. A. Howenstine authority to preach the gospel in the Church of Christ. The vote was taken without a dissenting voice. His wife, after a severe struggle, subjugated her will and made it subservient to the will of Him who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach



the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—Mark xvi, 15-16. His wife then turned her attention to the work of the church, how she might best assist her husband in the proclamation of the gospel and the care and oversight of the church.

In the latter part of this year, S. A. Howenstine's brother-in-law, A. M. Gillespie, also went into the ministry, and they were co-workers in the vineyard of the Lord. They both began their work in churches that had gone down and were scattered and had been without a leader or shepherd. They went with loving tenderness and gathered up the scattered sheep and brought them again into the fold and invited others to come with them and "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And the success of one of these self-sacrificing laborers was the joy of the other; and when they met they would shake hands as though their bosoms could scarcely contain the emotions of their glad hearts. And their conversation and inquiries would not be, "how much money are you making?" "How many 5-20 bonds have you got laid away?" Or "how much fat stock have you got, ready for market?" Ah, no, they were something like this, "How is the little church prospering down there?" "Have you got the poor wandering souls about all gathered in?" "How many new members have come in?" "Have you succeeded in organizing a Sunday school?" "Is there good material for church and Sunday school officers?" Such questions as the above were what engrossed their attention and engaged their minds, and what subjects would be most suitable to present to these reclaimed members and new born babes, that they might grow and thrive on the "sincere milk of

the word." But their labors were not long in the same place, and they met less frequently, but with increased love and friendship. Elder Howenstine had now a call to preach at Salem, in Kosciusco county, Ind., which, after he had gone there, and seen the place and got acquainted with the members, he accepted. Though prior to this he had made the acquaintance of some of the Duncleberger brothers, who are a "family of preachers" in that locality. If the writer has been correctly informed there are four brothers preaching at the present time; three of whom are located in western states. When Elder Howenstine went out to these places to work in the Master's vineyard he always kept Paul's charge to Timothy before his mind. "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ. \* \* \* Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

"Work, for the night is coming  
 Work through the sunny noon,  
 Fill brightest hours with labor  
 Rest comes sure and soon."

LETTER FROM MRS. B. E. GILLESPIE.

DUNFEE, November 14th, 1890.

*My Dear Brother Solon:*

As this is my thirty-second birthday, I thought I could spend it in no better way than to write you a letter of encouragement. As you and Arthur have both made up your minds to give the remainder of your lives to the ministry, I feel like telling you how my heart rejoices to know that I have a brother and a companion that are willing to devote their lives to the service of Christ, by preach-

ing His glorious gospel to a lost and dying world. I look upon this act of enlistment as being braver than that of any knight, for who has such a captain as the Lord Jesus Christ to give orders in time of battle, or who has given his soldiers such a complete armour? Who has given the promise of so rich a reward, or what captain has said, "I will never leave nor forsake you." O, may you be among the bravest of soldiers in the army of the Lord; may you keep the blood-stained banner of King Emanuel floating high above your comrades, that they may see that you are pointing them to victory. My prayer shall always be that you may succeed in persuading many to enlist in the grand army of the church of Christ our leader. To be sure there will be many hard battles to fight and many footsore marches to overtake the enemy. But I believe that you have enough courage and perseverance, through the sustaining grace of the Master, though it cost your life, to go through this great warfare and come out victorious on the peaceful shore of deliverance. You know many of our brave "boys in blue" gave their lives that we might enjoy peace and liberty; and much more ought we to be willing to give our lives if need be, to set free the slaves of sin. There will be many bars to be broken, many chains to be severed, many a prison to unlock.

But fear not, for he who said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel," is able to help you, to strengthen you for every duty he has given you to perform. O, may you and Arthur always walk hand in hand, helping each other, strengthening the weak points in each other's lives; and in your companionship in the work of the Lord, comfort each other by the great and precious promises contained in the word of God. You have everything to

encourage you, for when God is for us, who can be against us, for he causeth us to triumph in Christ." Then you have our loving and devoted mother to give you words of cheer, comfort and advice, and a kind and affectionate companion to walk by your side as a helpmate in your pastoral work, and the prayers and best wishes of a father, brothers and sisters, and if need be a host of dear friends who are ready to say, "go on, God bless you in your grand work."

From your affectionate sister,

MRS. B. E. GILLESPIE.



## CHAPTER VII.

PASTORAL WORK—TALKS WITH LABORING MEN—CHRIST'S  
WORK ON EARTH—A VISIT TO A SICK LADY—SICKNESS  
AMONG THE OLD PEOPLE—A DEAR FRIEND DEPARTED.

“Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God’s heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”—1 Peter V, 2-3-4.

**T**HE CHURCH at Salem was composed of members who were nearly all intelligent farmers, and lived in rural districts, and were only in moderate circumstances and it was with some of them as our Lord predicted when he said to his disciples, “the poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always.” On account of their lack of means they only secured Elder Howenstine’s services one-fourth of his time. And these visits, though but monthly, were very important and interesting to him, and he made thorough preparation for them, and when the time came, he went full of the Holy Ghost and of power, and the congregation felt its effect. The people soon began to say, “what manner of man is this; we never had a preacher that preached with such power; it seems almost irresistible—and his visits, they are so consoling and cheer-

ing, and it seems he can adapt himself to the circumstances of almost anyone." This was true, for he had "been there" himself. When, in his walks in visiting from house to house, he came to a man who was ditching he would take hold of his hard muck-stained hand and shake it as though his heart was in it, and begin to talk about the labor, the soil, the depth, the fall, the tile, and the benefit of ditching these low boggy lands, &c. Then he would tell him about the meeting and ask him of his prospects of heaven. He would tell him that he had done many a day's ditching and knew just how tired a man was when he had finished a day's shoveling, remarking that one nearly always feels too tired to go to night meetings under these circumstances. Then he would take his leave by a hearty shake of the hand and a cordial "God bless you."

The next person he came to was a man in the woods chopping cord wood and he accosted him as he did the man that was ditching, telling him "that the most wood that he ever cut and put up in a day was three cords, but it is hard work and takes persevering early and late to get that much done."

From this man he learned that he had a large family to support and his wife was lying ill with a lingering disease, and he was obliged to work every day to keep the "wolf from the door." The elder expressed his warmest sympathy and told him that he would call and visit them on Sunday afternoon when he could be at home; and told him that he was having meeting at the Salem church now, and said, "when your family gets well we would be be glad to see you all with us."

When John sent his disciples to Christ to find out whether he was indeed the Messiah, Jesus told them to go

and tell John that the deaf hear, and the blind are made to see, the lame to walk and the poor have the gospel preached unto them. We do not profess to heal the infirmities of the body; but we do preach the gospel to the poor, the disconsolate and the broken-hearted and it shan't cost them anything either. So the day was passed walking over hill and field and woodland, making many calls and acquaintances. Evening came and found Elder Howenstine early in the little church, which was being rapidly filled at an early hour, and he was just as busy as he used to be when he was a teacher in the school room; going and speaking to this one, and that one, and inviting them up to the front where they could see and hear better, and his face all aglow with the love of Jesus welling up from the heart, selecting songs and calling on members to speak or pray till the hour for preaching arrived; then he stepped up into the pulpit and who did he see pretty well to the front but the wood chopper and the man that was ditching. And after the singing of another song and a fervent prayer he preached from the 9th chapter, 4th verse of St. John's gospel. He discoursed on, how Jesus Christ came to this world, not as an idle pleasure seeker, or to go hunting or fishing and have a good time, but he was about his Father's business when he was but twelve years old, and had acquired so much knowledge that he confounded the lawyers and doctors with his questions and His wisdom, and between that time and his thirtieth year he learned and worked at the carpenter's trade, and I dare say that he was a model workman in his time. From that time forward after going to Jordan and being baptized of John and the Holy Ghost as a dove alighting and abiding on Him, and a voice from heaven saying, "this is my beloved Son in whom I

am well pleased." His work was that of preaching, teaching and working miracles.

Then he made the the application to his hearers. He said that every man, woman and child has a work to do, and it is our business, to the best of our ability, to find out what that work is, and getatit; for the night cometh when no man can work. He said further, that there is one work that all alike must do, whether rich or poor, high or low, black or white, if we want to be saved; and that is, that we must hear the word of God—the gospel, and believe on His son Jesus Christ, repent of our sins, confess his name, and be baptized in his name and arise to walk in the newness of life. He said from that time on the work that the Lord required of us differs according to circumstances; that it was not required of the poor man that chops wood all day to support his family and then does his chores after night, to read his Bible as much as that old brother who is surrounded with wealth and affluence and can lean back in his easy chair and lay up his feet higher than his head. Neither is it required of the man that has been ditching—shoveling mud until every muscle in his body is tired and sore, to go to the week day evening prayer meeting as often as the man who is at leisure and has a horse and carriage to take him where he wants to go. Nor is it required of the poor widow who comes to church in her faded calico dress, to *pay* as much as the woman in her velvet and silk, and glittering with jewelry; but let every one do the very best he can in his circumstances. That is all that God requires of any one.

At the conclusion of the services the elder made his way down the aisle to those who had come in late, and he had not spoken to before preaching. He asked the man he had met in the afternoon of the condition of his



sick wife. "O!" he said, "she is feeling much better. I went home a trifle earlier this evening, and sat down by the bed and talked to her awhile. I told her of our chat in the woods and about the meeting, and that you were coming to visit us to-morrow afternoon and it cheered her up so much that she seemed to forget she was sick. She told me to hurry and do my chores and eat my supper and go to church, that she was feeling so much better that she could stay with the children to-night." Elder Howenstine had shortly before told the man that he did not claim to heal the infirmities of the body, but what a soothing and healing influence those words of love and sympathy had on this afflicted woman.

On Lord's day he preached on "The Foundation of the Church," and gave a short talk to the Sunday school from notes that he put on the blackboard in the morning, went home with a brother with whom he had promised to take dinner, and then made his visit to the home of the sick lady according to promise. He talked to her of the trials and sufferings of this life, and of the love of Jesus, and the sacrifice he made to complete the plan of salvation, so that we might all be heirs to the inheritance that he has gone to prepare for us. And, after he had read an appropriate selection of scripture he bowed and offered a prayer that was full of sympathetic feeling and tender emotion in behalf of this afflicted family. He then took leave of them, kindly inviting them to come to church when they got able.

I give these instances or examples that I have gathered from conversation and from his diaries merely to exemplify his manner of pastoral work. His visits and pastoral work was on the same line at all his preaching places. In

looking over his diary for this year (1892) we see that when he went to North Union to preach he visited and had prayer with Sister Ellen Mering and her aged mother-in-law, and Sister Bechtel, who were unable to come to church. He told me that at the beginning of this year he made out a list of the names of all the members of the several congregations where he preached and carried them in his day book and if anyone was missing from church he made inquiry about it; and if they were sick he made it his business to go and visit them. If they had trouble or difficulty with a brother or neighbor and was absent on that account he would go and talk to them, laying before them the sinfulness of holding spite and brooding over wrongs that can be made right in a few minutes if the persons will have the Christ-like humility to go and ask forgiveness of those whom they have wronged; or kindly talk the matter over with those who may have insulted or injured you. It only makes matters worse, to stay away from church and neglect your christian duties because you have trouble. It is also recorded in his diary that every time he went to Beach Grove to preach for four successive months he called at Sister Wilson's in Roanoke, who was going down with consumption and ministered to her spiritual wants, breaking bread, reading God's word, exhortation, and prayer. He visited and ministered in like manner in the same congregation, to Sister Jobs who was laying sick at the same time and died a few days prior to the death of Sister Wilson. In the Christ-like ministration to the sick, Elder Howenstine's wife was quite often by his side, to smooth down the rough places in the pathway of the weary pilgrim to

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveler returns."

Sister Wilson requested Elder Howenstine to preach her funeral sermon, but when the "Messenger on the pale horse" came to her, the elder was attending the meeting at Bethany Park, and Elder Gillespie officiated in his place. In conversation with him after he returned, he remarked that all the exercises at the Bethany Assembly were so interesting, so strengthening, and soul cheering, and the christian society so elevating that he desired to go there every year as long as he lived. But most unexpectedly to us all, this proved to be his last visit to Bethany. When the assembly met the next year he was somewhat indisposed, the bacterial and malarial poison that terminated his existence was already in his system, stealthily bringing about conditions that baffled the skill of able physicians. There was an instance that he related of solemn and majestic entertainment during this, his last visit to Bethany Park that sank deeply into his heart. It was Old Father Jameson, of Indianapolis, with his long gray hair flowing down upon his shoulders and leaning upon his staff as an old patriarch blessing his children, and singing with angelic sweetness, some of the songs of his own composition. He said, "I never expect to see him again till I meet him in that 'Sweet bye and bye,' for he is getting so old and frail." But little did we think that they would meet so soon; this earth holds them no more.

During the following winter there was much sickness among the old people. An old lady by the name of Kemp who was eighty-three years of age, took very sick—not expected to live, and she had never obeyed the gospel, but one day she expressed a desire to be baptized by immersion if it could be conveniently done. Elder Howenstine was absent, but word was sent to Elder Gillespie who re-

sided not far distant. He came with his wife and a few of the members of the Saturn congregation, and made preparation—taking the chill off the water by putting in hot rock, and using the wind pump tank for a baptistry. It was indeed a beautiful sight, to see such an aged lady buried with Christ in baptism and come out of the water rejoicing as she did.

The next Lord's day was Elder Howenstine's time to preach at Saturn, and in the afternoon, he, with a few of the members, took the emblems and went to Sister Kemp's home and had communion service; and it was a time of much rejoicing in the Lord.

In the latter part of January, Jane Henry, another aged sister, was lying at the point of death, and Elder Howenstine got word that it was her request that some of the church members should come and hold communion service with her. But she resided ten miles away and it was very cold and several members of the home church were dangerously ill; but difficulties seldom prevented Elder Howenstine from doing what he considered his duty. So he procured a double seated sleigh and took his mother and youngest sister and her lady friend, Sister Loucetta Chamberlin, and went notwithstanding the many hindrances. We found the sister very sick indeed, but she was much rejoiced because of our coming. Elder Howenstine talked to her as much as was proper in her weak condition. He read the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel, then he called on his mother to offer prayer, the girls lead the singing; then the communion was attended to in a manner that was impressive, solemn and beautiful. After all had participated Sister Henry said, "now I am ready to die, or live just as the Lord wills." After partaking of a warm refresh-

ing supper served by Mrs. Stahl, their daughter, and refilling our hot water jugs, we took our leave, and after passing over sheets of screaming snow for many a mile, we arrived at home by 1 o'clock in the morning, feeling that we had done our duty as best we could. But strange to tell: both these old sisters are alive and well at this writing, while the dear brother, who so lovingly ministered to their spiritual wants, has crossed the Jordan, and methinks is beckoning for them to come.

A few days after this occurred the death of Sister Alice White, a very intimate friend of Elder Howenstine and his wife. The elder assisted Elder Taylor in conducting the funeral services at the Church of Christ in Laud. A short poem written in memory of her sweet life will be found on a subsequent page.



## CHAPTER VIII.

A MEETING UNEXPECTEDLY PROTRACTED—AN INVITATION TO THE PENITENT—HOME STUDY AND MAP-DRAWING—CHANGES IN CONTEMPLATION—POSSIBLE TO CONTROL TEMPER.

**F**OUR WEEKS had passed away, and the time had come for Elder Howenstine to go to his Salem appointment. Never for a wakeful hour was this little congregation and its surroundings out of his mind since his last visit. Day by day their wants were carried up to the throne of the Most High; he felt that there was a great work to do in that place and he relied on God alone for wisdom and strength to accomplish it. He went to Sidney on the train and walked to Brother Idels, took supper, and went to the church and preached on Saturday night with much zeal and enthusiasm. Lord's day was missionary day, and he preached a missionary sermon; showing that when our hearts are full and overflowing with the love of God, that we are anxious to give this glorious gospel to others, for "he who loves God the most, loves not man the less." After preaching, a collection was taken up for missions, amounting to \$5.50; the fifty cents was Elder Howenstine's part of the contribution, and was one-tenth of his monthly salary at that place. I heard him say at one time that he always pros-

pered better when he gave one-tenth of his income, as they did in olden times, than when he gave less. That day after dining with Brother Cresser, he made several calls entreating and persuading the people to come and hear the gospel. He told the sisters that if he found out that anyone staid at home from church to cook a good dinner for him, he would not go there; he said he would rather just sit down to bread and butter and have them all at church.

That night he went to the church with his heart overflowing with the love of God and sympathy and pity for poor fallen man, and preached from the subject: "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" and expected to return home the next day. At the close of the sermon he gave the invitation to any who had gone back to the world, or grown cold in the service of the Lord, or become discouraged by the way, and to any that were burdened with sin, and were serving the devil, being led captive by his will, and told them that as their service continued they would find him a harder master than Legree. And with much earnestness did he exhort them to put off the old body of sin, and be "renewed in the spirit of their mind," and put on the new man which, after God is created in righteousness and true holiness; and obey the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ that they may have a right to the tree of life and enter through the gates into the city. And to his surprise and great joy, seven, who had been pierced to their heart by the sword of the spirit, came forward and made confession of that worthy Name.

This was a call for the meeting to continue, and it did continue from day to day, till the seating capacity of the house was entirely inadequate to the number that came; though it was in the month of March and the roads were

in a terrible condition for traveling. He wrote home almost every day to his wife, of his success in the gospel through the Lord Jesus Christ; till her heart got so full, that she put her little ones in the care of his sister, Ella, and went to share his labor and joy.

On the 1st day of April, Elder Howenstine closed the meeting with forty-seven additions, the time it continued was but ten days. The week-day meetings were mostly occupied by speaking, prayer, song and praise service. Elder Howenstine had a peculiar way of drawing a speech or testimony from nearly every person in the congregation. When the person speaking would sit down, he would say, "Now, another. Who'll be the next to speak a word for Jesus? He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father in Heaven. Rise right up, if it is but a word. We are not heard for our much speaking; God looks at the heart, to see whether we are willing to try to work in his vineyard," &c.

Almost every month when the elder returned to fill his appointments, there were some who came forward and confessed the Saviour, and the older members began to feel as did the deacons at the Water Beach church in England, when young Spurgeon was their pastor; that he was becoming too great a preacher, they could not expect to keep him. On the 18th of April, when he returned home from his Salem oppointment, he met Elder Hummel, the pastor of the home church, at the station, who informed him that he had baptized his oldest daughter, Carrie, that morning, who was then in her tenth year.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Prov.

During this summer Elder Howenstine had three preaching places, viz.: Salem, Saturn and North Union.



This left him with one Lord's day unoccupied, which he mostly spent at the home church, often filling the pulpit in the absence of the regular preacher. He still lived on the farm, but he kept a hired man and spent most of his time in study and drawing maps and charts, which he painted up in colors beautifully. These maps and charts he used in his lectures and Sunday school work. The map of Paul's missionary travels, the tabernacle and the lectures that accompanied them were very interesting. Then he had another chart of his own make, illustrating how to read the Bible. And he had calls in many places by different denominations to lecture from these maps and charts. One evening after his lecture, on "How to read the Bible," a lady came to him and said, "I always thought I was a great Bible reader, but I have learned more about the Bible to-night than I ever knew. I know *how* to read the Bible now, and I am going to go home and read it,"

This was the summer of 1892 and there was some excitement over the Harrison and Cleveland campaign, but it was not materially disturbing church work. By this time the Prohibition movement was pretty well defined in all the churches, and it was known by the people of the county that Elder Howenstine did not vote or work with either of the old parties any more, and when the Prohibition convention met in Columbia City they gave him the nomination for representative, and Harris Kaufman, a young teacher who was boarding with Elder Howenstine, was nominated for surveyor. Thus, we see that the little farm house at the corners was the home of two aspiring candidates. It was expected that the elder would go out and make some political speeches and help to bear the campaign expenses, but he did neither one, and yet he ran far

ahead of his ticket. During the summer Elder Howenstine made several visits to J. V. Updike, the great evangelist, who then resided in Fort Wayne and took instructions in evangelistic work, and succeeded in getting him to come to the home church at Forest and deliver some of his popular lectures. He also was intimate and had frequent correspondence with Rev. B. C. Black, formerly of Victoria, Australia, and at present state evangelist of Ohio.

Elder Howenstine was now contemplating the propriety of making a public sale, and moving to town and settling down to the ministry for life; for his theory was this, "never undertake more work than you can do properly." And while he was trying with all his might and power to make a grand success of his ministerial work, he was continually mortified on account of the way things were going on the farm. He always aimed to raise the best crops that could be produced from the kind of soil he was tilling; and he actually raised as much wheat from ten acres as some of his neighbors did from twenty; and so he aimed to do, in everything he undertook. He bred the best sheep, pigs and cattle, and kept no more than he could keep in good salable condition. His motto was "quick sales and as much profit as you can get." He would have his pigs as large at six or eight months old as most people do at a year old. And with all this work and business he always seemed to have time to go to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting; and his work there was characterized with the same zeal and energy that pervaded all his transactions in life. He had many trials and vexatious circumstances to contend with but he was not a pessimist; he looked upon all these little grievances as tests of ones faith and patience, and believed that our gold shines all the

brighter for being tried in fire. He was not always on the top of the Delectable mountains, yet I never knew him to be in the slough of despond.

I cannot forbear giving here a little instance of a very trying, yet ludicrous nature. He had a very fine Durham cow that was quite gentle to milk, but once in a great while she would kick as quick as lightning, and as wicked as satan. As he had only three monthly appointments this year, he was frequently at home on the fourth Sunday of the month. At this time the hired man would go to spend Sunday at home and would seldom return till Monday morning. On one of those occasions the elder prepared to do the milking. As he was going away to lecture that evening he thought he would not take the trouble to change clothes; so he tied on one of his wife's kitchen aprons and, pail in hand, started to the barn lot; and when sitting on his stool and milking with his ordinary dispatch, the slick-skinned "bovine" gave, what we may call her "occasional kick," sending the elder backward sprawling on the ground, stool, pail and all, with the rich foaming fluid all bespattered over his best Sunday suit. He soon recovered from the horizontal and assumed the erect position, picked up his pail, and started toward the house saying, "why Boss you ought to be ashamed to treat a preacher in that kind of style." When he reached the yard gate, he met his hired man who had unexpectedly returned, when he laughingly remarked, after relating what had happened, "if I was just a 'winter christian' I would have lost my religion."

A young man who helped him shear his sheep, remarked to me, that when the sheep would kick and struggle and throw the wool into the dirt, he thought no one could help but swear or scold, but Elder Howenstine would

just laugh. So we see that it is possible for a person even with a quick nervous temperament, to acquire complete control over his temper, and go through life as though there were no dark storm clouds that pass between us and eternal sunshine. But these worrying circumstances made him yearn to throw off the yoke of farm labor and farm management, and wear only the "yoke of preaching the gospel," and no other armour but the "armour of faith." He felt that, he that has enlisted as a soldier, under the blood stained banner of Jesus Christ must not entangle himself with the things of this world; and "he that putteth his hand to the plow must not look back."

"Unto the time that is no more,  
For those who stand on heaven's floor  
Peace ! Look not back but straight before."



## CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING THE FARM—PARTING WITH WHAT IS DEAR TO US—  
MOVING TO THE CITY—A GOOD SERMON APPRECIATED.

**T**HE SUN was sinking in the western horizon, shedding its soft rays of azure light upon the little farmhouse at the Mering Corners, this chilly November evening; and many feet had trodden the grounds of the surrounding lawn and barn lot, for, the sale was over, and men that had come from far and near were crowding around the eastern porch signing notes and changing money, and preparing to take away the property they had purchased. They all seemed happy and good natured because their stomachs were not gnawed by the pangs of hunger, for a plentiful dinner had been served in the house and a lunch, consisting of nine dozen rusks and three bushel baskets full of spread bread and slices of meat and plenty of hot coffee was served out of doors. As the women of the neighborhood all wanted to come to the sale Mrs. Howenstine invited the Aid Society to come and sew her carpet rags and tack some comforters, and several ladies from other localities helped to make up the merry group, among whom were Mrs. Dr. Ferguson, of Fort Wayne; Mrs. Wm. Kelsey, Mrs. Hatfield, and others.

Before making the sale Elder Howenstine thought his property so small that it would not be worth while to make a public sale, and had already disposed of some articles,

when Rev. J. V. Updike and others advised him to buy property in Fort Wayne and move there. This put him under the necessity of selling off everything but his household goods and library; and accordingly the sale was advertised and his brother-in-law, J. W. Kaufman, engaged as auctioneer and E. Swan as clerk. When the sale was over and the list counted up, to the elder's surprise it amounted to nearly one thousand dollars. Several of his best sheep brought twenty-five dollars a head; the short horned Durham, that cared nothing for the preacher's "best suit," brought forty-five dollars; the common cows brought from twenty-five to thirty dollars. His farm implements which he had used nine or ten years had been so well cared for and repainted that they sold almost like new ones. "To him that hath, it shall be given, and to him that hath not, it shall be taken away, even that he hath." I think this scripture relates to the care we give to what is committed to us, whether in temporal, mental or spiritual things. But soon came the sad time of parting with the domestic animals, to which the family were so much attached. There was more sorrow and sighing in the little farm house at the corners, than there was in the St. Clair mansion, when Uncle Tom and the other servants were marched away in care of the slave driver.

The first few days after the sale were busy ones, occupied in packing up and preparing to move, and settling up things in general. Then a few days more were spent in visiting some friends and neighbors; and on the 4th of November Elder Howenstine and family, with his brother and sisters and their families, all met at the home of their parents and had a most enjoyable gathering. The men cut and hauled winter wood for their father, the women

cooked and visited, and their children romped and played about the house and yard till every thing resounded with joy. At three o'clock Father Howenstine went to the station and brought Rev. Updike, who had an appointment to lecture at the Christian church that night. At 4 o'clock work was abandoned and a merry conversation and an enjoyable supper was the order of the evening until the time arrived, to go the lecture, which was a most interesting and entertaining feast for the mind. But who of all this happy group of brothers and sisters, parents, children and grand-children, ever once thought that this was the last time, in this earth life, that this happy and loving family would ever all meet together in the capacity of a family reunion? Who thought that the 'keystone of the arch,' the elder brother, the oldest son, the first born, the first grown to manhood, the first in the ministry, the husband of a devoted wife, the father of three precious little girls, and the advisor and counsellor, even of his parents, the pride and joy of all, was never to be at one of these family gatherings again?

On the day following this friendly meeting, and pleasant and profitably spent evening, Elder Howenstine got his father's horse and buggy and took Rev. Updike to Columbia City to hear John Wannamaker speak. This was one of the pleasant days that he spent in company with this able evangelist; whom he always esteemed as a father in the ministry and a counsellor in things of minor importance. On Thursday, November 10th, Elder Howenstine removed to Fort Wayne, No. 1, corner Lincoln street and Indiana avenue. The night previous he preached in Forest at the home church, then came home and worked till 11 o'clock at night, and then got up at 3 o'clock in the morning and

began to help load the goods. They got started at 6 o'clock that morning and arrived at their new home at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. They unloaded the wagons, put up a stove, had a warm dinner, set up the bedsteads and unpacked and arranged the bedding, and then all went down to the Christian church to hear Rev. Updike preach. The next day was spent in fixing up things to live, and be happy. On Saturday morning before going to his appointment Elder Howenstine made a call to Rev. Updike's home. He took him to the depot and remained till the train started.

While at his Saturn appointment he received a letter from Elder Edmund Miller, his old schoolmate who had been a preacher in the "Church of God" for twelve or fifteen years, stating that he desired to join the Christian church as an active minister, and wished to be received into fellowship at the church in Forest. When Elder Howenstine returned to Fort Wayne he laid the matter before Brother Updike, who answered, "God bless him, if he can preach the doctrine taught by Christ and his apostles, take him in." Accordingly he wrote to Elder Miller to set a time and he would meet him at the dear old home church at Forest. In this week he helped Brother Updike to revise the church book, and the board appointed him collector.

After filling his Salem appointment he commenced a protracted meeting at Saturn. Around this church and congregation, there clustered almost as many endearments as at the old home church. Here lived his oldest sister and her husband, his yoke fellow in the ministry. At their cozy home he felt as free and easy as he did at his own, and could sit down and tell his joys and sorrows and hopes



and fears. They could talk over their trials and labors, and lay their plans for church work, in order to accomplish the best possible results in the work of the Master. He held the meeting ten or twelve days and had five additions, and it was said by the members that it was the best meeting they ever had. The day-meetings were unexceptionally good. Members that had never been known to speak in church, would rise up and speak as though their tongues were loosed. He would as a rule have social exercises for half an hour before preaching and perhaps two or three prayers after preaching. During these meetings on Wednesday evening, December 7th, by previous arrangements he met Elder Miller at the Christian Church at Forest, and preached a powerful sermon on "Loyalty to Christ," showing that we must speak as the oracles of God speak, or forever be silent; afterward calling on Bro. Miller to speak.

Bro. Miller spoke at some length, stating his reasons for leaving the "Church of God," after which he was given the hand of fellowship as a minister in the Church of Christ. In a short time afterward the church hired him as their pastor, for half his time. The next morning Brother Jacob Raber, the Sunday school superintendent, met Elder Howenstine and said: "Brother Howenstine that sermon last night just suited me; it was worth a dollar to me," and he reached in his pocket and pulled out a dollar and gave it to him. Elder Miller went with him to Saturn and remained a few days assisting in the meeting, and before its close Elder Howenstine had a call to preach the funeral discourse of Sister Sarah Chamberlain, widow of the late Joshua Chamberlain, treasurer of Whitley county. The subject of the discourse was, "She hath done what she could." He

spoke briefly of her sweet and beautiful life as a wife, mother, neighbor, church member, and Sunday school worker. He exhorted her children to follow her pious and loving example, and not to think of her only as sleeping in the grave but as watching over her loved ones from the paradise of God. He also spoke of the sweet council and good advice she had given him in his youthful days, and said she had gone beyond the portals of time to a blissful eternity. We can not, we would not call her back, but if we live faithful and loyal to God we can go to her, and enjoy her society in the land of redeemed spirits.

“Alas! her form is laid away  
In chilling darkness of the grave.  
Her spirit guides my wandering feet:  
Its presence seems to touch my heart,  
And whisper that we soon shall meet.”

And how soon he did follow this beloved sister to that sweet land of rest, that blessed Eden shore,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest.”



## CHAPTER X.

A WONDERFUL MEETING—REINFORCEMENTS—LAST VISIT TO THE  
OLD HOME CHURCH—LETTER FROM THE ELDER TO HIS  
PARENTS.

**E**LDER HOWENSTINE had finished his second year at Saturn and hired for one half of his time at Little River and the other half at Salem. This was the beginning of his third year at Salem and the church had grown in strength and numbers and was very near and dear to his heart. He felt that he was a father in the gospel to many of them, and they had grown under his pastoral care to be strong men and women in Christ; and had entwined themselves into his affections more than he was aware of till the time for separation came. He and his wife and children were invited to come to Salem on the 24th of December to attend a Christmas entertainment and preach over Lord's day. At the close of the exercise the pastor and his wife were made the recipients of a beautiful hand made bed quilt, and the little ones were remembered in smaller gifts.

At this time Elder Gillespie was finishing up his year's work at Little River with a protracted meeting, and Elder Howenstine went from Salem to help him. While engaged in this work he received an invitation to bring his family and come to Saturn. When this order was obeyed the Aid Society presented to them a most lovely patch-work quilt, of artistic design. These gifts from the two

congregations were tokens of the high esteem in which their beloved pastor was held, and they were most gratefully received and acknowledged, and will be long looked upon as the tokens of love and affection.

In the latter part of January, 1893, Elder Howenstine started to his Salem appointment and stopped off a few days at the home church and assisted Elder Miller in a very successful meeting he was holding at that place. He continued his meeting at Salam till the 6th of February with good results. The remaining part of the month, he was at home during the week, attending Rev. Updike's meetings in Fort Wayne, and during the rough March weather he was at home studying and fixing up his lots and property, till on the 29th Rev. Updike and a Brother Collin from Payne, O., came over to see him about holding a meeting in Payne, to which he gave his consent and went the following day, March 30th. On arriving he visited the members, as was his custom in going into a new place, in order to ascertain the condition of the church and take the diagnosis of its ailments. He found the church in a dissected and scattered condition but with a warm-hearted, intelligent membership. As was his plan of work in cases of this kind, he commenced building and constructing, until he had all the material and various parts in their proper places, and peace and harmony prevailed throughout the congregation. Then he would set his batteries in range for the world, for sin and its father, the devil, and pour in a flood of gospel fire that would make the Felixes tremble and say "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian;" or cry out, as the guilty Jews did under the fire of Peter's preaching on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren what must we do?" Then would come thunder-

ing back the answer, "repent, turn away from your sins, from the evil of your way, confess his name and be baptized for the remission of sins—that your sins and transgressions may be blotted out, or canceled, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." In examining his diary we see that the meeting continued on this line from day to day, and at almost every service there were some reclaimed and others confessed Christ. And after the meeting had continued ten or twelve days, and some thirty or forty had come into the church, Rev. Updike and Hackelman, the singing evangelist, came to assist. The interest of the meeting was raised to such a pitch that the seating capacity of the house was inadequate to the crowds that came together. They remained five days, during which time there still continued to be a great ingathering, not only from the world, but from other churches represented in the town, the Catholics not excepted. There was not a day from the time the meeting fairly started that there was not baptizing done, ranging from two to fifteen each day. The superintendent of the public schools and a class leader in the U. B. church were among the number of the baptized. After Rev. Updike and Hackelman left, the meeting continued with unabated success and interest.

The penitent still kept coming into the ark of safety—the old ship of Zion, not only by twos and sevens but as many as eight made the good confession at one time; and so the good work went on, until there were one hundred and twelve souls brought into the communion and fellowship of the church. The meeting continued until the 20th of April and the last night a lady confessed Christ and another joined the church.

The officers of the church were trying to persuade Elder Howenstine to abandon his other congregations and move to Payne and give them all of his time; which seemed a hard thing to ask; but they were quite a distance from his home and called him to be away from his family every Lord's day, and his wife and little ones had nearly two miles to walk to church. Considering these circumstances he thought it would be better to accept the charge at Payne, and move there and be with his family, and the church he was laboring with, every Lord's day. Accordingly when he went to his regular appointment he laid the matter before these congregations; but it was a sore trial to give up the minister they loved so well, the one who had built up their church and Sunday schools and their Y. P. S. C. E. and kept them in such a prosperous condition. But they seemed to think it was the Lord's will that things were to take such a turn, and gave their consent.

This released Elder Howenstine from his obligations at Salem and Little River, and when he again returned to Payne he accepted the pastorate and rented a commodious dwelling house, but unfortunately it was in that part of the town where the wells are shallow and the water not of the best quality. On the following Friday he returned to his new field of labor, in order to do some visiting and pastoral work before the Lord's day service. But the diphtheria had broken out in a malignant form and some parts of the town were quarantined, and the board of health had issued an order to have the schools stopped and no services allowed in any of the churches. Accordingly Elder Howenstine remained among his flock till Saturday afternoon when he took the 2 o'clock train, of the Nickel Plate railroad, and came to Raber Station and walked over to Forest to preach

at the old home church, and made four visits or calls before church time on Saturday evening.

This was his last visit to the home of his parents and the home church. He spoke expressly on Lord's day of how much he prized the privilege of coming home and to the home church—to the place where he first gave his heart to God, and where he had labored so long as an elder of the church and as Sunday school superintendent. Before he left on Monday morning he spoke of his intention of going to the World's Fair, and said: "Mother, I am not going to satisfy an idle curiosity, but I intend to see all that can be seen in the time I have to spend there; and I want to lay in a store of information to draw from in after years."

It was raining when he started, with his umbrella raised and his grip-sack in his hand; he gave us all an affectionate farewell, and we stood at the north door and looked after him as he walked down the well-beaten path, across the pasture lot to the public road. But, little did we think or dream, that this was his last walk across the lawn and his last visit to the dear old home. Alas! how uncertain is life. Everything we look upon is passing away; but "the word of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My word shall not pass away."

"O let the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone  
And death comes stealing softly on,  
How silently!"—*Don Rodriggo.*

The following is a letter from Elder Howenstine to his parents while holding his meeting in Payne:

PAYNE, Ohio, April 13, 1893.

*Dear Father and Mother:*

I am still in Payne carrying on our meeting in the name of the Great Master, and our labors have been wonderfully blest. I wish you could be here and participate in these great feasts of God's love and comforting grace enjoyed by his dear people. It is truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. When we meet together for worship we realize that we have the fulfillment of his promise, that "where, if but two or three are met together in my name I will be in their midst." And, when I stand up in His name and in my weak way preach the glorious gospel to these people, I realize that the Holy Spirit is applying it to the hearts of such as are willing to be saved.

The town is pretty well stirred up—people are taking a retrospect of their lives to see if they have obeyed the commands of the Savior and set an example of this obedience before the world. Some have been church-members and even leaders and teachers in the church for years and have not obeyed the Savior in baptism. Last week, one evening after church, a man remained to talk with me about his soul's salvation. We talked until everybody had left except the janitor and one other brother, and when all doubts were removed I took his confession away back at the door; he did not want to wait till the rising of another sun to confess his Savior. It reminded me of Philip and the Ethiopian.

Brother Updike and his singer, Brother Hackelman, assisted in this meeting for several days. The house was filled to its utmost capacity every night and our day meetings have been very interesting. There has not been a day



gone by since our meeting fairly commenced but that I had baptizing to do. There has been near a hundred additions and a great deal of good substantial church work done beside. I do not know, yet, when the meeting will close. The brethren here want me to abandon my other preaching places and move to this place and give them all my time. This would be a great trial, for I love my work and the brethren at these other places so dearly, but if I can accomplish more good by taking this charge I reckon I shall accept it. Jennie and Nellie came to stay a few days with us and enjoy this good meeting. Nellie was so glad to see me that she had to give vent to her feelings through a great flood of tears. Well, it is almost time for church and I must close. I hope this little message will find you all well and rejoicing in hope. How is the work prospering in the home church? Give my love to all. Remember me, and my work in your prayers.


From your affectionate son,

SOLON A. HOWENSTINE.



## CHAPTER XI.

REMOVING TO A NEW FIELD OF LABOR—TOO BUSY TO VISIT—  
PREACHED HIS LAST SERMON—A TREASURE IN HEAVEN—HER  
SPIRIT WE WOULD NOT RECALL.

RS. S. A. HOWENSTINE and her children took the street car and went over to the Nickel Plate railroad depot on Monday afternoon to meet a friend that was coming from the west, and were intending to stay there till the train came in from the east, and meet "papa" as he came in from Payne; but to their surprise he came in from the west and they did not need to wait. They had not heard of the sanitary regulations at Payne, but were glad to see papa fresh from their old country home. A few weeks following was spent in settling up business, renting the Fort Wayne property and preparing to move to Payne.

The writer went to Fort Wayne and made them a visit in the week previous to their departure, which was a season of rare enjoyment. Elder Howenstine had added several new volumes to his library and had purchased a new and commodious book case to hold his well selected supply of books, and had subscribed for the *Review of Reviews* and several other interesting periodicals. Examining and discoursing on the various topics treated of in these works, and, what would be the better plans of church work in his new field of labor, were the principle topics of conversa-

tion during the days of this pleasant visit; and all that seemed to worry the elder, was, that he had not time enough to do all the pastoral work that ought to be done and to do the reading, that he wished to do beside. On Saturday, after early dinner he got ready too go to his appointment at Payne, packing his valise with such books and papers as he expected to need, and rolling up one of his charts, he said: "Next Saturday I shall not be obliged to go away and leave my home and family, and on Lord's day we can all go to Sunday school and church together." Then he kissed the children and told them to be good, and bid us an affectionate good-bye and started for the street car line.

This was our last sight of his stately form till we saw him on his sick bed. We returned to our home that afternoon, and in the week following Elder Howenstine and family removed to Payne, and by the generous assistance rendered by the brethren and sisters of the church, they got settled down, and ready for church work, by Saturday. It took several weeks of busy work and study to get things in shape that he could leave for a week to go to the Columbian Exposition about the middle of June. At 3 o'clock on Monday morning he started on the Nickle Plate railroad to Valparaiso, where he intended to stop a few hours to visit his Almamater—his old school home, and his friend, Harris Kaufman, who was attending school there at this time. He also called on Rev. J. H. O. Smith, pastor of the Church of Christ at that place, and president of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the state of Indiana. He spoke of this pleasant interview as one of the prominent features of his week's enjoyment. He had met this interesting christian gentleman on two former occasions—at the preacher's meet-

ing at Wabash and at the Y. P. S. C. E. convention at Fort Wayne.

Valparaiso is the place of conjunction of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago and the Nickle Plate railroad's, and a party of young people from the home church at Laud were to meet him there, and accompany him to the exposition. When the young folks returned we asked them how they enjoyed the fair? The girls said "we enjoyed it splendidly, but it was no use to try to keep up with Solon. He got around and saw as much in a day as we could in two." We were expecting him to come home on a visit for a few days when he returned from Chicago, and he sent his wife and children on to her father's the next week, but he had a large Bible chart to draw and put up in the church, and he took this opportunity while the children were absent to do it. His wife and children visited among the relatives and neighbors and put up cherries and other small fruit, in quantity as she expected to need.

In this time she was expecting her husband to come and visit a few days; but almost every day she would get a letter or card from him telling how busy he was. He wrote that they were repairing and papering the church and he wanted to have his chart finished and ready to hang up as soon as the church was completed; and there was so much to do in looking after the interests of the church that he thought he could not come till October, when the Howenstine annual reunion was to be held in Clear Creek township, Huntington county, Ind., and as he was vice president of the association, and was on the program for the opening speech, he desired to be there without fail; and then he would visit his friends and preach again at the old home church. But these fond hopes were never realized. When

his wife returned home he was not feeling well. He said that he had not been right well since he came from Chicago. She tried to induce him to take a thorough course of treatment, but he relied on his strong constitution to throw off the disease and only took some cordial to check a dysentery that was troubling him at the time. Work and business were pressing on every side; the ministers of the various churches represented in the town were holding weekly meetings in order to prepare themselves to meet the demands of the place, for they had the effects of seven saloons to contend with, and he was chairman of these meetings. He was on the program for a sermon at the Sunday school convention at Hicksville, Ohio, and had a call to go to Salem, his former preaching place to preach at a yearly meeting, and was making preparation to attend and officiate at the elegant wedding of Nettie McHenry.

Besides his church work in Payne, he went to several places in the country and preached on Sunday afternoons and frequently on week-day evenings. Thus we see that Elder Howenstine's mind was so enlisted in the work of the Master that the destructive elements of a fatal disease were preying upon him unnoticed by himself, but not by his wife, for she saw that he was not as strong and robust as he used to be and that he was working and studying too hard, and would often speak of it to him, and he would say that "Brother Updike works harder than I do, and he stands it all right."

On Tuesday evening, August 8th, he had an appointment at Baldwin seven miles distant. That day he went to Dr. Gorrel for medical advice and treatment. The doctor told him that he ought to be in bed instead of going out there to preach. He replied: "I unavoidably disappointed

them once and if I disappoint them again, they will loose all confidence in me." And, though his temperature was one hundred and three, he insisted on going and the doctor administered medicine and sent his son to take him to his appointment in the carriage; and with much earnestness he gave his excellent lecture on Paul's missionary travels. On Lord's day evening, previous, he preached his last sermon in Payne on the same subject, which we shall endeavor to write out in following pages as best we can from the notes and references which he left. When he returned from Baldwin he took a severe chill and became very sick and was under the doctor's care for the remainder of his precious life.

"The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will  
That we shall die."

The following is a fac-simile of a letter of condolence written to John Benton Ihrig and wife, members of the home church, shortly after the death of their daughter, Eva, who was suddenly crushed to death by a locomotive engine while on her way to church in Marion, Ind., July 3rd, 1893 :

S. A. HOWENSTINE, V. D. M.,  
Pastor.

PAYNE, Ohio, July 7th, 1893.  
*Brother and Sister Ihrig, Laud, Ind.:*

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER :—I just learned last evening of the fearful and awful death of your daughter, Eva. If any consolation can be afforded under so heavy an affliction as you have experienced, it must come from a higher power than mine. Your strong faith and hope in God is the greatest comfort to you in the hour of trouble. But,

dear brother, I shed tears with you while writing this, and the only thought that clears them away is, that dear Eva was prepared to meet her God. She leaves her christian life behind her as a greater monument to her memory than a marble pyramid that would reach the sky. When I read of her sad death, my mind was carried back to the many times we met in the prayer-meeting. Sometimes not many present, but Sister Eva always had a word of encouragement, a prayer or a song.

Oh, I never shall forget her sweet voice as she used to sing in our meetings. But that voice is hushed on earth now while it is mingled with the angelic voices of heaven. My prayer is that we may all so live as to enjoy that sweet voice with the angels in the bright home of the soul. My brother, this is a sore trial which your family is passing through and I ask God that his sustaining grace may be able to heal the wounds of your hearts. Dear Eva is now a treasure laid up in heaven, and the gate through which she passed to glory is left open so that in due time you may follow. Let this be your consolation. God comfort you, I cannot.

From your sorrowing friend,

SOLON A. HOWENSTINE.

### IN MEMORY OF EVA IHRIG,

LAUD, INDIANA.

From our presence into the haven of rest  
Dear Eva has passed to dwell with the blest.  
She smilingly went from her dear village home  
Not expecting life's end to be merely a moan.

She was light-hearted, cheery and gay,  
And hoped ere long to come back to stay;  
But it was there she met that horrible doom,  
And now lies resting in the silent tomb.

A precious soul has gone to rest—  
A spirit fled to the home of the blest.  
A voice we loved so much is still,  
A place is vacant none else can fill.

We mourn, as do her many friends,  
When e're we think how sad life ends.  
She's dead! but lives among us yet;  
Her smiling face we'll ne'er forget.

She was a light—a city on a hill;  
Her kindly deeds the engine could not kill.  
In Y. P. S. C. E. and church we ne'er shall meet  
That dear loved one we used to greet.

Arrayed in garments pure and white  
She'll clasp the hand of \*Gilbert in the light  
Of God, where they two, hand in hand,  
Will walk the shores of Beulah land.

Help us dear Lord, this cross to bear  
That in this sorrow all may share;  
Comfort that father and heart broken mother  
Sorrowing sisters and grief-stricken brother.



Dear Eva was much loved by us all,  
Yet her sweet spirit we would not recall.  
She's fought the good fight, the prize she has won  
And is now made heir with the glorified Son.


—ELLA HOWENSTINE.

\* Eva's little nephew, Gilbert, son of her twin sister, died a few months before.



## CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST COMMUNION—THE PASTOR'S REQUEST—A HOPE THAT  
NEVER FALTERS.

N THE 10th of August, 1893, at 9 o'clock in the evening the writer received a letter from Elder Howenstine's wife written as follows:

PAYNE, Ohio, August 9th, 1893.

*Dear Friends at Home :*

I take this opportunity to address a few lines to you. I cannot say we are all well, for Solon is sick with typhoid fever. I have been giving him medicine every two hours for two days and nights. No one else has administered a dose of medicine. I would be glad to have some of you come and see us. I would like to have Ella come and stay with us, for I am nearly down sick myself.

Yours affectionately,

JENNIE HOWENSTINE.

This message was received on Thursday and the Friday morning mail carried back the answer: "Be of good courage, do the very best you can and we'll be there to-morrow;" and that day, preparations were made for an early start on the morrow. At 3 o'clock in the morning Elder Howenstine's brother, Scott, and the writer were on the road with a good traveling pony and buggy. Sunrise found us eighteen miles on our way. We breakfasted at Fort

Wayne at S. F. Swayne's where the elder's sister, Ella was living at this time; and a few minutes before 1 o'clock in the afternoon we were at the residence of our beloved one. We found him very sick, but perfectly rational. He was very glad to see us, and expressed himself as feeling some better, but we were very cautious not to talk too much to him, as he was quite weak. Dr. Gorrel was visiting him three times a day and using all the skill and knowledge of his profession that he could command, for his restoration; and everything in the way of nursing and loving attention was being done for him. There was not anything that his attendants could think of, that might contribute to his comfort or lead to his restoration, that was left undone. That afternoon some of the officers of the church and Sunday school were in, to visit their pastor. He told them to be in their places on time in the morning; that they should not let the interest in the Sunday school and church slacken because he was sick. He also told them that after the service at the church was over, a few of them should come to his home and bring the emblems of the Lord's body and shed blood with them and have communion service there.

That night he was under the watchful care of his brother and a brother in the church; his wife and mother going to rest at midnight. On Lord's day morning he seemed better and desired that his brother should go to Sunday school and see his congregation and the church that was the object, around which his best interests clustered. His brother complied with his wishes, and while he was gone he conversed with us about the dear old home and the loved ones there, that were anxiously waiting to hear encouraging news from him, and about the dear old church that he expected to visit in October. His brother returned from

church much pleased with the appearance of his charge and sat down by the bed and conversed with him till after dinner, when he took an affectionate leave of him and returned home, and we remained to watch over him through all the days of his illness. In the afternoon the elders and deacons of the church assembled, with a few of the members, at the pastor's home and had communion service. There were but four persons in his room besides his own family, the others remaining in his study. At the close of the services Elder Howenstine offered a short, but impressive prayer, and then said, "brethren, I want you to come here to commemorate the love Jesus every Sunday as long as I am sick.

The Lord's day evening drew on, and the shades of night gathered around, but they brought no rest nor sleep to the sick preacher, nor his attendants. At midnight he was taken with a chill, and neighbor Baughman brought the doctor, who seemed to be very much alarmed at the severity of the disease. As soon as the chill was over the fever raised to an alarming height and his mind began to wander, and by 8 o'clock in the morning it was with difficulty that he could be kept in bed. He imagined his family and friends had forsaken him, and that some horrible falsehood had been published concerning him in the *Chicago Times*, and that his friends would not let him see it because he was sick. He said he knew it was false, because, he had not done anything wrong.

In all this wild delirium, he steadily clung to Jesus, and persisted in affirming that, "Though father and mother, wife and children, brethren and sisters forsake me, Jesus will never forsake me; for I have always been true and faithful to him, and his word is sure and steadfast." O,

what a grand hope, that will not forsake us even in wild delirium; it is certainly sure and steadfast, an anchor to the soul.

Through all this day of anxiety and excitement, the dear brethren and sisters of the church, and friends and neighbors, were untiring in their efforts to render assistance and soothe the troubled mind of the suffering patient. But, as the shadows began to lengthen and the sun decline in the western horizon, the fever began to abate and before the setting of the sun his reason returned and he was himself again.

He seemed to realize that the disease had the mastery over him and that his recovery was very doubtful. At a glance he seemed to interpret the looks of discouragement depicted in the countenance of his physicians. He feared that in his delirium he might have said things in a cross and petulant manner, that had, perhaps, hurt the feelings of some of his attendants, and lovingly asked forgiveness if anything of the kind had transpired. All who were present assured him that they were not in the least offended and were so sorry that his mind had labored under such a delusion for so many hours. He then turned to his wife and told her that he was going to leave her, and what disposition she should make of the property, and that she should do the best she could to raise the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and he said further that he wanted Brother Updike to preach his funeral discourse; "and bury me ——— well, wherever you think best, and do not get a costly monument for me, I would rather you would take the money to educate the children." Then he turned his eyes upon the children, and said, "I want you to be good and mind your mamma, and go to school,

and get a good education, and grow up to be nice Christian ladies." Then he addressed his mother and said: "Mother, you have always been a good mother to me, and given me good advice and helped me in every way you could, and I thank you for it in this my dying hour." Then he spoke to the church members, saying, "Do not let the work of the Lord slacken or go down, but go right on and do the best you can till you can get another pastor to fill my place." They answered, tearfully, that that would be hard to do, that there were few men that could fill the place as he did. He seemed much exhausted from this talk, and said, "Now I am ready to go."



## CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST ENEMY—APPROACHING THE END—THE SPIRIT TOOK FLIGHT.

**WE** WILL here make a digression and answer a question that has been asked by many enquiring friends. When Elder Høwenstine spoke to his wife and children of the things that we might call his will, “Why did you not dispatch immediately for his father, brother and sisters?”

In the first place, we had written in the morning stating his condition during the night and up to 10 o'clock in the morning and said that if he did not make a change soon he could not survive many days. Second, None of his family, who were present, had ever worked with patients suffering from typhoid fever, and the brethren at Payne said it was no uncommon thing for a person to get wild and delirious in this disease. Third, We had never known a person to die with this disease sooner than the fourteenth day. Fourth, We had often known of persons making their will and having it written and attested and then recover. And lastly, Mrs. Fred Brock, a very dear friend of ours at Forest, told us years ago, that her husband had typhoid fever and laid in unconcious delirium for ten or twelve days, and one of the small children died and was taken away and buried and he knew nothing of it, and yet recovered.

When the fever and delirium returned that night with such violence and the physicians seemed alarmed, we sent a dispatch to the folks at home soon after midnight. Owing to carelessness or inability of the operator, the message was not delivered to the parties to whom it was directed till almost noon. Then it was impossible for them to reach the depot in time for the 1 o'clock train, which was the only train going east that would stop at Payne that day.

All that transpired from this time till Wednesday noon would fill many pages with sad and sorrowful records, but suffice it to say that he was hurried along from one stage of the disease to another as though he was on a "Lightning Train." On Tuesday his sister, Ella, came from Fort Wayne and was much surprised to find him in such a critical condition. She sent letters and dispatches to relatives, but owing to some delay of the carrier they received the word too late to come on Tuesday and before train time on Wednesday, the "grim monster" had done his work and one of the best men living was dead.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Stemen, of Fort Wayne, was telegraphed to come as council to Drs Gorrel and Cartwright. He boarded the first train available and was there by noon, and as he stood by the bedside his countenance told his decision, and the dying man, though delirious, was not slow to read it, for as soon as he was gone the elder said, "Now, see there, that doctor just came in and looked at me a little while and then went right out and never gave me a word of encouragement, nor even a dose of medicine—it's no use—it's done—it's all gone—I want the rest of you to get away too, or it will go as it has with me. Let me get out of doors where it is cool, and plenty of fresh air and cold water, and I will get along all right."



He seemed to realize that the malady was prevailing as an epidemic in the town, and wanted his wife and children to leave for their own safety. As the day wore away and the fever began to abate, and when his attendants had done all in their power to make him comfortable and would leave him to rest or sleep a few minutes, he would fold his hands across his breast and in a sweet plaintive tone, sing:

“There’s a land that is fairer than day  
By faith we can see it afar.”

with the chorus,

“In the sweet by and by.”

Later on, his speech seemed to fail him and he talked very little and with much difficulty; and was taken with paroxisms of laughter—he would laugh as heartily as ever he did when he was well. But this seemed to be the preface to the last chapter of the book of his life; the neighing of the “pale horse” as he was goaded on by the “sickle-armed” rider.

I will here state that in all his sickness he never refused taking his medicine or nourishment until the Fort Wayne doctor prescribed brandy to be taken internally; this he firmly refused and when his attendants forced some of this alcoholic stimulant into his mouth he wept like a child but did not say an ill word.

Night came on, and its somber curtains were drawn around this grief stricken home; and there was no rest, no sleep, no joy, and no mirth among that anxious company of friends and attendants. And at midnight there was a cry, “behold the bridegroom cometh, is the bride ready?” “She is ready but her friends detain her.” “He is dying.” “Bring the doctor, quick.” “O! it’s no use he’s going.” “Sing to him as he passes into death’s chilly waters,” said his mother. But all seemed in too profound a depth of

grief to start a hymn. But she laid one hand on his clammy brow and with the other she held his hand in a gentle loving grasp and in broken accents sung:

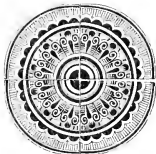
"In heaven above, where all is love  
There'll be no more sorrow there."

Then Sister Baughman, a Methodist lady, came in with her book and led in singing a few appropriate songs with that peculiar sweetness that accompanies a voice modulated with grief. "He's rallying; perhaps it's not death—it may be only the crisis—perhaps recovery is yet looming up in the future." "Listen, that's the doctor." "Things may change for the better yet," was the language of the anxious, love-blinded family. Then nourishment and stimulants were brought and administered, hot flannels were applied and changed every few minutes, the sweat was wiped, the fan was vibrating, gentle loving words were spoken by wife, mother, sister and children in vain hope of getting a distinct answer. And thus the spirit that was yearning to go at the midnight call, was detained till high noon; yes, twenty minutes after twelve and the "silver cord was broken." No husband's voice was heard to cheer the home, no father's footsteps were listened for by the prattling children. No pen was writing messages, telling of his success in the gospel to anxious loving parents. No minister was there to occupy the vacant pulpit, and comfort the sorrowing congregation. Then was heard the heart-rending sobs from a disconsolate widow and orphan children. A mother's staff had fallen from her hand, and a sisters's hopes fled. "There's the train." "O! could they only have got here an hour earlier. They will not be expecting this. O, how can they endure to come in, and see him in the embrace of death," were choking words of

a weeping sister. "There they come walking down the sidewalk weeping and wringing their hands; they have heard it at the depot. What a crowd of them. The father and mother of the weeping widow, the father of the deceased minister, his only brother, almost overwhelmed with grief, Elder Gillespie, his yoke fellow in the ministry, B. F. Ihrig and Jacob Raber, members of the home church." Oh! what a sad meeting of loving friends; they could scarcely believe that the gentle spirit had fled from the placid features of their beloved friend and brother. But these sad partings have been taking place ever since our first parents were driven out of the garden of Eden. And joy, peace and union unalloyed with sorrow, parting and disappointment, are only found in the paradise of God.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,

From which none ever wakes to weep."



## CHAPTER XIV.

### AFTER THE STRUGGLE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE BURIAL—THE FUNERAL.

WHEN DID he take worse," asked his heart broken brother. "On Sunday a few hours after you left. What delayed your coming so long, I looked for some of you all through the night; I supposed you would come through in some vehicle and not wait for the train." "Well, mother, we had a sad funeral at the home church; our dear little sister, Delly Richmond, is dead and buried; and there was a mistake about delivering the letters, and the night operator failed to send out the telegram in time to take the train yesterday. And then we had no idea he was so ill. Did he die hard?" "Yes. About half an hour before the breath left him, he had a terrible struggle with the grim monster, but there seemed to come to his rescue one of those horses unseen to natural eyes, that were encamped on the mountain of Dothan: 2 Kings, 6: 17. He moved and braced up every muscle in his body and put his hands together, clenched as though holding the rein of the bridle and raised his eyebrows and seemed to ride through the "valley and shadow of death" as proud and gallant as any general that ever commanded a battle; and after this his countenance wore a peaceful smile, and as I placed a quilt beneath his head when Brother Campbell

removed the pillow, he spoke the word "mamma." Then his wife came and bent lovingly over him, and said, "Solon can't you speak to me once more? This is Jennie don't, you know me?" He opened his eyes and tried to speak but his tongue failed to obey his will, and with a smile he raised his eyebrows and politely answered with a nod or bow of the head. A few more breaths, a few more kisses pressed on his forehead, and all was over.

I held to his hand till he was far out in the chilly water of death, and for an instant the veil was lifted "that intervenes between the fair city and me," and "the mists were cleared away," and on the other side of the river stood the "Fair City," on a gently sloping hill side, with streets covered with arches resting on piers, all covered with white, and delicate tinted flowers, and in the streets and on the hillside was "the great multitude of the redeemed that no man could number;" and near the farther bank of the river stood a form, like that of Sister Eva, who was hurled into eternity but a short time ago by the locomotive engine, as though waiting to welcome him, who was so long her instructor in the church and Sunday school, to that delightful shore beyond the Jordan of death, where there is no more sorrow nor crying, "And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"In a moment this beautiful vision had vanished and we were all here in the presence of death." While this conversation was going on, in an adjoining room preparations were being made to embalm the corpse and prepare it for removal to the home of his childhood—to his father's house in Whitley county, Ind.

The good brethren from the home church assisted by

the brethren at Payne were busy sending dispatches and letters to different places and to Rev. Updike who was at Toledo holding a meeting at the time; and making preparations for the funeral at the home church on Saturday. The dear sisters of Payne were rendering every assistance in their power to make things pleasant, and to mitigate the sorrows of this bereaved family.

On Thursday morning Mrs. Seley brought her camera and took a negative of the dead minister as he lay in his casket, after which a short but impressive service was conducted by Rev. Smith, minister of the Methodist church. After a song by the choir Brother Smith read part of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel, then Brother Wiltsie, elder of the church of Christ, offered a most tender and impressive prayer, after which Brother Smith gave a talk that was brief but to the point.

After expressing his heartfelt sympathy and pity in words of kind regard and comfort to the family and relatives, he said he had never met a man, to whom he became so much attached and loved so tenderly in so short a time. He said further, that earth was made better because he lived, and heaven richer because he died.

Immediately after the conclusion of the service the remains were removed to the hearse and driven by Mr. Cowel to his father's home at Forest, Whitley county, Ind., Elder Gillespie and daughter accompanied the hearse in their carriage. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the family and relatives, accompanied by Mayor Gaut and his wife, took the train for Raber station, where they found a number of conveyances and kind friends waiting to take them to their destination. About 5 o'clock the carriages drove in to Father Howenstine's home bringing the sorrowful

party that came from the scene of death at Payne, to meet a large crowd of anxious, sympathizing friends and neighbors, who had taken possession of the house and had everything in readiness for the sad occasion. At 8 o'clock the hearse arrived and the pall bearers carried the dear son into the parlor for his last visit at the old homestead where he remained until Saturday morning, August 19th. When his remains were removed to the church at Forest, where he first confessed Christ, and took membership in the family of God, and labored as an elder and a Sunday school superintendent and teacher for so many years. Rev. Updike conducted the funeral services, assisted by Elder Hummel, of Marion, Ind. His text may be found in Matthew 25: 21, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It was said by many, who are competent judges, that it was the ablest and most pathetic funeral discourse that was ever preached in this locality, and was attentively listened to by nearly one thousand persons. After Brother Updike had concluded his discourse, Brother Hummel spoke with much feeling and tenderness of his intimate association and friendship with the deceased and of his encouraging him to enter into the ministry. After which the undertaker uncovered the casket and directed the viewing of the remains, which occupied nearly an hour. The final leave taking of the family and congregations to whom he had been pastor was a most touching scene. Strong men who had seldom been known to shed a tear, even over the coffins of their own dead, stood weeping like children. When this last parting on the shores of time was over,

the sad procession moved slowly on to Evergreen cemetery where loving hearts and busy hands had prepared a most beautiful grave, all lined with snow-white batting and a wreath of myrtle encircling its whole circumference; and when the casket was borne in and placed above it, and the beautiful pillows, and crosses, and anchors of flowers that loving hands had supplied, were removed, and it was gently lowered to the beautiful resting place, and the thickly batted plank was let down to shut out forever from mortal sight, the dear form it covered, there was scarcely a sob heard from the family; they had taken their leave of him and looked no more down into the grave to see the object of their affections, but left him to his sweet repose.

“The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs his sweet repose;  
Than summer evening’s latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.”


Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust; and the clods of the earth covered what was so very dear to hundreds of loving friends.





## CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FUNERAL DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY REV.  
J. V. UPDIKE—CALLED TO HIGHER WORK—FIT FOR THE  
SOCIETY OF ANGELS.

S WE failed in getting a stenographer to note down this most touching discourse, we will endeavor to give a few extracts in our own language, which may fall as far short of his lively, enthusiastic manner of expression as a dead body falls short of fully representing the living subject.

The scripture lesson read by Brother Updike was the 46th Psalm, beginning "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and ending, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." And also the first part of the 21st chapter of Revelations referring to the "New heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" and to the promise that "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

His text was taken from Matthew's gospel, 25: 21. "His Lord said unto him, well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Brother Updike remarked that he had

been trying for fifteen years to find a subject for whom he could truthfully and heartily preach a funeral discourse from this text. But to-day he had a subject before him that might have said with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

He said further, "Since I first made his acquaintance, I have known nothing of him but true fidelity. He was every day and every hour about his Father's business. In this he followed the example of the blessed Christ. His hearts desire and prayer to God, was, that he might be able to do much good in the world, and be instrumental in saving many precious souls. He was humble, innocent, frank and open-hearted as a child; and though he was one of the best of husbands and a kind father, and desired his family to have plenty to keep them comfortable, he never worried about his salary. The one great object he had in view was: How much good can I do? How many hearts can I touch with the grand old story of the cross? How many lives can I lead into paths of righteousness, and teach them that 'it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die;' and how many souls can I warn of the byways that lead away from the highway of holiness into the sloughs of sin and degradation?" All these and many more, were his high aspirations. There were none of God's human creatures down so low, but that Brother Howenstine's love and pity reached after them, nor none so high, but what he sought to bring them down to the plain teaching of the gospel of Christ. He was honest and upright in all his dealings with mankind, and true and loyal to the great God, whose plan of salvation he was so faithfully presenting to a sinful world. Let us not be selfish in our grief, but while we are thinking

of our loss, let us remember that our brother has gained a home in heaven, eternal life, a crown of glory.

It was through my influence that he moved to Payne where he has accomplished such a great work in the name of the Lord; and it is beyond our comprehension, why God suffered this malignant disease to lay hold on him, and make his body an unfit dwelling place for his sweet gentle spirit. God has called him to a higher plane—a higher sphere of action. The very best men die young.

Jesus Christ was only thirty-three when his work on earth was finished. Brother Solon has done more and better work in other vocations of life, besides the work of the ministry, than many other men who have lived to a ripe old age. His place in the pulpit at Payne, and in the hearts of the members, and in the social circles, cannot be filled as he filled them. He was one among a thousand in looking after the necessities of all classes of society. The cause of the ragged waif of the street was not beneath his notice. Oh, he was so faithful over the few things that God had committed to his care, and his labors and his afflictions have worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and he has the promise of being made ruler over many things. When we consider what he has accomplished, he has not died young. He has lived eighty years in thirty-seven; not in amassing wealth, though he has left a comfortable sustenance for his family, but in the good he has done, as is shown in the impression he made on the minds of those with whom he associated in life, and in the way he has endeared himself to the multitudes of people. His life time is not counted by days, months and years, but by the good deeds he has done, the grand work that he has accomplished and the

sacrifices he has made for the cause of the Master, and the influence he has exerted over the lives of many, that may not cease to work for the glory of God in this world, or in the world to come.

There is no need of any word that I may utter to remind you of the loss we have sustained in the death of our dear brother. There is perhaps not a solitary person in all this vast audience who is not a mourner. And many under the sound of my voice have been led to Christ through his labors and his exemplary life. Every community where he resided, if it was but a short time, was made better and happier by his presence. We felt the benefit of his loving presence, even the short time he sojourned with us in Fort Wayne. He would come to my home with smiling countenance, gentle spirit and loving heart, and we would sit down and talk from noon till evening and other times from evening till midnight; and you may wonder what we talked about. It was not about the gossip of the city, nor how to make money, nor how to take the advantage of our neighbor in the way of a bargain of trade. Ah, no! it was how we might present the gospel in order to accomplish the most good, and how can we through its influence save souls and make individuals and homes happy. And how can we best combat against the infidelity, the false teaching and the false doctrine, and the many evils that are rampant in this country of ours.

In the person of Brother Howenstine everybody in the community found they had a true friend, one that would give them good reasonable advice on almost any subject that would come in question, and he would always point them to the word of God for comfort and consolation, and rules by which to guide our actions and conver-

sation. And when we consider that this beautiful and useful life was just unfolding, as a half blown rose blushing beneath the sparkling dew drops of a summer morning, we cannot conceive what it might have attained to, had it been permitted to go on in its high and holy aspirations in this present world. One thing we know—that his purity of life, honesty of purpose, and chastity of conversation was befitting for the society of angels. But years were not to be the stepping stones to the sublime heights to which this noble soul should attain.

“He lives the most

Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best:

We live in deeds, not in years: in thoughts, not in breaths,


*In feelings, not in figures on the dial.”*

May the Lord bless and comfort, and sustain this heart broken widow, and these fatherless children, this sorrowing father and weeping mother, these brothers and sisters who have lost their elder brother, and these flocks that have lost a tender shepherd. May the Lord help us all to look through our tears and sorrows to Jesus the Chief Shepherd who is a present help in time of trouble; a father to the fatherless, an husband to the widow, and a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Dear friends, be faithful and loyal and prayerful a few more days or years at most, and one by one as we've sung to-day we will be gathered home to enjoy the society of loved ones, of saints and apostles, patriarchs and prophets, angels and archangels, and the glorified Savior himself. Amen.

## CHAPTER XVI.

OBITUARY, BY REV. UPDIKE, EDITOR OF "THE GOOD NEWS"—  
REJOICING IN SUCCESS—NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING—SUPER-  
INTENDENT NINE YEARS—RESOLUTIONS.

HE following is an obituary from the pen of Rev. J. V. Updike, editor of *The Good News*:

### ELDER S. A. HOWENSTINE.

"Tuesday evening, August 8th, 1893, our dear brother in Christ, Solon A. Howenstine, preached his last sermon in the United Brethren church at Baldwin, about seven miles from Payne, Paulding county, Ohio, on "Paul's Second Missionary Tour." Last spring we prevailed upon Brother Howenstine to take charge of the Church of Christ in Payne. He did so and moved his family from Fort Wayne, Ind., to Payne, and from the very first the church began to prosper until it was one of the strongest churches and Sunday schools in the county. Everybody loved him, and he had calls from all parts and denominations to preach for them. He was in the few weeks that he was there, one of the best known and most popular preachers in that part of the country. He was always kind and friendly to all. He loved the truth and would not compromise it for any one; always aiming to convince others of its importance. He started to his appointment

at Baldwin when his temperature registered one hundred and three degrees. His wife and Dr. Gorrel tried to persuade him to give up the appointment and not go that night, but he said, 'No, I have an appointment there and the people will loose confidence in me if I disappoint them. I must go and do my duty.'

"Dr. Gorrel sent his son to take him in the carriage as he had no conveyance of his own. He preached his sermon and when he returned he began to chill. The doctor was called and did what he could, and called to his assistance other able physicians of Payne and Fort Wayne but to no avail. Typhoid fever had marked him and he must go. A man in excellent health before, large, fleshy, robust and active, must give up to die.

"When he was conscious and learned that he must go, he called his wife and little children around him, (three beautiful girls, one already in the church) and told them what he wanted them to do, to always be good and faithful to the Lord and that he desired Brother Updike to preach his funeral discourse, &c. Then he became unconscious and on Wednesday noon his spirit took flight and one of the best men we ever knew was dead. The wife and children worked with him to bring him back, but he did not hear their cries or calls.

"On Saturday, August 19th, at the church where he was converted to Christ when he was nineteen years old, and where he had been one of the best Sunday school superintendents they ever had, and one of the most faithful elders the church ever had for years, before he moved away to preach the gospel in other parts. The funeral sermon was preached to the largest audience that had ever assembled in that place, from Matthew XXV: 21; 'Well done,

thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' It was one of the saddest days of our life to stand and see the heart-broken father and mother, and the only brother, and sisters, and brothers-in-law and the church that loved him so much, weeping, and then the poor wife and children weeping as though their hearts would break. It is impossible to give a description of the scene.

'For nearly two years Brother Howenstine had been taking instructions from us in evangelistic work. He seemed so near to us. He was so apt in learning and was as teachable as a little child. He would go out and do his very best to carry out our instructions, and then come to us rejoicing in success, and would take us by the hand and with tears in his eyes would say: 'Brother Updike, I could not have had that success if it had not been for your help.' We would say, 'Go ahead, and see if you don't succeed anywhere, just so long as you carry out those plans of work. Give God all the glory.

'Can it be that we can never meet Brother Howenstine any more in this world? We feel as though we had been robbed of a true and faithful brother, and the church lost a faithful worker.

'He was going to be one of the bright lights here. He will shine forever and ever. His mother, who is a very intelligent disciple, had always been one of his faithful advisors. It is said that he never gave her a cross word. What a grand thing to say of a man, who had been with his mother all of his life up to the time he was over thirty-six years old. What a good example to young men in this day of disobedience.



“He was earnest and zealous, prayerful and pious, steady and studious, humble and harmless. He seemed to have but one ambition and that was to win souls to Christ and build up the church of Christ. He was in for helping every good work. The C. W. B. M., the Y. P. S. C. E., the home mission work, and everything that pertained to the work of saving souls.

“There was nothing like jealousy in his nature. He tried to help everybody and everybody desired to help him. He was a success. He loved his wife and children dearly, and his wife was a good helper for him. She could see that he was studying too hard and would frequently speak of it, when he would answer, ‘Brother Updike can do it and so can I.’

“He could have stood it all right if that poison had not lodged in his system. The church at Payne, Ohio, will never find a man that will fill his place.

“It is a good church and will do well by any man who will go among them and do his duty as he ought. Brother Hummel, of Marion, Ind., who had encouraged Brother Howenstine to enter the ministry, was present at the funeral and spoke words of praise of the deceased, and words of comfort to the friends.

“We are sorry that we have not the diary of Brother Howenstine so that we could give more particulars of his life before we knew him. He has gone before. We hope to meet him in the ‘sweet by and by.’

“It is not far to that bright land of love and it will not be long until we will be there if we are faithful to our Master. Let us be faithful while life shall last and then go home, to be forever with the Lord, and all the loved ones over there.

“Dear brother, you are not dead, but sleeping. No pain, no sorrow, no parting, no sickness, no sin, no death, no tears over there. You are happy now and forever more; so good bye, good bye brother, good bye.”

We clip the following from the *Payne Press*:

### HE IS NO MORE.

“Elder S. A. Howenstine, beloved pastor of the Church of Christ at this place, after a weeks’ illness of typhoid fever, at 12:40 o’clock p. m. yesterday, breathed his last. ‘He has fought a good fight,’ and in the prime of a glorious manhood, an earnest, kindly noble soul has passed away. And we who knew his manly qualities, stand in the shadow of the tomb and ask in vain, ‘why should it be?’ No answer comes, and we must bow before the conqueror alike of kings and peasants; for death is no respecter of persons. He came among us a stranger, a few months ago, but to-day hundreds feel they have lost a tender, sympathetic, manly friend and helper. He had ever a word of appreciation for honest endeavor, a word of cheer for the despondent and distressed, and in his daily life, as well as precepts, exemplified the teachings of the great Master, whose work he had been called to perform; there can be no greater eulogy than this.

“His stay among us has done much good, and he will be sadly missed—how much, we can not apprehend. Earth has too few such grand and helpful men. To his stricken family and friends we extend our heartfelt sympathy and kind regards, knowing they have no power to comfort those who are so sadly bereft.

“Elder Solon A. Howenstine, son of William and Lydia Howenstine, was born in Stark county, Ohio, Novem-

ber 29, 1856, and departed this life, August 16, 1893, aged thirty-six years, eight months and seventeen days.

“When a small boy his parents removed to Whitley county, Ind., and resided near Laud where he grew to manhood. He attended the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, and prepared for teaching, which he successfully followed for about ten years. He united with the church in early manhood and always led a consistent christian life; was assistant superintendent three years and superintendent nine years of the Sunday school at Laud. While teaching he began a course of study for the ministry, and was ordained a minister of the church of Christ about three years ago. He was called as minister in charge of the Little River and Salem congregations, and removed to Fort Wayne, Ind., November 10th, 1892. In May last, he removed to this place and resigned his work in Kosciusco and Allen counties, and took charge of the church of Christ at Payne, Ohio.

“He was united in marriage October, 1881, to Miss Jennie Merriman, of Whitley county, Ind., to whom were born three children, Carrie, Alma, and Nellie, who with their mother survive him. The remains will be removed to-day to his father’s home near Laud, Ind., where they will remain until Saturday, when funeral services will be held at the church of Christ at Laud, and afterward interred in Evergreen cemetery near that place.”

The following resolutions were drawn up by a committee appointed by the church of Christ, at Payne, Ohio:

PAYNE, O., August 21, 1893.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by death, our beloved brother, Elder Solon A. Howenstine, and

WHEREAS, His family has lost a kind and devoted husband and father, and the church of Christ at Payne an earnest, zealous pastor, and

WHEREAS, Our community has lost a citizen whose influence will leave a lasting impression on all who knew him. Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the church of Christ at Payne offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the near relatives and to our dear sister, Jennie Howenstine, and her children, in this their sad hour of bereavement and pray that they will trust in the all wise Father; he, whom our brother so dearly loved—who is ready to comfort them in their sad affliction and in their sorrow, and be it

*Resolved*, That the pulpit and his chair at the church of Christ be draped in the emblems of mourning for sixty days, and be it

*Resolved*, That we, as citizens, extend to the family our heartfelt sympathy in this the saddest hour of their lives, and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be put upon the record of the church, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and also copies furnished each of the local papers, and the Columbia City *Post* and *Christian Standard*.

Committee	{	S. J. CAMBELL,
		W. S. SNOOK,
		CLARA BARNEY,
		JENNIE HARRIS,
		H. K. GAUT.



## CHAPTER XVII.

OBITUARY AND MEMORIUM—FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT—ASLEEP IN  
JESUS—A TRIBUTE—ANXIOUS FOR THE SALVATION OF ALL  
—PROMPTING.

**T**HERE WERE many obituaries in different papers expressing tender sympathy and kind regards, and many messages of condolence, but we will not weary our readers with any more, except the one from the home church, which is as follows:

### IN MEMORIUM.

LAUD, Ind., August 27, 1893.

“In the order of nature as instituted by our Heavenly Father, our brother, friend and associate in christian work, Elder S. A. Howenstine, has fallen at the hand of the dread conqueror, death, which awaits us all.

“On August 16, 1893, the subject of our writing fell asleep at his residence in Payne, Ohio, after an illness of about one week of typhoid fever; aged thirty-six years, eight months and seventeen days.

“Never in the past has it been our duty to perform a labor of love which presents greater difficulties, and which appeals more directly to the emotions, to submit calmly and look to the future hopefully for a perfect substitute, than in this event of the loss of our friend and brother.

“Solon A. Howenstine was born in Stark county, Ohio, November 29, 1856, and came to Indiana with his parents in 1864, then but eight years old; where he spent his boyhood and grew to manhood. Brother Howenstine's chief characteristics were energy, ambition and zeal; continually pushing toward the prize of the high calling. Our brother was the first to confess Christ after the dedication of the Forest Christian church in 1875. He was married to Miss Jennie Merriman, of Whitley county, Ind., October 2, 1881, to whom were born three children, Carrie, Alma and Nellie, who with their mother survive him.

“Never before was the language of Paul more pertinent and applicable than in this instance of our sorrow. ‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.’”

“Surely the life of our brother suggests the above language in his daily walk, conduct and christian influence. Nevertheless, in the face of all the christian condolence and sympathy, we are overcome with affliction and sadly exclaim: ‘Why all this?’ But from the great beyond from whence no traveler returns, there comes not even an echo. But we silently and submissively return from the tomb to anchor more firmly than ever to ‘The rock that is higher than I.’

“He attended the Indiana Normal school at Valparaiso, where he fitted himself for teaching, which he successfully followed for about ten years. He united with the church and has always led a consistent christian life and has demonstrated this by practice as well as by precept. He was superintendent of the Sunday school at Laud for nine years, but it is said here, to the honor of our brother, that all may look back upon the great good he has accomplished

in the Sunday school work. We must remember now that he prepared his own maps and charts, a work of his own hands, with which to facilitate the work of teaching and make his lectures more easily comprehended. While yet engaged in teaching, our brother began a course of study for the ministry and was ordained a minister of the Christian church about three years ago. He was called in charge of the Salem and Little River churches and removed to Fort Wayne, when he was later called to take charge of the Christian church at Payne, Ohio, where he remained till death. What more remains for human hands to do, than to record the noble deeds accomplished by him in the short space of thirty-six years. Our dear brother, Solon, was truly an example of industry that may well be modeled: Those of us who knew him best, can best appreciate his noble, earnest deeds of kindness and manly qualities associated with a conscientious christian spirit. O, what a grand combination of characteristics and noble qualifications. He has followed in the footsteps of Jesus as nearly as he could.

“The editor of the *Payne Press* says, ‘Earth has too few such grand helpful men.’ We will emphasize the above. Truly earth is not burdened with that type of man.

“What grander eulogy can we pronounce, than that he was a christian gentleman under all circumstances? He had not passed on the highway of life, the stone that marks the remotest point, but being weary, he lay down by the wayside and fell into that sleep which we call death—asleep in Jesus. He has added to the sum of human joy. He has done what he could, and how much in the short, but busy period of thirty-six years. Speech can not portray our love for him, nor express our admiration of his manli-

ness. There was—there is no stronger, gentler, nobler type of christian manhood. We do therefore extend our heartfelt sympathies to the heart-broken wife and those dear little ones. To the father and mother and all the dear relatives, we beg you to accept our deepest condolence.”

“Leaves have their time to fall  
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath  
But thou hast all seasons, for thine own. O, death!”

The following is a tribute of love and respect from the pen of Rev. S. C. Hummel, of Marion, Ind.:

#### A TRIBUTE.

“In discharging the duty devolving upon me, an object assumes a distinct presence before me, as I look back in the history of a few years; and that the sainted, (but not because of age) but because of devotion, purity of heart, and christliness in life. Brother Solon Howenstine who only a few weeks ago underwent that change we call death; but Jesus would say “he sleepeth.” A departure from this earthlife to that celestial life of peace and joy and blessedness. The setting sun of whose noble life was like unto the great luminary of day sinking beneath the western horizon, casting up its glittering rays to the zenith, to remind us of the unclouded sky through which he had passed in the day of life.

“Enjoying the acquaintance of Brother Howenstine was one of the sweet recollections of my life. As an oasis in the great desert of life, so his association was a sweet repose from the active duties and labors that lay in our pathway. This acquaintance was never marred by any unpleasantness on the part of either of us. Our regard for each other was not pretentious, but the blending of kindred spirits to Christ.



“In undertaking a tribute to one so noble and so good I feel inadequate to the task. The first time I met him was in the church of his parents, and loved ones, and the faithful in Christ; which church he always loved and in which he always took an abiding interest.

“It seems but yesterday, so vivid is the recollection of the greeting he gave me. I realized I had found a man of God whose naturally warm and genial heart had been touched with the Savior’s love, and illuminated by the sweet spirit of the God he loved so well.

“So proud and generous in spirit, making room for all who in heart loved his Savior. His love did not stop with his brethren, but was anxious for the salvation of all, and always rejoiced in lifting up the fallen ones. His life was like a well of water springing up into eternal life; as a cistern receives the genial showers from the literal heavens, moistening the spiritual atmosphere of his never to be forgotten home, and the society in which he lived. He was indeed a model husband and father, and if in heaven he should see one crown left, he would say, “Crown my wife with it,” and any golden harps, “give them to my children,” for he loved them so well. I never saw greater devotion to the church and the Master’s cause, than he manifested in all his doings.

“In prosperity and adversity, he was a loyal servant of the blessed Savior. As a Sunday school superintendent I never saw his equal. It was through the encouragement of the writer that he was induced to devote his life to the ministry; accepting the call by virtue of his allegiance to Christ, to do all in his power to glorify his name. His work in the ministry was characterized by the same zeal and energy that was peculiar to him in all the walks of life.

The matter of salary was no consideration with him. But the good he could do was his highest ambition. His success was almost phenomenal and can be accounted for, because God was with him. Brother Gaut, of Payne, Ohio, said, 'he never preached a poor sermon for us.'

"He believed that the gospel was the power of God unto salvation, and so he preached it with such excellent success. How sad to think of a life so useful, so pure, so good and so much needed should have to leave us. But how joyful the final victory. When life's battles with me are done, I expect to meet Brother Howenstine in God's holy city. Remembering the once hospitable home of our dear brother, I shall never forget to pray for his dear family that they may all meet him in that sweet by and by.

"To his memory are these few lines dedicated, hoping they may be the means of prompting some one on the great ocean of time to pattern after his pure and noble life, and be saved in the eternal city of the redeemed.

Respectfully in hope,

S. C. HUMMEL."

## IN MEMORY OF YOUR LOVED ONE.

On this holy Sabbath morning  
When your family prayers are said,  
There will be no papa, husband,  
But a vacancy instead;  
One is missing as you gather  
Round your hearthstone once so bright;  
No more listening for his footsteps,  
No more coming home to-night.

True, the pastor's words were spoken  
We not one can understand  
Why a christian soul so needed,  
Must yield to the death command;  
He, through constant, earnest pleading  
For God's vineyard gathered in  
Both the aged and the youthful  
From the many snares of sin.

How they'll miss their worthy pastor  
When they near the house of prayer,  
When they see the pulpit empty  
And no smile of greeting there;  
Home friends mourn and loving parents,  
Brother, sisters, children true,  
But of all that bear this sorrow  
None will mourn his loss as you.

But, dear Jennie, check your tear-drops,  
Bending o'er the new made mound,  
Let your veil of gloom be lifted,  
Look on life's true scenes around;  
Here is suffering, there is sorrow,  
Yonder pangs of strife and pain:  
Peace and rest beneath, above you.  
Do you wish him back again?


That sweet smile when last you saw him  
Lying calmly in death's sleep,  
Looked just like it will in heaven  
When your coming he shall greet;  
Standing in the fadeless sunlight  
You'll forget the gloomy past,  
And the welcome songs of angels—  
O what joy to meet at last!

MRS. MINNIE BUSH.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

ELDER HOWENSTINE'S LAST SERMON—DESIRED LETTERS—BEHOLD HE PRAYETH—SUFFER FOR THE NAME OF JESUS—TEACHING AND PREACHING—YE THAT FEAR GOD, GIVE AUDIENCE—THE GOD'S IN LIKENESS OF MEN.

HE FOLLOWING is a sermon delivered on Lord's Day evening, August 6th, 1893, by Elder S. A. Howenstine as near as we are able to render it from the notes and references he left:

Scripture lesson, I Cor. 2:.. Text, I Cor. 2: 2. "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

The young man Saul was a person of great zeal and energy. What he considered to be right, he would do, if it cost him his life. He was a native of Tarsus, a city in Celicia—was an Israelite of the tribe of Benjamin, and belonged to the sect of the Pharisees. He was a free born Roman citizen—had a good parentage. What a blessing to be born of good parents, who are not slaves of the devil nor any of his representatives. He had acquired a good Greek education in Tarsus, and then went to Jerusalem and studied Hebrew and law at the feet of Gamaliel; who was a great teacher and doctor of the law. The first account we have of this remarkable man is found in Acts 7: 58. "And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's

feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, saying Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

I've heard people say, and professors of Christianity too, that they cannot love, nor pray for their enemies, but good old Steven did, when they were pelting him to death with stones, God help us to love our enemies!

The spirit of persecution was then running at high tide and it was very much like an ambitious young student, to want to push ahead, and be to the front in any great enterprise. It was the fashion then to be zealous of the law, and persecute christians, and almost every young man wants to be in the fashion; and perhaps also he might get an appointment as captain of a band to hunt down poor persecuted christians, and cast them into prison. Accordingly when the excitement was at fever heat, he went to the high priest and desired letters that he might go to Damascus to the synagogues and if he found any followers of Christ, whether men or women, he might bring them to Jerusalem to cast them into prison, to await such a mock trial as that of Jesus or Stephen, who were condemned by false witnesses. O yes! he was a mighty personage in his own estimation; he had the documents in his pocket. What did he care for poor Christian women or their husbands or children? So that he could have a big name, in carrying out the letter of the law.

But God was taking care of those humble Christians down at Damascus. Their cry was continually going up for his care. But he had other work for this high spirited, energetic young man to do, than to bind poor helpless

Christians and carry them to prison. In the ninth chapter of Acts we read, that as he was journeying toward Damascus with his retinue of servants, at mid-day there shone about him a light from heaven, far above the brightness of the sun, and this proud man fell to the earth as he heard a voice say unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Sinner, do you ever think that when you are persecuting or deriding one of the poorest and weakest of Christ's disciples, you are persecuting him? "In as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me." And Saul, trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." And the Lord said, "Arise and go into the city and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Christ had put the work of preaching the gospel into the hands of the apostles. It was not his mission to preach the gospel after he had passed through the gates into the city of God.

There is a good preacher down in Damascus that will tell thee what thou must do. This great light from heaven had caused a blindness to come over the eyes of Saul and he was led into the city by his servants and he was three days without sight, neither did he eat or drink.

This was quite a contrast to the way he expected to enter that city. He had in his mind to enter as a man of authority, a conqueror, hailing people on the streets and asking them of their religion. Little did he expect to be led into the city as a poor blind man enquiring for a physician to open his eyes and instruct him how to be saved. And there was a certain disciple in Damascus named Ana-

nias, and the Lord told him in a vision to go and preach the gospel to him, and restore him to sight, for behold he prayeth; and when he came to Saul he put his hands on him and said, "brother Saul, Jesus, that met thee in the way, sent me to thee, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

And immediately he received his sight and arose and was baptized, and when he received meat he was strengthened. He did not put off his baptism even till after dinner though he had fasted three days. This was very different from what many modern preachers teach to-day. I know a man who was a member of a church for eight years and was not baptized, and then he was induced to be baptized, but he said it did not do him a bit of good. This was owing to erroneous teaching in early life. Children should be taught that God is a good, merciful, allwise being, and requires nothing of us but what is just and right, and it is not for us to ask what good any of God's commands will do, but it is ours in all confidence to obey. And Saul began at once to preach in the synagogues. He did not wait till conference met to give him license. He did not confer with men, but went out to the wild Bedouins of Arabia, that he might not build on another man's foundation, but plant churches of his own in the name of Christ. And after he had preached among these pastoral people and to caravans of merchants that were crossing the desert, for a season, he returned to Damascus and preached Christ in that city for many days; and the Jews become so enraged at the strength and power with which he preached, and the success that followed, that they took council to kill him. But their plot was made known to Saul, that they were watching the gates of the city day and night to apprehend



him. Then the disciples let him down over the wall in a basket by night. The very persons that he came to hunt down and imprison and kill, now saved his life.

The next place we hear of this great apostle turning up things was at Jerusalem, Acts 9: 29. And he spoke boldly in the temple, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians; but they went about to kill him. His own brethren were afraid of him for they were not sure that he was a converted man, till Barnabas came and confirmed his statements. But here, as at Damascus death was staring him in the face. Behold how much he must suffer for the name of Jesus. But again when the brethren discovered their plots, they took him down to Cesarea and from there to Tarsus to his old home. O, what a glorious thought to go home a christian, filled with the holy spirit. Methinks I can see him falling upon the neck of his aged father and kissing him and telling him of the love of Jesus. And sitting down by his mother and telling her of the many narrow escapes, trials and afflictions that he passed through. At the time of the persecution at Jerusalem, the saints were scattered abroad and went in all directions preaching the gospel to whomsoever they met in their way. This is an example of women preaching as well as men, for we know that many of the saints, or disciples, at Jerusalem were women. Some went to Antioch, some to Samaria, and Barnabas went to Tarsus to find Saul, and when he had found him, he brought him to Antioch and remained there a whole year and taught much people, and the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, Acts XI, 26.

This we think is the new name spoken of by the prophet Isaiah LXII, 2. And there were prophets at

Antioch from Jerusalem, and one Agabus prophesied that there would be a great dearth over all the land, and the disciples determined to send relief to the brethren who dwell in Judea. They did not wait to see first whether these prophecies came to pass before they made these arrangements, but were strong in the faith, believing that when God spoke through the mouth of a prophet, that it would actually come to pass, and began to prepare for it. Their bounties were sent thither by the hands of Barnabas and Saul.

About this time the saints at Jerusalem were having great trouble. Herod had killed James and cast Barnabas into prison. When Barnabas and Saul had fulfilled their mission in taking relief to Judea they returned to Antioch, taking John Mark with them, who was a nephew of Barnabas. And after they returned it seems they had a kind of preacher's meeting or conference and fasted and waited upon the Lord. "He that waiteth upon the Lord shall renew his strength."—Isa. XL, 31. And as they continued ministering and waiting on the Lord, the Holy Ghost said, "separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. So they being sent forth by the Holy Ghost departed to Seleucia, a seaport on the Mediterranean, and from thence they sailed to the island of Cyprus. They came to Salaomis, the chief city of the island and here they found Jews and places of worship, and they, with their comrade, John, entered into the synagogue and preached the word of God. Saul was determined wherever he went either by land or sea, to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He that would reign with his Lord and share his glory, must also share his reproach. When they called the Master Beelzebub and said, he hath

a devil, what will they not do to the servants?

But this zealous apostle canvassed this whole island, more than one hundred miles in length, even unto Paphos, teaching and preaching the word of God; but here at Paphos they encountered a Jew that was a sorcerer and a false prophet, whose name was Barjesus, or Elymus, by interpretation, and was the companion of the deputy or governor of the island, who was a prudent man, and called for Saul and Barnabas and desired to hear the word of God. He wanted to get into better company and embrace a better doctrine than that taught by this old vagabond. And when these apostles were teaching this governor the way of life, Elymus withstood them, opposed them, and tried to turn the governor from the faith. Then Saul, filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes upon him.

Oh what a look that must have been! the spirit of God beaming out of a man's eyes—such a look as the Savior gave Peter when he had made his third denial. And Paul (for here he was called by his Greek name) said, "thou child of the devil, full of subtilty and mischief, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" Now the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind for a season, and he went about seeking some one to lead him. O, how many such false prophets we have to-day, who are trying to lead people away from the right ways of God.

When we are having a good meeting, and sowing the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of our hearers, then we can see these greedy hook-nosed vultures flying around the outskirts of the congregation, as busy as bees, picking the good seed out of the hearts of the wayside hearer, and telling him that it is no use to be so terribly in

earnest about these things—that religion is just for old people, and invalids who cannot dance and have fun anymore, and all such delusions as these. But when death comes approaching stealthily or suddenly and unexpectedly to some young person, these false prophets will be the last ones to come to try to speak a word of comfort or consolation to the dying sinner. Scoffer, beware! God can send a blindness upon you that may last through all eternity. We are called to the work of the Lord to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

When Paul and his companions loosed from Paphos they came to Perga; and John left them and went to Jerusalem—became discouraged and went home. It takes courage to be a missionary; don't be stingy, give a little to the support of those who go. But when they departed from Perga they came to Antioch in Pisidia. This was a Grecian city, and here they also found a synagogue and they went in on the Sabbath day and sat down. And after reading from the law and the prophets, the rulers sent unto them saying, "ye men and brethren, if ye have a word of exhortation for the people, say on." Then Paul arose, saluting the audience, and his heart filled with the word of the spirit, he said "ye men of Israel and ye that fear God, give audience."

Then he began away back in the patriarchal dispensation, and brought forward one great truth after another, down through the time when Israel was governed by judges and when they desired a king, God gave them Saul, and for disobedience he was removed, and David anointed in his stead; and showed from the prophets and psalms, that from his seed, God, according to promise, raised unto Israel a Savior, Jesus; whom John the baptist preached in the

wilderness, and because they knew him not they condemned and crucified him; but God raised him up, breaking the bars of death and bringing life and immortality to light; powerfully convincing them that Jesus was the Christ of prophesy, and warned them not to be despisers of his gospel, that it might not happen to them as it is spoken by the prophets. And after the Jews had gone out, perhaps to talk and consider the matter, the gentiles came to the apostles and desired that these words might be preached to them again the next Sabbath.

They were not like some christians who want a new sermon, a new doctrine, new songs, and a new suit of clothes almost every Lord's day. When the Grecians had a good old fashioned gospel sermon they wanted to hear it the next Sabbath again. This sermon must have been the chief topic of conversation during the week, for the next Sabbath nearly the whole city came together to hear the word of God. This was too much for the proud, selfish Jews; they were losing their popularity, and were filled with envy and indignation and spoke against the things spoken by Paul, blaspheming and contradicting them. Then Paul and Barnabas spoke boldly to them, telling them that God had commanded that his word should be spoken to them first, and if they did not hear, they should turn to the gentiles. But the Jews were moved with envy, and stirred up the honorable men and women against them and expelled them from the city, and they shook off the dust from their feet as a testimony against them, and they came to Iconium and there they seemed to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

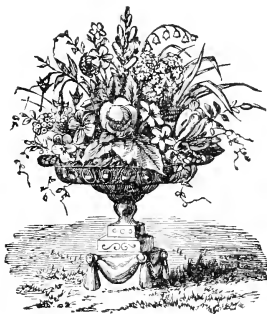
The cross was the culminating point on the whole continent of their labors; and at Iconium great multitudes of

both Jews and Greeks were converted. But unbelieving Jews stirred up the gentiles against them and laid a plot to stone them, and when the apostles were aware of it they fled to Lystria and Derby, cities of Lyconia, and preached the grand old story of the cross again and healed a born cripple and when the people saw the miracle they cried out, "the gods have come down to us in the likeness of men;" and they called them Jupiter and Mercury, and their heathen priests brought oxen and garlands to sacrifice to them.

But Paul ran among them and said "sirs we are men of like passions with yourselves, and preach unto you, that ye should turn away from these vanities unto the living God who made heaven and earth and sea and all that is therein."

The Jews then came over from Iconium and stirred up these heathens so that they stoned Paul and dragged him through the streets and out of the city, and left him for dead. I am persuaded that it was at this time that Paul was out of the body and was caught up to third heaven and saw and heard things that was not lawful for man to utter; and as the disciples stood around watching him, his life came to him, and he rose up, and the next day they went to Derba and preached the gospel there to much people and taught many and then returned again to Lystria and Iconium and to Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples and exhorting them to continue steadfast in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. And when they had ordained elders in every church and had prayed with fasting they commended them to God on whom they believed. So we commend the disciples here in Payne to the mercies of God and pray that they may be preserved blameless unto the

the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, for we are determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Amen.



## CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTMAS SERMON PREACHED AT SALEM BY ELD. S. A. HOWEN-  
STINE DECEMBER 25, 1892—WONDERFUL COUNSELLOR—ITS  
HOLY LIGHT STILL LINGERS—SPEAK THE TRUTH WITH THY  
NEIGHBOR.

Scripture lesson, Matt. II, 1-7: Luke II, 7-20. Text, Isaiah IX, 6.  
“For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the gov-  
ernment shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called  
Wonderful Counsellor: the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,  
the Prince of Peace.”

**C**HRISTMAS is a conjunction of two words; Christ, which means anointed, and mass, sending out. Christ was sent out from God as a gift to a sin-cursed world and his birth was foretold by the prophets and was pointed out by the star of Bethlehem. How glorious the song of the angels, how sublime the music of the sphere, how grand the bells of the universe as they ring out, and sound the sweet refrain; “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace good will to men.” Well might this message of love be taken up and used in dedicating the Atlantic cable, one of the greatest works ever achieved by mortal man.

The good news, good-spell or gospel that was sent out or proclaimed, was, that Christ the anointed was born. The shepherds who were watching their flocks by night and had been visited by angels and a heavenly host chant-



ing God's love to man, caught the inspiration and left their flocks on the hills of Judea and went to the city of David to worship the new born Savior.

The wise men—Persian astronomers, saw signs in the heavens, betokening that some great event had taken place, and were guided to Bethlehem by the appearance of a star, and found the Wonderful Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, a little helpless babe in his mother's arms, and presented the heavenly stranger with kingly gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh. Herod, the king, had commanded them to bring him word, if they found the infant king, but the wise men were warned of God in a dream not to return to Herod but to go home another way. But Herod was very wroth and sent and slew all the children in Bethlehem under two years old. But God always takes care of his own. Before the horrible massacre took place, God warned Joseph in a dream to take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.

O, to think what a beginning of the life of God's dear son. Like Moses, he had to be hid away, to save his precious life from the decrees of wicked kings. He that was with the Father before the world was created becomes a little babe, cradled in a manger in Bethlehem. Wonderful Christ; Wonderful Counsellor: wonderful to save poor, lost, wrecked sinners. It was wonderful to the people, and nations, when Joshua made the sun stand still while he gave battle to the king of the Ammonites, along the way that goeth up to Beth-Horon.

Wonderful was the passing of the Israelites through the Red Sea, where the waters were driven back by an east wind, until they were a wall unto them on the right and on the left, so that they passed through on dry ground. O,

what a wonder to the children of men when Daniel's life was preserved in the lions den, and the Hebrew children were saved in the fiery furnace, by an angel like unto the Son of God, that came and walked with them in the midst of the flames, and showed the wicked king, that the God who had created fire was greater and stronger than fire itself.

But more wonderful than all these was the incarnation of the Son of God. With the approach of this welcome day we are reminded of the fact, that Jesus was the most lowly and humble of all mankind and went about daily ministering to the wants of the needy, both in spiritual and temporal things, and in his death we can say, with the apostle, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men.

At no other time have we such forcible recollections of the fact that Christ was not only the son of God, but also the son of man in the sweetest, tenderest and fullest sense, the man—our elder brother—the man of sorrows, the child—the Wonderful Counsellor of whom the prophets spake and saints of bygone ages anticipated and longed to behold. He was wonderful in lingering back among the lawyers and doctors in the temple when only twelve years old, confounding them with his questions and wisdom. He was wonderful in submitting himself to John's baptism in the river Jordan, when he was without sin, and wonderful in meeting satan in the wilderness and resisting his temptations by the answer, "It is written" so and so in the word of God. He was a sweet counsellor to the poor peasants of Palestine, such as the fallen woman whom the Jews brought before him to be stoned, and to whom he said, "go thy way and sin no more." Wonderful was the sermon He preached on the mount; this was a master-piece of wisdom never to be

surpassed. He was a counsellor in disability and sickness of all kinds—a specialist in treating the eye and the ear, lameness and decrepitude. He was also a counsellor in law; no lawyer was sharp enough to puzzle him—he silenced them so that they “durst not ask him any more questions.” The advent of this wonderful child inaugurated the day when God stooped down to kiss fallen humanity and wash away our guilty stains, and with his own hand wipe away the tears of a grief-stricken world. A day when men open their long closed hearts and think of the people around them, and beneath them, as fellow travelers, fellow sufferers and fellow sharers. A day when children come home from far and near and gather around the hearth-stone to gladden the hearts of their aged parents, and repeat the merry lines,

“Pile on more wood, the wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.”

May each of us, as we stand here on the threshold of the most glorious of all anniversaries, have a share in that grateful joy experienced by the shepherds, as they, from the hill-country of Judea, saw the celestial fire flashing and burning on the canopy of heaven, as they listened with rapture to the sweet strains of the angelic messengers.

The veritable star of Bethlehem may long since have faded but its holy light still lingers in the world and shines down deep in our hearts. The angelic song we may not hear but the echoes of its glad refrain still thrills in our souls. It may be, that, as on each return of this glad day we renew our carols of praise; so the grand angel choir that sung in the starlit sky of that first Christmas morn, may sing in the grey twilight of each succeeding one.

There is something in the atmosphere of this monumental period, that thrills the heart with a strange sense of undefined, yet restful joy, even though outside affairs are gloomy, skies are dark, and streets frosty. There is such a feeling of blessedness abroad that one might almost believe that the Wonderful Councillor, the Prince of Peace, had left for a while, his throne in glory, to walk again, though invisible, on earth, and by his personal presence shed abroad love, peace and comfort in this sorrowful world.

He would not tarry long in the halls of mirth and and feasting, nor even in the house of prayer, but would go out among the troubled, among the poor and afflicted, the sick and dying and bring sympathy, comfort and help to all. The lowly suffering ones, even the wretches who are outside the pale, that the world calls respectability, would again, as once before, be the objects of his pity, and ministering love. O, man of business, strong and proud in your concious integrity and sense of power, but wedded to the greed of gain, in so much that you loose sight of the question, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Should the divine presence, the Wonderful Counsellor stop in your office and look over your shoulders upon the ledger, might you not find "A hand upon the wall," that would erase the long lines of figures that chronicle your gains, and write in their stead, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?" O, rich men, and you that are blest with plenty, look up from the earth and behold the star that guided the wise men to the abode of poverty, even to the rude stable, and then cast your eyes about and see if there is not some poor abode to which *you* may be led. O, Christian, you who are reclining in your easy chair

reading your Bible, do not forget that the spirit of the law is above the letter, and put by that sacred volume, and take your basket, filled with comforts for the sick and hungry, and go out among the poor, the miserable, and the oppressed and the divine spirit will guide your feet to where sin and sorrow, pain and anguish have their gloomy retreats, and see if you cannot find some work ready for your hands to do. If any of us have spite, malice, wrath or envy lurking in our hearts, let us remember that our Heavenly Counsellor commands us to be filled with the holy spirit and put away wrath, evil speaking, lying and all filthy communication out of your mouth, and every man speak the truth with his neighbor. Jesus is wonderful as a present Savior. If we unstop our ears and listen to his gracious calls, and turn not away but forsake our sins, and repent of our wrongs and come trustingly to him he will in no wise turn anyone away. The poor, the downcast, the sorrowful and distressed, may all come to him and find rest to their souls; yes "bathe their weary souls in seas of heavenly rest."

He is wonderful in the future when the day of wrath shall come as a thief in the night. to those who are not prepared—"who know not God, and obey not the gospel;" when the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the righteous shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and the wicked and unbelieving that are upon the earth shall call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the wrath of God.

Lo, then the earth shall give up her dead. Battlefields, cemeteries, oceans and seas, shall deliver up the dead bodies they hold in their embrace. All must stand before this Wonderful Counsellor and give an account of

the deeds done in the body.

Oh! then we will wish we had lived pure, honest, and upright lives: we will wish we had heeded the loving calls of the Savior, and been adopted into the family of God, made heirs of the kingdom, joint heirs with Jesus Christ our elder brother; and now while we sing one of the beautiful songs of Zion, we ask you, yes, we entreat you to come and make preparation for that eternity of love and blissful enjoyment that awaits the righteous. When we reach those heavenly shores, "where saints immortal reign," we will remember no more our trials and troubles, our foot-sore marches and our battles with the enemy, and our hope will be lost in glad fruition, as we bathe our souls in the presence of the Prince of Peace.

"Father, in each sinful bosom  
Bid the star of hope arise;  
Roll the clouds of doubt and darkness  
Backward from faith's starlit skies.  
Haste the day, when from all nations,  
Loud the joyous song shall ring,  
Glory be to God, the highest,  
Hallelujah to our King."



## CHAPTER XX.

### A MOTHER TO HER SON.

IN MEMORY OF ELD. S. A. HOWENSTINE.

**W**HEN thou wast a tiny smiling babe,  
I loved thee more than all the world beside;  
Thou wast my joy and comfort too  
And soon did grow to be my pride.

When thou wast but a prattling lad  
And followed me about my work;  
Thy presence always made me glad,  
As near me thou wast wont to lurk.

Thy little helps, how much I did appreciate  
When thou didst rock thy baby sister;  
And in thy mother's place officiate,  
So that the darling scarcely missed her.

When thy feet began to tread the path,  
That wound its way to rural school,  
I watched thee in thine infant class  
Lest one so young should disobey the rule.

And when thou wast a sprightly youth  
How much thou wast endeared to me;  
Because thou loved'st God's holy truth  
As by thy ways we well could see.

When at our daily work we toiled,  
How sweet thy conversation must have been;  
Which came flowing from a heart unsoiled  
By contact with vice, and crime, and sin.

Thy questions many, to answer, how I tried,  
To give the light in heavenly lore;  
And quell thy temper, guide thy pride,  
And gather wisdom for thy store.

And when thou didst go out into the world  
To fight life's battles in the storm,  
A mother's prayers then stood thy guard  
As when she watched thy infant form.

Till Christ's sweet gospel won thee to his love  
And claimed thy manhood for his own;  
I felt my prayers were heard above,  
And answered from the "great white throne."

"Go tell my brethren" was the word  
"That He is risen to thy raptured soul;  
Those who the truth have never heard  
That they may reach that blessed goal."

I bless the man of God that led thee out,  
And gave thee courage to proclaim  
Glad tidings to the world about,  
And do it all in Jesus' name.

I bless the patient loving wife,  
That said in tears, "I bid thee go,"  
And dear to her as her own life,  
But yet she did not say him *no*.



He left his farm and rural home  
And moved to town, where best he thought,  
He could serve the Master more alone,  
And his labor with much good be fraught.

He always kept his armor bright  
And walked in paths where saints have trod;  
He loved the good, and chose the right  
And lived in daily peace with god.

He labored with great zeal and strength  
To bring poor troubled souls to rest.  
But God looked down and e'en at length  
Said, "Enough, come dwell among the blest."

"Good and faithful servant, well, thou hast done,  
Over a few things thou hast faithful been;  
I will make thee an heir with my glorified son  
And give thee more wealth, than princes have  
seen."

We know thou art happy, and free from all care  
In presence of Jesus and angels so high.  
Walking the streets of yon city so fair  
Where we may all come, in the "sweet by  
and by."

O, Lord look down upon grief-stricken friends  
And pour consolation in our poor broken  
heart;  
And give us the comfort that grace ever lends  
The prospect of meeting him, never to part.

## WHY MOURN.

The golden grain  
Is ripened, but to death,  
And summer leaves  
Must fall by autumn breath,

For all things die;  
Behold the marble urn  
That shrines our dust  
Shall crumble in its turn.

We mourn the young  
They perish as the flowers,  
Whose petals scarce  
Have kissed life's rosy bowers.

Our brother, dear,  
Who vanished from our sight,  
As summer days  
That fade in azure light.

His work was done—  
He fell not as the leaves,  
But ripened grain;  
And angels bind the sheaves.

Our dearest friend  
Whose deeds were as a crown,  
Before we thought  
His glorious sun went down.

As sinks the moon  
Low fading in the west,  
Its journey done;  
So went he to his rest.

The lines that care  
    Upon his brow had traced,  
Death's gentle hand  
    With kindly touch effaced.  
So calm, so still—  
    The peace that veiled the dead!  
Were death not mute  
    Those parted lips had said,  
“O, ye that mourn  
    A selfish grief ye give;  
Restrain your tears  
    To shed for those that live.  
“I mount above!  
    Borne home on angels wings,  
To join the choir  
    That heavenly anthems sings.”



## CHAPTER XXI.

EASTER SERMON PREACH'D BY ELD. S. A. HOWENSTINE AT SALEM  
—THE KINGS SEAL.

Scripture lesson, John XX. Text, Luke XXIV, 6; "He is not here but is risen; remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee." Subject, The Lord is Risen.

**W**E ALL remember that Jesus our Savior was accused by the Jewish authorities and false witnesses testified against him, and their testimony agreed not together and he was sent from one tribunal to another and was mocked, scourged, derided, and spit upon, till at length it was put upon Pilate to pass judgment and deliver the death sentence, but after all this Jewish formality Pilate rendered judgment in his favor, saying "I find no fault in him," and he washed his hands before the people, as much as to say, my hands are clear of this man's blood. But the Jews clamored for his condemnation, and said, "Crucify him, crucify him, his blood be upon us and our children." Then he was led away and crucified between two thieves; and even while he hung on the cross he was accused and derided by the mob saying, "he saved others, himself he cannot save. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross." But his mission was to suffer and die for a sinful world. But God shortened his sufferings; he died much sooner than the others who underwent the same tor-

ture. When Joseph, of Aramathea came to Pilate to beg the body that he might give it a decent burial, Pilate marvelled that he was already dead, and would not consent, till the fact was attested to by the centurian. When the body of the Lord was taken down from the cross and wrapped in clean linen and laid in Joseph's new tomb, and a great stone rolled against the door, Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and other women who followed him from Galilee also stood by, and with sad hearts and weeping eyes beheld the burial.

And the next day the chief priests and the pharisees came to Pilate and said, "we remember that this deceiver said while he was yet alive, after three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, or his disciples will come by night and steal him away and say to the people he is risen from the dead. And Pilate said, "you have a watch, go and make it sure as you can." So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch.

We may observe here that his enemies took the utmost precaution that his body should not be stolen; even placing the king's seal upon the tomb, to tamper with which, was certain death, and setting a watch besides, who were under the penalty of death if found sleeping. This only made the evidence of the resurrection very much stronger. It is needless to remind a people who plead for simplicity of apostolic teaching, that there is no scriptural command for the observance of Easter. The word Easter only occurs once in the New Testament and that is in Acts XII, where Herod killed James, and because it pleased the Jews, put Peter in prison. It was in the days of unleavened bread, and it is claimed by the best critics, that the word should

have been translated "passover" instead of our modern Easter.

There is no necessity of keeping this day as a time of great festivity, in eating a great many eggs and sweetmeats, for we are reminded every first day of the week of the great miracle of the resurrection. But it may be profitable to us, on at least one day of the year, to consider more closely the fact of the resurrection, as it bears such an important relation to us and our holy religion. In speaking of our Lord Jesus, Paul says, "He was made of the seed of David according to flesh, but declared to be the Son of God, with power according to the spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead." In our divine religion we must have a solid rock-built foundation to stand upon. This we have in the fact as confessed by the Apostle Peter that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Upon this fact rests the whole structure of the church and its religious belief, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The atonement, the authority of Christ as a teacher, his power and ability to fulfill his promises, and many other important principles of religion all rest upon this foundation. Upon this rock or foundation stone he built his church.

The place the resurrection holds in the testimony that Christ is the Son of God, is a central place. Around the facts establishing his son-ship, revolve all the testimony of prophets and apostles. If Christ had not risen from the dead, the apostles would never have preached another sermon; they would have gone to their fishing, net making, tax gathering, and whatever they could find to do. One said, "we trusted that it was he that should redeem Israel." But their hopes of this temporal redemption had all vanished, when Jesus died on the cross. Paul says, "If Christ

is not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." If Christ did not rise from the dead, then he is not God's son; his death had no more significance than the death of Socrates or Plato or any other great good man whose name is recorded on the page of history. If he is not raised we cannot preach remission of sins through his name, and our faith in him as a Savior is vain; and our peace and joy in the gospel have vanished. But the Jewish Sabbath is passed, the first day of the week is about to dawn, good holy wide awake women are beginning to stir; they have prepared spices and precious ointment to anoint the body of Jesus. They are no cowards, not afraid to go to a graveyard when it is a little dark. Mary Magdalene, who had been possessed of seven evil spirits was now filled with the divine spirit, and was not afraid of any spirit that might be lurking about the tombs. But she was not aware of the watch or the sealing of the tomb, but thought she would be first there to anoint the body of her benefactor. All that worried her was who shall roll away the stone that I may gain admittance to the sepulchre. But lo, when she arrived at the spot, the stone was rolled away and she peered in through the dim twilight—could she believe her eyes, he was not there! the linen in which he was wrapped lay there and the napkin that was bound about his face was carefully wrapped together and laid in a place by itself, demonstrating that there had been neither haste nor skirmish in robbing the tomb of its occupant. Poor, despondent, heart-broken women, where is your Lord?

She went and told Peter and John and they came running to see the empty sepulchre, but they had not the patience to wait and linger near the spot where had lain the dearest friend they had on earth, as did the weeping Mary.

She felt that she must look again into the empty vault, that so lately held the object of her love. And behold! two angels in white raiment sitting one at the head and the other at the feet of the place where Jesus had lain. And they said unto her "Woman why weepest thou?" And she answered, "because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him," and when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus but knew him not. And he said unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She supposed him to be the gardener and said unto him, "Sir, if ye have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away."

Jesus said unto her, "Mary." At the enunciation of this word her understanding was opened and her bewilderment dispelled. She seemed as much born into a new world as Noah when he came out from the ark. With open arms and joy-lit countenance she exclaimed "Raboni" which is master.

Methinks I see him stepping apace when she would have caught him by the feet to worship. "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father. But go," oh this word "go" though she loved him with all her heart and would have gladly stayed all day and worshiped him and listened to his story of the "silent realm but just explored," but he said "go to my brethren and say to them I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." What! a woman sent to preach the gospel to men! Can it be possible! And this woman recognized as sister to the Lord Jesus? "My Father and your Father," then they were brother and sister. O, what a wonderful Christ! Wonderful Savior.



“And I have often wandered, thinking of the story  
And thinking of the meaning of that empty grave,  
If Mary’s joys amidst the resurrection glory  
Were not then multiplied by all the joys she gave.”

But where were the watch? When the mighty angel came down and rolled back the stone they became as dead men, and fell to the earth. What did the angel care for the king’s seal or the pharisees guard? And when they came to themselves they sneaked off and came into the city and made known to the chief priests all that was done. Then these priests and elders counselled together and gave a large amount of money to these soldiers—bribed them to go and tell that his friends came and stole him away while we slept. What! the watch asleep! Why that is a crime punishable by death. And who will believe your testimony, when you testify to a thing that happened when you were so sound asleep, that a company of men could come, and break the seal, roll back the ponderous stone, and carry a dead man away and not wake you. Nonsense, not even a fool would receive such testimony. But this is the testimony that infidels accept in preference to the testimony of over five hundred noble christian men and women. The world by wisdom knew not God. When Robert Elsmere had gained all the worldly wisdom he could gather from Esquire Vendover’s immense library, he was ready to renounce his charge in the parish where hundreds were looking up to him for spiritual food, relinquish his charities and turn persistently against the noble, generous-hearted companion of his youth, and deny the divinity of Christ, and the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. All the good that can be said of him in this period of his life was, that he acted honest to his own convictions. This is what worldly wisdom does.

Paul, after exhorting the Collosian brethren to be rooted, built up in Christ and stablished in the faith as they had been taught; warned them not to let any man spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men and the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. (Col. II, 8.) It was not alone necessary that Christ should die on the cross, but that he should rise from the dead, and bring life and immortality to light through the gospel. He was delivered for our offences, but raised for our justification. The resurrection completed the ponderous chain of evidence that the Father provided to defend the claims of his only-begotten Son. Some one may ask, "how does the resurrection prove that Christ is the Son of God?" Christ frequently spoke of this miracle before his death. At one time when he was speaking in the presence of the scribes and pharisees with such power and authority they demanded of him a sign that he was the Son of God. He said, "A weak and adulterous nation seek after a sign, but there shall be no sign given them but the sign of Jonah; for Jonah was for three days and three nights in the whales stomach so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

And when he had driven the money changers with their oxen, sheep and doves out of the temple, the Jews demanded of him a sign of his authority, and he answered, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." He spoke of the temple of his body, but they understood in a literal sense and accused him of blasphemy. Now if Jesus rose not from the dead these prophecies were never fulfilled. Where are the witnesses of his resurrection? Put them on the witness stand, impanel an honest jury, install a just judge. The witnesses who first saw him were women,

Could they be mistaken? Surely not, for they were those who ministered to his daily wants, and sat at his feet to hear the divine messages fall from his lips, and had been healed of infirmities by this Great Physician. Their testimony was "we have seen the Lord." Two disciples walked and talked with him as they went to Emaus and he tarried and he tarried and eat with them and made himself known in breaking bread. Their testimony was, "the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." And while they were yet speaking to the disciples, Jesus stood in their midst and said, "peace be unto you;" but they were frightened and terrified and supposed they had seen a spirit, but Jesus said, "why are ye troubled? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is myself. Handle me; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have;" and before they were recovered of their astonishment, he said, "have ye any meat," and they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and a honey comb and he did eat before them. Then he said all things which were spoken by Moses and the prophets and the Psalms concerning me must be fulfilled. Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the scriptures. And he said, "thus it is written and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day, that repentance and remission of sins might be preached through his name to all nations beginning at Jerusalem."

Next, we will bring the seven who were fishing on the sea of Galilee and hear their testimony. They had toiled all night and caught nothing. A stranger called to them from the shore, saying, "Children have you any meat?" Then he told them to cast the net on the right side of the ship; they obeyed his command and could not draw the net

for the multitude of fishes; and as soon as they saw this miracle John said to Peter, "it is the Lord," and when they came to shore, they found Jesus prepared to supply their wants as had been his custom, for a fire of coals was there and bread and fish laid thereon to bake, that he might satisfy their hunger.

And next we will call Thomas, poor doubting Thomas, he was determined not to believe that Christ was risen upon the testimony of others. He was one of these fellows who don't believe anything but what they see. He said, "I will not believe till I put my fingers in the print of the nails in his hands and thrust my hand into his wounded side." Not many days after this the disciples were convened together and Thomas with them, and Jesus appeared in their midst, the doors being shut. And he turned to Thomas and said, "reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side and be not faithless but believing."

This was enough, and he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." And Jesus said unto him, "because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet believed." There were more than five hundred witnesses to the resurrection of Christ. (1 Cor. XV, 6.) Matthew, Mark, Luke and John all corroborate the woman's early visit to the empty tomb, and the presence of angels. Mark and Luke both tell of his appearing to two disciples as they were going to Emeaus. John was an eye witness. When he first saw the empty sepulchre the truth of the resurrection flashed across his mind.

Now comes the last witness, but not the least, Paul, as one born out of due time, heard his voice and felt his presence on his way to Damascus. He is a strong witness, for

he was one of the most bitter enemies to the cause of Christ, till the Lord met him in the way; then he turned himself about and espoused the cause he had so bitterly persecuted, and suffered all manner of persecution and tortures while preaching his gospel. Paul says that Christ died according to the scriptures and he was not ignorant of what the Old Testament scriptures taught concerning him.

Now we have had the testimony of this great cloud of witnesses, to the fact of the resurrection. Infidels have predicted that in a few decades the church would be dead, but it is living and flourishing more to-day than ever before, while infidelity is merging into the back grounds. For eighteen hundred years people have been joining the church to the amount of millions on the strength of the resurrection. Without the resurrection, Christ is but a mere man, the gospel and the church are but an empty sham. But we know that such a gigantic impulse could not come from a fabricated falsehood. The great zeal and courage of the early disciples are a strong proof that Jesus rose from the dead. When he was condemned to die they all forsook him, even brave and impetuous Peter denied him in his very presence. Their hopes were overshadowed by darkest clouds. Their cause appeared hopelessly lost; but after the resurrection, what a change, what zeal they manifested; with what boldness they preached the gospel to the multitudes, what miracles they wrought in Jesus name, what persecutions they were willing to suffer, rather than to renounce the name of their heavenly Leader! They were brought before counsels and kings and contended face to face with angry mobs, but they never swerved nor faltered, because they were begotten to a lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead. They were not only

enthused and encouraged by his resurrection, but after he had opened up the scriptures to their understanding and gave them their commission he led them out as far as Bethany, near the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus; this was one of his pleasant resorts, the very gate of heaven to his soul, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them and in this gracious act he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.

This was no small part of their joy and comfort, and they returned to Jerusalem and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God. And when the day of pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place, and according to the promise of their risen and ascended Lord, they were all filled with the holy ghost and began to speak in unknown tongues as the spirit gave utterance. And Peter preached a great sermon which was heard and understood by every nation and tongue represented in the audience, showing by Moses and the prophets that Jesus was the Christ. The Jews were well aware they had put him to death, but Peter said, "of his resurrection we are all witnesses." They were here to deny it, but the testimony was too powerful, they were pricked in the heart and cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Peter answered them, "repent every one of you and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." And through, the agency of this first gospel sermon, three thousand souls were converted. This was an overwhelming evidence of the resurrection of Christ. It is a fact of history and cannot be confuted by any sound testimony. The best legal talent in the world declares the evidences of christianity as a fact. And examining the resurrection in the

same light we find its evidence equally convincing. This gives us Christ as the Son of God—the atoning sacrifice for the sins of the world, and the gospel as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It also establishes the verity of the Old Testament scriptures. Christ bore witness to them and fulfilled many of the prophesies. We need not hesitate to accept the miracles of the Old and New Testament. If Christ arose all the miracles are true. That Easter morning long ago, began a new era in the history of man. The sun arose that morning and shone upon a tomb robbed of the terrors of death; and the sun of righteousness had arisen to draw all men unto him. He burst the bands of death for it was not possible that he could be holden of it. He took the sting from the fangs of death and broke the bars of the silent grave and poured in a flood of light to illuminate the path to the open gates of heaven and eternal life, where Jesus is seated at the right hand of God, there to remain till all enemies are subdued and his foes made his foot-stool. Then he will come in the clouds and every eye shall see him, and those who pierced him shall behold him; and with him shall be a convoy of angels who shall gather everything out of his kingdom that offendeth and the New Jerusalem shall come down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride for her husband and the tabernacle of God shall be with men and God himself shall dwell with them and be their God.

Amen.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF S. A. HOWENSTINE BY ELDER A.  
M. GILLESPIE.

**I**N THE moulding and influencing of churches, there are many circumstances and associations in our lives that form a prominent part. Especially are we indebted to consecrated, whole-souled, conscientious and loving Christians. Their influence is such that it cannot be measured, in the untold good that has sprung from a life truly in Christ Jesus. Such has been the life of S. A. Howenstine to us. While we believe a pure and holy life springs from Christ and that we are begotten into this new life by the word of truth; yet we also believe that he who wishes to reach that perfect life in Jesus is stimulated to greater efforts by his brother who has reached or even surpassed our standard or highest mark.

In our acquaintances; yes I would say in our intimate relationship, both in family ties and frequent companionship in the work of love to our Master; nothing outside of God's word itself has influenced us more in being self-sacrificing and devoted to the cause of Christ than by the noble example and worthy life of our departed brother. Previous to his work in the ministry, whenever we would chance to meet, after inquiring about the health and general welfare of the family, crops, &c., the question would



most surely come. "How is your Sunday school prospering?" referring to the school which we were trying to superintend. Then after a few remarks from us, he would tell of the new charts and illuminated lessons he had procured for the purpose of impressing the lesson upon the minds of the scholars, and to interest the little ones. He would tell of the "birthday box," and that nearly every Sunday some one or more would make their birthday contribution or offering of a penny for each year of their age. Again he would say, "I have a book of normal lessons," and "that they had organized a normal class in connection with the Sunday school." So many things about Abraham, Moses, Children of Israel, Life of Christ, and the Missionary Journeys of St. Paul, the Great Apostles to the Gentiles, that I would feel ashamed and go to work with renewed energy to search the scriptures and bring out new and interesting points in the lessons. The Sunday school work was a most pleasant and interesting one to our brother. He always procured a Standard Sunday school lesson commentary and went before the school well prepared. These commentaries he prized very much, and kept them for future reference.

Once a preacher, of a peculiar kind, if I may use the expression, who was stopping with him, was opposed to the lesson helps in Sunday schools but would use the commentaries in preparing his sermons. Then Brother Solon would say, "if it is wrong to use the helps in Sunday school we should not use them in preaching the word."

Man, Oh! curious thing is he  
For trifles will contentious be,  
And turn from the spirit real  
To mysticism and superstition deal.

There is nothing like putting sunshine into everything we undertake to do. And this is one of the things our brother always did. This sunshine would cheer up the little ones and make things bright and lively, even taking away the dark foreboding clouds that often hang over the minds of many older ones.

Thus, from him we have learned lessons of earnestness and cheerfulness in his Sunday school work. Many times in my life have I seen the clouds as they hovered around and above, giving a chill of despondency that was not altogether pleasant, break away at the very approach of our friend, as we could see his face beaming with brightness. We always knew we were welcome to his presence, for at first glance of us he would reach out his hand, or give some sign, as a token of joyful recognition.

One of the principles of Christianity in which I take a deep interest, is that of missionary work, sending the gospel (by which we have been made to rejoice in sins forgiven) to all the world. In this was Elder Howenstine at the front with his missionary talks and sermons, collections and barrels for the little folks. The first foreign missionary collection ever taken at the Saturn church was after Brother Howenstine had given a talk on this subject; and this was before he commenced work in the ministry.

He always took the collection in March at his preaching points. At the beginning of his ministry he preached for a congregation that gave him but a small compensation yet he did not fail to present the claims of the missions, and take the collections. When churches were behind on his salary, although he was in need of money, he would make a strong plea for money to send the gospel to the heathen. His own claims he kept in the background when

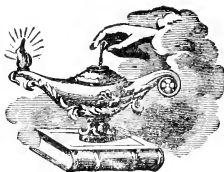
it came time for the missionary collection.

Now he has gone to his reward, and who would suppose that he or any other person who has made such sacrifices for the extention of a free salvation and the rescue of perishing souls from death unto life would ever regret the effort put forth, or the sacrifice made. "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." How much better to do what Jesus has commanded and have the blessing promised, than to have so much of this world and no promise in eternity.

Our brother's life was one of inspiration. Inspiring those about him to greater undertakings and achievements. He just laughed at discouragements. "If God be for us who can be against us." For we are dead and our life is hid with Christ in God. I once accompanied him to Aboite Center where he had an appointment to preach. I think it was his second effort from home, and he was very much embarrassed and sweat profusely. As soon as we were out of the church building he said to me, thinking he had made a failure, "I will not let this discourage me." Neither did it, for he increased in stature, and strength as a minister of the gospel very rapidly. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The tongue is an unruly member, yet it is an index to the heart, makes manifest the desires and purposes of each individual. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." So by their fruit ye shall know them. Thereby was our brother known—by a pure and wholesome conversation, free from enmity and hatred of his fellow men, yet with no love for sin and its evils. Never to my knowledge did his language indicate a disposition or desire to injure or harm a single individual. Truly I can

say that I have nothing to regret in being so intimately connected with S. A. Howenstine, but much in which I can rejoice over as I realize the stimulus and the encouragement I received from him whom I so dearly loved.

A. M. GILLESPIE.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE STORY OF A PRECIOUS LIFE.



AS THE days, weeks and months, each come and go,  
They take the autumn leaves, and winter comes with snow;  
But while fleeting time passes so quietly and quickly by,  
It cannot sooth the aching heart or dry the tearful eye.

With all the comforting, and cheering words from each other,  
Our minds still wonder back, to the departure of our dear brother.

Who was such a kind papa, loving husband, and dutiful son,  
A dear kind brother, an earnest Christian, a most loveable one.  
We turn from this scene in sad and solemn reflection  
To Him, from whom there cometh, allwise protection,  
And say in our aching hearts, as did God's dear Son,  
"Not my will, O Father, but thine be done."

We have heard our parents relate in their fondest ways  
The many events in Solon's earliest childhood days,  
How he wandered along the river and clambered the hill,  
Of his great enjoyment about the home place, and the old water-mill.  
We have heard them tell of the joy of his first school days,  
Of the pride he took in his lessons, as well as his plays.

How he helped to lighten the burden of household cares,  
And thus banished the worried looks, that a tired mother wears,  
With rapturous heart, and anxious spirit, he tried to do his best  
At helping arrange for the sale, and preparing to come to "the west."  
When here in a country so unimproved, so wild, and so new,  
Through sickness and trouble, he manfully helped at all he could do.

And later, though yet in his boyhood, come events of our own recollection;

But of all that comes in our mind, there is naught on which to cast a reflection.

We can truthfully say that in all our lives we never have heard Him take God's name in vain, or use a low or vulgar word.

From early youth to manhood, his general disposition was lively and pleasant;

No social party had lack of humor or joke, whenever he was present.

When we were all but children at home and took great pleasure in play, Solon was our happy leader, while thus we spent many a happy day.

He was kind and playful with us younger children, we well recollect Therefore we could but love him and treat him with due respect.

We remember how he used to wake us, at the early dawn of day,

With one of his favorite tunes, which on the mouth harp he used to play,

He always treated his parents, brother and sisters with kind respect,

It seemed there was no duty, that willingly he would ever neglect.

He was always willing to bear his part, in whate'er the burden might be, At labor on farm, at his books, or building up society;

While in his teens he joined the Good Templars and signed the pledge This seemed to be, in after years, his great foundation ledge.

He was an active member in lyceums where 'twas his lot to attend

Especially in discussions, he delighted a helping hand to lend.

Circumstances uncontrollable prevented his getting an early education, But by untiring efforts and home study, he successfully passed examination.

When once enlisted as teacher, his school work was his highest ambition,

His labors were crowned with success and fond hopes were lost in glad fruition.

Besides his farm work and teaching, he learned the carpenter's trade, Nor will we forget his success as a penman and the lovely drawings he made.

In early manhood days, he laid the foundation of a useful life,

And then crowned all by embracing religion, and renouncing all sinful strife.

From his boyhood days he faithfully filled his place in the Sabbath school,

At the old school house though sometimes barefoot, regardless of fashions rule.

And in later years as Sunday school teacher, he filled his place,  
 He was chosen superintendent, in which he nobly succeeded, by God  
 given grace.

It seemed his heart and soul, and his work for Christ was centered there;  
 And to conduct the school, to accomplish good, was his utmost care.  
 Many hours he spent and midnight oil he burnt, a thorough knowledge  
 to gain,

And much labor was spent in drawing maps to make the lessons plain.

His interest in church far exceeded his Sunday school work,  
 The prayer-meetings were feasts for his soul, there, from duty he never  
 would shirk;

But was always prepared to give a plain, and practical talk;  
 Rehearsing God's promises and soliciting all in Christ's footsteps to walk  
 He was chosen as elder, the position he humbly filled, as best he could—  
 Oft we saw him, as by the sacred emblems, with quivering lips, in  
 prayer he stood.

The weekday prayermeeting was never forgotten, no, he was willingly  
 there,

Unless sickness or uncontrollable circumstances called him to some  
 earthly care.

Long suffering and patience so much he practiced in the christian race;  
 The faults and short-comings of others ne'er caused him to fall from  
 grace.

Through rain or snow or with tired and aching limbs, he would go  
 To perform the duty he owed to Christ, and, that the good seed he  
 might sow.

Thus by his faithfulness from the beginning of his christian warfare,  
 He was considered competent, to take a greater charge to his care.

Through Bro. Hummel's influence the church authorized him to preach,  
 And now he realized his weakness, and, as he thought, inability to teach.  
 But with his never faltering spirit, and the love of God supreme in  
 his heart.

He humbly bowed in submission, and said by the grace of God, I'll do  
 my part.

He went to work with zealous care, to search the scripture and gospel  
 word,

That he might be a workman approved, rightly dividing the word of  
 the Lord.

He still lived on the farm and had the many cares belonging to this vocation.

Which he found, a task too great and hindered his careful preparation. So he did not seek for greed and gain, brought by traffic in rich men's wealth,

But his time undivided in study, we fear, proved a bane to genuine health.

His first years work was not for churches with a well filled fold; But for congregations which were scattered and somewhat cold. He labored prayerfully and earnestly, helping to make wrongs right. To gather in the scattered ones and save them from eternal night. The churches at Salem and Saturn, his second year's work and daily care Were better organized and very much stronger in faith, love and prayer.

And were in fair spiritual condition with zeal for the Master's cause, Which gave him courage and strength to labor under Christ's wholesome laws.

In his third year Salem, Saturn and Little River were his ample field, But early in the year he was called to a church, that promised a much larger yeild

Of the fruitage of souls, and afford him the pleasure of being at home, To enjoy quiet study and a larger share of pastoral work to assume.

From his work in Fort Wayne he was sent to labor, in a meeting at Payne.

Crowned with success in numbers brought in, and chosen as pastor there to remain.

He accepted the position now offered, having his labor, thus all at one place.

And to be with his family was an opportunity, he would gladly embrace. He then moved there with his family and work he began, in his new field of labor,

And found no lack of sympathy in christian, friend or neighbor.

But alas! then came so soon, the monster, dread disease, to mar their peace,

And fastened on that one so dear, with hold that only death could now release.

When this report came to our ears, how sad and anxious every heart; For we could not help nor render aid because we lived so far apart; But our prayers went up in his behalf, his recovery was our great desire But our will was not God's will, he said, "Enough, come up higher."



Oh ! it was so hard to be reconciled to the sad, sad news that his  
spirit had fled,

And ere we could reach him, and bid him farewell, his body was  
numbered in line with the dead:

No friendly ties, no duties that bound him, or earthly care could  
keep him here,

Nor the sighs of a heartbroken wife, or sobs of fatherless children,  
for one so dear.

How sad to see the broken family return to the dear old home all  
bathed in tears.

Leaving behind their precious dead, yet to arrive at the home of his  
childhood years.

It was a comfort to us who had gathered there, with hearts o'er-  
whelmed with grief

To meet the broken family and share their sorrow for one, of a life  
so brief.

But now came the time which we can find no language to fully or  
clearly portray,

When in the gloom of the night the hearse arrived with its burden  
of human clay.

Oh, could it be: and must he return to home and friends, fast locked  
in death's embrace,

Silent, yet speaking comfort and peace by the sweet smile he wore  
on his face.

It is over—and the rest of us meet as we oftentimes did before,

At the dear home with the grandchildren, almost a score:

But not with the same unclouded happiness as we did when last we met  
On the fourth of November, 1892, a day of rare enjoyment we ne'er  
can forget.

Ah no ! the family circle seems a chain with a sadly missing link:

Like a ship from a storm with a broken mast, floating near the brink.

But we must seek to mend these breaks by the golden links of love:

And by the hope of meeting our loved ones in that bright home above.

We must seek to let our sadness, merge in the shadows of the past,

And by christian usefulness, serve God as long as life shall last:

Then we too will sweetly and peacefully fall into death's embrace,

And our waiting spirits will gladly go to God's own appointed place.

—MINNIE KAUFMAN.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Poems.

**W**RITTEN in behalf of the Aid Society of the Church of Christ at Forest, Ind., of which Sister White was a worthy member.

#### IN MEMORY OF ALICE WHITE.

Sweet Alice, we have known thee from a child  
With golden hair and sparkling eyes  
And rosy lips that sweetly smiled—  
No cloud hung o'er thy sunny skies.

We saw thee in girlhood's happy days  
When 'mong us, thou didst gayly move,  
We loved thy meek and quiet ways—  
Yes, none knew thee but to love.

We saw thee when a happy bride,  
With fond hope in glad fruition lost,  
With thy loving husband by thy side,  
Whom troubled seas had not yet tossed.

We saw thee when a loving mother—  
Two little cherubs by thy knee;  
But one so quickly left his brother  
And sailed across the "narrow sea."

Again we saw thee take thy place  
'Mong those who worship at the cross,  
When thou didst feel thy need of grace,  
To help thee bear this grievous loss.

We saw the quivering of thy palid lip.  
The throbbing of thy heart, we almost heard,  
When Jesus with his finger's tip  
Touched thy heart with his own word.

And when the inviting voice was heard,  
We saw the gently forward move,  
Nor even wait, nor linger back,  
For him who shared thy grief and love.

We saw thee stand before the throng,  
And heard that worthy Name confess'd,  
And saw thee sink into the liquid grave  
And rise with joy and pardon blest.

We saw thee in the walks of life  
Go out among us day 'by day;  
Endure the toil, and pain, and strife,  
While heavenly grace illum'ed thy way.

We saw thee when the icy hand of death  
Was laid upon thy heaving breast;  
No murmur with thy labored breath—  
But only longing for that blessed rest.

Look up, sad ones and dry your tears,  
This gem to you was but a loan;  
You have enjoyed it through these years,  
But God has lately called it home.

Yes, the precious wife and mother,  
 Has entered through the pearly gates,  
 To meet her son, and Elder Brother  
 Jesus Christ, whose welcome ever waits.

—By LYDIA HOWENSTINE.

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The following lines were written for the Howenstine reunion, by L. Howenstine, and spoken by Florence Gillespie :

#### GREETING TO THE REUNION.

The storms of early spring are past,  
 And lovely May with sunny June  
     And August's fiercer heat;  
 Have come and gone and autumn's here at last,  
     And we are here our friends to greet.

From east to west and north and south  
 Are gathered to this pleasant grove,  
     With rich enjoyment rife;  
 Fond hearts that throb with dearest ties  
     To mingle here in peace and love.

We have prepared our cakes and pies,  
 And chickens, veal, and cheese, and beef,  
     And sundries thrown between;  
 Jam and butter, jellies and fruit,  
     Stand out in bold yet grand relief.

Seats and tables we've made to hold  
 The bounties of our ample feast,  
     That here to-day is spread;  
 And chairs and cushions for the old  
     And cabs for "babies from the east."

We hope that all alike will feel  
Entitled to these goodly things  
    Provided by your western friends;  
And let your cares and troubles fly away  
    As though they were on eagle's wings.

The roll is called, response is made  
Each one in answer to his name,  
    That in this list appears;  
But many a flower will droop and fade  
    Ere thus we all shall meet again.

A greater meeting yet remains  
Beyond the shores and bounds of time,  
    In that bright land above.  
We'll there forget our losses and our gains  
    If we but reach that heavenly clime.

Oh, who in gladness will be there  
To answer to this solemn call,  
    That from the record comes?  
The aged ones, the young and fair,  
    The wise, the simple, great and small.

Rich feasts of love will there be spread,  
And music charm our ravished ears.  
    That comes from angel's harp  
When pain and sorrow both have fled  
    And God hath wiped away our tears.

    But parting there will not be known;  
And rest and sabbath never end  
    In that fair and happy land.  
And peace and friendship joy and love,  
    In heavenly light forever blend.

Now friends, farewell, good bye, adieu!  
We wish you all a kind good night,  
    And happy dreams withall.  
Be cheerful, patient, good and true,  
    And walk by faith in God's own light.

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### AN APRIL SUNSET.

Written by the "writer" Sunday evening, April 22nd,  
1894.

Four days of dark and gloomy weather,  
    No ray of sunshine thrown between,  
But drizzling rain and sleet together  
    Made the hours drag slowly on.

And weary children fretful grew  
    Because their room a prison seemed;  
They watched the pattering of the rain,  
    And o'er their childish visions dreamed.

The weary mother bore about  
    A heavy load of household care—  
Cast anxious glances at the clouds,  
    And longed for weather, dry and fair.

The sheep were huddled in the fold  
    The lambs were like the children, dull;  
The grass was wet, and stiff, and cold,  
    The cows were lowing on the wold.

The early garden, sorry looked—  
    With onions peeping through the ground;  
And lettuce prematurely cooked,  
    In "cruel frosts" unwelcome round.

The robin sat upon her nest  
From early 'morn till dusky night—  
From her building she must rest  
While things are in this dismal plight.

The cat was lying by the fire  
Her downy paws spread out to warm.  
The dog was whining at the door,  
Driven there by rain and storm.

The father laid the "paper" by  
To go and do his evening "chores"—  
He takes a prospect of the sky  
And to his work reluctant goes.

But lo! a brightness in the "west"  
Breaks through the parting clouds;  
And glitters on the woodland's breast,  
And all the world in beauty shrouds.

The house, the barn, the windmill tall  
Are burnished o'er with shining gold.  
The columns, and the castle wall  
Are dressed in beauty yet untold.

Oh! who this scene of radiance can behold  
And not awaken holy thought  
Of Him who tinges all with gold  
That his Omnipotence may touch.

O let our hearts reach out to Him  
That we His beauties may adore—  
O let our souls be ever filled  
That we may hunger never more.

The following is a letter written to an intimate friend, and one among the last ever written by our beloved S. A. Howenstine, which came into our hands after all the foregoing pages were written :

PAYNE, Ohio, July 29, 1863.

*Mr. H. Kaufman, Valparaiso, Ind.:*

MY DEAR FRIEND—I received your letter some time ago and was glad to hear from you once more. I thought I would get to see you on my way to Chicago, but was disappointed. However, I had a very pleasant time with Brother Smith and Prof. H. B. Brown; I wish I could be with you going to school there; but I am doing some hard studying at home this summer. It seems strange to me to have no farm work to do this summer, but I am working harder than ever I did on the farm. My work on Sunday is, first, 9:30, teach a class in Sunday school and there were forty-five in it last Sunday; at 10:45 we have our communion; at 11:00, preaching. Then I go five miles in the country and preach at 3:30 p. m., then come back to town for Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:00, and at 8:00 preach. So you see I am very busy. On Monday evening I am at home. On Tuesday evening I go out in the country in another direction and preach. Wednesday evening we have our prayer meeting and Bible reading; Thursday evening at home; on Friday evening we have our union meeting of all the pastors and many of the members of the seven churches in Payne. There are seven preachers who attend the meetings: the Catholic priest does not attend. On Saturday evenings I rest for Sunday's labors. Our Sunday school has an attendance of from 160 to 180 scholars. I have married two couple since I came here, and received a V



each time. When will you be ready for that event, as you remember the bargain. We like Payne first rate, and I find we can live elsewhere just as well as at Forest. I was offered 126 acres of well improved land near Geneva, Ind., for my property in Fort Wayne, but I dont want a farm now. Harris, when you write to me, I want to know whether you go to Sunday school and church, and if you have become a Christian yet? If you have not, I beg of you not to put it off too long. You are preparing to live and to fill some important place in life, but death may overtake you before you are prepared to meet it. It will not cost you anything to make preparation to meet God. And without it you lose all, both in this life and in the life to come. With the preparation to die you are better prepared to live. Tell me how Robert is getting along in the west. Give me his address and I will write to him. I wish you could come and visit us during vacation—the Paulding County Institute will be held at Payne the second week in August. Come and attend it. I will board you free. Prof. Smith, president of Angola Normal School lectures here August 11th.

I must close. This leaves us well and we hope it may find you enjoying the same great blessing. Little Nellie would like to see you. I remain yours as ever.

S. A. HOWENSTINE.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### CONCLUSION.

**WE** HAVE now briefly narrated the principle events in the beautiful and interesting life of Elder S. A. Howenstine. But in conversing with persons, from time to time, with whom he was intimately acquainted during his ministerial and pastoral work, we learn of many things of interest and worthy of notice and imitation, which will not be found recorded in this little volume.

Well might the beloved disciple say in the concluding chapter of his Gospel, "There are many other things which Jesus did, which are not recorded in this Book, which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

This favored disciple felt so overwhelmed and amazed when he contemplated the love of Jesus, that he felt that it would require the universe to contain it; and the tongues of angels and redeemed spirits to express it in all its magnanimity.

No wonder it takes much thought and research to record all the deeds of love and human kindness done by one humble, self-sacrificing follower of this blessed Savior, in the space of his brief life in this world of sorrow. We shall now endeavor to give a short notice or account of the

brethren and sisters of the home congregation, who passed through the portals of death in the same year with Elder Solon Howenstine.

The year 1893 was one of great mortality in the Church of Christ at Forest. Early in the year—in the latter part of February perhaps—occurred the death of Sister Emery, an aged and most exemplary member of our congregation. Then we were not, as a church, called to the house of mourning again until July 2d, when our very dear sister, Eva J. Ihrig, was crushed to death by a locomotive engine while on her way to church at Marion, Ind.

And our sorrow was only somewhat mitigated, when we were called to mourn the loss of our beautiful, fair-haired, sunny-tempered young sister, Della Richmond, who was struck with the dismal blight of typhoid fever, and, like a blighted flower, withered away in one short week.

In this same week our dearly beloved, S. A. Howenstine, took his bed with the same dread disease, and a few days later, despite all human efforts to save his life, he had to succumb to the last enemy, Death. And when his corpse was brought home to his father's house, Mrs. Arabel Smith, a sister in the church and schoolmate of his youth, was among the mourning friends and neighbors gathered there to receive him, and exclaimed, "Who will be the next one?"

The day following day she took her bed, and another week told the story of her life. She was borne away to the Evergreen cemetery and lain away with the rest of the loved ones, leaving a husband and two bright little daughters to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and loving mother.

Then in early winter when sunny days had almost vanished from the van of the year, Bro. Henry Emery fol-

lowed his beloved wife to that better land where she had so lately gone.

A few days later his neice, Mrs. Palmer, was joined to the company of brothers and sisters who had crossed the Jordan of death.

And before the Christmas festivities were ushered in, William H. Swan, an aged and highly respected citizen of Forest, fell asleep and was laid by his companion, who had been called away some twenty-five years before.

And while we were mourning these losses and sympathizing with the bereaved, our dear young sister, Lillian Richards, was steadily and surely pining away with that self deluding disease, "Consumption;" but her sweet life was prolonged till March 2, 1894, when the church was again draped in the emblems of deep mourning, and the tolling of the bell announced that another member had passed the portals of death and entered into life eternal. But as the church was being filled up for the funeral services conducted by Elder A. M. Gillespie it was noticed that Brother John Bents, one of the deacons, was absent and it was whispered from one to another that he was seriously ill.

After the body of Sister Lilly was consigned to its last resting place in Evergreen cemetery, the attention of the church was turned to Brother Bents and with all the aid that mortals could render, in one short week he bid his friends and family adieu, and said, "I am going to meet Solon. God will take care of us all."

After we had paid the last respects and loving attention to Brother Bents and his dear mourning family, the word was circulated that Sister Wince, Brother Emery's daughter, was very sick, with congestion of the lungs.

It was but the story of death told over again and she was gathered to her parents who had so lately gone before. All these dear ones were gathered home from one church and one neighborhood in the space of about thirteen months.

It seems like a story of romance; but it is too true. The empty seats in the church, the aching hearts and the tearful eyes are sad witnesses to the solemn fact. In our imagination, and through faith in the word of God, we can see the great company of the redeemed on the other side of the chilly river of death, in the paradise of God waiting the resurrection of the body and the second coming of Christ, when we that have lived in faith, obedience, and holiness; shall be permitted to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem with harps in our hands, and songs on our lips, in praise of Jesus our great Redeemer.

Then we will no more remember our petty grievances, the earth-born sorrows, the tribulations and persecutions of this earth-life which is but a state of preparation, a furnace for the refining of gold and the separation of the dross; bringing out souls that are thoroughly purified by obeying the truth, and educated to trust God in all things, and to commit all to His care and keeping.

The soul that trusts forever sings  
 And soars aloft on airy wings.  
 A well of peace within it springs  
 Whate'er to-day or morrow brings.





















