

From Life to Life

or

How Our Preachers Die

By BISHOP W. M. WEEKLEY, D.D.



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HOW OUR PREACHERS DIE

by

BISHOP W. M. WEEKLEY, D.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

by

REV. C. I. B. BRANE, D.D.

"These all died in faith."—Heb. 11:13



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FOREWORD

In the preparation of this little volume I have been actuated mainly by a desire to benefit my ministerial brethren. The testimonies presented will, I trust, not only inspire in them greater confidence in the religion of Christ to save in death, but will furnish a class of illustrations for the pulpit not to be found anywhere else in book form.

The "last words" of nearly two hundred and fifty ministers and ministers' wives are recorded in the following pages. Others are not mentioned because their biographical notices, which appeared in the *Religious Telescope* and other publications of the Church, did not contain any of their last utterances.

It will be observed that names do not appear in regular chronological order. I did not aim to give dates, but only to designate, as far as possible, the conferences to which the departed belonged. Where this is not done, except in the case of bishops and others especially well known throughout the Church, it is because the death notices omitted the important item.

It has been a privilege, I must say, to spend a little of my time in gathering up the hallowed utterances of so many of the great and good of the Church, who triumphed through grace, and then passed "from life to life." Blessed words! Many of them were borne back to us from the very suburbs of the heavenly Jerusalem, and are immortal.

As I searched out these testimonies, from one source and another, I found in them a blessing for my own heart, and was constrained again and again to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

In this revised and enlarged edition the names and dying testimonies of a few preachers' wives are added.

That all who may chance to read this booklet may be strengthened in the faith, and helped in a life of consecration, is the humble prayer of

Parkersburg, W. Va., June 1, 1918.

THE AUTHOR.

AN INTRODUCTORY WORD

When Jesus substituted the word "sleep" for that of death, he not only recognized the close resemblance between the two, but also suggested that, as there is an awakening from natural sleep with refreshment of body and mind through slumber, so there will be a resurrection from the dead, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. A good life is the secret of a happy, hopeful death. "The righteous hath hope in his death." Indeed, "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," which fact he confirms by this blessed assurance: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death"—the strongest possible statement of a glorious truth, in the enjoyment of which good men live and die, realizing that henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness. In the experience of that truth Stephen fell asleep, Paul made his departure, Enoch was taken, Elijah went up, and all other saints have been gathered home.

The fact is, both in temporal and in spiritual affairs, men linger longest under the influence of their chief pursuit, and then enter into the experience of that for which they have lived and labored, whether temporal or spiritual. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," were among the final words of Stonewall Jackson—the very last command he gave. "Tell Hill he must come up," were the last words of Robert E. Lee. Their brave lieutenant, then resting under the green turf of Hollywood cemetery, lingered longest in the minds of his great commanders, while their spirits, yet in martial fancy, roamed again the fields of conflict, ere they passed to where the soldier dreams of battlefields no more!

And so it is in the spiritual realm, only more so. Paul's opening inquiry of his newly-found Savior was, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Later on he said, "For me to live is Christ;" and when the time of his departure arrived, Jesus met and crowned him.

And so it has been with the faithful who have since fallen asleep in Jesus, and will be with those who shall yet slumber, and those also who shall not sleep, but who shall simply be changed, even in a moment. The last words of Rev. Joseph Everett were, "Glory, glory, glory." Doctor Judson said, "When Christ calls me home I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school." At the last moment, John Payson exclaimed, "Everlasting life is won." J. Parson declared with his latest breath, "When I get to glory I will make heaven ring with my voice, and wave my palm over the heads of the saints, crying, Victory, victory in the blood of the Lamb." Robert Newton said, "I am going to glory; farewell sin; farewell death." Impatient in his experience of triumph and prospective glory, John Fletcher stretched out his arms as though they were wings, imploringly saying: "Oh! how this soul of mine longs to be gone, like a bird out of its cage, to the realms of bliss. Oh! that some guardian angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from the body."

In the perusal of this booklet the reader will not only recall the record of individual lives that were near and dear to him, either because he was closely related to them in service or fellowship, or else for the reason that they helpfully ministered to his heart and life through their godly influence; but he will realize refreshment of soul in reading of the good lives, dying words, and triumphant death of many of our ministers, faithful toilers whose blessed memory we will cherish till we clasp hands with them in the glory world. Under the spell of this prospect the power and charm of which appear on every page, the sting of death is extracted, the waste of the grave is changed to incorruption, and death is swallowed up in victory. The book will inspire faith, promote devotion, exalt life, confirm hope, and translate secular thought into spiritual vision, both for this world and the next. For those of us who have passed the meridian of life, how few of our childhood friends, or even those of a decade later, of whom we often think and long to meet, are left

to greet us. Nearly all of them are where our feet and faith are tending—in heaven! The good words of this author, Bishop Weekley, long a faithful toiler and leader in the ministry of the Church, will comfort our hearts and strengthen our hands amid the responsibilities of life, and even quicken our faith and pace towards the City whose builder and maker is God.

“Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.”
C. I. B. BRANE.

June 1, 1918.

INDEX

Thoughts on Immortality.....	9
Bishop Philip William Otterbein.....	12
Bishop Martin Boehm.....	13
Rev. Peter Kemp.....	14
Rev. George Adam Guething.....	14
Rev. John G. Pfrimmer.....	15
Bishop Christian Newcomer.....	16
Rev. Jacob Bachtel.....	17
Rev. James Kinney.....	18
Rev. S. L. Downey.....	18
Rev. William Turner.....	19
Rev. A. M. Garriot.....	20
Rev. Jacob I. Ankrom.....	20
Rev. Henry Walters.....	22
Rev. John Rubush.....	22
Rev. H. Y. Humelbaugh.....	23
Rev. Zebedee Warner.....	25
Rev. Joseph A. Wolfe.....	26
Bishop Jacob Erb.....	27
Rev. Joseph Heichel.....	28
Rev. William H. Diddle.....	28
Rev. Henry Burtner.....	29
Rev. Joseph E. Widmeyer.....	30
Rev. Cornelius S. Mely.....	31
Bishop John J. Glossbrenner.....	32
Rev. Charles E. Rittgers.....	33
Rev. John Wesley Price.....	34
Rev. Henry H. Gelbach.....	34
Rev. Benjamin F. Booth.....	35
Rev. Henry Young.....	36
Rev. Jacob Antrim.....	37
Rev. Jacob C. Smith.....	37
Rev. Ellis Heater.....	38
Rev. Lewis Davis.....	39
Rev. R. Weaver.....	40
Rev. Lee Fisher.....	41
Rev. Joshua Cecil.....	41
Rev. Aaron Farmer.....	42
Rev. Alexander Konklin.....	43
Bishop William Hanby.....	43
Rev. Ezra D. Palmer.....	44
Rev. J. M. Lea.....	45
Bishop David Edwards.....	45
Rev. James M. Smith.....	46
Rev. George A. Mark.....	47
Rev. J. B. Resler.....	48
Rev. James W. Robertson.....	49
Rev. Moses Gallagher.....	50
Rev. James Witt.....	50
Rev. John T. Nevill.....	51
Rev. Samuel Martin.....	51

Rev. J. C. Spitler.....	52
Rev. Jacob B. Kessler.....	52
Rev. Paul Wambaugh.....	53
Rev. Samuel Seiders.....	54
Rev. Jacob E. Bovey.....	54
Rev. L. D. Pinkney.....	55
Rev. James A. Elliott.....	55
Rev. Henry T. Barcus.....	56
Rev. Christian Grumbling.....	57
Rev. Francis M. Corl.....	57
Rev. J. E. Reames.....	58
Rev. Christian Shopp.....	58
Rev. Isaac Ware.....	59
Rev. Elisha Flaugh.....	60
Rev. D. D. Lightner.....	60
Rev. A. Lackey.....	61
Rev. Alvin Rose.....	62
Rev. John Russel.....	62
Rev. William Smith.....	63
Rev. Benjamin Patterson.....	63
Rev. August Krause.....	64
Rev. E. N. Graves.....	65
Rev. C. F. Bowers.....	65
Rev. G. B. Perks.....	66
Bishop Jonathan Weaver.....	66
Rev. G. P. Macklin.....	67
Rev. J. W. Fulkerson.....	68
Rev. M. D. M. Altice.....	68
Rev. W. C. Smith.....	69
Dr. I. L. Kephart.....	70
Rev. A. A. Sellers.....	70
Rev. O. D. Cone.....	71
Rev. John Kleinfelter.....	72
Rev. W. E. Park.....	72
Rev. D. R. Burkholder.....	73
Rev. J. G. Shuey.....	73
Rev. J. W. Clark.....	73
Rev. Columbus Hall.....	74
Rev. Jacob Runk.....	75
Rev. A. C. Scott.....	76
Rev. R. E. Graves.....	77
Rev. T. R. Sprague.....	77
Rev. A. E. Fulton.....	78
Rev. William Cadman.....	79
Rev. George W. Statton.....	79
Rev. Alexander Biddle.....	80
Bishop John Dickson.....	81
Rev. I. K. Statton.....	82
Brief Mention.....	83-96
Mrs. Henrietta Meyer Dowling.....	97
Mrs. Emma E. Dickson.....	98
Mrs. Sadie Crider.....	98
Mrs. Dorcas Clark.....	99
Mrs. Rosa Elizabeth Root.....	99
Brief Mention.....	100, 101
To the Living.....	102

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY

Following the question of man's origin, and perhaps of greater moment, is the question of his destiny. What does death mean, anyhow? Is it annihilation, or exaltation—which? Is it the rising of the sun, or its setting? Is it the end of life, or only its beginning? Is it the entrance upon an unbroken slumber, or the gateway to an endless beyond? Is it the folding of the wings, or the pluming of the pinions for a loftier flight?

* * *

With the good man nothing is so great and sublime as the thought and hope of immortality, and no thought so stirs and fires his soul. This feeling is encouraged and strengthened by the beautiful and suggestive symbols in nature about us. For example: In the bud we see the promise of the leaf, and in the blossom the assurance of fruit. Every sun-set is a prophecy of a new to-morrow; each spring time assures us that autumn will certainly come with its golden harvest. Is not this whole life a period of seed-sowing? And if so, will there not be a reaping time, by and by? Nearly the entire span of human existence from the cradle to the grave is one of anxiety and burden bearing; is there not, therefore, somewhere beyond these shores a "rest to the people of God?"

* * *

A little while ago we were not in this world; a little while hence and we shall be here no more. The cradle makes inquiry as to our origin, and the coffin about our destiny. Life's door-way we call birth; the way out we call death. When we came into this world through the gate of birth, we were met by love's smiles, and sincere gladness; when we pass out through the gate of death, may we not believe that a love more tender than a mother's

affection will meet and greet us in a higher and nobler realm?

Job raised the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Paul answers the query by saying that "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

* * *

If God created man with the hope of immortality, it is reasonable to believe that there is a reality answering to this hope. The *hope itself*, implanted by infinite wisdom and love, becomes the pledge and prophecy of an unending life beyond. It would be cruel in God to create in man a desire for food and water, and then refuse to provide for the gratification of that inherent need. Likewise, would it not be cruel in the Creator to implant in the soul a deep, fervent, abiding desire for endless being and at the same time make no provision for the satisfying of that yearning? God makes no half hinges. While every natural instinct is mated with a something to meet it, and satisfy it, so the desire for, and hope of, heaven in man is correlated with the assurance of such a place.

Men may think, and talk, and live, as they please, but after all, somewhere in the great universe

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Where infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

So the Bible says. So reason declares. And toward this life unending the redeemed soul aspires.

"Who will greet me first in heaven?
Oft the earnest thought doth rise;
Musing on the unbroken glories,
Of that land beyond the skies.

"Who will be my heavenly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright?
Or angel from the countless
Myriads of that world of light?"

No, not these, for they have never
Dawned upon my mortal view;
But the dear ones gone before us,
They, the loved, the tried, the true.
They who walked with us life's pathway,
To its joys and griefs were given;
They who loved us best on earth-land,
Be the first to greet us in heaven."

Saved ones, we hail thee! The battle fought, the
victory won! Home at last, and forever crowned, exalted,
glorified! Watch at the portals, for we are coming!

FROM LIFE TO LIFE

BISHOP PHILIP WILLIAM OTTERBEIN

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And thou art crowned at last."

Bishop Otterbein's ministry of sixty-two years ended in great peace. Rev. Dr. Kurtz, of the Lutheran Church, for many years a devoted personal friend of the distinguished preacher, offered at his bedside the last audible prayer, at the close of which the bishop responded, "Amen, amen! it is finished." Like good old Simeon, who was spared to take the Babe of Bethlehem in his arms, he could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." His grief-stricken friends, thinking he was dying, had gathered about him to take the last look ere he smote with his sandals the waters of death's river, but, rallying again for a moment, as if to finish his testimony, and to

give still greater assurance of victory, he said, "Jesus, Jesus, I die, but thou livest, and soon I shall live with thee." Then, turning to his friends, he continued: "The conflict is over and past. I begin to feel an unspeakable fullness of love and peace divine. Lay my head upon my pillow, and be still." All was quiet. He awaited the approach of Heaven's chariot; nor did he wait in vain. "A smile, a fresh glow, lighted up his countenance, and, behold, it was death."

He "taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die."

BISHOP MARTIN BOEHM

This honored servant of God was Bishop Otterbein's co-laborer, and he preached the word fifty-four years. His long life of trust and service terminated in a death most tranquil and triumphant. He asked to be raised up in his bed, and expressed a desire to sing and pray once more before bidding adieu to earth. His request being granted, he "prayed and sang praises" with a voice clear and strong. This done, he requested to be laid upon his pillow again. In a moment the conflict was over; the good Boehm was no more, for God had taken him.

* "In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayers He heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward."

REV. PETER KEMP

A brother, with much solicitude, watched at the bedside of Mr. Kemp during his last earthly hours. When asked if he experienced the love of Christ, he replied: "Oh, yes! Bless the Lord, I shall soon be with him." In a few moments he expired, with his family and friends kneeling in prayer around his bed.

"On Zion's walls, his wonted place,
He boldly stood, his foes to face;
Nor, until death forbade him stay,
Did he neglect to preach and pray."

REV. GEORGE ADAM GUETHING

On his return from conference in 1812 Mr. Guething stopped over night near Baltimore, Maryland. During the night his indisposition, which had been felt for some days, so increased that his friends became alarmed over his condition. Early in the morning, however, he rallied somewhat, and conversed with his wife and others about the Christian's glorious hope. Then, after a short silence, he said: "I feel as though my end had come. Hark! hark! who spoke? Whose voice is

this I hear? Light! light! what golden light! Now all is dark again. Please help me out of this bed." His request being granted, he asked those in the room to join him in the song,

"Come, thou long-expected moment,
Come, thou Spirit from on high;
'T is thy call, my Lord and Master;
How shall I express my joy,
When thy grace and power of love
Bid me rise to climes above."

Kneeling then at his bedside, Mr. Guething prayed most fervently, giving thanks to God for his abundant mercies, and pleading that his humble servant might be received into rest. This was his last prayer. The icy hand of death was gradually extinguishing the vital spark. Upon being assisted into bed again, he folded his hands across his breast and quietly fell asleep.

REV. JOHN G. PFRIMMER

It is like a loving, covenant-keeping God to reward a life of faith with a triumphant death. So it was in the case of Mr. Pfrimmer. He had spent thirty-five years in the gospel ministry when the final summons came. After returning from General Conference to his home in Indiana, he expressed the belief that

his "race was run," but gloried in the prospect of "soon going to join the great assembly of heaven." To a brother he declared that his "hope in the Redeemer was unshaken, and that it afforded him joy as his end drew near." "As he uttered these words," said an eye-witness, "his countenance beamed as with a light which was visible upon him in death."

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!"

BISHOP CHRISTIAN NEWCOMER

Bishop Newcomer kept a brief record of his own life, from which the following, written during his closing days, is taken. "This day," he wrote, "I am so unwell that I am not able to leave my room. But, glory to my God, I can have sweet communion with him. Though solitary, I am not left alone. My Savior is still with me, and continues the best of friends. Oh, how blessed is the condition of aged people, when they know that they have a reconciled God and Savior."

"My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for a child,
 I can no longer fear."

REV. JACOB BACHTEL

As his faithful wife stood at his bedside weeping in view of the separation soon to occur, Mr. Bachtel said: "Child, don't cry. Just think how merciful God is in taking me first. You can do better without me than I could without you. There will only be a few days' separation. I will watch you as you come to the better land." The tide was rapidly receding; the vital flame had well-nigh ceased to burn. He lay for a time with his eyes closed. Then opening them suddenly he said, pointing with his finger: "What a beautiful grove I see! What delightful fields! Oh, if I can find a resting place in some corner of that delightful place." While his feet were being washed, as he had requested, he added: "This is my last hour on earth. All is right; I shall go to heaven." Then, folding his hands upon his bosom, he passed into the great unseen as quietly and peacefully as the innocent babe falls asleep in its mother's arms. Being the oldest member of Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference, and one of the pioneer preachers of that State, he was loved and revered by all who knew him.

" 'T is religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

REV. JAMES KINNEY

Mr. Kinney was a member of Scioto, now South East Ohio Conference. While yet a young man, he was called to the church triumphant. The last time he appeared in the pulpit he announced as his text, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." As he was impressed that it was his last sermon, it glowed with warmth and melted his audience to tears. At its close he remarked, "My earthly labors are done." "With the subdued gladness of a weary traveler preparing to set sail homeward bound," writes one who knew Mr. Kinney well, "one week before his death he made preparations for his funeral, selected Rev. J. Russel to preach it, the text he should use, and then designated the hour when his friends should call to witness his departure; and at that hour, triumphing in redeeming grace, he set sail for the heavenly port."

"Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend;
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?"

REV. S. L. DOWNEY

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." How applicable these beautiful words to Mr.

Downey, who, as he entered the valley of shadows repeated again and again, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." Seeing that his children were grieved and loath to give him up, he lovingly said to them: "It is well; my work is done. It is time for me to go to my reward."

"This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home."

REV. WILLIAM TURNER

Everything connected with the scheme of salvation is wonderful—its author, its adaptation to human needs, and the ultimate triumph with which it crowns the believer. Mr. Turner's experience was most thrilling as he neared the end of his earthly pilgrimage. Said he: "Tell my brethren that it is all well. The gospel that I preached to others comforts my own heart. I am enjoying heights and depths of the love of God that I never realized before. Oh, it is wonderful."

"'T is grace, 't is wonderful grace;
Its streams so full and free
Are flowing now for all the race;
They even flow for me."

Mr. Turner was a member of Northwest Kansas Conference.

REV. A. M. GARRIOT

To an irreligious neighbor, who entered his room to perform some act of kindness, Mr. Garriot said, "John, you are very good to me; I love you, but am sorry you have no religion." Being overcome with emotion, he paused to wipe the tears from his eyes, and then continued: "Oh, John, it is strange that a man of your information should have to be lost just for want of religion, when it is as free as the water that runs in the stream. John, can you give one good reason for not being religious? With it is life, happiness, heaven; without it is misery, sorrow, and ruin." Thus witnessing to the blessedness of religion before the unsaved, this bearer of good tidings, known so well to multitudes in Indiana, departed to be forever with his Lord.

"His burning zeal no languor knew,
For Christ, his cause, his tempted few;
At home, abroad, where'er his lot,
His much-loved theme he ne'er forgot."

REV. JACOB I. ANKROM

Late in the year of 1872, the Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference keenly felt the touch of death, though but one of its members fell. Mr. Ankrom was a brave soul, and, struggling heroically for the faith,

gloriously conquered, though himself slain. At the last ministerial association he attended he publicly said to Rev. S. J. Graham, whom he recognized as his spiritual father: "Brother Graham, will you be my father in the gospel? You were instrumental in my conversion. I shall take you by the hand, by and by, and present you to Jesus and tell him that you won me to his love." A few hours before his death, Rev. A. Orr, a co-laborer, visited him and found him enjoying great peace. "The Lord bless you, Brother Orr," he said. "I am pretty nearly over the river. I often said it would not be hard to pass over, and now it is all right. The messenger has not yet come, but I am looking for him." After making inquiry concerning his ministerial brethren and their work, he added, "Tell them that my afflictions will soon be over." When Mr. Orr arose to leave, he took the dying brother's hand, saying, "Brother Ankrom, we shall probably not meet here any more." No reply was heard. Speech was gone. His only answer was a silent yet eloquent lifting of the finger heavenward in token of his faith and hope in Jesus.

"The stranger's eye wept that in life's early bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host;
He fell like a martyr, he died at his post."

REV. HENRY WALTERS

The dying message of Mr. Walters was: "I am now admonished that my labors will soon end. I have a desire that these words be heard over the whole earth. Come into the gospel kingdom, and follow Christ, ye sons and daughters. Will you make your mark in the high calling in Christ Jesus? We are saved by grace through faith, not in ourselves, but by the precious blood of Christ interceding at the throne of God in our behalf. To all I say farewell."

"We say good-by, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no never,
On the resurrection morn."

REV. JOHN RUBUSH

A good man never loses his interest in souls. Elijah would visit the young prophets at Bethel and Jericho immediately before his translation, not only to bid them farewell, but to instruct them in religion and in relation to their peculiar work. Indeed, the nearer the approach to eternity, the more intense the interest which God's true servants manifest in the welfare of sinners. So it was with Rev. John Rubush. Only a few moments before his death he conversed freely with a friend, of

the Lutheran Church, about his revival meeting, which had been discontinued on account of his illness. "I would be glad," he said, "to get back to the meeting again, as I think the Lord is going to do a great work for us. A revival is so much needed." While thus speaking, with his heart fixed upon the work of soul-saving, his friend stepped into an adjoining room to tell some one that he thought Mr. Rubush was sinking. In a few moments he heard him begin to sing, "There'll be no more sorrow there." Surprised at this, he returned at once to his side, when, behold! he was dead. His spirit had gone to the land where "sorrows never come." This was in December of 1881, and closed a most successful ministry of forty-five years.

"Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er,
Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;
Safely at last thou hast reached the bright goal,
Fatherland, home of the soul."

REV. H. Y. HUMELBAUGH

This hero of faith met and vanquished the last foe early on the morning of October 13, 1868. He was a member of Pennsylvania Conference, and spent thirteen years in itinerant work.

When his physician visited him the last time he inquired, "Doctor, what do you think of me?" "You are very ill, sir," was the reply. "Well, I did not expect that," said Mr. Humelbaugh, "but it is all right. I have tried to live a religious life, and now I can say, 'Saved by grace; *saved by the grace of God.*'" When asked if the gospel he had preached to others comforted his own heart, he quickly answered: "Oh, yes; oh, yes. I was afraid if I did get well I would have to give up preaching, but the Lord has arranged all that now." As the shadows thickened, his faith seemed to lay hold of the Redeemer with an all-conquering grasp, and he exclaimed: "O Jesus, receive my spirit. Glory to God for a religion that saves in the dying hour." A friend, approaching his bedside, said, "Well, Brother Humelbaugh, you are going home." "Home! yes; blessed be God, I'm in the old ship sailing for—glory to God! Glory to God for experimental religion." Lifting both hands, he continued, "Let people say what they choose against experimental religion, thank God it saves in a dying hour." Then, turning to his grief-stricken wife, he sought most tenderly to console her. "Oh, Fanny, weep not for me; I will soon rest, forever rest, from all my troubles. Oh, lead a holy life; train up our children in the fear of the Lord—in experimental religion—and tell them to be humble."

Addressing his physician again, he said, "Oh, doctor, what a beautiful land lies just before my eyes." Then in holy ecstasy he cried out: "O King of terrors! end of time! Oh, all is bright! I'll soon be at home. Farewell, pulpit; this is the end of my preaching." Kissing his little son, he said, "God bless you, my boy." With the confidence of Israel's sweet singer, he repeated to himself, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." So nearly exhausted was he that he omitted the last sentence, but when some one finished it he replied, "They comfort me; yes, bless God, they comfort me." A few minutes later his pulse was still. He had passed from life to life.

"He fought, but now the battle's o'er.
No conflict now, no trials sore;
His body lies beneath the sod,
His soul is resting with its God."

REV. ZEBEDEE WARNER, D.D.

"How are the mighty fallen." Being absent from his family when stricken with his last illness, Dr. Warner dictated a letter to his wife in which he said, referring to the future: "I want to assure you of my readiness

for any change that God may arrange. If I lack anything it has not been revealed to me. I am not going to a strange country, for Jesus, for whom I have preached more than thirty-five years, is one of the chief objects of that country to which I am going, and where I shall live. I know and can trust him. I ask very kindly that you all come to see me. I think I shall know what you all are doing below, and when you start will come as far as I can to meet you, and introduce you to Jesus as my faithful co-worker in the gospel of Christ, a portion of which has been committed to me. If we meet in this life, there are many things which I might mention to you; if we do not meet, they will have to remain unspoken until we meet in heaven." As the delectable mountains appeared to view, he said to the editor of the *Religious Telescope*, by telegram, "My soul is wonderfully filled with the peace of God."

"Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace."

REV. JOSEPH A. WOLFE

"I am ready," "All is well," and like expressions were frequently heard from Mr.

Wolfe during his last illness. His heart was so fixed upon his chosen work that even in his death fancies he imagined himself traveling over his circuit, preaching again to his people. At the very last he began to sing,

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!
Let angels prostrate fall;”

but his strength failed him; he could not finish the verse. The bringing forth of the “royal diadem,” with which to crown Jesus, was left off till he reached the other side.

“Brother! rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o’er and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow;
Rest, thine earthly race is run.”

BISHOP JACOB ERB

“Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.” These words, so beautiful and tender, may be applied to Bishop Erb. For sixty years, in consecutive order, he attended the sessions of Pennsylvania Conference. When the time of the sixty-first drew near, and he saw that he would be too feeble to attend, he addressed a fatherly letter to his brethren to be read in open conference. In closing he said: “My faith in God is strong, my confidence in his word unshaken, and I know by personal

experience that there is a power in true religion. The future of a blessed life is to me full of hope and promise. God is my refuge and my strength."

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

REV. JOSEPH HEICHEL

To his children Mr. Heichel said, as he was entering the unseen: "You have been very good to me. Take good care of your mother, and meet me in heaven." To his wife his words were most comforting: "We will soon be together in heaven, where we will have a home forever. This parting will be short."

Thus died this member of East Ohio Conference, drawing sweet solace from that gospel which he had lovingly preached to others.

"All the blest ones who have gone
 To the land of life and song—
 We with shouting shall rejoin,
 By and by, by and by."

REV. WILLIAM H. DIDDLE

This honored member of Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference entered upon his everlasting reward November 10, 1877. During his last sickness, which continued through

many months, he said to Rev. S. J. Graham, a yoke-fellow in the gospel: "I would like to die. I am anxious to pass the ordeal and see how it will go. But when the conflict is once over, I shall not want to come back any more." He was alone with his family when the final summons came. When his wife saw that he was dying, she became excited, but to allay her fears he calmly said: "Do not be excited. If this is death, I am not afraid to die." His friends soon filled his room, but his lifeless clay was all that remained. The soul, having heard the voice of the Master, had gone out to seek rest in another clime.

"Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect righteousness?"

REV. HENRY BURTNER

After spending thirty-seven eventful years in the ministry, Mr. Burtner entered into rest, A. D. 1857. As death drew near he leaned more firmly upon the assurances of the gospel, and gradually sank into a sweet, Christ-like submission to the will of the Great Father. He frequently exhorted his family to be faithful and meet him, with his daughters, Mary and Eliza, who had passed on before, in their

heavenly home. In his death vision he seemed to catch glimpses of his ransomed children, and called them by name as if trying to converse with them. "What beautiful scenes I beheld," he would say, after waking from what seemed to be momentary slumber. At last, before going to sleep, he said to his wife, in German, "This time I will get over." So he did. The awaking was on the other side.

"Clasped in my Heavenly Father's arms,
I could forget my breath;
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death."

REV. JOSEPH E. WIDMEYER

Only the righteous have hope in death. To him who erects an imperishable monument to his fidelity to Christ by labors abundant and constant for the good of others, death has no sting. Rev. J. E. Widmeyer, of Virginia Conference, died at the early age of twenty-seven. Perfect trust gave him inexpressible joy in his last few days. The triumphs so bravely and gloriously achieved on life's battlefield seemed to merge into one grand victory when the final struggle came. He could say, "All is right; I have no fears for myself; my only concern is for others." To his aged parents, who were not permitted to be present, he

sent this message: "Tell them that the religion they taught me at the family altar, and elsewhere, has been a source of great comfort to me in my last days."

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Begin thy new employ;
Sing, while eternal ages run,
Thy Master and his joy."

REV. CORNELIUS S. MEILY, A.M.

The very useful career of this man of God terminated December 18, 1882. Being a Hebrew scholar of rare excellence, he took great comfort in repeating aloud certain portions of Scripture, especially the Twenty-third Psalm, in the original. While his wife was singing,

"In the sight of Jordan's billows,
Let thy bosom be my pillow," etc.,

he turned with a pleasing look and said, "Yes, oh, yes, I'm sweeping through; Christ is leading. Home, home—with Christ." Though little inclined, ordinarily, to laughter, he would frequently, in his closing days, laugh heartily and say, "Oh, I feel so happy." To his wife he spoke his last audible words on earth, "Esther, meet me; I'll be looking for you." Mr. Meily was ten years a member of East Pennsylvania Conference.

“Faithful servant, fare thee well!
With the holy thou dost dwell;
Thou art free from toil and pain;
Fare thee well, we’ll meet again.”

BISHOP JOHN J. GLOSSBRENNER, D.D.

“Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him.” So it was with the devout Bishop Glossbrenner when he had reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage, January 7, 1887. Mr. John Dodds, of Dayton, Ohio, a warm personal friend of the bishop, spent a day or two with him shortly before his death, and found him in a most blessed frame of mind. When the subject of preaching was referred to, he said: “If I could preach again just once more, I would preach Jesus. I would preach from his words to the disciples on the Sea of Galilee, ‘It is I, be not afraid.’” As Mr. Dodds was leaving, he looked back when a few paces from the house, and to his surprise the bishop had gotten out of his bed unassisted, and was standing by the door. He was visibly affected, and with hand uplifted, and tears running down his cheeks, said, “Tell my brethren it is all right; my home is over there.” To another he said: “My title is clear, but not because I have preached the gospel, but alone by the love

and mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rely on nothing but Jesus Christ with an experimental knowledge of acceptance with God through the merits of Jesus."

In view of his rapidly approaching end, he said to his pastor, "I shall not be here much longer." When asked about the future his reply was: "Everything is as bright as it can be. What a blessing it is to have a Savior at a time like this." His last whispered words were, "My Savior."

"With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim;
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation through the Lamb!"

REV. CHARLES E. RITTGERS

As he dipped his sandals in the last river, Mr. Rittgers sang, in a whisper, "I am crossing Jordan's cold stream." After gathering his friends around him and shaking hands with them, he pointed upward, and tried to sing that hymn of trust, "Take me as I am," but could not. While the spirit was mighty in its God, the body was weak—too weak to sing. "Take me as I am," was concluded before the throne. Thus the Scioto, now South East Ohio Conference surrendered another of her sons to the church triumphant.

“Rest, brother, rest; thy toils are o'er;
Sweet seraphs join thy tuneful lays,
The pain of death thou'lt feel no more;—
Thy harp is tuned to endless praise.”

REV. JOHN WESLEY PRICE

This promising young member of White River Conference remained cheerful up to the closing moments of his life. Next to communion with God, he enjoyed the presence and fellowship of his ministerial brethren. “How do you feel, Wesley?” inquired his mother. “Peace, mother, all is peace,” was the exultant reply.

“In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to his side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.”

REV. HENRY H. GELBACH

A number of ministers stood around his couch. Preparatory to administering the Lord's supper, “Home, sweet home,” was sung. Every heart present was touched. Mr. Gelbach was filled with emotion, and praised God aloud in prospect of the “sweet home” upon which he was about to enter. After receiving the bread and wine, he said: “I feel that my work is done. I have tried to

preach Christ and him crucified. I boast not of my work, for what good has been accomplished by my labors has been through the power of God. I harbor no ill-feeling toward any one. If it is the Lord's will to call me away, I feel that I am prepared to go." Then, directing his conversation especially to his co-laborers, he continued, "But, O brethren, keep in the good work as long as God spares you." Blessed counsel! Triumphant adieu! Glorious entrance into that "city which hath foundations!"

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven."

REV. BENJAMIN F. BOOTH, D.D.

Having gone to the uncreated source of fire to light his torch, Dr. Booth was a light-bearer in the best sense, and wherever he went the people felt the glow and warmth of his spiritual life. To such a one death has no alarm. To Bishop Weaver, Dr. Booth said, referring to his illness, "I do not know how this will turn out; I should love to live a while yet to do some more work for the Master; but remember, it is all right." To Dr. William McKee he said, exultingly,

"Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." His last sermon was preached from the text, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." So loved was this great soul that the whole Church mourned his departure from earth.

"Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

REV. HENRY YOUNG

When asked how he felt in view of his approaching end, Mr. Young calmly repeated that oft-quoted verse:

"O land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?"

then added: "I am looking for my end every moment. I am expecting my Savior." Nor did he look in vain. By this death Pennsylvania Conference lost a good man, but heaven was made vastly richer in moral worth.

"Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away."

REV. JACOB ANTRIM.

Mr. Antrim, of Miami Conference, was an evangelist of rare ability, and spent much of his time in evangelistic work. When the call of the Master came he was in Pennsylvania, conducting revival services. When he realized that death was at hand, he requested two of his ministerial brethren, who were at his bedside, to sing what seemed to him an appropriate hymn—

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.”

He joined heartily in the song and in the prayer which followed, and then remarked: “For forty-two years has the Lord been with me, and I feel that he is with me now. I am going to a better world. This world is not my home.” So he died at the ripe age of three-score and twelve years, and was “gathered to his people.”

REV. JACOB C. SMITH

When this hero of faith could no longer speak he would frequently look up with a smile, and wave his hand in triumph. Just prior to his death he wrote a letter to Bishop Dickson, with whom he had long been asso-

ciated in his conference relations, and assured him of his abiding faith in the religion of Christ. "Thanks be to God," he said, "I have not moved one hair-breadth from the faith I preached and believed during the forty-eight years of my Christian life. I often enjoy sweet moments and hours in secret conversation with my Christ. My deafness and blindness have isolated me from the rest of mankind. I am compelled to be a world within myself. God being with me, this is possible and even enjoyable."

"Yes, 't is sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace."

REV. ELLIS HEATER

"Death loves a shining mark." Such was Mr. Heater, of Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference. Though but a young man, the testimony he left behind proved a rich legacy to his friends, and has often been turned to good account by his fellow workers in the gospel ministry. To his father he expressed the desire that he might "depart and be with Christ." When some of his family, who had faithfully and lovingly watched at his bedside, saw that he was dying, they could

no longer restrain their feelings and wept aloud. This seemed to disturb him and caused him to rally for a few moments, long enough to say, "Be still; let me alone; I am going; all is well."

"His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay."

REV. LEWIS DAVIS, D.D.

"It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." The truth of this promise was realized by Dr. Davis as the day of life drew to a close. He found great pleasure in repeating the Twenty-third Psalm, laying special stress on the first verse, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." When asked by his wife if he had any message for his family, he replied, "No; everything is arranged for." In answer to the question whether the Savior was precious, he said, "Oh, yes; how could it be otherwise?" A few hours before he died, he was seen gazing upward most intently, and lifting both hands, he moved his fingers as if beckoning some one. Thus resting securely upon the divine rod and staff, he passed

quietly and safely through the valley of shadows, and entered in triumph his "long-sought home."

"Saved to the uttermost, Jesus is near,
Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
Trusting his promises, how I am blest,
Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest."

REV. R. WEAVER

As Mr. Weaver lay upon his pillow, fully realizing that the night of death was approaching, a flash of light pierced the clouds and fell upon his bed through the window. Turning his eyes toward the sun he said, "How nice to go home in the morning." His faithful consort, who found it so hard to give him up, leaned over him when she saw the last moment had come, and whispered, "Good bye; I'll meet you in heaven." "Yes," said he, "and bring all the children with you." Two days later his daughter, Della, when dying, said, "I don't want to get well; I want to go to papa"; whereupon her mother replied, "Della, you watch for us; we'll all come as soon as we can."

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

Mr. Weaver's membership was in Erie Conference.

REV. LEE FISHER

"It is a fearful thing," wrote Mr. Fisher in his last letter, "to be a minister of the gospel; and how dreadful it must be to desecrate so holy a calling. Oh, how earnest, faithful, pure-hearted, pure-minded we ought to be. I have been at the river's edge for several weeks, and have seen, as never before, the necessity of a more sincere and consecrated life than the most of us live."

When visited by Revs. U. P. Wardrip and S. T. Wallace, fellow ministers of Missouri Conference, he wept for joy, and said, "I am now too weak to talk, but I can listen; I want you to tell me all about the work." After all his business affairs had been arranged, he said to his wife, "Bring up my little boys to be men." Then, in a few moments, added, "I die as I have tried to live, at peace with God and man."

"A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys."

REV. JOSHUA CECIL

For thirty-one years this knight of the cross bravely battled with the hardships of an itinerant life to help build up what is now

known as East Ohio Conference. Dr. Booth, of the same conference, was permitted to spend with him his last night on earth. When asked how it was with him, Mr. Cecil answered with a smile: "It is all glory, glory, glory. Is not that good enough?" To his son he continued, "I have committed many mistakes in my life, but the debt is paid, all the debt I owe."

"Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood."

REV. AARON FARMER

"Ye are come . . . to an innumerable company of angels." Only the departing saint, who sees the mysterious curtain lifted, knows how near to the death chamber come the spirits of the invisible. To Mr. Farmer the presence of heavenly visitants was real when the time came to bid adieu to earthly loved ones. To his wife he said, "Come here and listen!" "To what shall I listen?" she inquired. "Why, don't you hear that singing?" "No, I do not," was the answer. "Oh," said he, "it is the sweetest music I ever heard in my life. The heavenly messengers are come for me, and I must go."

“I’ve almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.”

Aaron Farmer was a member of Indiana Conference.

REV. ALEXANDER KONKLIN

Addressing two of his brother ministers who had called to converse with him, this faithful herald of good tidings said: “Brethren, I am getting homesick, and feel that it would be far better to depart and be with Christ. I am only waiting to go and see how it looks on the other side of the river.” His last words of assurance were, “Brethren, stand up for Jesus; I shall meet you no more in annual conference, but expect to meet you in heaven.”

“Brother, thou art gone before us;
Where thy saintly soul is flown,
Tears are wiped away forever,
And all sorrow is unknown.”

BISHOP WILLIAM HANBY

Awhile before he died the bishop was observed to be weeping, by his daughter, who sat near his couch. “What is it, father?” was the tender inquiry. “Oh, I am so happy,” was the reply. “My long, toilsome journey is

nearly ended; my life work is joyfully over; half of my children are already safe in heaven, and I am just as sure the rest will be. Half are safe at home, and all the rest are on the way. Mother is there (referring to his wife) and in a little while I shall be there, too. These lines are in my mind constantly:

“The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?”

After he had descended into the river he shouted back, “I’m in the midst of glory.”

“Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love his Son.”

REV. EZRA D. PALMER

When the time came for this hero of faith to quit the sword and receive the earnest of his heavenly knighthood, God revealed himself most graciously to him and enriched his last earthly hours with an experience which angels themselves might covet. When his wife inquired whether his future prospects were clear he replied, “Why, yes; I never thought of having any clouds.” Then he exclaimed rapturously:

“Amen! amen! my soul replies;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there.”

No member of the old Rock River, now Illinois Conference ever gave himself more fully and willingly to a sacrificing service for the good of others than did Mr. Palmer.

REV. J. M. LEA

Patriarch-like, Mr. Lea, of Auglaize (now Sandusky) Conference, blessed his household before departing hence. To his wife he said, “God bless you and the children; teach them the true principles of Christianity”; and then laying his hands upon the heads of his two youngest, he pronounced upon each a dying father's blessing. Again to his wife he said, “Tell the absent children to meet me in heaven.”

“Look aloft! the spirit's risen;
Death cannot that soul imprison;
'T is in heaven such spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.”

BISHOP DAVID EDWARDS, D.D.

“For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.” This text was appropriately chosen by Bishop Glossbrenner, when called upon by the General Conference of 1877 to preach a sermon in memory of Bishop

Edwards. This "good man," so wondrously full of the "Holy Ghost and of faith," was more and more impressed, as the end of his pilgrimage drew near, that the work of the gospel minister is to proclaim Christ Jesus, and him alone, as the only hope of the world. "If it might be the Lord's will," he said, "I would like to preach awhile yet. I would preach, as never before, salvation by faith alone. Oh, the church has so much machinery, and there is such a disposition to interpose so many things between inquiring souls and Christ. Oh, I would tell them salvation is by faith in Christ alone. I see this now, as never before, and I would like to live and preach it."

"How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal."

REV. JAMES M. SMITH

Three days before this son of Allegheny Conference laid down the cross to take up the crown, he addressed a tender, loving epistle to his colleagues, who were soon to meet in their annual session. In closing he said: "I send you this as probably my last greeting. The past year has been one of great sorrow and

affliction to me. Brethren, be of good cheer. Young men, be brave for the truth and valiant for the right. Farewell, dear brethren in the Lord." To a friend he said: "My work is done. I cannot see now to read the Bible. I can no longer be of use to my family or others. I desire to go. There are no clouds, all is well."

"Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know."

REV. GEORGE A. MARK

Early in 1887 it was announced to Mr. Mark, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." But he was ready. "I have no fears for the future," he said, "I have been preparing for that pretty much all my lifetime." When assured that his wife would be cared for in her old days, he exclaimed with expressions of rapture on his face: "Now I am ready to die. O Lord Jesus, come quickly." When asked if he had any word to leave for his ministerial brethren, he said: "Tell them that I died trusting in Jesus. My life-work is done. I might have done much more, and if I could live my life over, I would; but there is no condemnation. All is peace." When asked

if he found it safe to trust his Savior, the reply was, "*Perfectly safe.*" Thus, after a ministry of more than a third of a century in the East Pennsylvania Conference, this veteran of the cross passed from life to life.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly thy soul shall rest."

REV. J. B. RESLER

A good man is God's best gift to men. It were as possible to blot the majestic mountain from the landscape as to forget or ignore the worth of great men in God's world and in Christ's church. J. B. Resler's name will long live in the Church because of the many years of loving service consecrated at her sacred altars. No theme to him was so precious as the gospel of Christ, and no work so great and important as that of the true minister. During his last days he penned the following to one of his children: "There is not anything that would please me better than to live to see my boys consecrated to the work of the ministry. This shall be my ardent wish and prayer to God till my latest breath. What is wealth or fame compared with a life devoted to the ministry? The longer

I live, the more important I feel it to be. Dear children, pray with me that such may be the case. When I give up my stewardship I would like to say to the Master: "Here are my three boys, whom thou hast given me. I yield them, Lord, to thee. Amen."

"We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."

REV. JAMES W. ROBERTSON

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, for his mercy endureth forever." "Oh, how glorious!" Such expressions of gratitude and praise fell from the lips of Mr. Robertson as he lay dying. Addressing his wife, he exclaimed: "Oh, what brightness! Holy angels! Glorious foretaste! No more pain! Sing, sing!" When asked if he wanted a drink of water he replied: "I don't want any water now. The next time I drink it will be of the water of the river of life." And it was so. In the transfer of this harbinger of peace to the triumphant church, Rock River, (now Illinois Conference) lost a young man of great promise.

"Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart—I cannot stay."

REV. MOSES GALLAGHER

Life was ebbing out apace, amid the deepening shadows, when Mr. Gallagher exclaimed: "Oh, how I long to be at home! I will get there to-night." Continuing, he said, "I have viewed myself on the brink of eternity, and, glory to God, death has lost its sting." Thus another child of grace tested and found true the promises of the Word.

"A man of God, he boldly spake
The word that God had given,
Then calmly slept, to soon awake
With men of God in heaven."

REV. JAMES WITT

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." With the confidence of a victorious warrior, Mr. Witt exultantly exclaimed in his last moments: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course. Oh, what a glorious crown now appears to view." Observing his friends weeping, he continued: "Weep not, my friends, for I am going home. Death is no terror. So farewell, till we meet in heaven."

"Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed."

REV. JOHN T. NEVILL

At the request of this devout son of the gospel a sacramental service was held in his room just before he died. As he received the bread he thoughtfully remarked, "This represents the broken body of my Lord; I eat it in remembrance of him." Likewise when he was given the cup, "This represents the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, shed for me on Calvary." Returning the cup he said, "I have eaten and drunk with you for the last time." His last audible utterance was, "Going to rest."

"Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest."

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN

As death drew near to this old pioneer of the Church in West Virginia, he said to his daughter: "Amy, I believe I'm going. Glory to God!" To a brother minister he gave assurance of the most complete trust in his Savior. "I am almost home," he said. "The stars of heaven never shone more brightly than now. There is not a cloud between my soul and Jesus."

“Happy change, Oh, happy summons!
Weary pilgrim, cease to roam;
Come, eternal joys inherit,
'T is thy Father calls, come home.”

REV. J. C. SPITLER

Being absent from home when overtaken by his last illness, Mr. Spitler, member of the Virginia Conference, put on record a beautiful testimony in a very affectionate letter addressed to his wife. “I am glad,” he wrote, “that I have not failed to pray. Religion is the great source from which I derive comfort in this life, and in its enjoyment I expect to pass through the dark valley. Pray for me. My soul longs for those endless joys which are at God’s right hand. My heart is full and overflowing.”

“These chequered wilds, with thorns o’erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led;
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss, 't will not be long.”

REV. JACOB B. KESSLER

Among the ministers of the Pennsylvania Conference, as it was constituted a half century ago, none, perhaps, wrought more successfully than did Mr. Kessler. As the day of life drew to a close, his soul was filled with

that peace "which passeth all understanding." Like the Christ of Gethsemane, he only desired to know and do the will of his Heavenly Father. "I *did* the will of the Lord," he remarked, "as long as I was able; now I am willing to *suffer* his will as long as he sees fit that I should." When asked if he had any feelings of guilt or fear, he answered most positively, "None whatever; my work is done, my course is finished, and I patiently wait the Lord's good pleasure."

"There was no anguish on his brow,
No terror in his eye;
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory."

REV. PAUL WAMBAUGH

Bishop Weaver reached the bedside of this man of God in time to get his dying testimony, which was most assuring and comforting. "What an attorney we have in heaven!" said Mr. Wambaugh. "How ably he manages our case! He is my only hope! I want no other. Tell the people I am the sinner, but Christ is the Savior, and I shall be with him soon."

"Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home."

In the death of Mr. Wambaugh, Miami Conference was bereft of an honored, faithful member.

REV. SAMUEL SEIDERS

To the Rev. Lewis Peters, a brother minister of East Pennsylvania Conference, Mr. Seiders gave the following testimony: "All is well, I stand on Jordan's stormy banks. Only a few more days, at most, and my time will cease; but there is not a cloud between the Savior and my eyes." Blessed experience! Rapturous vision!

"Then from out the gathering darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars will rise,
 By whose light my soul will gladly
 Wing its passage to the skies."

REV. JACOB E. BOVEY

The Master said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "Six years," said Mr. Bovey, "I have been preparing for a happy eternity. All is well! all is well!" When asked if grace sustained him in the trying ordeal of death, he replied: "Oh, yes! oh, yes! Truly, truly." So passed away another member of Virginia Conference.

“By and by! ’T will not be long
Ere the work of life is past,
And we sing the glad new song,
Face to face with God at last.”

REV. L. D. PINKNEY

Every true representative of the cross has a peculiar affection for his fellow ministers. God has ordained that it should be so. And at no time is this love and regard more manifest than when the hour of final separation comes. Said Mr. Pinkney to his wife: “Tell my brethren it is well with me. My faith is strong in the Lord.” When asked how he felt, the answer, the last answer, was, “Oh, I am so happy!”

“Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o’erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heav’nly mansion near the throne.”

REV. JAMES A. ELLIOTT

The parting words of Mr. Elliott to the people he had tried to serve, in his afflictions, on one of the Iowa Conference circuits, were very tender, and melted to tears all who heard him. “Brethren and sisters,” he calmly said, “I must leave you shortly, to see you no more on earth. Often during the past year I was unable to serve you, but I never heard you

complain. You have been good to me, for which you have my thanks. I shall soon be in eternity, but all is well. I wait my Master's command, and am ready to go." Rallying, he added: "I have only strength for a few more words. Brethren; farewell! In heaven I hope to meet you all, where death will come no more."

"We shall meet who've long been parted,
All the sad and weary hearted;
There no gloomy clouds of sorrow
Shall disturb the bright to-morrow,
But sweet peace we e'er shall borrow;
We shall meet again."

REV. HENRY T. BARCUS

Religion and patriotism go together. Loyalty to a government founded upon the principles of justice, is in accord with the gospel, and well pleasing to God. It was early in the sixties that Mr. Barcus fell on the battlefield, near Perrysville, Kentucky, in defense of the Union. His brother John, who was in the same company, and at his side, asked him if he was badly hurt. "Yes, I am killed," was the reply, "but don't fret for me. The Lord is with me." A few moments later he looked up into his brother's face and said, "Fire away, John; this Rebellion must be put down." After he had been carried to the rear, his last

charge to his brother was, "Tell father to meet me in heaven."

"Take the crown; before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of triumph rise;
These proclaim the victor's story."

REV. CHRISTIAN GRUMBLING

Ere this faithful member of Allegheny Conference pushed out into the unseen, his brethren gathered in his home to hold a prayer-meeting. When it closed he was in a state of ecstasy, and praised God in prospect of a better home beyond. "Now," said he, "I will soon be in heaven. Then I will see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and Elijah, David and Daniel, and, best of all, I'll see Jesus."

"Beautiful throne of Christ our king,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
Then shall my eyes the Savior see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me."

REV. FRANCIS M. CORL

The East Ohio Conference was called to mourn the departure of this devout ambassador November 5, 1896. Shortly before his death he called his brother to his bedside and asked him to read the fourteenth chapter of

John and offer prayer. His last request was that his favorite hymn, "The Christian's Home in Glory," be sung, during which he frequently whispered, "Beautiful sentiment! Beautiful sentiment."

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon."

REV. J. E. REAMES

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." To the Rev. A. Reed, a fellow worker of St. Joseph Conference, Mr. Reames gave this assurance just before he died: "The full salvation which I experienced six months ago saves me now. My time has come; it is nothing to die." Then, after a brief audible prayer, he exclaimed, "Glory to God!"

"Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living head."

REV. CHRISTIAN SHOPP

To a brother minister Mr. Shopp bore this beautiful testimony, in view of his approaching end: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Faith, however, though strong and unwavering, did not fully satisfy him. He longed to be at rest in the immediate presence of his Lord. "I have waited so long," he said, "but Jesus has not taken me yet. Oh, that he would come!" Then raising his eyes heavenward, he prayed, "Lord Jesus, give me patience to wait and suffer thy will." The prayer was answered. His devotion to Jesus, and to the Miami Conference, in which so many days of toil had been spent, having been tested, the chariot drew near, and he was borne from life to life.

"Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home."

REV. ISAAC WARE

To a co-laborer of White River Conference, this man of God made the following statement shortly before his death: "When I think of leaving the Church and my family, I confess I have a desire to remain awhile that I may enjoy their company and work for the Master; but if I must die, it is all right. Then I shall be free from sorrow and pain; and as to friends, I have more in heaven than I have on earth. When I think of being free from

all sorrow, of meeting departed loved ones, and of seeing Jesus as he is, I know it would be far better to be absent from the body and present with the Lord." His last whispered utterances were, "Jesus saves me now."

"There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

REV. ELISHA FLAUGH

This life does not end all. The grave does not bound human existence. Faith, penetrating the darkness about us, discovers a nightless land beyond. When Mr. Flaugh, a trusted and trusting servant of West Des Moines (now Iowa) Conference, realized the near approach of the death messenger, he said to the Rev. J. Simpson: "I have suffered long enough in this world; I am ready to go if it is the Lord's will. Meet me in heaven, where we will die no more."

"A few more days, a few more years,
 By storms and tempest driven,
 With songs, and everlasting joy,
 We all shall meet in heaven."

REV. D. D. LIGHTNER

"It is true," said Mr. Lightner, "that 'perfect love casteth out fear.'" When told

that his pulse could no longer be felt, he exclaimed, "Thank God, my suffering will soon be over!" An eye-witness says that when he was too far gone to speak, he looked around upon those present and smiled, as if to say, "All is well." The departure of this faithful herald added another name to the death-roll of St. Joseph Conference.

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breath!"

REV. A. LACKEY

When he saw his daughter Maggie weeping, in view of the separation soon to occur, Mr. Lackey, in a tender, fatherly way, sought to console her. "Don't fret for me," he said; "it is all right." Then turning to his two other daughters, he continued, "Be good children; love Jesus; love your mother." When told that the physician had said he could live only a few hours, he rapturously exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! Thank God for the hope of the Christian." He was a member of Pennsylvania Conference.

"Yes, our brother's course is run!
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life."

REV. ALVIN ROSE

Twenty-three years of loyal service were given to the Sandusky Conference by Mr. Rose. Being filled with God's love, he made the world brighter, God's thought clearer, man's duty simpler, and life's burdens easier to be borne. His reward was sure. Toward the end of his days his bodily sufferings were exceedingly severe, but grace—the all-sustaining, all-conquering grace of God—was abundant. To his wife he said, with feelings somewhat depressed, "I am in the valley, but not through yet"; then in a few moments his countenance fairly beamed with joy, and, with uplifted hands, he shouted: "It is all bright now! All is glory! Glory, glory!"

"Falter not, for Christ is leading,
He will roll the mist away;
In the sweeter fields of Eden
We shall rest at break of day."

REV. JOHN RUSSEL

This honored minister of peace gave to God and the Church a loving service which extended through a period of fifty-five years. At the close of a camp-meeting which he attended shortly before his death, he said to Rev. C. T. Stearn, of the same conference, "Now I am going home to die." His work,

he declared, was done, and it was so. Next to his last day on earth he said: "I am quite ill, but I feel so comfortable in my mind—so *comfortable*."

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

REV. WILLIAM SMITH

Ere this faithful messenger of "good tidings" quit the Scioto (now South East Ohio) Conference for the heavenly home, he joyously testified to the all-sufficiency of the gospel of Christ to comfort the soul in the last trying ordeal. "That grace," he said, "which I loved so well to preach to others comforts me now." Just before he died he called for the old family Bible, and after looking at it and pressing it to his face, as a prized treasure, he gave it back, with the remark, "That will do."

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death."

REV. BENJAMIN PATTERSON

One who was present during Mr. Patterson's last illness declared that the heavenly influence which pervaded his room could be felt by all who visited him. After giving his family,

one by one, an affectionate adieu, he said, "Tell all that I am sweetly going home." His last audible word was "Home."

"Above the waves of earthly strife;
Above the ills and cares of life;
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there, my home is there."

Mr. Patterson's membership was in St. Joseph Conference.

REV. AUGUST KRAUSE

Though a member of the Ohio German Conference, Mr. Krause was pastor of the old Otterbein Church in Baltimore, Maryland, when he heard the final summons, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."

Sabbath morning, April 26, 1885, he preached with unusual unction and effect from the text, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." It was his last sermon and testimony. He called the congregation to prayer, and went down on his knees to rise no more. Becoming unconscious he was carried to his room, where he died in a few hours.

"In the bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our toil, to home, sweet home."

REV. E. N. GRAVES

This faithful itinerant of Osage (now Kansas) Conference approached the end with an earnest prayer to God for "grace for the last struggle." To Rev. D. Baughman he said: "I want you to take charge of the upper part of my circuit and keep up the appointments till conference; and tell Brother Chambers to do the same with the lower part of the circuit. But be sure to tell the brethren and sisters all over the work that there is not a cloud between me and God."

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

REV. C. F. BOWERS

A ripe sheaf was this father for the heavenly garner. He was licensed to preach by Bishop Coons at Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, in 1844, and went to the heavenly home sixty-three years later, at the ripe age of eighty-six. "I do not think I shall be sick, or suffer, or linger long," he said, "I have asked God for a speedy release without pain, and I believe he will grant it. God, our Heavenly Father, bless you all; meet me in heaven."

“The parting sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, ‘They’re gone’;
Before the willing spirit takes
Its station near the throne.”

REV. G. B. PERKS

“Be ye also ready.” So Jesus commands, and “blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.” At the age of seventy, having been a minister fifty-five years, Mr. Perks said in his last moments: “I am not packing up, but am *ready* to go. I am ready to be packed.” When asked by his son if the grace of God still sustained him, he answered, “It does, my lad, it does.” He was translated from Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

BISHOP JONATHAN WEAVER

To the believer death is a veritable exodus. Not an arrest, but a rescue; not an imprisonment, but an enfranchisement. It comes not to increase his troubles, but to end them; not to impair his joys but to complete them.

Jonathan Weaver believed all this, and richly experienced its truth. His last message to the Church was: “I have no doubt as to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I believed what I preached, and preached what I believed. I die in the faith of the gospel I preached to

others. Jesus Christ is all, and in all. Tell the brethren never to depart from the doctrines held by the fathers, that a vital union with Christ is essential to the Christian life." His last utterances were: "I shall see the King in his beauty. I feel perfectly safe." He was born February 23, 1824, converted and joined the United Brethren Church when seventeen, licensed to preach by the Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference in 1847, elected bishop in 1865, and left earth for glory February 6, 1901.

"When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bids us hail the cheering ray,
Light forever more."

REV. G. P. MACKLIN, D.D.

This man of God was called home December 8, 1917, at the age of sixty-seven years. His death was gloriously triumphant. To a number of friends who called on him at the same time, he said, "The gospel I have preached the greater part of my life sustains me now." He closed his talk by reciting several stanzas of Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." As he repeated the lines, "I know I shall not drift beyond his love and care," a halo of light seemed to encircle his face. At another time, and when alone with his faithful wife, he recited the same lines, wept like a child, and held out his hand as if trying to clasp that of an unseen friend.

To a brother minister he said: "I have dying grace. Whatever the Lord wills for me is all right." Though a member of Florida Conference, he was interred in Woodland Cemetery at Dayton, Ohio.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown of righteousness."

REV. J. W. FULKERSON

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." This hero of the west, after enduring "hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," could say when the end came: "I am jealous for God's truth. The more of the Bible we have woven into our lives the richer our experience, and the brighter our hope of heaven. If I had my life to live over I should spend it in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. The name is richer and sweeter to me now than ever before." He was born in Frederick County, Virginia, January 16, 1822, and departed this life at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of Minnesota Conference.

"The evening and the morning were the first day."

REV. M. D. M. ALTICE

Just before Mr. Altice had one of his lower limbs amputated, and from which operation he

soon died, he remarked, "If I survive I shall win; if I do not, I shall win anyhow." To his presiding elder he said, "Tell the friends I am all right." His last audible words were: "Mother! Mother!" as if calling for her. Possibly she came. He was long an honored and active member of Erie Conference. The death summons came April 15, 1905.

"Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its peace on high;
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."
"Then shall I know."

REV. W. C. SMITH

This gospel herald was born in the flesh near Winchester, Virginia, September 23, 1822, and reached heaven from his home in Westfield, Illinois, October 27, 1905. After a long, fruitful ministry he could say before going hence: "My work is done; I am homesick. I want to go. Most of my associates are there. I have asked God to send the chariot for me. I think he will soon." And it was done as he had prayed. Glory.

"Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Make heaven forever mine."

DR. I. L. KEPHART

This noble pastor, chaplain, college president and editor, was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, December 10, 1832, and was admitted into Allegheny Conference in 1859. After a career of great prominence in the Church he left earth for heaven in October of 1908. His experience as a Christian was definite, his ideals were lofty, his life was pure as a sun beam, and his faith in God was unflinching.

A few days before death came he wrote: "I have tried to live a Christian life. I die the Christian death—a sinner saved by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ, the divine son of God. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen." On his seventy-fifth birthday he wrote:

"Come, welcome death, to me a friend;
You bring me to my journey's end;
I hear the sounding of your feet,
Extend my hand, your coming greet,
You open for me my prison door,
Why did you not do so before?
As I leave this world of sin,
And to the world of bliss pass in,
Oh, welcome death, life's battle's o'er,
I soar away to die no more."
"And there shall be no more death."

REV. A. A. SELLERS

Among the early United Brethren missionaries in Iowa, no one meant more to the Church than

did this godly man. His sacrifices were constant and great, and his faith was mighty and overcoming. He was born in Rockingham, Virginia, February 20, 1808, and died at a ripe age. In his last days he wrote: "And now my sun is fast declining. The shadows are lengthening, and I am far down the western slope; but my faith is strong, my hope is firm, and my prospects are bright. The Lord has no more for me to do."

"When a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The life he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men."

REV. O. D. CONE

To the good man death is an apocalypse. As "night showeth knowledge" by revealing to us the vastness of creation, so death unveils to us the mysteries and glories of the life to come. Near the close of Mr. Cone's life one beautiful Sunday afternoon, he seemed to be looking at something away off. Then he said to his anxious wife, "I have been down near the river." "And what did you see?" was asked. "Oh, it is beautiful," he replied. Then, as the sun was setting, he said: "God is coming. Tell father I died at my post." Then with a smile he closed his eyes. This was on June 14, 1885.

"The thin cloud-veil between us
 Is mere dissolving breath;
 One heavens surround, and screen us;
 And where art thou, O death?"

REV. JOHN KLEINFELTER

The man who sincerely preaches reconciliation through the Cross knows himself what pardon means. "Oh, God is so good to me," said this faithful witness. "He has forgiven all my sins, and set me before him as though I had never sinned." Saying this he bade adieu to earth, January 23, 1903. He was a member of the old DesMoines, (now Iowa) Conference.

"When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of Paradise possessed,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest."

REV. W. E. PARK

At the age of forty-eight Mansfield, Ohio, was made poorer in moral goodness, but heaven richer, because W. E. Park died. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" he exclaimed. "Jesus is precious. I have gotten the victory. Sing, O, sing, 'Joy unto the Lord'."

"I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear."

REV. D. R. BURKHOLDER

This servant of the Pennsylvania Conference, at the age of sixty-four, entered within the veil with this testimony: "This world has nothing for me. I am so strangely drawn toward the other side. The curtain between us seems thin. I want to go home."

"Only a little while,
For toiling a few short days;
Then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
Eternity's endless praise."

REV. J. G. SHUEY

Calmly and thoughtfully this servant of the Most High said to a brother pastor: "Good by; we shall not meet here again, but will meet over there. I want you to attend my funeral. I so much desired to complete my year's work, but the Lord has called me to my rest." Then a waiting chariot received him, and one of Lower Wabash's faithful pastors went home.

"Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts in every woe,
Still say, 'Thy will be done.'"

REV. J. W. CLARK

"Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age." How true

these words when applied to father Clark who lived to be nearly ninety-two years old, having spent forty-eight years as a gospel messenger. When too old and too sick to attend church regularly, services were held in his home. His last sermon was preached there, though he was so feeble he was obliged to lean on two canes. His sun went down without a cloud. To his faithful wife he addressed his last words: "Come, mother, let's go home." He was a member of Erie Conference.

"Deathless principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus brought
To his glorious likeness wrought."

REV. COLUMBUS HALL

The subject of this notice was born in Lewis County, West Virginia, and died June 27, 1906, at the age of fifty-three. When fourteen he was converted and joined the United Brethren Church and was licensed to preach before he was twenty. After an illness of many months, and when he saw that he could not get well, he planned for his funeral, and the adjustment of his affairs, with much thoughtfulness and care. When some one referred to his unusual deliberation he simply replied: "Oh, it is a matter of trust. If we believe the doctrine we preach, why should we not be calm?" To his physician

he said, "Doctor, will I suffer more than I have already suffered?" "No," was the assurance. "There will be nothing harder than what you have already borne." "I think I am dying now. Is this all there is to death?" Dr. Sanders who stood by suggested, "It will not be long till you see your dear wife and the Master you have served so long, face to face." With tears of joy trickling down his cheeks he replied: "Oh, I wish I could see them now. Tell the people I died in the faith of the gospel I have preached. Oh, it is so sweet to preach Jesus."

To the writer, whom he met in Dayton, Ohio, a few months before he died, he not only expressed great faith in his Savior but seemed full of joy over the thought that heaven was drawing nearer every day. His was a wonderful experience. At the time of his crowning he was a member of Miami Conference.

"Sleep, dear brother, weary pilgrim,
In thy blissful slumbers rest;
With the closing of thine eye lids,
Thou hast been supremely blest."

REV. JACOB RUNK

This noble son of the Church, and messenger of the Word, departed from earth September 9, 1915, a little above eighty years of age. He was a member of East Pennsylvania Conference, and a preacher fifty-eight years. His sunset was cloudless, and the "evening time became

radiant with the light of the throne." In his last days the Holy Spirit gave him a wonderful fullness of joy. In closing a description of it to his son, Dr. I. E. Runk, he said, "It is all the grace of God." Going to heaven was only changing "from glory to glory."

After many years spent in the active work of the ministry, how appropriately it may be said of him, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"My knowledge of that life is small;
I'm living in the rim:
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him."

REV. A. C. SCOTT

"God's finger touched him and he slept." This brother had been a member of the Indiana Conference nearly a third of a century, and served it well. God gave him a long life of eighty years. In his last hours he said: "My youngest son who died at the age of six used to be so glad when he would see me coming home, and wave me a welcome with his little hand. I think he is still looking for me, and will say, 'I see father coming.'"

“We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone;
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mist is rolled away.”

REV. R. E. GRAVES

After spending twenty-four years in the ministry of the Church in Iowa, this comrade in service died June 27, 1915. The last call was calmly waited. He would often have his family and friends sing, “God will Take Care of You,” and then directing his remarks to his companion, say: “That means you. Don’t you know it does?” One of his last utterances was, “God’s way is my way.”

“Say, why should friendship grieve for those,
Who safe arrive on Canaan’s shore?
Released from all their vengeful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.”

REV. T. R. SPRAGUE

At the ripe age of seventy-eight this brother, a member of what was then known as Northwest Kansas Conference, heard the last call, and bade his friends adieu. Sixty years before he had been brought to know Jesus as a personal Savior, and during all this period remained faithful to his altar vows.

His faithful helper in the Lord had preceded him to the throne only a few days. When Rev. E. R. Baber, his presiding elder, visited him for the last time he was not recognized by the old saint. His sight was dim, and his mind wandered. But when the elder asked, "Brother Sprague, do you know Jesus?" the instant reply was, "Oh, yes, and he knows me, too." And with this assurance he was off for the heavenly home.

"Aches and pains are all forgotten,
In the balm the Lord supplies;
And thy youth thou art renewing,
In the realm of paradise."

REV. A. E. FULTON

Brother Fulton, the farmer, the teacher, the soldier, the preacher, was prominent in Christian service fifty-five years, and in the ministry forty-six years, all of which were spent in the pastorate except ten years. When the end came, his testimony was, "I do not know whether I will get well or not, but I am fully reconciled, and adhere firmly to the faith and religion I preached to others, being assured of the saving power of Christ." He was a member of Allegheny Conference, and departed for the glorious unseen September 14, 1916, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

"Oh, death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn."

REV. WILLIAM CADMAN

The Christian's death is not a defeat, but a deliverance; not a capture, but an escape. The grave is not a prison, but a sure and peaceful refuge. William Cadman, an honored member of Erie Conference, after forty-nine years spent in the ministry of the Church, heard the final call January 11, 1900, when in his seventy-third year. When the last prayer was offered at his bedside, his soul became ecstatic, and looking through the lifted veil, he exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful, how beautiful beyond the stream!"

" 'Beautiful! beautiful!' he saw the gleam
And said, 'How beautiful beyond the stream!'
He stood one foot on life's retiring shore,
And dipped the other in the waves before."

REV. GEORGE W. STATTON

This hero of a thousand battles was a minister sixty-three years, and in the active work most of the time. In 1897 he told the General

Conference at Lisbon, Iowa, his experience a little while before when he thought the end had come. "I never was so happy in my life," he said. "I could hear the bells of heaven ringing. The gates swung open, and I was permitted to look into the glory world." On the eighth of August, 1908, he received his passport to "Father's House," and again heard the bells ring, and saw the unspeakable glory. He first joined the Virginia Conference, but died a member of Iowa Conference.

"I shall behold thy face in righteousness;

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

REV. ALEXANDER BIDDLE

This dear father and pioneer, in his last days, gave expression to the most beautiful sentiments touching his faith in the gospel and his hope of heaven. He wrote: "I am feeling keenly the burden of almost eighty-seven years. As to the future, I am living by the day with a bright prospect of the heirship of eternal life. In the quiet of my lonely home, my soul feasts on the riches of divine grace. The time of the sunset has come, and its tints are those of a golden autumn day. The sun is going down without a cloud, and as the earthly is fading out of sight, the heavenly breaks upon my vision and I long to be at home in the bright, eternal day which

has no sunset." Mr. Biddle was transferred to the Church triumphant February 1, 1899, having been a minister sixty-eight years. His membership was with the Sandusky Conference.

"Hail, perfected immortals!
Even now we bid you hail!
We at the blood-stained portals,
And ye within the veil."

BISHOP JOHN DICKSON

This noted figure in the United Brethren Church was born June 15, 1820, and was translated from life to life February 22, 1907. He joined the Pennsylvania Conference in 1847, and so was an honored member of that conference for sixty years. His son, William A., has been a member of the same conference for forty-four years, making a combined record of 104 years for father and son. In 1869 he was elected bishop, and served the Church in that relation twenty-four years.

When the testing hour came his children and pastor, C. W. Brewbaker, were at his side. In response to John 14:1-3, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and so forth, he replied distinctly, and with fervor, "Bless the Lord," and was gone. How fitting that in the last moments of life praise to God should dwell on his lips. His body now sleeps in the cemetery near his old Chambersburg home, in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

“Sleep then, weary, aged pilgrim,
Where no sounds disturb thy rest;
Whilst thy soul in joy is basking
In the sunshine of the blest.”

REV. I. K. STATTON, D.D.

This great preacher and church builder was born December 25, 1830, and answered the call to his coronation October 7, 1903, after he had served the Church fifty-two years as a minister and leader in Christian work. He spent his young manhood days in Virginia Conference, then went west, first to what was known as Rock River Conference, and later to Iowa, where he remained until his work was done. Though the disease from which he died somewhat affected his mind toward the last, yet Christ and preaching the gospel were uppermost in his thoughts. Again and again did he, while in this condition, lead the family in the most wonderful prayers to which they ever listened.

One day he preached to his son, Dr. A. B., a complete sermon, eloquent and searching, on the text, “Except ye have the Spirit of Christ ye are none of his.” He had preached so long, and so faithfully that he was thoroughly saturated with the great truths of our holy Christianity. They had become a part of his very being. When asked if he knew he was near death he replied, “To be sure; that’s nothing; we must

all go the way of the flesh." His body sleeps in the Hagerstown (Maryland) cemetery, and within the bounds of his first pastoral charge. His faithful helper in the Lord who followed him in 1916, rests by his side.

"Can the bonds that make us here,
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever grow."

BRIEF MENTION

"Glory!"—*Rev. Simon George.*

"Farewell!"—*Rev. Samuel Hayworth.*

"Going home."—*Rev. William Filmer.*

"I am God's son."—*Rev. Hugh Huston.*

"Glory to God!"—*Rev. William O' Neal.*

"Oh, I am so happy!"—*Rev. M. S. Cooley.*

"The way is clear."—*Rev. Joseph Gallentine.*

"Trusting in Christ."—*Rev. James Anderson.*

"I have met heaven."—*Rev. Henry Huffman.*

"Just as the Lord wills."—*Rev. Joshua Orne.*

"Behold the Lamb!"—*Rev. Edward Timmons.*

"Glory to God, I'm going home."—*Rev. H. G. Banks.*

"Glory to God in the highest!"—*Rev. Daniel Tussing.*

"I am sweeping through the gates."—*Rev. A. A. Shisler.*

"I know I have a home in heaven."—*Rev. Daniel Fruitt.*

"Come, Lord Jesus, and take me."—*Rev. John W. Price.*

"All is well."—*Rev. J. C. Larue, of St. Joseph Conference.*

"For me to live is Christ; to die is gain."—*Rev. Jacob Resler.*

"I am going."—*Rev. J. M. Rodruck, of Virginia Conference.*

"It is well."—*Rev. Herman Scott, Rock River (now Illinois) Conference.*

"Hallelujah!"—*Rev. Jesse L. Cox, Rock River (now Northern Illinois) Conference.*

"I am going home."—*Rev. John Dever, Scioto (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.*

"I want to see how it looks in heaven."—*Rev. Jacob Kenoyer.*

"I am trusting in Jesus."—*Rev. Isaac Neidig, Iowa Conference.*

"It is all right."—*Rev. Charles Miller, Virginia Conference.*

"I want you all to meet me in heaven."—*Rev. Daniel Boulster.*

"God is with me."—*Rev. John Gibbons*, Virginia Conference.

"Oh, my Savior!"—*Rev. D. R. Bovey*, Maryland (now Pennsylvania) Conference.

"Let me go to my Savior; let me go."—*Rev. Daniel Bonebrake*.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."—*Rev. Lewis D. Ambrose*.

"All is well; Christ is my only hope."—*Rev. David H. Tallman*.

"Lord, help! Lord, help! that I may die in peace."—*Rev. Jacob Baer*.

"Meet me in heaven."—*Rev. Harvey Tuck*, St. Joseph Conference.

"Raise me up. Praise God, deliverance has come."—*Rev. W. S. Hayes*.

"I am going in peace."—*Rev. Joseph Williams*, Miami Conference.

"Blessed Jesus."—*Rev. William G. Mauk*, Central Ohio (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"Praise the Lord!"—*Rev. Gottlieb Meyers*, Ohio German Conference.

"We soon will meet where parting is no more."—*Rev. William Miller*.

"No condemnation!"—*Rev. David Blair*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"It is all over; good-by."—*Rev. W. D. L. Welch*, Neosho (now Kansas) Conference.

"Going home!"—*Rev. Samuel C. McClelland* St. Joseph Conference.

"I am as firm as a rock."—*Rev. Samuel Essex*, Sandusky Conference.

"I have an unshaken confidence and peace in my soul."—*Rev. S. P. Wygant*.

"I love Jesus. He has come."—*Rev. R. K. Wyant*, Sandusky Conference.

"I must die, but all is peace."—*Rev. C. L. Barlow*, Sandusky Conference.

"Oh, the sweet peace in believing."—*Rev. J. Harritt*, Oregon Conference.

"Let me go, let me go."—*Rev. John R. Shepler*, East Ohio Conference.

"Cheerfully."—*Rev. Eli Slutts*, Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference.

"Amen! Praise the Lord!"—*Rev. Charles A. Slater*, East Ohio Conference.

"To die will be my gain."—*Rev. F. McReynolds*, Wisconsin Conference.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."—*Rev. Joseph A. Wolf*, Scioto (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"There is not a cloud, not a doubt."—*Rev. J. S. Buell*, Allegheny Conference.

"All is right. I have no fears."—*Rev. J. B. Weidler*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"Thy will be done, O Lord."—*Rev. John Ellenbarger*, Allegheny Conference.

"Glory to God! His will be done."—*Rev. George Patterson*, Iowa Conference.

"Many souls for Jesus."—*Rev. George A. Miner*, Arkansas Valley (now Kansas) Conference.

"I am only waiting for the Master's call."—*Rev. J. G. Snyder*, Iowa Conference.

"The gospel I preach holds out."—*Rev. J. R. Gipple*, East Ohio Conference.

"It is all right, whether I live or die."—*Rev. James Long*, Miami Conference.

"Jesus, Jesus! Home, home!"—*Rev. William Wright*, White River Conference.

"All right."—*Rev. S. H. Garriott*, Indiana Conference.

"Tell my brethren I have gone to rest."—*Rev. William Lower*, Auglaize (now Sandusky) Conference.

"I am prepared."—*Rev. Jacob Stambaugh*, Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference.

"Glory to Jesus!"—*Rev. John Pugsley*, Indiana Conference.

"The messenger has come, and all is grand."—*Rev. J. G. Ketterman*, Virginia Conference.

"Say to my brethren, that it is well with me."—*Rev. J. Davis*, Sandusky Conference.

"My Savior is with me, and all is right."—*Rev. W. O. Grimm*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"The messenger is here now; glory!"—*Rev. William H. Brown*, Lower Wabash (now Illinois) Conference.

"Glory to God! Salvation is a reality!"—*Rev. James M. Cook*, White River Conference.

"I am ready to go. Tell the brethren I am saved from sickness and sin."—*Rev. James E. Mason*.

"My time has come."—*Rev. John Light*, Pennsylvania (now East Pennsylvania) Conference.

"I am at peace with God and with all men."—*Rev. John Bell*, Sandusky Conference.

"O Lord, if this is my last night make it short."—*Rev. G. H. Bower*, Scioto (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"I am under the blood and am saved."—*Rev. Adam McDannel*, Auglaize (now Sandusky) Conference.

"No doubts! No doubts!"—*Rev. John Meyer*, of East German (now East Pennsylvania) Conference.

"Sweet home! Blessed home! I will soon be there."—*Rev. W. M. Kimmel*, Miami Conference.

"All is right; I am ready.—*Rev. John Weimer*, Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference.

"The chariot has come, and I am ready to step in."—*Rev. Jordan Antle*, Kentucky Conference.

"I long to be at rest with the blood-washed throng."—*Rev. J. M. Ware*, of West Nebraska (now Nebraska) Conference.

"Do not say anything; I am tired. Let me go to rest."—*Rev. J. P. Smith*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"I have never feared death since God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins."—*Rev. George Weaver*.

"Tell my brethren of the Muskingum Conference that John Sands has gone to glory."—*Rev. John Sands*.

"It will be over soon. Just let me remain as I am."—*Rev. Emanuel Huffman*, Central Ohio (now Sandusky) Conference.

"I tell you it means something to be a Christian."—*Rev. Henry Decker*, North Ohio (now Sandusky) Conference.

"Oh, how beautiful! The opening heavens around me shine."—*Rev. Philip Heck*, Rock River (now Illinois) Conference.

"My time is short; I want to go home."—*Rev. Christian Kauffman*, East Pennsylvania Conference.

"They sing! The angels sing!"—*Rev. Francis Brazee*, Muskingum (now East Ohio Conference).

"That gospel which I preached to others in health, supports me in the cold arms of death."—*Rev. Henry Garrett*.

"Glory, glory! Come, Lord Jesus! Amen!"—*Rev. William Eckells*, Indiana Conference.

"Do you see that bright light? Do you see those angels?"—*Rev. William Stephenson*, Allegheny Conference.

"All is clear between the Savior and my soul, but I am saved by grace through faith alone."—*Rev. A. T. Briggs*.

"The Lord's will be done; I am ready."—*Rev. C. Whitecotton*, of Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference.

"The blood! the blood! it cleanseth me. Glory, hallelujah! Amen."—*Rev. W. C. Romine*, Illinois Conference.

"Tell the friends that religion is my support."—*Rev. A. S. Wade*, Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference.

"I am packed up and ready to go. I am waiting for the Lord to call me."—*Rev. John Carter*, Illinois Conference.

"Thank God, I am almost across. It is getting brighter every step I take."—*Rev. D. O. Farrell*, Virginia Conference.

"Tell the people I am trusting in Jesus; there is not a shadow in the way."—*Rev. Samuel Hall*, Sandusky Conference.

"The conflict is almost over, and all is well."—*Rev. William Miles*, Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference.

"I am sure of heaven, and will not have to wait long till I get there."—*Rev. Solomon Bigham*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"How sweet to lean on Jesus' breast, and breathe my life out sweetly there."—*Rev. Andrew Zuver*, North Ohio (now Sandusky) Conference.

"It is all right; my work is done, and I am ready to go."—*Rev. E. Stutler*, Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference.

"I will soon be gone, but do not weep for me. I am going home to glory."—*Rev. George W. Vandeventer*, Des Moines (now Iowa) Conference.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

—*Rev. Edmund Clow*, Minnesota Conference.

"If it were the Lord's will, I would like to preach once more."—*Rev. A. Hendrickson*, Parkersburg (now West Virginia) Conference.

"Tell the brethren of Auglaize Conference that the same gospel I preached to others, saves me in a dying hour."—*Rev. J. C. McBride*.

"Tell my brethren that if I never meet them on earth again, I will meet them in heaven."
—*Rev. N. J. Smith*, Scioto (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"I have no desire to recover—would rather depart and be with Christ."—*Rev. Samuel Cook*, Muskingum (now East Ohio) Conference.

"Follow me as I have followed Christ, and meet me in heaven."—*Rev. William Elder*, of Dakota (now Nebraska) Conference.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are."

—*Rev. Stephen Littlebridge*, Sandusky Conference.

"If I had my life to live over, I would preach as long as I could speak ten minutes at a time."—*Rev. William Hastings*, Scioto (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"I am ready and willing to go, for I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course."
—*Rev. S. A. Lovelace*, Des Moines (now Iowa) Conference.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."—*Rev. Barnard Bickley*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"Oh, I see such a fullness in Christ as I never saw before. Tell the people I am trusting in a full salvation."—*Rev. P. Corl*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"I am on the border-land. All is well, all is well. Is this death? If this be death, then it is pleasant to die."—*Rev. David S. Montgomery*, Central Ohio (now Southeast Ohio) Conference.

"It is not death to leave this world, and then with the brotherhood on high be at home with God."—*Rev. Jacob Doerksen*, of East German (now East Pennsylvania) Conference.

"Oh! sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high."

—*Rev. John Bell*.

"I regret that I have done so little for the cause of my Master, but I feel that I have done the best I could under the circumstances. I am now ready; the Lord's will be done."—*Rev. L. J. Coley*, Upper Wabash (now White River) Conference.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."—*Rev. Henry Schropp*, of East German (now East Pennsylvania) Conference.

After quoting, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory," he exclaimed with feelings of rapture: "I see it now; Oh, the beautiful gates covered with angels."—*Rev. J. T. Shaffer*, East Pennsylvania Conference.

"I have fought my fight; I have finished my course; I have tried to be an obedient servant of Jesus Christ. I have made many mistakes, yet he knows I have tried to serve him."—*Rev. L. T. John*, North (now Nebraska) Conference.

"The waters are deep, but I'll soon be over."—*Rev. Lewis Peters*, East Pennsylvania Conference.

"All is well, I am only waiting for Jesus."—*Rev. M. H. Sly*, Michigan Conference.

"It is better farther on."—*Rev. John Davy*.

"Sudden death means sudden glory."—*Rev. L. D. Newman*, Michigan Conference.

"Everything is all right, I am not afraid to go."—*Rev. J. T. Reynolds*, Kansas Conference.

To his children: "Take good care of mother; I'm going home." To his wife he said: "I will wait for your coming."—*Rev. W. D. Mower*, Pennsylvania Conference.

"If this is death, O, how sweet it is to die."—*Rev. P. H. Blinn*, Arkansas (now Kansas) Conference.

"I am calmly waiting for the call. Hallelujah!"—*Rev. W. S. Titus*, Michigan Conference.

"The Bible has been the flower and joy of my life."—*Rev. Joshua Harp*, Maryland Conference.

"I trust in the word I have preached, and rest in the assurance it brings."—*Rev. J. B. Jones*, Pennsylvania Conference.

To his wife when death came suddenly: "The Lord has called me, but he will provide for you and the little boy."—*Rev. Jacob Surface*, Nebraska Conference.

"O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory."—*Rev. W. Cornell*, Vienna, Ontario.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I will fear no evil."—*Rev. J. X. Quigley*, East Pennsylvania Conference.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."—*Rev. C. U. Wesley*, West Africa.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—*Rev. Phillip Surface*, Iowa Conference.

"I am not afraid of death; that was settled years ago. Death would be a welcome guest to me at any moment."—*Rev. H. B. Duncan*, West Virginia Conference.

"I have perfect confidence in my Redeemer. I love him and trust him and know he has a place for me in heaven."—*Rev. W. H. Sharp*, Indiana Conference.

"Mother, Mother, Mother!"—*Rev. Wilson Martin*, Sandusky Conference.

“It will not be long till He comes.”—*Rev. T. J. Musselman*, Lower Wabash (now Illinois) Conference.

To a brother pastor: “Good by; preach the Word.”—*Rev. Uriah Green*, Miami Conference.

HOW OUR PREACHERS' WIVES DIE**MRS. HENRIETTA MEYER DOWLING**

This heroine of the cross was born in Smithville, Ohio, June 5, 1868, and at the age of twenty-three married Rev. H. A. Dowling, of East Ohio Conference. Her translation occurred from her home in Los Angeles, California, December 18, 1916.

Rev. Ella R. King, a valued friend of the family, was with her at the last, and relates how she was thrilled with the thought and prospect of going home. "I want no ostentation at my funeral," she said. "No show, no black, no mourning. It will be my coronation." After further conversation she added: "Now, I want you to read and pray with me," at the close of which she exclaimed: "God bless you. I am so glad you prayed about the blood of Jesus. That is the life, his life, our life." Later, and at her request, "How Firm a Foundation," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" were sung by loved ones who stood around her, she joining in the singing. It was not long, then, till the end came. Her final words were: "All has been done. I have sweet peace and rest."

"Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, 'Come!' and there's our home.
Forever, and forever."

MRS. EMMA E. DICKSON

Mrs. Dickson became the wife of Rev. W. A. Dickson, of Pennsylvania Conference in 1875, and died in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, September 15, 1910. As her husband repeated the Shepherd Psalm, being too weak to speak, she pointed her finger heavenward, and thus eloquently expressed her faith in Jesus, and her hope of a glorious heaven. "She was a faithful wife, a devoted Christian, and a loving mother," is the testimony of her companion.

"Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

"Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

"Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn—our hands—oh, beautiful sleep!"

MRS. SADIE CRIDER

This faithful wife of a faithful pastor of Pennsylvania Conference, had visions beatific, and a joy inexpressible, as she tarried for a time in the borderland. To her brother who sat near her she said: "Did you see that?" "Why, no, Sadie," was the answer, "What was it?" "Why," she replied, "It seemed to me the

waters dashed against the gates. Oh, I'm so glad I'm saved!" Then lifting her hand she triumphantly exclaimed: "Higher, higher, higher!" and "was not, for God took her."

"Why should our tears of sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal home?"

MRS. DORCAS CLARK

This faithful companion and helper of Rev. J. W. Clark, of Erie Conference, died in 1910, full of faith and hope. Knowing that the end was near she said to a daughter, "Tell all the children to meet me in heaven." Again, "How wonderfully God has answered my prayers." To the very last the Bible and Religious Telescope were her loved companions. Her husband preceded her to Beulah land twelve years.

"From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory."

MRS. ROSA ELIZABETH ROOT

This highly gifted and devoutly religious woman had a remarkable experience, and gave wonderful testimony when dying. "I should like to get well," she said, "that I might be

with my husband and the children a while longer, but the Lord has cared for them thus far with me, and he can take care of them without me, if he thinks best to take me." A friend said to her, "I had hoped to find you better when I came again," whereupon she replied: "*I shall be better soon.*" "I am glad to see you so cheerful" said another friend. "Why shouldn't I be? It's only a step across," was the beautiful reply. A few hours later she said: "I may be mistaken, but I think I am going now. I want to go home. Meet me there." She was the wife of Rev. A. K. Root.

"Home at last."

"There is one in whom we can have entire confidence."—*Mrs. Elizabeth Rankin*, widow of Rev. R. G. Rankin, Allegheny Conference.

To her two daughters: "Girls, I am dying; farewell vain world, I'm going to rest at last. Jesus, dear Jesus."—*Mrs. Anna M. Shuey*, wife of Rev. Josiah Shuey, Lower Wabash Conference.

"I want my Sunday-school class to be my pall bearers, for it may be the means of bringing them to Christ. Beautiful crowns!"—*Mrs. Ella M. Miller*, wife of Rev. Jacob Miller, Miami Conference.

"Oh, I'm sorry to leave you, but if it is possible, I will hover over you. I'll be there."—*Mrs. A. D. Sturm* to her husband, a minister of West Virginia Conference.

"Heaven seems a different country to me now since so many of my friends are there."—*Mrs. Leinnie Hicks*, wife of Rev. J. W. Hicks, of Sandusky Conference.

"It is all well with me. I am not afraid to die."—*Mrs. Eliza Jane Givens*, wife of Rev. W. M. Givens, Indiana Conference.

"I am so glad I don't have to get ready for death now; I am abiding in the Lord Jesus by faith, and he will take care of me, so I don't have to worry."—*Mrs. Sarah A. Pittman*, wife of Rev. J. S. Pittman, California Conference.

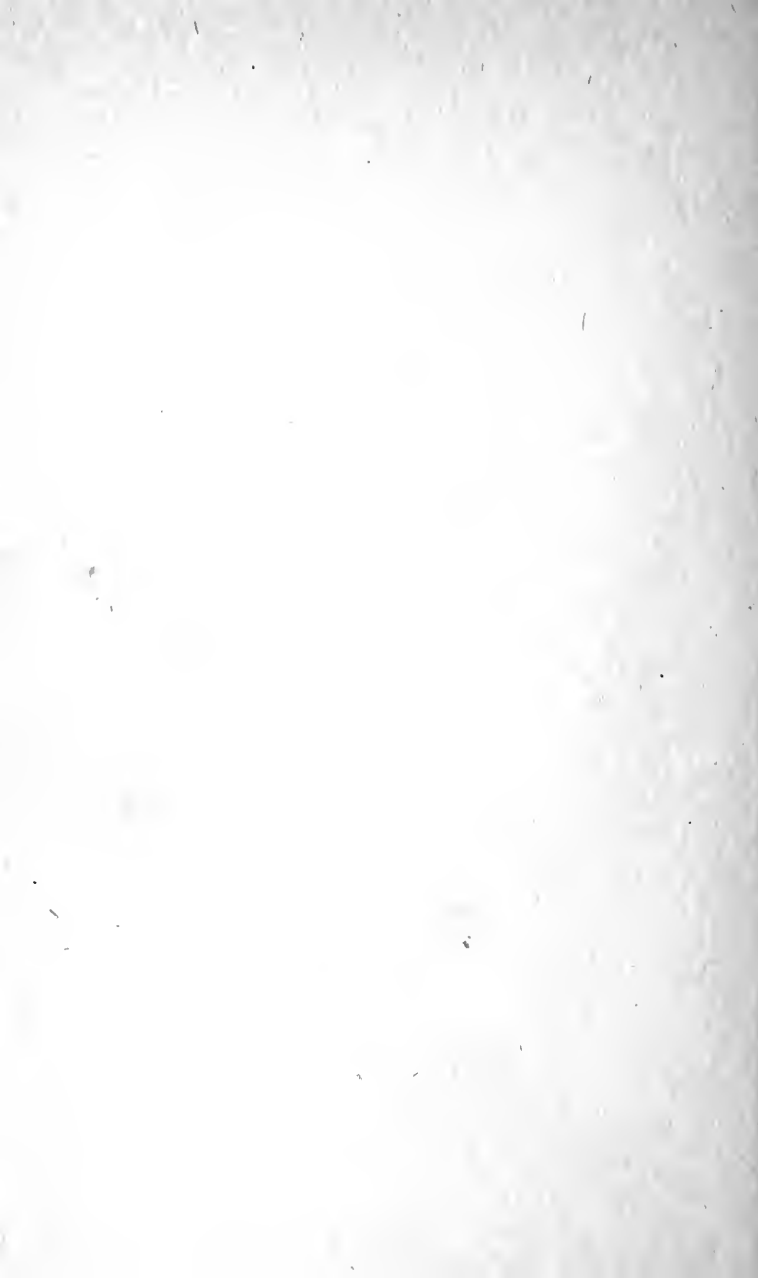
"There's a light on the other shore."—*Mrs. Parnelia A. Cadman*, widow of Rev. William Cadman, Erie Conference.

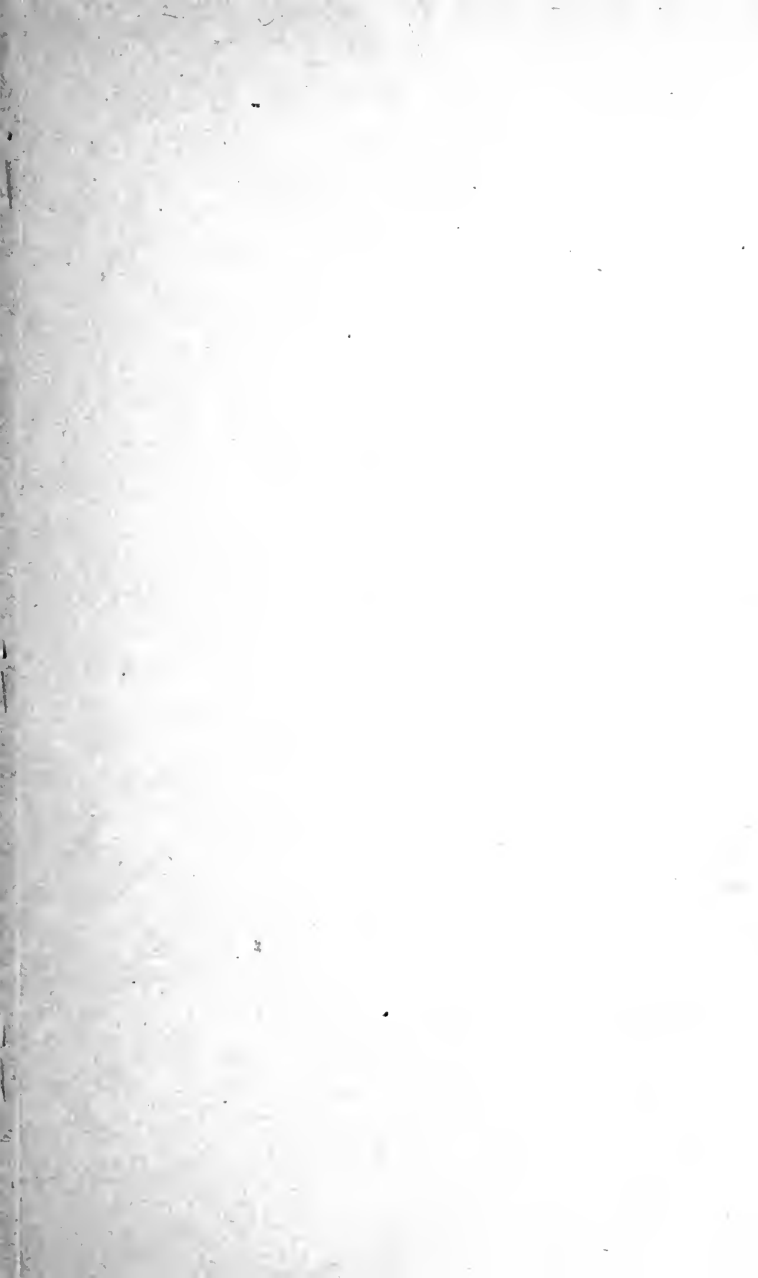
"Jesus, precious Jesus."—*Mrs. Catharine G. Walker*, wife of Rev. H. Walker, Illinois Conference.

TO THE LIVING

“Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and magesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”







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