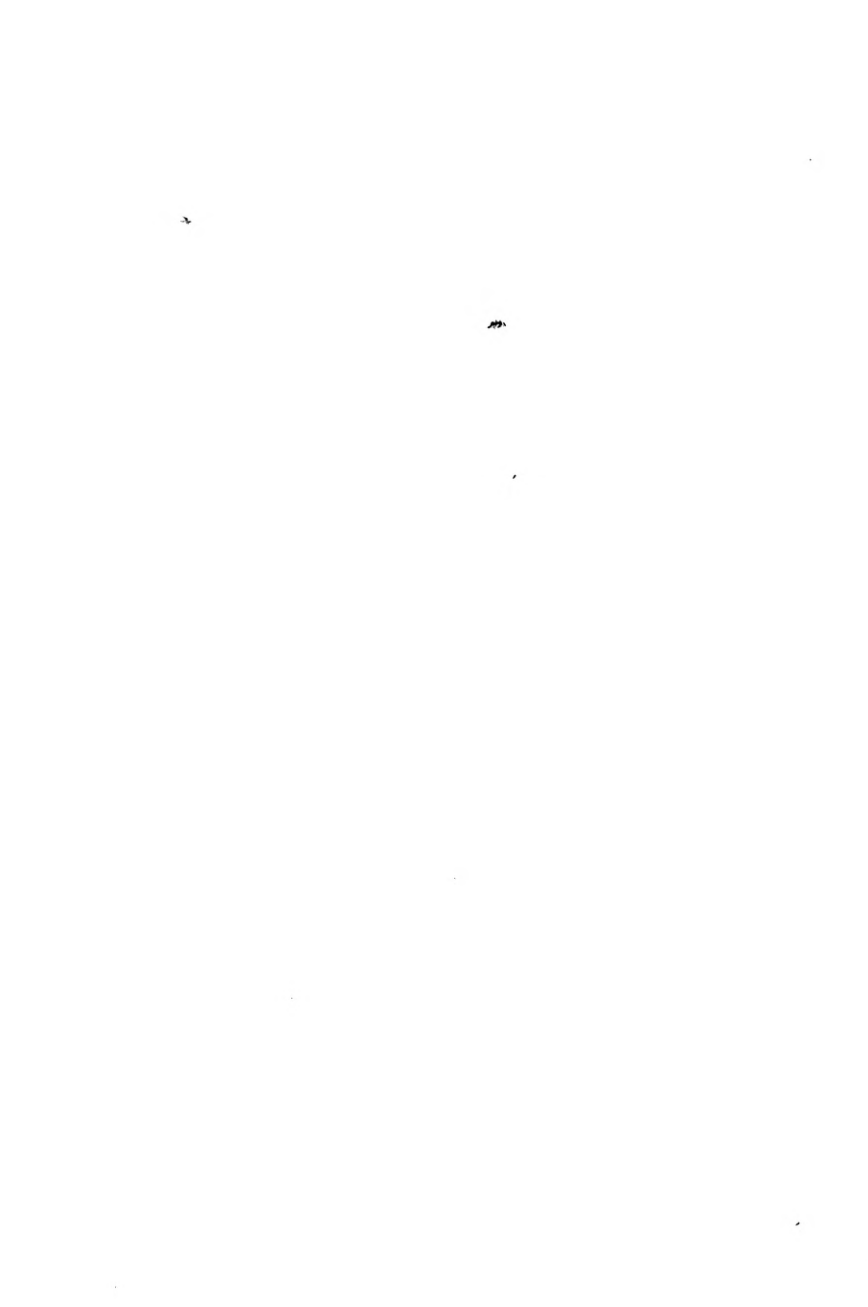
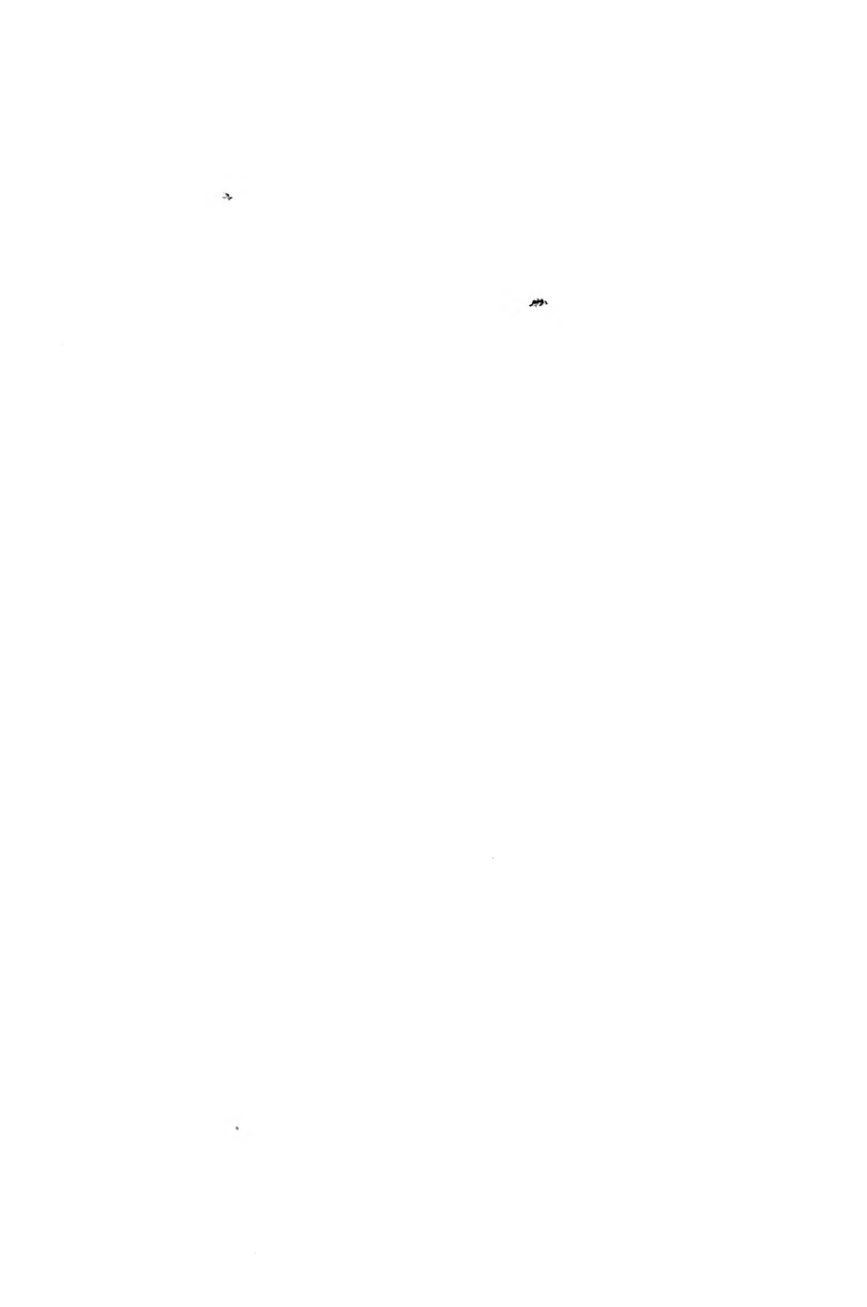


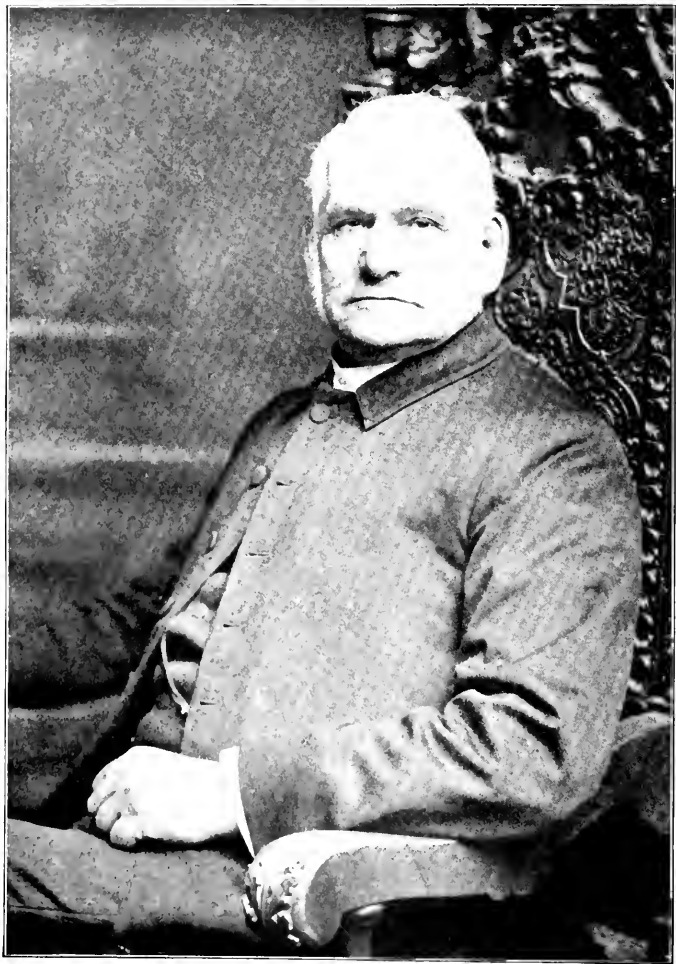
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The life of Ezekiel Boring
Kephart









E. B. Kephart.

THE LIFE OF
Ezekiel Boring Kephart

Statesman, Educator,
Preacher

And for Twenty-Five Years
Bishop of the Church of the
United Brethren in Christ

By

LEWIS FRANKLIN JOHN, D.D.

With an Introduction by

BISHOP N. CASTLE, D.D.



Nineteen Hundred and Seven
Press of United Brethren Publishing House
Dayton, Ohio

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DEDICATION

To those he helped to better thinking,
higher aspirations, and purer
living, this book is
respectfully dedicated.

PREFACE

To preserve for earth the blessedness of the life gone from us is the purpose of this book. Its preparation has been a labor of love and a means of grace to the biographer. Many facts, previously unknown to him, notwithstanding the intimate relationship of a son in his household more than sixteen years, have been discovered.

Obligation is here acknowledged for valuable aid received from many sources. Special mention must be made of the help secured from the Bishop's brother, Rev. I. L. Kephart, D.D., editor of the *Religious Telescope*, who kindly permitted the liberal use of his articles on "Pioneer Life in the Alleghenies," beside which he furnished many facts known only to him, and also read the manuscript. In this way it is hoped the highest possible accuracy has been secured. Also to the distinguished kindness of Mr. John D. Gill, of Philipsburg, Pa., who guided the author to scenes connected with the childhood of our subject, and gave free access to old account-books, etc., in his possession. A diary kept during the Bishop's three journeys to foreign lands, and letters written home, and for the Church papers, furnish much more material that could be included. The Minutes of the General Conferences and other Church documents have been searched. The records of the Iowa Senate preserve his work in connection with that honorable body. Liberal use has been made of statements of appreciation given by general Church officers, and by the many kind friends whose words of sympathy were sent to the one most sorely bereft in the hour of deepest gloom.

The portrait of the Christian manhood and character herein presented is thus a mosaic. The aim has been, as far as possible, to let him be the interpreter of his own life. The book is sent forth with the fervent prayer that it may promote the Church of his choice, and the kingdom of God on earth, to which he gave his life.

Preface

The following is from the *Lebanon Valley College Forum* of October, 1891:

"On Monday afternoon, October 5, the Bishop (Kephart) paid the college a visit. He was brought to town in a private conveyance from Lebanon, and as soon as his arrival became known among the students, an impromptu reception was arranged for. Under the escort of President Bierman, Presiding Elder Mumma, and others, he was taken through the buildings and over the campus to witness the numerous improvements made during the past vacation. At half past three o'clock he met, by invitation, the students and many friends of the college in the chapel, and after a pleasant introduction by the president, delivered a highly appropriate and instructive address of about thirty minutes. The gist of the address was how the student should employ and improve his time while at college: 'To think as well as to read; to acquaint yourself with the history of the past, especially with the history of the Jews. By pursuing the right course you can make college life the pleasanter part of your whole history. Look on the bright side; avoid the cane, the key, and the pony; be independent and think for yourself, and you will grow and become manly, womanly.' He expressed himself highly gratified with the evidences of prosperity in and about the college, and won the favor of all present. After the close of this interesting address he stepped forward to meet personally, and shake hands with each of the students present.

"In some respects it was a red-letter day to us. Many of the students had never heard the Bishop speak, others had never seen a bishop, and others again, indeed, the majority, were delighted to hear him once more, to enjoy the advantage of his wise counsel, and to be impelled to go forward by his earnest words of encouragement."

DEGREES.

Degrees were conferred on Bishop Kephart as follows:
By Otterbein University: A.B., in 1870; A.M., in 1873, and D.D. in 1881.

By Lebanon Valley College: D.D., in 1881, and LL.D., in 1888.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are events and lives in the annals of the years that must not and that cannot pass into oblivion. There are revolutions and characters in the world's history that so stamp themselves on the life and progress of the ages, are so interblended with all that has gone before, as to make their forgetfulness impossible. It is the province of the biographer and the historian to embalm in imperishable records the notable facts and achievements of each age and generation, not only that the good of the past may thereby be garnered, but also that the present may sustain and perfect the past.

The stream of history flows with a united and ever-accelerated movement. It is impossible to tell the number of lives represented by, and centering in any single life, especially if that life has been influential in the affairs of men. There are single lives that become the cynosure for many eyes, and a focus of interest for not a domestic circle only, but for a church, a nation, the whole world. It is impossible to bound and circumscribe some single life by the passing years. It is allied to, and comes out of the infinite, the ageless, the eternal.

The current of life's influence is ever deepening and widening. The company we meet and journey with down the pathway of the years is ever growing larger. For, behind all this present, with all its glory of opportunity and outlook, there are whole millenniums of history pouring into the ever-widening sea about us. What mind can estimate the richness, the value of this inheritance of the past so broadly and generously bestowed? How much wider and larger our field of opportunity and usefulness because of this bestowment! But for the work and fidelity of the historian this glorious association with a long and honorable past would not be ours to enjoy.

Introduction

This alliance with the past brings us face to face with grave responsibilities. The past must be maintained and carried forward. The work of the ages is on the hands of the present actors as a gift; what will we do with it? It is ours to make or mar, to use or abuse. The past apart from the present can never be made perfect. Paul says of the heroes of faith that they cannot be made perfect without us. We do not have to begin things; others have labored and we have entered into their labors. The inheritance is rich, the responsibility great. These thoughts furnish ample reason for the perpetuity of the eventful, fruitful, and princely life of BISHOP E. B. KEPHART, D.D., LL.D., as given in the biography prepared by Prof. L. F. John, of Annville, Pa.

The best and most enduring monument that can be built is made out of humanity. This the individual actor does in his lifetime. When gone, admiring friends may seek to design and fashion symbols of most exquisite beauty, that shall take the place of articulate speech, and thus in some measure perpetuate beyond the period of present actors the influence and memory of one deserving of celebration beyond that of the statesman or military chieftain.

When the method of perpetuating the memory of the sainted dead, especially that of a minister of the gospel, takes the form of the biographical, how tenderly beautiful and delicate the task. Here prose will not do, it must be by the ingenious subtleties of poetry. Here heart-histories are to be traced and spiritual moods pictured and vocalized, to do which no grotesque figures in church-yards, such as a broken column, splintered mast, or severed flower, can be employed. It must kindle in that unspeakable realm in the human heart where love is born, and where divine affection thrills the pen and empowers the language of the biographer. No one, likely, is better prepared in this instance to do this work of love and service to the Church than the writer of this volume.

Bishop Kephart is one of a very small number of men in the denomination concerning whom public interest began early, grew, widening and deepening with every passing year until that final moment when the electric wire flashed the startling and stunning news to the Church, "Bishop

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Kephart is dead." Seldom if ever has the heart of the denomination been so deeply and painfully touched as in this instance. It was so altogether unlooked for. His life had been so rich in all the elements that go to make a great, unique character, that when it stopped so suddenly there was a great burst of grief from the Church's lips. This outflow of sorrow from the great heart of the denomination, as shown in the many telegrams sent to the bereaved family, numerous letters of condolence written, as well as the impressive funeral obsequies held at the time, and the great number of memorial services that followed immediately throughout the Church, must be construed to mean the great sense of loss that had come to all in this sudden departure of one who had so long helped to feed the brain and soul hunger of thousands. As his life had been an occasion of joy to many, so his death was mourned as with a sense of personal loss in thousands of households. His breadth of accomplishment, gift of power in the pulpit, and manly character in all the relations of life, easily account for this wide and deep expression of grief.

He fulfilled David's command to Solomon: "Show thyself a man." He accomplished this to a degree that makes his life difficult of interpretation. The springs of thought and life that flowed from his brain and heart were often so deep, fervid, and prophetic that they made him impossible of comprehension and explanation. No biographer can explain the secret of such a life. He may explain what dies, and what goes into the tomb, but not that something that evades all the laws of physical life and death, and goes on in endless being, blessedness, and memory. Such a man cannot perish from the memory of men.

As to physical manhood, Bishop Kephart was far above the ordinary and average man. He had a commanding physical presence. He was full-statured, body splendidly formed, strong and of athletic build, a very Titan. The strength of this magnificent physique, equal to the hardest experience of official duties, he utilized to its full, reasonable extent in his work. Were it known, it might be that his sudden departure to his rest and reward could be traced to an undue exercise of slightly waning physical powers. It is known that for many years he taxed every power of

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genius and ingenuity he possessed to its utmost limit in the accomplishment of the work assigned to him by the Church. Every movement he made and every effort he put forth, educational, civic, social, and religious, commanded the whole man, and had direct bearing on the cause in hand and the cause that he loved. This made him persistently, unswervingly, and intensely a man of single work. The motto of his life was, "This one thing I do."

Bishop Kephart was easily a leader in the educational work of the Church. He was not only a man of great physical prowess, but also a man of high intellectual endowments. He had a superb mental equipment. His academic, collegiate, and theological training were of a high order. The Church owes for its educational equipment and progress an unknown and unreckoned debt to his genius and persistent push on this line. He was always talking it, praying for it, and preaching it. Well may thousands of fathers and mothers in the Church weep for him tears of gratitude as they recall his heroic work in this line. Many a young man and young woman in this and other countries (and some not now so young), can rise up and call him blessed, for that influential touch that he gave that changed all future life with them. There are few such guides, sheltering and friendly hands as his were. Hundreds that once sat under his instruction in old Western College, in Iowa, esteem it a great pleasure to cast the flowers of gratitude and love upon his still fresh grave. He was a guide, a counselor, and a friend of the college student. He well understood his condition, besetments, exposure, frailties, lofty aspirations, and infinite possibilities, and was ever seeking to lead him, not by barren precepts and solemn exhortations, but with the sympathy and tenderness of a brotherly and fatherly heart, up to wiser and better things. If there be any difference in our contemplation of him, the glory of his character and work on this line shine more vividly before us through the shadow of death than in the day of his life. It seems eminently fitting that his last day and hour should find him engaged in the work for which he cherished deepest love and fondest hopes—the cause of *Christian Education*.

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Bishop Kephart was a man of strong, determined purpose. He had a strong right will. He could not be sidetracked. He might sometimes appear, when in animated discussion, to be self-willed, opinionated, dogmatical; but there was one of the warmest, most brotherly, kindest, and generous of hearts throbbing behind that brusque, invincible exterior.

Two things must be emphasized in the action of his will—its definiteness and force. Some persons can never quite decide, and consequently never come to the decisive point of action. Such a life is largely without a mission in the world, and must be a dead weight on the hands of any enterprise. Then there may be the act of choice, but in so feeble a way as to represent no energy. Not so in the case of Bishop Kephart. His will had the dash and sweep of an engine with a full head of steam running on a schedule of sixty miles an hour. With him there was certainty and energy of choice, and a movement toward the goal that defied the fiercest assaults to overthrow. He never asked whether things were easy and agreeable, but where is the right; this found, his march was like the tread of the war-horse in the valley and day of battle. There was only one path to his feet, that of the just.

But it was as bishop that the writer knew him best. Through the period of twenty-four years we stood in the same official relation to the Church, and it was during this period of his life that I can speak with larger personal certitude.

His work as bishop led him to all the conferences, and most of the mission fields of the Church, and in all these fields his administration commanded hearty approval and respect. He shared as bishop the services of seven General Conferences, and during this long period of superintendency he proved himself a leader of great versatility of character, and the hearty approval that his administration received every four years proved its wisdom and righteousness. While he was firm and unyielding in his decisions, pre-eminently positive, and his language at times seemed incisive, he was nevertheless one of the most conservative of officials. While he led in new methods and new schemes

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of church work in a bold and fearless way, he was never rash and precipitous of action.

He was a disciplinarian and a parliamentarian of a very high order. He had a very judicial turn of mind. The Church owes very much to him for the service he rendered it in this respect. His understanding of the Discipline and polity of the Church seemed almost perfect. This is well verified in his published works, and in the constant appeals that were made to him for his decision on the questions vital to the success and harmony of the Church. His decisions were wise and his administration judicious. I think his decisions were never appealed from. He was a churchman that understood the history and polity of his denomination; a statesman that led the advanced thought on all questions of policy; a progressive and fearless leader in times exciting and perilous. His face was ever to the future, and his courage never faltered. He was a defender of the faith theological and ecclesiastical, a constructive and not a destructive critic. He was always trying to strengthen the faith of the people in the old Bible and in the usages and polity of the Church. He has left his mark on the whole denomination, as an educator, legislator, author, and bishop. He traveled widely, read and studied much and carefully, and stored a good memory with richest treasures of thought, all of which gave him great brilliancy and force in the pulpit and on the platform. He had a large aptitude for historical data and rich and rare illustrations, which he turned to happiest use in his public efforts. He had a strong literary instinct. He was a lover of books. His position as a scholar is shown in the degrees with which he was honored. His place as a scholar and as a bishop is fixed in the Church's history. All his colleagues have fully attested his value to the Church in the high office which he held to the day of his translation.

His sagacity, clear forethought, power to command men and organize movements, gave him an unrivaled place among us on the various boards of the Church and as a denomination. His judicial turn of mind, his tact and skill as a parliamentarian, made him a safe leader and guide in the judicial and legislative body of the Church—the General Conference. If any tangle or confusion chanced to

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spring up in the order of business, he was always able to disentangle the difficulty and free the body from embarrassment. Many ministers will recall instances when in the crisis of affairs his happy genius would convert chaos into order, and then a whole conference would settle down into sweet, slightly rippling composure, after one of his masterful dialectical sweeps, so peculiar to him on such occasions.

He never wrestled with his feet in the air; he always stood on and handled eternal verities. In the pulpit there was always one greater than the preacher and the bishop—A MAN. Every place he entered was made better by his having been there. With him manhood was priceless. He made a wise application of knowledge by making it minister to what he was and to what he ought to be. He sought to know the best. He toiled in the field of the actual and not the speculative and visionary. The two mighty pillars that supported his colossal character were intellectuality and Christian morality. This moral majesty never had to display itself. It was too great for this. No one ever feared that something was going to happen with him. Here the human was in fellowship with the divine. He was somewhat slow of movement but was very forcible. He did not shoot up suddenly like a meteor, to die out with a flash, but rose into a position of shining as steady as the fixedness of a star. He was a luminary and not a meteor.

It was in the light of such a life that we all rejoiced, and now that it seems in a measure eclipsed we all mourn with a sense of personal loss. So Elisha felt when Elijah was caught away from him. So the sons of the prophets felt, and in hope of recovering him to the world they sent fifty strong men in a three days' search for him. While he went away in person his power remained with his representative. His mantle fell upon another. May we not hope that it may be so in this case? The form has vanished, but the life influence and the power of the unseen remain with us.

How natural for our hearts to cry out in their sense-bound craving for visible stays to lean upon, and guides to direct our paths to the future! In our blindness we say, "Be to us instead of eyes." How we sit in the solitary circle, and under the shadow of bereavement, in a measure crushed and desolate in feeling, because some one is gone!

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The world, everywhere in it that we go, seems the lonelier and sadder because of this loss.

It is with a view to in a measure overcome this sense of loss to relatives, admiring friends, and the Church, that this very valuable biography has been prepared. Nothing has been omitted by the author of this volume that would give interest and value to it. The aim of the author and that of the Church is to make this noble life "live on in the memory of men."

Pictures will fade and grow dim, buildings and monuments wear and crumble away, institutions decline and die, but that influence that goes into the souls of men and changes them to a nobler and better life, will live on forever. Some of the words uttered by Bishop Kephart will never die. These are the fittest and most enduring monuments to his memory. We individually, and the whole Church, ought to possess larger nobility because he lived and worked among us. The ministry of the Church is honored because he was in it, and heaven ought to be nearer and more joyous in thought now that he has passed within its gates.

Bishop Kephart finished his life here only to enter into a broader and more wonderful life in the beyond and in the hereafter. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out no more forever; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is the new Jerusalem; and I will write upon him my new name."

N. CASTLE.

Philomath, Oregon, October 29, 1906.

Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride,
Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping.

That low man sees a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;

This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.

—BROWNING.

"The clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot."—Richter.

"The soil of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to die for, and good to be buried in."—J. R. Lowell.

EZEKIEL BORING KEPHART

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

SOME one has said that the first element of success in life is the choice of the right parents. Had Ezekiel Boring Kephart been given a thousand choices he probably would have selected no other father than Henry Kephart, and no other mother than Sarah Goss Kephart. The necessity then is upon us to follow the well-beaten path of biography by devoting a chapter to the ancestry of our subject.

Nicholas Kephart, the paternal ancestor, eldest of six brothers, was born in Switzerland. They all came to this country and settled in eastern Pennsylvania about 1750 A.D. Nicholas married Mary Frye, of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction. Their son, Henry Kephart, half Swiss and half Pennsylvania Dutch, married Catharine Smith, a full blooded English woman, and settled in Decatur Township in 1804. From this union twelve children were born, whose names were

Life of Ezekiel Boring Kephart

as follows: David, Henry, Andrew, George, William, Stephen, Mary, Barbara, Charlotte, Ellen, Nancy, and Peggy. When Catharine Smith Kephart died she left, living, eleven children, ninety-six grandchildren, and sixty-three great-grandchildren.

The maternal grandparents were Abraham and Elizabeth (Erminheiser) Goss. They were natives of Germany, but in 1802, in their early life, they cast their lot with the hardy pioneers of Decatur Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. He was a Revolutionary hero, and a man honored and respected by all who knew him. An old day-book of Philips & Co., Philipsburg, contains the following entry under date of March 18, 1841:

Abraham Goss, Sen., Cr,	
By his pension due 4th March 1841	
Net proceeds, Amt	\$43.55

The children of Abraham Goss were as follows: George, John, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, David, Mrs. Mary Hopkins, of Blair County, Pa.; Mrs. Betsy Kephart, who was born and died in Decatur Township, Clearfield County; Mrs. Peggy Carson, Mrs. Susan Beams, and Mrs. Sarah Kephart.

The Goss and Kephart families were neighbors, the distance between their homes being only about two miles. Abraham Goss cleared his farm in the vicinity of the present town of Osceola Mills, and Henry Kephart, Sr., located about two miles north. Together they engaged in the conquest of the pathless wilderness. Wild turkey, deer, bear, and panther were plentiful. The Indian still roamed the forest. Philipsburg, situated

just over the line in Center County, was their common trading station. When the pioneer preacher came around, these hardy mountaineers gladly responded to the summons of the messenger and walked miles to service. The young people of these families were brought together in their social functions, such as log rollings, corn huskings, apple-butter boilings, etc.

Under such circumstances it is not strange that Henry Kephart, Jr., and Sarah Goss, should form an attachment for each other, and join their lives in holy wedlock. They were mated by birth, experience, education, and temperament. Born in the forest, inured to its hardships, with habits of industry, and endowed with indomitable perseverance and a determination to succeed, this twain become one flesh, and began life for themselves in the wilderness about two miles west of the home of Henry Kephart, Sr.

To this couple were born thirteen children: Elizabeth, who died in infancy; Mrs. Barbara Albert, Shueyville, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Crowell, deceased; Isaiah Lafayette, editor of the *Religious Telescope*, Dayton, Ohio; Ezekiel Boring; Abraham Goss, deceased; Mrs. Susan Kline, deceased; Mrs. Belle Jeffries, St. Lawrence, South Dakota; William S., who was killed in the Civil War; John Henry, a farmer, Shueyville, Iowa; Hiram, who died in infancy; Mrs. Sarah McClintock, deceased; and Cyrus Jeffries, President of Leander Clark College, Toledo, Iowa.

This couple evidently did not share the superstition regarding the number thirteen. Here in the wilderness they toiled for substance, conquered and enjoyed

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nature, and served God. One of their sons, risen to distinction, has described the early married life of his parents:

“In March, 1826, a young man aged twenty-three and a young girl aged eighteen were married. All they had in the world to begin with for themselves was, each two suits of homespun, a bed, a three-year-old heifer with a steer calf by her side, an ax, a grubbing-hoe, a shovel-plowshare, and a few dishes. Labor there was no demand for. What did they do? Hang around the furnaces and wait for employment? No. They struck out into the wilderness of Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. They bought one hundred acres of land—for three hundred dollars, all on credit, with interest at six per cent. per annum from date. They erected a cabin thereon, and commenced to clear out and pay for a farm. For a team they procured a pair of three-year-old steers, the use of which they were to have for three years for training them to work. At the same time they bought a steer calf from a neighbor, to mate with their own, and paid for it in days’ work. At the end of three years, when the steers had to be given up, their own calves were old enough to make a team. So they worked on. They raised their own provisions. They raised flax. They got a couple of sheep, and from the flax and wool which the good wife cleansed, prepared, spun, and wove, she made their own clothes. In about twenty-five years they paid for their land—interest and all amounting to seven hundred dollars—raised a family of thirteen children, and lived comparatively independent all the time. True, they lived poor, and were destitute

of luxuries,—the man did not smoke cigars or drink whisky and lager, the wife did not wear silk dresses, ten-dollar bonnets and four-dollar gaiters,—but they lived contented and happy, and both lived to enjoy the comforts of a ripe old age, good health, and independent circumstances.

“Now, what this couple have done thousands of others have done. They first secured a piece of land, cleared it out into a good farm, raised their children, and increased their earthly possessions until they became completely independent. All this their industry, economy, prudence, and forethought, with God’s blessing on their labor’s toil, secured for them.”

The educational privileges of Henry Kephart, Jr., and Sarah Goss were very limited. The school year was very short, the teachers without necessary qualifications, and the children were needed at home. The following description will be instructive:

“As early as 1820 Abel Benton taught a ‘subscription school’ in Philipsburg, there being then no public school system. Parents who were able and willing to pay to him two dollars could send for that amount of tuition one pupil for two months.

“To this teacher grandfather Goss paid at one time four dollars, for which the writer’s mother and her next younger brother received instruction in his school for two months; but to enjoy the benefits of that instruction they were compelled to walk three miles morning and evening, their home being that distance from the school. Think of this, ye favored children of to-day! It was in the cold weather, the days were short, deep

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snows fell in that mountain region, and the road lay through an almost unbroken forest of pine, hemlock and laurel, up and down steep hills.

“At the peep of day this girl of fourteen summers, accompanied by her brother, two years her junior, both dressed out in homespun, shod with coarse, heavy shoes made by her father’s own hand (each pioneer was of necessity his own shoemaker), with a dinner basket in her hand containing a lunch and two copies of Webster’s spelling-book, would set out and tramp three miles, often through deep, pathless snows, to be taught spelling, reading, and writing. That two months’ schooling was all the school privileges mother ever enjoyed.”

It cannot be said, however, that these parents lacked appreciation of the value of an education, for they labored to give their children better facilities than they themselves enjoyed. Henry Kephart, Jr., became a local preacher in the United Brethren Church, and was a faithful expounder of the Word until he had passed his four score years.

“Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !”
—Gray’s Elegy.

“In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory that can be toned to gentle issues.”—George Eliot.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

ON November 6, 1834, it was announced that a man child was born to Henry and Sarah Kephart. To the hardy pioneer the birth of a boy meant help in clearing the forests, and the increase of material wealth, hence it was an occasion of great joy. Three daughters came to grace this particular home before the arrival of the first boy. When the third made her *début*, a neighbor who had been blessed with several boys boasted that when her husband was clearing wheat fields Henry Kephart would be buying bonnets, a pitiful vaunt, not much appreciated by the Kepharts. But to them also came the sturdy conquerors of the wilderness, the first being ye editor, Dr. I. L., and the second being the subject of this book.

This new arrival was christened Ezekiel Boring in honor of an itinerant United Brethren minister and presiding elder, who was highly esteemed by the family because of his sterling Christian character. Doubtless the biblical name, Ezekiel, had much attraction for these pious parents, as the older son was christened Isaiah, and the next younger Abraham.

It may not be as possible to analyze a man into racial elements as it is to separate a physical compound into its chemical components, but "blood will tell," and the

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physical, mental, and spiritual makeup of our subject will not allow us to forget that in his veins flowed the blood of Swiss, German, English, and Pennsylvania Dutch. In him were happily combined the Swiss love of freedom and hatred of tyranny, whether in state or church, class or individual; the German philosophical and theological bent, the common sense and practical solidity of the English, and the frugal industry of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Environment is also a potent factor with which we must reckon. This child was born in a log cabin about sixteen feet square, constructed by his father's hand. It was chinked and daubed. The floor was constructed of rough pine boards. It consisted of one story and a loft, which was reached by a permanent ladder erected in one corner and entering above into an opening. The "spare bed," for the casual guest and the "man of God" on his spiritual round, was in the loft, the family occupying the room below. The older brother tells of his recollection of the visit of a favorite uncle to this wilderness palace. Little Isaiah plead to sleep with "Uncle," and was granted permission. In the morning when he awoke he was unable to reach the ladder and descend alone, so he crept to the opening and called down for help, when his tall uncle came to his rescue, reached up and took him by the ears, and he, with great confidence, made a dive for his uncle's head, and so descended to the room below.

One Sunday evening, Ezekiel being about two years old, the father of the family was quietly reading his much-loved Bible and the children were playing about,

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when their ears were suddenly pierced by the squeal of a hog. The father's trained ear with pioneer instinct surmised the cause, and he exclaimed, "A bear has that hog." Reaching above the door he seized his trusty rifle, ready for any emergency, and disappeared in the bush, while the children breathlessly awaited results. Very soon they heard the crack of the rifle. The bear was shot in the act of killing a hog owned by Jacob Baughman, the nearest neighbor, who dressed it, and the next morning brought a fine piece of pork to the Kephart mansion. At another time those boys remember the dogs chased a bear up a tree. It rested on a large limb and lay there calmly taunting the yelping canines below. Henry Kephart with his unerring rifle rolled Sir Bruin off his perch. This occurred at a season when "bear meat was good," hence the Kepharts and Baughmans had an abundance of savory meat. The hide was stretched in Kephart's barn, and the children were afraid to go there lest "the bear would catch them." Sometimes the little ones feared to go to sleep at night lest a bear should come, when the mother would assure them that no harm could come to them when father and his trusty rifle were there.

Wild deer roamed about the forest, and savory venison was plentiful. In the evening gloaming they were wont to frequent the buckwheat fields for grazing. Henry Kephart, Jr., would sometimes relate to his children that at one time when a boy, in company with his father they went to the buckwheat field and hid themselves to await the coming of deer. Soon they saw twenty-four leap into the field, engrossed with the



A sour apple tree on the home place, and which is still alive, from which Bishop Kephart when a boy, gathered the apples so often referred to by him in illustrations of his sermons.

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prospect of their evening meal. The father's rifle selected the finest, while the rest disappeared in the bush with the speed of deer. Wild turkey was also plentiful to supply the table on festal days, while lesser game was always to be found by the skillful hunter.

With such environments there was sufficient incentive for every boy to strive to become an adept in the use of the rifle. The subject of this sketch responded to this influence and became a skillful hunter and an excellent marksman.

There was no lack of work in the pioneer home for either sex. The production of "linsey-woolsey" combined in one agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce. The material must be produced and gathered, the flax scutched and the wool combed, and the cloth woven and the garments made. In this process much employment was found for little hands and feet. Some years since, Dr. I. L. Kephart, editor of the *Religious Telescope*, brother of the Bishop, published a number of articles on "Pioneer Life in the Alleghenies." As they furnish the best description of the early environment with which I am acquainted, and as it is impossible to rightly appreciate the character of the man without an adequate knowledge of his environment, with the author's permission generous portions are borrowed from these articles for this part of our narrative:

"One of the difficulties with which the pioneers had to grapple was procuring material for clothing. Money was scarce and exceedingly difficult to obtain. About the only plentiful products of the country were skins of wild animals and pine and hemlock timber; but to

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procure money for the skins it was necessary to carry them as far east as Bellefonte, Lewistown, or Huntingdon. At the store in the little town of Philipsburg they could exchange them for ammunition, sugar, coffee and whisky, but not for money. Pine timber was altogether unmarketable in the early years of the settlement, as there were no means or roads by which to convey it east of the mountains, where there would have been demand for it. Later, however, thousands upon thousands of pine shingles were 'wagoned' across the mountains, also much sawed lumber, and great rafts of logs were floated down the Susquehanna River to market.

"Muslin, calico, and woolen cloth were scarcely in the market at all in that region, or if they were, the pioneers had nothing with which to purchase. Consequently they were wholly dependent upon 'home manufacturing' for the fabrics needed for clothing and bedding. To meet the demand each settler managed in some way to provide himself with a few sheep which, owing to the abundance of wolves, had to be carefully housed every night. They would also raise each summer half an acre or more (according to the size of the family) of flax.

"Some time in the month of May the wife would shear the sheep and wash the wool. From that on through the summer she would diligently devote all the time she could spare from attending to her children, the routine of household affairs, and the cultivating of the garden, to carding the wool with a pair of hand cards, and spinning it into yarn.

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“When the flax was ripe she would pull it, her husband would thresh off the seed, and she would spread it out on the smoothly-mown meadow to bleach—that is, to so expose it to the dew, rain, and sun as to rot the inner wood of the straw, so that it could be separated from the strong fiber. This process of bleaching the flax required about three weeks’ time.

“It was then raked up and tied in large bundles, and laid away in a dry place till after wheat sowing in the fall was finished, and then it was taken to a suitable place and dried over a fire. This was done by driving four sticks into the ground and laying upon these suitable poles about four feet above the ground, or fire, and upon these the flax was thinly spread. If by oversight the fire was permitted to burn too high the flax would smoke, and even take fire and burn. To this process the prophet doubtless had reference when he says, ‘He will not quench the smoking flax.’

“When the flax was sufficiently dried the husband would take a large handful and put it into the ‘break,’ a home-made machine, which he worked with his right hand while he held and guided the flax with his left. In this way he would break out all the woody part of the stalks and preserve the strong fiber. The ‘break’ stood on four legs, and contained five large wooden blades, or knives—three below and two above—and so arranged that they shut into each other as the upper part of the machine was brought down upon the lower.

“As the husband broke the flax the faithful wife stood by with her scutching-board and scutching-knife, and by means of a laborious ‘scutching’ process she cleaned

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out all the broken woody pieces of stalk that the breaking process had failed to remove. Of course, as the children became large enough to do so, their services were brought into requisition. Many a day has the writer, with his two elder sisters, stood by the scutching-board wielding the knife till his arm and shoulder ached.

“After the flax was broken and scutched the wife would take it and subject it to a hackling process. This consisted of drawing it through the long steel teeth of a comb called a ‘hackle.’ This, too, was a tedious, laborious process by which the tow or coarser parts of the fiber were separated from the flax proper.

“Then by means of the spinning-wheel the tow was spun into coarse yarn, and the flax into yarn of a finer quality. When the yarn was spun both it and the woolen yarn were subjected to a scouring process, after which it was dyed blue, red, or yellow, according to the taste of the party concerned. For dyeing purposes indigo, madder, oak and walnut barks were used.

“The yarn thus prepared was taken to the weaver, there being usually two or three women who were weavers in the neighborhood. In the weaving the flax yarn was generally used for the warp, and the woolen yarn for the woof. If, however, the cloth was intended for shirts, summer pantaloons, sheets, towels, etc., both the warp and the woof were flax yarn. The writer’s mother was a weaver. Well does he remember seeing her sitting ‘behind the loom’ day after day, throwing the shuttle and swinging the lathe, and many, many a day did he, when a small boy, sit and ‘wind the quills’ (bobbins),

for his mother to weave. In fact, the first piece of money he ever had that he could call his own was a silver ten-cent piece which his mother gave him as a special reward for faithful service 'in winding quills' for her through an entire long winter, one of her patrons having paid for the weaving of his web of cloth in money (a very unusual thing). Ah, how his eyes danced as he gazed upon the coin. It was the prettiest thing he ever saw. He has never felt so rich since as he did with that dime in his pocket.

"That cloth composed of flax warp and woolen woof was called 'linsey,' and was made into the heavier or outer garments for the family. When it was taken from the loom, being quite hard and rough, the next thing to be done was to subject it to a softening and 'fulling' process. To do this settlers would have what they called 'kicking matches.' These consisted of inviting in for an evening half a dozen or more of the men of the neighborhood, and then the web of the cloth, having been boiled in soapsuds, was taken out of the large iron kettle and placed in a heap in the middle of the floor. The men would arrange themselves in a circle on chairs, benches, and stools around the pile of cloth, in their bare feet, with their pants rolled up above their knees, and a heavy plow-line or a bed-cord placed around the entire circle up about the shoulders for them to lean against, and all seated so that with their feet they could just cleverly reach the cloth. When all was ready warm soapsuds from the kettle were poured over the cloth, and at a given signal all commenced to kick. Of course the suds would fly, splash, splash, splash, and the feet would

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go lickety-split for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, when they would stop for a little rest; more soapsuds would be poured on, and again the kicking would proceed; in this way they would continue, laughing, kicking, and talking, three hours or more. When the fulling, softening process was completed, the cloth hung out on the fence to drip and dry, the floor scrubbed up, a good supper was served, and the light-hearted mountaineers repaired to their several homes rejoicing in the fact that their feet were unusually clean.

“The writer remembers very well some of these jolly ‘kicking matches’ he witnessed in his father’s cabin. Cooped up on the bed with his two older sisters, it was for them the greatest sport to witness the men, all leaning hard on the plow-line, kicking, laughing, and the soapsuds flying to the joists.

“By the tedious, laborious process described above the hardy, industrious husband and wife managed to clothe comfortably and respectably themselves and their children. The linen cloth used for shirts and for summer pantaloons was subjected to a scalding and beating process which made it soft and white, and never was nor will be the writer more happy in this world than when, dressed up in his clean linen shirt and linen pantaloons, with a new straw hat on his head, he tripped away in his bare feet by the side of his father two miles to the first Sunday school held in all that region.”

The process of clearing the ground and preparing grain for food is so novel in the present day that the reader will be glad for the description given in “Pioneer Life”:

"The great task was to clear the land so as to raise crops. Persuaded that the soil which produced the most wonderful growth of timber was the richest, and would be the most productive if once cleared, the early settlers built their cabins in the dense forests of pine and hemlock, and commenced the Herculean task of clearing out farms. Those of the present generation can scarcely form any conception of the vast amount of toil—chopping, log-rolling, brush-picking and burning—that was required to clear a single acre of that land. True, they girdled all the larger pine trees, and the larger hemlocks they climbed to the top of, a hundred feet or more, and trimmed off all the branches and left the naked trunks stand. This they did because these trees had such great, widespreading, dense branches that if they were not trimmed they would produce too much shade. The fact is, it required about as much work to clear one acre of this forest ready for the plow as it did to prepare forty acres of prairie for a corn crop. And then, when it was cleared, the stumps stood so close to each other and the ground was so completely covered with a network of roots that to plow it with a common old-fashioned 'shovel plow' was a most tedious, laborious task.

"The new settlers, knowing no better, toiled away, and in time they and their hardy sons had cleared out large farms, while others, by experiments, ascertained that the land on the higher ridges, which was not so densely wooded and much easier cleared and cultivated, was quite as productive as was the land in the dense pine and hemlock forests, and they began to clear out farms

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where less labor was required. But even there the toil required was great, and the soil throughout the entire region was so thin that after the second or third crop ten bushels of wheat to the acre were considered a very good yield, while corn did even worse, proportionately. Buckwheat was the most profitable crop, the thin soil being well adapted to that peculiar cereal.

“A crop having been produced, the next great task was to thresh, clean, and ‘mill’ it. The wheat, after having been gathered into sheaves by the use of the small, one-hand sickle, was hauled into the small barn, built of round logs and covered with clapboards, where it could be threshed by piecemeal during the fall and winter season. The threshing was quite a laborious task. The implement used was called a flail. It was composed of two pieces of solid hickory or mountain-ash wood, the one piece was called the staff, which served as the handle, and the other and more heavy piece was called the ‘supple.’ These two pieces were so bound together by thongs of untanned buckskin as to form a pliable joint at their point of union. When threshing, the thresher would lay down eight or ten sheaves on the barn floor, and by deftly swinging the ‘supple’ of the flail over his head, would pound away till one side was well beaten, then turn and beat the other side, then open up the sheaves and give them another beating, and then turn again and beat again, and in that way, if the weather was dry, he could, by working hard, thresh from five to six bushels a day. If the weather was damp, it was a much more tedious and laborious process, and almost impossible to beat all the wheat out of the straw.

Later, when the pioneer came to have a larger barn floor and owned horses, he would throw down about fifteen or twenty dozen sheaves and put two horses on them and tramp out the wheat. In this way he could thresh more rapidly and with much less labor.

“In the earlier days, there being no sawmills, the threshing-floors were made of ‘puncheons,’ that is, of flat pieces of wood split out of pine or chestnut logs, and dressed by the use of the ax so as to make a tight floor, and the reader may imagine what a tedious, laborious task it was to construct a threshing-floor in that way. The buckwheat crop they threshed on the ground.

“The threshing done, the next serious task was to separate the wheat from the chaff, there being no fanning mills in that region. This was done by fastening one edge of a sheet to one of the walls of the threshing-floor, and the wife would, by taking the other edge in her hands and flapping the sheet, make wind, while the husband, with a large wooden paddle or shovel, would throw up the wheat in front of the flapping sheet, and the wind thus made would blow away the chaff.

“The next great difficulty was to get the grain to the mill and bring the flour home, the nearest mill being across the mountains, and fifteen miles away. One would pack it on the back of a trusty horse, if he were fortunate enough to own or was able to borrow one, another on the back of a gentle ox, while others would carry it on their own backs. The road across the mountains was only a foot-path, and wagons, carts, and even sleds were not in use. The writer’s grandfather would take a bushel of wheat on his back and carry it the

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entire distance one day, getting it ground during the night, and return the next day with the flour. This he did frequently, and when it is remembered that he had a family of from five to eight children to provide for, some idea of the greatness of the task can be formed; but then it must be remembered that bread in the family was only an occasional luxury. The chief articles of food were boiled wheat, beans, hominy, potatoes, venison, bear meat, wild turkey, etc. In this manner they subsisted in their mountain homes, and withal enjoyed a good degree of comfort and happiness, for where the strongest ties of filial affection and freedom abound, unrestrained by despot or fashion, there happiness is to be found, even if the daily fare and the clothing be scant and homely.

“Hominy was of two kinds, prepared in two different ways. One way was by means of the ‘hominy block.’ This was simply an excavation made in a large log, a stump or a large stone, in which the mountaineers would place about a quart of corn, and then, by the use of a round stone weighing from ten to twelve pounds, they would hammer and crush the kernels into a coarse meal which, on being subjected to a long process of boiling, was converted into a very palatable mush. The other kind was made as follows: About a peck of corn was placed into a large iron kettle, and over it was poured a strong leach made from wood ashes, in which it was boiled until the kernels became soft and the outer hull, or bran, would burst and peel off. Then the corn thus softened was thoroughly washed and soaked in clean water, and when fried in the drip of venison was a very

savory dish, highly enjoyed by a hungry mountaineer. The chief obstacle in the way of preparing this kind of hominy was the fact that so very few of the settlers possessed the large iron kettle."

Of course we must remember that they had no heating or cooking stoves. The great fireplace in the big chimney in the corner of the room did service for both. Into this great logs were heaped in frigid weather, and about it the family assembled in the long wintry evenings for serious work or playful humor. Here the family meals in a "dutch oven" or great kettle set on the coals or suspended from the crane or chain, were prepared. In "Pioneer Life" we read:

"In one corner of the cabin stood the structure so essential to the pioneer's comfort—the 'corner chimney.' It was constructed of undressed stone and clay mortar, and large enough to take in logs of wood a foot in diameter and five feet long, and there being plenty of good wood to be had for the chopping and hauling, the cabins were usually very comfortably warmed throughout the long winters. The chimney, or fireplace, served a twofold purpose, however, being used for cooking as well as for heating purposes. Over it, by the use of a few links of a large chain and a rough iron hook, would be hung the 'dinner-pot,' containing meat and potatoes for dinner, or cornmeal or hominy to be cooked into mush for supper. There was also a frying-pan used for frying meat for breakfast, and a 'dutch oven' used for baking bread. These simple cooking utensils, with a few plain dishes, constituted the entire culinary outfit in a mountaineer's cabin."

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The "clearing" was always inviting the hardy pioneers to labor. As the Kephart boys grew up, to clear ten acres annually was the goal. There was chopping and grubbing and log-rolling, and burning of brush, and picking of chips and stones afforded something for every one to do. Our modern division of labor was practically impossible. Each farmer was compelled to be his own carpenter and blacksmith. In "Pioneer Life" we read:

"In a large measure each settler was his own shoemaker, wheelwright, and physician. If a member of one family was taken sick a neighbor was called in and resort was had to teas, poultices, plasters, etc., such as had been known to afford relief in other cases. Only in very rare instances, and that, too, after a prolonged illness, was a neighbor dispatched to Philipsburg, Clearfield, or Glen Hope for Dr. Hill, Dr. Lorain, or Dr. Rule. The writer well remembers how, when a small boy, he and his little brother, now Bishop Kephart, were in the barn hunting for hens' nests, and the latter falling out of the horse-trough broke his arm just above the wrist joint. Father was called in from the field in great haste, and instead of going or sending for a physician neighbor Baughman was sent for, and he and father set the broken bone, bound it up in a compact case made of pieces of pine shingle whittled out with a jack-knife, and in about six weeks it was restored whole as the other.

"For blacksmith work the neighborhood was dependent for several years upon Grandfather Kephart. He had never served an apprenticeship at the trade, but be-

ing ingenious, constructed for himself a forge and bellows, procured a heavy block of cast iron from the forge at Philipsburg for an anvil, also a hammer or two, and he would sharpen plowshares, set wagon tires, and shoe horses. In fact, his shop and his tools were free for the use of all, and any one was at liberty to go there, start a fire, and do his own smithing, grandfather's coal bank near by furnishing the coal. Each pioneer made his own shovel-plows, harrows, sleds, hayrakes, fork handles, hoe handles, flails, etc. Of course they were not finished in very fine style, but they served the purpose for which they were intended."

Money was almost unknown to many of these early settlers before the middle of the nineteenth century. The store of Philips & Co., Philipsburg, was a kind of clearing house for Clearfield and Center counties. Some old account-books, now in possession of Mr. John D. Gill, of Philipsburg, bear witness to the character and quantity of business transacted. The prices of that day contrasted strangely with those of to-day. We have already been reminded that land might be paid for by lumber, meat, or cereals. Even the finances of the church and Sunday school were conducted through the medium of the store. We learn from the account-book that on November 27, 1840, Henry Kephart, Jr., bought three fur caps. As Ezekiel at that time was six years old, he doubtless became the happy possessor of one, while his elder brother, "ye editor," sported another. The following entry is also found:

Henry Kephart, Jr., Dr.

To ½ Bushel dried apples at 62½	.31¼	
To 1 Box copper caps 20; ¼ lb. powder 12½.	.32½	\$0.63¾

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Nails cost $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, sugar 15 cents, a cotton handkerchief 45 cents; pork and venison sold for $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 cents.

The following entry will show how the preacher was paid:

Sundries Dr. to Rev. Mr. Natt,		
For 1 quarter's subscription Due 27th, Dec. 1840.		
Hardwin Philips,	1 Qr.	\$12.50
William Bagshaw,	"	2.50
John Matley,	"	2.50
James Hudson,	"	.50
William McClellen,	"	1.25
James Dale,	"	.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
John Hudson,	"	.50
Hamilton Moreland,	"	1.25
Abraham Goss, Sen.,	"	.50
George Loyd,	"	1.25
		<hr/>
		\$23.87 $\frac{1}{2}$

"Money-making by these pioneers was not a lost, but an undiscovered art. In fact, money had scarcely any existence. What there was consisted chiefly of foreign silver coins known to the pioneers as fippenny bit (six and a fourth cents), elevenpenny bit (twelve and a half cents), twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and the five-franc coin, valued at ninety-five cents. The business transactions, what there were, were carried on by means of trade or barter. The place of market was Philipsburg. To this mart the pioneers came as many as twelve to twenty miles through the wilderness, bringing their grain, butter, eggs, hides, and venison.

"Philipsburg was founded by Hartman Philips, a wealthy Englishman who, having fallen heir to a vast tract of that densely timbered region, came there, built a grist mill, a foundry, and a screw factory, and a man

by the name of Richard Plumb built and operated a forge. These industries employed a number of men, and a little village sprung up, taking its founder's name, a couple of stores were opened, and here the people traded. Roads were opened across the mountains from this point—one east to Bellefonte, one southeast to Stormstown, and one more nearly south to Warrior's Mark and Huntingdon. To this little town the pioneers would bring their meager products and exchange them for coffee, tobacco, nails, etc. Sugar and tea they seldom bought. The former they made out of the sap of the maple tree, and for the latter they depended chiefly on black birch bark, spice bush, sassafras, and mountain tea."

"All systems of morality are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer."—Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Proverbs 22:6.

That eloquent statesman, Henry Clay, had just propounded a political scheme to an associate. "It will ruin your prospect for the presidency," suggested his friend. "Is it right?" said Mr. Clay. "Yes," was the answer. Mr. Clay continued, "I would rather be right than be president."

CHAPTER III.

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL ENVIRONMENT.

IN the consideration of environment we must not forget the moral and spiritual factors. The moral characteristics were somewhat varied. There could be found a survival of the ancient code that "might makes right." The male sex indulged in frequent tests of physical prowess. Their pugilistic encounters may not always have been up to the modern scientific standard, but the winner of a "bout" would be regarded a hero by his set. They were fond of intoxicants, and the accepted standard of ethics did not condemn strong drink, which was usually provided in abundance at barn-raising, log-rollings, and other social and industrial gatherings. It is a marked feature of the pioneers that the social and industrial were combined, perhaps because they craved social companionship, but were too busy or too industrious by habit to enjoy a social function pure and simple.

A barn-raising or log-rolling without two or three fights would be regarded as intolerably prosy. If a fight could not be started in any other way, some "bully" would lay a chip on his shoulder and strut about, daring any man to knock it off. He who knocked it off thereby declared his acceptance of the challenge, and the fight was on.

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The champion of a neighborhood would carefully guard his reputation. The author of "Pioneer Life" furnishes the following story, which the Bishop related sometimes for the amusement of friends:

"Disputes were generally settled by fist fights. In fact, disputes seldom arose unless some one was so reckless as to assert that he was a 'better man' than some one else. In such cases the only settlement possible was a regular set-to with the fists. In the neighborhood known as the Haggerty settlement, lying in the region of what is now known as Houtsdale and Spruce Flat, it was generally conceded that Henry Haggerty was 'the best man.' The settlement was mostly composed of Haggerties, Alexanders, McCloughs, and Whitesides—all Protestant Irish. It happened that a noted 'bully' by the name of James Gill moved from the vicinity of what is now known as Grahampton, and settled in the Haggerty neighborhood. Soon after arriving there he was so indiscreet as to remark to some one that he had come into that neighborhood 'to tan Irish hides.' That evening the man to whom the remark was made walked over to Henry Haggerty's and informed him of the remark made by Gill. The next morning Haggerty was up by the peep of day, mounted his horse, and rode three miles over to Gill's cabin. Halting near the door he shouted, 'Hello, Jim Gill!' Gill came to the door and he exclaimed, 'Good morning, Jim Gill, I understand that you have come up into this neck o' woods to tan Irish hides. Now here's one that needs tanning very badly, so come right along.' With that Haggerty dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and doffed his hat

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and coat. By this time Gill was out in the road, and at it they went. After a terrible battle, for they were both very able-bodied, gritty men—Haggerty downed Gill and he shouted ‘enough.’ With that he took Gill by the hand and helped him to his feet; they both walked to the brook near by, washed the blood from their faces, then shook hands, Gill acknowledging that Haggerty was the best man, and the latter mounted his horse and rode home as complacently as if he had been attending church. From that on these two men were the best of friends, and peace reigned in the neighborhood. Of course differences occurred, but were settled as follows:

“If a dispute arose between two neighbors about wages or services rendered, or anything else which they themselves could not settle, they would generally agree to go to some disinterested neighbor in whose honesty and judgment both had confidence; each one would make a statement in the presence of the other as to his understanding of the case, and then abide by the decision of the third party.

“Occasionally, however, one would go to a justice of the peace, who was furnished with a copy of the civil code of the State, and sue his neighbor. In that case witnesses were subpœnaed, and the justice himself usually conducted the examination. But once in a while the parties to the suit would secure the services of neighbors who were regarded as experts in conducting lawsuits. These were called ‘pettifoggers,’ and they would conduct the examination ‘in open court.’ After hearing the testimony the justice of the peace (who went by the name of ‘squire’) would render his decision, and

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in very rare instances was there an appeal to the county court.

“But as time rolled on and civilization (?) advanced, this peaceable and inexpensive method of procedure passed away. The wilderness became more thickly populated, the more restless, ambitious sons of the pioneers became players on the stage. Many ‘lumbermen’ came in from distant parts, land became much more valuable, disputes arose as to claims, boundary lines, titles, etc., lawyers increased in number, and litigation became far more prevalent.”

In the Kephart home moral and spiritual forces were at work which gradually raised the standard of the community. The “doings” of the gatherings were talked over in the home, and so commented on as to lead the children to discriminate for themselves—to love the true and hate the false. This house was open for “meetings.” Here the word was preached by the example of the parents and by the pioneer preachers. The circuits were so large, and so much time was required to get around, that a definite day for an appointment could not be given in advance, hence when a preacher arrived the children were dispatched to the neighbors within a radius of several miles to announce an evening service.

The following graphic description of the religious customs of the preacher and the services is given in “Pioneer Life”:

“These cabins not only served as places of abode, but in a few cases for houses of public worship as well. In these early days the pioneer United Brethren preachers ‘from across the mountains’ found their way into this

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wilderness, and there being no schoolhouse or church, 'Grandfather Goss,' and later the writer's father, opened their cabins, accorded the preacher a hearty welcome, lodged him, and gladly shared with him the best of their homely fare. On his arrival the boys were sent around to the neighbors to inform them that there would be preaching that night. In due time the cabin would be crowded with ten or a dozen of the neighbors, the preacher would preach, and after preaching spend an hour in prayer, exhortation, and 'experience meeting.' The writer well remembers one such meeting held in his father's cabin (for not until he was in his sixth year did his parents move into a larger 'hewed-log house'). The cabin was sixteen by twenty feet in size. In it were the 'corner chimney,' the ladder by which to ascend into the loft, two beds and the trundle-bed shoved under one of the larger beds, a weaver's loom, and a table. A few rough, short benches were placed in the remaining unoccupied space for the neighbors. We children were cooped up on the beds. A tallow dip, borrowed for the occasion from our best and nearest neighbor, 'Katy' Baughman, sat on the table, and one of the old-fashioned lard-burning lamps hung by a hook from one of the joists in the back part of the room near the door, and a comfortable fire burned in the fireplace. It was late in the fall and the night was cool. The light was dim, and the weird scene and the character of the meeting throughout made such an indelible impression upon the writer's child-mind that he sees it as clearly as if it were enacted but yesterday. The preacher was Adolphus Harnden, born and reared in the State of

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Maine, who afterward served long and usefully as one of the most faithful itinerants of Allegheny Conference. He was then a young man, tall, of large, bony frame, had a bushy head of black hair, large mouth and nose, and a stentorian voice. He traveled the circuit on foot, and, as it embraced the whole of Clearfield, and portions of Cambria, Indiana, and Jefferson counties (all a vast wilderness), it required six weeks for him to make the round, during which time he would average not less than five sermons a week. Because of his wonderful enthusiasm and his traveling on foot, the people named him 'The Pilgrim,' some of them having read 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.'

"On the evening referred to above he sung, prayed, and preached with great enthusiasm. After the sermon he prayed again, then sung again, called on some one else to pray, sung again, exhorted, got happy, and began to shout. While shouting, swinging his long arms, and clapping his hands, he leaped back and forth in the little aisle between the benches leading to the door, exclaiming at the top of his voice, 'I hope to shout glory when the world's on fire,' and just then he touched his bushy head to the flame of the lamp above described and set his hair on fire. It sizzled and spurted a little while, and Harnden kept on shouting all the time, 'I hope to shout glory when the world's on fire.' The flame in his hair soon died out, nor was he burned, but for some time there was a strong odor of burnt hair pervading the cabin. In due time the meeting closed, the mountaineers returned to their homes, guided through the wilderness by their pine torches, wonderfully impressed by the

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words and manner of 'the new preacher.' He in due time ascended the ladder to the loft, and was soon in the embrace of a sound sleep in the spare bed, which mother's hand had prepared for such visitors.

"The faithful, self-sacrificing labors of the pioneer United Brethren and Methodist preachers in those regions had much to do with shaping the morals of the early settlers and determining the destiny of them and their children. With scarcely any pay in the shape of money, clad in coarse homespun, and subsisting on the homely fare of the mountaineers, they traveled from place to place, entered the cabins, and carried into them their pious convictions, their devotion, and their religious enthusiasm.

"In accomplishing this important work no one of them was more devoted and efficient than Adolphus Harnden. His piety was unquestionable, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds. Strong, young, healthy, vigorous, and bold as a lion, he could go anywhere. His custom was to rise before or about the peep of day, retire to a secluded place in the wilderness for devotion, get happy, and shout till he would make the forest around resound with his stentorian voice. On one occasion, having lodged over night with a settler in what was known as 'Morgan's Land,' and some six or eight inches of snow having fallen during the night, after breakfast he started for his next appointment; but he had not gone far into the forest until he retired three or four rods from the roadside for prayer. As usual he had not prayed long until he became happy and shouted, and rolled around in the snow at a wonderful

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rate. While thus exercising, two men came riding by on horseback, and hearing the noise went to him and spoke, but all to no purpose; he continued his shouting. They then rode on hastily to the house from which his tracks had come, called to the people, and in an excited manner told them they should go out into the timber immediately and see to the man who had lodged with them over night, that he was out there rolling in the snow, crazy as a loon, and would surely freeze to death. The man with whom he had lodged, knowing something of his habit of shouting, calmly replied with a smile, "There is no occasion for alarm; he is enjoying his accustomed morning shout.'"

The account-books of Philips & Co., in the possession of John D. Gill, Sr., contain many entries of the purchase of whisky and tobacco by those who came to trade, but the writer found no charge against Henry Kephart, Jr., for either of these articles. In addition to these silent lessons of personal example in abstinence from intoxicants as a beverage, these children had the advantage of precept, private and public. The strenuous preaching of Adolphus Harnden against the use of ardent spirits found a staunch, practical supporter in Henry Kephart, Jr. When Ezekiel was three years old his father built a new barn. When ready to raise, he determined it should be erected without whisky.

The neighbors had learned something of his peculiar notion regarding temperance, and when he came around to invite them to the "barn-raising," they naturally inquired, "Are you going to have whisky?" When answered in the negative they said, "Well, of course *we'll*

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come, but you'll never get your barn up without whisky." The day came, however, the barn went up without any accident or any fight, and was done by a little after noonday. The question arose: "What shall we do? This day belongs to Henry Kephart." They decided to make clapboards, and when evening came they had almost enough to cover the barn. The well-laden table and the success of the day sent all away sober and in good cheer.

The influences which led Henry Kephart, Jr., to discard the use of whisky in public functions, and so to brave public sentiment, were both economic and moral. At a log-rolling some time previous, to which he had invited a number of neighbors with their teams, he furnished whisky. He noted that they had several fights, and that the cost of provisions was large. The day after the "bee" he hired his neighbor, Jacob Baughman, and discovered that with the aid of this one man without whisky, he could accomplish more than the crowd would do with whisky. He decided it was more economical to hire one man to help him, as he would be under obligations to help each man a day, who had helped him at the rolling, in addition to furnishing them food and drink. Besides, his wife would have less work, and his family could be free from the debasing immoralities of drunken men. Hence he decided that others might do as they would, but he would discard the use of intoxicants. This assertion of independent thinking and courage of conviction became prominent in the character of their sons. Every one who knew the Bishop will recognize these traits.

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As the parents sought to decide every question from the higher religious standpoint, it is possible that the temperance teaching of the eccentric Rev. Adolphus Harnden had a potent influence, as the following account from "Pioneer Life" will indicate:

"But with all his eccentricities and enthusiasm, Harnden did a great deal of good. His life was upright and exemplary, and his preaching so full of Bible that the word was in demonstration of the spirit and power. When the writer was in his fifth year his father built a new barn and raised it without whisky. A big meeting was appointed to be held in that barn in the autumn of that year. In due time Harnden was on hand, and with him the presiding elder, Harmanous Ow. The elder proposed that, according to the custom of the mountains, they dispense with preaching on Sunday evening and have communion and feet-washing exercises instead. To this Harnden objected. He said: 'We ought to have preaching on Sunday evening and invite mourners. This barn was raised without whisky, and the Lord is going to do something wonderful for us if we do our duty.' The elder said, 'Well, will you preach?' 'Yes, I will,' promptly replied Harnden. Then they arranged to have the communion and feet-washing exercises Sabbath afternoon, and in the evening Harnden preached one of his storming sermons. The result was more than a dozen seekers came forward, and before the meeting was over all were converted and a class of sixteen was organized. 'I knew it! I knew it!' was Harnden's triumphant declaration. 'This barn was raised without whisky, and the Lord would not overlook it.'

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“His opposition to the use of intoxicating liquors was very intense, and it being the custom then for almost every settler to keep whisky in his cabin and to ‘tipple,’ and use it freely at their barn-raising and log-rollings, and in the harvest field, Harnden waged a relentless warfare against it in every shape. He saw its bad effects—that it was a disturber of the peace and a developer of appetites and dissipated habits that would soon work great sorrow and destitution to the pioneers and their children.

“Many years after the time above referred to he traveled Clearfield Circuit again. He then rode a valuable horse, which at one time in a little town was taken violently ill with colic. Some of the horsemen gathered round and urged that he procure some whisky and mix a good quantity of black pepper in it and pour it into the horse, assuring him that it would speedily effect a cure. Harnden promptly replied, ‘When I and my horse cannot live without whisky, we are going to die.’ He then procured some hot water, mixed pepper with it, and poured it into the horse, and soon he was well. ‘There,’ said he, ‘if I had given him the whisky you would all have declared that it was the whisky that cured him.’ All can easily imagine how glad such an enthusiast was to hold a meeting in ‘the first barn raised in the county without whisky.’”

“What sculpture is to the block of marble, education is to the human soul.”—Addison.

“Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect than education. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction; in solitude a solace, in society an ornament; it chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradations of passions participated with brutes, and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or hugging the horrid hope of annihilation.”—Phillips.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY EDUCATION.

IN the previous chapter the desire was prominent to adequately portray the environment into which our subject was born and passed his early life. He himself never lost his love for the old homestead where he was born. The writer well remembers how, in 1901, on a visit to these childhood scenes, the Bishop drove past the "new house" to the site of the old homestead, a fourth of a mile further on. This site is now marked only by a stone pile, the spring, and several old apple trees—"the sweet tree" and "the sour tree," which ministered to his boyish appetite. He pointed out the stump of the tree where "father shot the bear," and the location of the "bear-pit," where "father caught a bear, a panther, deer," etc.

The purpose of the present chapter is to give some account of his early school life. Allusion has already been made to the meager school privileges of these early pioneers. Mrs. Kephart taught her children to read before they entered school, and always strove to have them in school whenever one was conducted within reach. When Ezekiel was four years old, his mother's brother conducted a school within about two miles of Mr. Kephart's cabin. As this school is a type of the educational privileges of the time, illustrating both

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standard and method, the reader will be pleased to have the description in "Pioneer Life," as the eminent author remembers it as his first school experience:

"Later on, by the time several of her children were of school age, that same brother who had accompanied her to Esquire Benton's school, opened a school within two miles of father's cabin, and to him the writer's parents paid four dollars for two months' tuition for him and a sister who was four years his senior. To this school they waded through deep snows night and morning, the text-books being Webster's spelling-book and the New Testament. But as a result of mother's diligence in her efforts to teach her children to read, sister was quite an apt reader for those times before she went to school, and the writer, then in his sixth year, was advanced from the alphabet to the "a-b-abs" the afternoon of his first day's schooling. Ah, how proudly he ran and broke the news to his mother on reaching home that evening, and what an inspiration to his childish soul was the gentle pit-a-pat of mother's hand upon his head, the approving smile, and the warm, loving words, 'That's a good boy,' as they fell from mother's lips. Think you the force of those expressions of commendation has lost its influence to this day?"

"That school was a small affair, but it was a seed—a prophecy—a forerunner of something better, because it was the best step in a right direction that the pioneers could make at that time. It was far from being a college, but it might prepare the way for one. The accommodations were of the most rude, meager, homely character, but properly utilized would prepare the way,

as they did, for the neat, comfortable, country school-house of to-day, with all its modern equipments.

"The schoolhouse was a little, round-log, old cabin residence that had been vacated for better quarters. In it was the ever-present, indispensable corner chimney, which served as a warming place. A few days before the school was to open, several of the pioneers met there and rechincked and redaubed or mortared the cracks in the wall, so as to make the room comfortable. The seats were benches made of slabs and planks, by boring holes and driving pins into them for legs. The writing-desks were made by boring holes into the logs of the walls, driving pins into the holes, and then placing long, rough boards on those pins. The pupils, when writing, sat with their faces to the wall.

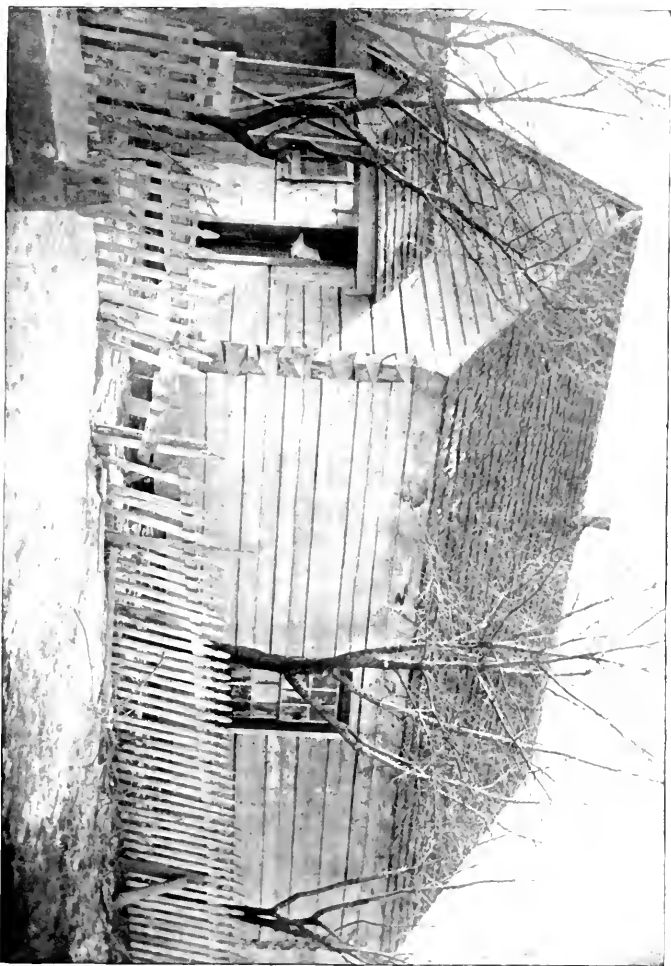
"The exercises were about as follows: "Soon after school was called—it was called at 9 A. M. and 1 P. M.—the pupils who were trying to learn their letters and those who were beginning to spell words of two and three letters would be called to the teacher, who had his seat in one corner of the room, one at a time. Those learning the alphabet would say their letters over from 'a' to 'z,' and then backwards from 'z' to 'a,' after which the teacher would point to several different letters at random, asking the pupil to name each, and telling him the names if he did not remember them. After a drill of this kind, lasting about five minutes, the pupil was remanded to his seat with the admonition, 'Now study your lesson,' and another would be drilled in the same way. Not until a pupil could name every letter at sight was he advanced beyond the alphabet.

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“As they advanced so they could spell in words of two syllables, they were arranged in classes of two or more, and recited by standing up in a row, books in hand, and spelling words alternately or in succession. For some time after a pupil was thus promoted, the great trouble was for him to keep his place—that is, to follow the words as they were in turn spelled by his fellows, so as to know when it came his turn to spell, which was his word. Many a box on the ear and many a rap on the hand did stupid pupils receive for failing in this.

“The more advanced pupils were given additional lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In reading they would stand up in a row, sometimes reaching two-thirds round the room, and read, each in turn, a verse from the New Testament, the teacher pronouncing the difficult words. Never did the class read in concert. Such a thing was unknown, and would have been considered a dangerous innovation.

“Just before dismissing for noon and for evening, all the more advanced pupils would stand and spell off the book. They were divided into two classes, the more advanced being named the ‘big class,’ and the less advanced the ‘little class.’ This exercise was a kind of spelling contest. To prepare for it every one was required to study the spelling lesson, and when one missed a word it was passed to the next. If that one spelled it correctly, he took his place above the one who had missed the word. The inspiring feature of the spelling-match was the desire among all to have the honor of standing at the head of the class—an honor usually enjoyed by the best spellers.”



CENTER SCHOOLHOUSE DECATIE TOWNSHIP, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA.

Build. A. D. 1846

When Dr. J. L. and Bishop E. B. Kephart attended school after they became "suffrage" and received an industrial education. Here E. B. taught school, and J. L. preached his first sermon.

Early Education

The "fun" at school was of the same hardy quality as the life of the community. The demand for justice and "fair play," however, was always prominent. The crowning fun of the year was "barring out the school-master," a custom now grown obsolete. An event of this kind, in which both the embryonic editor and bishop had a prominent part, is so well disclosed by Dr. I. L. Kephart, in an article published some twenty years since, that it finds a fitting place here:

"The following is a true story of school-days thirty-six years ago in the wilds of Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, as given by one who was there: I can never forget that Wednesday. It was only six days till Christmas, and it was generally conceded that that was none too much time to grant 'the master' in which to send to Philipsburg—the distance was five miles—to procure the candies, nuts, and apples with which to treat the school, so all agreed to 'bar him out' on that day.

"The schoolhouse—a one-story, round-log cabin, sixteen feet square—stood on a hill in one corner of 'Granddaddy Kephart's' field. It was originally erected for a dwelling-house for 'Uncle Dave.' It was lighted with one six-light and two twelve-light windows. In one corner was a remnant of an old corner chimney. In the center stood a large ten-plate stove used for warming the apartment. The roof was of clapboards, held in place by weight poles. The writing-desks were constructed by boring five quarter-inch holes into the logs around three sides of the room, driving long pins into these, and laying rough boards on these pins—the pins so inclined as to give the desks a pitch toward the wall

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of thirty degrees. The seats were benches, formed by splitting into halves poles eight inches in diameter, smoothing the flat side with a chopping ax, boring four holes—two near each end—into them, and driving pins into them for legs. The books were Cobb's Spelling-Book, the New Testament, the English Reader, and Pike's Arithmetic. Geography and English grammar were not thought of.

“The teacher was Henry Platner, from Blair County, a tall, slender, wiry man, about twenty-five years old. The school was composed of between forty and fifty scholars, of both sexes, and ranged in age between seven and twenty-two years,—little, chubby urchins, half-grown youngsters, and big, hardy, backwoods young men, delicate little girls, rugged, rosy-cheeked misses, and stalwart, buxom, young women. These came from all directions, a distance of from one-half to three miles, and huddled together in that dingy, low-ceiled little room, dressed out in their homespun, some of the smaller ones sitting with their feet dangling in the air, they make a picture well worthy the pen of the most gifted artist. Uncombed heads and combed; clean faces and dirty; neat new homespun, threadbare homespun, patched homespun, and ragged homespun; red heads, white heads, black heads, and woolly heads—for there were a few negroes in the school—these constituted the picture that greeted the eye of him who on a December day, thirty-six years ago, chanced to take a peep into the old ‘Kephart schoolhouse’ that stood over on the hill, just one and a half miles northwest of the present town of Osceola.

“But I was going to tell of ‘barring out the master.’ To accomplish this, advantage must be taken of his going to the foot of the hill, fifty rods distant, to ‘Granddaddy Kephart’s,’ for dinner. It was easy to see from the peculiar expression on his countenance and the odd twinkle of his eyes on leaving the schoolhouse that day, that from the significant winks and nods which were interchanged among the larger boys during the forenoon, he had correctly ‘discerned the times.’ But he was a jolly fellow, somewhat in advance, as a teacher, of those of his profession, and, anxious to enjoy the fun, was only too ready to give the boys a chance. So, on dismissing the school for dinner he took up his hat, and, with a significant twinkle in the corner of his left eye, said, ‘Boys, let there be no misbehavior during my absence,’ and started for the foot of the hill.

“No sooner was he gone than all hands hastily partook of their dinners,—we all carried our dinners to school,— and then, instead of going out to play ball, ‘ring around the rosy, see-saw, etc., as was our custom, all remained within, fastened the door, and made every preparation for ‘keeping him out.’ One end of a bench was placed against the feet of the stove, and the other end was brought one-third of the way down from the top of the door and made to rest firmly against it. On this three small lads, Bill Shaw, Ess Kephart, and John Reece, were stationed to hold it firm. There was no snow on the ground, but the day was cold and damp; nevertheless it was deemed expedient to carefully extinguish the fire in the stove, lest the assaulting party, either by throwing brimstone down the pipe, or by plac-

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ing a board on the top of it, should 'smoke us out.' John Green—a stout, courageous colored boy of sixteen—and I were stationed aloft, armed with a heavy piece of slab five feet in length, to prevent his coming in through the roof. All things being in readiness, we somewhat nervously awaited results—some of the small children as well as some of the less courageous among the larger ones, already frightened almost out of their senses. Green and I, from above, watched through the chinking for 'the master's' approach. At length, about ten minutes before one o'clock—he had left at twelve—we saw his head gradually appearing over the hill. Promptly the alarm was given to those below, and all hands flew to their posts. Abe Goss (John's Abe), Hen Kephart (Dave's Hen), Dan Crowell, and Hen Baughman had command. They had already prepared, in writing, conditions of surrender. They were to the effect that by signing the paper the master, on the condition that the door was then opened, bound himself in honor to treat the school on Christmas Day to six pounds of candy, four pounds of English walnuts, and to two bushels of apples, if they could be obtained; if not, their worth in loaf-sugar.

"On arriving at the door and finding it fastened, the teacher, affecting to be greatly enraged at the audacity of his school, demanded in stentorian tones that it be immediately opened; but the answer from within was cool and defiant. 'Not much, old hoss,' 'We've got you this time,' 'Why don't you come in?' etc., were the taunting expressions that his savage utterances elicited from within. Finally he was induced to come around

to the south window, when the conditions of surrender were presented to him. He read them, indignantly pronounced them outrageous, and tore the paper into ribbons. He then declared that he was coming in if he had to pull the house down, and the taunting reply was that he would not get in, even if he did pull the house down. This bit of parleying ended, the master started for his boarding-place, and soon returned with an ax on his shoulder. We knew that this meant business, and the excitement from within was rapidly rising to a white heat. Some were crying, some were alternately pleading and demanding that the door be opened, while the more courageous were loudly asserting their determination to keep him out at all hazards, and denouncing the cowardly ones in the most unmeasured tones. At this juncture the teacher vigorously assaulted the door, pounding it with the ax until he split it in several places. This availing him nothing, he climbed to the roof and commenced tearing away the clapboards; but my brave colored boy and I were equal to the occasion, for no sooner did we get a peep at him than we sent the end of the slab through the roof with such force that, striking him in the breast, we sent him clear over the eaves to the ground. This caused a shout of triumph to ascend from below which was almost deafening. True, he might have been killed by the fall, but that was a secondary consideration with us. Our first thought was to keep him out, and that must be done regardless of consequences. Although he was but slightly injured by the blow and the fall, they had the effect of somewhat cooling his ardor, so that he did not attempt the roof again.

Life of Ezekiel Boring Kephart

“His next point of attack was the south window. With the ax he tore off the cleats which held the sash in its place, and then lifted it out wholesale; but no sooner was it removed than Abe Goss and Hen Kephart were both in the window, and as they were both large, full-grown young men, the chances were decidedly against the master. A little parley now ensued, when it was agreed that neither party was to strike or injure the other, but by all fair means at his command the master was to get in if he could, and the school were to keep him out if they could. This agreement entered into, the master locked shoulders with Abe Goss in a vain attempt to push his way through the window into the house. For as much as ten minutes did the pushing match continue, with the result decidedly against the master, for others from within would quickly loosen his hands whenever he grasped the window-casing to help himself in. Finally, completely outdone, this attempt was given up, and after some more parleying the master bid us good-by, saying he would give us no further trouble that day.

“The window was then replaced and a fire was started in the stove,—some of the smaller children by this time being almost perished,—the door was opened, we went out and played ball for some time, and then started for home, not, however, without having taken the precaution to leave four stout boys—Mace Goss, John Reece, John Baughman, and Dan Kephart—to remain in the schoolhouse over night ‘to hold the fort.’ The remnants of our dinner were given them for supper, and after charging them to keep a sharp lookout and never all

sleep at once, we left, promising to bring them some breakfast in the morning.

That night some four inches of snow fell, but as early as 8:30 A. M. the scholars began to arrive, and found the boys left as guard in possession of the house, although they astonished us all with graphic accounts of how they were surprised about four o'clock in the morning by the master's making an almost successful attempt to get in. Being quite in the dark,—having neither candle, lamp, nor pine torch,—they could only learn of the different points of attack by the noise he made, and several times he came very near effecting an entrance,—once through the roof,—but being repulsed at all points, and sometimes quite roughly handled, he finally retired to his boarding-place, leaving the boys quite masters of the situation, and as much elated over their victory as Napoleon I. over his successful passage of the Alps.

By nine o'clock the full school was present, and the door effectually barred. About this time the master put in an appearance, but on seeing the force present and the door fastened, he only parleyed a little while and then left, assuring us that he would make no further attempt to get in. The master having left, it was decided to keep school. Accordingly Abe Goss, Hen Kephart, Betsey Crowell, and Barbara Kephart were chosen teachers, and school was called, and a boisterous, mixed-up school it was. Dick Goss was playing ball up the old corner chimney; Bud Goss was shooting at the girls with a goose-quill pop-gun, for which Susan Baughman rapped him over the head with her slate; and Jim Cos-

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grove was throwing paper balls at Ellen Greene. However, all things passed cleverly until nearly 11 o'clock. About this time two lads of eight summers had a little squabble over which should have the honor of sitting up near the top of the door on the bench with which it was propped. Ess Kephart, being the larger of the two, secured the seat, and Bill Shaw, the disappointed aspirant, sullenly took his seat near where the other end of the bench rested against the feet of the stove. Slyly watching his opportunity, he caught one of the up-turned legs of the bench, gave a sudden jerk, turned the bench and tipped Ess off. He came to the floor with a heavy thump, his head striking one of the 'jamb-stones' of the old corner chimney, and raising a lump the size of a hulled walnut. He first set up a howl of agony, but on seeing Shaw laugh he at once comprehended the cause of his calamity, and set upon his malignant tormentor like an enraged pugilist, and dealt him such a shower of kicks and blows as caused the assailed to roar for help. At this his older brother, Hen, one of the teachers, seized the enraged Ess by the arm, gave him a shaking, and commanded order. This seemed only to add fuel to his wrath, for he flew with both hands into Hen's bushy head of hair, and commenced such a vigorous series of pulls and jerks as literally made the fur fly. Hen, determined not to be outdone, and being fully six feet in height and left handed, bent the pugnacious Ess over his right knee and administered such a vigorous spanking as made him roar like a young lion. This had the desired effect, and order was restored.

Early Education

“At noon some of the boys went out and played ball, while others and the girls remained indoors and played ‘button,’ ‘ring around the rosy,’ and ‘go choose you east, go choose you west, go choose the one that you love best.’

After an unusually long nooning, school was called, one lesson all around was given, the school stood up and spelled down, and was dismissed, all going home except the guard of four left to hold the fort. This guard remained until about nine o’clock, and feeling sure the master would not put in an appearance that night, they left the schoolhouse and went to Uncle John Goss’s—a distance of one and a half miles—remained there during the night, and returned at four o’clock in the morning. Imagine their surprise when, on returning, they found the door of the house gone and the house open. They at once piled the doorway full of benches and fence-rails, and on coming to school all were compelled to enter the house by creeping on all fours under the lowermost bench in the door. After the whole school had assembled several parties were sent out in search of the door. Soon Dan Crowell and John Baughman were seen coming across the fields with the door on their shoulders, and the school received them with a shout of triumph. It then turned out that Dick Hughes and George Kephart, two young married men, desiring to add to the fun and excitement, had gone, about midnight, and carried away the door.

“School kept that day as the day previous, with considerable fun and uproar, and the day being cloudy, and there being neither clock nor watch in the house,

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between two and three o'clock John Reece and myself were sent down to 'Granddaddy Kephart's' to see what time it was. Grandmother took advantage of our presence to give us a sharp lecture on the folly of our keeping the teacher out and wasting our time, but grandfather—jolly old Pennsylvania Swiss-Dutchman that he was—encouraged us by laughing heartily and saying, 'Py fate, poys, ton't you let him in.'

"This evening the guard was increased to six in number, and strict orders were given not to leave the house for a minute. The next day was Saturday, but we had school, for then a school week consisted of six days. Very few of the smaller scholars were present, and not more than half of the larger ones. The teacher put in appearance, but only to inquire how we were getting along, and to wish us well, not pretending to force his way in. By noon the affair began to be monotonous. A council was called, and inasmuch as we had fully demonstrated our ability to keep the master out, we concluded we could now afford to let him in, and in so doing would not sacrifice honor or principle. So the house was set in order, the door was unbarred, and all left for home.

"On the following Monday the scholars all returned to school, found the teacher in his place and in a jolly good humor, and everything proceeded as if there had been no 'barring out.' However, there was no Christmas treat, but the teacher made amends on the day when his term of school closed by treating us to ten pounds of loaf-sugar!"

Early Education

In 1846 a new schoolhouse was built, about a mile nearer to the home of Henry Kephart, Jr., who hewed the logs and did most of the carpenter work. The men of the district joined together, and by contributing material and labor, erected the new house without outlay of money. If a man's work reflects his character, we may know Henry Kephart, Jr., by the neatness in the hewing of those logs. The writer on a recent visit examined them with care by passing the hand over, and they seemed as smooth as boards sawed and planed. The accompanying illustration of this schoolhouse will present it to the reader's eye. At present it is used for a dwelling. A window now occupies the location of the original door, and an entrance has been built on to the end. Here E. B. Kephart attended school, and here he taught a four months' term of school. Here also his brother, Dr. I. L. Kephart, was a pupil, was baptized, and preached his first sermon.

We have already learned that the three R's constituted the curriculum, and that even geography was unknown. Because of lack of qualifications the R's were poorly taught. When these boys were about fourteen years old, they discovered that their teacher could do no more for them, became discouraged, and dropped out of school, and did not enter again until they were twenty-one and twenty-three years of age, respectively.

The deficiency of the teachers must have sorely grieved Henry Kephart and his wife. There lived a Scotchman in the district by the name of John Shaw, himself comparatively learned, and always a staunch advocate of better schools, and a faithful supporter of

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them. When the time grew near for the school to open, Mother Kephart would gather her children about her and say: "Now you must hurry and finish your work; school is about to begin. Mr. Shaw will have his children there from the first day to the last, and you don't want to be dummer than Shaw's children."

We shall have occasion later in this narrative to recur to the influence of Mr. Shaw in the community, and especially on the lives of I. L. and E. B. Kephart.

A little incident showing the disposition of the boy occurred about the time he was entering his teens. Though at times, because of his strong conviction and love of fair play, he seemed somewhat willful, he was obedient to his parents. They had taught their children it was wrong to fight, and forbade it on penalty of punishment. A fellow school-boy, thinking "Zeek" dare not fight, had for some time sought to "bully" him, and had imposed on him in many ways. On the way home one evening, as this boy was having his accustomed sport, "Zeek" turned on him and gave him a complete thrashing. When they arrived at home the children reported that "Zeek" had been fighting. When, in self defense he said: "Yes, I stood his taunts and insults just as long as I could and I thrashed him; now you can whip me if you want to, but if you do, I'll go right back tomorrow and give that boy ten times as much as I did to-day." It is needless to say that "Zeek's" parents did not whip him. His instinctive love of righteousness and respect for justice included the tenet, even then, that there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue.

"There is nothing so laborious as *not* to labor. Blessed is he who devotes his life to great and noble ends, and who forms his well-considered plans with deliberate wisdom."—St. Augustine.

"Idleness is the burlal of a living man."—Jeremy Taylor.

"Work! which beads the brow, and tans the flesh
Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils!
By whose welrd art, transmuted poor men's evils,
Their bed seems down, their one dish ever fresh.
Ah, me! For lack of it what ills in leash
Hold us. Its want the pale mechanic levels
To workhouse depths, while Master Spendthrift revels.
For want of work, the fiends him soon immesh!"
—Madox Brown.

CHAPTER V.

LOGGING AND RAFTING.

THESE early pioneers were woodmen indeed. Every son of the forest learned to wield the ax and the cross-cut saw. How pitiable to them seems the city youth who cannot tell one tree from another! Certain trees seemed to have a kind of personality.

“The stately gum-tree! How it towers aloft!
How those branches spread out where 'neath them we
played.
It stands near the cot, not far from the spring,
That rustic old cabin in which I was born.”

The Kephart boys were to the forest born. They made a virtue of necessity, and took to its life as a duck to water. Brought up to its varied labors, they hardly knew they were enduring hardships. Surely ignorance sometimes is bliss. But every trial has its compensation. Every expenditure of strength is a seed-sowing, an investment which brings its abundant harvest, its increase of capital. Combine this strenuous woodsman's life with temperate habits and lofty spiritual ideals, and you have the making of these men of renown and manifold service.

The forest stood in the way of pioneer progress, and yet was the means of that progress. It prevented the raising of flocks, crops, and herds, and yet it was the chief source of wealth. All interests there combined to

Logging and Rafting

make a lumberman of every youth. In season, including the winter and early spring, lumbering was the chief industry. The Kephart boys received thorough training in woodcraft. They felled the trees, hewed timber, constructed rafts and conveyed them down the river, run sawmills, made shingles, and conducted brief business enterprises of their own. They had passed through a thorough apprenticeship before they came to their majority. Dr. I. L. tells us how he, when fourteen years of age, was entrusted with a team to wagon across the mountain to Tyrone and Huntingdon—quite an undertaking for a boy of that age, when we consider the wild condition of the country, a distance of twelve miles through the unbroken forest, without seeing a single house. He would bring a return load of groceries, dry-goods, etc. The Bishop, in 1901, pointed out with pride the stump of the tree he worked up into shingles when in his teens.

When Isaiah was on the road with the horses, the work at home was done mostly with oxen, and hence Ezekiel became an expert in handling them. Abraham, one and a half years the junior of Ezekiel, became a horseman. Age and necessity determined employment and skill.

Many of these things seem so far away that the reader will be grateful for a description given by one who experienced them. The author of "Pioneer Life" has written of them with such racy freshness as to place posterity under obligation to him:

"The mountaineers would till their poor, rough, mountain farms during the summer, and in early fall

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would hie away to the pine forests. Those whose homes were not conveniently near to the forests would erect cabins there, carry provisions to them, do their own cooking, and thus 'batch' it from fall till spring, some of them going home on Saturday night. Such would rise as early as 3 A. M. Monday, eat breakfast, load themselves with provisions, and walk five to eight miles to their cabins in time to do a full day's chopping. Some may be anxious to know how those lumbermen could 'keep house'—cook their meals, and at the same time do full work in the timber; but they did, and did it easily. Of course, the meals were not prepared after the most fastidious fashion, nor would they have tempted the appetite of an epicure, but from his own experience, the writer can assure his readers that the food was so well prepared as to be quite sufficiently tempting to the appetites of hungry woodchoppers. The variety was not great, nor did it need to be. The chief requisites were substantiality in quality and abundance in quantity.

"The order was as follows: At 5 A. M., the one honored with being the cook would rise, start a fire in the stove, and call the other three. While he fried meat, boiled potatoes, made coffee, and baked buckwheat cakes, the others would prepare some wood for the day or (if it were during hauling time) feed and harness the horses. Then all would sit down to the table, on which the dishes had been arranged the night before, and partake heartily of the morning meal. Having finished their repast by 6 A. M., each one would turn his plate upside down over his knife and fork, and thus it would be ready for his own special service at noon. The dishes



*The stump of a tree in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania,
from the wood of which Bishop Kephart
made shingles.*



*The stump of a tree in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania,
from the wood of which Bishop Kephart
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were only washed once each day—in the evening—and table linen was not in use at all. Breakfast over, the cook would wash and clean a quart of white beans, place them in a good-sized dinner pot, add to them a piece of pork and some salt, fill the pot with water, place it on the stove, fill the stove with hard, green wood, and then away all hands would go to the chopping, the others meantime having been engaged in whetting the axes. At half past eleven o'clock the cook would quit work, return to the cabin, find the beans and pork cooked most deliciously, bake the buck-wheat cakes, and by twelve o'clock the others would arrive, and all would then sit down and most hugely enjoy their dinner. At 1 P. M. all would return to their work, and chop as long as they could see. Then they would return to the cabin, prepare and eat their supper, wash the dishes, set things in order in the cabin, chat, read, or play checkers for an hour or so, and then retire to their rude, rough beds and sleep the sleep made refreshing by hard, honest toil and a clear conscience, while the mountain breezes sighed and moaned through the tops of the pines and hemlocks that locked branches over their cabin.

“Prior to 1862, when the first railroad was built into this region, all the lumber, save what was wagoned across the mountains, was conveyed to market in rafts and arks floated down Moshannon, Clearfield, and Chest creeks, and the west branch of the Susquehanna River. Consequently lumbering, so-called, during the fall and winter seasons consisted in getting logs to the sawmills and sawing them into boards to be afterward

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rafted, and in making square timber and spars, and hauling them to the streams above mentioned. In making square timber the trees were felled, and then scored and hewed into square, or nearly square sticks, of whatever size or length they would make, running all the way from twelve inches to thirty inches square at the middle of the logs, and from thirty to eighty feet long, while the spars were from three to five feet in diameter at the stump, and from seventy to one hundred and five feet in length.

“Some of these logs were hauled from three to eight miles’ distance to get them to water, but the roads over which they were hauled followed the ravines and small streams, so as to avoid any hauling up hill. However, in many instances they led down long, steep hills, the descent of which with a team, behind which was one of those tremendous logs, was extremely hazardous.

“As a matter of course, the hauling was done during the winter, when there was snow on the ground. The necessary outfit for successful hauling consisted of four good horses (but much hauling was done with two-horse teams), well harnessed, a timber sled, a great log chain some twelve or fifteen feet in length, and a good rough-lock chain—that is, a short, heavy, strong chain to place around one of the sled runners as a lock when going down hills.

“Roads would be cut and cleared through the logs, stumps, and brush, to where each stick of timber lay, the sled would be driven within six feet of the side of one end of the stick, a skid would be placed with one end under the log, and the other end on the sled, the

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log chain with one end fastened to the sled and run down under the log and then up over it and across to two of the horses, and they hitched to it, and thus one end of the log or stick of timber would be slid or skidded up on the sled, chained fast, and then dragged to the river's bank. If the distance was not over three miles, three trips was considered a fair day's hauling.

"Spars were far more difficult to haul than square timber, and not unfrequently some very large, choice sticks had to be drawn a good part of the distance by the slow process of block and tackle. So the hardy mountaineers toiled on through the long winter, and by the first to the middle of March they had their lumber to the water's edge, ready to raft.

"The lumber prepared and placed on the banks of the creek or river, the next thing to do was to put it into rafts in the water and float it to market. This was called "rafting." Clearfield Creek and the Susquehanna River (west branch) were fair streams for rafting. Moshannon and Chest creeks, owing to their smallness, crookedness, and the swiftness of the current, were illy adapted to this industry.

"The rafting season lasted only a short time in the spring of the year, when the snow was melting in the mountains. Hence, in order to get the lumber to market, the rafting time was a most busy occasion. In fact, everybody was on the rush, everything had to be done in a hurry.

"Sawed lumber was sometimes loaded on log rafts, and thus conveyed to market; but by far the greater portion was built into what were called board rafts, and

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thus floated to Harrisburg, Middletown, Marietta, and Columbia, Pa., and sold. The log rafts were built by rolling the hewed logs into the water, placing from fifteen to twenty side by side, placing what was called a lash pole across each end of the logs (lash poles were young, tough oak, hickory, or iron-wood saplings that were from three to four inches in diameter), then boring inch and a half or inch and a quarter holes on either side of the lash pole, and some five inches deep into the logs, placing the two ends of a bow, made of tough white oak, into the two holes, and driving hardwood pins into the holes, so as to hold the pole and the logs solid together. A full raft of logs was from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and from twenty-four to twenty-eight feet wide. This was called a river raft, the size usually floated from Clearfield Town to the foot of Buttermilk Falls. At that place two of these rafts were placed side by side and constituted a float, and one pilot, with five hands, could take it from there to Marietta. From Marietta to Peach Bottom, or tide water, they would be taken single again, and it would require a pilot and ten good hands to manage the raft with any degree of safety, so swift was the current in places, and so rocky the channel.

“From the upper waters of Clearfield Creek, and of the west branch of the river, the rafts were floated out in halves—that is, one hundred and ten feet long, and joined together in the river at Clearfield Town. However, out of Clearfield Creek many full rafts were floated from as high up as Chase’s Landing, or the mouth of

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Pott's Run; but to manage one of these large rafts in that stream required a skillful pilot and nine good, stout men.

“Rafting was not only a busy time, and the work very laborious, but it was for the young, hardy mountaineers a very exciting and highly enjoyable occasion. All through their toils and exposures, during the long, cold winter, they were ever cheered on with the prospect of a trip down the river in the spring. This trip, when made for the first time was as much of an event—aye, more—in the history of the life of a young man, as is a trip to Europe to-day; nor was any one considered a true lumberman—a hero—until he could tell some wonderful story about ‘what I saw at Marietta last spring.’

“To appreciate what such a trip implied, the reader must go back in his imagination to the condition of the country before the days of railroads. He must remember, too, that after the young mountaineers had reached Marietta—the goal of their ambition—before they could sit down around the fireside in their mountain home and astonish father and mother and the smaller children with their wonderful description of the trip—of their hairbreadth escapes at ‘Oliver’s Bend,’ ‘The Stepping Stones,’ ‘Big Moshannon Falls,’ ‘Shamokin Dam,’ and in ‘Connewago Falls’—before he could tell of these, and of the fights, the frolics, and the fun he had seen in making the trip, he had to do from five to six days’ solid, hard walking—that is, he had to walk from Marietta, in Lancaster County, Pa., to Clearfield County, a distance of from one hundred and fifty

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to one hundred and seventy-five miles. He could have taken the packet on the canal and ridden from Harrisburg to Waterstreet, in Huntingdon County, or he could have staged it, but that would have been too expensive, and as his employer allowed him ten dollars to take him home (that was a dollar a day for five days for his time, and a dollar a day for his expenses), he found it quite as profitable to walk home as to work on the raft while going down the river, the usual wages for a common hand for rafting being one dollar a day and board.

“Not until the first freshet of the season had rid the streams of the heavy ice formed during the long winter was it safe, or possible even to place the lumber in the water; but as soon as this occurred every available hand was busy, and every rafting ground on the creek and river resounded with the noisy pounding, chopping, hurrahing, and laughing of the jolly raftsmen.

“On each end of a raft was placed and pinned fast with large wooden pins, a ‘head-block,’ on which was mounted an oar, with which the raft was guided in the stream. The oar consisted of a dry pine pole, some six to eight inches in diameter, and from thirty-five to fifty feet long, the smaller end of which was dressed down so that it could be grasped by the hand, and the larger end was mortised some four or five feet, and into this mortise, or jaws, was inserted the thick end of a blade sixteen feet long, and eighteen to twenty inches wide, two and one-eighth inches thick at the one end, and an inch and an eighth at the other end. This blade was firmly pinned fast in the jaws of the stem, and the oar

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balanced on the head-block, and a two-inch pin placed down through it and the block, so as to permit the oar to play freely up and down, and from side to side, at the will of the man having charge of it.

“A raft, when in float, was in charge of the pilot, a man who was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the crooks, turns, rocks, leads of water, and eddies of the stream, and to know how to run a raft. The pilot was responsible for the safety of the raft, and carried the front oar. His first mate was his steersman, and carried the rear, or hind oar, as it was called. It was his duty and the duty of the hands to obey all the orders of the pilot. Pilots were usually paid a certain sum per trip, according to agreement.

“If a pilot was unfortunate or unskilled, and ran his raft upon rocks and broke it to pieces, it was said, ‘He stoved his raft.’ If he simply ran it onto a rock or sandbar, and it stopped without breaking, it was said, ‘He stuck his raft.’ If he ran his raft so that it swung around and lodged sideways on the head of an island, or on the pier of a bridge, it was said, ‘He saddle-bagged his raft’ on the head of the island or the pier of the bridge.

“In the spring of 1856 the writer, being a pilot, contracted with Mr. John M. Chase, a very enterprising, worthy, and successful lumberman of Clearfield County, to raft in and deliver at Marietta, in Lancaster County, Pa., two large timber rafts. The preceding winter was noted for its great severity, its length (it did not break up until the ninth of April), and the great quantity of snow that fell. The winter was spent by him and his

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brother (afterward Bishop), and several other young men of the neighborhood, in attending the public schools and studying 'the three R's,' with English grammar and geography added.

"From his schoolmates he selected most of his crew, taking the brother above mentioned as his steersman. It was a memorable experience. The rafting ground was the first one below the mouth of Pott's Run, on Clearfield Creek. There he and his crew of nine stout, hardy, jolly young men, on the morning of April 10, commenced to 'raft in.'

"More than a week they worked late and early, rolling in the logs, boring holes, driving pins, hanging oars, ever urged on by the intense desire to get down the river, and the fear that the water would go down. Finally they had three big rafts ready to go, each two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and twenty-six feet wide. With one of these they started in the morning, the creek being two feet too high for good running, and still rising. Oh, how they had to work. It seemed they could not keep the raft in the stream, so wild was the water! At Spruce Island, a few miles below where they started, the great raft took a sheer, could not be controlled, and struck on Myer's Rock, below the island; but it did not break, so substantially was it put together, and by swinging the hind end out onto the current it floated off the rock, and on they went. At Clearfield bridge it took another sheer, plowed into the bank, carried away a cartload of soil, and went on. A mile below this point, after a great struggle, in which another raft was knocked loose, the raft was landed in



RAFTING SCENE ON THE WEST BRANCH OF THE SESQUITHANNA RIVER,
AT CLEARFIELD TOWN, PA.

Formerly representing rolls of timber such as Bishop Kephart and his brother, J. L. Kephart, editor of the Belvidere Telescope, pulled out of Clearfield Creek, through the mountains and on down the river to Harrisburg, Middletown, and Mercersburg, Pa., in the years of 1874 to 1878.

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Artery's dead water, the men completely tuckered out. Dinner was procured there, and at 3 p. m. the tired men started to foot it through the mud and slush ten miles back to Mr. Chase's home, where they arrived at six o'clock.

"The next morning at the breakfast table the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. Chase: 'Isaiah, I wish you to take your crew, go to the mouth of Pott's Run, and take that big spar raft out to Fulton's dead water to-day.'

"Isaiah: 'Oh, Mr. Chase, I have never run a spar raft, know nothing about it, and I am afraid to risk it. I almost killed my men yesterday with that big timber raft, and I do not wish to give them a second dose for fear I'll kill them altogether. I have heard old pilots say so much about spar rafts being so hard to run.'

Mr. Chase: 'Oh, great Charley! you need have no fears. If you could manage that big timber raft yesterday, with the creek as high as it was, and on the rise, you will have no trouble with that big spar raft to-day. I'll risk you.'

"Isaiah: 'All right, Mr. Chase, I'll do my best, and you will have to abide the consequences.'

"With that the pilot and his jolly crew footed it a mile to where the raft lay, boarded it, and were soon floating down the rapid, rocky, crooked stream. It was a large raft, two platforms of ninety-five feet each in length, ten logs wide, and the largest spar four feet in diameter. To the surprise of pilot and crew they found no difficulty whatever in managing it, the dangerous places, such as Turner's Rock, Spruce Island, Myer's

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Rock, the grass flat, and Cree's Sunny Rock, were all passed in safety, and by 2:30 P. M. the raft was safely landed away down in the river at Fulton's dead water. The great river hill was climbed, and a good, hearty dinner eaten at Abraham Ream's popular raftsmen's home. Then the crew set out to return to Mr. Chase's home, a distance of about twenty miles. On they tramped, up hill and down, through mud, over ice, gravel, sand, and stones, their pants' legs stuffed into the high legs of their heavy boots, and at about 10 P. M. they entered Mr. Chase's house, a wonderfully tired, but jolly, proud, triumphant set. They were heartily welcomed, the tidings of the day's work being especially welcome news. A good supper was in readiness and eaten with a relish, and then they retired and slept without rocking, only to be aroused at five o'clock the next morning that they might repeat the trip. By the time it was fairly daylight the next morning the pilot and crew were at the rafting ground, where still lay two large timber rafts. One of them was boarded, the rope untied, and away they went. The water now being in an excellent stage for good running, the raft was managed with comparative ease. This, however, required in some tight places the exertion of all the skill of the pilot, and all the strength of every one of his vigorous, able-bodied men. Often would they, in dipping the oar and pushing it across the raft, in order to move and direct it in the channel, lift the pilot clear off his feet, and carry him across the raft, he all the while suspended at arm's length from the end of the oar stem. Ah, it was a delight, hard as was the work, to handle

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such rafts, aided by such a crew, in such a lively, dashing, crooked stream of water. There was an inspiration about it that thrilled the heart and caused the men to forget that they were working hard or were tired.

“By 3 p. m. of that day this raft was also tied up at Fulton’s dead water, and by about 10 p. m. the crew were again seated around Mrs. Chase’s heavily-loaded table, ravenously devouring a good supper, interspersing the performance with puns and jokes relating to the incidents of the day.

“It may be proper here to remark that while as a matter of fact many raftsmen were drunken and profane, others were as pure-hearted, noble-minded, honest, upright men as could be found anywhere. While it was so true that it had passed into a proverb in Clearfield County that a trip down the river was all that was needed to determine whether or not the conversion a man had professed in the revival of the previous winter was genuine, nevertheless many a young man, and old one too, did pass that trying ordeal triumphantly. It may also be stated here that of the crew in question several were Christian young men, all the others were young men of good morals, and no profanity or drinking of intoxicants was practised by any one of them.

“After a good night’s rest and an early breakfast the pilot and his crew ‘skipped out’ to the creek and boarded the last raft for them to take down. That one delivered safely at Fulton’s dead water, they would be ready to go on down the river. It was a large raft, two hundred and twenty-five feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and

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half oak. The men boarded this raft with light hearts. They had bid good Mrs. Chase a cordial good-by (she was one of God's noble women), taken with them their little traps, and were cheered with the expectation of seeing Marietta before returning to old Clearfield again. The rope was untied, and away they went with ease and safety.

"But when they came in sight of the 'Salmon Hole,' they saw the eddy landed full of rafts, and a hundred or more men there, some of whom were throwing up their hats and shouting at the top of their voices, 'Tie up! tie up! tie up!'

"This left the pilot but one choice—to run in and land, which was effected without any difficulty. On inquiring as to the trouble, he was informed that some unskillful pilot had, the afternoon before, missed his calculations and saddle-bagged his raft on the head of Spruce Island, just a mile below; that raft was a timber raft of only two platforms in length, the front platform had broken off and gone, but the hind platform lay across the head of the island, with at least ten feet of it projecting into the channel in such a way as to render it impossible for large rafts to get by. Short, or half rafts, were going by in safety, but it was considered madness and folly for a pilot to attempt the feat with a full river raft.

"Here then was a dilemma. Must this pilot and crew, whose hearts were set on going down the river during this freshet, have all their hopes blasted by the stupid blunder of an incompetent pilot? The men muttered and growled—none of them swore audibly. What

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some of them thought is not written. "Their pilot took things coolly, but he was worried. He went to two or three of the older pilots in whose judgment he had confidence, and who were standing around, not knowing what to do, and received from their lips, as a result of their inspection of the situation, an accurate statement of the position of things at the head of the island.

"Having spent some time in this way he returned to his own raft, where his own men were assembled, trying in various ways to give vent to their feelings of disappointment and chagrin. On stepping on board the raft his brother, the steersman (and now Bishop), approached and said to him, 'Suppose you get on one of these small rafts that are going by, and ride down past Spruce Island and see how things look. Perhaps you will see that we can go by. You can jump off below at the grass flat and come back. It will not take long.'

"'No,' said the pilot, 'it is not worth while. I have talked with three different pilots who have been there and examined the situation themselves, and I know what it is as well as if I had seen it myself. But call the men here, I have a proposition to make.' The men came, and the pilot said, 'Boys, we are in a desperate box, but I believe there's barely a chance to get out; and if you will promise me on your honor to stick to me and help me gather the timber together and raft it again, provided we tear the raft all to pieces, I will try to go on.'

"Every man was only too glad to give his pledge of honor, and after giving a few words of special instruction to his steersman, and cautioning the men to give

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heed to no one and to nothing else, he told his other brother, Abraham, to go ashore and untie the rope.

“No sooner had the raft begun to drop down through the eddy than a hundred men or more became excited and gave utterance to such interrogatories as, ‘What are you going to do?’ ‘Where are you going?’ ‘Why, man, you’re crazy!’ ‘You can never get through with that big raft!’ ‘You’ll only form a jam so that even small rafts cannot get through!’ ‘Stop! Stop!’

To all these excited exclamations, declarations, and questions neither the pilot nor any of his men paid one bit of attention; and as they began to pull around the bend at the lower end of the eddy, and the raft began to enter Turner’s Riffle, the excited men on the shore all stampeded down the beach to witness the result at Spruce Island.

“Turner’s Riffle and Turner’s Rock were safely passed, the turn at the Notched Rock was handsomely made, and in due time the big raft, sweeping at great speed, struck the projecting platform on the head of Spruce Island with a crash that reverberated through the hills like the roar of a cannon. The force was so great that it completely knocked the platform out of the channel up on the head of the island, without damaging the big raft in the least, so substantially had it been put together. However, the concussion was such as to greatly slacken the speed of the raft, and cause it to sheer violently into the bend, so that the pilot saw in an instant that it would be impossible to clear Myer’s Rock below. Quick as lightning he turned, yelled to his men to pull, and with all their powers they forced

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the raft into the bend and crowded it against the drift-wood lodged upon the shore, where it plowed and forced its way along until it almost stopped, when they then turned, pulled out into the current, cleared Myer's Rock, and went on in safety.

"When the hundred or more astonished men on the shore saw that the hazardous venture was a success, they threw their hats into the air and made the welkin ring with cheer upon cheer. The big raft, managed by its pilot and plucky crew, had not only safely gone through itself, but it had completely removed the obstruction, and the channel was open again for rafts, large as well as small. In the dusk of the evening the pilot and crew landed their raft safely in Miller's dam, above Clearfield bridge, where they received the most hearty congratulations of the owner, Mr. Chase, who was greatly rejoiced that his last large raft had passed Spruce Island in safety."

When Ezekiel was fourteen years old he began rafting. In 1853 he and his brothers purchased the timber, ready made, for a small raft, hauled it to Clearfield Creek and conveyed it to market. That year the price was good, and they received ten cents a cubic foot at Lock Haven. This naturally elated the brothers, and dreams of amassing wealth lured them on. The next year they increased their business, taking a much larger quantity down the river, but they received only seven cents that year at Marietta, which gave a very small profit, and dissipated their dreams of millions and prepared the way for their intellectual awakening.

“I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain did he fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the foundations of the thresholds were moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts. Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he touched my mouth with it, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.”—Isaiah 6: 1-8.



REV. EZEKIEL B. KEPHART

*Reproduced from an ambrotype taken in 1859,
while the Bishop was traveling his first
circuit, Troutville Mission, in
Allegheny Conference.*

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITUAL AND INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING.

WHEN Ezekiel was seventeen years old he attended a camp-meeting in Bigler's Grove, where he made public confession of Christ as Lord and King. These assemblies in God's first temples were events of note to the mountaineers. The preacher would begin very early in the year to work up the interest, ascertain how many would take tents, etc. It is thus described in "Pioneer Life":

"In due time (the latter part of August or the first of September), the time and place were agreed upon by the quarterly conference. As the time approached father and mother would purchase two webs of muslin and have them sewed into one large sheet for a tent covering. A sufficient quantity of provisions to serve the wants of the family a week and feed twice that many strangers (all free), were provided, and on Friday morning of the camp-meeting week, by the time daylight had dawned all was loaded on the wagon, the house was locked up (the services of a kind neighbor having been secured to look after the stock and the fences), and away the whole family, provisions, horse-feed, and all, drove ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, up hill and down, and over tremendously rough roads, to the camp grounds. Once there, poles for the tent were cut, the

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tent was pitched, beds were made of straw procured near by and bedding brought along, a camp-fire was arranged over which to cook, and there for five or six days the pioneers thus brought together worshiped God in the leafy grove. The weird scenes presented by those meetings among the tall pines in the night-time are still visibly photographed on the writer's mind, and the sound of the preacher's voice warning sinners of impending judgment, and of the singing, praying, moaning of the mourners, and the shouting of the converts, still ring betimes in his ears. To the more cultured and refined of to-day, these meetings may seem wild, rough, fantastical, but that they were directed of God as the means by which to reach scores and scores of the mountaineers who would attend no other meeting, and secure their conversion, the sequel clearly demonstrated. The Christian people who united in these meetings only made the best use they could of the means at hand, and the Lord accepted and blessed their offering in the conversion of their children and their neighbors.

“True, there was often much disorder. The roughs would sometimes attempt to break up the meetings, but the courageous preachers and the staunch, Christian mountaineers were always equal to the emergency.”

Although E. B. Kephart made public confession at the camp-meeting, he was not satisfied in his own mind. He had not experienced the fullness of God in his own soul; but convinced that there was virtue in these things, he continued to think upon them. He was a seeker after God. He proved for himself the promises of Scripture: “Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye

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shall search for me with all your heart." "Those that seek me early shall find me." One day, when working with the oxen in the field (he remembered the exact spot), soon after his public confession, the Lord appeared to him, and he exclaimed aloud, "Glory, glory, glory!" All nature was changed, "Heaven came down his soul to bless." At once he thought, "How easy it is to become a Christian!" Like the prophet Isaiah, this young man on the mountain side saw in his vision the character of Jehovah and his own call to service, and he there consecrated himself to that God and that service. Like Paul, he might have said before his departure from earth, "I have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision."

The character of this young man, born into the kingdom of God, and of his father, are reflected in the incident of his baptism. On a visit with him to these scenes of his early life in 1904, he thus described the event:

"I stepped on the old bridge that spans the Cold Run. I looked down into the bright stream where father baptized me. It was on this wise: On a cold winter day, when the snow was deep, father and I, alone, were returning home from the sawmill. When we came upon the bridge I said, 'Father, here is water, and I wish to be baptized.' He replied, 'All right,' and we went down into the water and he baptized me. It was heaven on earth! In that same place my grandfather Goss had been baptized by my father also. I was present on that occasion, though only a little boy. The speckled trout are now, as formerly, in the beautiful, bright water, although not quite so numerous or so large."

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It is still a wild, picturesque spot, rugged mountains and forest all around. In July, 1906, the writer, in company with Mr. J. D. Gill, visited this sacred place, and plucked a few blooming *Rhododendron* branches overhanging the place of his baptism, which were brought to his home and placed on his grave by loving hands. Little need has he of this, however, as on his brow now rests the victor's crown that fadeth not away. Four years passed in the routine of this mountain life, and the boys grew to manhood, Isaiah being twenty-three and Ezekiel twenty-one, and both seemed destined to this life of honest toil. Here we come to the strange working of God's Spirit. They felt the upward pull of God's purpose, but seemed powerless to respond.

The pioneer's library contained but few books. Including a few borrowed from neighbors, the following books came into the hands of E. B. Kephart, and were read by him by aid of a pine-knot fire. The list includes "Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," Upham's "Life of Faith," Weem's "Life of Washington," and "Life of Franklin," and "Robinson Crusoe." Their father, however, opened the way of escape in the winter of '55-'56, by asking them if they did not desire to go to school. Two young men from Huntingdon County, dissatisfied with the wages paid teachers at home—eighteen dollars a month and board themselves—went to Altoona, Blair County, but could get no more there. They then went to Clearfield County, they thought to visit relatives and prospect. Were they not sent of God? Comparatively speaking, they had en-

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joyed excellent educational facilities, and their worth was recognized in the mountains. Two schools were offered them at twenty-five dollars a month and board. These young men were Mr. John D. Gill, who resides at Philipsburg, and Mr. William Hooper. Mr. Gill taught the school in the Abraham Goss district, now Osceola Mills, and his chum, Mr. Hooper, taught in the Kephart district. As the Kephart brothers were "over age," it was necessary to secure permission to attend school. Mr. John Shaw, the leading director, inquired diligently into their motives. If simply to have a good time with the girls, and make trouble for the teacher, they were not wanted. On the assurance that they were now men, realized their need of an education, and had the most serious intentions, he gave them permission to attend, provided they would chineck up the logs of the schoolhouse, help procure fuel, and keep order.

This winter of '55-'56 was a pivotal point for these young men. They received a great intellectual awakening. They had an excellent teacher, who not only taught the "three R's" more efficiently than they had ever been taught in that community, but introduced English grammar and geography, and also awakened a lively interest in English literature and in public speaking. Two small papers were published, E. B. being the editor of one, and I. L. of the other. I. L.'s journal was christened "The Yale College Gazette"; was this a prophecy?

The two teachers, who had been chums in Cassville Academy, worked together, and these combined districts were stirred from center to circumference. The influence of those two teachers on that community has

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reached many portions of the earth, and will go on multiplying itself to eternity. At the Osceola school Washington's birthday was observed, a thing unheard of in that section before. The Kephart school participated. An article written by Mr. J. D. Gill and published in the *Philipsburg Gazette*, says: "Two D.D.'s, now prominent in the religious world, made their first bow to an audience at this celebration—Bishop E. B. Kephart and I. L. Kephart, editor of the *Religious Telescope*."

These two schools combined in a grand closing exhibition in the Kephart district. As the capacity of the schoolhouse was insufficient to accommodate the crowd, the exercises were held in a half-finished new church erected just across the road, not yet dedicated. There were two sessions, forenoon and evening, continuing until midnight. A drum corps from Philipsburg furnished the music. After the exercises were over, I. L. took the musicians home in his "Yankee jumper," upsetting them in a snow-drift on the way. He did not arrive home until the "wee small" hours. In this entertainment the Kephart brothers took part, and found exhilaration of spirit and enlargement of vision.

Mr. Gill thus sums up the product from the school taught by his friend, Mr. Hooper:

The schoolhouse and rafting season past, we find the brothers diligently employed, I. L. as head sawyer in a mill, while E. B. had entered into a partnership with a cousin, Mr. Andy Kephart, and taken a contract for making shingles. But

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

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Having tasted the joys of the intellect and received a vision, however faint, of destiny, they could not rest content. Their neighbor, Mr. John Shaw, was used, also, to stir their dominant desire. As previously stated, he was a Scotch-Irishman, and a staunch advocate of education in both theory and practice. One Saturday night Isaiah was on his way home from the mill, and was passing Shaw's, when Mr. Shaw accosted him, and the following dialogue took place: "Isaiah, what are you doing now?" "I am sawyer for Mr. Sterrett." "What are you getting?" "Twenty-six dollars a month." "What is E. B. doing?" "He and Andy Kephart have a contract for making shingles." "What is he getting?" "Oh, he is making more than I am." "Well, I have no doubt you can both make good wages as lumbermen without an education, but you ought both to go to school. If you will go to college there is something better for you both than the sawmill and making shingles."

As Isaiah trod homeward he thought of the words of the kind neighbor. On Sunday morning the brothers sat on the bed and held a council on the college question. E. B. had received a letter from his friend, "Bill" Shaw, son of the kindly neighbor, who was attending Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa., urging him to come there. As these earnest young hearts talked the matter over that morning, they knew not how much depended on a right decision, so momentous to themselves, to the Church, and to the kingdom of God. Finally, E. B. said, "Well, I am going to school." I. L. said, "If you go, I am going too." Notwithstanding the embar-

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rassment they knew they must meet in procuring sufficient money, they decided to go, and immediately began preparation. In August, '56, they entered Dickinson Seminary. Their route and transportation will be of interest to the present generation. They borrowed Uncle Joe Goss's one-horse wagon to convey their effects to Bellefonte, there being no railroad from Philipsburg to accommodate them, and staging it would cost money. Their brother William, who gave his life for his country in the Civil War, accompanied them to return the horse and wagon. From Bellefonte they took the stage to Lock Haven, where they boarded the canal-boat and were transported to Williamsport. Now a branch of the New York Central connects Philipsburg with Williamsport, and the distance can be covered in three hours. It took them thirty-six hours to do it then.

At Dickinson they roomed in a four-story building, four boys having one room for study, and another for sleeping. The following incidents regarding the Bishop are related by his brother: "One of the room-mates, Mr. F——, was rather an emotional, explosive character. In a heated argument he became excited and called E. B. a liar, and was surprised by a back-hand slap. F—— exclaimed, 'Because you are big you want to bully over me.' The answer was, 'I don't want to bully you, but I want to teach you some sense.'"

A big grammar class was parsing from Milton's "Paradise Lost." The sentence contained the phrase, "hollow engines." It was E. B.'s turn to parse the word "hollow." He was a little absent-minded, and in his de-

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liberate manner, instead of saying, "Hollow is an adjective," he said, "Hollow is an engine," which produced a roar of laughter from the class, and furnished amusement for a long time.

The board seemed to be a little seant, when measured by the appetites of the young mountaineers, hence all were anxious to be promptly on time. One day a short, burly fellow began to shove and crowd through while the boys were waiting in the hall for the dining-room door to open. Just as the door opened he jostled E. B., who caught him by the seat of the pantaloons and hurled him headlong into the middle of the dining-room, while he remained out a moment to enjoy the ludicrous scene. This love of fun at the expense of a blusterer adhered to him through life.

Mr. James F. Rushing, later a brigadier-general in the Union Army, at present (August, 1906), a lawyer of Trenton, N. J., was one of the teachers. He still remembers the Kephart boys, and in a letter to Dr. I. L. of recent date, he said: "I remember you both well, and am not surprised at your distinction in the Church." This testimonial from an eminent teacher is the best witness of the character of the work they did while in Dickinson.

In November, 1856, they returned home from Dickinson Seminary, and taught school that winter, the Bishop teaching the home school, where he had been a pupil the year before. During the spring freshets of 1857 they rafted, and E. B., who had served under his brother as steersman, now also became a pilot.

“Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose,

“What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls?

“How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!”

—Longfellow.

“I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much shall he bestow.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*”

—Emerson.

CHAPTER VII.

MAY, 1857-JANUARY, 1860.

HAVING decided to enter the ministry, they went to Mount Pleasant College, located at Mount Pleasant, Pa. Among the associates at Mount Pleasant were Hon. E. C. Ebersole, of Toledo, Iowa, and Rev. Daniel Eberly, D.D., of Hanover, Pa.

Of that early period Hon. E. C. Ebersole says: "It is my recollection that E. B. Kephart had some experience as a pioneer speaker in debating schools before he came to Mount Pleasant. At all events, he seemed to have some practice in public speaking. For this reason he was nicknamed Boanerges, the son of thunder—a name by which he was known to his dearest friends for many years of his student life.

"To one who was well acquainted with Bishop Kephart in that early day, it was evident that he had the very best moral and religious training, and just as evident that his literary training had been very meager. He had acquired forms of expression peculiar to the surroundings in which he had grown up, which he afterwards knew as well as anybody to be ungrammatical, or inelegant, but he was never able wholly to get rid of them. He was conscious of this fact, and often regretted it; but in his very constitution he was a man, to whom the substance was everything and the form al-

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most nothing. He had a good appreciation of what was fine in literature, but in the expression of his own thoughts he seemed so intent on the substance that he forgot about the style. This was especially so in his public speaking."

Dr. Eberly, referring to associations in Mount Pleasant, says: "Myself a student at the time, I also acted as tutor, and he recited in one of my classes, that of algebra, for a term, a fact to which he often pleasantly referred."

During that term the interests of Mount Pleasant College were transferred to Otterbein University, in Ohio, and on Thursday evening, August 20, 1857, was held the last Annual Exhibition of Mount Pleasant College. Seventeen young men delivered addresses in German, Latin, Greek, and English, and the subject of E. B. Kephart's was, "Responsibility of American Citizens." Hon. E. C. Ebersole says: "In the summer of 1857 Mount Pleasant College was closed, and, with all of its assets, and some of its students, it was transferred to Otterbein University. As I now recollect, thirteen of the Mount Pleasant students went to Otterbein in the fall of that year. Among them were the two Kepharts, Daniel Eberly, afterwards president of Otterbein University, S. B. Allen, afterwards president of Westfield College, and the writer hereof."

In Otterbein University the same traits of character were manifest. He was known as a diligent, hard-working student, not brilliant, but thorough. His own thought, to which he gave expression, was always respected because of its originality, its sanity, and his

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own manifest conviction. He never became an omnivorous reader, but was always a man of comparatively few books. Those with which he was acquainted he knew thoroughly. He read, marked, and reread, and so made the matter his own that he could use it on any occasion. He had a peculiar memory, and said that what he read seemed to become much fresher with the lapse of time. He had many paragraphs of the Bible, some entire chapters which he loved to repeat. This mental quality and habit insured his growth while life endured.

It was at some time in the first student period in Otterbein that he accompanied Rev. D. Eberly to an appointment, and preached his first regular sermon. The *Watchword* of February 6, 1906, contains the following account:

BISHOP KEPHART'S FIRST SERMON.

One's first sermon usually leaves a much deeper impression on the speaker than it does upon the audience. Ten years ago Bishop Kephart, at the request of the editor, told the *Watchword* readers about the first sermon he preached. It was preached in 1857 at an old schoolhouse at the "Four Corners," about four miles south of Westerville, Ohio. He was a student at Otterbein University at that time. The quarterly conference of Clearfield Circuit, Allegheny Conference, had granted him quarterly conference license without his knowledge, and sent him the document. Daniel Eberly, afterwards Prof. D. Eberly, D.D., then also a student, learned of this action, and as he had an appointment to preach at "Four Corners," he prevailed upon young Kephart to go with him and do the preaching.

"The Sabbath morning was beautiful and bright," says the Bishop, "I shall ever remember it. I was about to make a start in what had been the dream of my child-life, and what had been the vow of my soul in its struggles

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after truth and God. As we neared the 'Corners,' Dan, or rather, 'Old Scroggs,' as we called him, for we all had our nicknames, said to me: 'Now some of the old students and others will likely be here (I think he had worked up the case), but don't mind that. They think I am going to preach; you just go right up into the pulpit and commence. I will take a seat on one of the benches below, and if you get into the "brush" I will halloo "Amen," and keep up the fuss until you get out and started again.' Dr. Eberly's way of putting things was a little quaint while in college, but he meant all that he said on this occasion.

"With a faltering step I went into the pulpit. The thoughts and the vows made to God in my early life in my mountain home stood by me, and the covenant which Heaven sealed with these words, 'I will deliver thee,' when he laid his hand upon my heart and dried my tears, strengthened me on this occasion."

The text chosen was, "For the son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10.) From that day to the time of writing this article, ten years ago, he never attempted to use that same text for a sermon.

Closing his article, he said:

"I have now been preaching and teaching for thirty-seven years, and as Æneas said, 'If I had a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron,' I would devote them all to preaching and teaching Jesus and the resurrection."

Referring to this incident in his "Personal Reminiscences," Dr. Eberly says: "I invited him to accompany me to an afternoon country appointment, and while traveling on foot got his consent to take my place, and preach his first sermon, and I can vouch for the truth that it was good."

His first funeral sermon was preached over the remains of one of colored blood. The following incident

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probably throws some light on his sentiments of helpfulness toward this down-trodden race.

An article in *Pennsylvania Grit*, signed by J. B. Rumberger, gives an account of the old burial-ground for colored people near the Kephart home, and how it came to be there:

Ninety-six years ago several residents of the village of Philipsburg found, near where the Pennsylvania railroad bridge spans Moshannon Creek, a strange negro, probably thirty years of age, hiding in the heavy timber which at that time covered the whole surrounding country. He was in a starved and almost helpless condition. Food and clothing were given him by the kindly disposed white people, and when he was assured no harm was intended to him he gave an account of himself. His name, he said, was Samuel Green, and that he was a slave, and ran away from a plantation in northern Virginia. He had traveled the entire distance on foot, tramping at night to avoid being seen, and sleeping and hiding during the day. He begged pitiously for his freedom, being in deadly fear that his new found friends meant to detain him and inform his Southern master of his whereabouts; but the big-hearted Pennsylvania mountaineers, themselves as free and unshackled as the air they breathed, had no such intentions. They at once became his staunch friends, offering him a home in the settlement. This, however, he could not be induced to accept, the fear of discovery being too strong within him. Willing hands helped him to erect a small cabin near where he had been found. Here he lived in solitude, undergoing all the hardships of backwoods life. The panther's night cry disturbed his slumbers, and prowling beasts of prey were a constant menace to his rudely stored stock of food provided by the friendly whites; and night and day the fear of the hunted was upon him.

After a stay of about a year, Green abandoned his hut and located further up the creek, near where Dunbar station is now located. Here he built another cabin. Living in primitive freedom, the fear of captivity wore away. He became acquainted in the neighborhood, and shortly met and mar-

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ried a free woman of his own race, Mary McNaul. They went to housekeeping in the Dunbar cabin, and lived happily in their home in the wilderness for many years. Eleven children were born to them, nine sons and two daughters. The daughters died young, and were buried near where they were born, their graves being the first in this lonely graveyard. The old slave and his wife were in time laid at rest there. The nine sons grew to manhood.

Of the nine sons Abraham appeared to be the most prominent and popular. He married a white woman, Eve Herdman. . . . The first funeral sermon preached by Bishop Kephart, of the United Brethren Church, was over the body of Abraham Green.

In answer to an inquiry regarding this incident, Dr. I. L. Kephart says: "I knew old Sam Green quite well, and all his family. His wife's name, also, was Eve, not Mary, as given in the sketch. She came to our house often to help mother clean house, wash wool, and scutch flax. We children loved her; she was so kind. We called her 'Auntie Eve Green.' This was when we yet lived in the little old cabin, down where the stone pile now is. I well remember one time after 'Auntie Eve' had been at our house and had started home, E. B. (then a small tot), said to mother: 'Ma, what makes Aunt Eve look so blue?' (She was a large, fat, mulatto, rather dark.) The next time she came to our cabin mother told her of E. B.'s question, and she laughed most heartily.

"I often saw the negro burying-ground referred to in the sketch, and I knew the Abraham Green mentioned quite well. . . . But I was not in Clearfield or about the old home when he died, and do not know anything about his burial—never heard until now that E. B. preached his funeral, but no doubt he did."



The spot in Cold Spring, a stream of water in Decatur Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, where Bishop Kophart was baptized.

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The presence of these colored people of upright character in the neighborhood must in some measure account for the absence of prejudice against, and the life-long friendship of all the Kephart children for these unfortunate sons of Ham.

Let us return to Otterbein. In 1858 he discovered that the money laid by from teaching school, rafting, etc., was exhausted, and he would be compelled to leave school. Because of some financial reverses I. L. had returned home in November, '57. A company that had bought a piece of land from the Kepharts had failed, and the land had to be taken back. I. L.'s share from this sale was \$1,000, and the brothers hoped by means of this amount to complete their college course, E. B. to return to I. L. whatever sum he might owe. After I. L. arrived home he borrowed \$50 and sent it to E. B., to enable him to remain in school until spring. In the early spring of '58 he also went home and rafted during the freshet for the Albert Brothers, Woodland, Pa., while I. L. rafted for Mr. John M. Chase. On one occasion I. L. fell into the water and would have drowned had not his cousin, Mr. Washington Kephart, rescued him. E. B. earned his \$50 and paid it back.

In the month of May, E. B. and his brother Abraham went to Missouri to prospect. If they could locate advantageously, and were pleased, the whole family intended to sell out and remove to that State. However, the young men were not pleased, but it was necessary for them to earn money to return home. Abraham secured work on a farm, while E. B. taught a subscription school in a German settlement in the northeastern part

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of the State. E. B. sometimes related a little experience which occurred at his boarding place. He boarded with a German family, frugal, cleanly, industrious people. But "accidents will happen in the best of families." During a meal the teacher noticed an ingredient in the pie which was very unusual, and he concluded his meal before the pie was passed, went into the yard, and walked back and forth by the cabin window to await developments, surmising that a boy's appetite would not be easily daunted when it came to pie. Soon a small boy made the discovery, caught the mouse by the tail, and held it up, exclaiming: "Kook-a-mool-too, a moose, a moose!" The mother cuffed him, scolded him in Dutch, and he threw the mouse out the window and proceeded with the repast as if nothing had happened. In the early fall the boys returned from Missouri. E. B. secured and taught the Center school, and I. L. traveled as assistant pastor to Rev. Abraham Crowell.

In January, '59, both attended Allegheny Conference, and were received as members. Both were assigned to work, I. L. to Mahoning Circuit, with thirteen appointments, and E. B. to Troutville mission, with the understanding that he be allowed to complete his contract with the Center school. His charge was partly in Clearfield and partly in Jefferson County, and the appointments were variously distributed in the schoolhouses and private homes in the vicinity of Punxsutawney, Troutville schoolhouse in Clearfield County being one of them, and Bell's schoolhouse, three or four miles beyond Punxsutawney, in Jefferson County, being another of them. Here he traveled a very large mission

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circuit on a very small salary, enduring the hardships of a pioneer preacher. At this early period a Lutheran church offered him a salary of \$800, but he declined, and chose to continue in the church of his parents. The quarterly conference of Clearfield had voted him license when he was in Otterbein, without his knowledge, and he felt that God had especially called him to work in the United Brethren Church. His life principle agreed with the sentiment of Mountford: "Let God do with me what he will, and whatever it be, it will be either heaven itself or some beginning of it."

A letter from this mission circuit to his brother "Abe," whose grave is mentioned in one of his letters of reminiscence, is dated Troutville, Pa., November 21, 1859. A selection from this epistle reveals the thought and character of this young man: "I am sorry to hear that you will not accompany me to Oregon; this was my only hope, and now it is cut off. Bless the Lord, there is one who will accompany me, that is the one 'that sticketh closer than a brother'; he has said, 'I will be with thee.'

"Abe, it is strange, indeed, that you have purchased a farm. I was in hopes that you would throw your influence in the ministry. Abe, your talents are too brilliant to lie dormant. Consider these things.

"The Lord is blessing my labors abundantly. I held a protracted meeting a short time ago; twenty-three united with the Church. For myself, I know I am growing in grace. Pray that God may keep me faithful."

The reference to "Oregon" may need a word of explanation at this time. He was under appointment to

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go to Oregon as a missionary about one year after this letter was written. His one great purpose in life is here very manifest. To be right with God, and be instrumental in bringing others into the same relation, was the passion of his own heart, while he desired to have his brother enjoy the great privilege of labor and sacrifice for the Lord.

"Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
 That o'er her bosom flow,
 Are laced with the silvery threads of age
 And her step falls sad and low?
 Wilt thou love her still, when the summer smiles
 On her lips no longer live?"
 "Through good and ill
 I will love her still."
 "Thou wilt love her still? then our darling child
 In marriage to thee we give."

"Wilt thou love her still, when her changeful eyes
 Have grown dim with sorrow's rain—
 When the bosom that beats against thine own
 Throbs slow with the weight of pain?
 When her silvery laugh rings out no more,
 And vanished her youthful charms?"
 "I will love her still
 With right good will."
 "Thou wilt love her still? then our darling take
 Unto thy sheltering arms."

"Remember, no grief has she ever known,
 Her spirit is light and free;
 None other with falterless step has pressed
 Its innermost shades of thee;
 Wilt thou love her, then, when the joys of youth
 With her blushing bloom depart?"
 "Through good and ill,
 I will love her still."
 "Thou wilt love her still? then our loved one take
 To the joy of thy noble heart."

"Remember, for thee she smiling leaves
 The friends of her earlier days,
 No longer to meet their approving looks,
 Or their fond, unfeigned praise;
 Forgive her, then, if the tears fall fast,
 And promise to love her well."
 "Through good and ill
 I will love her still."
 "Thou wilt love her still? then our darling take
 In the home of thy heart to dwell."

"When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
 Lies green on her mother's breast;
 When her brother's voice is no longer heard,
 And her sister's is hushed to rest,
 Oh, love her, then, for to thee she looks—
 Her star on life's troubled sea;
 With her marriage vow on her youthful lip,
 Then we give our child to thee."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHNSTOWN, MARRIAGE, AND MISSIONS.

“A spirit, yet a woman, too!

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

—Wadsworth.

THE year 1860 was a memorable one in the life of the young mountain preacher. In January the conference removed him from his country mission, and assigned him to the pastorate of a city church, upon which he entered with zeal and hope. At that time the Johnstown congregation worshiped in the old church, on Main Street. Mr. John Thomas, so well known throughout the denomination to-day because of his munificent gifts to our churches and educational institutions, had recently come to town, hired himself to a plasterer, and united with this congregation. There were also the Wagoners, the Pedens, the Singers, Mr. Isaac Jones, and others well known in the city and beyond, as earnest workers in the kingdom. The friendships then formed continued throughout life.

By chance,—at least two hearts would have maintained that Providence so directed,—he secured boarding in the home of Mr. Jacob Trefts, who had a single sister, and there began another romance of serious life. The fun-loving girl remonstrated with her brother for “taking a preacher to board,” as the young people loved to come to his home for a good time, and she feared

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that would now be at an end. At first she found the young mountaineer somewhat amusing. She was of German extraction, and had been brought up in the Lutheran Church. But Cupid was diligent, and soon brought such harmony that the two hearts were made to beat as one, and continued in sweet accord throughout a long and eventful career.

On Sunday evening, November 4, 1860, Rev. E. B. Kephart was married to Miss Susan J. Trefts, by Rev. George Wagoner, an influential member of Allegheny Conference, and a member of the Johnstown church. The young pastor filled his morning appointment, and went direct from his marriage altar to preach in the evening service.

Miss Treft's father and mother were both born in Germany, her mother coming to this country when five years of age, and receiving an English education. Her father, Adam Trefts, was a native of Wittenberg, and was educated for service at court, having been qualified and chosen a member of the Queen's Bodyguard. He would sometimes describe their brilliant uniforms, trimmed with gold, caparisoned horses, and court etiquette, for the entertainment of his children and friends. This gay, royal service seemed to the liberty-loving youth but slavery, hence he escaped to "the land of the free."

Were every "twain become one flesh" as completely married as was this couple, divorce would be unknown and impossible. This husband was a true lover till the last. He knew that "a prudent wife is from the Lord." She fulfilled for him the laureate's ideal of a "princess."

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“For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, ev’n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world’s great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind,
May these things be.”

Through all their wedded life they trusted each other implicitly. The differences in their lives—and they often differed before they talked a matter over—were but as dissonance in the musician’s masterpiece. In his home he was always great because of his unconstrained simplicity, and his unselfish devotion to his loved ones. On the other hand, his wife always sought to make home the most pleasant place on earth for him. After being fed upon the richest viands—“the fat of the land,”—sitting for weeks at tables laden with highly-seasoned dishes, he would return to his home, relax, and ask for such dishes as beans, sauerkraut, buckwheat cakes, and sausage, the “hamely fare” of his youth. His messages to his wife when absent from home were always “love

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letters." He referred to her as his "guardian angel," and recognized that he owed very much to her for his success in life. Together they sacrificed and toiled until honor came, and still they offered all upon the altar of their Church and their God.

Before his marriage he had been appointed by the United Brethren Board of Missions, as a missionary to Washington Territory. In 1860 no great railroads bound together our great oceans. The nearest way to Washington Territory was by ship around South America, thus crossing the equator twice.

About two weeks after his marriage, in company with his young wife, he went to take leave of his relatives. They went to Tyrone by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and thence by stage to Philipsburg. Two Sabbaths were spent in Clearfield County, on both of which he preached. As his father had removed from Clearfield to Mercer County, Pa., they procured a horse and sleigh and drove over one hundred miles—an ideal wedding tour—to visit father and mother. How the hearts of these parents must have rejoiced as they saw their children becoming useful to the Church and to the world. In his "Personal Recollections," Hon. E. C. Ebersole says: "I never knew the parents of these men, but in the natural world every effect must have an adequate cause; and when we know that the strong, rugged, and ponderous Bishop, the fine-grained, literary, and even poetic editor, and the tireless, aggressive, able, eloquent, and great-hearted president of Leander Clark College are the offspring of the same parents, we must be sure that there was good, strong blood back of them."

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Having taken leave of these honored parents, they drove back to Clearfield County, and went thence by stage to Tyrone, and by railroad to Harrisburg, expecting to sail from New York January 1, 1861. The unsettled condition of the country, however, with respect to slavery and secession, produced a money panic, and the currency sent by the Board in Dayton, Ohio, was very greatly depreciated. From more recent information the Board had concluded that the season was not propitious for sailing, hence recalled the appointment of these consecrated missionaries. The spirit of this consecration, however, remained with him to the close of his life. But God had other plans for him.

"Still I am learning."—Michelangelo.

"Life is strong, and still
Bears onward to new tasks,
And yet not so, but that there may survive
Something to us; sweet odors reach us yet,
Brought sweetly from the fields long left behind."

—Trench.

"The teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;

"Oh, never from the memory of my heart,
Your dear, paternal image shall depart.

"How grateful am I for that patient care,
All my life long my language shall declare."

—Longfellow.

CHAPTER IX.

JANUARY, 1861, TO JUNE, 1865.

THE Allegheny Conference session for 1861 was held in January, at Greensburg, Pa. To this he returned, was ordained by Bishop Glossbrenner, and was appointed to the First Church, Altoona, where he remained two years as pastor. They were fruitful years of revival and growth. One incident illustrating his confident, child-like trust in God is recalled by his wife. In those days the minister could not be sure of receiving his quarterage at a specified time, hence occasionally they found themselves without a cent. One day he had an important letter to send. The postage had to be paid in cash at the post-office, but he did not have a cent. He took the letter, however, and started to the office on faith, and on the way he met one of his parishoners who handed him a ten-dollar gold piece. Showing this to his companion on his return, he quoted Ps. 37: 25: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Had it not been for his sublime trust in God, and consequent freedom from worry, he could never have accomplished the labors he performed.

At one time, when driving from a country visit, he met one of his members who had subscribed to his salary, but thought he could not meet his obligations be-

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cause of some reverses. Stopping, he said: "Brother Kephart, I lost a fine calf yesterday, and I shall not be able now to pay you the six dollars I subscribed." In his deliberate manner the pastor answered: "Very well, brother, since you can't afford to lose the calf, I will have to lose it," and drove on. The brother sat a short time in a dazed condition looking after the pastor. Later the six dollars came.

A wedding experience of this period is pleasantly recalled. One of his bachelor members, financially quite well-to-do, concluded to become a benedict. He brought his heart's idol to the parsonage. The knot was duly executed, and the couple tarried for a general social visit, then departed without presenting or even suggesting a fee. The pastor and wife were greatly perplexed, as the people were intelligent, and highly respected. Some months afterwards the brother drove up to the parsonage with quite a load of provisions, including flour, meat, potatoes, etc., and presented the pastor a nice gift in cash, but without any mention of the wedding. No doubt most ministers of some years' experience in the ministry could give marrying incidents which did not result so happily as this financially. This man doubtless appreciated his wife, and had his own way of expressing his gratitude.

In January, '63, he was assigned to Greensburg and Mount Pleasant charge, which he served one year with his characteristic vigor and fidelity. Regarding his preaching at this time, Hon. E. C. Ebersole, who met him at Mount Pleasant, says: "It is only the truth to say that as a preacher his calm, thoughtful, and phil-

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osophical method was not popular with the congregation, which had been accustomed to the noisy, fiery, and impassioned preaching, which was then supposed to be the only orthodox style, but respect for the *man* was so great that the people did not stay away from his preaching."

It will be remembered this period was during the war of the rebellion, and honest differences of opinion were found in many of our churches. The pastor of this charge found this to be true of his field. He dealt with this question as with every other which he met later. He claimed the right to think and speak for himself, and did this with such Christian candor as to win the respect and friendship of those who disagreed with him.

One deeply inwrought principle of this mountain lad was to finish whatever he began. His college course was unfinished, and the unswerving purpose of both himself and his faithful wife was that it should be completed. During these years of pastoral service they were planning and working toward this end. He engaged in systematic study of the classics. His wife was not acquainted with Latin and Greek, but he managed to use her as a teacher, in this way: He would carefully prepare a section as if for class. His wife would then use an inter-linear edition containing a literal translation. He would read, while she compared and corrected. In such ways he prepared for examination in these branches.

By industry, frugality, and economy, they managed to save a little money, and decided to return to Otterbein in January, 1864. Church officers, and some in-

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fluent brethren and some relatives, sought to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him that he did not need this, that he already occupied the best charges in the conferences, that he could continue his studies alone, that now he was married and owed a duty to his family, etc.; but turning from all these he remained true to that vision from above, given him when working with the oxen in the field on the mountain side, even as Elisha of old.

In the beginning of January, 1864, he removed his family to Westerville, where he resided until he graduated, in June, 1865.

Dr. H. A. Thompson, one of his teachers in college, says of him: "While he was not brilliant, he was better than that, he was an honest, able, plodding student, on whom you could always depend for a perfect lesson."

Before commencement at Otterbein, in 1865, he had received his appointment to the presidency of Collegiate Institute, a United Brethren institution located in Leoni, Michigan. Convinced that the Church in this State was not able to furnish sufficient support, in either money or students, to give the school a hopeful prospect, he remained but one year. Of this institution Dr. Berger has said: "After an earnest struggle against the inevitable, it was discontinued."

Returning to Allegheny Conference, he was assigned to a circuit consisting of Rochester and Industry, below Pittsburg, where he remained to the close of the year. In this period the first great sorrow came to this home. Two little sons had come to them, Waldo when in the Altoona pastorate, and Elwood Irving, when residing in

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Leoni, Michigan. When he removed from Michigan Mrs. Kephart, with her little sons, went to Johnstown to visit her parents. While there little Elwood was stricken down with pneumonia. The husband was summoned from his field of labor. After a brief illness the little one fell asleep, and was laid to rest. Many a pilgrimage to the little grave did these parents make, with their token of flowers, when residing in Johnstown.

At the annual session of conference, in '67, he was appointed to Mount Pleasant Circuit, consisting of Mount Nebo, Walnut Hill, and Fairview. He also preached at Barren Run. The Rev. Miles Rigor was brought up in the Walnut Hill church, and his father and family were living there during the pastorate of Mr. Kephart. The father of Rev. J. R. King, D.D., the superintendent of United Brethren African Missions, resided at Barren Run. Mr. Jacob Sherrick, the uncle of Rev. G. W. Sherrick, D.D., and family, were connected with the Mount Nebo church. The residence of the pastor was in the town of Mount Pleasant. Both pastor and wife always cherished the most pleasant recollections of this period, because of the very great kindness of the people.





REV. EZEKIEL B. KEPHART

*From a photograph taken while he was a member of
the Iowa Senate and president of
Western College.*

CHAPTER X.

THE STATESMAN.

WHILE serving as president of Western College he was elected to the State Senate. This honor came to him unsought. There was a contest between two towns, Marion and Cedar Rapids. Marion had the county-seat, but Cedar Rapids wanted it. President Kephart favored leaving it at Marion. Representatives from Marion were delegated to Western to interview him, with the hope of getting his consent to accept the nomination, with the assurance that he would be elected. He gave his consent and was elected, beginning his service in the Iowa Senate January, 1872, becoming a member of the Fourteenth General Assembly.

Senator Kephart was made chairman of the Committee on Temperance. At this time this committee was of great importance, as the State was undergoing the agitation resulting in the Republican party passing prohibitory laws. Many sections of the State were sending in memorials and petitions regarding temperance. All such, of course, were referred to this committee. The "Journal" of the Senate for this period contains the record of Senator Kephart's station and work.

Every reformer in legislation will find much strenuous opposition. At this time there were those who op-

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posed every suggestion of limitations of the privileges of the liquor traffic. There were rabid advocates and conservatives. To secure wholesome legislation required a cool head, a steady nerve, an unswerving purpose. Not every motion made by Senator Kephart prevailed, but if voted down to-day, he would revise and bring it up to-morrow in a new form. A colleague once said to him: "Senator Kephart, how can you bring up the same issue so often with such calmness, when it is always 'hotted down'?" He answered, "When a man has the consciousness that he is right, he can afford to keep at it, though he should stand alone."

Says Rev. A. Schwimley, Iowa City, Iowa: "Never will I forget the time when he was in the Iowa Senate, and how he championed the anti-whisky measure to victory when all its friends thought it was lost."

As senator, it was his duty to present petitions coming from his constituents, even though the cause or statement might not be approved by his own judgment. The Senate Journal of March 7, 1872, contains a petition from Linn County, which shows the rabid character of some memorials to legislative bodies, and the jocular spirit provoked. On this occasion the equilibrium of senatorial dignity was very much disturbed. The incident from the Journal will interest the reader:

"Senator Kephart presented a petition from citizens of Linn County asking for the passage of a law in relation to secret benevolent societies, prohibiting them from laying corner-stones of public buildings, that the charters of all such societies and orders be revoked, and making it unlawful to issue such charters hereafter, and

prohibiting the members of all secret societies from sitting as jurors in the trial of all causes, civil and criminal, in the courts of this State.

“Senator Boomer moved to refer the petition to the committee on the suppression of intemperance.

“Senator Taylor moved to amend by striking out the words, ‘the suppression of intemperance,’ and inserting the words ‘State Penitentiary.’

“Senator Hurley moved to amend the amendment by striking out the words ‘State Penitentiary,’ and inserting the words, ‘Insane Asylum.’

“This was accepted by Senator Taylor.

“Senator Campbell moved to lay the motion to refer on the table, which was disagreed to.

“Senator Beardsley moved to amend the amendment by striking out the words ‘Insane Asylum,’ and inserting the word ‘incorporations.’

“The amendment to the amendment was adopted, the amendment prevailed, and the motion as amended was agreed to.”

Senator Kephart left his impress on the school laws of his State. He always sought to raise standards, and then make it possible, so far as reasonable legislation could do this, to reach the standard. We find reference to bills presented by him to raise the requirements for county superintendents, normal schools, etc. His watchfulness of these questions is illustrated by the following minute from the Journal of February 7, 1873:

“Senator Maxwell moved to amend Section 36 by adding, ‘and teachers shall draw no pay as teachers for the time spent in attending such institute.’

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“Senator Kephart moved to amend the amendment by striking out the word ‘no’ after the word ‘draw.’”

On a yea and nay vote this amendment striking out the little word ‘no’ was adopted, which meant so much to the teachers and schools of Iowa. He introduced “a bill for an act to promote the science of medicine and surgery in the State of Iowa.”

At the opening of the Assembly, in 1874, the legislators found it necessary to investigate certain charges against the management of Iowa State Agricultural College, located at Ames. These charges included: The “misappropriation of funds,” (a former treasurer, Samuel E. Ramkin, had become a defaulter). “That the college was drifting away from its original intent.” “That the students are arbitrarily, capriciously, and often unjustly treated.” There were also questions arising from difference in the faculty and the dismissal of some members. A joint committee, consisting of three members of the Senate and five members of the House, was appointed to investigate the whole affair.

February 23, 1874, this committee met for organization in the office of Auditor of State. On motion, Hon. E. B. Kephart was chosen chairman. The joint resolution of the two houses provided:

“The said committee shall have power to send for persons and papers, to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to employ a clerk, a shorthand reporter, an expert accountant, and any other assistance they may deem necessary; to sit during the session of the Senate and House, and to do all things necessary to render its investigations thorough and complete, and to make re-

port to this General Assembly, and to have the evidence and report printed by the State Printer, for the use of the Senate and the House."

The committee met day after day, calling before them trustees, officers, teachers, and pupils of the institution, and others implicated and who might be useful as witnesses. The proceedings cover about 700 printed pages. The investigation was concluded March 12, and on March 17, 1874, the committee presented its report to the General Assembly.

These investigations resulted in enlightening the Assembly, and their constituents, as to the exact condition of the college, in a complete revision of the course of study, in strengthening and enlarging the original intent, and, in general, in removing impediments and in starting the institution on its subsequent successful career. Many readers will remember the splendid work of Dr. Wm. Beardshear as president of this institution in the closing years of his life.

Politically, as well as ecclesiastically, he sometimes thought it well to "give a man a dose of his own medicine." It occurred on one occasion that Senator Kephart very much desired to have a certain bill on file called up for consideration. This could not be done if any one objected. There was one member, in the employ of certain interests, whose representative did not wish this bill considered, knowing that if voted upon it would pass. Another senator came to Senator Kephart and said to him: "Now Senator N—— is watching you to keep *you* from calling up your bill. You go and engage him in conversation, and we will call it up."

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Senator Kephart went over to call upon Senator N——, asking him to explain a certain point in a bill in which he, Senator N——, was interested. When Senator N—— was seen to be fully engrossed in his explanation to Senator Kephart, the bill was called up. There being no objection, it was placed upon final consideration and passage, and became a law. “Well,” said Senator N——, “I never thought Senator Kephart would play that kind of a trick.”

It is well known in Iowa that Senator Kephart’s vote nominated Hon. W. B. Allison for United States Senator the first time. It was definitely known how every other man in the Republican caucus would vote, and the result was a tie between Senator Allison and the former incumbent. Senator Kephart refused to commit himself, or to state any preference whatever. The excitement was intense. When the vote was taken, Senator Kephart voted for Senator Allison, who has been continually a member of the Senate from that time to the present. Senator Allison never forgot the favor, but always entertained a feeling of friendship for Senator Kephart, and the sentiment led him, on the suggestion of the Bishop, to turn Mr. Carnegie’s gift of \$50,000 for some Iowa institution, to Leander Clarke College.

It is also well known that the Republican party of his State offered the nomination for the office of Governor to Senator Kephart, and the nomination was equivalent to an election in Iowa. The delegates were assembled in convention, and the slate was made out before his arrival. When he arrived in the convention city, a delegation waited on him to inform him of their

purpose, and secure his consent. He assured them that he could not give his consent, as he had devoted his life to his Church. Senator Kephart also served as trustee for the "Institution for the Blind," being elected as president of the Board. He visited it steadily during his period of office, '72-'76, and did much to promote the welfare of this class of unfortunates in the State.

Even after elected bishop, there were strong inducements presented to him to turn aside to the service of the State. He was invited to the presidency of Iowa Agricultural College, at a salary of \$5,500.00 per year, more than double the amount he was receiving as bishop, but he felt that he must preach the gospel.

It may be truthfully said that he never regretted his choice. Near the close of his life, a prominent individual said to him: "Now, in looking back over your life, it is very clear that you could have succeeded in other vocations. You received honors, unsought, in the political field, and others would have come. You showed apt ability in the educational world, and the State would have honored you. You certainly could have become eminent in law. Now, if you had your life to live over, and could begin again with this assurance, would you not choose differently?" Deliberately he answered: "No, I have no regrets. If I could choose to-day, I should decide to give my life to preaching the gospel of the Son of God, and in the Church in which I have spent my life."

In one of his official letters from abroad, at the close of an official visit to Africa and Germany, he uses these words: "Had I a thousand lives to live, I would spend

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them all in holding up the life of my blessed Lord as the only hope of my sorrow-smitten race.”

Hon. Alfred Shaw, of Washington, D. C., a friend of his boyhood, long in public life, says of him: “Bishop Kephart was a noble specimen of humanity, and demonstrated to us all what can be done by industry and faithfulness to duty.”

The following letter from the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., is in place here:

Bishop Kephart's work and mine were along different lines. He was a student of the progress of the people along spiritual lines, I was a student of their progress along economic lines, but we met quite frequently, and I recognized in him a power for good in the land. He studied especially the value of the development of man's spiritual nature, knowing and maintaining that man's development physically and mentally failed to make a complete man. He was an educator who never forgot that the heart must be educated as well as the head and the hand. His life work was an appeal to the best that is in man and the development of it. He belonged to the great middle class of our people that has not ceased to recognize our dependence upon God, and he never found it necessary to improve upon the plan of salvation or to amend it; to detract from it or to add to it in any way.

He did much good in his day as an educator because his influence was for good living rather than for money-getting. Such men as Dr. Kephart are not scarce in the land; we would not have so good a country without them; but he ranked very high in his class. Self-seeking men live for themselves and die, to be soon forgotten; the good that men of Bishop Kephart's stamp do, “lives after them.” The influence they exert goes on and on, and we shall never know the value of such men until the final books are opened, when we may be able to trace the works done in faith from one to another in circles that radiate from the author for

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good until, as some one has said, "they break on the shores of eternity."

Very truly yours,

JAMES WILSON.

Although thirty years have intervened between his membership in the Iowa Senate and his death, that honorable body sent a copy of resolutions, beautifully engrossed, as their tribute of respect to his worth.

"Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
 That before living he'd learn to live—
 No end to learning:
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning.
 Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes!
 Live now or never!'

He said, 'What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes,
 Man has forever.' "

Back to his studies fresher than at first,
 Fierce as a dragon
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
 Sucked at the flagon.
 Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
 Bad is our bargain!
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God
 (He loves the burthen)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
 He should not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by installment.
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's fallure:
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes;
 Hence with life's pale lure!"

CHAPTER XI.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT AND EDUCATOR.

IN January, 1868, he was returned to the Mount Pleasant Circuit, where he served until August of that year. Western College, located at Western, Iowa, was looking for a president. On the suggestion of Prof. E. C. Ebersole, his college friend, the choice fell upon Rev. E. B. Kephart, who accepted and removed to Iowa. As he remained at the head of the institution thirteen years, until his election as bishop, the reader will be interested in its early history.

In August, 1855, the Iowa Conference, in annual session at Muscatine, voted to establish a college, appointed a board of trustees, and instructed them, "as soon as possible to select a site for the location of the college, in as convenient a place as possible for the whole Church of Iowa." Dr. Berger, in his United Brethren History, gives the following account:

"At a meeting held in February, 1856, the trustees accepted a tract of land lying in the open prairie, near Shueyville, in Linn County, for a location, and soon after commenced the erection of the main building. The town springing up around it took the name of Western. In October Solomon Weaver was elected president of the college.

"The manual-labor system, which had been so elaborately discussed in the columns of the *Religious Tele-*

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scope in connection with Otterbein University, with much greater success in type than in the furrows of the farm, was regarded with favor by the founders of Western College. The trustees adopted the plan, provided a farm, and after five years of effort to run it with student labor, abandoned it as a failure. The school from the beginning, as all the schools of the United Brethren Church, admitted both sexes to equal privileges in the classes.

“Within a few years after the opening of the school, the great War of the Rebellion broke out. The effect upon the college was most decided. So many of the students, with two professors, in loyal obedience to their country’s call, left the recitation-room for the camp and the front, that scarcely a man of military age was left, and some of the classes, as to their male members, were completely broken up. And so disastrous were the effects of the war upon the attendance at the college, that for several years its grade was lowered, and its presidents were known by the title of principal.

“The successive presidents of Western College, with their terms of service, were as follows: Rev. Solomon Weaver, 1856-64; Rev. William Davis, 1864-65; W. M. Bartlett, A.M. (principal), 1865-67; H. R. Rage, A.B. (principal), fall term, 1867-68; E. C. Ebersole, A.M. (principal), 1867-68; E. B. Kephart, D.D., 1868-81; W. M. Beardshear, D.D., 1881-89; J. S. Mills, D.D., Ph.D., 1889-92; A. M. Beal, A.M., 1892-93; A. P. Funkhouser, B.S., 1893-94; Lewis Bookwalter, D.D., 1894 to the present. The faculty at this time embraces twelve persons.”

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Again: "Dr. E. B. Kephart, a graduate of Otterbein University, was called to the presidency in 1868. He served for thirteen years, when he was elected by the General Conference of 1881, to the office of bishop. During the period of the war, the attendance had so far declined that for three years the Board of Trustees had not elected a president. Dr. Kephart inaugurated at once a vigorous administration, both in the college and in its general affairs. The collegiate work proper was reorganized, and in 1872, four years after he became its head, the college graduated a class of ten. During the thirteen years of his management, seventy young people took their diplomas."

During the first two years of his presidency his family occupied rooms in the college-building, in order to facilitate discipline. The remainder of the time he dwelt in his own home.

His administration is known for its mingling of kindness and firmness. He always sought to ally the best students with himself by taking them into his confidence and council, so as to make them feel personally responsible. At one time, when there was some commotion in the dormitory, he called in a young man, now prominent as a scholar in the Church, and said to him in substance: "Now, how can we best succeed in bettering conditions and preserving order in the dormitories." The student said that he always afterward felt that he ought to help the president in every way possible. This is an illustration of one of his methods of governing men. He never drove when possible to lead.

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As a teacher, he stimulated manhood and womanhood. He did not underestimate the value of language, science, and philosophy, but he cared more for character. One of his predominant traits through life was his charity for the erring who really desired to do right. Only eternity can reveal how many were stimulated to noble endeavor for pure living by the fact that Bishop Kephart trusted them. One who was his student in Western says of him: "I was sometimes rude, he was always patient; discouraged, he would bear me up; and when I did wrong, he forgot it. As time goes on, I realize more and more how his influence in the earlier years has entered into the shaping of my life in these later years."

Fourteen years given from the most vigorous, formative period of a man's life, determine to a very large degree what the character of his thought and work shall be during the remainder of his days. This experience prepared him to supply an imperative need in the bishopric, and was one reason the Church gave for calling him to this high post of duty. Although a bishop, he could not cease to be an educator, but gave a large part of his thought and council to the educational institutions of the Church. Without disparagement of any one it may be truly said, without fear of contradiction, that no other has done so much to advance the educational interests of the United Brethren Church. Probably every school of the Church, past or present, since he became bishop, has leaned heavily upon his council, labors, and gifts at some time in its history. No school has perished during his episcopal service

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without his efforts to save it. In some instances he may not have been counseled with regard to the establishment of an institution, but being established, he will do all in his power to make it a success.

Western College was located upon the open prairie. A small town, called Western, grew up around the college. A railroad was graded through the town, but was finally constructed on another route, Ely, three miles distant, being the nearest point. The inconvenience of reaching Western made a change of location desirable. In 1880 the matter was canvassed, the trustees having decided to move to such city or town, centrally located, as would offer largest inducements. The Board met January 1, 1881, the bids were canvassed, and Toledo, the county seat of Tama County, was selected. In May following, President Kephart was elected bishop, and was succeeded in the presidency by Rev. Wm. M. Beardshear, D.D.

Because of his prominence in the educational councils of his Church, the reader will be pleased to have, in this connection, the address upon the "History and Development of Education in our Church," delivered at the Frederick General Conference centennial exercises, and published in "A Century of United Brethren History and Achievements."

THE HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF EDUCATION IN OUR CHURCH.

Education and religion, properly understood and adjusted, go hand in hand to the solution of the problem of the world's evangelization and civilization. That this problem is yet unsolved is admitted; that the Church of Christ is vigorously engaged in its solution is very apparent. These two factors are counterparts of the same agency employed

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by our Lord in making effectual his redemptive work for the family of mankind and lifting it from paganism into civilization and a knowledge of the true God.

To divorce these two potent agencies leads to a narrow religious intolerance and superstition on the one hand, and, on the other, to egotistic materialism and self-poised, irrational conceit.

Superstition and religious intolerance have always found their most fertile soil in religious, uneducated ignorance, and egotistic materialism and self-poised, skeptical conceit have theirs in intellectual culture completely divorced from religion. The founders of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ were aware of this sad dilemma into which the church of Christ has so often slipped; hence, while they clearly saw the utility of intellectual culture, aye, its absolute necessity in their church work, they at the same time vigilantly sought to avoid its divorcement from the religious life of the Christian ministry. Many good men, both educated and uneducated, failing to recognize this distinction, have charged the fathers of the denomination with being opposed to an educated ministry, and, indeed, to education in general. This, however, is a great mistake. It is hardly necessary to say in this connection that Bishop Otterbein, the father of the denomination, was a man of scholastic learning, having been trained in the universities of the fatherland. And while it is true that a number of our Church fathers had not the benefits of college training, yet they were profound thinkers and educated men in their own way, with the anointings of the Spirit of the Lord upon them.

While the denomination may have been a little tardy in commencing to build institutions of learning, yet the work of education was encouraged and carried forward in a private way, both among the ministry and laity of the Church, and Father Spayth puts it well when he says, in the *Religious Telescope*, Vol. V., page 336, "Now mark me, literary, scientific, and religious attainments, we, as a Church and people, have always respected, admired and honored." From the beginning two facts have been adhered to in our educational and religious work: First, that learning is not the primary, but the secondary means or help in the gospel

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method of saving and civilizing men. Second, that knowledge is not the "Bread of Life."

It is rather a surprise, however, that Bishop Otterbein, great scholar as he was, took no step toward establishing a school of learning for his Church. And it was not until almost a third of a century after his death that, in Circleville, Ohio, the General Conference took the first action toward founding an institution of learning for the denomination; this conference, which was composed of twenty-four delegates and three bishops, Henry Kumler, Sr., John Coons, and Henry Kumler, Jr., discussed the subject of education thoroughly, and after due deliberation, by almost a unanimous vote, passed the two following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, 1. That proper measures be adopted to establish an institution of learning."

"2. That it be recommended to the attention of the annual conferences, avoiding, however, irredeemable debts."

Doubtless it was the thought of this General Conference that one school should then be established for the denomination, and when we note the fact that its membership did not number above thirty thousand communicants, it will be seen that the thought was judicious and wise. But the Church at large did not heed the wisdom of this Conference; the spirit of college building was contagious. The subject having received the endorsement of the General Conference, it was at once taken up by the annual conferences, and became a chief topic of discussion in those bodies, and a number of schools were hastily projected. The years 1846 and 1847 were prolific in our history for projecting educational institutions. In 1846 the Miami Conference proposed to unite with the conferences in central and northern Indiana to build a college in Bluffton, Indiana; the St. Joseph Conference also fell in line with the Miami, but the project failed. In the same year Scioto Conference, while in session in Pickaway County, Ohio, received a delegation from the Methodist Episcopal Church with a proposition to transfer Blendon Young Men's Seminary, located at Westerville, Ohio, to the conference, if the conference would assume the seminary indebtedness, which amounted to \$1,500. The conference accepted the proposition, elected a board of trustees, and, by resolution, invited neighboring conferences to cooperate.

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Early in 1847 the Indiana Conference, then in session, resolved to build a college, either in Dublin or at Washington, in that State, but the college did not materialize. In February of the same year the Allegheny Conference resolved to build a college in Mt. Pleasant, Pa., or Johnstown, Pa. The resolution was carried into effect. The College was located in Mt. Pleasant, and in 1850 Mt. Pleasant College opened its doors for the reception of students. In 1849 the Indiana Conference resolved to open a seminary in Hartsville, Indiana. Subsequently the White River Conference indorsed the project, and later the St. Joseph and Wabash conferences for a time gave it normal support. This flattering success so inspired the friends of the seminary that they changed the name of the school to Hartsville University. In 1853 the Illinois Conference established Blandinville Seminary in Blandinville, Illinois. Also about the same time the Michigan Conference accepted a transfer of the Michigan Union College, located at Leoni, Michigan, from the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Thus in quick succession came the different schools in our educational beginnings. The location of many of these schools was as equally unwise as their number. In 1855 the Iowa Conference, in session in Muscatine, Iowa, resolved to build a college west of the Mississippi, and in February, 1856, the trustees located Western College at Western, Linn County, Iowa, and January 1, 1857, its doors were opened to students. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, January 1, 1881, the trustees of this college, at a special session, which session had been arranged for at their previous meeting in June, 1880, relocated this college at Toledo, Iowa, their action to go into effect at the close of the spring term of 1881, and the fall term of the same year to open in Toledo, Iowa, which was carried out to the letter.

Westfield College, Westfield, Illinois, was opened in 1865, and Lane University, Leocompton, Kansas, about the same time; also Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania, in 1866; Philomath College, Philomath, Oregon, in 1867; Avalon College, Avalon, Missouri, in 1869, relocated in Trenton, Missouri; Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Virginia, in 1876; Edwards Academy, Greenville, Tennessee, in 1877, relocated in White Pine, Tennessee; San Joaquin College,

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Woodbridge, California, in 1879; West Virginia Classical and Normal Academy, Buckhannon, West Virginia, in 1883; Sugar Grove Seminary, Sugargrove, Pennsylvania, in 1884; and York College, York, Nebraska, in 1890. Many other schools have been started in our Church, some by private enterprise and some otherwise. The following is quite a correct list of other institutions, as given by Dr. Berger in his *United Brethren Church History*: Roanoke Seminary, Roanoke, Indiana; Green Hill Seminary, Green Hill, Indiana; Fostoria Academy, Fostoria, Ohio; Elroy Institute, Elroy, Wisconsin; Dover Academy, Dover, Illinois; Ontario Academy, Port Elgin, Ontario; Washington Seminary, Huntsville, Washington; Sublimity College, Oregon; Central College, Kansas; Gould College, Harlan, Kansas, now united with Lane University, Leocompton, Kansas; North Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana, and the Rufus Clark and Wife Training School, Shenge, West Africa.

While the Church, with a becoming vigor, commenced to build its schools in 1846, yet it was twenty-four years later before any direct action was taken by the denomination to establish a theological school for the special training of her ministers. The General Conference of 1865 recommended that special biblical instruction be given in the colleges of the Church. But in 1869, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, the General Conference there assembled passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Board of Education be instructed to devise and adopt a plan for the founding of a biblical institute, to be under the control of the General Conference; and said board is hereby instructed and empowered to take measures to raise funds and locate said institution, and to proceed with its establishment as soon as practicable."

This resolution was with good cheer adopted, and a Board of Education elected as follows: Revs. Lewis Davis, D.D., Daniel Shuck, W. C. Smith, Milton Wright, E. B. Kephart, D. Eberly, S. Weaver, P. B. Lee, W. S. Titus, and E. Light. This committee met in Dayton, Ohio, July 27, 1870, and located Union Biblical Seminary in Dayton, Ohio. In 1871 the board met in Dayton, Ohio, August 2, and elected Dr. Lewis Davis, president of Otterbein University, and Rev. G.

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A. Funkhouser, A.B., as teachers of the Seminary, to open the institution to students in October of the same year. The executive committee added to the faculty Rev. J. P. Landis, A.B., shortly after, and the Seminary was opened with three professors as its faculty. This school has done much for the Church, and its growth has been far above what in reason could have been expected. Few schools of its character and grade, if any, in our country, have a larger number of students at the present time than Union Biblical Seminary. While it was commenced with nothing in the way of funds or equipment except five acres of ground as a site, it now has an endowment of \$99,794.39, and a library of about 3,000 volumes.

From its list of schools, it will be readily seen that our denomination has not been slack in commencing to build institutions of learning. That in this direction there has been at times more zeal than knowledge manifested will scarcely be questioned by the thoughtful. This grew out of the fact that the Church had not come to a conscious knowledge that denominational schools were not money-making institutions, but were in a sense charitable. In locating these schools due consideration was greatly lacking, and as a result of this undue haste we have scarcely one institution but that at some time a project has been set on foot to relocate the school, or a move made in that direction. Indeed, from the fact of the out-of-the-way locations, some of our institutions had to be relocated at much cost to the Church, and others have perished from no other cause than being placed where it was not practicable for the public to reach them. In taking a survey of our educational work it would seem to have been a principle sacred with those who had to do with the locating of our schools, to put them as far away from the masses of people as they well could. All this can be accounted for in two ways: First, it was peculiar to the age to locate institutions of learning in small towns and away from great thoroughfares; second, the founders of our schools were not college men, and they followed in the wake of others.

Now when it is remembered that when we commenced our educational work the men whom we had to place at the head of our institutions, and all of our instructors

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were educated and trained in schools not our own, for we had none in which to train them, the growth and development of education in the denomination is really marvelous. It has always been a surprise to me and now is, not that we have made some mistakes in our educational work, but that we have made so few. As a rule, all are now well located. It can be said in truth also that they never were so well equipped and meeting the demands of the Church as now. And while they are all not free from debt and properly endowed, the Church never was so willing and able to lift these debts and endow her schools as at the present. The Church is now conscious that her schools are great centers of spiritual life and power, and the proper place for her sons and daughters to receive their training for life work. In one respect, especially in the beginning of her educational work, our Church took an advance step, and has successfully developed the theory of mixed schools. When she opened her first institution it was alike free to her daughters and to her sons; and so successful has she been in developing that free and broad principle that she has the good pleasure of seeing the great universities of our country throw open their doors alike to ladies and gentlemen. In all her institutions of learning the sexes have been and are now admitted on an equality, and her system of instruction is on an equality with the best in the land. Men who have not been directly connected with the subject of education in our schools often criticise the management, but it is a fact above question that with the amount of means at their command, our schools have accomplished more accordingly than any class of church schools in our country. At the present we have more students in our institutions than at any previous time in our history, and the work done in these schools is up to the best of like grade anywhere. So rapid and deep has been the development of this subject among our people that even the most humble of our country congregations demand a trained man as their pastor and spiritual adviser. Not only has this development come in literature and science, but in music and art as well, so that at present it is the voice of our beloved Zion, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Also, the temper of the mind of our people has un-

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dergone a great change in the history and development of education among us, which vitally affects our ministry. There has been a gradual diminution of the weight of authority of the clergy during this period, and the sources of recognized authority are different from what they were at the opening of our history. The divine right of the clergy among Protestants is as dead as is the divine right of kings in this country. Rant and cant in the pulpit are no longer recognized as weight of authority, or received as evidence of piety. As President Charles W. Eliot has said: "The authority of the minister is now derived from the purity and strength of his character, from the vigor of his intellect and the depth of his learning, and from the power of his speech. Candor, knowledge, wisdom and love can only give him authority with the people."

We stand on the threshold of the twentieth century with our educational, our missionary, yes, all our general and special Church work. God help us to be true. Coming events thicken fast on the dial of time, the rolling wheels of God run swift and high, but never backward. To-day a decade of years is enough to revolutionize the world; the deep, hidden forces of truth now sway the very scaffold erected by its enemies for its execution, and the sound of the going of God is heard throughout the whole earth. "Signs in the sun and moon appear, the sea and the waves roaring, and the powers of heaven are shaken." The great, seething, surging sea of humanity is to-day as the rushing in of the tide, the nations are running to and fro through the earth and knowledge is increasing, and all things are replete with change and revolution that the rubbish which floated to us from antiquity may give place to the "new heaven and the new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness."

Bishop Kephart, before his election as General Superintendent, was a member of the Board of Education, and during the entire period of his service in that position he was elected a member of this board each General Conference, and made the president of each board.

His unflagging interest in this subject is shown by the frequency and character of his articles in the

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Telescope, insisting that one imperative need of the Church, without which it could not live and grow, was institutions of learning of a high order, and that to secure these would require the coöperation of the money, brain, and heart of the entire Church. He was always an advocate of learning, not simply for the sake of learning, but as a lever to lift the world to God.

With respect to the need of our educational work in general, he writes :

The development of a church is poised upon the intelligence and piety of its ministry and laity. In successful, permanent church work these two principles may not be divorced. They go hand in hand to the conflict. They meet ignorance and irreligion, the common foe to man, on the same battle-field, and united they achieve a common victory in the strife of life. The darkest deeds in human history are but a record of an ignorant and corrupt priesthood, while the brightest page on the dial of time contains a record of the highest intelligence and deepest piety in Him "who is the light of the world."

To keep ignorance at bay, and to maintain an intelligent, Christ-like piety, the church has found it necessary to build and support schools for the education of the race.

The history of Christianity shows this fact, that the denomination or body of Christians that is most vigilant and active in providing for the broadest possible Christian culture of those among whom it labors, not only shares the largest in the blessings of God in extending its borders, but also in the deep, hidden riches of divine grace so essential to true piety, and a qualification for the lifting up of the people to God.

We are reaching a crisis in the history of education in our Church. I think those who preceded us in the Church acted wisely in commencing to build up schools when they did. Doubtless they would have done much better had they begun their work earlier in the history of the denomination; but what they accomplished was largely of a formative nature; it was the beginning. What they com-

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menced we must give form, and crystallize it. The debts contracted we must pay, and it is but right that we should. The libraries, together with other equipments needed in our schools, we must supply. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that not only the age, but also the Church and humanity need better-equipped institutions of learning, and more thorough work done in them, than at any previous period of human history. The reason of this is obvious. Never before has the race reached so broad and elevated a status in the history of civilization, and the Church been so elevated and truly Christian.

He wrote upon the financial needs of our schools back in the '80's, when they were all burdened with debt, and so helped to stir the membership to hope and zeal, which has resulted in the splendid work in payment of debt and endowment, the two things for which he so earnestly plead. The heart of every man and woman connected with the active work of these institutions was made to bound within him as he read the earnest words in the *Telescope* on "Our Educational Work:—Finances."

The subject of finance is one of the perplexing questions in our educational work at the present, and must engage the Church's attention for years to come. This subject includes present indebtedness and much-needed endowment.

As a rule our institutions are embarrassed with debts, which much hedge up the way of advancement. To pay these debts, or at least to provide for their payment in the near future, is a necessity felt most keenly by those having the immediate control of our schools, and so long as these debts obtain, real advancement will be most difficult, if, indeed, advancement can be made at all. But who is it that has real faith in God that doubts the willingness of the Church to lift these seeming mountains out of the way?

Wise and judicious plans, well matured and faithfully executed, will, in the near future, not only secure funds sufficient to pay present debts, but also will place in

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the treasuries of our institutions money enough to make all needed improvements in the buildings and grounds, and internal improvement as well.

And in connection with providing to pay debts, to improve buildings, and to equip them, we must make ample provisions for the permanent endowment of our schools.

To say that colleges and universities are not self-supporting institutions, and must be well endowed in order to run successfully, is but to repeat what has been said again and again, and demonstrated almost indefinitely, as well in the history of institutions on the continent of Europe as in our own country. Surely we are blind to our own interests as a Church if we do not see—what has already been delayed much too long—the paramount importance of having our schools liberally and permanently endowed. As for myself, I cannot see how we can meet the behests of Christianity, and discharge what we owe to God and the world, if we neglect longer this great duty.

As a denomination we cannot say, nor are we disposed to say, "Let others see to and have charge of this educational work." It is a responsibility that God has laid upon us, and the question properly put is, "Who among us will meet this responsibility?"

His heart was often grieved as he saw so many of the youth of the Church, induced by the promise of financial aid, going elsewhere for their educational training, and to find their life work. Having climbed the hill "difficulty" himself, educationally, his heart beat in tenderest sympathy for every young man and woman earnestly seeking fitness for life's duties. Hence, in coöperation with the Board of Education, he planned, and publicly and privately he plead, for beneficiary aid for this class of students. Note his burning words:

The subject of beneficiary education also presses heavily upon us, and requires the special attention of the Church. In this department we have done but little, and most keenly do we now feel the force of this neglect.

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Many, many, of the colleges and universities of our country are not only well endowed and well equipped, but also have gathered large funds for beneficiary purposes, and are aiding bountifully that class of students whose misfortune it was to "be born poor," but whose good fortune it was to be endowed with a bright intellect and a taste for learning. A large per cent. of the class thus born are drawn to these schools by the aid proffered them, and as a rule their life work is in that field where they received the needed proffered aid. That we might have the services of that class after they are educated would be an unworthy motive to inspire a church to create a beneficiary fund. Such a motive would be purely selfish.

We should provide such a fund because it is our duty to do so. Under God "we are our brother's keeper." God furnished the intellect, and we are to provide the means for its cultivation.

We want more "aid funds" than we now have to assist this class of meritorious students. Our teachers, our preachers, our missionaries—and as one has said, "We want them by the hundreds every year"—will not likely come from families of the wealthy in many cases, but they will come, as a rule, from the middle and poorer classes of society. Many a young man with first-class mental endowments is born to poverty. A timely aid is an offset to his poverty, and puts him on the highway to eminence and usefulness. To aid such a one is but "to cast bread upon the waters," which, in due time, will be found in golden fruitage.

Whatever might be the needs of the institutions of the Church, it cannot be said that Bishop Kephart ever lost confidence in the membership; he believed in the people. He endeavored to show the opportunity for wise investment for eternity, cites inspiring examples, and shows the Church that she is abundantly able. In an article on "Our Colleges," he says:

The time is upon us when the equipment of a college and its facilities for imparting instruction weigh much more with the intelligent student and the wise parent than does

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the fact that it is under the auspices of this or that denomination. Yes, the time is upon us when equipment and facilities for learning will determine what institution will get the students. It is a great source of pleasure to see the rapid progress that we have made in our school work in the last twenty-five years in the way of building and equipping, and what a grand opportunity there is for yet far more advanced work in this direction. Is it not a little remarkable that some of our wealthy brethren do not seize upon the opportunity, and thus build for themselves a monument by adding large equipment to our schools? Is it not remarkably strange that some rich brother does not place in Union Biblical Seminary a \$50,000 library, where it is so much needed, and thus do a noble work—as did Sister and Brother Mason when they placed a \$30,000 cabinet in Western college?

* * * * *

As to the ability of the Church to meet all these obligations, it is simply immense, and to question it would be an insult to our membership. Moreover, the willingness upon the part of the Church to meet these obligations is not a question. The many, many, hearty responses given to the many calls by our people in the past is a guaranty that in the present hour, and for the present need, they will not be found wanting.

Again, on "Our College Debts—We Must Pay Them," he declares:

Yes, we must lift these debts, or they will sever or palsy these right arms of our Zion, and "we being desolate will sit upon the ground."

The authorities of both these colleges named (Otterbein University and Western College), have devised plans by which to extricate these schools. It is not my plan, it is not your plan, it is their plan. This is also right, and we are as false as sin if we refuse to help them when it is in our power to do so. One reason why some of our college plans have not succeeded is that when suggested by the authorities, so many other persons had "nice" plans to suggest that it scarcely left any one to do anything, and as a result

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no one plan received a hearty union of effort upon the part of the whole Church. As a rule schemers do not pay much, they want to lay the plans and have you do the work.

Again:

I am quite sure we cannot truthfully say, as a part of the Church coöperating with the two schools above named, we are not able to pay these debts. We are abundantly able. Did you ever know of a Jewish college to be oppressed by debt? They pay as they pray. They learned this lesson in a strange land, as well as in their own country, and amid the vicissitudes of many, many centuries they have not forgotten it. United Brethren, in the line of college work, must learn and practise this important lesson.

On the educational line let there be but one voice, and that be "forward" to the lifting of the debts of our colleges, academies, and seminaries. I do not think of failures, do not entertain these dreary thoughts, but I would point you to the dawning of a brighter day. The "Groves and the Academy," under the beautiful sun of Greece, by the desolating hand of war were swept from the Attic shore, yet their influence lives to bless the nineteenth century. So may we, as children of God, build up the institutions our fathers founded, that when we sleep with them others may rise to call us blessed.

He never believed his Church too poor to care abundantly for every one of her institutions. He said:

The chief reason why we have been paying in "one-half" only is, I believe, the prevailing opinion throughout not a small part of the denomination that as a religious body we are poor. This seems to be so deeply wrought into the very bones and marrow of the Church that it is retarding our progress at the present time more than all other hindrances combined. If our poverty were true it would be a sad fact, but it only being an assumed poverty makes the fact still more sad. May God help us to realize our financial ability.

The way out of the difficulty, as I see it, is for each part of the Church coöperating with our several schools to

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take it in hand to pay off the debts and endow their schools, for as it was true that Israel was able to go up and possess "the land," so it is equally true that the several parts of the Church coöperating with our several schools are more than abundantly able to pay off all debts and endow their schools.

It is not the finances and material equipment alone which interest this apostle of education to his Church, but he characterizes the kind of a teacher who must be there. He says:

But buildings and grounds and equipment, all told, do not make a college or theological seminary. The faculty, the teacher, is after all the most important factor in a school, whether it be a school of science or a school of the prophets.

Our faculties should be composed of persons of the ripest scholarship and truest piety who keep abreast of the age. But while true scholarship is absolutely necessary in the teacher, it is not all that is necessary. He must not only have knowledge to impart, but must possess the ability to create a thirst, a craving for knowledge, to make study a pleasure and the class-room redolent with good cheer in the pursuit of true learning. The teacher who succeeds in making his pupils conscious that only the foundation of knowledge is laid, upon which it is theirs to build when dismissed from his care, and anxious and resolved to go forward in the pursuit, is the true teacher. A few dollars more is but a trifle in the salary of such a teacher, as compared with the compensation of the cheap teacher, whose pupils, on leaving school, feel that study is an irksome task, and that the work of their intellectual culture is done, and give up steady, vigorous effort for higher and wider knowledge. Too often our schools are injured by boards of trustees selecting the "cheaper" man as a principle of economy. Let us aim to strengthen our teaching forces promptly whenever needed with the most efficient men and women who can be secured.

Although he did not himself enjoy the privilege of a scholastic course in a theological school, Union Biblical

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Seminary found in him a wise, efficient counselor and devoted patron. In every way possible he sought to advance its interests. His attitude toward this institution, and his conception of its relation to the Church, are best shown in his own words :

But I wish to speak of Union Biblical Seminary especially in this article, and its important relation to the Church. It is the only "school of prophets" we have that is absolutely the child of the Church, and for which the General Conference makes special provision. Its importance to the Church grows out of the fact that in this Seminary the Church is concentrating its energies to provide facilities for the special training of its ministers, and for all who may desire to give themselves to Church work, for the Spirit of the divine Lord is so upon the Church that it has the heart not to be content until its Seminary is so thoroughly broad in its equipment, and so fitted in every particular as to do all the work that falls within the sphere of thorough theological training. And, like its Lord, it will ask that its sons and daughters tarry at this, its earthly Jerusalem, "until they be endowed with power from on high." Ministers thoroughly trained and cultured in their heart-life—by this I mean the whole man—is the watchword of our blessed Lord. No petition goes up from circuit or station, from synod or conference, to bishop or stationing committee, "Send us ignorant and uncultured ministers," but the request is ever, "Send us an intelligent, cultured, Christian minister." The greatest want and demand of our Church to-day is, and it is the universal want and demand of every other church as well, "a better qualified ministry," a ministry that knows more of God, of his Word, and of his works.

And I would not have any one think that this Seminary is a place to secure intellectual culture only. No, no, but it is where the true believer is led up by Christian instructors into the deep things of God under the divine guidance. It is a place for the enriching of the heart-life of those whom God calls into the ministry, and who are to assist him in a special way in preparing the race for "the new heaven and the new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness."

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As a scholar and educator, he was interested in every department of knowledge, but aside from the Bible, which with him was never relegated to a second place in thought or practice, his preferences seemed to run to archaeology and the classic languages. His interest, indeed, in both of these, was because of the light they throw on the Sacred Word. Accounts of discoveries in Bible lands absorbed his attention at once, and this prepossession enhanced the pleasure and profit of his travels in the East. In a communication to the *Telescope* on "The Study of Ancient Languages in Relation to Religious Truth," we have the following sentiment:

But the question is often repeated, "Why study the classics when we have them translated into the modern tongues?" It is true most of the dead languages (I use the form, "dead languages," for the reason I wish to include more than the Latin and the Greek), have been translated and commented upon by able critics, yet it is a fact that no critic of any note has laid claim to have known all that pertains to those languages. The truth is, much knowledge and many facts at the present time are locked up in those languages which would throw great light on obscure passages of scripture, and not a year passes by but the patient plodder, as he pores over the classics of buried nations, brings to the surface some new facts and figures which strengthen the proofs of revelation. As the hieroglyphics on Egyptian temples disclose the history of almost forty centuries to a Champollion, Rosellini, and others, they state facts relative to the sojourning of the Jews in that country which will ever stop the skeptic's mouth concerning the antiquity of the Pentateuch and the correctness of its historical statements in relation to that wonderful people. And shall it be regarded as visionary if we express an opinion that God has stored away in the records of buried nations facts which, in his own good time, are to silence forever his enemies in regard to the truth of his Word? Is it saying too much when we affirm that the better we

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understand the languages spoken, both by the Jews and the Gentiles, in the age in which God was revealing his will to man by his prophets and apostles, the better will we be qualified to understand that which has been revealed? It was Luther's knowledge of the ancient classics, more perhaps (grace excepted) than anything else, that so preëminently fitted him for the great work to which the Lord called him. And did not Christ tell his disciples, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high?" Did not that enduement, at least in part, consist in imparting to them a knowledge of the languages and the ability to speak them?

RESOLUTIONS OF SEMINARY FACULTY AND STUDENTS.

The faculty and students of Union Biblical Seminary passed the following resolutions at their chapel service, the day following his death, which show his relation to the educational work of the Church:

We have been greatly shocked and unspeakably saddened by the news of Bishop E. B. Kephart's sudden and unexpected death. We recognize that the United Brethren Church has hereby lost one of her most faithful and influential servants, and the Seminary one of her best friends and wisest counselors.

Our departed bishop has left behind him a fair name and an enviable record. For many years he was a progressive and aggressive leader in the councils of the General Conference, in the annual conferences, and in many boards. His judgment was solid and calm. He was an excellent presiding officer, deliberate, firm, judicious, and masterly in parliamentary law. He was practical in his methods, broad in his views, generous in his sympathies. The Church is greatly indebted to him for his services in the educational field, where he labored as president of Western College for thirteen years. His counsels in the Board of Directors of Union Biblical Seminary were of the most useful character. Perhaps no department of Church work had more interest for him than the educational work. Very many young people, too, can testify to the inspiration of his advice and en-

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couragement in the direction of training themselves in our schools for usefulness.

Bishop Kephart had a warm place in the hearts of the faculty and students of this seminary for his kindly and helpful interest in the institution, in its work, and in the individual persons connected with it. We shall greatly miss him and his counsels, which he was accustomed to proffer us whenever he visited our halls. We greatly mourn his loss.

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."
—Trench.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Longfellow.

* * * "That temperance and serenity of mind which, as it is
the ripest fruit of wisdom, is also the sweetest."—James Russell
Lowell.

CHAPTER XII.

BISHOP, FIRST QUADRENNIUM, 1881-1885.

IN 1881 the General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ was held in Lisbon, Iowa. Four years previously it had convened at Westfield, Illinois. President Kephart, as an educator, had become well known to the representatives of the Church. His term in the Senate had then expired, and his influence upon legislation, and political prominence, coupled with his self-denial and devotion to his Church, made him a marked man. His progressive conservatism, his simplicity, his urbanity, his knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical law, his other natural elements of leadership, and his absence of factional alliance, all contributed to bring him promptly before his Church for positions of trust. He never sought advancement, but when called, if possible for him to comply, he considered it the call of God, and did not regard himself as having the right to decline to take up the duties imposed, or to resign when once they were assumed. Two questions were prominent in the Lisbon General Conference. The first was the educational interests of the Church, as is shown in the fact that not less than fifty pages of the General Conference Minutes of that year, more than one-fifth the entire space, are given to reports and discussions on this question. E. B. Kephart was a member

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of the Committee on Education. On page 162, his remarks on the report are recorded, and are noted here :

“We are now in a period of our educational history as a Church when the work is of vital importance; and we are in a period of our history in the educational work when there is a crisis pending with reference to the financial condition of the institutions of our Church. The question is not of so much importance to the institutions, as they have existed in the past, as their existence in the future, how this crisis is to be met, and what will be the result after we have passed it. All believe that we have not an institution that is free from embarrassment. Different boards have been applying different means to meet these liabilities; and for some reason there has been a constant accumulation of indebtedness. The work of the schools has been greatly crippled by this financial embarrassment, and they are not able to do the work that is demanded of them by the Church—and not only by the Church, but by the world. Some of our young men and women have gone out from our schools into other colleges—not because they were dissatisfied with the Church or its institutions, as far as the management was concerned, but on account of the lack of facilities; and when a young man or woman comes to a professor and says, ‘Are there not institutions better arranged and provided than yours?’ as an honest man, what are you to tell them? You must say that there are. They will say, ‘I must spend time and money where they furnish the best facilities.’ The demand is upon us to meet the indebtedness of the institutions; and not only the present indebted-

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ness, but provide means by which these institutions can be thoroughly equipped and placed on a level with other institutions that are growing up all around us. If this is not accomplished, you can infer the result. We have an abundance of means. Our Church is not poor; it is wealthy. It would not reduce the wealth one iota to take the money from the pockets of men who possess it, and turn it into the treasury. We have wealthy men, and they are generous."

The other question of chief importance, the one upon which existed the greatest difference of opinion, and called out the champions in debate, was "pro-rata representation." The reason for the importance of this question lay, not so much in itself, as in the fact to which all believed it would lead; namely, a change in the laws of the Church representing secrecy.

Prior to 1837, representation in the Church was upon the pro-rata plan, but the General Conference of 1841 had changed this, and all the conferences had the same number of representatives, a small conference having as many representatives in the General Conference as the larger. This plan had become very unsatisfactory to the larger conferences. They felt that it was unequal and unfair. Certain anti-secrecy leaders in the Church, by marshaling the ambition of the smaller conferences, sought to maintain the plan then in vogue, in order that it might not become possible to legislate a change in the attitude of the Church toward secrecy. The name of E. B. Kephart stands as chairman of the Committee on Pro-rata Representation and Lay Delegation. The committee recommended that the question of lay dele-

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gation be deferred for the present. On pro-rata representation they recommended: "2. That all conferences having less than three thousand members shall be entitled to two delegates. All conferences having three thousand, and less than five thousand, shall be entitled to three delegates. All conferences having six thousand five hundred members shall be entitled to four delegates." The entire afternoon and night sessions of the eleventh day (Tuesday, May 24, 1881) were given to the discussion of this report. President Kephart, at the close, made a very brief remark, as follows: "The report, as here presented, was indorsed by all the members of the committee except Brother Alwood. I believe the paper is right, and it is my deliberate judgment that it will go far to bring peace to the Church." The report was adopted without amendment, yeas, 60; nays, 57.

President Kephart's position on the secrecy question was similar to that of President Lincoln in the Civil War with respect to the emancipation of the slaves. His aim was to keep in touch with the people, and move just as rapidly as public sentiment would justify. With respect to the law of the Church, he accepted it tentatively, only that he might help to change it. He always maintained that the law was inconsistent, in that it claimed to be the law of a church of Jesus Christ, while it closed the door of the Church against some it was admitted Christ had received. His attitude with respect to this principle was not equivocal, but was generally known throughout the Church. The "liberals" chose him because they regarded him as a safe leader, able by his sanity to carry with him the "conservatives."

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By some "radicals" he was regarded as sane and safe because of his respect for law. By both sides, however, his election was regarded as a decided victory for the "liberals."

These conditions rendered E. B. Kephart a logical candidate for the office of bishop. Rev. Miles Rigor, at the time of the Bishop's death, wrote that he had proposed his name for the office at the Lisbon General Conference. The election was held Saturday, May 21. J. J. Glossbrenner, Jonathan Weaver, John Dickson, Nicholas Castle, and E. B. Kephart were all elected to the office of bishop on the first ballot. In the closing hours of the conference, "Bishop Kephart asked the prayers of the conference that he might be able to preserve the honor of the Church which he so much loved." In the stationing of the bishops, E. B. Kephart was assigned the "Southwest District," including the following conferences: Arkansas Valley, Osage, West Kansas, Kansas, South Missouri, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Illinois, Lower Wabash, White River, Indiana, Central Illinois, East Des Moines, and East Nebraska.

To this district he gave his earnest, devoted service, and became identified with all its interests. In his report to the *Telescope* we find appreciative words for the educational institutions, as we would expect, and for every evidence of devotion to the Master's cause, and of advance in any line of Church work. We also find his spirit is deeply grieved at anything, or condition, which hinders the Lord's cause and the progress of the Church.

In an article to the *Telescope* respecting his conferences, in 1885, a few passages reflect his quick grasp of

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conditions, and response to the varying needs of the different conferences.

Of White River Conference he writes: "The work done by the conference, as shown by the ministers' reports, was very satisfactory indeed, when contrasted with former reports. The session was not only a pleasant one from a business standpoint, but it was a season of religious enjoyment and spiritual growth to God's ministers and people."

In Indiana Conference, he found: "The reports of the ministers were quite satisfactory, indicating a marked improvement in the business line of doing things, as well as showing an increase in membership, and an advance in compensation for faithful work done."

In Missouri Conference: "I think not one word was uttered during the session that ruffled the feelings of any one. The reports of many showed faithful work done; and we were grieved that such true men of God had not received a better compensation."

Of East Des Moines, he states: "Discussion among brethren for years has obtained in this part of our Zion; but God be praised, harmony now prevails, and the year closed with an increase in membership and some advance in finance. . . . It was my good fortune to have my home in a model Christian family during my brief stay at Ainsworth. God bless brother John Stone and wife. Their Christian example will remain to bless the world when they are in heaven."

In Illinois Conference his heart was pained: "But somehow there is too much evil speaking indulged in by

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the brethren, which is a violation of both God's law and our Church laws, to secure the happiest results in our Church work. Oh, that God would breathe upon this conference the spirit of love, and of true Christian charity one for another; then would its wall be salvation, and its gate praise. Much good work was done during the year, and while the chart shows a decrease in membership, which grows out of a rigid effort to secure correct statistics, some advance in finance in the totals is reported. In this conference the Lord has many true-hearted and noble-spirited men."

Passing to Central Illinois Conference, he was greatly cheered: "This was said to be one of the most harmonious sessions the conference has had for years. The brethren came together in the spirit of our common Lord, and the motto of the conference seemed to be, 'Nearer My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.' Marked advancement was manifest in every department of Church work. Old differences were forgotten, and the brethren felt that they were one in Christ, and laboring in one common cause."

Lower Wabash Conference met at Westfield, Illinois, the seat of Westfield College: "The year has been one of peace, and the brethren came to their annual gathering filled with the Holy Spirit and charity one for another. The work of the conference was done in harmony, while the blessings of the Lord rested upon his people."

Kansas Conference met in Lecompton: "Here, again, the Lord was with his people in great power. Not a word was spoken during the session, in so far as I know,

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to wound the feelings of the most sensitive member of the body. The reports of the ministers were promptly prepared and passed to the secretary's table, and the business moved on in harmony, and with dispatch. The reports showed an increase in membership, and some advance in ministerial compensation. This conference is much encouraged, and its workers go out to their fields 'like giants filled with new wine.'"

For Southern Illinois Conference his heart goes out in earnest sympathy: "This is a small mission-conference, and but meagerly supplied with efficient workers. . . . The health of Brother Miller, presiding elder elect, is such that he has had to resign, and up to the present I have not been able to find a man for the place. May the good Lord remember Brother Miller, and restore him to his work."

West Kansas Conference met in Harlan, where Gould College was located. The western part of the conference suffered much during the year from drought, and many of the members were compelled to leave that part of the country, which caused a decrease in membership for the year. . . . I must express my gratitude to Brother Coder, who took me in his 'new top-buggy' from Harlan to Salina, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. True, it rained most of the time; yet the trip was a pleasant one, for Brother Coder knows how to make things agreeable, even if it does rain. But the good people of Kansas will please not tell me any more that 'Kansas don't get muddy.'"

Of Arkansas Valley Conference he says: "This is a young, thrifty conference, and has the great wheat-

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growing district of the State for its territory. Its members are mostly young and energetic. As a rule, they are methodical in their business habits, and their work moves on very harmoniously. The reports of the ministers were very good, and no conference in the West appears to have a brighter future than the Arkansas Valley. The religious tone of the sessions was highly devotional, and all present realized that the Lord was in his temple to comfort and bless his people. . . . It was my good fortune to share the hospitality of Brother Cook and family, members of the Presbyterian Church, and as we knelt at the family altar my heart said, 'There is but one Shepherd, let there be but one fold.'"

In Osage Conference: "The chart shows an increase in membership of more than four hundred, with a corresponding improvement in finance. This conference has a pious, self-sacrificing ministry, and the Lord has not passed them by during the year just closed. . . . Thank God, the brethren of Osage appear to be free from low, petty jealousies, and as a result, their work moves on harmonious and strong."

In Southwest Missouri: "The reports show general prosperity in almost every department of church work. This conference raised just about double its missionary debt assessment. This is very commendable indeed, and worthy of imitation by the whole Church. Universal harmony prevails in this part of our Zion, and God is graciously blessing his people."

In passing from conference to conference, he always made it convenient to visit the Church schools. In this report he visited Hartsville College, Maringo Academy,

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Avalon College, Westfield College, Lane University, and Gould College. He always sought to impart encouragement and aid whenever possible. An illustration is found in this visit to Lane University: "On Saturday evening, after a very interesting missionary and educational meeting, just before the adjournment President Ervin requested me to raise some money for the purpose of procuring some much-needed apparatus. I at once presented the matter, and after the larger sums were received, then commenced to come the dollars and lesser amounts, and for about half an hour it literally rained on that rostrum; for the large audience present threw the money by the handful at us, much faster than we could gather it up. The people of Kansas know how to give."

In 1884, after holding the annual sessions of the conferences, he made his usual report to the *Telescope*, which sets forth briefly the condition of the field. Of East Des Moines he notes: "This conference is moving forward in the right direction. It is more critical and thorough in its examinations, more guarded in authorizing men to preach, and requires a high standard of ministerial qualification upon the part of those who are received into its membership than formerly." He found a very general need of men in the great, growing Southwest over which he presided.

In closing his statistical report he says: "Under the protection of my Heavenly Father I have met all my conferences during the past quadrennium. Many have been the blessings bestowed upon me during my labors, for which I am grateful to God and my brethren. The

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conditions of the district are in many respects quite satisfactory. A good revival spirit has pervaded the conferences, and more than seven thousand souls have been brought into the Church during the year. Two things are much needed on the district—a deeper piety among ministers and people, and more well-qualified men, truly consecrated to God, to enter the active work.”

Many duties of the bishops are incidental. Because of their official relation, they are called upon to dedicate churches, deliver lectures, make special addresses on public occasions, etc. The General Conferences have sometimes presented individual protests, desiring the bishops to give their time to the weaker churches; but they stand in a representative relation, and should be granted the greatest freedom in this matter. No man should be chosen to this office who cannot be trusted to devote his time conscientiously to what he believes to be the highest interest of his Church.

Bishop Kephart always conducted a very heavy correspondence. All kinds of questions were presented to him for decision,—especially pertaining to Church laws,—from presiding elders, pastors, and people. While he was always glad to render any aid within his power, it severely taxed him.

"New times demand new measures and new men ;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best ;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

"New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good un-
couth ;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of
Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."
—Lowell.

CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND QUADRENNIUM, REVISION, 1885-1889.

THE Nineteenth General Conference was held in Fostoria, Ohio. At Lisbon, Iowa, four years previous, the Church, by a small majority, had declared for pro-rata representation. This prepared the way for revision of the Constitution and legislation on secrecy. Both "radicals" and "liberals" so understood, and there was a preparation during the quadrennium on both sides for what was regarded the inevitable contest at the next General Conference. On both sides were able leaders, sincere in desiring to promote the kingdom of God in its purity. In the main, the differences were of the head rather than the heart. On both sides were men who had studied the question for years, and discussed it so often that they had become "giants" in debate.

The bishops felt the responsibility heavily, and sought in their address to suggest some plan by which peace and harmony might be secured. Bishop Kephart wrote this address. A note on the original manuscript says the part on secrecy and revision was written after much meditation and prayer. When he presented it to Bishop Weaver, the latter said, in his characteristic, familiar way: "'Kep,' you've got it sure. That's just what we want." This plan was incorporated in the bishops' address, 1885, and read at the opening of the General Conference in Fostoria. Following is the por-

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tion of the address bearing on this subject: "We need not say to your honorable body that the subject of secret societies has become a most perplexing one to our Zion. This is well known to you all. Also, it is expected of you by the people whom you represent, that under the blessing of God you will put this subject to rest, and bring peace to the Church by wise regulations. To this end we recommend:

"1. In that, as it is admitted that our present Constitution has not yet been submitted to a vote of the whole society, you determine whether the whole subject under consideration is or is not in the hands of the General Conference.

"2. Should you determine that it is in your hands, then transfer the whole subject from the realm of constitutional law to the field of legislative enactment, which would be to expunge the whole question from the Constitution and bring it into the field of legislative enactment, to be handled as the Church, through her representatives, may determine from time to time.

"3. That you limit the prohibitory feature of your enactment to combinations, secret and open, to which the Church believes a Christian cannot belong.

"4. Should you decide that this constitutional question is beyond your control, and in the hands of the whole society, then submit the above propositions, properly formulated, to a vote of the whole Church, and let a two-thirds vote of those voting be the authoritative voice of the Church on the subject."

These recommendations from the bishops' address were referred to the "Committee on Constitutions,"



REV. EZEKIEL B. KEPHART

*From a photograph taken soon after he was elected Bishop
in 1881, by the General Conference held at
Lisbon, Iowa, May, 1881.*

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consisting of thirteen members, who worked "five days and five nights" on their report. This committee found that the Constitution of the Church had never been ratified by a vote of the members, that its legality and binding force had always been held in question, that it had gained authority only by silent assent, that it was out of harmony with the majority of the members, and that the Constitution and Confession should be revised and submitted to a vote of the people. They therefore recommended that a commission of twenty-seven members, consisting of the bishops and members from annual conferences elected by the General Conference, take into consideration the revision of those articles, and provide for a popular vote upon the same. They defined a secret combination, in the sense of the Constitution, to mean a secret league or confederation of persons holding principles and laws at variance with the Word of God, and infringing upon the natural, social, political, or religious rights of those outside its pale." Nearly all of two days were given to the discussion of this question. The "radicals" predicted the most dire calamity to the Church if adopted. On the other hand, the "liberals" were convinced that only by their adoption could peace come to the Church. At some time during the progress of this debate, a "radical" came to Bishop Kephart and said: "If this report is adopted, a thousand members will leave the Church. "Well, my brother," said the Bishop, "if it is not adopted a hundred thousand will leave it." It is said that this assertion, based upon positive conviction, won a vote for the measure. The records of this great debate

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cover one hundred pages of the General Conference Minutes.

Before the vote was taken the question was raised as to whether the bishops would be excused from voting, and the majority seemed to desire their vote. One member suggested that "four years ago they did not vote." Bishop Kephart said: "I asked the secretary that my name be called, and I voted for *pro-rata* representation." (Referring to the vote four years previous.)

When the Conference voted that the bishops record their votes, Bishop Kephart said: "I wish to say that for myself, I do not like to be put in this shape, as though we were compelled to vote with reference to this question. You cannot put me in any place where I cannot rise above every prejudice, and tell what my sentiments are." With respect to his public functions, he lived an open life, and the Church might know his position. He never sacrificed principle to popularity. When his name was called, he gave his reason for his position: "Believing that this body is not only the legislative department, but that this vote is strictly constitutional, and in harmony with the light of an open Bible and the exigencies of a dying world, I vote yes." When the vote was announced there were 78 yeas and 42 nays. The great battle was won by the "liberals." The supplementary report on secrecy was carried, 76 yeas to 38 nays. The resolution made the bishops members of the Commission. His brother, Dr. I. L. Kephart, was elected a member from the Pacific Coast District.

In the election for bishops, Bishop Weaver received seventy-five votes, and Bishop Kephart seventy-two, on

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the first ballot. Bishop Castle and Bishop Dickson were elected on the second ballot. M. Wright was elected Bishop of the Pacific Coast, and D. K. Flickinger was elected Foreign Missionary Bishop.

Bishop Kephart began the quadrennium on the Northwest District. His report is characterized by the spirit of hope. He is grieved that the ministers are not better paid, but commends their good cheer and joyful service. He never forgot two Church interests which were ever dear to his heart: "As an evidence of the courage and confidence of these conferences, permit me to state that between \$25,000 and \$30,000 was secured to the endowment of Western College during their sessions, and in addition to this, almost \$2,000 for missionary purposes." For higher degrees of success, he suggests that ministers make a careful study of systematic business methods, and that the changes in pastorates be less frequent.

The year 1886-87 he traveled the Southwest District, Of the work he says: "The year has been one of toil, but in the discharge of duty have come the rich blessings of a kind Heavenly Father. The work on the district is prosperous."

The Eastern District was his field for 1887-88, and the Ohio District for 1888-89. In his reports he refers to differences in some of the conferences on the secrecy question which impeded the work, but there is always manifest a conservative optimism. He finds the spirit of unity greatly strengthened. Two great needs always upon his heart are here emphasized; namely, "A higher qualification in our ministry," and "better support for

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the ministers." These needs have impeded the progress of our Church.

In sentiment Bishop Kephart always favored the rotation of the bishops. He often said: "The stationing plan is better for the bishops, but the rotation plan is better for the Church." He sometimes referred to the prosperity of the Methodist Episcopal Church as proof for his preference. The stationing plan permits the bishop to live on his district, and lessens his expense and labor, but a higher degree of inspiration, and consequently greater good to the Church at large, is secured by having the superintendents rotate. Prolonged absences from home always were a sore trial to his domestic nature, but his thought was for the interests of God's kingdom as he understood them. In the General Conference of 1889 he gives expression to his views as follows: "Brethren, I believe that if you desire the unification of the Church, it makes no difference who may be your bishops, you will follow the plan that has been in operation during the past four years. I am firmly convinced that no man, I care not who he is, can serve the Church in that relation as he otherwise would serve it, if he is not so circumstanced that he can have before his eyes the condition of the Church throughout. I am sure that the different methods, the different forms of worship, and the lack of unity that obtains throughout our denomination, have grown out of the old district system. . . . I am sure, however, that very likely it would be more convenient for the men whom you may elect to serve on the district, but as I understand the matter, brethren, it is not the convenience of the men

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you are to have before your eyes, but it is the good of the Church and the glory of God. Hence, I say what I do.”

The Church Commission and its work constituted a center of interest for the Church during this quadrennium. The conference had instructed the Commission “to complete its work by January 1, 1886.” On the call of the bishops the Commission met November 17, '85, in the city of Dayton, Ohio, twenty-five members being present. Bishop Weaver called the Commission to order, opened with appropriate devotions and an address, and they organized for work. The bishops were to preside in turn, as at General Conferences. Three committees were appointed: 1. On Confession of Faith. 2. On Constitution. 3. On Plan of Submission to the Church. Bishop Kephart and his brother, I. L., were both members of the Committee on Constitution.

“Thus organized, the Commission proceeded to the responsible business before it. The sessions continued through six days. Ample time was given to the several committees to consider the parts of the work allotted to them, and the sessions were characterized by much earnest attention and a deep sense of the responsibility involved. Every feature of the several reports, as returned by the respective committees, was considered in the open session with the utmost scrutiny, so that in every particular the best possible results might be reached.”

The Confession of Faith formulated and adopted was that now in the Book of Discipline. The Constitution vests all ecclesiastical power in “the General Conference, which shall consist of elders and laymen elected in each

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annual conference district throughout the Church." The provisions of the former General Conference respecting secrecy were incorporated. Amendments to the Constitution may originate in any General Conference, and must then be submitted to a vote of the people.

The plan for submission to the Church provided three full years for discussion, and every means was used to enlighten the people. This period was made an era of education in the belief and government of the Church. But there was strenuous and organized opposition to these instruments, and to their submission to the people. The *Christian Conservator*, a "radical" weekly paper in its beginning, had for its object and chief function, the defeat of these propositions. The question was debated in the annual conferences. The Confession of Faith and the Constitution, as revised and amended, were subjected to the closest scrutiny from every standpoint, and every conceivable form of opposition was set up. As far as every agency could be brought to reach the people throughout the Church, it was sought to influence their minds against the amended instruments, so as to bring about their failure by the popular vote. The amendments were characterized as revolutionary and outrageous, as involving a breach of faith, and the whole proceeding was declared unconstitutional and violent, and it was sought to persuade the people that if they were adopted the Church would no longer be the same Church, but would be a new and different body. Notwithstanding this opposition, kept up until the vote was taken, three years afterwards, the decision of the Church

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was overwhelmingly in favor of ratifying the work of the Commission.³

It will be observed that in the public discussion of the question Bishop Kephart took no leading part, as did Bishop Weaver. It was understood, however, by the Church at large, that the discussion was regarding the plan of Bishop Kephart, as embodied in the Fostoria address. This being the case, he was approached by individuals in conversation and letter. The plan of rotation brought him into contact with the entire Church in America, the Pacific Coast excepted. He then had abundant opportunity to explain and defend his plan, as incorporated in the bishops' address, and worked out so carefully by the Commission. Bishops Weaver and Kephart thus each supplemented the work of the other.

The month of November, 1888, was given to the vote of the Church on the report of the Commission. The total number of votes cast was 54,369. In favor of the Confession of Faith, 51,070; of the amended Constitution, 50,685. The negative vote is thus seen to be relatively very small.

“One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.”
—Dean of Canterbury.

“So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God’s grace fructify through thee to all.”
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

“ ’Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I
seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ
stand!”
—Browning.

CHAPTER XIV.

THIRD QUADRENNIUM, 1889-1893.—FIRST AND SECOND MISSIONARY VISITS TO AFRICA AND GERMANY.

IN 1889 the General Conference met in York, Pa., on May 9. Bishop Weaver presided, and Bishop Kephart offered prayer. The intense interest of the Church in the work of the Commission, nurtured by the educational campaign of three years and the vote taken upon the adoption of the Confession of Faith and the amended Constitution, continued to increase until the sitting of the General Conference. The issue influenced the election of delegates. The "radicals," knowing that they were outvoted, came prepared to use every influence possible to induce the General Conference not to ratify the work of the Commission.

The bishops, in their address, felt keenly the responsibility. Some portions referring to the Commission are classic in diction and in balanced, condensed statement. The purpose of the Commission is clearly stated:

"With a view of divesting this subject of all ambiguity, extirpating all doubt, and thus to avoid possible perplexing difficulties in the future, this whole matter was submitted to the Commission, where it found full and careful expression, and then went to a vote of the Church, with such result as will come to your notice and consideration by the official report to be hereafter.

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“Beloved brethren, this may be the crisis-period in the history of the Church. You will weigh well what has been done. The church of God is your priceless heritage. It is the purchase of the precious blood of Christ. As the chosen representatives of a Christian people, whose views and wishes you are supposed to reflect, you can afford to bid utter defiance to self and selfish ends. You are representatives. The Church of the latter part of the nineteenth century has called you to conserve what to her is precious and priceless—soundness of doctrine and clearness of experience. These preserved, the ancient land-marks still remain. New worlds await your conquests, unknown regions await your invasion, if you are men of cultured brain and consecrated heart.”

Some closing sentences of the Board of Bishops so reflect the spirit of the majority that I quote them: “We may be aggressive without being ecclesiastical vandals; we may be conservative without being religious bigots.”

“True reformers and true conservatives walk hand in hand. Their goal is the same. They differ only in method, not in purpose; in head, not in heart. The one is not the enemy of progress, the other is not the enemy of conservatism, yet either is liable to so judge the other. ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged.’

“As ministers, representative men, we can be active without becoming bitter partisans, be conservative without being stoical, and be progressive without being fanatical.”

“Your action will be decisive. Well may you tremble in the greatness of the work to be done. The voice of

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history both warns and cheers. Be cautious, but not faltering; brave, but not rash; firm, but not captious. The future of this Church, as well as the cause of the church in general, will be helped or hindered by what we do. 'Quit you like men, be strong.'"

From the section of the disputed question in the address, Bishop Wright dissented, and had not attached his signature. He had also declined to act with the Commission, of which he was a member.

The report of the Commission was read by Rev. W. J. Shuey, who stated: "All the separate propositions having been adopted by the required two-thirds majority of all who voted, as formed and recommended by your Commission, are become 'The Fundamental Belief and Organic Law of the United Brethren in Christ.'" The report was referred to a special committee, which proposed a resolution to approve and confirm the work of the Commission, and that upon the proclamation of the bishops, May 13, 1889, these articles should become the Fundamental Belief and Organic Law of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. The "radical" members earnestly protested against the adoption of the recommendation of the committee. The great Fostoria debate of four years previous was duplicated. When the vote was taken, it stood 110 in favor, to 20 opposed.

On Monday morning, May 13, Bishop Kephart was in the chair, and it fell to his lot to read the proclamation of the bishops whereby the Church passed from the old to the new Confession of Faith and Constitution. This proclamation closes as follows: "We do

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hereby publish and proclaim the document thus voted to be the Confession of Faith and Constitution of the United Brethren in Christ, and we hereby pass from under the old and legislate under the amended Constitution." The proclamation was signed by Bishops Weaver, Dickson, Castle, Kephart, and Flickinger. Bishop Wright declined to sign.

The reading of the proclamation was listened to with the most profound interest, and the moment was regarded as most significant for the future, and filled with awe. Then followed the most tragic scene in the history of the Church. Dr. Berger has given a vivid description of the event in his Church History: "When the reading had been completed, there occurred a scene of much interest, of which the official published 'proceedings' do not take immediate notice, the occurrence not being a part of the regular proceedings of the Conference. As soon as Bishop Kephart had resumed his seat, the bishop whose name was not attached to the proclamation, Bishop Wright, with fourteen of the twenty who had previously voted against approval, arose and left the hall. These fifteen men immediately proceeded to the Park Opera House, in the city of York, which had been previously secured for the purpose, where they assumed to continue the morning session, and so on through their several sittings until they finally adjourned. They further assumed to be the General Conference from the beginning, on the 9th day of May, and as such, to be the true and only representatives of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and that the General Conference from which they had

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withdrawn was not the General Conference of the Church. As their number was only fifteen, and the number of annual conferences which they assumed to represent was forty-nine, they proceeded to fill vacancies with such persons as were present until their number was increased to about thirty. Upon the assumption that they were the true General Conference of the Church, they elected persons to fill the general offices of the Church, as bishops, editors, publishing agent, missionary and other secretaries and treasurers, and the various Church boards. They proceeded upon the very extraordinary presumption that the one hundred and sixteen members, including the five bishops, who continued in their seats, and in the proper and orderly discharge of their duties, constituted no longer the General Conference of the Church, but had, by placing their seal of approval upon the various revisionary and amendatory steps, including the nearly unanimous vote of the Church, and that henceforth all their transactions possessed no longer any validity or binding power."

On the next day the seceding members were declared by resolution to have withdrawn irregularly from the General Conference and Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and therefore to be no longer members.

Thus ended the great conflict which was fought out on the line of the bishops' address, devised and written by Bishop Kephart four years before, and incorporated in the work of the Commission. It resulted in removing the shackles of an outgrown, unchangeable constitution, containing requirements contrary to the will of God, making it necessary to close the door of the Church

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against many whom Christ had received. This was the emancipation proclamation for the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. While deep sorrow filled many hearts because of the brethren who had withdrawn, all who remained felt that now they could preach the gospel of Christ untrammelled, and hence with hope they turned their faces to the future, experiencing the sentiment of Lowell:

“New occasions make new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam the camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future’s portals with the Past’s blood-rusted key.”

The sentiments of Bishop Kephart on this whole question were well expressed in an article in the *Tele-scope*, February 1, 1899:

Years ago, when in Iowa, when our Church trouble began to arise, while in company with a good man, who was a little inclined to live in the grave “with the fathers,” I ventured to say to him, speaking on the secrecy question, “The Church will not be able to fight it out on this line.” He asked why. I replied, “Because our position is at war with the common sense of mankind; for we believe that a man can belong to some secret societies, at least, as well as to some open societies, and be a Christian, and that is all that God and reasonable men require on this subject.” “Ah,” said he, “I see you do not understand it; there is no sin in belonging to a secret society, but the sin is in belonging to a secret society contrary to our law.” I replied, “Well, then,

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according to your own theory, repeal the law and you will have no sinners." But no, it was much better to have the "sinners" than to touch the "sacred law of a previous generation."

If, by lifting up my finger, I could bind on all the generations yet to be my peculiar views of the government of church and state, and how it ought to be, and how the church services should be conducted, I would not do it. I want all who come after me to be just as free as I have been, and I am sure this will secure the highest good. There has been but one man of our race who could dictate to the ages, and say, "I am the truth and the way." He was the "faultless Man." Always up with the "processions." He was not wedded to the buried past, but said he would "make all things new." The future is bright, and heaven has no place for the criticizing, fault-finding grumbler.

Bishops Weaver, Castle, Kephart, and Dickson were reëlected on the first ballot. Dr. J. W. Hott was chosen Bishop of the Pacific Coast. Dr. I. L. Kephart was elected editor of the *Telescope*, to succeed Bishop Hott. It was decided that the bishops east of the Rocky Mountains should rotate as the previous quadrennium. No foreign missionary bishop was elected, but it was recommended that "one of the bishops, as the Board of Bishops may elect, visit our foreign fields at least twice during the quadrennium." At the meeting of the Board of Bishops, the lot to fulfil this provision fell upon Bishop Kephart.

The first year of this quadrennium he served in the Southwest District. In some conferences throughout the Church, the opposition of the seceders made the work perplexing. Of his spring conferences, the Arkansas Valley and East Nebraska, he says: "These two conferences are but little affected by the seceders, only a few

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of the elderly and ineffective men going off. May God open their eyes.”

“The writer was placed under many obligations by a most beautiful gift in the form of a silk quilt, from the sisters of Arkansas Valley Conference.” This was an autograph quilt of rich design, and containing much skillful needlework, with a beautiful silk lace border. It is in the possession of Mrs. Kephart, who prizes it highly.

The year 1890 he traveled the Northwest District. In his report he says:

“The struggles of life, although sometimes severe, are not objects of regret when passed, if the end sought is fair and worthy. The conferences in the northwest for 1890 are closed; and, notwithstanding their sessions involved much travel, anxiety, and many weary hours, yet we have no regrets for the labor done, nor heartaches for struggles that are behind us. The sessions held, ten in number, were the most pleasant conference sessions that have passed under my eye since I have been on the Board of Bishops. I have not a recollection of one unkind word having been spoken, or a single act performed out of accord with Christian character, in any one of these conferences; but perfect unity and peace obtained among the brethren, and the graces of the Spirit, like dews, were distilled upon the religious services.”

Michigan Conference was among those suffering from the seceders. Referring to this matter, he says: “Under the blessing of God this conference will in the near future have regained all that is lost by the unadvised



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*From a photograph showing the Bishop in his home life
This was his first grandchild, the son of
Prof. and Mrs. L. F. John. The
portrait was taken in 1891.*

and misguided leadership of a few brethren." Of St. Joseph Conference: "This conference is wise enough not to be constantly changing her competent, qualified men to accommodate or make a place for incompetent, unqualified men, to the detriment of the Church and the cause of God. As a result, it has greater prosperity, and a ministry of which it need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. St. Joseph Conference is very guarded in receiving men into the ministry; and, when admitted, it is faithful in requiring all licentiates to come up to the full measure of disciplinary requirements in the course of reading, which is most commendable in a conference."

Of Rock River Conference he writes: "Unfortunately the withering blight of dissension has rested upon it more than twenty years, and greatly retarded its growth. But, thank God, its sky is again becoming clear, and prospects of a brighter day are dawning. My conviction is that a little more of positiveness on the part of some of its leaders against the seceding element which obtains in some parts of the territory would be most healthful and helpful to the cause of God throughout its bounds."

Of West Nebraska he writes: "This conference is alive to the educational work of the Church, and has finally identified itself with York College." In summing up his report, he makes three suggestions for the future:

"What would be helpful in the future? 1. Greater care should be taken in receiving persons into the ministry. In not a few of the conferences already the in-

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effective force is equal to or outnumbers the effective. To receive men into the annual conference simply that they may have authority to solemnize the marriage contract (and this is often urged), is an abuse of the sacred office. 2. Ministers who habitually fail in building up their charges, and report only blanks to their conferences, should be retired to the local list, and the yearly changes of successful men to make place for the inefficient and unsuccessful should forever cease among us. 3. Better salaries should be paid, and must be, to our devoted ministry, in order that the work of depletion may cease from our ministerial ranks. This will secure to the Church a better qualified ministry, a thing much needed at the present hour. 4. Throughout the borders of our Zion let the young be organized into the Y. P. C. U. This is a strong arm in the work of the Lord. Let us use it."

As a traveler he was a careful, painstaking observer, and the things to which he gave his attention were taken into a personal relation with himself, and hence have an interest to all who knew him. On this account the reader will be pleased to look into this diary, and in spirit accompany the Bishop in his episcopal visit to Africa and Europe. The only way most of us will ever have the opportunity of visiting these lands will be in imagination, and it will be a privilege to have such a one conduct our biographical party.

The abbreviations and condensation of the diary will be readily understood by the reader. Mr. Perry, his companion to Harrisburg, mentioned in the beginning, was a very old man traveling in the care of the Bishop.

Rev. Mr. Miller and wife were missionaries under appointment to Africa.

"I left my home in Toledo, Iowa, on the evening of the 16th of November, at 10:50 p. m., my two daughters and son-in-law accompanying me to Tama City, where I took the C. & N. W. R. R., at 11:55 p. m., for Chicago, and from thence to Dayton, Ohio, where I arrived at 6:03 p. m., Nov. 17th. (Mr. A. Perry accompanied me to Harrisburg, Pa. He had three coats on, two of his own, and by mistake got on Prof. A. W. Drury's in addition.) From Dayton I went direct to New York via the Panhandle route, on the 18th inst., where I arrived at 8 a. m. on the 19th, and on the 20th set sail for Glasgow on the State steamer, *Georgia*. The morning was beautiful, except the wind was high and the sea quite rough. There were on board not more than forty-five passengers in all. Miles, 270.

"Nov. 21.—The day has been cold and rough. The majority of the passengers are seasick. I have been somewhat sick, so much so that if I had the power, I would knock the bottom out of the Atlantic Ocean and let in dry land inside of five minutes. And, by the way, I am just getting sick again—Neptune must be obeyed, and I will have to sacrifice. But God is good to his people, and his presence is with me. The sea-gulls and water are all that we can see, except a porpoise leaping from the water occasionally. So ends the day. No. miles, 272."

(Bishop Kephart was an excellent seaman, never confined to his bed by seasickness. Sometimes he was almost the only passenger on board able to come to the

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table at meal-time. Those who endured the prolonged agony, when they learned of his experience, were accustomed to say, "Oh, you were never seasick at all." Accepting the statement of those who knew, and especially of old captains in whom he had great confidence, he was accustomed to say that he never had been seasick.)

"Nov. 22.—The day has been quite calm, but most of the time cloudy. But little seasickness among the passengers, except Brother and Sister Miller. We passed three steamers during last night, bound for New York. The sea-gulls, like flocks of evil birds, fly about the ship. No. miles, 285.

"Nov. 23.—This is Sabbath; the day is beautiful, but the waves of the ocean are as mountains compared with anything we have yet seen. Our rate of sailing is about twelve knots an hour. We are off the coast of Newfoundland, and will soon strike what are called the 'banks.' Some of the passengers are yet sick from the effects of the exceedingly rough sea on the night of the 22d. Brother and Sister Miller are sick yet. I am well, and in favor with God. We have seen the spouting of some eight or ten whales. One made his appearance not more than fifty yards from the ship. He was a huge monster, and dark in color. The ocean here is white with sea-gulls, which follow the ship continually. This afternoon and evening we have head wind, and the sails are all taken down. This Sabbath evening I anew dedicate and consecrate myself to my God and his righteous cause, thus: My soul, my body, my time, my talents, all my worldly possessions—my

wife, my children, and my all, to thee my God and Savior, forever and to his glory. Amen. We saw two small fishing yachts off Newfoundland. No. miles, 265.

“Nov. 24.—This has been a very dreary day. A dense fog has hung over the ocean most of the day, and frequently the rain fell in abundance. The wind has been favorable, but cold, and the sun has been hidden from view all day. Some of the passengers are yet seasick. Brother and Sister Miller are among the number. God has been good to me. No. miles, 288.

“Nov. 25.—The morning is clear and cold—the sea is quite calm. Nothing of interest transpired during the day, until in the afternoon, one of the firemen of the ship died. He was a Scotchman; died of pneumonia—leaves a wife and six children. He was working his passage homeward from New York when death overtook him. He will be buried at sea to-morrow, 10 A. M. To-night the sea is very rough, the waves rolling over the ship, and everything cracking and snapping as if she would go to pieces at once; yet there is no storm, but we have struck the Gulf Stream, and there must have been great wind toward the north; the waves are like mountains, and strike us on the left side. Miles, 278.

“Nov. 26.—This is a good morning at sea—the waves are at rest, and the smoothest sea we have yet had. It is 10 A. M., and we are all on deck to witness the burial of the poor man who died yesterday. He is in his box, and that placed on a board, so that it can be slipped into the sea when the signal is given. The old sea-captain is now reading the burial service. It is impressive and strictly Christian. The “English Jack” is at half-mast,

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the bells are now tolling, the ceremony is ended, the signal, which is 'Amen,' is given,—plunge goes the corpse into the blue waters. Wind is from the northeast, and all the sails are down. The night is pleasant and the sea is calm. Miles, 271.

"Nov. 27.—The day has been quite unpleasant; head wind all the time for the past thirty-six hours. We passed one sailing-vessel this afternoon. We are now about 900 miles from Glasgow. Sister Miller is yet sick, but improving. Miller is about well. My health is good. The sea is growing rough, and the ship is beginning to roll. It is 7:20 p. m. Miles, 282.

"Nov. 28.—The day has been one of the most unpleasant since we left New York. The sky has been black with clouds all the day, and a storm is raging—growing worse every hour. The sea is wild and most terribly sublime. Many are seasick; Brother and Sister Miller are in bed sick. The storm is favorable to us. No. of miles, 290.

"Nov. 29.—The storm is still raging; it is the roughest we have yet experienced. It is now 7:04 p. m., and the sea is awful—so we, who are not accustomed to the sea, think. We are now 250 miles from Moville, Ireland, and will reach that point to-morrow evening if all is well. The Lord is good, and blessed be his holy name forever. Amen. No. miles, 290.

"Nov. 30.—The day was very dark and stormy, and at nightfall the captain stopped the boat, believing that he was not far from land. At 7 a. m. I was waited upon by a party of ladies, to see if I would not preach; I consented. Text, Luke 8:18; Heb. 2:3. The Lord

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blessed this sermon to the edification of the hearers. At 9 P. M. the fog lifted and the moon shone out; the captain took his bearing, and we started for Moville; at 10 P. M. we saw the lighthouse. We are all happy, and stayed up until two o'clock in the morning.

“Dec. 1.—The day was quite pleasant, and we had a beautiful view of the coast of Ireland and the Scottish highlands along the beautiful Clyde. Alien Cragg, mentioned by Burns, is a round, high rock on the Irish Sea, on the top of which is a fresh-water spring. The Holy Isle is mountainous on the Scotch side—height 400 feet. Goat Fell, or Hill of the Wind, on the Isle of Aran, is 3,500 feet high. We landed at Glasgow a few minutes before 3 P. M., having been almost twelve days. The trip was a hard one, and will be ever remembered. We are now roomed in the Koch Burn Hotel, Wellington Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

“Dec. 2.—The day was rainy, and Glasgow was enveloped in a dense fog. I visited the old cathedral, in which Mary Queen of Scots, used to worship. It was built by the Catholics in the year 1175. The foundation was laid in 1124. It stands on the site of the little old church built by St. Mingo, about the year 560. The old well from which St. Mingo drew water, which is now in the cathedral, was dug about the year 500. This cathedral is the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. I also visited the necropolis, which is just east of the cathedral, and one of the most lofty spots about the city. The ‘Bridge of Sighs’ spans a deep glen which lies between the cathedral and the necropolis. As I walked over this ground I thought of

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the many fierce battles which it had sustained, and the bitter religious persecution it had witnessed. The monument of John Knox occupies the most conspicuous place in the city of the mighty. I looked upon the monument, also, of Alexander Kennedy, and his martyr companion, both young, who suffered death for the truth's sake in the year 1530, or about that time, in old Glasgow. I also walked on the "Bell of the Brae," where Sir William Wallace in 1300 defeated twice the English army, and clove the head of Lord Percy with his huge sword. Glasgow is now a city of 700,000 inhabitants.

"Dec. 3.—We left Glasgow this morning at 10:25, and arrived in Liverpool at 4:45 P. M. The day has been damp and cold. We came via Midland R. R. The mountains in many places were sparsely covered with snow. The country is picturesque and beautiful, much of it in a high state of cultivation. In Scotland the finest of sheep abound, and the turnip is produced in great abundance, on which the sheep for the market are largely fed. The whole country by the railroad seemed to be taken up with turnip raising and grass.

"Dec. 4.—The day is rather pleasant. We have taken lodging at the Lawrence Hotel—it is a temperance house. We have been to the agent of the African Steamship Company and engaged passage for Sierra Leone, for which I paid \$18.10. We will sail on the 6th inst., on the *Yoruba*. Its capacity is 22,500. I have visited different parts of the city, and found it to be strictly American.

"Dec. 5.—I have spent the day in Manchester. Manchester is the metropolis of the north of England, the

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greatest manufacturing district in the world. It has a population of about 400,000. I visited Arwick Green and its museum. The park is small, but well cared for. I also visited Alexandra Park. It is beautiful, and a model of taste. I also visited the great cathedral—it is immense, and grand. I returned to Liverpool this evening and visited the Museum of Art. It is very fine indeed. Had May only been with me!

“Dec. 6.—The day was pleasant, except a little cold. Did not sail as had expected, but will sail on to-morrow at 10 A. M. Visited Sefton Park, one of the principal parks of the city. It is well arranged and properly cared for, yet it does not compare with Central Park of New York, and some of the parks about Chicago. Also visited the Walker Museum. Here is quite a fine collection of specimens from the different sections of the globe. The specimens are quite well arranged, and properly marked. Visited different sections of the city, and find the people as a rule cultured and intelligent. I did not hear an oath while in England and Scotland; but I saw poverty and wretchedness, and the effects of sin in both. This evening I spent at the hotel reading and writing.

“Dec. 7.—This is the Sabbath, and the morning is bright. We sailed at 10 A. M. We sailed down the Mersey River out into the Irish Sea. The day is quite cold, we have no fire in the cabin, and it is very uncomfortable, but the sea is smooth, and no one seasick. We expect to land in Freetown, West Africa, on the 22d inst. I wrote a letter to Susie, and sent it by the pilot. We have on board the *Yoruba* about twelve pas-

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sengers. The ship is clean, and the boarding good. Its chief cargo is rum and powder, the one to raise the devil, the other to down him. I conducted religious services this evening—the Episcopal high church service.

“Dec. 8.—The day has been pleasant, but too cold for comfort. We are now in St. George Channel, and sailing at the rate of ten knots an hour. We have taken the last look at the south coast of Ireland, and will not see land again until we reach the Maderia Islands. Mrs. Miller is sick, although the sea is calm.

“Dec. 9.—The day was clear and pleasant, the sea calm, and we were in the Bay of Biscay. The porpoises were jumping out of the water almost constantly. We saw quite a number of ships, but could not tell their contemplated destination. Nothing of interest occurred during the day, except a sailor climbing a wire rope almost to the top of the mast.

“Dec. 10.—This has been a remarkably pleasant day, with but little wind. Nothing whatever of interest occurred during the day except Brother and Sister Miller are seasick—seasickness knocks the bottom out of a person inside of five minutes. The next popular work of the day issued will be Miller on Seasickness and Chills.

“Dec. 11.—The day is clear, but the sea rough and most of the passengers seasick. I have stood it as usual. Brother and Sister Miller have been sick all day, as usual—have pretty good appetites, however, which is peculiar to seasickness, I am told. Passed one or two ships. Surely this is a very tedious voyage, and the ac-

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commodations are quite poor. I would rather live on dry bread at home than have the best they have on the ship. The cooking is miserable.

“Dec. 12.—The day has been exceedingly pleasant most of the time. Had a shower of rain. Saw two steamers. Passed the place 100 miles to the southwest, where the *Serpent*, a British man-of-war, went down on the rocks a fortnight ago; 150 men on board, and all were lost except two or three. Cause, a reef of iron ore off the coast of Spain affected the compass and deceived the captain.

“Dec. 13.—The day was pleasant. Nothing of special interest occurred. Had a Bible-reading in Brother Miller’s room in the evening.”

This first visit to the Maderia Islands was of peculiar interest to him, and is described in a letter to the *Telescope*, which is dated December 15, 1890:

We landed at Funchal, Maderia, on the 14th inst., at 4:30 p. m. I say *we*, because Brother and Sister Miller are with me. A Rev. W. Smart, a missionary to this island from England, met us on landing, whom Brother Miller and his wife accompanied to his home, while I went with Lord Regan, by special invitation, to the Santa Clara Hotel, and dined with him. He was a passenger on board the ship, and much of a gentleman. After dinner, which was served at 7 p. m., I was called on by Rev. Mr. Smart, and conducted a special religious service at the mission-home, and shared the hospitality of Brother and Sister Smart during the night. The mission is undenominational, and is largely supported by contributions from England and Scotland. This little archipelago, of which Maderia is the chief island of the volcanic group, is an African province of Portugal, and situated in north latitude $52^{\circ} 4'$, and west longitude 17° , distant from the nearest African coast 320 miles. It is about fifty miles long and twenty miles across. The

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group seems to have been known to the ancients. Pliny mentions it under the name of Purple Islands; but the authentic discovery of Maderia was by Bargo, a Portuguese traveler, in an expedition organized by Prince Henry, the navigator, in 1418. Porto Santo has a population of 6,000. Here on this little island Christopher Columbus studied navigation, and had his first dream of a new world. Here he won the heart of Perestrello's daughter, and married her while Perestrello was governor of these islands. Maderia has a population of 106,000, while Funchal, its chief city, has a population of 21,000. The third island in the group is Desestas. Men do not inhabit this island, but it abounds in rabbits and wild goats, and is a place for sporting. The products of the island are various—chiefly fruit-growing, the principal products being the grape, the orange, the fig, the banana, apple, and pear, together with an almost endless variety of sub-tropical vegetables. The climate is delightful. A Maderia summer is a season of unceasing delights; indeed, this may be said of the whole year, notwithstanding the mountain regions partake somewhat of a northern climate. The beast of burden is the ox. The vehicle used is a kind of sled. I took a ride on one of these sleds. Brother and Sister Miller and myself got into one, and were hauled up the mountain to the height of about 2,500 feet by a yoke of oxen, where we visited the Church of the Mount (Catholic). We were an hour and a half making the ascent, and about fifteen minutes making the descent. Coming down is on the principle of the toboggan, conducted by two men who, with ropes attached, run side by side. It is a fearful ride. Every foot of the road is most carefully paved with small pebbles or small water moonstones, and the driver carries in his hand a greased cloth or rag in the form of a small sack. This he throws in a position so that the runner of the sled passes over it, and thus he greases the soles of the sled, and it slips like fury over the stones. Here is where they go sleighing while the "sun shines." The streets of Maderia are very narrow and crooked, but are most carefully and neatly paved with large pebbles, while the side-walks are beautifully paved with small pebbles. These streets are clean as a new pin, being regularly swept most of the year. They

are either lined with houses, jutting on the streets, or high walls tower on either side. Clear, bright water from the mountain rushes down the streets in a kind of groove formed on each side. Here the women come to do their washing. I saw quite a number of them engaged in washing in these beautiful rills, the wash-board being a flat stone. The people as a rule are both ignorant and poor. The Roman Catholic is the state religion, but there is a general toleration of other forms. Superstition is very marked among the masses. There is a strong superstition connected with the Church of the Mount, which I visited. When Maderia seamen are overtaken in a storm at sea they make pledges to the Holy Virgin, who is especially represented in the church, to make offerings to her if she will bring them to their homes in safety. The offerings consist in illuminating the streets of the city on which the church stands, and in many foolish ways, such as by fire-works, and the like, at an expense sometimes of \$300 to \$400. Sin abounds among the people and priests alike; but God is not without his witnesses even here. Protestantism is represented by the Church of England, the Free Church of Scotland, and the free mission of Rev. Mr. Smart. Brother Smart says the work goes slowly, but it is nevertheless moving. He is a most worthy Christian man."

His impressions of Africa, and the account of his work, may be gleaned from his letters, written while there:

The task of going up and down these African rivers in a row-boat, amid the mangrove forests, enveloped in miasmatic poisons, can only be appreciated by those who have had the experience. At the stations visited, while I made many observations, I shall only mention a few in this letter:

1. The people at all the places of worship were remarkably attentive and anxious to hear the word of life. At least on three occasions, after talking to these poor, destitute heathen, where scarcely more than half of them were clad, when closing my remarks I asked that as many as were now willing and ready to accept Christ and abandon every sinful practice should so indicate by raising

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their hands, every person present, regardless of age, lifted the hand, and the great tears rolled down many cheeks.

2. The people here are not wild and demonstrative in their religious worship, but are very fervent in their prayers; and they weep like children while relating their religious experience.

I have visited many places of worship in Africa; but I have not found one that was other than clean as a new pin. In this respect I was much surprised and pleasantly disappointed. These people, although they worship God in humble temples, have a keen sense of the propriety of having their temples neat and clean. In this way they are to be highly commended.

But it is well called the dark continent. The raven wing of sin's black night is upon this people in its most hideous form—cannibalism is right here among the people. Not ten days ago I spent a part of the night with five natives in a boat-shed where, less than six months before a native boy was captured, killed, and eaten by African cannibals. Only a short distance from the same place, within the past four months, another person was killed and eaten in whole or in part. Much of this cannibalism has been practised in this and adjoining communities within the past year. The penalty for this crime among the natives is burning. Not less than fifty persons have been burned to death for the crime of cannibalism within the past year in this and adjoining communities. Polygamy is rife among the people, together with all its blighting effects upon society. The poor African worships almost anything. He has a vivid imagination, and he sees either a god or a devil wherever he looks. But he is sick of his fallen life, and grasps eagerly after the truths of Christianity. He is anxious to be taught a better way. Let me say to those who may chance to read this letter, it is not those who pay the money to send the gospel who make the sacrifice, if sacrifice there be, but it is the missionary who brings the word of life to the people, and who lives, and labors, sometimes amid almost inconceivable privation, away from family, friends, home, and country. These, yes, these are the men and women who make sacrifices for Christ's sake and for the salvation of the heathen.

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I have just reached Rotifunk and find all the folks well. I begin to feel that it is about time for me to get away from these rivers and swamps and strike the frost line.

The reports from the different charges showed faithfulness of the workers, and from every field the cry comes, "Send us more of the bread and the water of life." Also from many of the charges came the statement, "Our people are beginning to see the necessity of helping themselves in the way of repairing their parsonages," for such they are, "and their houses of worship," and to assist in defraying church expenses. With a view to this the conference agreed to raise one shilling per member and seeker throughout the conference the coming year, *and they will do it*. The spiritual status of the Church here is good, very good. I am a little surprised in finding the native African so little demonstrative as he is in his worship. I have been engaged here in conducting church services, where, from the king to the child of six years, scarcely was there a dry eye in the congregation, but no further demonstration of excitement except the suppressed, "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to God!"

Now, as to the native preachers: I think I never had so keen an appreciation of what Jesus Christ is to the world as when I met our native African preachers in a body in conference session at Rotifunk. I had just been up the river, where I came in contact with the native African in his wretchedness, and life of sin and shame. What a contrast! The preachers were of the same race, were born heathen, but now are "clothed in their right minds." These men are educated, cultured, and well dressed. They are gentlemanly in their bearing, unobtrusive, and every man that spoke seemed to say just the right thing, at the proper time, and in the right way.

At the Sabbath morning services of the conference, Sisters West, Williams, and Groenendyke, and Brothers Miller and Morrison were ordained to elders' orders. The services were very interesting and impressive. On this occasion I had two interpreters, one in Temni, and the other in Mendi, and I confess it is no easy task to preach to a people through one interpreter, much less by the aid of two—but sometimes we have to be "all things to all people."

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The conference sessions having closed, I left Rotifunk on the evening of the 27th, to visit the missions on the Cockboro River and tributary streams. I found the work at Mokobo, Mambo, and Mattakong in a good, healthy condition. The work at Mo Fuss has not yet recovered from the shock of the William Caulker war, but the mission buildings are now being repaired, and the station will take on new life. During my visit to Mokobo I had the satisfaction of baptizing the head woman of the town, Yassie Yankin, or Mama Yubo, as she is sometimes called. She is more than ninety years old—a long life spent in the darkest night of heathenism. Her language was, "I give up all for Christ's sake, who gave himself for me." As she removed the cap from off her head, and my eyes fell on her gray and withered locks, I thought of the words of the poet, "I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind." You should have seen the tears rain down her poor, old, swarthy cheeks as she received Christian baptism.

On our way, between Mattakong and Mokobo, we stopped at an ancient place of devil worship. It is a rocky glen on the banks of the Cockboro. Quite a number of deep, dark caverns obtain here in these rocks. Being a little curious to see and know, I crept down into and out of some of these caverns. The gloom was intense, and doubtless at some remote period in the past this gorge must have resembled "Dante's Inferno," for the rocks are all volcanic. But the fires have long since gone out, and the altar is now without a sacrifice. I am bringing with me, for the cabinet of Western College, a piece of this old stone altar. How many poor, human victims were offered up here as a sacrifice Heaven's record only can report, but doubtless many, many, in the long years that have sped. As I stood and looked upon the altar, and remembered the untold suffering it had witnessed, and the sin and the shame that had there transpired in the name of religion, my charity for Cortez, the destroyer of the empire of the Montezumas, was stirred. I said, No wonder that the brave Spaniard, after beholding the beautiful exterior of the great temple in the ancient City of Mexico, and on entering it found it "full of rotteness and dead men's bones," and seeing human hearts, dripping with warm blood, suspended from the walls, and

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being informed that 20,000 human beings were thus sacrificed annually, resolved to sweep that empire from the face of the earth. By the 2d of February my work of visiting the missions was completed. In effecting this I was compelled to spend about ten nights in the boats on the rivers, which was no light task, I assure you. I have visited about thirty towns and villages in Africa, and carefully looked over mission work, and am well pleased with the status of things generally, in this important field of our Zion.

I never saw people more anxious to hear the word than these Africans. The cry comes from every quarter, "Send us some one to teach us the way of life." If the wealth of our Church were consecrated to God's cause, what a bright spot on our religious history as a denomination we might make here in Africa. The men and women to send are not wanting; the money with which to send and support them is the great question. What an account some, to whom God has given much, but who have not distributed it, will have to render when the judgment is set, and they appear before the court from which there is no appeal.

He had so endeared himself to the needy workers whom he visited in Africa, that they presented a paper expressing their feeling and thought. This deeply touched the Bishop's heart, and he returned a formal answer. The reader will be interested in both this appreciation and response.

The following address, by the African brethren whose names are given at the close, was made to Bishop Kephart at Rotifunk, January 26, 1891:

Dear Bishop:—We feel, as a body, that we will be wanting in manifestations of gratitude if we do not, in some material form, show our deep appreciation of the social, charitable, and liberal manner in which you have conducted the deliberations of our Annual Conference.

Especially for the benefits derived by each of us as preachers, teachers, and ministers of that gospel which has been sent to us by the good Christians of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ in America, who have

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deputed you to come at this critical period of this mission's history, in order not only to know the exact needs of the mission, but to inspire the workers with fresh zeal and energy.

That we deeply appreciate the efforts put forth by you to this end is the cause of this humble tribute.

We go forth with renewed zeal and energy to prosecute the Master's work, trusting in God's grace to do it so faithfully that at your return you may realize that your godly admonitions, advice, and exhortations have not been in vain.

That our good Lord may give the waves charge concerning you on your voyage homeward, and that you may meet your family in good health, and your life be long spared for the good of our race and country are the earnest prayers of

D. F. WILBERFORCE,
R. COOKSON TAYLOR,
W. S. MACAULEY,
E. C. BICKERSTETH,
F. M. STEWART,
S. BENJ. MORRISON,
J. B. W. JOHNSON,
C. A. E. CAMPBELL,
H. J. WILLIAMS.

The following is the Bishop's reply, bearing the same date as the above:

My dear Brethren in Christ:—Please accept this paper as a faint token of my appreciation of the address read by Rev. R. C. Taylor from your body to me this morning. If my associations with you, and my words of advice have brought with them cheer and encouragement, and imparted an inspiration that may lift you to a plane of higher usefulness in God's cause, I am content and thankful to the great Father that my mission among you has not been in vain.

Believe me, dear brethren, that your gentlemanly conduct, your true Christian demeanor, and your good sense and ministerial dignity, as displayed in all that you have said and done in my presence, give me a higher apprecia-

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tion of your worth, and the real character of your native race, than ever before. I go to my home with higher hopes of the speedy evangelization of Africa than hitherto entertained by me.

The good news that I shall carry back to my people will give a new inspiration to the home Church, and I am confident the best results will follow.

The paper to which this is a reply will be kept as a memento, and shall always mark a bright spot on the page of my life's history. May the God and Father of us all, through our Savior Jesus Christ, be with you each; and may we meet "in the morning."

E. B. KEPHART, Bishop.

The voyage was without unusual incident. It became monotonous to him. On February 15 he says, "I am a little blue—homesick."

Let us again take up the record in the journal, on February 20, and accompany him to scenes in Europe.

"Feb. 20.—The morning is cold and foggy. We are in Georges Channel, just off the coast of Ireland. Land could be seen off the coast of Wales and Ireland were it not for the fog. The sea is calm this morning, and we will go into the Mersey River by 11 P. M. if all is well. No seasickness on board the ship.

"Feb. 21.—Landed in Liverpool harbor at 3:15 A. M. Reached the Lawrence Hotel at 11:30. Have spent most of the time in my room resting, for I am a little weary over my sea voyage. Left Freetown, Africa, on the evening of the 5th inst., and arrived in Liverpool the 20th inst. Time, 15¼ days. I most desire above all things that God will remove every impurity from me, and give me a clean heart.

"Feb. 22.—The day is most lovely for the season of the year. Left Liverpool for London at 11:30 P. M.,

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by the Midland R. R., and arrived in London at 5:30 P. M. It is a good railroad, has many tunnels, and the scenery is grand. Southport, Derby, Stockport, Leicester and Nottingham were some of the towns by the way. Went to St. Paul's Cathedral in the evening, and heard Dr. Perciville preach a good sermon from these words: 'I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot hear them now.' Have had much of the Lord's presence this day. He was in the sermon, and with his people in the cathedral this evening.

"Feb. 23.—The day has been a busy one to me, and the darkest day I ever saw. The fog is so dense that, notwithstanding the lights have been burning in the streets, we can scarcely see to keep out of the way of the horses. I have spent the day in Westminster Abbey, among the tombs of England's kings and queens. The following is a partial list: All the Edwards, the Henrys, III. and VII.; Mary I.; Mary II.; also Mary, daughter of James I.; King James I.; Queen Anne; and Queen Anne, daughter of James II.; Anne, Queen of Richard III.; and Richard III. Also the tombs and statues of her great men and women. It was founded by Sebert, king of the east Saxons, in 616, on the site of a heathen temple to Apollo, so goes the legend. After the death of Sebert, his sons relapsed into paganism, and the church was deserted. Soon after, the Danes razed it to the ground. Yet some historians claim that the east angle that now exists is the work of Sebert. At night-fall I returned to my hotel weary, and I hope a wiser man. I dropped a tear for poor Mary Queen of Scots, and felt indignant at Elizabeth, as I looked upon

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her tomb, for signing the death warrant for her cousin, and leaving it in the hands of ruffians.

“Feb. 24.—I have passed the day mostly in the British Museum. I am more impressed with the greatness of the ancients than ever. I see that Egypt and the Assyrians surpassed the Greeks and the Romans in the vastness of their sculpture. The massiveness of their works, coupled with the age in which they wrought, overwhelmed me. It is worth a trip to Europe to see the contents of this museum. I also called to see Professor Jennings, A.M., 18 Adonis Street, Strand, London, and had a most pleasant visit. The day has been one of thick darkness, worse than yesterday. I am well, but weary. Purchased ticket for Rome, Naples, and Berlin, for the round trip.

“Feb. 25.—I have spent the day mostly in the tower of London. I saw the crown jewels. The crown of Victoria is superb. I was in the prison where most of the great prisoners were kept. I stood on the spot where Anne Boleyn was beheaded, also where Queen Catherine was executed, also Dudley and Lady Jane Grey, and others. Saw the block on which many were beheaded, walked over London Bridge, visited the Bank of England, and Exchange, etc. At 9 p. m. took the train for Paris, via the New Haven and Deippe route.

“Feb. 26.—Arrived in Paris at 6:50. Put up at the Hotel Grand Julius Cæsar. Visited the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Place de la Concorde. Went up on the highest tower in Paris, the meteorological observatory. Visited the Hall of State and many other chief places of interest.

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“Feb. 27.—Spent the day on the railroad route between Paris, Dijon, Turin, Genoa, and Pisa. Arrived in Pisa 11:50 P. M. Came through Mount Canis tunnel—twenty minutes was the time coming through the tunnel. The most of the way the ground was covered with snow. The Alps looked grand. I ran over in memory the scenes they had witnessed. The valley of the Po is magnificent. I thought of Hannibal and Alaric as we passed through Turin.

“Feb. 28.—I have spent this beautiful day visiting the historic places in Pisa, the cathedral, the art gallery, the university, and by the way, was in the recitation-room in which Galileo was taught; was in the Tower of Pisa, and in the Campo Santo, and saw the sacred earth brought from Jerusalem, and visited some of the churches, all Catholic, together with many other places of interest. I go to-night to Rome, at 11:50. Am anxious to see the ‘Eternal City.’ Am stopping at the Hotel Washington—quite a good place.

“March 1.—Reached Rome this morning at 6:50, and put up at the Hotel Eden—a first-class house. After breakfast I secured a guide for the day, paying 10F. We at once proceeded to the Roman Forum, passing the statue of Trajan and the square which he adorned with the finest granite pillars, which yet stand, nine in a row, and there are four rows; they are much broken. We next reached the Forum. I stood in the Hall of Justice, and in the place where Mark Antony made his speech over the body of Cæsar. Saw the remains of the old treasure house. Looked on the Temple of Vestal Virgins, built by Numa Pompilius. Saw the

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new temple, over on the west side, where the virgins were taken—saw their baths and their rooms. Saw the smaller Hall of Justice, on the right as you look toward the north. The rostra of the Forum was on the same side, and a portion of the Forum stands there yet. Saw the ruins of Nero's temple to Venus, as it stood united to the Roman Forum. Sat under the arc of Titus. Was in the Coliseum. Stood where the gladiators fought. Looked into the place where the wild beasts were kept; was in one of the gladiator's cells. Saw the prisons where the Christian martyrs were kept, and stood right in the place where the wild beasts devoured them. Walked all over the ground, in and out of both the Forum and Coliseum. Visited the house of Mæcenas, and went through many of the rooms; was in his dining-room, bed-room, and kitchen. Nero afterwards made it his summer house, and still later Titus made his baths over it, using it for a foundation. Then I went to the palaces of the Cæsars: (1) Julius Cæsar; (2) Caligula; (3) Augustus; (4) Vespasian; they were all united into one. Went through them. Saw the temple, or its ruins, built by Romulus; saw a portion of the walls he was building about the city when he killed Remus. Looked on the ruins of the Temple of Concord, where Cicero impeached Catilina. Looked toward the west from the Palace of the Cæsars into the Circus Maximus. Saw where the Sabine women were raped, and where Romulus adjusted the matter. Saw the Aurelian Tower.

“March 2.—I started for St. Peter's and the Vatican, and engaged a guide for the day, for which I paid 6F.

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On the way we visited the Church of St. Carlos. Went up the Corso to the north gate, then went down to the Ponto St. Peter and crossed the Tiber, and continued to the Vatican. I first visited the museum of the Vatican, which is crowded with statues of the Roman emperors, and kings, and queens, and gods, and philosophers; also many rich paintings by the masters of the world of art. Then I visited St. Peter's, the finest church on earth. The half had not been told me. Some data of interest are the following: Its cost was \$60,000,000; took 176 years in building (the reign of twenty-eight popes), and covers 240,000 square feet. The total length is 696 feet; length of transept, 450 feet; length of nave, 619 feet; width of nave, 88 feet; height of dome and cross, 475 feet; diameter, 141 feet. It has 30 altars, and 148 columns, mostly taken from ancient Rome. The canopy is 95 feet high, made by Bernini, of bronze taken from the Parthenon; 137 popes are buried in St. Peter's. The Vatican is the largest palace in the world, has 20 courts, and 11,000 rooms. The obelisk, which stands in the center of the arena in front of St. Peter's, was brought by Caligula from Egyptian Heliopolis, and set up here in 1586. This Piazza di St. Petro, or arena, in area is 1,110x840 feet, surrounded by Doric colonades, built by Bernini in 1667, and composed of 284 columns and 90 pilasters, each $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. Leaving this magnificent structure, I then closed the day by visiting the tomb of Adrian, which stands on the same side of the Tiber, the Fount of Coracola, which is in the square of the French palace, and the churches of St. Andrew, St. Marcellus, St.

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Basilica di S. Maria in Trastevere, St. Maria, St. Marks, the Church of the Twelve Apostles, and lastly, the Parthenon. I also saw the Queen of Italy and her mother out riding.

“March 3.—The day was cloudy and a little cold. I, with my guide went: (1) To St. Maria de Populo Church; (2) to St. Jerome’s; (3) to St. Peter’s, and went up into the dome, to the very top; also visited the several apartments of the church; (4) to the Monastery of St. Peter, which marks the supposed place of the crucifixion; (5) Santa Maria Introverton; (6) Mamertine Prison, in which Paul and Peter were imprisoned, saw the posts to which they were chained in the dungeon; in this prison Jugurtha was killed, and many others; (7) went into the Capitolene Museum, saw Queen Trophona in her stone coffin, with a chain of gold about her neck, three rings upon her fingers, and rings in her ears; her husband also, in the same manner (just their skeletons); they were exhumed in the place where now stands the Palace of Justice; (8) visited the Church of St. John in the Lateran—very fine; this church was built by Constantine; five ecumenical councils were held here; (9) went into Scala Santa Church, in which I saw the twenty-eight marble steps brought from Jerusalem by Queen Hillen in 326, by which Jesus is said to have entered Pilate’s palace at Jerusalem; (10) went out in a cab, the Appian Way, to the tomb of Seneca—six miles. On the way I visited the Church of St. Sebastian; near by saw the ruins of the Circus of Maxentius, and just beyond on the hill I visited the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, sixty-five feet in diameter. Also visited

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the catacombs of the slaves, etc. The whole way is a graveyard, filled with broken tombs, monuments, and ruins.

“March 4.—The day has been pleasant, although it rained a little this morning. Went to the Parthenon; saw the tombs of Raphael and Victor Emmanuel; then went and visited the Church Santa Maria and Sophia, which stand back of the Parthenon, where once stood the temple of Minerva, after which we visited the Forum of Trajan.

“At 1:12 P. M. we took the train for Naples, where we arrived at 6:32 P. M., and put up at the Grand Hotel after a drive about the city of one hour, hunting a place to stop.

“March 5.—Went, in company with Mr. Folda and daughter, of Nebraska, to Pompeii. The scene is awfully grand. I visited about every department. Saw the villa of Cicero, but it is yet entombed. Returned to Naples in the evening.

“March 6.—The day is beautiful. Went in a private conveyance with Mr. Folda and daughter, to Mt. Vesuvius. Went up to the top of the cone. Brought some fine specimens of lava with me; they were hot when I secured them. Took a lunch at the restaurant, and then returned to Naples. At 10:15 P. M. took the train for Venice, via Rome, Florence, and Bologna. The scenery is grand all the way.

In an article to the *Telescope* he gives an instructive description of what he saw on this visit to Pompeii:

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Pompeii, as I now recall it, is south of Naples a distance of about sixteen miles. It was built by the Greeks, at the mouth of the River Sarnus, and was one of their commercial cities. It stands a little to the east of Herculaneum, and about five miles southwest of the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Pompeii was, at an early day, subjugated by Roman arms, and became a favorite resort for Rome's nobles and emperors. In A. D. 63, it was overthrown by an earthquake, but immediately rebuilt. In A. D. 79 came the historic and most terrific eruption of Vesuvius, which in a single day buried out of sight this devoted city, together with Herculaneum and Stabide. At the time of its destruction it had a population of 25,000, and was noted for its opulence. It remained in its tomb of ashes and pumice for more than seventeen centuries, but now is exhumed.

I visited this city in the spring of 1892, in company with Hon. Mr. Folda and his daughter, of Schuyler, Neb. I shall endeavor to describe it as I saw it. We went from the Hotel Diomede direct to the gate of the city, which looks to the beautiful Bay of Naples. The principal gate of Pompeii is restored. The city was enclosed by a high wall a little less than two miles in circumference. The streets are narrow, varying in width from eight to twenty-four feet, but are straight, and cross at right angles. They are carefully paved with blocks of lava, and these are deeply guttered by the two-wheeled Roman chariots. Stepping-stones, or blocks, stand in the streets at the crossings, very similar to some here in Baltimore at the present time, to accommodate the pedestrian. At almost every turn, and especially at the turnings in the circus, stands the *meta* of the Latin age. As I looked I thought of Horace's "*metaque fervidis evitata rotis*," for, as another said who looked on this exhumed city, "It is now a perfect picture of a Roman city of 1800 years ago." The houses were constructed out of concrete or brick. In a majority of cases only the lower story remains, the other stories having been destroyed when the rain of fire fell upon the city. Many, many of these houses and temples I entered, and saw all there was to be seen. These are a few of the many: The house of Sculptor, of Holconius, of Ariadne, and the house of Wild Boor, in the Street of Abundance; also the temples of Jup-

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iter, Venus, and Mercury. These houses are very similar in many respects to our own houses in their arrangement. In them are the kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor, together with sleeping apartments, and closets. In not a few of these houses the names of the occupants are yet very distinct. The frescoings on the walls are yet perfect and beautiful. These houses usually face an open court, in which often stand fountains and magnificent statuary. Often the floors are of beautiful mosaic of unique designs. One is the scene of Alexander in the battle of Gronicus, oh, so perfect! You can see the prancing steed, the war chariot, and, in imagination, almost hear the clashing steel and thunder of battle. You can enter all the different apartments named in these houses. They were well supplied with water by a system of waterworks quite similar to our own. Lead pipes were used, and in many of the houses and public buildings, water was furnished in every room. These old water pipes yet remain in the houses, and the great lead mains are visible at different places on the streets. The temples were magnificent; the floors paved in mosaic, a small bit of which I picked from the Temple of Venus, which I yet have in my cabinet of relics. These temples were adorned with the richest specimens of Greek and Roman art. I also visited the old Forum, the custom house, the theaters, the Academy of Music, and many other places of interest, all of which were as natural as real life. The city was in the heat of business when the storm of death came. I was struck with the different notices on the shops and places of business. Here is to be seen the sign of the barber-shop, there the soap factory, one of which I entered. The two kettles are of lead, about the size of an ordinary wash-kettle. A large hole is melted in the bottom of one of these kettles, from which I broke off a small piece of lead while the guide's attention was directed elsewhere. Again, you will see, "To Let," over the door of the once business house, but it is yet without a tenant. The old wine-cellars, and more especially the wine-casks, in not a few cases retained the odor at the time of the excavation. I have taken in my own hand loaves of bread that were in the oven baking the day when the city was destroyed. The old oven still stands in good condition, and the loaves were

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well baked. On a large slab at the entrance of the banking house on one of the principal streets, are these words, when translated: "Welcome, lucre." Wandering amid these ruins, and noting the different localities where the many bodies have been exhumed, every one giving evidence that the poor victims were in the act of fleeing for their lives, one cannot but be impressed with the terrible sublimity of that awful hour when the "fire and brimstone" fell upon the doomed city. I remember a few instances which show the unsuspecting condition of the people at the time of the catastrophe, and the state of society. Sixty skeletons were found in the prison, with their feet yet in the stocks. Many skeletons were found in the temple of Jupiter, and also in the other temples, all prostrate at the altar. In one of the saloons the goblets were yet on the counter, and the money untouched, lying on the beautiful marble slab. In the amphitheater a number of skeletons were also found, some in the galleries, while others were in their private boxes. One poor fellow had in his bony fingers his sack of gold near to his treasure-chest. He saved his gold, but lost his life. Another man sat at his table, writing his will. Heaven filed it for record. In Dimond's house seventeen young ladies were found, dressed as if for some banqueting occasion. One had her handkerchief to her eyes, as if weeping. Poor girl! it was surely an untimely death. The old door locks, quite like the one that used to be on my father's door when I was a boy in our mountain home, attracted my attention. Old trunks and chests, like those our forefathers brought with them from Europe to this country, are to be seen in the museum, either of Naples or Pompeii. The work of excavation is still going on. From this city a beautiful view of Vesuvius is to be had; also a fine view of Cicero's villa, outside the city walls, is presented. The villa is yet to be exhumed. When you go to Europe, visit beautiful Italy, and do not miss Rome, Naples, and Pompeii.

He hastened from Italy by way of Venice, where he spent one day visiting St. Mark's Church, and other places of interest. He ranks St. Mark's next to St. Peter's. He also spent a day in Vienna, and was im-

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pressed with its beauty. In Berlin he visited the palace of the Kaiser.

March 12 and 13 were interesting days for him. "We visited Wittenberg. Went into the Church of Martin Luther, which is now undergoing repairs; saw the graves of Luther and Melancthon; also the oak tree under which Luther burned the Pope's bull. Visited the theological seminary in which Luther taught; also the rooms in which he lived, which are to-day as they were in Luther's day. Sat in his seat, looked at his old stove, which stood just as it did when he lived. Was in the room in which he was married, as well as the room in which he taught. Wittenburg has a population of 15,000. Went from Apolda to Erfurt, a city of 65,000 inhabitants, to see the old cathedral, the foundation of which was laid in 1153, in which Luther became a monk in 1505. The cathedral has twelve bells, one of which is the largest bell in the world. Eight shoemakers can work in it at one time, and a man can sit on horseback in it. It weighs 27,500 German weights, or about fourteen tons.

"Returned to Weimer, the city of Schiller and Goethe. Visited the houses in which they lived; also visited their tomb. Took a general stroll through the city, which is a beautiful city of 25,000 inhabitants. Its very air is literary and musical. The statues of Schiller and Goethe are grand, as are also the statues of Herder and Weiland.

"We returned to Apolda at the close of the day to spend the night. Was serenaded by the young people of Apolda, and in return I delivered to them a short address.

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“P. S.—Also saw the tomb of M. Anna Dillon, of Russia, who in her lifetime had taken the diamonds from some clothing, and replaced them with false or inferior ones, and then charged it on the tailor, who was banished to Siberia, and there died. On her death-bed she exonerated the tailor, and confessed her crime; for which she was buried with her head where her feet ought to be.”

The German conference convened in Gollnow, March 20. The reports were good, showing an increase in all respects over the previous year. On March 22 he closed his work in Berlin, hastened to Liverpool, and sailed on the *Teutonic*, March 25. After a stormy voyage, he landed in New York, April 1.

Returning in April, 1891, he resumed his work in the home land. Work in abundance awaited him. Calls for lectures, dedications, and local service, were numerous. He served the Ohio District in 1891, and the Eastern District in 1892. While his eyes were never blind to the needs of any conference, and although he was faithful in reproof and exhortation, he was especially strong in commending the good, and creating an ardent desire to do more and better work for God. In closing his conferences in 1892, he wrote: “All my conferences this fall have been seasons of refreshing to me. The spirit of the Church was never more Christ-like, I think, than at present. In all the conferences there was an increase in membership except in Tennessee, which I reported some time ago. In all of these conferences, with the exception of one or two, more missionary money was reported this year than last. I suggest: 1.

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Better support for the ministry of the Church, and more and better work done by the ministers. 2. Fewer changes in the ministry by the Stationing Committee. 3. More discretion should be exercised in receiving persons into annual conference relation. 4. More careful study of the Bible, both by ministers and laymen."

On November 2, 1892, he sailed from Philadelphia on the S. S. *Ohio*, to make a second episcopal visit to Africa and Germany. On the vessel were six missionaries bound to Egypt, in the employ of the United Presbyterian Board. His journal on this second trip contains many more references to his dear ones at home. There is more manifest pain of separation. This is probably due in part to the fact that the first grandchild was tugging at the tendrils of his heart. His letters home overflow with affection for the little one.

His heart was always beating in sympathy for every suffering creature. When three days out he wrote: "A little robin has followed us all the day—poor little creature, I fear it will perish—but He who regards the sparrow's fall will care for the robin."

The voyage was a tedious one. On November 6, his birthday, he experienced what came to him so seldom—a slight attack of seasickness. The *Ohio* proved to be such a slow vessel that more time was consumed crossing than he had reckoned. He says: "This, I hope, is my last trip over the sea in a slow ship." November 10 he mentions a good prayer-meeting, in which the old sea-captain took part. November 13, Sunday, he preached for the passengers. He was somewhat despondent, and wrote: "I am a little blue, and much desire



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*The beloved companion of the Bishop, to whom he was
united in marriage at Johnstown, Pennsylvania,
November 4, 1869, and who yet survives
him, her home being at Anville,
Pennsylvania.*

closer communion with God." His thought is constantly recurring to his home. "May the good Lord remember my dear wife and family, and oh, my dear little man!"

After one day in Liverpool, he sailed for Africa on the S. S. *Gaboon*. There were about twenty-five cabin passengers, including a number of missionaries. "The company on board is pleasant, except the drinking." When crossing the Bay of Biscay the sea was very rough, and nearly all on board were sick. In this he finds some amusement: "Oh, it is laughable to see the big, burly Englishman seasick. The eyes of the creature are amazing." Closing the day of storm, he says: "I am sad and lonely, and can truly say:

'One of the sweet old chapters,
At the close of a day like this;
The day brought care and trouble,
The evening brings no kiss;
No rest in the arms I long for,
Rest, and refuge, and home;
But weary and heavy laden,
Unto thy Book I come.'

The missionaries on board were seasick, some of them almost constantly. His heart goes out to them: "God pity the poor missionaries, who must cross seas to reach their work." He himself caught a severe cold, and his indisposition induced him to change his plan; he had intended to visit Egypt and Palestine on his return from Africa. He writes: "I would not give one day with my family, as far as pleasure is concerned, for all the East has to offer." At Maderia, while the ship was coaling, he "visited the cave-dwellers, a people very similar to

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the native inhabitants of the island. They are very rude, and regarded as very low in their habits of life. The caves are cut in the lava of the rim of the crater."

Drunken carousals on the ship annoyed him greatly. November 27, he preached for the passengers. On the 29th the sea was calm. He exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful a sunset at sea! Emblem of death and the resurrection! As it went down into the sea I thought of home, and my dear wife and children—oh, yes, I thought of the time when we shall all be on the other side with the dear ones gone before, and I could but say, God hasten the day!"

He landed in Freetown December 2, and in company with Revs. L. O. Burtner and P. O. Bonebrake left for Shenge the same evening, where, on their arrival the next day, he was met by a band, and escorted to the mission-house.

December 4, he preached in Flickinger Chapel, the chief serving as his interpreter. He is pleased with signs of progress. "I think the people have advanced all of fifty per cent. these two years. They are being clothed, and in their right minds." He was impressed with the fact that the collection could be left on the plate in the church all week without danger of its being stolen, even though the church was open all the time. December 25 was a memorable day. "This is Christmas. Got up at 5 A. M., and in a boat went to Manoh, arriving there at 9 A. M. Preached at 11 A. M.; baptized seventeen persons before preaching. Administered the Lord's Supper after preaching, assisted by Rev. Mr. Bickersteth, the pastor. At 2 P. M. went to

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Kooloong, a distance of one and one-half miles, and preached; baptized two persons. Returned to Manoh, and at 10:30 started for Shenge, at which place we landed at about 2 A. M. I was carried over what the natives call the River, between Manoh and Kooloong, on the shoulders of a native. The water was three feet deep part of the way, and from fifteen to twenty rods wide. I anticipated a ducking, but he landed me safely. I saw the stocks in Manoh, in which the feet of convicts are put. I also saw a poor old woman condemned as a witch, who had been a victim of this cruelty. The log was about five feet long, with a hole mortised through it, in or through which the foot is thrust, and then made fast with a pin or wedge. The day was exceedingly warm, and by night I had not a dry thread on me. I traveled about thirty miles, and walked four or five. Oh, when will this country be like my country, this people like my people? God speed the day. I also went to the hut of a poor old sick man in Manoh, and gave him the communion. Make me more like thee, blessed Lord! At Manoh there are acres of pineapples growing wild.

“Jan. 12.—I solemnized the marriage of Mr. Joseph W. Domingo and Miss Lucinda W. Caulker, both of Shenge. They were nephew and niece of the chief. Administered the sacrament to them after the ceremony. The bride was dressed in white satin, had a beautiful veil, a very neat hat, and light-colored gloves. The groom was neatly dressed. She was hauled in a wheel-chair, and he was carried in a hammock.

“Jan. 20.—Held services in the barri at Mocobo, and preached; also administered the communion to the old

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head woman whom I baptized two years ago. She is about one hundred years old. The day was beautiful. Started down the river at 9:15 A. M. Landed at Mofuss and visited the town. The pastor, J. Dixon, was not there. The mission-house has disappeared, but the town is recovering from the effects of the war; 160 acres of excellent land here. We left Mofuss about 1 P. M., and reached Beker about 7 P. M. Went direct to York, where I preached to a congregation of seventy-six persons. Stopped about one hour here, with Brother and Sister Williams, who have charge of the station. We then went back to Beker, where I preached to a large congregation at 9:15 P. M. At both these services the head men were present. The people followed me, and clung to my hands and to my clothing. We left Beker about 10 P. M., and reached the sea at the mouth of the Cockboro at 3 A. M., where we cast anchor until dawn. Beker is ten or twelve miles up the Chocolorh River, which is a branch of the Cockboro River.

On January 24 he had a call from the chief (in Shenge). "He told me how my sermon of two years ago had led him to Christ and to reformation. Also how my sermon on Sabbath had affected him and his people, and how thankful he was to God for salvation."

January 25, he went to Freetown. "On the way we ran into a school of porpoises; they were almost as large as horses, and almost upset our boat."

Having finished his work in Africa, on January 26, he arranged to sail on the *Oil Rivers*, then due, but was compelled to wait day after day, until February 3. This was a sore trial to him, but he gathered lessons of profit.

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On February 2 he witnessed the following scene: "Just on the opposite side of the street is a Moham-
medan engaged in his devotions. He is tall and spare
of body; he bows with his face to the ground; he then
rises and cries, 'Alla! Alla! Oh, Alla.'" He pays no at-
tention to passers-by or lookers-on. I am deeply im-
pressed with his devotion. But here comes one of the
same faith, he sees his brother engaged in his devotions,
he stops at once, and will not pass or move while his
brother is at prayer. The prayer is ended; he goes on
his way and leaves the old worshiper to resume his
duties,—he is a watchman. Does God smile on this, his
child, and is he well pleased with his devotions, or is it
all idolatry and sin? Oh, that Christians here in Africa
lived up to their profession as do the followers of the
Arabian prophet! If it is so that he that giveth even a
cup of cold water to one in the name of a prophet shall
receive a prophet's reward, they will be remembered,
because they have all treated me kindly."

On board the *Oil Rivers* were some of Bishop Taylor's
missionaries from Africa, among whom were Mr. and
Mrs. Naysmith. "They tell a most horrible story about
the conditions of the missions and the manner in which
they were treated. Some of them are almost starving."
Again, under February 8, we have this entry: "I re-
ceived this information from Mr. Naysmith, one of
Bishop Taylor's missionaries from Cape Palmos, West
Africa. At Garowa, on the west coast, was stationed
Rev. Mr. Gartner, his wife, and a Miss Meeker, from
the United States of America. In their destitution,
when their home was visited, Miss Meeker was found

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dead in one room; had been dead four days. In another room was found the sick wife and children, unable to assist themselves, or even give the alarm of death." This report seemed to have much influence on the Bishop's conception of the relation of faith and common sense ever afterward. On February 12 he preached in the saloon of the ship, from I. John 3:2. The day was one of great spiritual enjoyment. February 15, he writes: "The day is beautiful. I think I never saw so grand a sight as the ocean presented this morning about ten o'clock. The sky was clear and the sea as smooth as glass, and it seemed as if one could see the ends of the earth."

The mistake of the ship's engineer as to the amount of coal taken on board, compelled the captain to run to Corunna, Spain, to replenish the exhausted supply. From the *Religious Telescope* of April 12, 1893, we have a description of this event, and of the happy turn he was able to give the calamity, and also of a great meeting in London, in which every United Brethren mission worker is interested:

On the morning of February 10, at 6:30, the *Oil Rivers* landed in the port of Las Palmas, Grand Canary. The day was spent in strolling about the city, and at 4:30 P. M. we sailed out of port, bound for Liverpool, England. The ship was ten days late, and we all expected a hasty trip, as we had now made our last call; but at midnight the third day out from Las Palmas, the captain of the ship was informed that all the coal on board was about consumed. This was consternation to him, for he had been informed by his engineer that there were two hundred and eighty tons in the ship when in port at Freetown, West Africa—a quantity sufficient to carry them to Liverpool. To make all things safe, the captain had taken sixty tons

additional at Las Palmas. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to turn the ship and sail for Corunna, a port on the northwest coast of Spain. On the morning of the 15th we anchored in the port, with but three tons of coal left. Had it not been for the timely discovery of this great blunder, we would have been off the Bay of Biscay without coal, and at the mercy of the storm which was then raging. The mistake of one man cost the ship's company £500, and the entire corps of engineers lost their positions. Indeed, I was called before the Board of Directors of the ship company, when we reached Liverpool, to give an explanation of the blunder as I understood it, and whether, in my opinion, the captain had been negligent. But truly, Captain Clark is a most trustworthy and safe seaman.

It is an evil wind that does not favor any one. This unfortunate blunder of the engineers of the *Oil Rivers* favored me with the privilege of visiting the coast of Spain—a privilege I had long coveted. As I stood upon an eminence which lies to the rear of the city, not far away from the Tower of Hercules, which is an old Roman structure, 360 feet in height, and gazed upon the beautiful landscape stretching away to the foot of the Pyrenees, with vine-clad hills, I could but reflect upon the strange part Spain has played in the history of civilization. I remembered that in the fifteenth century, under the reign of Charles V. and Philip II., she had ruled more than half the world. As I looked down upon the quiet waters of the beautiful little harbor, I knew I was looking upon the waters which, in 1588, had afforded shelter to the most formidable fleet that had ever been put to sea—the Invincible Armada. I knew that the very ground upon which I was standing had been made red by the blood of Englishmen. My own blood stirred in my veins,—being part English too,—for in 1598 the city over which I was looking had been swept from the face of the earth by English troops under Drake and Norris. I lived over again the history of the Inquisition. I thought of the banishment of the Jews from Spain; lastly, as I traced here and there what yet remains of the old Moorish castles, turning away in disgust, I recalled the horrors that had been perpetrated under the name of “holy war” during the eight hundred years of war that was waged to se-

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cure the banishment of the crescent from Spanish soil. As a merited rebuke for her abuse of power, to-day Spain is the basest of kingdoms. Poor Spain! With a climate the most lovely, and with a lofty-minded and liberty-loving people, her star of empire set in black night, and the bitter curse of the Antichrist, whose throne is upon the Tiber, has robbed her of her greatness and glory, and has made her little among the nations.

Corunna has a population of 60,000. The first settlers were Phœnicians, and the name of the city is identified with the ancient Ardobrica. The seaport is mentioned by Mela, and the name of Portus Artavorum was given to the bay on which the city is situated. On the hills which surround the city is where, in 1809, Sir John Moore defeated the French army under Marshal Soult. The French marshal attempted to prevent the embarkment of the English and Sir John, but was repulsed. The English commander was mortally wounded, and died at the close of the battle. He was hastily buried the same night, on a bastion near the sea. It was my good fortune to visit the grave of this brave English officer. Who is it, from any land, who visits the tomb of this great man, having lost his life in the defense of human freedom, that has not a tear to shed over his moldering ashes? The city is clean and well regulated. It has some important manufactories, such as cotton mills, extensive tanneries, and a large government tobacco factory, which gives employment to not less than five thousand women. No less than three hundred ships call annually at the port of Corunna.

We sailed from this port on the evening of February 16, on about as rough a sea as my eyes ever rested upon; but we crossed over the Bay of Biscay and landed safely in the port at Liverpool on the night of February 19. In the evening of the 20th I went to London, where I remained until the 24th. In this, the greatest city of the whole earth, I met Mr. William Jenks, Esq., Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, with whom I had been corresponding some time. A meeting of the Executive Committee of that Board was arranged for. At this meeting a brief account of our mission work in Africa was laid before the committee, and arrangements for a public meeting were entered upon, the

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place and details to be left with the secretary. After reaching Berlin, Germany, I received a letter from Mr. Jenks stating that satisfactory arrangements had been made, and that the public meeting would be held in Dr. MacEwin's Church (Trinity Presbyterian), on the evening of March 14. On the date named the meeting was presided over by Hon. Mr. Thornton, member of the House of Commons. The church was crowded. A number of eminent divines, as well as other distinguished gentlemen, were present, and took part in the meeting. Four natives from Zululand were present, and did most of the singing, which was excellent. I addressed the audience on "Africa, and Mission Work in That Dark Land." The meeting was one of much interest and enthusiasm, and the Board, its secretary, and all present seemed to be endued with a new inspiration for the civilization and spiritual redemption of the African race. As I sat among those sons and daughters of the most noble queen that ever ruled a great nation, I was struck with the similarity that obtains among them and my own people. Said Dr. MacEwin to me, "How striking the similarity between the American and English people. And why not? We are of the same blood, and our difference of government is more in name than in anything else." The doctor, who is a sample of his race, and the truest type of a Christian gentleman, has traveled extensively in America, and is well acquainted with the customs and habits of the people of the United States. This Freedman's Mission Aid Society has assisted our board much, and there are good reasons for believing it will do more in the future. Its board of officers are wise, wide-awake, and energetic men.

Hastening from England he continued to Germany, to visit the churches and conduct the conferences. His journal for February 24 gives impressions of general interest: "The country over which we passed is under a high state of cultivation, but is lined with soldiers from end to end. He who runs may read the 'writing on the wall.' Sure the war-cloud is rising, and Europe cannot long sustain the present war-foot-

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ing. I think the child is born who will break the shackles from the necks of the oppressed. The German mind will not long submit to a ruler who tells his soldiers in a public speech: 'If I command you to shoot your fathers, your brothers, and your sons, all you have to do is to obey me and shoot them down.' All Europe is in a state of unrest. The line of railroad passed over is good, and in Holland and Germany the cars are well heated, but in England they are wretched." At another time he records: "The wages of a soldier in Germany is five cents a day. His food is coffee and black bread, dry, for breakfast, and a moderately good dinner,—no supper. And then he is a slave."

In Germany he had many interesting experiences. "I lectured in Gollnow to a large and interesting congregation. The subject was 'Africa.' This was my second visit to Gollnow, and I met many friends. Some men and women walked ten miles to attend the lecture. Our Church here is in good condition. Wherever I go, especially in the rural districts, I see the woman with the burden on her back, and the man walking with his cane in hand, smoking his pipe. Not unfrequently the woman is hitched up with a dog, to help him haul his master's load. Surprisingly strange, but lamentably true, almost every railroad station in Germany is a beer and whisky saloon. It does not take a prophet to tell 'what the harvest shall be.'" He visited a country village of about 500 population. "The people here are quite peculiar in their habits. As a rule the house and stable are all under one roof. The women are little better than pack-horses. They carry their produce to

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market on their backs—say from seventy-five to one hundred pounds weight to the woman—and a distance of from five to ten miles. The horses are left in the stables, and the women are made to do the drudgery. But we find all have a good degree of intelligence, both men and women.”

March 7 contains this entry: “Posenech is an old city of 10,000 inhabitants. Luther used to preach in it. More than a thousand years ago the region was the abode of a band of robbers, hence its name, Bosenech, now Posenech. It is built in a valley extending up the sides of a hill. Lectured on ‘Africa’ to a crowd. Recently, in making some excavations in the city, a skeleton was exhumed. His arms and equipment showed he had been a king or a prince, and had been buried alive. The skeleton was in a vault, in an upright position, showing the man had been entombed alive up to the top of his head, and then with a plow his head had been split, or the top part cut off by the plowshare, as the team drew the plow over him. They could not determine the date of this act of inhumanity, but prior to the Reformation heretics in Germany were thus executed. It may belong to the heathen age of Germany. An infidel came to the lecture for the purpose of controversy, but on hearing the lecture he remained silent, and at the close came up to me and thanked me, and wished me success on my journey.

“We passed through Jena, the seat of the great university. It was over these hills surrounding the city the ‘Man of Destiny’ once swept with his great army like a thundercloud, and defeated the German forces. Could

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these hills speak, they would tell a wonderful tale of woe. Man is a terror to himself."

The conference was held in the city of Weimar, in which he took great delight. "Weimar is the home of the two great German poets, Goethe and Schiller. I visited their tombs in the cemetery. This is a beautiful place. Here are entombed many who were once great on earth. Do they yet live? Yes, but in happiness or in woe? God only knows. I will imitate their virtues, and shun their vices. The Grand Duke of Sachs Weimar, Carl Alexander, lives here. He has not allowed any factories to be built in the city. It is a city of literature, music, and art, and the most beautiful city I have yet seen in the empire, except Berlin. Its population is 25,000.

"March 10.—The day was cold and stormy. The conference opened at 9 A. M., with all the members present except one. The reports of all the members were good; yet the growth of this German conference is a little slow, owing to the constant drain on all the charges by removal to the United States of America. The members are all prompt in their work, and ready at any time to do the work assigned them. Our mistake here has been we did not set our mark sufficiently high, and require a higher standard of ministerial qualification. Also, we have run too much over the country, and have not concentrated our work sufficiently to make it stronger. Also, our preachers have too many appointments to do effective and permanent work."

His work completed in Germany, he hastened back to London, spoke in the great missionary meeting in Dr.

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MacEwin's church, March 14, and sailed from Liverpool on the *Britannic*, March 15. A part of the voyage was stormy. "The sea had a fearful roll on, and but few of the passengers came to the table for dinner. As usual, I was in my place *at the table*. There were sixty saloon and eight hundred steerage passengers. On my whole journey I have been alone, that is, had no acquaintance. To have some intimate friend would shorten the journey greatly." Before landing in New York, he was called on to preside at a concert given on board the ship for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphanage. On March 24 he landed, about 6 p. m., and in two hours was on his way home in Johnstown, Pa. His journal closes thus: "Many, many thanks to the Giver of all good for his mercy.

“No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him ; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil !
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.”

—Lowell.

“The view of the past which awakens the regrets of old fools, offers to me, on the contrary, the enjoyments of memory, agreeable pictures, precious images, which are worth more than your objects of pleasure ; for they are pleasant, these images, and they are pure, for they call up amiable recollections.”—Buffon.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood !”

CHAPTER XV.

FOURTH QUADRENNIUM, 1893-1897.

THE General Conference of 1893 met in Dayton, Ohio, May 11. The bishops were all present. Bishop Weaver, as the senior bishop, presided at the opening session. The visits of Bishop Kephart to the foreign fields had been so satisfactory to the Board of Bishops that, in their address to the General Conference they recommended, "That you arrange for one of the bishops to visit the foreign fields at least once every other year, and oftener if it be necessary."

Bishop Weaver was made Bishop *emeritus*; Bishops Castle, Kephart, and Hott were reëlected. Dr. George A. Funkhouser was elected bishop, but declined the high honor, and Rev. J. S. Mills, D.D., was chosen.

The question of the location or rotation of the bishops was again discussed. Bishop Kephart gave expression to his feelings as follows:

Mr. Chairman, the question before the conference is rather a delicate one, so far as the superintendent, or bishop, is concerned. I am very sure that so far as relates to his own personal interests, it is more satisfactory to him to be located on a district,—at least it is so with me,—but as it relates to the general good of the Church, I am very well satisfied it is to the advantage of the denomination, if his thought is to be turned in the direction of general interests, that he be so placed as to come in touch with the whole Church. I repeat, if it is your thought that you

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want your superintendents to assist in carrying forward the general interests of the Church, put them in a position where they will come in touch with the whole Church; because if you confine them to districts, the Church knows nothing of them so far as coming in contact with those outside their district is concerned. As to which will be for the better, you are to judge.

Bishop Weaver held the same view of the question. The vote of the conference was in favor of rotation.

For various reasons the Church Erection Society had not been as successful as desired, and there was a difference of opinion as to whether a secretary should be elected. The Board of Bishops recommended that special attention be given to this interest. They declared: "It is the only power that can help our Church into cities of population, where we are needed, and where we can plant missions which will abide,—enlarging influences. This is the twin sister of the Missionary Society. You should have a wise and able financier who, as its General Secretary, should devote his entire time to its interests."

In the general discussion, Bishop Kephart spoke in favor of the measure. In the election, Rev. C. I. B. Brane was chosen Secretary.

Although he was not the senior bishop, because of the declining strength of Bishop Weaver, he was required to bear a share of the responsibility of that office. During this quadrennium Bishop Weaver leaned quite heavily on Bishop Kephart, as the following letter, dated May 28, 1894, will indicate: "Now I am comparatively old, and in a measure worn out, I can do but little more, but my love for the Church is in no way diminished. If

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possible, I want you to take on a little additional responsibility. I know you have stood firmly and squarely by the Church, and your counsel and advice have always been good and wise, but I want you to feel more than ever that the burden in a large measure rests upon you. As long as I have strength I shall be round and about, but in going up steep grades I shall expect you to do most of the pulling; if there is room, you may expect me to be in the wagon."

The quadrennium was indeed a busy one. When not engaged in conferences, he was in almost constant demand for lectures, dedications, camp-meetings, and church visitations, while conducting an extended correspondence throughout the Church in the home and foreign field. In the beginning of this period, his home was in Johnstown, Pa., but he removed to Baltimore to comply with a requirement of the General Conference that one of the bishops should make his home east of the mountains. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," is a proverb of so universal nature as to find a place in Sacred Writ, but Bishop Kephart, in the latter years of his life, was a favorite in the community where he was born and reared. It was to him also a great delight to go annually to Bigler Camp-meeting, where he could meet the friends of his youth, and preach to them the word of life. On such occasions he was wont to seize the opportunity to visit the old homestead and haunts of his boyhood. His familiar letters of reminiscence, written to his brother, and published in the *Religious Telescope*, contain so much of general interest that the reader will prize them. The

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first of these letters of reminiscence was written, probably, in the year 1893.

Dear Brother:—I left Johnstown this morning (July 21), for Clearfield, Pa., where I am to dedicate a church to-morrow. I have just got off the train at Osceola, and am now looking down into the old Moshannon Creek. It don't look as it used to when we were here with old Josie Earls, fishing. You remember, while looking after us boys lest we should be drowned, how he let his fishing-rod fall, and the hook caught him in the upper lip. I can hear the poor veteran of the Revolutionary War say, "Ah, ah, it will never do for me to go with little boys fishing." And then too, I am thinking of old "Sam" Walker, and of old Mr. Huffman, and of old Peter Phillips when he was fishing, and the great speckled trout took his hook and he began to cry, "Here she comes! Here she comes!" when suddenly with a splash, the huge trout fell back into the water. You remember Peter's exclamation: "Oh ——de t'ing!" The forest, you know, has been removed, and one can see all the old haunts that were dear to us when we were boys. I am now looking across at the Knob while I am standing on the hill, all alone, above Osceola. I can see down to the old Round Lick, where many a deer met its fate at the hand of the primitive settlers, where father killed many a fine buck, where Uncle David lived, where "Blue Joe Logan" lived across the way, and old Solomon Hammerslagh, and where "Old Uncle Dan" lived. All these places have undergone some change; yet to me the old surroundings look quite familiar.

I am now looking down on the old homestead, where Grandfather Kephart lived. The old blacksmith shop, and the old house and barn are all gone. Some of the old apple trees yet stand and bear fruit. I shall never forget the day you and I started for Mount Pleasant College. You remember we stopped that morning at grandfather's, and when we were about to start on our way, footing it across the mountain, grandmother gave us her blessing. Oh, what a blessing! Grandfather stood and looked on. It was the last time we saw them.

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I have been looking where the old schoolhouse stood on the hill, where we "barred the teacher out." Platner was his name, you know. Oh, what a day that was for us boys! I think of our teachers who taught in the old house—Jonathan R. Ames, old James Philips, old Mr. Ostler, Mary Walker, etc. I also think of the old slab benches, and the little bench in the chimney corner where the teacher put the bad boys. Oh, no; you never got there—you didn't! I think of the bright-eyed boys and girls who were our playmates; but the great number of them have gone to the grave, where all our teachers have gone. How plucky the little dusky John Green was when the old teacher was flogging Josiah Milwood, and he exclaimed, "I'll knock your brains out." I can see him yet pull off his coat and compel the teacher to put up the rod. All these exciting scenes come up before me, and I live them over again. And, by the way, on Sabbath I met Jane McCullough, and we talked over the time when we barred the teacher out at the old schoolhouse. You know she was a most beautiful girl. She looks like her good old mother. I think I had not seen her for more than forty years.

I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris, you know, is our niece. They live back near where the old path used to be that led from the schoolhouse across the bottom, through the pines, hemlock, and laurel, toward Mr. Hughes. The Crowell boys and girls, and little Jim Robinson used to come that way to school.

After dinner I went up to where Dr. Kline lived, and where the "new" log schoolhouse yet stands, in which we finished our common-school education. Time has made its impressions on the surroundings. The old church yet stands, but both it and the schoolhouse have been converted into dwelling-houses. You remember, father hewed the logs of the schoolhouse. I went on up the lane to where Uncle John Goss used to live. The old house yet stands, but the barn and the out-stables are all gone. The old pear tree from which we used to get the pears is vigorous, and laden with fruit. I thought of the night of old "Josie's" wake, when you threw the cowfoot into the stable where Uncle had confined old "Dunk." Dunk had killed a horse just that day, and was a prisoner. I could almost hear him bel-

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low as he walked up and took a sniff of the cowfoot. What boys we were! And did not uncle make a scatterment among us when he heard the bellowing and came up to the barn? It was about midnight. I really do not know which was the more angry, he or his bovine.

As I stood and looked over the old barn site, I thought of the night when uncle found "Abe Green" in his granary stealing wheat. You remember he just closed the door and locked it until the morning, with the dusky man inside. When morning came he opened the door and lectured his prisoner somewhat roughly, then filled a three-bushel sack with good wheat, placed it on Green's back, and made him carry it to his home, telling him what he would do if he ever again found him stealing out of his granary, and then added, "If your family needs more wheat, come and ask me, and I will give you some more; but I don't want you to be stealing it." Uncle had a great heart, and no man in want was ever turned from his door empty-handed.

The old roads have not been changed here, and the ancient landmarks are as of yore. I passed on over the hill and through the strip of woods up to the old home where we were reared. I always like to be alone when I visit this sacred spot. As I passed up the lane, I stopped and looked at the corner where the road used to turn "down to Pete's." I thought of the time when Pete's boys, Jake and Dan, you and I, together with some of our sisters, and Lizzie Phillips, were all in the old cart, and the oxen ran off, and, turning the corner too sharply, the wheel ran up on the fence, upset the cart, and dumped us all out. Strange that none of us were killed—not even seriously hurt. I went down to the spring and took a drink as we used to do. I stood and looked at the old garden, where mother spent much time in the gardening season. The old house and barn are gone; the apple trees yet stand, but are scarce of fruit. The "big spring" has about disappeared. Some of the old stumps yet remain on which we used to place the target when we had a game of shooting at mark.

I took a stroll on the old farm, went out the lane to where the camp-meeting used to be, and down into the old orchard. The "big sour tree" was broken down by the recent storm. Some apples were on its limbs, and I ate one. It will never

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bear fruit again. Almost all the trees are dead. The "early sweet" and "early sour" were both struck by lightning; their trunks remain only in part. Like father and mother who planted them, they are gone. These old trees, though dead, are sacred to us. The old chimney that marks the old cabin is in heaps. Right here you and I were born. The old gum tree has also fallen down. Here under the old tree, when but a child, I remember seeing mother's step-mother. She died before I was three years old.

I went down to the old spring; it is almost filled up, and the water is of a dark color. When a child, and mother was washing under the old gum tree, I fell into the spring, and would have drowned had not you yelled, "Zeek's in the spring!" and mother ran over and saved me. As I looked over where the old barn stood, I thought of that most furious flogging the old gander gave you once. In memory I could hear his shouts of victory and your cries for help. Everything came back to me—the old cabin, the old porch, with the mark on it of the length of the panther which father took in the bear-pen; John Philips and his dog, "Rapp"; the old bumblebee's nest, and even the ground squirrels' holes, etc. They have cleared out the meadow swamp, and are draining it, and putting things in shape once more. The stump of the big pine tree, off of which father shot the bear, yet remains; but scarcely a trace of father's old deer-lick is to be found. Yes, all things have changed. The deer are no more seen on the hills; the panther no more appears on the mountains; and the growl of the bear and the scream of the wildcat are no more heard. The old men and women who preceded us are about all gone, and I felt myself a stranger in the midst of our once familiar haunts. As I sat and meditated amid the old familiar ruins, I could half wish that the former days, with all their hallowed associations, might return once more. But then, on a higher plane, and in a brighter world, we may meet them again. I brushed the tear from my moistened cheek and crossed the field—"the big clover field," in which father shot his last wild turkey—on down to the old bottom road, and into Osceola, where I took the train for Clearfield, at which place I arrived about 5 P. M.

On Sabbath we had an excellent dedication. The chapel

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cost from \$1,200 to \$1,500. I had a good time with John M. Chase. We talked over all our rafting experiences. He is very anxious to see you. Elder Stahl was with me at the dedication. He is a wide-awake presiding elder. Brother Davidson is the pastor at Clearfield. He is untiring in his efforts, and very successful.

E. B. KEPHART.

“Give me thy heart, O Christ! thy love untold
That I like thee may pity, like thee may preach.
For round me spreads on every side a waste
Drearer than that which moved thy soul to sadness;
No ray hath pierced this immemorial gloom;
And scarce these darkened toiling myriads taste
Even a few drops of fleeting earthly gladness,
As they move on, slow, silent, to the tomb.”

—Dr. Murray Mitchell.

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
As Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids.”

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

“Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng.”

—John G. Whittier.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIFTH QUADRENNIUM, 1897-1901.

THE General Conference of 1897 met in Toledo, Iowa. Bishop Weaver presided at the opening session, and Bishop Kephart led in prayer. One paragraph of that prayer sets forth distinctly one great principle of his life. He always deplored the use of the baser political methods denoted as "wire-pulling," or "slate-making" in church affairs, and sought constantly to cooperate with God, that he might perform the Lord's will in the Lord's own way. These things seemed to be upon his heart when he so fervently prayed:

"Thou righteous Father, we come, and we trust we come in thy name, not with any plans, or anything put up of our own making which is not of thee; but we would beseech thee, righteous God, that if any of us have thus come, thou wouldst break our plans in pieces over our own heads, and teach us, Heavenly Father, that we must come with a desire for divine guidance, and we must come in thine own way."

In his petitions he never forgot the heathen world. Another paragraph from this prayer will illustrate his devotion to this interest:

"Let thy blessing, we ask thee, be upon that portion of our sorrow-smitten race who have never heard that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. We

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know not why it is that thou hast favored us and our land above many other tribes of men, because they are all alike of thee. They are thine as we are thine. They have had no choice where they should be born. They had little or nothing to do with shaping their environment; and yet, gracious Father, in all the ages they have been in the night of paganism; and we pray thee this afternoon, blessed Father, that in the deliberations of this body we may so legislate and so direct that we may bear our part in carrying the word of life and light to those who are in a destitute condition. Gracious Father, we ask thee that thou wouldst come to them in thine own way, whether it pleases us, or whether it does not. Save them! They are thy children. O God, exercise thy fatherly care over the workmanship of thy hands, and grant that the Spirit that has already shed so much light upon this dark world of ours may continue to throw its light across the world until all the nations of this earth have been lighted up and gathered into the fold of Christ."

One of the prominent questions before the conference was the continuance and management of the *United Brethren Review*. Some financial loss was incurred, and there was a difference of opinion as to whether it should be continued, and if continued, who should have charge. Bishop Kephart championed the cause of the *Review*, as he did every measure which he believed would raise the standard of intelligence and piety of the Church. The Publishing House had discontinued this publication because of insufficient support. Afterward an organization of ministers was formed, known as "The

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Review Publishing Association," for the purpose of continuing the magazine. Bishop Kephart was an active member of this association, and gave it much of his thought, editing one of its departments. In the discussion of the question at the General Conference, in '97, he opposed the placing of the management in the hands of the Seminary faculty, the editors of the *Telescope*, or any other body having a specific work assigned by the General Conference, and advocated the election of an editor, whose time and talent should be devoted to this work, and also that it should be issued by the Publishing House, even though a financial loss should be incurred for a time. His reasons for this position were based on what he believed to be the duty of the Church to feed the sheep, and his unfaltering confidence in the membership of the Church, believing that, if the cause be presented to the people on its merits, it would receive such hearty support as soon to be raised to a paying basis. After discussion, however, the *Review* was left in the care and management of the Review Association, as during the preceding four years.

It was a long-cherished desire of Bishop Kephart that his Church should have a mission in Jerusalem. At the Toledo General Conference the report on missions commended the matter to the Board of Missions for consideration. He regarded the place peculiarly opportune to reach the Hebrew people with the gospel of the Man of Galilee. His interpretation of scripture and of history confirmed him in the belief that the gathering of the Jews in the Holy Land reveals the hand and purpose of God, and that the saving of the

world depends upon the gathering of the Israelites indeed.

In order to promulgate this cherished hope, he published an article in the *Telescope* on "Volunteer Missions in Jerusalem," in which he presented his reasons, and urged the Church to enter this open door, and so respond to what seemed to him a manifest call of God. In a later issue on the same subject, he writes:

Since my article on "Volunteer Missions in Jerusalem" appeared in the *Religious Telescope*, I have received many private letters from different parts of the Church. These have all been encouraging, expressing deep sympathy with the movement, and pledging financial aid to assist in establishing and maintaining such a mission. While it would be a most desirable thing if some of the men and women of wealth of the Church would come forward and make large contributions to this enterprise, that it might at once be set on foot, yet we are not ignorant of the fact that we must look to the "common people" as its chief supporters, who, through their moderate contributions, have always been the financial bulwark of the Church.

If once we have sufficient funds to open up the mission, I am quite sure there will be no trouble in finding a suitable secretary to put in the field, and the Board of Missions will not hesitate to take hold of the work.

As I think and pray over the subject, it comes to me like an inspiration that there is no other spot on earth so important as a mission-field. Surely "the time of the Gentiles is well-nigh fulfilled," and "Jerusalem has been sufficiently trodden down by them, and the time" of his coming "who shall rule in righteousness" is drawing nigh.

As I see Jesus, "the son of a Jewish peasant girl," walk out of his shop in the mean town of Nazareth, and proclaim, "I am the light of the world," and "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself," at the opening of the first century, and now, in the closing of the nineteenth, seated as King upon the throne of every civilized nation on the earth, I am compelled to look upon him

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as the miracle of the ages, and exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" This same Jesus, "the Living One," said, "I will come again." His people expect him. "Shall my Zion slumber?" And when his pierced feet shall again press the ground of the Holy City, shall we not have a church-house there, unto which we can invite our blessed Lord, or will we hold on to and perish with our gold, and be content to let others take our places, while we in act say, "Our Lord delayeth his coming?" No; a thousand times, no. Let us build him a house in the sacred city, and have there a people preparing for the coming of our Lord. Who will take upon himself the obligation? Who will join this band?

At the General Conference all the bishops were reëlected on the first ballot. It was decided to station the bishops, and Bishop Kephart was assigned to the Eastern District. At the close of his conferences, in 1897, he writes:

"Almost seventeen years are behind me since I held my first annual conference; but at no time in these years has the tide of Christian vigor and the real Christ life reached so high a mark as it has now at my fall conferences which have just closed. All my conferences this fall have been seasons of joy for me. An unbroken stream of kindness has come to me, both in the conference sessions, and in the good homes where hospitality was so lavishly bestowed upon me. I have but two suggestions: First, to the brethren who have been a little slow, and a little behind in some things. Under the blessings of God, stretch up and quicken your steps a little. Second, to the presiding elders. Look carefully after the men under your care who need your assistance. Kindly help them to succeed. And may the God of peace keep you and all the

brethren in the ministry and laity of the Church unto eternal life.”

He never lost an opportunity to meet and converse with intelligent Jews, especially their teachers. When living in Baltimore, a Jewish rabbi was one of his intimate friends.

He never tired of studying the Jew in history. This subject never failed to evoke his wonder, love, and praise. To visit the Holy Land had also been one of his life dreams, and this was realized in this quadrennium. It fell to his lot to visit the African and German missions. On November 14, 1899, in company with Rev. J. R. King and wife, Rev. E. E. Todd and wife, and Rev. Ira Albert and wife, he sailed from New York for Liverpool on board the *Oceanic*. As the great ship drew out of the harbor for her long run his journal says: “The thought of home and friends left behind rush upon the mind and fill the heart with sadness and soften the eyes with tears, but a sense of duty and a consciousness of the ultimate victory of the world for Christ, and the desire to save the perishing make heart strong and conquer self.” There comes the inspiration of the poet :

“Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love thee well.
Friends, connections, happy country,
Glad, I bid you all farewell.”

November 19 was the Sabbath. “I attended service this A. M. It was the Episcopal service, conducted by the purser of the ship. The service was very impressive and quite well attended. Many preachers might learn

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how to conduct a service from this plain man. He had no ministerial "whine," but talked and read and prayed like a man. Oh, how I love the house of the Lord!"

On November 25, in company with seven missionaries, the six previously named and a Rev. Mr. Morrison, in the employ of the Radicals, he sailed on the *Biafra*, from Liverpool to Freetown. November 26 was Sunday. He preached in the evening from Luke 8:18 and Heb. 2:5. "I am sure the good Lord was with me in preaching for a good impression was made upon the hearers. The captain and the ship doctor were present and gave great attention and were deeply impressed." December 31, he preached again in the saloon of the ship from Job 22:21. "There is much sin on board the ship—drunkenness, smoking, etc. God pity the ungodly coming from a Christian land as they about all do."

"Dec. 6.—A concert was given in honor of myself and the missionaries last evening."

He landed in Freetown, December 8; on the 12th he writes: "I have been over the city and find these people have made wonderful progress. Nine years ago nudity among the people was not a rare thing, but I have not seen a nude man or woman in Freetown on this trip. The people are exceedingly active and show much energy in their work. I had the pleasure of meeting to-day a Mrs. Wilson, who is the daughter of Doctor Livingstone."

"Dec. 14.—We left Freetown for Rotifunk at 7:10 A. M. We went by railroad to the Ribbie River, distant from Freetown forty miles, and seventeen from Rotifunk. The seventeen miles I was carried in a hammock,

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which was my first experience in hammock riding. It is an awful way of getting about. A Mrs. Taylor, wife of an army sergeant came with us part of the way. She is going up on the frontier to her husband, a distance of at least 250 miles from where she left the railroad. The only company she had was two corporals and her carriers. All are natives, and she is at their mercy. God pity her, and protect her."

In May, 1898, there was an uprising of the natives in rebellion against British rule. Our missionaries and mission property were under the protection of the British, hence came under ban, as the natives could not discriminate. The story of the massacre of five of our devoted band at Rotifunk is a part of Church history. Bishop Kephart was first of the bishops to visit the stricken land after the massacre. As he approached Rotifunk by a railroad constructed since his former visit, and by hammock, we can but imagine the emotion which stirred his heart. In a letter written from Rotifunk, December 19, 1899, he describes his journey and tells some things he has learned of the martyred saints:

ROTIFUNK, WEST AFRICA, Dec. 19, 1899.

We left Freetown for Rotifunk on the 15th inst., by railroad; that is, Brothers J. R. and E. A. King, Albert, Todd, and myself, arriving in the latter named place on the morning of the 14th. About forty miles of the way we came by rail, and the remaining twenty-three miles in the hammock and on foot. This railroad is a great thing for this country, notwithstanding it is a "narrow guage"—two feet six inches. It passes through a beautiful country, and will be finished to Rotifunk complete by July or August. The grading is now almost finished to within a mile of this place. The road is to be extended on to Moyamba, a distance of

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twenty miles from Rotifunk, and from there on down the coast, via Manoh, south and east. The country through which it is to pass is very rich in palm-nut, rubber and natural resources, and is capable of almost endless development. This whole section, from Freetown to Moyamba, is a volcanic region. I passed over the section from Rotifunk to Moyamba in a hammock, and almost all the rock in the section is pure lava. In at least one instance, for more than a mile it is a solid sheet of lava which once, in the remote past, was ejected from the crater of a now extinct volcano, the cone of which stood to our right as we passed, the top of which seems almost to pierce the heavens. In some primitive period of the world's history, here the hissing fires in maddening fury rushed down these mountain-sides, carrying death and ruin in onward rush to the plain below. But these ashes and decayed scoria now serve as the great fertilizers of this rich region, and produce a growth of vegetation that is indescribable, and can be appreciated only by those who look upon it in its gorgeous beauty. I was enabled to make a slight examination of its geological strata by the means of a well being dug near the government barracks at Moyamba, and the assistance rendered by Captain Clark, who is in command of the West Africa forces at this point. I found the strata develops this strange fact, that prior to the volcanic eruption in this region, a strata of lime rock spread over this section, and was then surface rock, but the molten lava burned the lime, and in the long series of years which have elapsed the lime has slaked, and now it is being used by the natives in constructing their houses, and for whitewashing them.

Owing to the jealousy and warlike disposition of the tribes, the mineral products have not been developed. Just south of Moyamba there is silver and some gold. Three Americans were engaged in prospecting in this region, and made the discoveries named when the late war came on. One of the party, the old man, was killed, and the other two made their escape. This information I received from Captain Clark.

I have, as closely as possible, investigated the circumstances of the death of our missionaries at this place. By actual measurement, as to the locality, the following are the facts:

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Rumors of the war reached the mission not earlier than Sunday, May 1, 1898. That night all the missionaries, with the school children, slept in the woods west of the line of the mission property. On Monday morning, May 2, Brother Cain sent all the mission boys, twenty-one in number, to Freetown by the country road, and put the girls in care of Sarah Raner, to conceal them in hiding in the woods. On Monday night, May 2, the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Cain, the Misses Drs. Archer and Hatfield and Miss Schenck, also Thomas Hallowell, Jonathan Weaver, and a boy, again slept in the woods. Early in the morning of May 3 all started from their place of hiding for Freetown overland south, having utterly failed to get boatmen to carry them via the river and sea. They reached a point on the main road 1,275 yards from the mission house in the direction of Freetown, when they were captured by the infuriated mob of warriors, taken back to the mission grounds, and killed. Brother Cain and Dr. Archer were killed 1,150 yards from the place of capture in the road, right in front of the girls' home, and 125 yards from the mission house proper. Brother Cain was killed first. He was shot by one Bah Young. Miss Schenck was killed in the barrack, 1,025 yards from the place of capture. Miss Hatfield, and probably Mrs. Cain, were killed in front of the mission house. They were all killed within half an hour of the time Brother Cain fell, probably within ten minutes. There is not the slightest evidence that any one of them was tortured, or in any sense outraged, but killed outright. Mrs. Cain was killed by the son of the man who shot Brother Cain. His name was Murgbah. The following are the names of the men who were hanged at Kwellu for the murder of our five missionaries in Rotifunk: Parpamonge, Suri Mango, Lompabargo, Bah Young, Murgbah. The last two named killed Brother and Sister Cain, as per evidence developed in the court at Kwellu. As for Brother and Sister McGrew, it is quite probable they both were beheaded and died about the same time, through the treachery of the chief who held them prisoners, for which he was most justly hanged. These are the men who killed Brother McGrew: Pahoe and Conowah. Sister McGrew was killed by Pharseneh and Sonta Murweh, all of whom were hanged except the last named, who escaped arrest.

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As I sat in my hammock and saw the possibilities of this land of night and sin, as compared with what it now is; as I passed from village to village and saw royalty in its sin and shame, as manifested in chief and subject, I could not refrain from singing aloud:

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

As I mused, I began to contrast the lowest types of Christianity with the best forms of paganism. I thought of Christianity as it obtains under the papacy; and as I reflected upon the many criticisms I had made, the tears started to course their way down my cheeks, and I promised God that in the future, even if other types of Christianity were not up to my own ideal, I would withhold my fault-finding, and strive to unite the good in all forms of Christ’s church for the salvation of the whole family of mankind. Oh, any, any form of religion that has Jesus in it is infinitely better than the best forms of paganism that have ever glittered in the light of day! I am well, and the missionaries are well.

E. B. KEPHART.

P. S.—We have just had a conference with the chief, Yambassolu, and his counselors, who agree to furnish men to make bricks and help build the church at Rotifunk. They will commence brick-making at once. The church will be of brick, and a fine one. The chief is greatly in earnest to push the work.

E. B. K.

Two more letters, dated January 8 and January 11, 1900, complete his account of this visit to Africa, and voyage to Europe.

FREETOWN, WEST AFRICA, January 8, 1900.

I have just completed my visitations of the different mission stations, and found them in a much better condition than I had anticipated; that is, the conditions for commencing mission work are more favorable than I had expected. Since the close of the war the country seems to be taking on new life, and the people are more favorably impressed with the importance of civilized life, and the blessings of

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civilization. As a result, they are multiplying their farms, greatly enlarging them, and adopting new methods of work. I shall give but one fact as an illustration. Seven and nine years ago, as I passed up and down the Bompeh River, the same route leading to Rotifunk, there were only a few small patches of rice planted in the valley, but at the present time there are large fields of the finest rice I ever saw growing in any country. I would say there are now hundreds of acres of rice in that district, where seven years ago there was comparatively little. Then, too, the art of cultivation is much improved, and the conditions of civilization are taking root among the people. Throughout the war district most of the towns and villages were destroyed during the war, and the people scattered, but now they are returning to their old homes and rebuilding their towns. In doing this they as a rule are erecting better buildings, and more in accord with civilized customs and habits. Rotifunk, Bompeh, and Palli, on the Bompeh River, are also rebuilt. The little stone church at Bompeh was not destroyed. As we passed down the river I preached at Palli in the afternoon, and at the request of the chief, Caraba Caulker, I preached in the little stone church in Bompeh that night. The chief is very anxious to have all the mission stations in his district opened. At this place I, together with Brother Todd, got into a nest of drivers (a kind of ant), and they made it exceedingly lively for us. The attack was so fierce and so prolonged that I had to have the brethren sing an extra hymn while I arranged my toilet for preaching. The old story that drivers are poisonous is a humbug, for Brothers Todd, Albert, and I can speak from experience on this subject.

The town of Shenge is being rebuilt by the chief, wife of Neal Caulker, who was killed in the war. This town never looked so well as it does now. Is it because a woman, a Christian woman, is now the chief? The walls of the training-school are intact, and this building, as well as the Flickinger Chapel, will soon be in process of repair. Under the judicious management of Brother King this work will, I think, in the near future be done. It is a sad sight to look on the ruins wrought by war. The new small mission-house at Shenge is now ready for occupancy, and, I pre-

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sume right after the conference, which convenes this week, Brother and Sister Albert will occupy it. Brothers and Sisters Todd and King will occupy the new mission-house at Rotifunk, which is now ready for occupation.

Avery is a sad sight. Every building at this station was destroyed. The walls of the old mission-house are standing, and in good condition, except a portion of one of the end walls has fallen; but this could be relaid, as all, or about all, of the bricks are there. The walls are of stone and brick, the brick having been brought from England forty years ago, I presume. This building should be refitted and the station opened. The saw-mill is completely destroyed. The other stations in the Bargru district were annihilated also, but a number of them have been already opened, and the work is moving forward along right lines.

I spent some six or seven nights in a little boat in these awful mangrove swamps on these rivers of Africa; but, God be praised, I have not been sick an hour since I left my native land. . . . The war spirit is quieted, and from all appearances everything is safe. But one thing is a little suggestive—namely, the natives all over this country seem to be informed as to the progress of the war in South Africa, and are much interested in it. Hence I have advised our missionaries to take no chances, but to be vigilant, and keep in touch with the government. The new railroad will be a wonderful factor here in mission work, and along this line we should let no opportunity go unimproved. The grading is now going on in the mission grounds at Rotifunk, and the trains will be run in the near future.

He landed at Genoa, January 27, in the evening, and took the train for Rome, where he arrived the next morning. He visited St. Peter's, the Colosseum, palaces of the Cæsars, and other places described in his journal on a previous visit. From Naples he sailed to Cairo. February 1, he stopped at Messina, Sicily: "Visited the city, the cathedral, and an old convent in which one hundred and twenty young women

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were put, all of whom are now dead except three, one of whom is now ninety years old. They have never seen the light of day since they were put in. I saw the place where they were put in and through which they receive their food. Oh, Jesus, what outrages are perpetrated in thy pure name and palmed off as religion! The blood of the prophets and the saints truly are found in the Roman Catholic Church. How long, O Lord! how long will this Babylon, will this man of sin, continue to wither and curse the world? We sailed at 1:00 P. M. Saw the peaks of Mt. Etna. The southern coast of Italy is beautiful and picturesque in the extreme."

"Feb. 4.—We landed in Alexandria at 8 A. M. and I took the train for Cairo at 9 A. M. and arrived in Cairo at 12:30. The country between the two places named is as level as a floor and no limit scarcely to its productiveness. It comes up, in every respect, to all that history, sacred and profane, has said of its fertility. I visited the American Mission in the afternoon and preached for them in the evening at six o'clock. Text, Luke 8:18; Heb. 2:3. Had quite a chill of ague. Took a good dose of quinine and slept well. It is Africa cropping out. This is the Sabbath of the Lord.

"Feb. 5.—Got up at 7:30 A. M. Took breakfast at 8 A. M. and then in a cab went out to the pyramids. There are really six of them, three quite in ruins. Visited the Sphinx, also the Temple of the Sphinx. This temple is built of granite brought from Assuan. The Sphinx is cut from the native lime rock and is slowly wearing away. The pyramids disappoint in two ways: 1. At a distance they do not appear so grand as you

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had anticipated. 2. When you approach them they are anything you had conceived of them. I also visited the tombs adjacent to the pyramids but they are slowly being filled up with sand. In the afternoon I visited the capitol with the different mosques; also visited the tombs of the Mamelukes; saw the place where they were entrapped and killed. It was between the inner and the outer gate. Also saw the place where the only one escaped by his horse leaping over the wall into the street, more than twenty feet below. The horse was killed but the rider escaped. The tombs are grand in the extreme. The great Mosque of Omar is built of alabaster. I am exceedingly tired but feel much better than I did on last night.

“Feb. 6.—Visited old Cairo, and crossed the Nile in a small sailboat and visited the Museum at Ghizeh and returned to the Hotel Bristol, my hotel, for lunch. In the afternoon visited Heliopolis. Stood on the sight of the old temple in the city of On, saw the obelisk Joseph saw, was under the sycamore tree which tradition says Mary and Joseph sat under and rested with the infant Jesus. I also saw the sacred fount in which Jesus was bathed. It is over 300 feet deep. It was dug in the days of the Pharaohs. A cow was drawing water with the old sweet wheel when I was there. Took the train at 8 p. m. for Luxor. The day was one of great interest to me. There is not a vestige of the city of On remaining except the obelisk and the old well and heaps of rubbish.”

After visiting Luxor and Karnak, where he took delight in the ruins of the ancient temples and cities, he

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hastened back to Cairo, thence to Port Said, and, February 8, he sailed for Joppa where we shall resume the journal and accompany him through the land of our Lord which he most desired to visit. What gratitude and joy he must have felt as he looked upon the places made sacred by hallowed association.

"Feb. 9.—Arrived in Joppa at 10 A. M. Took a donkey and guide and visited the house and tomb of Dorcas or Tabitha. You descend about half a dozen steps into the tomb. I also visited the house of Simon, the tanner. Was all through the house and was up on the roof of the house. The old millstones are deeply furrowed by the ropes with which they have been drawing water for ages. Everything about the place fills all the conditions of the New Testament description of the historical fact. I then took the train for Jerusalem and arrived in the old sacred city at 4:50 P. M. and was met by William Barakat and taken to the Grand Hotel. I passed over the Sharon Valley, saw the Valley of Esdraclon, of Gaza, of Ekron, and saw Samson's Rock and the cave where the Philistines attempted to take him; also passed by Arimathea and Lydia. Also the Valley of Ajalon.

"Feb. 10.—Took breakfast at 8 A. M., and at 9 A. M. started with Mr. Barakat and little son to visit the notable places of the sacred city. Jerusalem has a population of not less than 70,000. I visited in the following order: 1. The Holy Sepulchre. 2. Temple of St. John, a new church by the Emperor of Germany. 3. The old Damascus Gate. 4. The Armenian Monastery on the site of Herod's palace. 5. The house of

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Caiaphas. 6. David's Tomb. 7. The Robinson Arch. 8. Jews' Wailing Place. 9. Down across the brook Kedron by the tombs of Jehoshaphat and St. James and Zachariah, who perished between the porch and the altar. 10. The Garden of Gethsemane. 11. The Rock of St. Stephen and all around the wall of the city and back to the hotel.

“Feb. 11.—This is the Lord's day and I concluded I would go to the place where the Word became flesh and first manifested itself upon the earth, Bethlehem. We left the hotel in Jerusalem about 9 A. M. and went by carriage direct to the place of the nativity. Bethlehem lies south of Jerusalem about six miles and has a population of about 13,000. I went into the great church which stands over the manger in which the Christ was laid when a babe. In this church is represented the Armenian, the Greek, and the Roman Catholic churches; the Armenian on the right, the Greek the center, and the Catholic on the left, as you go in. The Greek Church controls the manger, but the Catholic may enter to the manger. A great strife has obtained between the Greek, Armenian, and Catholic about who should have control, and it was with a great sum paid to the Turk that this privilege was secured. About two miles distant stands the Tomb of Rachel, and across the valley on a hill stands Zelah, where Saul and Jonathan were buried, that is, to the right as you go down to Bethlehem from Jerusalem. To the southeast of Bethlehem stands the high peak on which Herod the Great built his summer palace, and on this peak he was buried. It is now called the Frank Mountain. To get to the

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manger in which the babe Jesus lay, you have to descend about three steps. I think it is the place where our blessed Lord was once laid.

“Feb. 12.—Went down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Was splashed by the waters of the sea, for a great storm was on at that time. Brought some stones away with me. Bathed my hands and face in the Jordan. Cut a cane and a reed on the banks of the Jordan. Passed through Bethany. Saw the tomb of Lazarus, and saw where Jesus stood and wept over the devoted city. Visited Elisha’s Fountain and old Jericho. Stopped for the night at the Gilgal Hotel. Saw all the remains of Gilgal and old Jericho; also saw Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Gilead. The whole scenery is wonderfully impressive.

“Feb. 13.—Left Jericho for Jerusalem at 8 A. M. Climbed to the top of the ruins of the palace of Herod the Great. Saw the pool in which Herod was drowned by his brother-in-law. Saw monastery built over Elisha’s Cave, where the ravens fed him in the Valley of Charity. In the afternoon visited Pilate’s house or hall in which Jesus was condemned; also visited the Armenian Catholic Monastery and the Pool of Bethesda that was troubled by the angel. I saw the water; it is now twenty feet below the present buildings, which are built on great stone arches and columns.

“Feb. 14.—Visited the Mosque of Omar and Mosque El Aksa. Dimensions of Mosque of Omar: Eight sides, 68 x 48 feet; dome, 68 x 96 feet; windows, 56. Directly under the dome is the great native Sacrificial Rock on which the Jews offer up sacrifices. It undoubtedly was

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their great altar for sacrifice in the Temple of Solomon. All this in the Mosque of Omar. To the Mohammedan, heaven is underneath the El Aksa, and after death each good man is to have eighty wives. This is inscribed on the wall of El Aksa. There is no room for doubt but that these two mosques occupy the site of Solomon's Temple. The excavations demonstrate this fact. The many pieces of sculpture and columns found in the excavations have brought much to light respecting this whole subject. Many carvings and columns in the mosques are from the Temple of Solomon. On the entrance of the Mosque El Aksa is this inscription: 'Peace be to yours when you come to live in Paradise.' This afternoon I visited the quarries of King Solomon. They extend directly under the city on Mt. Moriah. The Holy Sepulchre and Calvary are directly over the great quarry. I was all through it. They cut the rock with a wheel and many rocks quarried remain unused. I then went to the Mount of Olives, to the spot marked in all history as the place where Jesus ascended to heaven. I know of no place on earth more suitable for an event of that kind. You can see the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Mountains of Moab, Mt. Pisgah, Jericho, Jerusalem, all the Mountains of Judæa. It is perfectly wonderful. I also visited the American missionaries who have been here eighteen years waiting for the coming of our Lord. God help them!

"Feb. 15.—In the morning I packed up my trappings and made preparation to start for Nazareth and Galilee. Took lunch at 11:30 A. M. and left Jerusalem at 2:30 P. M. on horseback. Went down over the Kedron and

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turned to the north over Mount Scopus.* The first ruins we passed were Shafa, at the judgment place in Jewish times. 2. Ancient Moab, the city of the priest of Benjamin. 3. Gibeah of Saul. 4. Mispah and Gibeon to the left of the road. 5. The Ramah of Benjamin to the right. 6. The Mount of Ephraim and the ruins of the ancient city of Ephraim. On this mount Deborah used to come and judge Israel. 7. Ramallah—and here we tarry for the night in the Latin monastery. Mr. William Barakat is my dragoman. I visited the Quaker Mission in Ramallah. It is an American Mission. Rev. Mr. Roundtree is superintendent of the mission.

“Feb. 16.—I left Ramallah at 7:30 A. M. The first ruin we passed was ancient Beeroth. Here Mary and Joseph missed Jesus on their return from Jerusalem, when he was twelve years old. It was the north boundary of Benjamin. 2. Bethel—all that remains are ruins. Here Abraham built his altar, and here also Jacob saw the ladder let down from heaven. It is a grand and awful place. I took a snap-shot of the place. 3. Ophrah, the city of the judges. Here Gideon played his part in Israel. 4. Bael-Hazor. 5. Shiloh; here the first temple was built to God; here Joshua divided the country to the twelve tribes. We took lunch here and I then went up on the top of all that remains of Shiloh—except heaps of ruins. I also went down into a lower chamber. Four columns yet stand and support great arches. 6. The ruins of Lebonah. Here the daughters of Israel came down in the plain to dance, and the sons of Ephraim caught them and carried them away for wives. 7. Michna. 8. Jacob’s Well, Tomb of Joseph, and

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Salem, the city of Abraham. I went down to the well and had an excellent view of it and could see the water. The attendant let down a small pole and drew up some water. I took a good drink and had a bottle filled with the water and am taking it home. I then went on to Shechem and tarried for the night. The mountains by the way are honeycombed with Jewish tombs. We had an excellent view of Mt. Gerizim and Mt. Ebal. Shechem has a population of 30,000.

“Feb. 17.—I left Shechem at 7:45 A. M. and arrived in Samaria about ten o'clock. The city is beautifully situated on a hill. Here Herod had a magnificent palace; many of the columns are to be seen, some are broken, all are thrown down. Only about two hundred people are left. We then passed on through a drenching rain to Dothan; here we took our lunch in a mill. At Dothan Joseph's brethren sold him into Egypt. I saw the pit or well into which it is said he was put. Every condition mentioned in the Bible is fulfilled in this magnificent valley. Here Elisha closed the eyes of the people so that they might not go to fight against the king of Samaria. We passed on over the hill and down the valley of Baalam. Here in this valley I counted four old wells. It was once a wonderful valley. From Dothan almost to Engannim, where we tarry for the night, are some of the finest olive-groves in the world. This is now a Mohammedan town of about 2,000 population. This city was the boundary between Zebulun and Naphtali.

“Feb. 18.—Left Engannim at 7:00 A. M. and passed through: 1. Megiddo; 2. Jezreel, city of Jezebel; 3.

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Shunem, the city of the Shunammites; 4. Nain; 5. Bashan; 6. Mt. Gilboa, the village of Mezer; 7. Little Hermon; 8. Mt. Tabor; 9. Nazareth, all of which are in the valley of Jezreel.

“Feb. 19.—Left Nazareth, the city in which Jesus lived, at 7:30 A. M., and visited: 1. Jaffa of Nazareth; 2. Magdala, the birthplace of James and Andrew; 3. Mt. Carmel and the Hill of Sacrifice; 4. The River Gishon; 5. Haifa, a sea coast town of the Hebrews; 6. Acra.

“Feb. 20.—Landed in Beyrout at 7:30 A. M. and was conveyed to shore by the proprietor of the Hotel de Orient, to whom I had a letter from Mr. W. Barakat of Jerusalem. He assisted me through the customs, and just then I was met by Mr. Joseph Barakat, father of Doctor Barakat of Union Biblical Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, and his sister, Sarah Barakat, who took me to their home. They are a lovely family. Mr. Barakat is a lawyer, and of high social standing. In religion he is a Greek as are all the members of his family. His brother is high judge of the court in Beyrout. He and family called on me and spent the evening. I visited the Syrian Protestant College in company with Miss Barakat and met the president, Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., who is a very bright man. The college is doing a great work for this country. Its present number of students is 430. Its buildings and grounds are most delightfully located near the sea. Its surroundings are excellent and its buildings are fine. I have just been informed that the snow on Mt. Lebanon is so heavy that it is not safe to attempt to go to Damascus.

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“Feb. 21.—The forenoon I spent at Mr. Joseph Barakat’s; in the afternoon, in company with Miss Sarah Barakat and her sister and a daughter of Judge Barakat, I went to the High Court of Mt. Lebanon, distant from Beyrout about eight miles. It is really the capital of the province of Mt. Lebanon, Syria. The buildings are beautifully situated on one of the lofty peaks of Mt. Lebanon. I was introduced to the governor of the province, Naoom-Pasha. He is an Armenian Christian and much of a gentleman. I was also introduced to all the members or judges of the High Court, one of whom was Judge Barakat. Shook hands with each member of this Supreme Court. I visited the Lower Court and was introduced to the Attorney-General of State; also to the Commanding Colonel of the Military as well as to the other members of the different departments of state. They are all a class of noble men. This province, while in a sense independent since 1860, is nevertheless in Turkey; but it is Christian and not Mohammedan. It is well governed, and the conditions of society are far in advance of those sections in Turkey, ruled by the Turk. This visit gave me a much better acquaintance with the heads of the different departments of the government than I could have obtained in any other way. They seemed to consider it a great honor conferred upon them for a bishop from America to pay them a visit. Oh! how wretchedly stupid we ministers are, in so often not showing our interest and sympathy with men connected with the affairs of state, by visiting them and associating with them on all proper occasions. In the evening I dined with Judge Barakat and family,

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accompanied by Joseph Barakat and family. Had a most pleasant day.

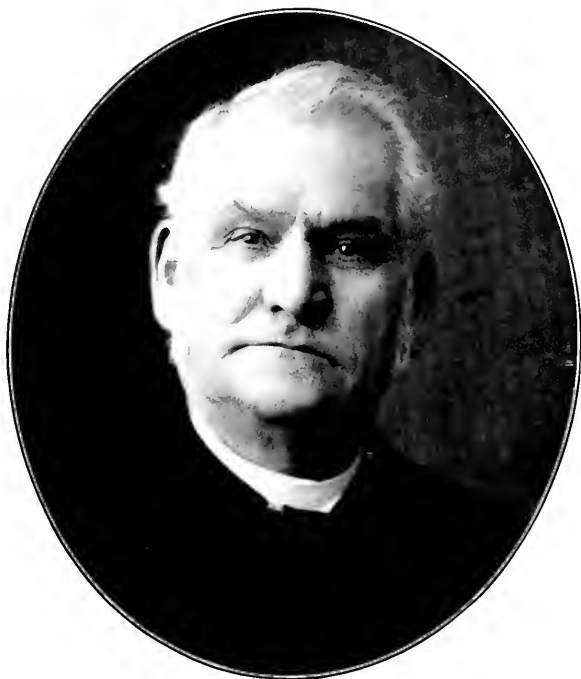
“Feb. 22.—Took the train at 7:05 A. M. for Malaka and from thence to Baalbec by carriage. If all the ruins of Palestine, Greece, and Rome were put together they would not make Baalbec. I think the foundation was Phœnician, but undoubtedly the balance was Roman. The columns are some of them seventy feet high by seven feet in diameter; others sixty by six. Some of the stones in the wall are sixty-two feet long by twelve feet square. I do not see a single reason why it should be said, “It was the work of Solomon.” Only the foundation has anything resembling Jewish work. I am confident it was no temple of the sun, but the temple of Jupiter and other Roman gods; but the Arab and an earthquake reduced it to a ruin. I also visited the quarry from which the rock was taken. It is near by. One stone cut and finished remains in the quarry. It is eighty-two feet long and sixteen feet square. As I looked on the great stone, I thought of the last day the last man struck the last blow that finished the work. I thought of the last moment when he laid down his tools and said, “It is finished,” and then turned away and plodded home for the last time; but the great stone remains just as the workman left it at the close of his weary toil. The world has waged its way onward; generations have come and gone, empires have since been born and have decayed. Nations have dispersed from earth but the old stone remains to tell to future generations the sad, sad story of human vanity and human woe!

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“Feb. 23.—At 7:30 A. M. I took my last look on the Great Temple. The dream of my young life was now realized; I had seen Luxor and Karnak; Jerusalem the Golden and the Dead Sea; I had looked upon Bethlehem, Shiloh, and Nazareth, drunk from the well out of which the patriarchs, the prophets, and Jesus had drunk; seen the ruins of the greatest temple ever erected by the hand of man: and then came over me a sense of human greatness, coupled with human weakness, such as I had never realized, and I wept like a child over the sins and the sorrows of my sad, stricken race. Oh, that He might come in my day who says He will make all things new! I arrived in Beyrout at 4:15 P. M. and was met at the station by Mr. Joseph Barakat and his daughter Sarah. I dined with them in their home and at 5:30 P. M. went on board the steamer *Achile*, Austrian Lloyd's, and sailed for Constantinople.

“Feb. 28.—We landed at Rhodes this A. M. and I went on shore. Visited the city; saw the foundation of the old Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. The population of the island is 30,000. The city is quite clean and the people look very well. We also passed the city of Cas on the island of the same name. These are remarkable in the life of St. Paul.

“March 1.—We landed at Chio at 6 A. M. and sailed at 7:40 A. M. This city is said to be the birthplace of Homer. It is quite a nice clean city. At 2 P. M. we landed in Smyrna; went on shore and visited all the chief parts of the city; then took the street-car and rode to the extremities of the city. Smyrna has a population of 325,000. It was visited by Paul and was



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*From a photograph taken after the General Conference
of 1901, and which is regarded as the one most
pleasing and satisfactory in expression.*

prominent in early church history. It is under the Turkish government but the people are largely Greek. The streets are quite clean, but very narrow. The people and the city are quite an improvement over the cities of Asia Minor. I returned to the ship at 6 p. m. My health is good; wrote an article for the *Telescope* and a letter to dear Rex and Dwight.

“March 2.—This morning, in company with Mr. Arter, wife, and daughter of Cleveland, Ohio, and Doctor Holmes, and Mr. Harnheim, I started at 7:45 for Ephesus, a distance of about fifty miles from Smyrna. The old city is wholly in ruins. I know of no other city so completely destroyed. The temple of Diana is a pile of ruins, as are all the temples, forums, theaters, and palaces. It must have been a magnificent city. The unspeakable Arab has done his work of ruin here as well as elsewhere. Not a vestige of the church at Ephesus remains even to mark the site where it once stood. Surely God “has removed the candlestick out of its place.” The city stood on a beautiful plain and on the foot hills of magnificent mountains. Now the site of the city is plowed as a field, the plowshare strikes beautifully carved columns and turns up magnificently executed specimens of Parian marble, once the adornment of palaces. Oh, how sad this ruin is, and all, too, the fruit of sin and shame. I saw many beautifully wrought sarcophagi of stone. They are now empty; the lids of some are on, others are off and broken. At 2 p. m. we took the train for Myrna where we arrived at 4 p. m. and sailed at five. I am quite weary this evening; have walked not less than eight

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or ten miles. We stopped for two hours at the Dardanelles and looked as best we could from the ship over the historic scenes. As we passed up the strait we saw the plains of Troy and looked upon the waters crossed by Alexander the Great when he passed by into Asia. The landscapes of Macedonia are grand and beautiful. The strait would likely average two miles in width. Nothing of note has transpired during the day. I am exceedingly weary of the slow trip from Beyrout to Constantinople, nine days; it should have been accomplished in four days. To-morrow morning we land in Constantinople if all goes well."

Leaving Constantinople the evening of March 4, he hastened to Germany, arriving in Zeitz the evening of the seventh. On the eighth he preached and lectured in Weimar. On the ninth he filled similar engagements at another place.

"March 11.—Had a good day at Gollnow; preached in the morning; text, I. John 3:2; talked in the afternoon and administered communion to a very great number of persons. Seven persons united with the Church. The work here is very prosperous. Rev. Mr. Kuhn is pastor and a very efficient man indeed. The religious life of the church here is most excellent.

"March 12.—Left Gollnow at about 9 A. M. and went direct to Stargard where I preached to a large congregation from II. Cor. 8:9 and then lectured on Africa. I have been talking two and three times a day since I came to Germany and am very weary and need rest.

"March 13.—Left Stargard this A. M. before seven and reached Brownsberg at 10 A. M. The day is very

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cold and the northwest wind is blowing. Had a very rough trip of it. Rode out about six or eight miles in a wagon without springs. The road is rough for a carriage and we had to take it as best we could (Brothers Barkameyer and Speigel accompanied me). My health is quite good, yes, very good.

“March 14.—Spent the day in Brownsberg in the ministerial meeting and attended preaching in the evening. Brownsberg has a population of about six hundred. It is surrounded by a good farming community. Rye bread is the bread of the country; also they have a very fine quality of potatoes. The customs and habits of the people are very strange. No member of the family dines with us. Often we do not have any bread; only potatoes and meat; but the family is obliging to a fault. They give me all the hot milk I want to drink.

“March 15.—I convened the conference this morning at nine o'clock. All the members were present at roll-call. The reports of the pastors are good, but there is not so large an increase as desired. The sessions are very pleasant. This evening I am to talk on Africa and Palestine. I received my steamer ticket this morning and will now sail, the Lord willing, for America on the twenty-first on the *Germanic*. My health is good but I am almost homesick.” On Sunday, the eighteenth, he preached the conference sermon in Brownsburg, and administered the communion in the afternoon. The services were excellent, as God was manifestly present. But he was weary with travel and work and was longing for home. He exclaims: “Oh, how glad I am, and

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thankful to God, that he has brought me safe to this hour of starting to my loved ones across the sea. May his hand guide me safely to my home."

On March 21, he sailed on the *Germanic* from Liverpool for New York. The voyage was without unusual incident save in the severity of a storm, March 27, which he thus describes: "About noon there came one of the most severe gales I have experienced while at sea. Some of the passengers were almost wild with fear; one gentleman, a Presbyterian minister, would not hear to anything but that we would go to the bottom of the sea before morning, and when he retired he said, 'I will meet you in heaven in the morning.' I told him I was sorry he was going to be disappointed for we surely would not go down as he supposed. He was so exceedingly seasick and nervous that he was almost wild. The great waves rolled over the ship, that it seemed it would smash everything to pieces. The captain stopped the ship and seemed to let her roll. It was the best thing to do. We did not make more than four or five knots an hour, but about 4 A. M. the storm abated. We will now make New York before Friday A. M. I think. All are well this A. M. I did not get seasick; thank the Lord."

On March 29, he approached the shore, giving expression to the sentiment: "What shall I render unto Him for all his benefits unto me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." The evening of March 30 he arrived in Annville, to join with his loved ones in praising God for his great goodness.

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The autumn of 1900 found him at his post in his annual conferences. In writing of the sessions on his district, he says: "There was not a jar in any of the meetings." He mentions the various interests of the different conferences, commending, as was his habit, every good point. Indeed he was always grieved if he thought he had failed to give a word of honest commendation and praise, when an honest opportunity was presented. He also cites some of the things in which the conferences, respectively, can improve. He fears the Church is not sufficiently attentive in "looking after and encouraging those whom God has called, to prepare themselves well and go into the ministry."

“The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.”
—Psalm 126 : 5.

“We are brethren.”—Otterbein.

“After the folding up of the hours of a century of illustrious struggle and commendable progress, a Christian denomination does well to summon itself to a just appreciation of the agencies which the Almighty raised up a while ago for building the walls of his spiritual kingdom. To do so is to honor God. It is to know his ways better. It is also to be more largely equipped for the tasks of the century to come.”—Bishop J. W. Hott.

“And these all, having had witnesses borne to them through their faith received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.”—Hebrews.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIXTH QUADRENNIUM, 1901-1905.

THE Centennial General Conference convened in the city of Frederick, Md., May 9, 1901. Bishop Weaver having been called from labor to reward, Bishop Castle as senior bishop, called the conference to order.

The interests of this session centered in the Centennial Exercises. At the previous General Conference a Centennial Committee was appointed. An Executive Committee was formed from the Centennial Committee and known as "the United Brethren Pilgrimage Association." His position as chairman of these two chief committees gave him much labor in correspondence and in attending special meetings necessary in the work of preparation for an event so important to the future of the Church. He also presented a paper on "The History and Development of Education in our Church," which is given in the chapter of this book presenting his work in connection with the educational interests of the Church.

The Conference made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Otterbein and the church in Baltimore to which he ministered. Following is a reference to the event and the report of the brief speech of Bishop Kephart.

"An immense gathering witnessed the beautiful and impressive consecration service conducted by the bishops

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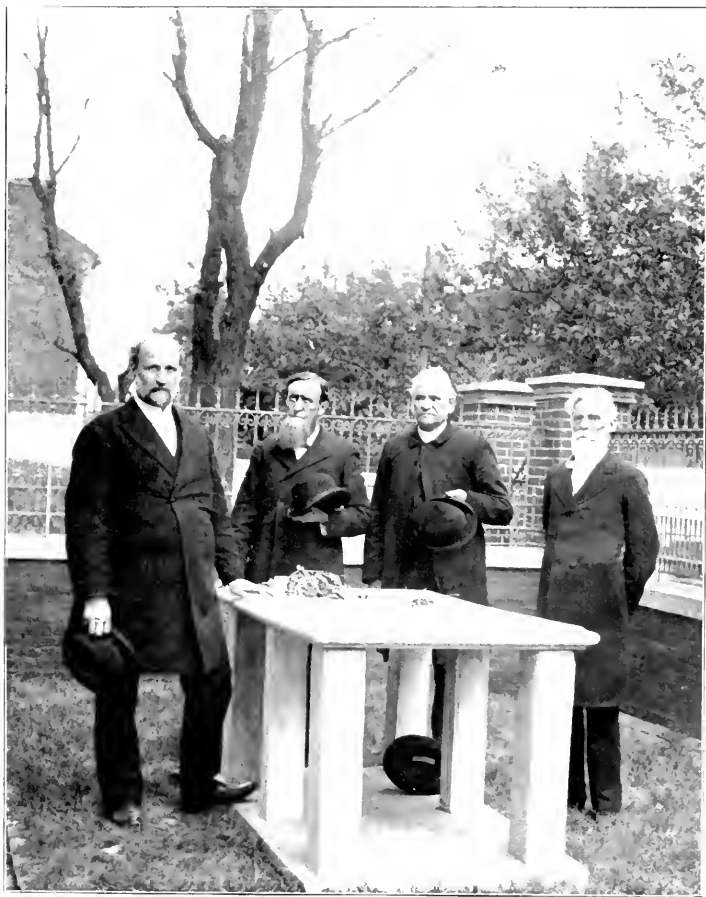
at the grave where sleeps the dust of the sainted Otterbein. To witness that scene was the privilege of a lifetime. Bishop Castle presided and Bishop Kephart made the following address:

At the grave of a great and good man is not the place for an individual, either in speech or in prayer, to attempt eloquence. We are not here as hero worshipers, not here to worship men, but to recognize the life lived by a great and a good man, and to recognize, also, in a special sense, the Christ whom he recognized, and whose life in him made this great and good man what he was. We are not to hold him up as the model, but we are to recognize as our model the life of the faultless man, Jesus, whom our worthy ancestor sought to imitate, and whose life, in a sense, was simply the unfolding of the Christ life as it may be developed among men.

As we stand by his tomb to-day, in the name of the Christ whom he adored, let us plight our faith anew to God, and then, in that good time, when the trump of God will pour forth its omnific blast into the trembling universe, and death's wide empire quakes from its pole centers to its frigid circumference, and the dead will come forth, we, with him, in the presence of the King Eternal shall hear his voice, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

The success of the *Review Association* demonstrated the need of the quarterly, and the willingness of the Church to support it, and this General Conference again took charge of this periodical, placing it in the hands of the trustees of the Publishing House. Dr. George Mathews as editor-in-chief, and the department editors, Bishop Kephart being one, had done their work gratuitously.

He was always a strenuous opponent of the use of tobacco, especially by the ministers. The trips from Liverpool to Africa were sometimes rendered nause-



Bishop Kephart in company with the other members of the Board of Bishops, at the tomb of Philip William Otterbein, Baltimore, Maryland, during the celebration of the Centennial General Conference, 1901.

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ating because the ship was made foul by the use of tobacco. When this question was under discussion at Frederick, he gave expression to his sentiments. After referring to the efforts of civil statutes to correct the evils of cigarette smoking and the general use of tobacco, he said: "The way to correct that great evil is to make our leaders clean and keep them clean in their bodies, their minds, and their souls, for the sake of the young manhood and boyhood of this country. For God's sake, for humanity's sake, let us strike at the ministry of the Church and take an advance movement in this direction. Clean in every particular."

In the Conference as usual he was called upon to interpret Church law and to give his opinion of two translations of the same scripture as to which was correct.

The four bishops were reëlected on the first ballot. Bishop Kephart was stationed on the Ohio District, and made Westerville his headquarters. He had twelve annual conferences and one mission district, the Chicamauga, his territory extending into the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, thus stretching from the Lakes to the Gulf. In 1901 he finds an awakening in the Church to her need educationally, and a marked increase of benevolences. He was always interested in the work of the South. In the Year Book of 1902 he writes: "This Southern field promises to be the most fruitful for us if we, as a denomination, develop its rich possibilities. This will require two things at least: First, men and women consecrated to the cause of Christ to cultivate the field.

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Second, it will take money to start the work; but I know of no section in any of the States where we can accomplish so much at such a low cost. The preachers we send there must not be mere adventurers, who have failed in every field they have attempted to occupy; they must be men of known ability and tried faithfulness. The colored brethren of the Chickamauga Conference have organized to form an industrial school at Chattanooga, Tennessee, which, if successful, will be of great benefit to their people. All the sessions of these conferences were of the most profound interest. Oh, for the baptism of power unto the whole Church. The reports given in the four Southern conferences were most encouraging. God be with you all."

Of his work in 1902, he says: "Our people are at peace one with another, and no strife obtains among the ministry of these conferences, in so far as manifested in the sessions. The thought of church union is at high tide throughout the district, the conferences all voting in favor of the union proposed." With his fall conferences in 1903 he is much pleased: "At least fifty per cent. more of the pastors than usual reported their assessments full. In one conference, the Ohio German, every report except one was full. There has been a very commendable increase of ministerial support also, but it is yet far below what it ought to be. The support thus far paid to our preachers affords barely a living. A much greater number of young men on the district received license to preach this fall than on former occasions. The Publishing House is one of our vital interests. This is having unparalleled prosperity at the

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present time under the existing wise management. With her buildings once completed, and her machinery all in, this plant will not only be a great credit to the denomination, but a great source of profit as well.

“The greatest need in our Church, both North and South, is a better qualified and more consecrated ministry and laity. Oh, Lord, put thy spirit upon the ministry, and the people as well, of our beloved Zion.”

In his conferences of 1904, he finds: “The peace and harmony existing throughout the district are now about perfect, in so far as human perfection is a thing possible in Church polity. The laws of the Church, as a rule, are faithfully observed. The district is in sympathy with a true and practical evangelism which saves men and brings them into the kingdom of God.

“Our colored conference, the Chickamauga, has a school, and is forming it somewhat after the Booker T. Washington school. They need sympathy and support. We should give them both. The men of means in our Church have here in this Southland a rich field in which to bestow their goods in the interest of the kingdom of God. But the greatest need, both North and South, in our Church, is a greater number of better qualified men and women, and the means to support them better in these needy fields.”

Two letters of reminiscence, occasioned by visits to the old homestead, were written in this quadrennium, one of these being dated in 1904, and the other in 1905. These letters are unique in their simplicity and naturalness. Every one will sympathize with the author in this tender sentiment for scenes of his childhood. May

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the life of the man not be explained in large part by his habitual prayer for "a wise and understanding heart?"

The second letter of reminiscence is found in the issue of the Telescope dated September 7, 1904.

Dear Brother I. L.:—I have spent the last two Sabbaths at the Bigler camp-meeting. It was a great success in many respects. The order was exceptionally good, and I was more than pleased with the good sense exhibited by the young people of our native county. Brother J. I. L. Ressler was the presiding elder who had charge. Like his father, he is a noble man. While there I went down to Roaring Run, near by, where our father and mother were both baptized, and as I stood and looked into the water, oh, what memories of the past rushed upon me! Their pure, angelic lives, like a sheen of glory, stood before me. On Monday morning I took the train for Blue Ball, where I was met by Miss Kephart, daughter of Edward Kephart, son of "Cousin Dan," as we used to call him, and brother of George and Elias. She is a noble Christian girl, and keeps house for her two brothers. I took dinner with them. Then Hugh, the younger of the two, took me down to our old saw-mill, and to the old home where we were born and reared. On my way, I passed the old John Merryman home. I thought of the Sunday he died, and oh, the awful death! I shall never forget it; and had I a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, as Virgil says, in his picture of Hades, I could not in any way describe that poor man's death. At the old saw-mill everything is changed; it is now a wilderness; mill, dam, and all are gone. I went to that marvelous spring, and lay down, as I used to do, and took one more drink of its pure water. You know it was a marvel; in the blighting frosts of winter mornings its water was warm, and often the steam would rise from it in mid-winter, but in the hottest days its water was like ice. I gave it tears in return for its good water. I stopped on the old bridge that spans the Cold Run. I looked down into the bright stream, where many long years ago father baptized me. It was on this wise: On a cold winter day, when the snow was deep, father and I,

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alone, were returning from the saw-mill. When we came upon the bridge, I said: "Father, here is water, and I wish to be baptized." He replied: "All right." And we went down into the water and kneeled, and he baptized me. It was heaven on earth! In that same place my grandfather Goss was baptized by my father also. I was present on that occasion, although only a little boy. But the speckled trout are now, as formerly, in the beautiful, bright water, although not quite so numerous or so large. Do you remember the "horny chub" Jack Carson caught there once when we were boys? But poor Jack and the Walker boys are all gone. Will we ever meet again? I went on slowly up the Cold Run hill, wrapped in thought over the past. I remember one thing that I never told you; I will now relate it. You know Daniel Albert, our brother-in-law, was a very timid man, and could never say anything in religious meetings. One day I was coming home from New Castle, and Albert was alone, sawing, in the old mill. Just after I had crossed the bridge, and was making the turn in the road, I heard Albert shouting at the top of his voice. Supposing that he was caught in the gearing of the mill, I ran to give him relief, but when I got in sight of the mill, to my surprise he was jumping, and shouting "Glory to God!" I watched him for a time, then turned away with moistened eyes, and "left him alone in his glory." The old hill in many places seemed to me to be more steep than it used to be. You remember the time when you came so near stepping on the big rattlesnake up the hill? I stopped to take a last look at the place. I could see you jump, and hear you say, "Lord!" But you soon dispatched the "big fellow." I recollect he had eleven rattles. As I looked over the hill, I thought of the June-berries we used to gather there; yes, of pretty girls and big boys who were our associates. But they were all gone, and I was a stranger to all I met. We did not dream then what was in life for us. God has been very good to us, and how often I have thought of the oft-repeated prayer which, in silence, I used to offer up to God, namely, "Give me a wise and understanding heart." I went down to the stone-pile which marks the old chimney-site of the cabin in which we were born. I kneeled on the hearth-stone, as I used to when a child, and said my

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prayers. I walked over to the old spring and washed my hands, in which spring I came near drowning. I also strolled through the old orchard, and passed the place where the old barn once stood, in the yard of which the old gander gave you the flogging. The big "sour apple tree," the "red tree," the "early sour," the "early sweet," and the "sheep-nose," are all gone. The old "bitter sour tree," that Levi Seely grafted, yet lives, but not one graft remains. Like some Christians, it "ran well for a season," but now it is bearing the same worthless sour fruit, just as it used to do. I then went up to the place of the "new house." The apple trees of the new orchard are well laden with good fruit. I remember well the day when father brought home those trees, and he and dear mother planted them. I walked over to the old Baughman graveyard. Oh, how many there are whom we used to know! I put a bunch of flowers on poor Charlie Riddle's grave. I saw his young life go out; but he went up in a holy rapture of glory. I then returned to Bigler to preach, as father used to do. But I must stop.

The third letter of reminiscence is dated September, 1905.

Dear Brother I. L.:—I have just returned from our old home in Clearfield, where I attended two very interesting and important meetings. The first was the Bigler camp-meeting; the second was the old settlers' picnic of Decatur Township. The Bigler camp-meeting, or Chautauqua, you know, is located near the spot where father and mother were baptized many long years ago. I went down to the sacred old spot, and looked into the bright waters hurrying on to the sea as in the days of yore. Oh, what strange thoughts run through the mind amid such hallowed associations. You know, also, that these grounds are located on the Tyrone and Clearfield branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Pennsylvania Division of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. The grounds are beautiful, and in most excellent condition. The congregation on the last Sunday of the meeting was said to be much the largest in the history of the camp. The order throughout the meet-

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ings was ideal. What a vast improvement in this respect over the camp-meetings held in this section when we were boys. You doubtless will remember Brit Runk, how Rev. Mr. Bonewell tore his coal-tail off at the old Josie Barger camp-meeting, held not more than a quarter of a mile from this place, and what poor Brit said as he looked at his torn coat. Surely the young people, as a rule, behave better now than did the young people of your generation and mine.

As I sat and looked over the vast crowds I missed the Borgers, the Hoovers, the Crowells, the Gosses, the Peterses, and oh, so many more, and I thought of the words of Horace in his address to Mæcenas, "*Non eadem est ætas, non mens.*" I spent two Sabbaths at this camp, and preached six sermons, and delivered other addresses. I met all the Chase boys except Asbury. They occupied a cottage on the grounds. One of them, Bert, goes to Sicily as United States consul. What a lesson on family government! John M. Chase and wife trained their children in the way they should go. What a noble family of sons and daughters! Revs. J. I. L. Ressler, P. E.; R. Jamison, and W. R. Dillon, had charge of the camp, and Brother Lownsbury was the superintendent and business manager. Many other ministers were present, among them Rev. J. R. King and wife, from West Africa. The meetings were excellent. I visited the old Bradford Church, in which "I learned the way of God more perfectly" when young. I took flowers and placed them on the grave in which Brother Abraham has lain forty-six years. Mrs. Wilson (Maggie Hoover), who was a bosom friend of his, told me his last words were, "Victory over death! Glory!"

The old settlers' picnic met in Center Grove, just up the hill, where the new schoolhouse and church stand on the opposite side of the road. You know it is not far from the old schoolhouse, the logs of which father hewed. It was a great gathering, for the people came from far and near. Edmund Shaw and I were the appointed speakers, but many others talked. The oldest people of the section were there. The two oldest were Aunt Katy Goss, who is up in the nineties, and Henry Baughman, who is almost ninety. He used to carry me on his back to the old schoolhouse when the snow-drifts were too deep for me, then a little "tad,"

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to wade through. We talked it all over, and he took a good laugh. He is now old and feeble. Many who were boys when we were, were present, the Reamses, the Gosses, the Kepharts, the Reases, the Matterns, the Hancocks, the Galachers, the Hugheses, and oh, so many I cannot name them. But the change that has come over them all! I went up to Newcastle, and I got a piece of one of the old logs of the old Newcastle schoolhouse, out of which I got a Mr. Saylor, of Annville, to make me a cane. It is a beauty. The stick is oak. One of the most impressive sermons I ever listened to, father preached in that old schoolhouse. The words of the text were these: "I have acknowledged my sins unto thee, and my iniquity have I not hid." (Ps. 32: 4.) I shall never forget it. Washington and Isaiah Kephart live on the old farm home. I visited them both. But you will be tired by the time you read this, and I will stop.

"As a guest, who may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say,
Glides with smiling face away,

"Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed,
Thou hast left us at thy best.

"Now that thou hast gone away
What is left for one to say
Who was open as the day?

"Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demands are satisfied.

"Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear."

—Whittier.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul!
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

"The days of our years are three score and ten."

"A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly banks I anchored near,
Some loving souls my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail,
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore."

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMERITUS AND PROMOTED, 1905-1906.

FEW men do much of their best life work after passing this limit, but the world is nevertheless greatly enriched by the exceptions. Bishop Kephart had a vigorous constitution, and notwithstanding his excessive labor and exposure in travel, change of water, climate, etc., he came to the psalmist's limit of three score and ten with very much of the physical and mental freshness of his prime.

On his first visit to Africa, however, the poison of her malarial rivers and swamps found a seat in his strong frame, and he was never able wholly to eradicate it. His second visit seemed to fix the hold it had already secured in his system. He was ever afterward subject to a pain in his right side, which physicians attributed to the dregs of African malaria. Sometimes the attack would come upon him suddenly, and for an hour or two would cause intense suffering, partaking of the nature of neuralgia. His journal on his second missionary journey speaks occasionally of this ailment. Under entry of December 30, 1892: "After a long and tedious day and night at sea, landed at Freetown at 4 A. M. Was rather sick with pain in my side all the day." January 14, 1893, at Avery, he said: "Was sick all night. Had a severe pain in my hip and side." Feb. 2.: "I have

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been quite severely afflicted by neuralgia in my side." His journal for his third journey contains a number of similar entries. Occasionally, when engaged in his duties in the home land, he was similarly troubled with these attacks. Sometimes, after a day or night of suffering, he would hasten to meet an engagement to preach or lecture, and would manifest such vigor that his audience would scarce suspect he had ever experienced a pain. He so much loved the service of his Master that he preferred to have nothing said about his own ailment.

Several years before his death, he ran to make a train, and so produced a palpitation. Physicians said the arteries were injured, and he ever afterward was affected with shortness of breath after physical exertion, and had been repeatedly warned against overtaxing himself. However, he said he had never experienced pain in the cardiacal region when preaching or lecturing. Indeed, he always seemed in best health when traveling, preaching, and lecturing, as this necessitated continuous exercise, and so stimulated digestion and circulation. A few days of physical inactivity and mental work at his desk was wont to bring an attack.

The last quadrennium of his service on a district, he was the only member of the Board of Bishops who was not compelled to miss an engagement because of sickness, but he felt that the twofold disease was preying upon his system with the increase of age. All through his life his devotion to duty had been unswerving, for to him duty was his own understanding of God's will. He sought to live the sentiment of the hymn:

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“I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I’ll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I’ll be what you want me to be.”

His journal on each of his missionary journeys contains entries like the following: “I think this will be my last trip to Africa, unless the Lord should make clear that it is his will that I shall come again.” As he at one time expressed in a General Conference, to him the command of his Church was the command of God, and he obeyed her behests implicitly. His own family was solicitous for his welfare, as they best knew of his ailments, and were anxious that he should lay aside some of the burdens of office. His wife and daughters often sought to persuade him not to make extra engagements, that he might remain at home to recuperate, but he would say: “This is an opportunity to advance the Lord’s cause, and I must go.” His health was certainly unusual. During his married life of forty-six years, his wife cannot recall any time when he was confined to his bed long enough to have a meal carried to his bedside. Dr. H. Garst tells a story of some one who, when looking at the Bishop, said of him, “He has a constitution like a horse.”

In the light of the foregoing facts, we cannot wonder that four years should be spent in the study of himself, and in meditation upon God’s will, and in prayer that the way might be made plain, and that he should come to the General Conference of 1905 with his decision ready—not because he had taken the advice of men, for he had not spoken to any one outside of his own family,

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until just the day before presenting his request to the Conference. Then, in conversation with his brother, Dr. I. L., who questioned the wisdom of his retirement, he said: "I would not do so, but this pain in my heart is growing worse, and I am fully convinced that I should." Many sought to dissuade him, but his mind was made up to act in accordance with what he believed to be God's will.

Monday, May 15, 1905, was made memorable. On Saturday previous Bishop Castle, in the expression and joy of the Christ life, had voluntarily retired, and many in the Conference were moved to tears. But he said: "Let your tears be dried. Spend your time in doing your work, not upon me. I feel that I am in a sense far below that, in a sense like Paul, when he said, 'What mean ye to weep and break my heart?' Let us be cheerful." On Monday, Bishop Kephart was presiding in his turn. At the conclusion of miscellaneous business, he invited Bishop Castle to occupy the chair a few moments, while he himself presented a matter of a miscellaneous nature. He then informally made the following address:

Mr. Chairman, and members of the Conference:—I have never at any time made a single request of my Church, or asked a favor. Even when I was sent out to preach, I never asked for credentials. I was a student in college, and there were credentials sent to me through the mails. But this morning I have a request that I am going to make to this body, and that request is that in so far as my relation to the Church as an active bishop, having charge of a district, is concerned, I kindly ask of this General Conference not to consider my name in that relation. I have but one rule in my life that has governed me,

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and that rule governs me this morning. It is simply this: When any matters of gravity arising in matters relative to the state, or in matters relative to the Church, or to make any ruling, or to make any decision whatever arises, I have always put myself in this relation—I have asked myself the question, "What would Jesus do if he were in my place now?" And this is the relation that I have put myself in this morning, after four years of careful, earnest thought and prayer, which I have never breathed to anybody, I believe, until yesterday I mentioned it to one or two friends, and that is the conclusion I have reached.

My life in the service of the Church is known, and I have nothing to say respecting it. I feel this morning, brethren, like the old pagan Roman did. He was the greatest Roman of them all. He said, when he was in years, about where I am in life, "If the gods were to give me the privilege to become a baby again, and be rocked in the cradle, I would not accept it, in that I think I have lived my life well." And I say that I think I have served my Church well, and the cause of God well. I have never had a single reflection to cast upon my Church for its treatment of me. Those who are here, with whom I have associated in the relation that I sustain to-day, and every relation that I have sustained to the Church, know me, that my life has been open and frank, and what I had to say, and what I had to do, I always did it, not coveting the smiles on the one hand, nor regarding the frowns on the other, when it came to a sense of duty. God bless you.

Bishop Castle then made the following appropriate response:

There comes to every life that has lived the usual length of time, that which may be regarded a sort of crisis, and I think of this scene before us now as a sort of crisis.

The first time that I met this brother was away back at a General Conference about forty years ago, as I remember, held in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. He was then a young man, his hair was raven, he was ruddy and flush with the glow of youthful manhood. He represented then, in that early life, the educational work of our Church in the West. I

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remember him quite well; and so our acquaintance from that time on has grown and ripened through the years until the present hour. I have had great admiration for his executive ability, for he has been the strong man of our Board of Bishops, as you know. When it came to matters of close decision, matters where the laws of the Church were involved, we have rested heavily upon him. I think I can say this in behalf of the members of the Board associated with him and me; and now we come to this place where he, in a measure, wishes to step aside, and at a moment like this—there is a record made in the New Testament that I think of very much of late, and that is where there is a disciple named that was the host of Paul, who was called an old disciple. Brethren, what a record, what an epitaph to put on a tomb-stone—an old disciple! Youth has drifted away, the summer-time of life has gone, and the autumn-time is here. The woodlands are adrip with water, the winds are cold and biting, the frost has put his teeth into the leaf of plant and flower, and winter will soon hang on fields and woodlands and mountains and valleys. The icy chains will wrap and bind up all the waters in their fetters. What a time, and what a statement to make concerning life—an old disciple! I will tell you, brethren, while we would admit and welcome the new most joyfully, we must not let all the old things go. We must stick by the old faith, the old gospel, the old doctrines; sometimes we say the old-time religion. Stick to these, and I am sure as one steps aside from the active work he will be shown the highest esteem; and there will come a day when forms that walk the streets, and walk in the yards, and walk down along the paths of life, will walk no more. . . . And now Brother Kephart does not wish much said, and so I must not trespass on his feelings; but I will say, let us turn aside for a few brief prayers.

After a season of prayer the Arion Quartet sang, "My Faith Clings to Jesus." Dr. Funk then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the sacrifices made, and splendid service rendered the Church, to which they have given

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their lives, I move that Bishop N. Castle, D.D., and Bishop E. B. Kephart, D.D., be made bishops *emeritus*, and their compensation be one-half the amount given an active bishop.

This resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote. This affecting service ended, Bishop Kephart resumed the chair and continued the business of the day. He took an active interest in all the proceedings of the Conference. Since the preceding General Conference, a number of members of that body had died. Among these was the lamented Bishop Hott, who returned from the Frederick Conference only to prepare for his decease. In the memorial service, Bishop Kephart offered the following prayer: "Thou Infinite Spirit, which we recognize as God our Father, we are in this presence, as it were in the face of our dead, to remember those who once sat in our councils, and are now numbered among the dead. We bless thee, our Father, that thou hast permitted us to come together. We thank thee, also, we are not only possessed of the spirit to recognize thee as our Father and God, and remember thy mercies, but also to remember before thee in humiliation those whom we have laid away, and whom thou hast called from labor to reward. May the solemnity of the occasion awe us into reverence, and while we are together, and while we are thus paying the last tribute of respect to those whose memory we cherish, may we also remember that the lot that has fallen to them will, in the near future, fall to each one of us, and while I am sure that what will be said will be commendable and complimentary of the lives they have lived and the work they have done, God grant that we may be

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possessed of the spirit to be disposed to speak of the living as we are sure to speak of them when they are dead. We ask thy blessings, our Father, upon this waiting assembly; we ask thy blessings upon the Church that has sustained this loss, and we rejoice with heaven for what heaven has gained by what we have lost. Remember, we pray thee, our Father, the families that have been bereft. Bind up, we ask thee, the sore, and dry the tears, and bring in that holy, peaceful joy that comes only from the communion with God in these aching hearts. These blessings we ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

He made a speech upon the improvement of the *Bible Teacher*, and the suggestions he made then have been incorporated in this periodical. He advocated the election of a general Church treasurer, who should be an expert, and have charge of all the Church funds. He reiterated the opinion that he had so frequently advocated: "General Conference is not only a legislative body, but it is the master judiciary of the Church. I suggest that you interpret your own Constitution, because you are the highest court, the highest judiciary of this denomination." Questions of interpretation of law, and of parliamentary usage, were referred to him for his opinion. Many members of that Conference have said: "We all waited for his decision on such questions." This deference was due to the knowledge that he had had six years' experience and training in the Iowa Senate, and that he had prepared a manual of Church Discipline, and had also revised the same, and thereby had become a specialist on Church law.

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When the Conference adjourned, he returned to his home in Annville, Pa., with a light heart. He said it was the first time in forty years that he could feel that his time was his own. His immediate family felt that at his age he could serve the Church more effectually by the use of his pen, than in charge of a district. Calls, however, came to him, and he had not learned to say "no" if he could possibly comply. Hence he responded to calls for lectures, camp-meetings, dedications, special addresses, etc. Finally there came an urgent call from those in charge of Indiana Central University, to come and help them in their work preparatory to opening the college. His family tried to dissuade him, but he regarded the call from above, and in January, 1906, he went to Indianapolis to engage in that work. He had spent a month in the same work the year previous, and returned to his home in excellent health; but this time it was not to be so. To his own home, and to the Church at large there came a shock of pain as the wires bore the sad intelligence of his sudden death.

On Saturday, January 15, he left his home in Annville in his usual health, intending to devote at least one month to the interests of the university. He had already filled a number of engagements lecturing and preaching, and had rendered aid to the financial representative. Frequent letters home told of his itinerary and the progress of his work, and that he was in his usual health. The surprise and shock was, therefore, all the more severe, when the message arrived on January 24, about 9 p. m., that Bishop Kephart had died in Indianapolis about 5:30 p.m., and asking instructions.

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A message was sent to Dayton, Ohio, also, and Dr. I. L. Kephart, in response to a message, took the first train for Annville, to render sympathy and advice. Dr. H. U. Roop, son-in-law of the Bishop, went direct to Indianapolis, to take charge of the remains.

The following account of the death is taken from the *Indianapolis Journal* of January 25:

Bishop E. B. Kephart, of Annville, Pa., one of the best-known men in the United Brethren Church, died suddenly, of neuralgia of the heart, in the office of W. L. Elder, in the Ingalls Building, at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

After traveling through Indiana for several days, in the interest of Indiana Central University, of this city, in company with the Rev. A. W. Arford, of Odon, Bishop Kephart and the Rev. Mr. Arford went to Mr. Elder's office about five o'clock yesterday afternoon, expecting to meet the Rev. J. T. Roberts, president of the university. Immediately upon entering the office, Bishop Kephart complained of feeling ill. Dr. Geo. D. Kahlo and Dr. Louis Burckhardt were called. Bishop Kephart complained of great pain in the region of his heart. "Have you ever had such an attack before?" asked one of the physicians. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "but never one so severe as this." Without uttering another word he died.

Mr. W. L. Elder writes: "The above article is correct, except in this particular, that he did not suffer much pain, and his death was most quiet and peaceful. He was down at the college-buildings, and walked from the buildings to the car, and had to stop and sit down to rest, which I have seen him do frequently. When he came to my office he sat down on the steps on the ground floor, in the vestibule, to rest. After he had rested awhile, we assisted him in the elevator, and took him to a couch in my office. We gave him stimulants, and sent

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for a physician. When he arrived, he asked him how he felt, and he answered that he had some pain in his heart. In a very few minutes the doctor said he was sinking, and his heart stopped beating with no suffering or apparent distress on his part." The Rev. A. W. Arford, Rev. J. T. Roberts, myself, the two physicians, and my lady stenographer, were all with him at the time of his death. We did everything possible for his comfort."

The remains were conveyed to Annville, Pa., for interment. Circumstances rendered it necessary that the funeral services occur on Sunday afternoon, January 28. Bishop Mathews was expected to be present and conduct the services, but being suddenly taken sick in Dayton, Ohio, he could not make the journey. The other bishops were too far distant, and could not reach Annville in time.

At 12 M., January 28, the body was taken to the auditorium of the Engle Music Hall, of Lebanon Valley College (the casket being covered with a great profusion of floral tributes), where it lay in state for two hours, and was viewed by more than a thousand sympathizing friends. At 2:00 P. M. the auditorium was packed with an immense audience, gathered from far and near, there being present some forty ministers of the Pennsylvania, East Pennsylvania, and Allegheny conferences, and preachers of other denominations. Dr. W. J. Zuck, pastor of our Church at Annville, had charge of the services, and the program was as follows: Organ prelude; anthem by the choir, "The Souls of the Righteous"; biographical sketch, read by Rev. H. S. Gabel, secretary

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of the Church Erection Society; scripture lesson (John 14: 1-10; II. Cor. 5: 1-9), read by Rev. A. R. Ayres, of York, Pa.; prayer by Dr. C. I. B. Brane, pastor of our Trinity Church, Lebanon, Pa.; sermon by Dr. G. A. Funkhouser, of Union Biblical Seminary, text, John 11: 40; Rev. 22: 3, 4; addresses by Dr. D. Eberly, of Abbottstown, Pa., Dr. L. Bookwalter, president of Otterbein University, and Dr. W. R. Funk, agent of our Publishing House. His favorite hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," was sung, and the body was then taken to the Mount Annville Cemetery, on the hill north of the town, where it was interred. There Rev. D. D. Lowery, presiding elder of Pennsylvania Conference, read the burial service, and Dr. G. A. Funkhouser pronounced the benediction.

The oldest minister of our Church present was the Rev. Z. A. Colestock, of Pennsylvania Conference, whose home is at Mechanicsburg, Pa. Bishop Dickson, of Chambersburg, Pa., sent special expressions of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Bishop Kephart, and expressed regret that his own health was such as to prevent his being present at the funeral.

Many memorial services were held in different parts of our Church in his honor, Toledo, Iowa, his former home, Union Biblical Seminary, and many churches paying their tributes.

Very many of the churches in far-away Africa assembled to mingle their tears and express their love for their beloved bishop, who had visited them three times in episcopal relation.

Dr. J. R. King writes: "We did appreciate his visits to Africa, and I do not know of another man in the

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Church that made such a favorable impression on the natives as did Bishop Kephart. Everywhere the word has gone concerning his death, there has been an expression of grief as to the loss of a personal friend. I have only heard from a few of our stations, but they have held memorial services for him. This is on stations where native workers are in charge, and they have done this of their own accord."

His death was so sudden. It came as an electric shock to his family and to the entire Church. He seemed capable of doing much more for the Church and the world; but doubtless he himself would have had it so. Truly it may be said of him, "He died with the harness on." He "walked with God and was not, for God took him."

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cause a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away; give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

“Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 't is true
By such light as shines for you ;
But, in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.”

“Farewell, friends ! yet not farewell ;
Where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space ;
When ye come where I have slept
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death ; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life which is of all life centre.”

—From the Arabic, by **Edwin Arnold**.

CHAPTER XIX.

AS OTHERS ESTEEM HIM.

MANY kind words were spoken and written regarding him. Surely the poet's sentiment,

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones,"

did not apply to him.

He had often been impressed in annual conference and General Conference memorial services, with the fact that only the good things were said, all else forgotten. In harmony with the thought of years, to which he had frequently given expression, at the last General Conference he attended, when leading in prayer in the memorial service, he presented this entreaty: "God grant that we may be possessed of the spirit to be disposed to speak of the living as well as we are sure to speak of them when they are dead."

Many letters of condolence came, each one emphasizing some helpful trait of the character of the lamented one. Many letters were sent to the Bishop's brother, editor of the *Telescope*, unsolicited, of the same import, while others, in response to requests of certain papers, wrote on various phases of his life, and a few intimately associated with him in some period of his career, have kindly given expression at the request of his biographer. Space will not permit the incorporating of all these as

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written, or the names of all the writers. Many speak of the same impression of his life and work. Dr. G. A. Funkhouser, in his funeral sermon, gave such a condensed summary of the man, as he had learned to esteem him, and expressed the feeling of so many thousands of the membership of the Church, that this part of his discourse must be incorporated here:

I have known Bishop Kephart for thirty-five years. He has been a member of the Board of Directors of Union Biblical Seminary since its founding in 1871, and President of the Board of Education since its organization.

I have found him to be a manly man; physically so, as well as mentally and spiritually. There was nothing creepy or concealed. You could find him, and one felt like getting nearer to him. It can be said of him, as of President Harrison: "He never trimmed the white sail of his career to catch a vulgar breeze."

He was a true friend. He made friends, and held them. His genial, open nature helped bind friends to him.

He had faith in the possibilities of young men. Young men at the Seminary said, on hearing of his death, "I would never have been in school but for Bishop Kephart." Young men all over the Church say, "He helped me." He never put a straw in the way of their making the most of themselves. On the contrary, he did everything to encourage them. I'd rather have that record of helping young men to victory over self, sin, and Satan, than to have millions instead.

He was a great friend of education. His own struggle for an education was an incentive to all who knew of it. Being the first bishop who was a college graduate, he was looked to by educators. There is not a school in the Church which has not felt inspiration from Bishop Kephart's life and words. There is not a young man who knew or knows his history but feels a strong pull upwards. The Church is greatly indebted to him for his service to education.

He was a builder of men, not a destroyer. He was a helper upward in every way, in thought, ambition, purpose,

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effort, as student, pastor, as college president, as legislator, as bishop. He had vast opportunities, and used them with effect. As a wise master-builder, he let no matter go to waste. The school laws of Iowa to-day are much as they came from his brain and hands.

He cannot be compared to a caller of trains in our great depots, who call others out, but does not go himself. He paid the fare and boarded the train to make the long journey. He showed others the way, and walked therein himself.

He was constructive in methods and measures, and was not a destructionist. Some men in some way make themselves, or their views of things, the storm-center in a controversy or difference of opinion; but it was not thus with Bishop Kephart. When he was shown a better way, he was as anxious for its adoption as for his own measure. He would not get in the way because a thing was not of his own proposing. Therefore he could meet opponents on a common ground afterward. As a consequence of such an attitude, he had few personal enemies. In other words, he was larger than his office. His constructive ability was illustrated in tiding the Church through the controversy of secrecy.

His last work was for a new school. He seemed to see a great future, and labored for that. Like the patriarchs, he saw things promised from afar, and greeted them as real, and as almost in hand.

His reserve power was abundant. When he spoke, you felt there was much back of what he said. Only now and then you felt that he expended all his force, and then it was tremendous, overwhelming.

Bishop Kephart also had great administrative abilities. He could well have graced a seat in the United States Senate. He was the acknowledged parliamentarian of the Church. At the last General Conference there were times when all waited on his words and rulings as presiding officer.

He possessed social qualities of the highest order. He was the idol of his home. The picture of his domestic relations has been framed and hung up in many a heart, and hence throughout the Church. His devotion to life-

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long companion, daughters, grandchildren, 'is beautiful. Like Roosevelt and others, he glorified the home life. Often he took trains and traveled all night to reach the best resting-place on earth, that refuge from care—his home. There everything was done to lighten the heavy burdens he bore, to rest his weary body, and to cheer his mind and heart.

He was a man of one work, and that the highest given by God to man. Angels desire to look into it. He could have gone into politics and succeeded, or into State institutions and done well. Offers came to him unsought; but he held on to the greatest; and who dare say now that it didn't make him greater? that the sum total of his life is not larger in the estimation of men? What is it in the estimation of God? what in rewards? what as an example to young men? Is there anything more beautiful than one holding on to the God-given work of life, through many deprivations and discouragements? Such a one becomes, like Jeremias, "a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land." Young man, make apology to no mortal man for going into the ministry of the United Brethren Church, if God has laid his hand upon you. There is nothing greater for you. There cannot be. Consider the end of this man's conversation, or manner of life, whose faith follow, and share the great rewards.

His Christianity was of a high type. He was broad, intelligent, catholic, steady, attractive, and pure. I was told yesterday of some judge of the supreme court who was won to Christ by the Bishop. While social, and often jovial in company, no one ever heard a low insinuation escape his lips, much less a vulgar story. A young man, thirty-five years ago, was nearly turned from the ministry by the low conversation of preachers gathered for their usual ministerial meeting on a Monday morning in a city in this State. There was dignity, and charm, and grace, in his bearing as a Christian—an uplift and inspiration. He knew the injunction of the apostle, "Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear."

But we came to bury Bishop Kephart, not to praise him. Bury Bishop Kephart? We cannot bury him! You cannot gather up and bury the sweet odors of the flower!

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To bury him, you must go over this Church, in the length and breadth thereof, aye, and beyond the seas, and gather out the lives he has made better. In colleges and Seminary, and in all the conferences, you must gather up the larger vision put before the minds of young ministers. The sorrows he has lifted from burdened hearts, the hopes awakened, the growth in divine things of the saints, in a word, the characters formed under his master workmanship as a man, minister, college president, wise counselor in Church affairs,—can you bury them?

You can bury this poor tenement which the great soul inhabited for seventy-two years; but you cannot bury Bishop Kephart. He will live on here in the lives of others, and live on yonder personally in the presence of his Savior and King from whom he has already heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter, enter, come along with me into the joys of thy Lord."

"And his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads." The better life on which our brother has now entered is one of ceaseless, yet not tiresome activity. "His servants shall do him service."

President L. Bookwalter's address at the funeral of Bishop Kephart, Annville, Pa., Sunday afternoon, January 28, 1906:

It is allowed us, at a time like this, when our hearts are full, to give them utterance. And yet, who, over the body of one he loved, is able to express either his sorrow or his love? So long and so close has been the friendship of some of us and our families with him who has left us and his smitten family and kindred, that we feel that our place is rather with them—in silent sorrow. And yet as for me, if others have tribute of appreciative and loving words to bring to the funeral of this good, dear man, so have I, for it was so ordered in the providence of God that, during the years when my whole tone of thinking and of life was being molded, no man, after my father, so deeply and whole-

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somely influenced me as did E. B. Kephart. My revered teacher and president during my course at college; he who presented my name for first license to preach; my president and leader as I was under him as a fellow teacher for six years; the classmate and friend of her who stood at my side while he united us in holy wedlock, and sent us out together into life with his blessing—we can never cease to love him, and we shall hand down his cherished memory to our children.

It is truly said, We know a man only as we know something of his personal heart struggles, his life's leading aims, his home life. To have known something of these more hidden phases of Bishop Kephart's life is to have enjoyed a valuable privilege—a great blessing. What a husband and father he was! faithful, tender, strong, sharing with his life's companion the crushing sorrows of death's entrance in the home, and all the sweet joys of the birth of the product of their pure love. No children ever had a better father, no friend ever knew a truer friend; and for the young man who looked for a man of high, unselfish devotion to the kingdom of God, this man stood forth an inspiring example.

When I first met Mr. Kephart, he was a young man of thirty-four, entering upon his work as president of Western College, now Leander Clark College, Iowa. Those who knew him in these years of his developing young manhood remember what a striking figure he was—erect, muscular, steady and strong of step, his black eyes speaking both tenderness and determination of character and keen intelligence, his hair black as the raven's wing; a perfect specimen of young manhood. And all these gifts of nature he had yielded to be sanctified by grace, and he sought, as best he was able, to present them, "a living sacrifice," to the cause of righteousness in the earth. He entered upon the great and difficult task then before him with his well-known earnestness. He at once commanded the love and confidence of all. Students soon were the admiring followers of a man whose heart was so evidently set upon their good, who could, with apparent ease, shoulder and carry to his home a barrel of apples, teach with ability in the classroom, and successfully administer the affairs of a college

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struggling under embarrassments. Everywhere among the patrons of the college, at its seat and over its coöperative territory, this vigorous, positive, hopeful young man's very presence inspired new life and effort, while his untiring work gave promise of sure success. Those thirteen years of Bishop (then President) Kephart's life were, as I conceive, *the* years of all his life. The conditions were such as to demand the very best there was in him, and he responded in the fullest measure. The varied duties involved—as a student, scholar, and instructor, an administrator, an organizer, a leader—brought to him a development, a practical strength which was the capital with which he did business for God and the Church through the years of later, more important service.

If the recital were made of the hardships he underwent, as, for instance, the riding all night, leaving the train at a morning hour to make a walk of three miles, perhaps through mud or against a northwestern blizzard, in time to enter his classroom, without breakfast, to fill up the forenoon in teaching; if the unceasing, heroic toil performed without murmur or disheartenment were chronicled, it would tell its own story of a life devoted without stint.

Bishop Kephart, during his long and prominent career in the Church, touched its growing life at quite every point. His effort was bestowed, and his strong influence was felt, along every line of Church activity; but in an especial way, and to a greater degree than in any other direction, did he promote our educational work. Indeed, here he became, and was recognized, as the leader. He had, by the very circumstances of the Church and his time, a field, and he entered and filled it. He was one of the earliest strong young men to graduate from our mother college, Otterbein University, in 1865. So he naturally stood forth as a leader—indeed, the first of our men of the schools to be placed in foremost leadership. During these over forty years, whether as a pastor, a college president, or bishop and president of the Board of Education, both in public and in private, he held before the entire Church, both its ministry and its laity, the vital place of the higher Christian education in the work of our own Church and of the kingdom of God in the earth. Valuable as were his services elsewhere

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and everywhere, here has his work been of inestimable importance; here has he reared his last monument, and each generation will appreciate his great work the more.

Indeed, as we know, it was in the interest of our youngest college, in a field far away from home, that he bestowed his last labors. How in keeping this with his chief life concern for his Church, how befitting this closing of life's work in his chosen field.

Last Wednesday afternoon, after a day full of toil, he laid himself down to rest—aye, to die, die like Chatham and John Quincy Adams, like his Master, in the midst of his labors.

He quietly and sweetly went to sleep at the evening time, to awake upon an eternal morning.

The following words were spoken by Dr. W. R. Funk at the funeral of Bishop Kephart:

Coming as the representative of the general interests of the Church, I am impressed with the great loss which the United Brethren Church has sustained in the death of Bishop Kephart. The value of a life is measured by its relation to the times in which it was lived. He is the truly great man who can touch the central thought of his age, and fashion his life in keeping with it. To deal with the principles underlying our Christian civilization was the special delight of our departed brother and father in the Church. Like Joseph in Egypt, and Ezra and Nehemiah at Jerusalem, he was a statesman as well as a prince and teacher of the truth. The value of his life is seen in the doing of things. His service in the Church was not only beautiful, but full of rich fruitage. He had a plan in his life as it related to the affairs of the kingdom. His energy was not wasted on negative propositions, but he dealt with the verities of service. He thought much and well, and hence his action was well balanced and safe. At no time on the road had he a question as to the way he should take. He felt the inspiration of oncoming events, and stood ready to act when his part was to be performed.

All this made him a strong leader in the general work of the Church. Missions,—foreign and home,—church

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erection, Sunday-school cause, with publishing interests, each in turn had his careful thought, and support, and effort in the years of his life.

While his life was of rare value to the Church, it was also a beautiful life, and, as such, becomes an inspiration to the entire denomination. Beauty must be inherent if it be radiant. It must have an internal source of supply. There came to me an illustration of this truth in the life of Bishop Kephart. The springs in the mountain where he was reared were fed by subterranean fountains. Have you ever looked into one of these clear springs thus fed? How pure and sparkling is the water, as it bursts forth and takes its way down the valley to bless and refresh the earth. So the sparkling beauty of the flow of this noble life fed by the heart-fountain of gracious love as it took its way down through the Church he loved so much.

But a noble life like Bishop Kephart's does not hold all its beauty within itself. The outward radiance illumines and brightens all the world. How very true this was of him. Wherever he went in our Church there was a beam of sunshine. True it is that the fire must be in the diamond before it can shine or sparkle. Did you ever examine a rich jewel? It almost speaks to you. Its beauty is always present. But there is another thought in this lesson from the diamond. If it is genuine, it matters not from what viewpoint we approach it, it is shedding its light just the same. So in the life of Bishop Kephart. His was an all-round life; approach him from any angle, and his manliness and nobility of character would meet you. Thus he stood, a central figure in the Church, loved by all, both inside and outside the Church.

His relation to the outside world (I mean his touch with men of affairs in commercial and political life) gave our denomination standing and reputation.

To-day I am commissioned by the general officers of the Church to speak these words of appreciation and sincere love of one who has stood in the front rank of our leaders in the history of our Church. We think of him as our personal friend and helper. We grieve because of our loss, but rejoice in his victory won through Jesus our Lord in faithful service. Some one has said that "great men stand

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like solitary towers in the City of God, and secret passages running deep beneath eternal nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, of which others do not even dream." So it was with Bishop Kephart.

Some paragraphs from Dr. Eberly's "Personal Reminiscences," coming from a life-time personal friend, will be of permanent interest to all:

In taking a retrospection of his well-rounded life, I can truthfully say that, in his conduct, actions, motives, and in the performance of duties, I can see less with which to find fault, and more to praise and to commend, than usually falls to the lot of men high in the councils of the Church.

In the first place, he possessed an excellent mind. He was a good scholar, a sound theologian. His discourses bristled with thought, while the dews of heavenly grace which distilled from the words spoken gave hope, and joy, and peace, to hungry souls. Clear and logical, his utterances carried conviction to the heart; and many who have preceded him to the heavenly home have found their way there through his directing counsel. Eternity alone can reveal the grandeur of his work as president of a college, in the planting of the immortal germs of truth, and in the instilling of those maxims which in their nature are free, even making free, leading to a higher and nobler manhood and womanhood.

At the head of Church interests he proved an ideal bishop. Of splendid physique, of noble bearing and courteous demeanor, he inspired respect and confidence. He was a model presiding officer, never got rattled, never mixed in partisan debate with the members of the conference, and always maintained the dignity of his position and won the respect of all fair-minded persons by the correctness of his rulings. I might justly say that by nature he was a ruler, because men generally looked to him as one who possessed sound reason and good judgment; they were attracted to him by virtue of his genial spirit, his frank open-heartedness, his sincerity, his love of truth, and his disposition to deal honestly and squarely with all men. In his nature there was nothing imperious, overbearing, domineering, arrogant, or tyrannical. His very countenance

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was an index to the great philanthropic heart that beat in his breast. The acts of his life were the exponents, revealing the powers to which elevation he could rise when occasion demanded. I can speak only for my own conference—the Pennsylvania—and I can say that I never heard any one speak a word of censure against him. Oh, how the ministers and members of our conference appreciated, loved, and esteemed Bishop Kephart, and they had a right to do so, as he was worthy of it all.

His was a Christian family. His home was a place where God presided. A kind Providence had given him an excellent wife, who helped him in his early struggles, cheered and aided him in battling often against the tide, and gave him inspiration and comfort when the years of his success and triumph came. He lived to see his daughters grown up to cultured and refined womanhood, and become wives of educated and honored Christian gentlemen. His grandchildren were the joy of his declining years, a sunshine to his life.

One thought more: He never ceased to work until summoned by the great Master. The people heard him so gladly that, without due consideration to his years, they urged him on to that to which his willing nature so readily responded. To illustrate this I give an instance: On Sabbath, the 6th of last August, he was listed to preach at the Penn Grove Camp. Thousands of people assembled, and at ten in the morning he preached, to the great delight and edification of the crowded congregation, for more than an hour. By a change of services he again preached in the evening, after which he went with me to my residence in Hanover. The train was late, and when he retired it was near midnight. At his request, in order to meet other engagements, he arose early, partook of breakfast, and before six o'clock was on his way home. To endure such labor required an iron constitution. And this is the kind of service he rendered to the Church for years. In a most wonderful degree did he retain, in the advance stage of life, the powers of his mind, and inborn energies of his soul. To the last he wielded with power "the sword of the Spirit and the hammer of the Word."

But now his work is done. The messenger of death found him, not loitering, but far from his home in the field

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of labor, looking up to the sun, which he might think would not yet set, and still give him some additional time to make more conquests for Christ and the growth of his Church. To him we may apply the words of Montgomery:

“Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

“The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.”

Bishop Castle's letters were filled with appreciative sympathy. In response to Bishop Kephart's request for retirement at the last General Conference, he said of Bishop Kephart: “I have had great admiration for his executive ability, for he has been the strong man on the Board of Bishops, as you know. When it came to matters of close decision, matters where the law of the Church was involved, we have rested heavily upon him.” In a personal letter he says:

It may be thought that the Bishop died prematurely. It may seem so to us, I grant; but a man who is converted to God when only seventeen, and gives nearly fifty years to a faithful and successful ministry, cannot be said to have departed too soon for the accomplishment of the divine purpose in his life. I think God's servants die at the right time. God looks after that, and it would be most inappropriate to put a broken shaft over the grave of such an one. No! Round it up well, tall and high, for he started early, worked close to time, and finished his life-work most gloriously.

Bishop G. M. Mathews, in his “A Tribute to My Beloved Friend,” in the *Telescope*, has given the man as he saw him. A paragraph or two will be quoted here:

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Bishop Kephart's official relations as pastor, professor, college president, chairman of Church boards, and for twenty-five years general superintendent of our Church, enabled him to touch thousands of lives, and caused his name to be a household word in the homes of our people. This, with his abundant and beneficent labors throughout a long period of faithful service, made his sudden taking away more sad, and caused the heart of our Zion to ache with grief, even though his departure from this world was but a triumphant and glorious entrance into the unspeakable felicities of the life immortal. Bishop Kephart first touched my life in 1865, when we were students in Otterbein University, he being thirty-one and I sixteen years of age. From that time to the day of his death, in all my associations with him, he won and held my heart, commanded my admiration, and received my glad, loyal support; and he deserved it all, and more, because of his high qualities of character and eminent services. What a royal friend he was to us younger college students in the sixties. What interest he took in our peculiar struggles in those days, and how he, both by counsel and example, helped us to high ideals and noble aspirations! He carried, in his later days, the same cordiality and congeniality that marked his earlier years. Only those who knew Bishop Kephart intimately and best will appreciate the rich meaning of the expression "Zeek," with which he was familiarly addressed.

Bishop Kephart's scholarship was known and acknowledged. It was thorough, definite, clear, and comprehensive.

Bishop Kephart was a pillar in the Church. His character was of the granite kind. He was upright, inflexible, and steadfast. He stood, like the oak, erect and unshaken in the fiercest storm. He was courageous in the advocacy of a great truth or cause, whatever others might say or do. He championed a movement or opposed it with a firmness of conviction that commanded attention and brought persuasion. Besides being a pillar, he was a church leader, reliable, aggressive, progressive, and determined. He guided our Church barque safely along rocky coasts and through stormy seas. While there have been other great leaders in the Church, he was their peer.

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THE ESTIMATE OF AN ASSOCIATE AND NEIGHBOR.

Being in Porto Rico at the time of Bishop Kephart's death, I was of necessity absent from his funeral. I was his neighbor at Toledo, Iowa, for five years, and in Annville, Pa., for over four years, and his associate in office for over twelve years. In these intimate relations I learned to appreciate, in a high degree, his noble qualities of mind and heart, and to hold him in exalted esteem for his work's sake.

We often were in each other's home, exchanging courtesies and information, and consulting about Church matters. He was a man of clear judgment, warm German heart, but of very positive convictions. We often differed on questions of policy, but each regarded himself too much of a man to make these differences personal. Not only himself, but his noble wife and cultured daughters were always pleasant neighbors, whose friendship has ever been a source of pleasure and good cheer in my own home.

But life flows quickly on, and we shall surely meet again.

(Bishop) J. S. MILLS.

Bishop T. C. Carter says:

I would bring a garland of fragrant and dewy memories from my Southern home, and lay it upon the cold brow of my ever-faithful friend.

Bishop Kephart was a man among men. He was actively interested in all that made for the welfare of our sorrow-stricken race. He took a hand in public affairs, was always ready to fight on the right side of all moral questions, and was never tongue-tied when his voice should be lifted against oppression and wrong. He was an ecclesiastical statesman, whose leadership in our denomination was pre-eminently influential in guiding it through some crises which are not yet forgotten by his brethren.

Bishop Kephart lived a consistent Christian life. This is the highest eulogy that can be spoken of any man. He was everywhere and on all occasions the friend of God and the advocate of his cause. He never for a moment lost sight of the sanctity of his religious profession, or the dignity of his calling as a minister of the Lord Jesus. On his

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tombstone might be placed the words: "His Christian character was unspotted, his ministerial life was a tower of strength, and his end peaceful and glorious."

Bishop W. M. Bell says :

He was a good and great man. He wrought well in life's busy day, and his rest is peaceful and sweet. His ideals of manhood and womanhood were high, and he exemplified these in his own character very effectually. He did a great work in elevating the standard of our ministry everywhere. His was a fruitful life. The hours spent in communion with him can never be forgotten.

Some of the General Church officers presented estimates of his character and worth to the Church, which will be of interest to the general reader :

AS MAN AND BISHOP.

The marked characteristics of a man are to be determined by the viewpoint from which we make our observation. In a well-rounded character, such as marked the life of Bishop Kephart, it would be difficult to point to any particular one as distinctive. I see the Bishop as a man and as a presiding officer. As a man, he was ever of dignified mien, but with heart open to all whom he met, and with a nature that permitted the approach of man, woman, and child, who immediately felt at home in his presence, and the absolute sincerity of all he said or did. As a presiding officer at an annual conference, or in the more difficult position, the General Conference, he manifested his great power.

Is there one who will say he was arbitrary, or inclined to overrule the opinions of his brethren? I think none, unless he was jealous of his power and strength. He was bold and fearless to express with emphasis what he thought was right; but who will say that he ever manifested ill-temper, or that his retort to another on the floor contained one word of personal nature, or that carried with it a sting? His words were ever tempered with that freedom from cant

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and vituperation that carried conviction to the unprejudiced that he was right and he knew he was. His manly interpretations in the midst of stormy scenes on the floor, his strong, courageous utterances and advice have more frequently saved a shipwreck than many have considered. Our Church, all churches, need more like him, and will succeed better when they have men of his traits as leaders.

L. O. MILLER,

General Church Treasurer.

A GREAT LIFE.

In the death of Bishop Kephart our denomination has lost one of its most faithful and influential servants, and the Church at large has lost a splendid example of true Christian manhood. The memory left to us is of a man whose character was as noble as his faith was unflinching and his labor tireless. With perhaps one exception, no other life since the days of Otterbein has diffused itself more widely and engrafted itself more securely into permanent vitality throughout our beloved Zion. The Bishop was eminent in scholarship—a man especially of wide theological and critical learning, a distinguished jurist and parliamentarian, a wise counselor, and a strong preacher. But when his biography is finally written, his story will be best told and most admired in his greatness of soul and nobility of character. The sublimest and most enduring thing in nature is the moral grandeur of a true manhood. His physical presence itself begot respect, but when his sweet and generous spirit was known, and his supreme devotion to his divine Lord was appreciated, admiration and love came as naturally as does the fruitage to the vine that bears it. There was happily blended in him the spirit of the Boanerges with that of the disciple beloved—the tenderness of one supplementing the forcefulness of the other. His system of moral philosophy included all that was good and beautiful in God's world, no matter where it was found. He had the divine ability of heart to separate the grandeur of earth from its infirmities, to hear strains of music rising above its harshest tumult, and to see, above the spectacle of vice and fraud, the greatness of the kingdom of man, and an ever-advancing humanity. The character and influence of

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Bishop Kephart will grow upon the Church; future generations will do him honor; new altars will be dedicated with the teachings of his life: "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." The writer will never cease to be grateful for his warm personal friendship.

H. H. FOUT,
Editor Sunday-School Literature.

AN IMPEISHABLE LIFE.

It is customary to speak well of the dead, even though some are not admired in life; but Bishop Kephart was one whose weaknesses were so well concealed, and whose virtues were so well defined, that all who knew him loved him. My personal acquaintance with him began with his elevation to the bishopric, in 1881. From that time on I was much in his company, socially and officially. He was strong on church law, and his advice was valuable on questions requiring nice discrimination. In the chair he was firm, but always fair. As a preacher, he was clear and convincing. As a friend and brother, he was genial and cordial. I never admired him more than at the last General Conference, where his leadership was conspicuous. The impress of his life and work will be imperishable.

ROBERT COWDEN,
General Sunday-School Secretary.

MEMORIES THAT INSPIRE.

Memory brings back our silver anniversary in Dayton, in 1900, when Bishop Kephart made report of his last visit to Africa, the first after the uprising. He had visited every one of our stations, and presented vivid pictures of conditions as he saw them, giving us strong encouragement to go forward. There were with us then Bishops Weaver, Hott, and Kephart; now all three are gone, but their lives are held in our memories, and stir us up to nobler things. We remember the Bishop at the last session of our General Conference. We marked his keen legal brain, his ready solving of knotty points, his fearless stand upon the issues of the hour, and it seemed too early for him to step aside from active service. In fact, he never did; the summons came to him in the field, suddenly, with little warn-

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ing. We may not choose, but it seems a beautiful thing to die in the harness; one minute herein to work, the next, over there in glory.

MRS. B. F. WITT,
Corresponding Secretary Woman's Missionary Association.

A MAN OF RARE ABILITY.

With the message, "Bishop Kephart is dead," there came to the writer a deep sense of personal loss. The privilege to count Bishop Kephart as a friend was a source of strength. The influence of his sturdy manhood was very helpful. As a traveling companion, he was most congenial; as a guest in the home, he was entertaining; as a pulpit orator, he was dignified and strong; as a presiding officer, his firm adherence to the law brought respect for the Church. In cases of needed advice, his counsel was safe. His leadership in the general interests of the Church has been marked by success. His writings have been vigorous, and his interpretation of ecclesiastical law has been clear. No man's opinions were taken with more weight in the late General Conference than his. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the real help that has come to the office of the Home Missionary Society in the last few months through the communications of Bishop Kephart. We call the attention of all the readers of the *Telescope* to one among the last papers the Bishop wrote, the strong, vigorous article on the Woman's Auxiliary, as found in the home department of the *Missionary Advance* for February.

With head and heart bowed before God, I wish to bear tribute to the life of this great man, in the language of the Word, "He being dead yet speaketh."

C. WHITNEY,
General Secretary Home Missionary Society.

COLLEGE LIFE AND BEYOND.

I was professor of mathematics in Otterbein University from 1862 to 1867. During a part of this time Bishop Kephart was a member of my classes. We were born and reared in adjoining counties in Pennsylvania, and this fact intensified our pleasant relations. During all the intervening years we have been warm, personal, confidential friends.

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My memory of those early days is that while he was not brilliant, he was better than that, he was an earnest, faithful, plodding student, on whom you could always depend for a perfect lesson. He graduated from what we called our scientific department, in 1865. The years that have come and gone have only deepened, and strengthened, and made more manifest, the traits then shown. He did not jump at conclusions, but carefully and cautiously surveyed the ground, and, when he was sure of his position, he held fast with a tight grip. This disposition of his made him a very valuable help in the struggles which led to the division of the Church. His sympathies must wait on his judgment; when convinced of the truthfulness of a position, only inexorable logic would move him. He was the kind of a man specially helpful in troublous times. A great man has fallen in our denomination. If only he could have lived until after the convention, how his sober, sedate judgment would have helped us to steer our craft wisely into unknown seas.

H. A. THOMPSON,

Editor United Brethren Review.

A FRIEND INDEED.

I love to think of Bishop Kephart as a genuine friend. His great responsibility as a bishop did not shut out those passive qualities that made him a most interesting, helpful friend. He had a dignity in his nature that gave him access to the most exalted of earth, and a simplicity that welcomed the little children into his presence. He cultivated friendship, and never seemed to forget any one whom he once knew. His attractive personality made him a great power in dealing personally with men of all classes. He would seek out business men and others, usually overlooked by Christian workers, and in a most loving way would lay on their hearts the claims of Jesus Christ. He approached a judge of one of the superior courts on the subject of religion, and found the learned judge to welcome a personal conversation about Christ, and in a short time thereafter he sent for the Bishop to come and pray with him, when he entered the kingdom of God praying the prayer his mother taught him when a child. But few knew

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of the work he did in this quiet way. Heaven alone will reveal the good he has done.

Bishop Kephart possessed that type of life that has enduring qualities. His was a well-balanced, many-sided life, that reached a high average of excellence in its development.

S. S. HOUGH,

General Secretary of Foreign Missionary Society.

AN ALL-ROUND MAN.

A truly great man has fallen in Israel. He was a man of various talents and attainments. In him was profound scholarship, soundness of judgment, executive ability, knowledge of parliamentary law, positive faith in the principles of the gospel, and a lofty conception of character. All these were made attractive in the radiance of his earnest Christian life. He justly merited the place accorded him among the leaders of our denomination. As we now view his whole life and work he appears to us as the highest specimen of an all-round Christian character which the ministry of our Zion has produced. He brought sinners into the kingdom of God; he led a multitude of youths into the realm of true knowledge; his sermons and lectures strengthened the foundations under many a Christian believer; his sincerity and integrity made men and women respect Christianity; his loyalty to what he believed was right was most beautiful and strong. But he has gone from us in answer to the heavenly summons. Two things comfort our hearts: "He being dead yet speaketh"; we may meet him again in the eternal morning.

W. O. FRIES,

Associate Editor Sunday-School Literature.

A LEADER IN CHURCH PROGRESS.

Bishop Kephart was distinctively a leader in the progress of the Church. During the days of the radical and liberal controversy, Bishop Kephart's counsel steadied the Church as it passed through the storm. While some of our churchmen saw the loss of many radical members if concessions were not made to them, he saw a greater loss of members, and a disintegration of the entire denomination if such concessions were made. Bishop Kephart wrought valiantly

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for our educational interests, was a strong pulpit man, a vigorous writer, raised the standard for the ministry, was a splendid executive officer, a broad-minded churchman, and contributed in many ways to the present-day achievements of our denomination.

C. M. BROOKE,
Manager Union Biblical Seminary.

As an expression of our esteem for our brother, Bishop E. B. Kephart, our deep sorrow at his departure from us, and our heartfelt sympathy for you in your bereavement, the Indiana Conference, in session at Odon, Indiana, September 5-9, passed the following resolution:

In view of the fact that our beloved brother, Bishop E. B. Kephart, D.D., LL.D., has in the providence of God been taken from us and his chosen work and field to his crown and reward, with tenderest love and sympathy for his family and loved ones, we bow our heads in grief with them, but look up with the bright hope of meeting him in the better world.

Resolved. That in him the Church loses a guiding genius, and that we each lose a tender and loving friend and wise counselor. We bless his memory and cherish his many virtues.

C. C. BREDEN,
W. E. SNYDER,
J. H. WALLS,
Committee.

W. E. SNYDER, *Conference Secretary.*

The members of St. Joseph Annual Conference, in session at North Manchester, Indiana, September 12-16, 1906, are bowed in grief. Our loss is great, but it is not only the loss of St. Joseph Conference, but the loss of the entire Church and Christian civilization.

A strange Providence has enveloped the Church with a dense gloom, and while we were in the gloom God gently wafted the soul of a mighty man unto himself, that of Bishop E. B. Kephart. He walked with God, and is no more with us, for God has translated and crowned him.

Is he no more with us? Ah! his magnanimous spirit is not afar from us. The influence of his noble life, like the

perfume of a rose, is in our midst. The usefulness of that sublime life still sits upon the throne of our consciousness; the ability of that cultured soul still directs us in our deliberations; the majesty of that noble physique still stands before us in all sublimity and grandeur.

But, withal, we cannot refrain from giving expression to our emotions. The Bishop's personal presence is absent from us in the Church, and we needed him so much. He graced our annual conferences, and added untold dignity to them all. In every department of the Church, and in every position which was his to occupy, he was an honor and an adornment. As a statesman he excelled, as an orator he had few peers, as a parliamentarian he was unsurpassed, as a theologian he was a recognized leader, as a friend he was true, as a father he was revered, and as a husband he was dearly beloved. At home or abroad he towered like a giant, a leader grand and mighty, yet he was as gentle as the gentlest, and as humble as the humblest.

St. Joseph Conference appreciates the ability and love of our beloved Bishop Kephart, expresses its sincerest sympathy for Sister Kephart in her bereavement, and has resolved to print in its Minutes this humble acknowledgment of its debt to this great man. The secretary is authorized to send a copy of this recognition to the bereaved family.

L. A. STANGLE,
J. SIMONS.

The faculty and students of Union Biblical Seminary passed resolutions, which have found their place in connection with his work as an educator. The day following his death was the Day of Prayer for Colleges, and this body, moved by a feeling of need, tarried long in petition for God's blessings upon the institutions of the Church, with which Bishop Kephart stood so closely identified.

The Foreign Missionary Society passed resolutions, from which the following is quoted:

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It is with a degree of sadness that we record the great loss we have sustained as a Church and a Board, in the recent sudden translation of our esteemed brother, Bishop E. B. Kephart, D.D., whose manly presence and wise counsel for twenty-five years were always a help and inspiration to the work of missions. The three episcopal visits which he made to the African mission field gave him an enlarged vision of the work and needs of the field such as few men possess.

Bishop W. M. Bell, D.D., former Missionary Secretary, gives the following estimate of Bishop Kephart's relation to the work of missions:

During my twelve years of service as Missionary Secretary, Bishop Kephart was either Vice-President or President of the Missionary Society. As a bishop, he was a frequent visitor to our foreign missions in Germany and Africa. His reports to the board were always most helpful, discriminating, and informing. As to our foreign work, he invariably had courage for the work, and always spoke in terms of highest praise touching our foreign missionaries, whose labors he was so often permitted to review. His visions and sympathy were as broad as the race, and he could be counted on to advocate the broadening of the activities of the Church in the foreign fields. He was a leader in all the forward movements and new enterprises of the Missionary Society. His ideas were for broad gauge work in all phases of the missionary enterprise. Any man or woman revealing a conviction for service in the foreign field had his immediate and sympathetic attention and interest.

His estimate of the foreign field was such that when it came to the selection of missionaries, none were too good or too great for such a call. He believed fully in the policy of training native workers for gospel work, and hence he was largely instrumental in bringing to the United States the Rev. Alfred Sumner, for his education. He was often heard to say, in board meetings and annual conferences, that the Church was not half giving for its missionary work. He was ever expecting that the Church would give more liber-

ally, so that greater progress could be made. Any appeal for help in the home field had in him a prompt and worthy champion. He expected advancement, and reckoned that all plans should be based on that expectation. His bold confidence that more money and more men would be forthcoming for the cause of missions, made his addresses contribute to hopeful and expanding policies. Touching Bishop Kephart's relation to the cause of missions, one characteristic, all dominant and ever dominant, was his everlasting hopefulness. No matter what happened, all *would be well*. Reverses would be overruled and highest successes augmented. He was a prophet of good things to come. Victory at home and abroad was as sure as the promises of God. I thank God for the memory of his sunny missionary faith and vision.

Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, founder of the Apostles' Institute, Konia (Iconium), Asia Minor:

In him I lost one of my best friends and counselors in this country. My mission and distressed people of Armenia have thus lost an earnest, true, and ever-ready helper. God gave him a fine, large physique, but his heart was much larger; his sympathy was manifest, and worked out for the people beyond the seas. His worthy service and great sacrifice were given to all in need. To him it was an untold pleasure to be a friend to the friendless, and assist the helpless by his words, pen, and purse; and he was ever ready to do the work from which many might justly excuse themselves. It was hard for Bishop Kephart to say "no" to any good object he was asked to aid for conscience, for love, or for Christ's sake. He did not boast of what he did, neither seemed aware of the greatness of his work. There was no show, or blowing of the trumpet, but he freely scattered seeds of kindness. Goodness and kindness were second nature to him. He was a great man in the highest sense, although he did not know or assume it. We knew him humble in spirit, with the truthful simplicity of a child. He talked, walked, and worked with us as one of us; nevertheless, he was a theologian, a poet without rhyme, and a philosopher of the Church. His love for me and my

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suffering people drew me to him, and made me to learn, know, and love the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

The Church Erection Society passed appropriate resolutions of respect and sympathy. Bishop W. M. Weekley, D.D., former Church Erection Secretary, thus writes of Bishop Kephart's relation to that department of Church work:

Bishop Kephart was the friend of church erection, and delighted in the growth which he saw the great cause making. He often so expressed himself to me in private. But why single out church erection? He was the champion of every general interest, and brought to its support the strength of his ripened years. He was a United Brethren, and was faithful in his encouragement of anything identified with his Church. My first church-erection speech, after I was elected secretary, was made at Central Illinois Conference, where he presided. At the close of the address he stepped forward and gave me his blessing, which was a signal for every minister in the house to do likewise. At the close of the meeting he said to me, "Now, if you can keep this thing up you will succeed." I tried to keep it up, and he witnessed the success which came in after years with approved satisfaction. He is still interested in church erection.

Resolutions were also passed by other Church boards, expressing their share of loss and sympathy for the bereft family and Church. Some of the annual conferences, in their sessions of 1906, passed similar resolutions.

The Hon. W. B. Allison, United States Senator from Iowa, wrote: "I could not refrain from expressing my deep regret at the loss of so good a man as the late Bishop Kephart."

Following are a few additional expressions of appreciation duplicated in the many letters of sympathy received in the hour of bereavement: "A life above suspicion, but gentle and kind." "We shall not forget him here, as he moved among us as one who had power." "Many of the liberal advances of our Church are due to his wise guidance and leadership." "The Church has lost a great leader, and our country a true patriot." "He was a man of great heart-power and a pure life. All who came in contact with him loved him when they saw the unselfishness of his heart." "Death never came nearer to me, except in case of my own kindred. No one has done more to strengthen and inspire me in life's arduous duties and struggles." "The good he has done will stand as an everlasting monument of his worth, and encourage others to be more faithful. Truly a beautiful character has left us. Beautiful in life, we know it would be still more so in death." "I am a better man because I knew Bishop Kephart." "I honored him as one of the Church's great men, for his high culture and noble Christian character, and respected him always as a personal friend." "He was not a partisan, but a true Christian friend, and showed his spirit alike to all. He was above schemes and trickery, ever ready to do the right, open, above board." "Bishop E. B. Kephart was one of God's great and good men, great because of his goodness." "Bishop Kephart made a lasting impression on me by his kindness, his encouraging words, and his profundity of knowledge." "We, of the South District, feel that we have lost a true friend, a noble Christian minister, a father in Israel." "He was my

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personal friend, a worthy man among men, and has left to his beloved Church, and to us all, an example of wise and faithful leadership." "When he died, in my opinion, the Church lost the greatest bishop it ever had." "He was an honorable Christian gentleman of the highest type." "Bishop Kephart was one of the great men of my acquaintance, and one of the most lovable. He was a man whom we admired without reservation, and whose presence was of itself an inspiration. He left a strong impress on our lives, and that impress, and the memory of his great-hearted character, will always abide with us." "How many times and occasions I can recall of his great kindness—distinguished kindness—to me as an individual, and as an officer of the W. M. A." "I shall never forget the great, kindly, sympathetic heart of the Bishop. He was a helpful inspiration to me in my college days." "It would have done you good to hear many students say how much they owe to him." "His life is worthy of imitation. His optimistic view brought a spirit of cheerfulness that his biographer cannot portray. He was a great man, with a vision of the future that placed him in the front ranks of our Church." "I looked up to him as a friend and counselor. I owe more to his wise and judicious counsel than to any other person in the Church I love." "We had learned to have a great admiration for Bishop Kephart, as a scholar, a public-spirited citizen, a Christian gentleman, and a personal friend." "His influence and personality have been important factors in shaping my life, and I look back to my school-days with the profoundest satisfaction that I was under the influence of

such a man." "All who ever truly knew him will say that it was a blessing to know him, for his daily life was a constant example of Christian graces. Who ever heard him complain of any duty, however trying? It would be difficult, indeed, to find one who had so much good will for all humanity as he." "No other one man has influenced my life as much as Bishop Kephart, and I have even said that I hope I can be the good man he so constantly appeared to me." "We feel the Church has lost from service its greatest man." "I owe more to that dear good man than to any other minister of the denomination. Indeed, had it not been for him, I doubt if I would be in the ministry of this Church. He did more to lift up the standard of the denomination to a sensible basis than any other man in the denomination." "He lived such a balanced life, such a life controlled by the Spirit of God and highest wisdom, that I believe he will be speaking in all the years to come in louder and louder tones." "His colossal character, splendid leadership, and long, faithful, fruitful life form a monument that will abide forever." "For his knowledge of Church law, and for his safe and sound judgment, he was unsurpassed. He was a real companion to all our ministers, being universally spoken of in this relation. His name and influence in connection with our educational work in particular, and with all the work of the Church in general, will be richly cherished. How faithfully and generously he wrought! He was a noble man of God!" "I've known him for thirty odd years. He was a factor in God's kingdom, and did really lift up humanity. His going was free from pain,

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likely, and the life which he led will cause no remorse. But the deeds of kindness to his fellow-men will long be remembered by the thousands who knew him." "It was a great privilege to know him and be under his wise leadership."

He was preëminently the young man's friend. Many testimonials like the following have been received:

"He manifested an interest in me and my work, as I was sent to my first work after completing my course in the Seminary." "In his death I have, as a young man in the ministry, lost a faithful friend, and one whose memory will linger until I, too, must touch the shores of that unseen country." "Bishop Kephart was one of my dearest friends. When but a babe, he ministered in holy things to my parents. He was close to me when the heavy burden of responsibility at —— church was upon me. He dedicated the church when completed, and consecrated our missionaries when we sent them out. In a hundred ways he has come in helpful touch with my life." "When I was a boy, he was the uncle who always stood by me in my squabbles; to whom I could go in my troubles. When a student in college, it was the same. I was sometimes rude, he was always patient; discouraged, he would hold me up; and when I did wrong he forgot it. As time goes on, I realize more and more how his influence in those early years has entered into the shaping of my life in these later years." "What a capable, sincere, warm-hearted, stanch man he was. To know him was to esteem him and love him. I feel that nothing that could be said of a man would be too good to say for him, for he was a

part of the 'salt of the earth.' "He was much more than an ordinary man, and wrought more good in the world. He left a deep impress on the world, so that though gone, he yet lives in the hearts and lives of many people." "My heart has been deeply overshadowed since learning of his unexpected and, humanly speaking, untimely death. To the Church at large his passing away at this time, or at any time, cannot but be an unqualified calamity; but oh, how immeasurable it is to the hundreds of young men in whom he was always so deeply interested, and whom he constantly sought to aid. Because to me and countless others of the young men of our Church, his life was so sympathetic and inspirational, so kind and helpful in its touch, I write to say that I feel a keen and distinct sense of loss, for I loved him, too, loved him so much." "I feel that in the death of Bishop Kephart I have lost a *true friend*, and the Church has lost its wisest and safest leader." "I have never met a student of his that did not love and honor him, and I doubt if one will hear of his death with dry eyes." "I never met a man that it was so great a pleasure to be with, nor one who, though he seldom spoke of religion, by his whole manner instilled its lessons so effectively."

BISHOP E. B. KEPHART.

As Aaron's breastplate gave its light
 From jewels rich and rare—
 His life sent forth a radiance bright,
 From virtues centered there.

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Like Israel's priest, upon his heart
Who bore the tribes of old—
In men he took an earnest part,
And for their weal was bold.

Wisdom he had—and did dispense
That trinity profound,
In nature, grace, and providence
With which he did abound.

He ruled in Church, he ruled in State
With a demeanor mild;
Humility had made him great—
The giant, from the child.

He was not old—three score and ten
Beheld him at his best;
He mightier grew, with mightier men,
As on he journeyed west.

He did not fall by slow decay,
Or ling'ring ills of years,
But passes suddenly away,
As Enoch disappears.

From earth to heaven—as by a stroke;
The storm was strong, but brief—
So falls, at times, the mighty oak—
Our hearts are full of grief.

While sorrow's fingers touch the strings,
Which the deep sadness tells,
Each harp in heaven with gladness rings,
And loud the anthem swells.

Rest, brother, from thy labors rest,
Thy works shall follow thee,
And multitudes by them be blest
As on the ages flee.

L. L. HAGER.

Findley Lake, N. Y.

“Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

“But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge’s arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

“Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.”
—Longfellow.

“The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God’s own light.”
—Trench.

“The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets
are nearest the sun.”—Richter.

“If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of con-
cords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two
right ways to look at it. One is to say, ‘I have not lost it.’ An-
other is to say, ‘Blessed be God that I have had it so long.’”—
Henry Ward Beecher.

CHAPTER XX.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

EVEN in a well-rounded man, certain traits of character become prominent, especially if he does as much work as Bishop Kephart. In him some characteristics were so apparent that they could be seen by those who only met him once. Others were not so manifest.

His success in life depended much upon his attention to details. Little things to him had a degree of importance. He never was too busy to attend to the needs of an individual. His ear was always open to any proper petition, however humble the individual. Complaints and questions from presiding elders, ministers, laymen, sometimes involving many petty local details, were treated by him with deference. He would carefully examine all, then apply the Church law and Christian principle. He knew the welfare of the Church at large depended upon the success and prosperity of the local church, even though it be but a humble mission. The humblest child of the Church to him was not without significance.

Some men who attend to details seem to have their mental vision obscured by holding one of these so close to the eye that it shuts out the great world of which the little interest is an infinitesimal part. This species of myopia is unfortunately prevalent in the ministry.

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Many can see but one church interest. This was the difficulty in the secrecy question. Sometimes a slight indiscretion or irregularity of some member is so magnified as to disorganize a church, or destroy an institution of the church. To Bishop Kephart, each detail had a relative importance, dependent on its connection with the whole. His sympathies were never withheld from any enterprise which he believed would advance the general Church. He believed that the entire Church should be led to unite on one general interest after another, until the whole should stand symmetrically complete. Sometimes we find him officially connected with an organization before it is adopted by the Church, thus anticipating its needs. The organization of the United Brethren Historical Society illustrates this trait. It was organized in 1885. It had been collecting important facts and relics of United Brethren Church history, and of the leading men of the denomination. The General Conference of 1889 adopted the following resolution:

In view of the increasing importance to be attached to securing and preserving the papers, letters, relics, etc., connected with our Church fathers and Church life,

Resolved, That this General Conference hereby officially recognizes the Historical Society, of which Bishop Kephart is now president, as the Historical Society of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ; and that said society shall, through its officers, make a quadrennial report to the General Conference.

Emphasis has already been laid in this work upon his connection with education, he having served as president of the Board during the entire six quadrenniums,

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and of his zeal for missions, including church erection at home and abroad.

He never forgot the Sunday school. The *Bible Teacher* of March, 1906, says of him:

The Sunday-school work has especially lost a faithful friend and supporter. With pen and voice he emphasized the place and potency of this department of Church work in the spread of the kingdom. The children were near to his heart. His last contribution to our *Bible Teacher* appears in the December issue, on the subject of "Child Conversion." It contains the following characteristic statement: "The brighter dawn of church life will be when she (the church) becomes so quickened from above that she realizes that God's purpose is that not one moment of any individual should be spent in sin. The entire life, the whole heart, is his demand. . . . The child-life is the fruitful field for church-workers." In the year 1896 the Bishop was elected member of the International Lesson Committee. He ably represented the Church in this capacity until 1902, when in turn our denomination was to be represented by a layman.

His meetings with the International Lesson Committee were to him a great joy, and he formed a strong attachment, personally, with individual members of the committee. At the meeting in Denver, June 30, 1902, the following resolutions were passed, and signed by members of this committee individually:

DENVER, COLO., June 30, 1902.

Rev. E. B. Kephart, D.D.:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned members of the International Lesson Committee, desire to express to you our sincere regret at your withdrawal from the work of the committee. During the past six years we have enjoyed and appreciated your fellowship and coöperation, and we

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feel keenly the loss which the work has sustained by your retirement. Wishing you every blessing and success, we remain,
Faithfully yours,

JOHN POTTS,
B. B. TYLER,
HENRY W. WARREN,
JOHN R. SAMPEY,
JOHN S. STAHR,
J. R. PEPPER,
M. RHODES,
A. F. SCHAUFFLER,
ELMORE I. REXFORD.

He was a charter member of the Anti-Saloon League of America, always an ardent supporter of the organization, rejoicing in every victory it achieved. He was a member of the National Geographical Society, and a careful reader of its publications. In fact, he was always responsive to any movement which would increase the knowledge of man, or lift him to higher planes of right living. Every individual, organization, or institution, which had for its object the promotion of these higher interests, always found him ready to cooperate.

His mental characteristics were marked, dominating emotion and will, but in perfect harmony with them. He sometimes said that God made man upright, and placed his head at the top of his spinal column that it might rule the man. As Dr. Thompson has said: "He did not jump at conclusions, but carefully and cautiously surveyed the ground, and, when he was sure of his position, he held fast with a tight grip. His sympathies must wait on his judgment; when convinced of the truthfulness of a position, only inexorable logic could move him."

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This adjustment of his faculties made his statements very positive, because backed up by great strength of conviction. Perhaps he did not entirely escape that fixedness of opinion which comes with advancing age, making it difficult for him to appreciate some developments in biblical learning not wholly in harmony with his earlier views, but it may be said of him that his conservatism was optimistically progressive, and he was waiting for "inexorable logic." These elements made him strong in Christian apologetics. He was always ready to draw his sword in defense of the Sacred Word.

This peculiar balance gave his mind its legal coloring. He regarded all law as based upon right, and his interpretations were always in harmony with this principle. He objected to the law on secrecy because opposed to this right which centered in God.

Simplicity of style and manner was a prominent characteristic. This was made possible for him because of the thoroughness of his thinking. He sought to master a subject in all its relations, and when it became plain and easy to himself, it naturally clothed itself in simple language. This element of simplicity impressed all who met him, as is evidenced by the following sketch taken from a Baltimore newspaper, when he resided in that city:

The most striking personality of the half-dozen bishops that now reside in the Monumental City is possessed by Bishop Ezekiel B. Kephart, of the United Brethren in Christ Church. The Bishop is a big man all over. He has a big body, a big brain, and a big heart. . . . He is a little over six feet tall, and has a pair of shoulders that are built on the John L. Sullivan style. His face is broad and mass-

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ive, and his forehead is high and wide. Burnsidies adorn his face, and his black eyes are full of kindness, beneath arching eyebrows.

Bishop Kephart uses the simplest language, and uses it in the most off-hand manner. There is no attempt to display the vast learning he possesses, nor is there the slightest effort to impress upon one the fact that he is in the presence of the bishop of a church.

A man of such mental type will surely be natural and simple in his religion. He had an unwavering faith. Of course he had met his doubts, as every one must who really thinks. But, being honest, and bent on mastery, he had climbed above the clouds, and dwelt in the perpetual sunshine of God's countenance. His faith being thus grounded on reason, his judgment fully convinced, he let loose the reins of his affections, and loved the Lord his God with all his soul, and mind, and strength. His whole being thus became Christ-centered.

Any one who knew him well could not fail to be impressed with his natural, but unreserved devotion to duty. To him there was no question respecting his first duty—it was to God. His own preferences, and the wishes of his loved ones at home, who were dearer to him than his own life, must be sacrificed on the altar of God. This was an established principle, on no account to be violated. On his way to Africa he wrote: "Oh, how happy I would be if I were with my dear wife and family! but duty calls me, and I must obey."

His belief in man was the complement of his faith in God. His trust was very seldom betrayed. Far more frequently it aroused honor, integrity, true manliness in the one trusted. He who would betray such

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simple trust would seem to be beyond all hope of redemption. Its power to save is immeasurable. When given in His name, it is heaven's grace incarnate.

On the one hand, his religion was apparent in his manner of walk, the ease and naturalness of his greetings, and his easy approachableness. One said of him: "You can see that Bishop Kephart is a good man by the way he walks down the street." On the other hand, he never made a flourish of his religion. It was the farthest extreme from cant or "other worldliness." In social conversation he seldom spoke of religion. When impressed, however, that he ought to speak to an individual on this subject, he treated it as he did every duty—went straight to the point, and seldom failed in winning a soul for Christ. He was generous in giving of money to the Church, contributing many thousands of dollars in the same simple manner, without ostentation. Proportionally, he gave far beyond his means. At the close of his life, when he saw the possibility of paying beyond subscriptions already made, he gave "death notes" to needy colleges. He never mentioned these gifts boastingly, but sometimes publicly, to stir others up to a sense of responsibility to God.

Notwithstanding so many mild qualities combined in him, the lion was also there, and although never aroused save in the presence of flagrant unrighteousness or cowardly "bluffing," when once so aroused it was terrible. The following incident will illustrate this trait: "Being engaged to dedicate a church in a certain town, as was his custom, he called the trustees together the day previous, to make a full financial statement, that

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he might know the amount to be raised, and how to proceed, etc. The contractor was very arbitrary, and refused to stand by his agreement. At one business meeting he made one statement about the matter, and subsequently another not in harmony with the first. The Bishop said to him: 'Last night you said one thing, and to-day you say just the opposite. Both cannot be true. Which shall we believe?' The person addressed was a big, sinewy mountaineer, and he flew into a rage, jumped up, shook his fist, and said, 'If you say I lie, I'll crawl all over you.' Said the Bishop: 'Sir, you can't crawl over one side of me, and you sit down there and behave yourself, or I will throw you out of this house. Remember, I was not brought up in the mountains to be scared by a screech-owl.' The Bishop then said to the church board: 'Since this brother refuses to make settlement, the only thing for me to do is to pack my grip and go home. I cannot dedicate your church without a settlement of these accounts.' In the afternoon, with grip in hand the Bishop, on his way to the station, met the obstreperous contractor, who had thought better of the matter; he repented of his conduct, begged the Bishop to forgive him, and stay to dedicate the church for them. The Bishop never held malice, but simply demanded that the individual 'bring forth fruit meet for repentance.' The matter was amicably settled, and the church dedicated according to announcement."

The following incident illustrates the same trait:

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“A person who had defrauded his local church and was denied an honorable dismissal, came to the Bishop at one of his conferences, and desired to go before the conference to censure the pastor. The Bishop said to him, ‘No, you won’t, you have no business there, you just keep out. I will tell you what is the matter with some of you fellows over there at ——, you are trying to see who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. I know you, and that is what is the matter.’”

He always cultivated a forgiving spirit, and sought to lead others to its practice. “At one of his conferences, when the question of reëntering on the roll the name of a brother—then on his death-bed—which had been erased some years before, because of some irregularity in conduct, was being considered, a member objected because the old brother ‘had not lived right.’ One present says that Bishop Kephart slowly arose, and while a deathlike stillness was noticeable to all, said, in his characteristic way, ‘Brethren, you expect the Lord to forgive everything, but you won’t forgive a single thing.’”

His religious character cannot be understood, however, without some knowledge of his religious habits. In the first place, he was a careful student of the Bible. To him it was indeed the “Book of books.” He had committed long sections to memory. He read it daily—studied it by subjects and by books, neglecting no part of it. When weary with toil he rested on the Word. If perplexed or troubled, he came to it for counsel or solace. When dissatisfied with his spiritual condition, he came to the Bible, drank deeply from its pure fountain, and satisfied his hunger from its living bread. If he

thought he had fallen short of his high calling he came to his Father in his revealed Word, to learn how to avoid a repetition of the wrong. The last year of his life the old Bible seemed to grow dearer to him, as he spent much time perusing its sacred pages. His journals of his missionary visits contain many references to Bible reading, naming specific portions read, and his impressions of them: "Read my Bible, and as a result, feel strong in the Lord," is a characteristic entry. "Spent the day resting and reading my Bible." "I read my Bible, and was much impressed with Ezekiel's statement of the restoration of Israel in the latter days, and the destruction of Gog and Magog." "Read two chapters in the book of Habakkuk. It is a wonderful prophecy." "I have read the wonderful prophecy of Moses in Deuteronomy, and his marvelous death. What a most wonderful piece of literature! and it has been literally fulfilled in the history of the Jew for the past 3,000 years. I am overwhelmed with it and fear before the Lord." "I have spent some time to-day in reading God's Word—especially the last chapters of Revelation by St. John, and am strangely impressed with its truth. Oh, that I may be more deeply impressed with the reality of the coming of the Son of God, and the complete triumph of his kingdom on earth! How much more efficient I could be and would be in his service." "Thou knowest, Lord, that I believe, yet, Lord, help me, that I may believe yet more and more. And quicken thou me with a new life for the work that remains for me to do."

The following apostrophe to the Bible, written more than thirty years ago, sets forth the place of the old Book in his thought and life:

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Blessed Bible, I meekly and most reverently bow before the grand majesty of thy sacred truths. In thee I have learned to know the wickedness of my own heart. In thee heaven's high majesty is unveiled, and hell's unutterable woes are heard. In thee God is, and every line is a transcript of the divine mind. In studying thy pages, heaven in all its purity, glory, and grandeur bursts upon my vision. To my soul thou hast opened the fountain of life, and will, at the proper time, throw wide the gates of glory for me, *inviting me to enter.*

Blessed Book, in thee is more than the wisdom of all ages! Glorious old Record, thou art the foundation and the culmination of all true science, the "alpha and the omega" of all sound philosophy. Man has tried to blacken thy fame and tarnish thy character, but thy gold becomes more resplendent through his wickedness, and when Parian and Pentelican shall have crumbled, and the shrine-capped mountains sink beneath the wave of time's lost destiny like the merchant ship from a far-off country, thou wilt bring thy redeemed to the portals of the skies.

E. B. KEPHART.

Western College, Iowa, Nov. 7-8, 1874.

The last quotation shows how his Bible habit found one natural fruitage in his prayer-life. His journals contain very many of these recorded prayers, meditations, and consecrations. In his Bibles are found a few prayers written. None of these were ever written for publication, and only enough will be given here to convey to the reader an adequate impression of the source of whatever spiritual power was manifested in the character here portrayed. Those who have followed the journal may already have been impressed with his prayer-habit. On the last day of 1890 he wrote: "God forgive me for the follies, neglect, and sin of the year now going—gone forever." At another time: "My prayer is that God may give me a clean heart, free from

every evil thought. I am so thankful that he has kept me pure while in Africa, as well as in America." "My prayer is, Oh, that I may know more of thee and of thy ways, and be yet more transformed into the image of thy Son. This has always been a supreme desire with me, yet I have not been able, always, to live up to my desire. Our ship does not make the rate of speed she should. Too many barnacles on her hull. She is too much like myself. May the Lord remove them from me, that I may sail faster." Many similar prayers are found in his journals.

Frequently in his private devotions he would write out a prayer when strongly impressed. All who have tried this plan know how the act of writing tends to fix the impression. The following is a prayer written at Odon, Indiana, June 18, 1905 :

My dear Lord and Master, to thee I come to confess my sins and implore thy forgiveness. Thou knowest, Blessed Lord, that I love *thee* and want to do *thy holy will*, but thou also knowest that I am deeply conscious, that often, oh, so often, I fail to do this. And a like consciousness comes to me, "that in me (that is, in my flesh) there dwelleth *no good thing*." Herein, through weakness, I fall into temptations and am lured into sin. Therefore I come to thus confess, and, believingly, ask forgiveness of thee, and pray for complete victory over self and sin. May more of thy indwelling and perfect reign of Christ obtain in me, to the elimination of all carnality from my soul, body, and spirit.

To this end I not only confess my sins, but renew my old and too often broken covenant with thee. I therefore re-dedicate my soul, body, and spirit, to thee, the true God, Father, Son, and most blessed Holy Spirit, my time, talents, wife and children, and all that I now have or may possess of this world's goods. This I do for time and for

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eternity. And now, Lord, that I may successfully do all this, and carry out each of these holy resolves, give me just now an enduement of thy Holy Spirit; for the past has taught me by sad experience, that my own resolves are as straw in the hands of Samson, and, therefore, "my faith looks up to thee." May this prayer be sealed in heaven.

(Written at the home of Mr. Ward, one and one-half miles east of Odon, Ind., when none but God and angels are present—and perhaps Satan.)

E. B. KEPHART.

The postscript to the following prayer, written twelve years later than the prayer proper, illustrates the practical benefit of the writing habit:

Most merciful and holy God: Feeling my own sinfulness and nothingness in and of myself, I come to thee, Holy Father, having been invited to come by thy blessed Son Jesus, that I may have my sinful nature changed and live a holy life, serving thee acceptably.

Thou knowest, Lord, that experience has taught me that I cannot make myself holy. Oh, how often I have failed in my attempts at holy living, and how frequently I have fallen into sin. Weary and sick at heart of my many failures, I now come to thee in the blessed name of my dear Savior, and on this evening, the 3d of May, 1871, between the hours of 9 and 10 p. m., I solemnly dedicate and offer myself to thee, Father, in the name of thy Son, with all that I possess, or may possess, in time or in eternity. Father, for Jesus' sake accept me just as I am, and make me what thou wilt have me be. Dear Lord, destroy the evil passions of my body, change the unsanctified desires of my soul, and help me, that I may sit at the feet of Jesus and learn the lessons of perfect confidence and obedience. O Father, may the Holy Ghost conduct me into the sacred places of the Most High, and may I ever be beneath the shadow of the Almighty. I make this consecration in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. O righteous God, keep me steadfast that I may never fall into sin. Blessed God, may I ever feel that I am not my

own, but that I am thine, and may this covenant relation never be broken.

E. B. KEPHART.

Western, Linn Co., Iowa.

On this, 17th day of May, I have reviewed the contents of this paper and my own heart, and I thank my Father in heaven that my purposes are unchanged, and the desire of my heart is, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee."

E. B. KEPHART.

Toledo, Iowa, May 17, 1883.

The following prayer reveals the great longing of his heart in his official relation as bishop:

TOLEDO, IOWA, February 1, 1887.

Father Almighty, I, this day, in harmony with my pledge on last night, do consecrate myself anew to thee, to be used as thou wilt use me. Do, Lord Jesus, by thy Spirit, open my understanding, and endue me with power from on high, to the end that I may have a greater influence over men, under God, to bring them to Christ. Lord, thou knowest that I believe in thee, and that thou wilt give this power of bringing men unto thee to whom thou wilt; therefore, oh, give it unto me, that I may glorify thy name, thou Most High.

In the love of truth, and to thee, Father Almighty, and to thy Son, Jesus, my Savior, do I dedicate myself, my wife and children, my house and lands, yea, all things belonging to me, temporal and spiritual, now and forever. Amen.

E. B. KEPHART.

No characterization of Bishop Kephart would be complete that overlooks his domestic trait, his sense of humor, and tolerance of other religious faiths.

The reader will remember the leaf from his journal, written in Freetown, West Africa, when he saw the Mohammedan at prayer on the street, and his comparison of the Catholic religion with the heathen. While he loved his own Church so intensely, he never was

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blind to the good in other Protestant churches. Many have heard him speak with enthusiasm of our debt to the Jewish faith. He always respected any one who honestly and intelligently held an opinion, however much it might differ from his own view. However, the individual of a different shade of belief, who desired to make the Bishop think as he thought, would face a difficult proposition, for it would require "inexorable logic." To his own faith he held with all his soul, for he had tested it.

Without his vein of innocent humor, he never could have succeeded as he did in life. This gave him relaxation from the strain of work, and furnished access to many a heart, and revealed the vulnerable point in many a proposition. This gave spice to his lectures, and oft-times to his sermons. He usually had a story to illustrate a difficult proposition, which made its solution easy. His long and varied experience gave him a rich store of reminiscences from which to draw. His humor, while oft-times corrective, was always kindly. If by chance the probe went too deep, and caused unintended pain, he hastened to heal the wound.

His playful humor is well illustrated by the following narrative. Dr. Wm. O. Krohn, of Chicago, thus writes of him:

"He was the wisest and most wholesome friend I ever had, and the value of his friendship was especially enhanced by coming more particularly during my career as an impetuous college boy at Toledo. *I owe him much.* Every word of praise that I have heard of him sounds so commonplace to me, who knew him heart to heart—

and there is *nothing commonplace* about E. B. Kephart. Men of his measure and sterling worth are so rare. How wholesome his quaint humor! This was, to my mind, the chief key to the fondness college boys had for him. How he once laughed at me, and so heartily! I had never seen a dog-fish. One spring day four of us boys took him with us on our Saturday fishing down by the Indian Reservation. I caught a large dog-fish—thought I had a whale. He said, with a twinkle in his eye, ‘That is the finest specimen of *swamp trout* I ever saw.’ With sober face he induced me to lug the blooming thing to Toledo—I carrying my fish so that every one could see it, hoping to arouse envy and praise of all who saw me. How proudly I walked down College Avenue, he striding along behind, ready to burst with laughter. Finally, when I was showing it to a crowd of about fifty people in front of President Beardshear’s house, I found that I had toted an uneatable dog-fish four miles.”

Says Bishop Mathews: “His character was enlivened with that rich humor and satire which always made a leader charming and attractive. Who does not recall the spontaneous convulsions into which he would throw the conference over which he presided, by his sharp repartee and genuine wit? And, if by chance he went too far in the use of that dangerous weapon, he knew how to heal the wound with words of grace.”

His love of wife and children was not a commonplace affection. His companion still treasures packages of epistles covering forty-six years, and every one is truly a love letter. His eldest son was to him a joy. How fondly he watched the bud of babyhood unfold into the

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flower of adolescence, promising the fruitage of vigorous manhood. But heaven prized the rich fragrance, and took him. The loved form was laid to rest beneath the sod in Iowa. The father-heart, in chastened sorrow, bowed in loving submission. Previously his second born, another son, which heaven had loaned them half a year, was taken above. Heaven was near to the fond parents ever afterward. Two daughters later came to grace this home, upon whom the wealth of his great heart's affection was lavished. Both father and mother were always the companions of their daughters. Their home was the delight of young people. They were always sure of a good time at the Bishop's, as he would enter into their sports as one of them.

When the first grandchildren came, it seemed to him as though his own two little boys had returned to him. How he loved them, fondled them, and consecrated them to God! But his parental love was inexhaustible. Another grandson came, and then two little granddaughters. How the little ones waited for his home-coming, searched his suit-case for sweetmeats, clung to him in his walks, and listened to the new stories he had gathered!

His love for children and the benefits of his domestic temperament were not limited to his own home. Very many testimonials speak of the joy derived in entertaining him. Rev. H. J. Fisher writes: "Several times during our services in Cincinnati we had the privilege of entertaining him in our home, which we enjoyed greatly, and by which we were made better and blessed." Mr. C. B. Rettew writes: "He was our

friend—a friend that for two decades never failed us, and God only knows how much of good and of blessing he has been to us and to our home. His visits always left us better.” Rev. C. E. Fultz says: “The Bishop was our best home friend.” Says Bishop Carter: “It was a great pleasure to myself and family to have him for days at a time in our home. His talks at the table, his peculiar interest in a good story, his large experience in travel, and his desire to make children happy, always invested his visits in my family with unusual pleasure. He was a cherished friend of our sweet little daughter, Ezeta, who went to heaven a year in advance of him, and I love to think of him as leading her by the hand in that city of gold, as he so often led her about our home.”

Rev. H. F. Shupe, editor of the *Watchword*, writes:

A HEART THAT KEPT YOUNG.

The last time I saw Bishop Kephart was on a beautiful October day, as he strolled about the Lebanon Valley College campus with a little granddaughter, the two enjoying and understanding each other. In his comprehension of childhood and youth he was great. And he never forgot a child. He was the pastor of our home church in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, when I was a little boy. It was fifteen years later when we met in Nebraska, and his remembrance of the children in the homes of the community revealed one of the strong elements of his nature. This ability to keep in mind the names and faces of people would have made of him a great political leader, had he been called to that field of service.

The last time he was in our home, as he left the table he took between his hands the face of the little boy of the home, seated in his high chair, and stooping over he kissed the child's forehead and left this benediction, “God bless the little man!”

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Bishop Kephart will long be remembered as a logical and profound preacher, and a broad-minded, conscientious, ecclesiastical leader, as an able and influential educator, and perhaps his greatest influence was exerted through his comprehension of, and affinity for childhood and youth. "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."

His writings are clear, vigorous, and concise. His letters of reminiscence seem to indicate that he had a literary gift for a class of writing of which he himself was unaware. He wrote much for the publications of his own Church. In 1897 he published his "Apologetics, or a Treatise on Christian Evidences," in which he gives one of the best brief summaries of the arguments in defense of the authenticity of the Christian religion. Many complimentary comments on this work were made by the religious press. Dr. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, writes him: "You have done a lasting service through this clear, brief, readable volume; I have been especially interested in the chapter on inspiration, in your summing up of the various theories, and in your reasonable conclusions. Thank you for doing so much to establish faith in the fact of divine communication with men through the revelation and work of God in history, and in his presence and guidance of human affairs now."

In 1902 he issued "A Brief Treatise on the Atonement." He also published a "Manual of Church Discipline," which he subsequently revised.

He was preëminently a preacher of the word of life. This was the great work to which he gave his life. All else was subordinate. As a public speaker he possessed a peculiar, magnetic power, which usually required a

few minutes at the beginning of his discourse to establish its connection firmly with his hearers. It was not unusual to see some of the members of the congregation asleep within the first ten minutes after he began speaking, while all would be wide-awake and intent with interest during the remaining forty or fifty minutes. It is much more common for preachers to hold their congregation's attention at the beginning, and lose it later in the discourse. This may be from lack of reserve power.

As a preacher, he always spoke as though he believed what he preached, and hence his sermons were convincing. Bishop Mathews has given such an excellent characterization of Bishop Kephart as a preacher, that it fittingly finds a place here. He writes:

His culture made him modest, humble, simple in his expression. In his college days he was imaginative, metaphysical, ornate, and eloquent. While these elements enhanced his power as a preacher and lecturer in after days, yet the growth of years' experience and maturity made great his simplicity. While his thought was massive, and elevated, his language was so clear and simple that a child could understand and appreciate him. How he delighted to delve into theological lore, to make archeological explorations, and study the ancient tablets, as a testimony to the authenticity of the old Book, which he proclaimed with power, and upon whose promises he pillowed his head in the dying hour.

Bishop Kephart had the bearing of a United States Senator. His massive physique, his intellectual acumen, his dignified presence, his knowledge of Church law, and parliamentary tactics were marked in him. He was of the Websterian type of character. He must be deeply aroused in order to give forth the richest and best within his rich mental and spiritual treasury. Like all persons of such

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physical and mental composition, he was under the law of extremes; sometimes he would rise, and at other times descend. But when on some great occasion his whole being would be stirred to its depths in impassioned discourse, every fiber of his being pulsating with emotion and earnestness under the grip of a mighty conviction, he would move along a lofty plain like a cyclone of power, sweeping everything before him. With his brain on fire with a great thought, and his heart melted with divine love for the truth, and his eyes penetrating with wisdom, I have seen immense audiences immersed in tears, and at his full control. Of course those occasions were rare, but they stand memorable in his ministerial and educational career.

But Bishop Kephart has left us, and gone home! He has left a monument more enduring than bronze or granite. Upon it are inscribed the sweetest of all words, "He was faithful." He was faithful to the end in all relations, and has entered upon his final and full reward.

Bishop Carter thus speaks of him as a preacher:

As a preacher, he was profound and highly instructive. On great occasions, and when stirred by a favorite theme, he often rose to the sublime heights of pulpit power. I have seen him when the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, when the angel touched his lips with a coal from the altar—and at these times he was almost transfigured, his face shining with strange radiance, and his eyes beaming with celestial fire. It is a sad reflection that his manly form will never again be seen in our pulpits, that his splendid voice is hushed forever, and his stalwart presence will no more be felt in the councils of the Church.

MEDITATIONS.

In a firm conviction that God is infinitely wise, good, and omnipotent, I hope for immortality. I find myself in a state where change is ever and everywhere. Everything is in a flux; life here, death there; production, decay, and reproduction run their ceaseless round, but in all this bewilderment I see no trace of annihilation; but life springs out of death, beauty out of decay.

When I look within, I find that my chief concern is for the future, and I cannot think of a moment in the unmeasured sweep of eternity yet to come in which I find myself not interested. My desires are not limited to this earth-life; my plans and my purposes are not completed. Surely this uniform disposition of mind is not a mere vagary. Can it be that the deepest intuitions of the soul deceive me? Is it a dream never to be realized? No; this conscious self, in which these prophetic intuitions inhere, must continue to be, to feel, to know, to act forever. I cannot think that God, who implanted these intuitions, will deceive me; he cannot if he be true to his creature, man.

There 's a river that rolls on before me,
The "bright" rolling river of death.
Its ford in the distance I'm nearing,
The ford, aye! the boatman, I see
Standing on the brink of that river,
This side the deep, blue, swelling sea.

But just at the brink of the river,
Close down on its opposite shore,
Stand many in glory, just waiting,
To welcome me home, ever more;
In that land where they say never more,
"I am sick," but, "My sorrows are o'er."

BISHOP E. B. KEPHART.

Annrille, Pa., January 28, 1904.

CHAPTER XXI.

AS THINKER, WRITER, AND PREACHER.

The reader will be glad for a brief imaginary excursion into Bishop Kephart's workshop, before taking leave of our subject. His habits of Bible-study and prayer have been presented in another chapter. His habits of thought and production demand our attention here.

Many men of great natural ability fail to become eminent, and to bless the world, because they do not write down and carefully preserve the thoughts which come to them, oftentimes as revelations from God. Probably this is the only way to cultivate the habit of accurate, careful thinking. "Reading maketh the full man, conversation the ready man, and writing the correct man." These three exercises, duly timed, prepare the man for wise conduct in station and duty.

Bishop Kephart thought much when alone. The content of his public writings were thus wrought out, in a large measure, both as to matter and form, and though used many times subsequently, always retained the impress of the hour when they came in noon-day clearness to his own mind and heart. He kept a book, in which he recorded many stray thoughts. Others are found on slips of paper written when on the train in some distant land. Some of these, illustrating this habit and its vir-

tue, are given here under the heading of "Stray Thoughts":

1. If I have the Spirit and the mind of Christ, all that he delights and approves I will also. His Word tells me that he loves and approves. Do I the same?

2. The best human book numbers but a few millions. The Bible numbers between three and four hundred million volumes.

3. God displayed his goodness and unselfishness in giving to creatures existence and free agency, whom, he foreknew, would violate his law and some of them perish.

4. By regeneration the germ of the Christ-life is implanted in the soul of the believer, and Christian perfection consists in this germ developed into the *Christ-life*.

5. God will judge me by what I am, not by my faith or doctrine, nor by the faith or doctrine of my creed, for my faith and doctrine will be what I then am.

6. For eighteen weeks my labors have been almost unceasing—my absence from home almost continuous; but I speak of all this, not as a sacrifice, but discharge of duty. For, to do and to suffer for Christ's sake is no sacrifice. To save the perishing and to befriend even an enemy brings with it a thrill of heavenly joy unuttered by human tongue.

7. We have been created, or, if any one likes the phrase better, evolved; not, however, out of nothing, nor out of confusion, nor out of lies, but out of nature, by Him, the Infinite, who sits enthroned back of nature, who is the source of all order, and the very ground of all truth—"the fountain in which all fullness dwells."

8. It is out of harmony with the divine goodness for God to create a being free to stand or free to fall, whom he foreknew at the time of creating him would fall, and by his own voluntary acts render himself unhappy forever. Would it not be in kind, perhaps not in degree, out of harmony with said divine goodness to create a being at the time of creating him that he would be free to stand or free to fall?

9. How is it that two beings of like moral nature and equally good, and subjected to like influences for good and for evil, will develop opposite characters, the one a *saint*,

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the other a *devil*? To this, reason has given no satisfactory answer, except in free agency.

10. Death is an unexplored ocean, dark, cold, and calm, but the northern sky is brightening under the light of the Aurora Borealis of Bethlehem.

11. If God, in this life, bestows his temporal blessings alike upon the disobedient in their free agency, whom he knows are, and will continue forever in the ruin of sin, as he does upon the obedient in their free agency, to induce them to a life of purity and obedience, that he may thus save them from the ruin of sin, and that he does is manifest to all (and it is regarded as a proof of the divine goodness), would not the same principle of divine goodness lead him to create those beings whom he foreknew would turn away in their free agency from their creator, and be lost in the ruin of sin forever?

12. In this age of advanced thought, no truly enlightened Christian can recognize that organization as the church of his Lord, or any part of it, which closes its doors upon or against any persons it believes to be the children of God. The church that rejects or ejects the children of God, does the same thing to God himself in the person of his children. *This is the curse of Protestantism.*

13. Three kingdoms exist; namely, the inorganic, the organic, and the spiritual, or the kingdom of heaven. The inorganic is the lowest, the spiritual the highest. Life came into the inorganic from the spiritual, and built up the organic, or intermediate kingdom.

14. If I differ with a brother in opinion, and we have words, and then I afterwards hold him at a distance, or pout and be surly towards him on account of the same, I am no true Christian, but a heathen.

15. Some plants bloom in the spring, others in the fall; they may be alike beautiful, and thus fulfill their destiny. God is the maker of both. So with men and nations; some in early life bloom in virtue and fruitage all through their life. Others in the decline of life produce a flower, and disappear in the grave.

16. In human destiny, from one point of view, the future is as fixed as the past. At the close of a man's life his earthly acts are finished, "What he has written he has

written." But was it not equally true at the time of his birth that he would do as he has done? True, his record is the result of his free agency, but his free agency at the time of his birth was no more true than was the record he would write under that free agency, and the record is one of the evidences of his freedom. We are not to conclude that the record could not have been other than it is, and that, therefore, all things are bound up in a blind fatality. No, no! but under his freedom he wrote this record, instead of another one, which he might have willed and written instead of this, which would have been equally his fixed record.

17. Surely the misery, the suffering which follows vice and crime, are intended to admonish the victim to do so no more. But I see another effect, besides suffering, that follows vice and crime; namely, the habit to continue in the practice of vice forever. This to me is more alarming than all that is usually called punishment for vice.

18. Hid away in the silent chambers of my soul I hold a conception of truth, a germ of virtue, an ideal of purity, after which I have always striven, but to which I have never attained; fain would I lay down my life—yes, sacrifice my all—to rise to a complete enthronement of that conception and enjoy its heaven-born peace.

19. Ye angels now adore
The Christ, the blessed King;
The conflict now is o'er,
Grim death has lost her sting.

Proclaim it, all ye stars,
Rise up, ye winged winds,
Shout the glad news afar,
He's conquered death and sin.

Dr. H. C. Shaffer has culled the following selections from his writings:

The Bible.—The Bible itself, as the word of God, is the most forceful agency in fostering popular faith in its divine claims.

Reason.—The reason why men are not brought into religion by the force of pure reason, is that the religious in-

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stinct in the human soul is ultra-rational, and depends upon a pure faith in the supernatural.

Immortality.—When I look within, I find that my chief concern is for the future, that I belong to the only race of animals whose desires multiply as they are fed. I cannot think of a moment in the unmeasured sweep of eternity to come, in which I find myself not interested. My desires are not limited to the earth-life; my plans and purposes are not completed. These reflections daze me. Emotions come that are unutterable. All I can say is, "O God! O God, my Father!"

The Heart.—All religions which govern mankind speak to "the heart," and not to the intellect, for it is a fact that religion makes its way among men, not by argument, "but by an appeal to those fundamental spiritual instincts of men to which it supremely corresponds."

Missions.—The Philippines and Cuba will soon come under the Stars and Stripes. The duty of the hour is for the missionary to be in and to occupy the new field as soon as the change comes. As a religious body, we have our duty to discharge in these new conditions that are upon our country. For heaven's sake, let us not be the last to enter this "open door."—July, 1898.

Sin.—Nothing in man's history is better established than the fact that at some remote period in the past he was smitten by a moral contagion, and, as a result, a degeneracy set in that has swept over the entire family of mankind. His present condition in all lands tells the sad story only too well, how effectually that contagion has done its ruinous work.

Salvation.—The fundamental truths of salvation are fixed factors. God's way into the kingdom is through the working or regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Spirit. This will never change, and will be operative to the last son of Adam's race.

God's Answer.—Take out of his discourses all that modern criticism rejects as spurious, make a due allowance for the tinge of their own thought given to his utterances by his disciples, yet the Sermon on the Mount, which contains the embodiment of all he said and did, remains. In the presence of it both critic and skeptic are alike struck mute

by a consciousness that these utterances could not have been invented by the recorders of his eventful life, nor had they ever leaped from the lips of man, but were truths revealed from heaven by him who came down from heaven. Also, the legend, as the skeptic calls it, of his miraculous birth may be put aside, the claims of the evangelists ignored, and all that creeds profess and ecclesiastical councils have determined respecting him may be laughed at, yet there remains the Christ, the completion of our humanity, God's answer to the soul's ultimate questions respecting human destiny.

The same thoroughness in thought, and care in statement, is found in his public writings, which, in large measure, are the fuller elaboration of his meditative seed thoughts. Many articles thus prepared were published in Church periodicals. These were always instructive, and widely read. When wrought upon by a great thought which stirred his heart, his expression would attain great vigor. In the main, his writings were characterized by balance of judgment, clearness and diction, occasionally rising to great beauty of expression when conveying the finer emotions.

These writings embrace the greatest variety of subjects, but always manifest the ethical and Christian impulse. His themes were for the most part practical, designed to help the Church apply the teachings of Christ in the every-day work of the Church, and in Christian living. He is especially interested in everything pertaining to the Christian life, and wrote frequently on such themes as "Holiness," "The Higher Life," and "Sanctification." But he also loved theory, and many instructive articles came from his pen, such as "Value

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of the Classic Languages," "Aerolites," "The Rosetta Stone." All who knew him will remember his marked interest in and reverence for the remote past. Of that golden age he loved to speak and write. His mental and spiritual balance, however, is demonstrated in that he never fell so in love with the past as to despair of the present and the future. The glories to be in the reign of Christ in his kingdom in the hearts of the children of man, when compared with that past, was always as the zenith sun to the paling moon.

The following article on "Holiness," written to correct erroneous doctrine on this important subject, is inserted as illustrating his style, and his helpfulness to clear thinking and right living:

The Christ life grows the perfect Christian, and the Christ life *lived* is an example of Christian perfection. Few doctrines, if any, connected with the religion of Christ have caused more controversy among believers than that of Christian perfection.

As a rule, all Christians believe in sanctification, and that it is an advanced state in the Christian life; but they differ in opinion as to when and how the child of God attains to that perfect state in grace, and also as to its manifestations. All believers regard this state as subsequent to regeneration; but at this point they begin to diverge and break into factions. As a result, every conceivable form of fanaticism and foolish vagary has been indulged, from the self-righteous Pharisee on the one hand, to the modern "come-outers" on the other.

While regeneration by the Holy Spirit is the renewal of the heart of man after the image of God, and enables him to serve God with the will and affections, sanctification is the work of divine grace, through the Word, by the Holy Spirit, which separates the regenerate soul from sin in thought, word, and act, and enables it to live the Christ life, the life of holiness. Hence sanctification begins where regeneration ends.

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Many believers who are thus born into the kingdom at once advance in the spiritual life of holiness, and live and dwell in that heavenly atmosphere, while others live and linger in the state of grace where they first found their Lord in the pardon of their sin, destitute of growth in grace, and ignorant of that blessed state of enjoyment known only by the sanctified. Those who linger in "childhood," as Paul would say, are yet children when they should be "men," having failed to make that surrender of self which must obtain before growth and development can begin, often do, through the study of the Word and prayer, become conscious of their low, lingering state of grace, and make that self-surrender which, through the Word and the Spirit, brings them into a perfect, holy communion with God. Therefore, growth in grace is the key and gateway, by the aid of the Spirit, to the "higher life."

The experience of believers is not uniform as to when and how this blessed state is obtained. Some seem to attain it at a single bound; others by the slow, plodding process, through the "wilderness of wanderings"; but each for himself, when he attains to it, has verified the Word, "As thy faith is, so be it unto thee."

It is also the experience and testimony of believers, as well as the express teachings of the Word of God, both direct and indirect, that the state of lingering about the threshold of the kingdom of God, without growth and development into manhood, which so often obtains among those who are "born again," is a religious state beset with many temptations, allurements, pitfalls, and dangers, which are not incident to those who have advanced and attained to the "higher life"; for, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye hath not seen." It is God's "highway" of holiness, and only those who live the Christ life know and enjoy its quiet rest. The truth is, it is the development and growth, through the Word and the Spirit, to which the believer attains, that brings him in such close touch with God, that renders him invulnerable to the assaults of Satan, and "dead" to the allurements of the world. The "child" is liable to slip and fall, but ever ready to pick himself up. The "man" may slip and fall, but he gets up less quickly than the "child"—aye, the "man" is not likely to fall.

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But the manifestations or evidence that that state is attained—negatively: The simple raising of the hand or a throwing of the head to one side, together with a flippant "Glory to God," is no guaranty to a state of holiness. These and many other like demonstrations sometimes obtain among professors whose "heart is not right with God," judging from their lives.

Positively: A personal consciousness of being in possession of that "white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it," by the believer, is his personal guaranty or assurance.

Again, the life he lives is the world's evidence that "his life is hid with Christ in God." No amount of profession can take the place of the life which must be lived, to be accepted, either by the believer himself or the world, as evidence that he is "in the faith." The Word of God goes on the assumption that each believer knows the kind of a life he is living, and also knows whether that life is in accord with the Word of God. The life lived must be free from all guile, deceit, hypocrisy, trickery, scheming, and double-dealing; in a word, it must be a life lived "in all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Oh, the blessedness of that state that thus leads up into the hidden mysteries of God's love and mystery, which is the privilege and right of the soul that "dwells in the secret place of the Most High."

However, the preacher was always prominent in him. Everything else was subordinate. This was true when he was college president, or State senator, as well as when he was pastor or bishop. Reference has already been made to him as a preacher. Following is his ideal of "The Preacher and His Work":

Time, with its many changes, may come and go, but no change in the end to be accomplished by the preacher—namely, the saving of men—ever comes; but change of method in his work comes with the peculiar wants and conditions of the generations in the different ages in which

they live. Also, certain qualifications in the preacher are essential in every age to fit him for the work to which he is called. These are:

1. True Christian piety.
2. Intelligence.

As to the first. A low standard will never meet the demand of any age or condition of society. As to the second. It may vary with the intelligence of the age, and the intelligence of the people whom the preacher serves; but the standard should always be broad, and above the general intelligence of the masses.

The marvelous change in the general diffusion of knowledge and the education of the masses which has taken place in the last century make the work of the preacher quite different from what it formerly was; that is, the how of the work is different, and the qualification must be different.

Speaking in general, not many centuries ago the preacher in many communities was about the only man that could read and write. At that time there were none of the now called learned professions except theology, law, and medicine. In so far as the natural sciences were concerned, they did not then exist, or at least were not formulated.

The utilization of electricity belongs to the past few years. The press, as it is called, is very modern. But today the world is marching well-nigh to its intellectual zenith. All men, not the few, are thinking for themselves. The world has grown suspicious of high-sounding titles, and everything must be tested by the truth, and go for what it is. What old councils have decided, and the creeds they have formed, have little influence except as matters of history and matters of opinion with the earnest truth-seeker. If these decrees of councils stand the test of modern scientific investigation they are accepted; if not, they are set aside. Hence the preacher is forced into the field of investigation in order that out of his treasury he may bring to his people "things both new and old." But the preacher must not be too ready to proclaim as gospel truth all that science, falsely so-called, may assert, just as he must not be too ready to accept all that theology in the past, as well as in the present, has declared. He must be a gleaner of truth, to separate the gold from the sand, and

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serve the same purpose in the kingdom of God which the bee serves in the kingdom of nature. Its business is to gather the honey—his to gather the truth of the Word. Who can measure the qualifications needed for the minister's work?

Again, the preacher must be free from rant, cant, and fanaticism. These qualities in a preacher are sometimes mistaken for earnestness or zeal, but they should studiously be avoided. True, the masses are sometimes carried and captivated by those elements in a preacher, and on that account laud him to the skies. But such men's work is like the morning cloud and early dew, not abiding, and never secure him a permanent position and make him a savior of men and a builder of churches. The elements referred to are largely developed in not a few of our modern evangelists. The truth is, the authority and usefulness of the preacher in our day is now derived from the purity and strength of his character, from the vigor of his intelligence and the depth of his learning, and from the power of his speech. Candor, knowledge, wisdom, piety, and love can alone give him power with God and authority with men. Possessed with these qualities and qualifications, and endowed with "power from on high," he is eminently fitted for his work.

1. His first work is to preach "*the word.*" To do this well, he must make special preparation for his pulpit efforts, and not depend on the inspiration of the hour to help him into a suitable sermon for the occasion.

The first thing in the preparation of a sermon is a suitable text. Let the text chosen be a plain one. Avoid strange, singular, and odd texts of scripture, such as, "Harness the horses," and like texts. A text having been selected, then proceed with the natural divisions of the subject, and let the unnatural alone. Think the subject through, and make your preparation as thorough as you can. The preacher should never make himself a slave to his manuscript. Let him write much, "for writing makes an exact man," but as a rule, not confine himself too much to what he has written when in the pulpit.

2. On the delivery of a sermon much depends. Very often a good sermon is said to have been dry, when in truth

it was not the sermon that was dry, but the delivery. A preacher need not be a "jumping-jack" in order to interest his hearers, but to interest them he must be natural in his style of delivery. Austerity may attract and amuse for a time, but ultimately it sickens into disgust. (1) He should speak in a natural tone of voice. Some preachers fall into a kind of ministerial "whine," so that whatever they say, the whine is the most prominent feature. When they read a hymn, they preach; when they pray, they preach; when they make an announcement, they preach; and even when they ask a blessing at the table, they preach. From beginning to ending everything said by them is in an unnatural tone of voice. The most improved modern style of speaking is the conversational style. The preacher should deliver his message to his congregation as he would tell a story, in which he was much interested, to a friend. He should be terribly in earnest; and to be able to do this, he must be stirred through and through himself with interest in his subject and its delivery; for the speaker who is interested himself seldom fails to interest his hearers. (2) All his preliminary services should be marked with brevity. The long hymn, the long prayer, the long scripture lesson, should be scrupulously avoided. Also, the sermon should be brief, especially when the pastor preaches twice on Sabbath to the same congregation. It is, as a rule, better for the preacher to have his people say, "The sermon was too short this morning," than for them to say it was too long. He should avoid all lengthy exhortations at the close of the service, and not drop into the habit of having a long list of tedious announcements and exhorting over them simply for the sake of having something to say. He should avoid being tedious; in a word, let him sail clear of what to him is distasteful in other ministers, for what his good sense condemns in others his people will not tolerate in him.

3. The preacher, in so far as possible, should attend all church meetings, such as the Sabbath school, the young people's meetings, the prayer and class meetings, and at least occasionally conduct them. The teacher's meetings are of much importance, and he should be there, also. In all these meetings, as well as the regular church service,

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he should associate freely but discreetly with his people. His associations should be of a high order, not on the low plane which is usually denominated "familiarity," which always breeds contempt. Let him "know no man after the flesh, and avoid the charge of having "pets" and being partial. Also, let him avoid all controversy with his members, keep clear of all disputes, take no sides, hear all complaints but say nothing; for he is the spiritual guide and adviser of all his people, not simply of those whom he likes best and who treat him best.

4. He is not only the preacher of the congregation, but also the pastor of his flock. As pastor, the successful preacher always finds the most important work to be his pastoral work. (a) This consists, speaking in general terms, in visiting his members in their homes, talking with each of them on their personal religious life, and having prayer with them. These visits may and should be extended to persons who reside in the community included in his pastorate, who may not be members of any church. Pastoral visiting and social visiting should be kept distinct. The former should extend to every member within his pastorate without invitation; the latter may be more restricted and less formal. Where men and women by an unworthy life have forfeited their social standing in society, they have no right to expect their pastor to put himself on their social basis, to the detriment of his ministerial reputation; but as their pastor, he must make no distinction among his members in his pastoral visiting. His pastoral visits should not be less frequent than once every six months, and these visits should be made at times when it is most convenient for his parishioners to receive him. A wise preacher will soon find this out. (b) The visiting of the sick should never be neglected by the pastor. A good regulation in a congregation is to keep the pastor informed when one of the members is sick, and also for the pastor to report to the congregation at the public services, the names of those in his pastorate who are sick, and request special prayers for their recovery. The practice will always have a happy effect.

5. Again, the successful preacher must be a man of sealed lips in so far as gossip is concerned. "He should be

swift to hear but slow to speak," and should never allow an unkind word about one of his members to pass his lips; the preacher who falls into such a practice is not a wise man, and disgraces his office.

It only remains to present to the reader a partial list of his favorite texts, and a few outlines of sermons preached many times, and in many places. The book will then close with a sermon and two characteristic selections from his pen, "We Know in Part," and "Jesus Christ, God's Answer to the Soul's Ultimate Questions."

A PARTIAL LIST OF HIS TEXTS.

Matt. 25: 28, and Heb. 2: 3.	John 8: 12.
Job 22: 21.	I. Chr. 29: 5.
I. John 2: 3; 5: 12.	Zec. 14: 7.
Gen. 5: 18, and Heb. 11: 4.	Acts 17: 31.
II. Cor. 8: 9.	Luke 8: 18, and Heb. 2: 3.
Jer. 8: 20.	Isa. 55: 6.
I. Cor. 13: 9.	Matt. 5: 11.
Matt. 6: 28.	I. John 3: 2.
II. Cor. 4: 16-18.	Matt. 7: 21.
Luke 19: 3.	Rev. 22: 11.
John 14: 1, 2.	Luke 19: 10.
Matt. 7: 11.	Matt. 16: 18.

Of these texts, Luke 8: 18, coupled with Heb. 2: 3, Job 22: 21, II. Cor. 4: 16-18, and I. John 3: 2, may be classed as favorite texts. Of the first of these favorites, he said he had never failed to make an impression on the unsaved. A few sermon outlines remain, some of which, however, are incomplete, but yet illustrated his method and habit of preparation. Allusion has already been made to his first sermon, preached in a schoolhouse about four miles south of Westerville, Ohio. Of this he wrote the following account for the *Watchword*:

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The text chosen was, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19: 10.) From that day to the present I have carefully avoided attempting to preach from that text. I have learned a few things since that day. The notes prepared for the occasion have long since disappeared—for even then I did not believe God called a man to do a work without any preparation, so I had prepared as best I could. The following was my exposition of the text, in so far as I now remember:

1. The Son of man, who was he? He was a Hebrew, the son of a Jewish peasant girl, the wife of one Joseph, who was also a Hebrew. His parents, as well as himself, were born in the mountains of Judæa during the Augustine age. It was here he spent his eventful life, and died a martyr to the principles he advocated, which were distasteful to his people. He was executed by Roman method, under or during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, while Pilate was governor of Judæa.

He was dualistic in his nature—human and divine. His divine nature was manifest (1) in the miracles he performed. (2) The Scriptures declare him to be divine. (3) He claimed oneness with the Father—"I and my Father are one."

The following outlines were prepared, some of them many years ago, without the remotest thought of their present use, and preserved more by chance than by intention. But these outline relics will serve to recall to thousands in the Church, the soul-stirring sermons and the convincing power of the spirit-filled preacher:

SERMON SKETCH I.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

[Preached at Western College, Iowa, June 23, 1878.]

Theme: The Word the Creator of the world; and his nature and character revealed by his works.—Text, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his" (II. Tim. 2: 19).

I. *Nature's constancy.*

1. The constancy of nature is taught by universal experience.

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2. The regularity of nature is as marked as her constancy is, and on these, man predicates all his plans and action. The heavens above and the earth beneath declare it. The tides obey the footsteps of the moon.

3. The steadfastness of nature has led to atheism, and nature has been deified by her votaries. This is not, however, peculiar only to the philosopher, but obtains with man generally. He fails to recognize that nature's laws are God's laws, and that they are *his* servants.

II. *The true state of things.*

1. It is inherent in man to confide in the constancy of nature. Instinctively he believes that what has occurred will reoccur under like conditions or circumstances. Indeed it is God's telling him before hand that by him doing so and so this or that will come to pass as the case may be.

2. To see how essential this principle in man is, let us conceive that it had been or is otherwise with man—that he has no confidence in the constancy of nature, or is otherwise moved that in his opinion the foundations of God are not sure, etc. Or suppose man had confidence in nature, but that nature was fickle or false, and her elements were constantly changing, etc. It would subvert the very foundation of knowledge, and experience would avail nothing only to develop the fact that nature was false and prone to deceive.

III. *What this proves.*

1. The steadfastness and constancy of nature is proof that its Author is unchangeable, not only in the realm of the material, but also in his promises. Indeed, the Psalms set the one over against the other (Ps. 119: 89, 90, 91). In all the realm of nature is it not surprising how God displays not only the fixedness of nature's foundation, but also his own faithfulness to the constitution of nature? True, he has not, by his Word, said to us that fire will burn, and matter will gravitate, and that they ever will, to the final consummation, but he has demonstrated to us that they do, and left us to infer that they always will. And his faithfulness here is a guarantee to us of his faithfulness to the promises given us in his Word.

2. But, from the constancy of nature, may we not rightly infer the character of its author, and justly con-

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clude with the apostle, "He knoweth them which are his"? for this constancy is equivalent to a promise to all men, and all that we see around us, in earth and in heaven, demonstrates that faithful he is to the promise given.

3. Now, therefore, from the fact that God by his constancy in nature is demonstrated to be most faithful to his promises, this, then, coupled with his written promises, ought to strengthen our confidence in him at every step we take in life.

4. In the text we have the seal, "He knoweth them that are his," resting upon the "foundation of God which standeth sure." Now this promise of life eternal, viewed as from a God so faithful in all his works, should come home to the believer in a way to quicken and invigorate him in all his Christian duties.

5. Nature has never deviated from her course but to introduce and demonstrate the truth of his word. When the Word was ushered in, nature's constancy gave way until the Word was established, and then it resumed its former constancy and will so continue until the final consummation of all things.

Whether or not my argument is understood by all, with me is a matter of doubt, but if I succeed in impressing any that he who is so true to nature will be equally true to the declarations of his Word, the end in view will be accomplished. Oh, to remember that we are in the hands of such a God should strike terror to our consciences, remembering that we are guilty.

6. The view which the mere worldling takes of this whole subject is quite different from that given in the text. The sacred writer views it as God's foundation or building, but the worldling thinks it to be of nature itself. Order and harmony, constancy and faithfulness lead each to different conclusions.

IV. With this certainly upon our spirits, let us look at the successions which he has announced to man in the Word of his testimony.

SERMON SKETCH II.

Text: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22: 21).

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The Book of Job is an old book. The age to which it belongs is not certain. Its language is the classic Hebrew and the poem belongs to Hebrew literature. The text is from the lips of Elephaz, the friend and comforter of Job. He supposed Job was a hypocrite and his afflictions were the reward of his crimes; hence his exhortation, "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace," etc.

To creatures such as we, an acquaintance with God is of first importance. Coming into the world as we do, in a condition of ignorance and knowing only that the grave is our lot, but believing, hoping in immortality and conscious of our capacity for pleasure or pain, any information that will throw light on the dark problem of human destiny will be welcomed by all lovers of truth. We halt not here to discuss the existence of God, nor man's capacity to become acquainted with him, but hold that he formed the human mind and made it intelligent, can, if needs be, give higher degrees of intelligence or information to his creatures—even to an acquaintance with himself.

Two sources of information are open to man, through which he may become acquainted with God.

First. The book of nature.

Second. The Book, a revelation of his will to man.

First, then, the book of nature, which is God's first revelation.

To become acquainted with an individual. What it requires and implies: (a) It requires more than to meet him by the wayside or grasp his hand. (b) I must know his thoughts, that is what is the general trend of his thoughts, if I would know him. Now, man is so constituted that in all of his creations in art and literature, he leaves the impress of his own individuality or thought on his works. This is true whether he constructs a wheelbarrow or builds a St. Peter's at Rome; whether he writes a "Robinson Crusoe," the "Iliad," or the five books of Moses; (the sculptor leaves his thought or design on his statue, not on the chips chiseled from the rough block).

Just so with the Creator of all. His thoughts are expressed in what he has created.

1. In the earth beneath and in the heavens above.

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2. In the laws by which he governed the universe, whether physical, intellectual, or moral laws.

(a) God is the author of all science, all art. That is, he is the author of those laws which constitute a science. Man is but the discoverer and utilizer of them.

(b) But we borrow what his thought is in relation to his creatures by a closer examination of them in their application to us. The sin of carelessness, neglect, ignorance, etc.

Second. The Bible as the word of God. Here the Deity is revealed in the highest sense. Here is where we may hear his words and commune with his thoughts.

Accompanying these two revelations is the Holy Spirit which guides in the way of all truth.

SERMON SKETCH III.

Text: "I am the light of the world" (John 8:12).

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men" (John 1:4). This first declaration is from the Great Teacher himself; and, I confess it, if he were only a man, it is the boldest egotism that ever fell from the lips of man. Is it a surprise that the world stood amazed at such declarations?

I. *Christ, the mystery of the ages; the unsolved problem of the wisdom of this world.*

The legend, as the skeptic calls it, of His miraculous birth, may be put aside; the claims of the evangelists may be ignored, and all that creeds profess and ecclesiastical councils have determined respecting him may be laughed at, yet there remains the Christ, the completion of our humanity, the perfect Fatherhood of God. By looking and believing a vital communication is received, a regeneration, a new life.

Take out of his discourses all that modern criticism rejects as spurious, make a due allowance for the tinge of their own thought, given to his utterances by his disciples, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, yet the Sermon on the Mount, which contains the embodiment of all he said and did, remains; and in the presence of which both critic and skeptic are struck mute, by a consciousness that these utterances could not have been invented by the recorders

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of his eventful life, nor had they ever leaped from the lips of man, but were truths revealed from heaven by him "who came down from heaven."

II. *He was a self-revelation of God.*

Whether the divine nature would have enswathed itself in humanity, had it not been for transgressions among men by men, revelation remains silent; but that it did in the person of Christ is most evident.

Light and life were present wherever he went.

SERMON SKETCH IV.

Text: "Study to show thyself approved unto God" (II. Timothy 2: 15). June 20, 1880.

INTRODUCTION.

The *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good* in nature lie carefully concealed from the eye of man, but close application, diligent research, in a word, *study*, brings them from their hiding-place.

To the superficial observer, to the ignorant, the grand harmony of nature is unknown, and science, art, and often the philosophy of religion, to them are sealed books.

I. *The utility of study.*

1. A definition. It does not consist in reading books and storing the memory with facts, but rather in mastering subjects, in systematizing facts in harmony with the supernatural that governs the universe. The forest, the mine, and the quarry are not cities, but they contain the material, so the memory may contain all the facts, but study systematizes and erects the stately edifices.

2. *Its happy effect upon the human spirit.*

(a) The proper study of any art or science, natural, mental, or moral, leads the spirit back to God. The study of the lyrics of David and Homer, as well as the Sermon on the Mount, point heavenward. I speak not of the subject matter of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," but of those systematic laws and heavenly harmony to which the subject matter conforms. These laws existed before Homer and David and are coexistent with the universe from the very dawn of being. Indeed, all law, whether in the science of government or the sciences of the material world, are of the supernatural and come down to us from the great

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Father above, and human governments and matter are but phenomena conformed to those laws. Socrates, Plato, Baker, and Burk, with all the great thinkers of the past, whose thoughts have bettered man's condition, ran in this channel.

(b) The spirit thus becomes enlightened and is prepared for a life of duty. Ignorance is dispelled, etc. Examples are not wanting—Numa, Aristotle, Solon, Confucius, Mohammed, Moses, Ezra, Paul, Augustine, Clark, Cook, etc.

3. The highest utility to man is in matters of religion. The man who lives and studies that he may but "pull down barns and build greater," studies and lives to little purpose.

SERMON SKETCH V.

Text: He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still" (Rev. 22: 11).

1. The intimate relation between time and eternity. The character formed here is the character in which we enter upon eternity. This character is fixed and prominent. It is habit formulated into character and every repetition of that which forms habit, strengthens it when once formed. It is alike true of both good and evil habits.

2. The text suggests the same analogy to continue at death that has obtained during life; namely, one condition of being always preparatory to another and a more important one, etc., infancy for childhood, childhood for youth, etc. The condition of the unjust and the filthy in the hereafter: "Let him be filthy still," as taught by the text.

(1) In this life all the tendencies of moral evil are to punish its victims, but often those tendencies are set aside or hindered, but in the hereafter all those hindrances will be removed out of the way, etc.

(2) In this state a corrupt life is durable for two reasons: (a) because the impure are surrounded by the pure, the base by the virtuous; (b) Its consequences as presented.

(3) But in the future state, not one pure thought, not one holy aspiration, a kingdom without one sentiment of

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virtue, love, truth, without one emotion of joy or ray of hope.

(4) There a true consciousness of the soul's degradation obtains, which is the hell of all hells, where it becomes its own chastiser, etc.

4. A word in respect to the true and the good of earth in the future state.

SERMON SKETCH VI.

Text: "Take heed therefore how ye hear; for whosoever hath," etc. (Luke 8: 18).

The God of nature and the God of grace is one, and therefore we might anticipate a striking analogy between the natural and the spiritual husbandry.

I. We are so constituted that our obtaining more depends largely on what we already possess. (1) In the developing of the physical organism; (2) Our intellectual and moral powers; (3) Our spiritual and religious natures—Moses, Abraham, Luther, etc.

II. *Whosoever hath not*, etc.

This declaration is strictly true (1) of our temporal surroundings; (2) Of our spiritual gifts. Examples of illustration: Fish without eyes. A disposition to read but not obey the truth.

III. *How am I to live that with what I have I may obtain more?*

1. By taking heed how I hear.

2. By connecting doing with hearing and the developing of the Christ-life. The Christian is the developed incarnate.

Toledo, Iowa, April 19, 1885.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS AT FOSTORIA, OHIO, MAY, 1885.

*To the Members-elect of the Nineteenth General Conference
of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ:*

Brethren, beloved, grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father Almighty, and from Jesus Christ our Lord.

We greet you as brethren, as the delegates chosen by the ministry and the laity of the Church, and as workers together with us in the kingdom and patience of our blessed Lord.

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As Christ Jesus is the central truth in Christian system, so should the glory of God and the conversion of the world be the central thought and motive of us all in our deliberations. More than one hundred years of the world's history have been made and written since we developed into a distinct ecclesiastical organization. This fact should serve as a reminder that we are not, but of "yesterday," and that the success which crowns our history is God's seal that our origin was wrought in him. As we scan the past, let us rejoice with trembling, remembering our delinquencies and the vast responsibilities of the hour. It is meet that the Church, in her highest council assembled, should acknowledge "it is God that worketh in us both to will and to work for his good pleasure," and hence, "not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." Thus recognizing her source of power, go forward, brethren, beloved of the Lord, and build upon the foundation which others have laid, whose work the Head of the Church has so strongly yet marvelously blessed.

Here may we not pause and ask, Have we, as ministers and members of the Church, a zeal and an earnestness like to those who laid the foundation? Whether the fundamental doctrines of the gospel constitute the themes of our ministrations to the perishing. And whether our system of itinerancy retains the purity and force so characteristic in the primitive history of our denomination. These are points around which careful thought should linger, and on which the best wisdom of your body should devote its energies.

While we rejoice with you, brethren, in the opening of this quadrennial session, a somber shadow falls upon us. Six of our number who sat in this high council of our Church four years ago have been called to their reward, Vardiman, Nickey, Spangler, Martin, Hauffman, and Knight, all worthy, yet meek followers of their Master.

For many years Vardiman, Nickey, Hauffman, and Martin sat in the Councils of the General Conference of the Church and always proved themselves worthy the confidence reposed in them by their constituents and the Church in general. Brothers Spangler and Knight were young men, bright and promising. These servants of God were

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competent officers, and earnest, devoted ministers of the Lord Jesus.

Through the good pleasure of God, we most gratefully record the fact that the bishops have presided at all the sessions of the annual conferences in the United States, Territories, and Canada, except in several instances in the Ohio District, when, through personal illness the superintendent was prevented, other brethren presided. The annual sessions of the mission districts also have been held, so far as practicable by the bishops, otherwise by some general officer of the Church or by a brother recommended by the Executive Committee of the Board of Missions. Rev. D. K. Flickinger, D.D, Secretary of the Board, in accord with the instructions of the Board of Missions, visited the mission districts in Africa and Germany in 1881, 1882, and 1884, and during these visits presided at their sessions, the reports of which have been given to the Church at large through the Board of Missions, and will be submitted to you by the secretary himself.

Under the enabling act of the last General Conference, the Elkhorn Mission Conference was organized in 1881. This conference, although quite weak at its organization, has developed at least a degree of strength. The Arkansas Valley and Southwest Missouri conferences, created at the last session of this body, are very promising fields and are giving evidence of much vigor and rapid growth.

For special reasons, in 1883, the Colorado Mission Conference was reduced to a mission district by the Board of Missions, and so remains. In pursuance with their appointment by this body in session four years ago, Drs. H. A. Thompson and J. W. Hott represented our Church in the great Ecumenical Conference which convened in the city of London, England, September, 1881. This great Council, although it had neither legislative nor executive powers, and was not authorized to give any formal expression on matters of doctrine or discipline, nevertheless considered the general interests of the Church as they stand related to the great moral questions of the day. Its sessions were harmonious, and we cannot doubt that, as a result, a higher unity in the great family of God is effected, which is but the dawning of a brighter day.

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Also, in accord with your instructions to us, "to prepare a suitable manual of administration for the guidance of conferences, presiding elders, pastors, and others in the use of Discipline and in the transaction of business in the Church," we have commenced the work, but, owing to much labor, have not been able to carry it to completion.

It is gratifying to us to be able to report that a degree of peace, and a fair measure of prosperity have obtained in the Church during the quadrennium. While the number of members reported is not so great as in some former periods, this doubtless is accounted for in part in the fact that a more rigid system of reporting members has been adopted, and greater care exercised in pruning and correcting Church registers. Our statistics to date show a membership of 168,573; traveling preachers, 1,347; local preachers, 920.

In 1881 our Church registers showed a membership of 157,712; traveling preachers, 1,235; local preachers, 750; which gave an increase for the quadrennium in membership of 10,861; traveling preachers, 112; local preachers, 170. These figures are not equal to those of the preceding quadrennium, nevertheless, they are sufficient to inspire hope and give confidence.

The material prosperity of the Church has been quite commendable indeed. Four years ago our houses of worship numbered 2,242; our present number is 2,454, an increase of 212. The number of parsonages, as per statistics, is 436, and the total value of church property, including value of parsonages, is \$3,603,251. The amount paid for preachers' salaries for the year 1884 is \$407,515.57, and the total amount collected for all Church purposes for the same period is \$842,470.04.

The work done in the Sabbath schools is also calculated to inspire hope, but at the same time calls loudly for a more vigorous effort in this department of Church work. Our schools number 3,228, and the present attendance is 195,022. The work done in this department is more systematic than formerly, hence more satisfactory, in that a richer yield of fruit—conventions—is reported than hitherto. The system of normal instruction for teachers, in connection with the various helps furnished them, has been successful in

bringing into the school a corps of instructors peculiarly fitted for their work. With pleasure we note the increase and growing interest in forming Bible classes for adults, and may we not hope that this conference will recommend to pastors and superintendents the importance of giving more attention to this department of their work?

The quadrennium has been one of marked interest in the history of our mission fields. In 1883 the American Missionary Association transferred to our Board of Missions the Mendi Mission, on the west coast of Africa, which has greatly enlarged our field of operations on that "Dark Continent." Including the Woman's Missionary Association of the Church, we now occupy 320 towns, with a membership of 1,547, and from 2,000 to 2,500 people Sabbath after Sabbath receive instruction in the divine Word from the lips of the twenty-two consecrated preachers and teachers who are now in that field. Day schools also, as well as Sabbath schools, in which hundreds of heathen children are taught letters and a knowledge of the way of life, are conducted by those faithful men and women of God. The material interests of the Church in this mission field have also greatly increased. Substantial improvements have been made in the way of building houses in which to teach and to preach, and in opening up new farms, and also in the purchasing of a small steamer for the use of the missions. In 1883 Rev. J. K. Billheimer, our treasurer, sailed to England, to complete or to carry out the contract entered into with the Freedmen's Aid Society, in London by our secretary during his stay in that country the year previous, all of which has added much to our material, as well as spiritual prosperity in Africa.

God has also greatly blessed our mission district in Germany. We have now in that field eleven missionaries, fifteen Sabbath schools, sixty appointments, and twenty-seven classes, with a membership of 600.

The sisters of the Church, under the name of the Woman's Missionary Association, acting in harmony with the missionary authorities of the Church, are doing a great and good work for the Master. Since the last session of General Conference, they have opened mission fields in Germany and in Portland, Oregon, the latter of which is

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their Chinese mission. In Africa, in Germany, and in Oregon, the great Father has, in a remarkable manner, blessed their labors, and their effective work promises to be a potent agency for good among all classes of this and of other lands.

We have cause for gratitude, brethren, to Almighty God, that the reports coming from the home, frontier, and foreign fields show that the spirit of revival has been poured upon the Church. Many of these revivals have been deep and abiding, evincing the presence and power of our blessed Lord. Let the words of the Lord Jesus, "Without me ye can do nothing," be upon the ear of the Church, and her watchword be, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

The Church Erection Society, although in its infancy, has greatly assisted weak societies in building houses of worship, and thereby given permanence to the Church. We are gratified at the commendable increase of the loan fund collected throughout the Church for this *very laudable* interest in Church work. Many of the most promising fields are now open to us as a denomination, but a lack of means to build forbids us to enter. Let the contributions to this fund be largely increased in the near future.

We record with pleasure the increased prosperity and the enlargement of our Publishing House. The work done in this broad field during the quadrennium is most satisfactory indeed. The report of the Publishing Agent in detail will show that more than \$12,000 of surplus fund has been distributed among the conferences of the Church, while many thousands, more or less, have been wisely spent in increasing the facilities for greater and more effective work.

But while there is a steady increase in the circulation of our periodicals and books as a whole, among our people, yet we are not unconscious of the fact that but a small per cent. of our Church literature is read by many of our members, and as a result of this inexcusable indifference, many, very many of the children and youth of the Church are growing up destitute of a knowledge of the history, doctrine, and government of the Church. We note, however, with great satisfaction, the zeal, energy, and ef-

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iciency of our editors and Publishing Agent, in bringing their publications up to the high standard necessary to meet the wants of this age of thought and investigation, and making their work acceptable to the Church. In the *Religious Telescope*, the *Froehliche Botschafter*, *Missionary Visitor*, *Children's Friend*, and the *Woman's Evangel*, together with all the Sabbath-school helps, the advance in real merit, as well as the increased circulation, is not only indeed truly gratifying, but also a fair promise of still greater prosperity in the future.

In the educational work of the Church there has been commendable advancement. The increase of patronage in all our institutions is quite marked, and justly inspires hope. Many who are thus educated find their way into the sacred ministry, and are adding new life and strength to our Zion in this "high calling" of God. It is with joy of heart we note the growing interest among our people in the cause of higher Christian education, and the increased per cent. of our young men and women now in the schools of the Church. In some instances embarrassing debts have been lifted from our institutions, while as a rule the work of endowment is being carried forward successfully in almost all of the colleges of the Church. Yet we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that not a few of our institutions of learning are seriously in debt, and unless, by wise administration and vigorous effort, relief comes to stay the increasing indebtedness, these institutions may, ere long, be jeopardized. The work done in our schools merits high commendation, and those engaged in it, encouragement at your hands. The instruction imparted in Union Biblical Seminary is most satisfactory, indeed, and gives assurance that the Church will in the future, as in the past, reap a rich harvest from the labors of those trained in this foster child of the Church. But we deeply regret the bald fact that the Church has not become fully awake to the needs of this Seminary, and as a result an increasing debt hangs over it, and its adequate endowment yet remains a work for the future.

Our educational statistics show that we have, in all, one theological seminary, ten colleges and ten academies, seminaries and schools of a higher grade. These buildings and

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grounds are valued at ————. The amount of their endowment is \$361,500; number of teachers employed, 127; number of students for the year 1884, 1,988; estimated number of students in attendance since the opening of these schools ————. The remaining debt upon these buildings is \$273,127.69. This debt should be provided for in the near future, and these institutions thereby lifted to a higher plane of usefulness.

We cannot but recognize the fact that our educational work stands side by side with the missionary and other leading interests of the Church, and to retrograde in this would be disintegration, and heading the way to speedy decay in all our Church work. That the Church may reap the highest benefits from her institutions of learning, and make the deepest salutary impressions upon the world from this department of her work, a higher unification in her educational system seems to be necessary. And to effect this we would suggest, first, the propriety of increasing the powers of the Board of Education, and second, a higher uniformity in the course of studies in our schools.

The great moral problems of the age have not been ignored by the Church. Our periodicals, without an exception, have been frank and outspoken, while the ministry and the laity have been aggressive and firm on the subject of temperance. The fact is especially gratifying to us that in the great struggle for prohibition in not a few of our States, our people have been earnest and devoted in the principles of constitutional prohibition.

We call attention to the increasing laxity of the divorce laws in some of the States, and view with alarm the sickly sentimentalism on the subject that seems to be settling upon the Christian world, and threatening the sacredness of the marriage vow. We therefore recommend that something positive be placed in our Book of Discipline relative to the marrying of divorced persons, and the licensing of men to preach among us who have been divorced on unscriptural grounds.

We need not say to your honorable body that the subject of secret societies has become a most perplexing one in our Zion; this is well known to you all. Also, it is expected of you by the people whom you represent that, under the

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blessing of God, you will put this subject to rest, and bring peace to the Church by wise regulations. To this end we recommend: 1. In that it is admitted that our present Constitution has not been as yet submitted to a vote of the whole society, you determine whether the whole subject under consideration is or is not yet in the hands of the General Conference. 2. Should you determine that it is in your hands, then transfer the whole subject from the realm of constitutional law to the field of legislative enactment, which would be to expunge the whole question from the constitution, and bring it into the field of legislative enactment, to be handled as the Church, through her representatives, may determine from time to time. 3. That you limit the prohibitory feature of your enactment to combinations, secret and open, to which the Church believes a Christian cannot belong. 4. Should you decide that this constitutional question is beyond your control, and in the hands of the whole society, then submit the above propositions, properly formulated, to a vote of the whole society, and let a two-thirds vote of those voting be the authoritative voice of the Church on the subject.

Dear Brethren, when your rules on this, as on other questions, strictly harmonize with the letter and spirit of the gospel, it will bring concord to the Church, not dissension and strife.

The history of the Church clearly demonstrates three things essential to success: 1. An energetic, self-sacrificing, and aggressive ministry. 2. A consecrated, pious membership. 3. The enduement of the Holy Spirit, which the Head of the Church has promised alike to his ministers and people. Without these, the Church may despair of success. With them, her star of power and holy influence will continue to rise.

The great Father Almighty be praised in that in the past he has not meted out to us with a slack hand. Our Zion has been blessed with a self-sacrificing, zealous ministry and laity, and under the baptism of fire her war against transgression and sin has been unceasing. But we must not close our eyes to the fact that not all of her ministers received have been really profitable in their "high calling." This failure has too often been the result of a lack of proper

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qualification and fitness for the work. "If ever a higher qualification and fitness for the ministry was called for by the highest good of mankind, it is so at the present time. Such have been the advances in knowledge, and such the facilities for diffusing it widely and rapidly, that it is impossible for ignorant men, or for men possessing less intellectual furniture than belongs to educated men generally, to exert that influence for truth and for the good of souls which the cause of Christ requires. While the adversaries of the Church are burnishing their armor and preparing for new modes of attack, it does not become the soldiers of the Cross to throw away the weapons of defense which Providence has put within their reach."

When we remember that in almost every conference the labors of the efficient are retarded, and their compensation cut short, through the failures of inefficient and unfaithful collaborators, we are constrained to recommend that your legislation, relative to the ministry, be with a view to guarding well the threshold to the "sacred college," and to provide for retiring more easily the inefficient and unsuccessful. We have watched with regret the growing tendency in not a few of the conferences, of ministers not to go to the field of labor to which they are assigned, if, perchance, the field happens to be among the less important or less inviting ones. This we regard as the result, largely, of receiving men not trained and qualified in heart and life for the work, and who have but little if any appreciation of the mission in which they are engaged, and we fear place a higher estimate on the "loaves and fishes" than on the cause of their Master.

Brethren, God has placed you in the van in this crisis-hour of the Church's great work. His Spirit in your midst alone can qualify you, and guide you in the work of the hour. We beg leave to suggest to you that in all your legislation on the great interests of the Church, you have a single eye to an open Bible, the exigencies of a dying world, and the glory of God, rather than to ancient creeds, peculiar dogmas, or opinions of men.

In providing disciplinary regulations, we recommend that you keep in view the purity, the doctrines, the harmony, peace, and prosperity of the Church in the light of an open Bible.

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In all this we do not, dear brethren, presume to admonish you, nor even exhort you, but simply to arrest your thought. With gratitude to Almighty God do we turn, once more, to the past, and remember his mercies to our fathers, together with his peculiar fostering care that has kept us as a Church to this sacred hour. As we remember the deeds, the virtues, and devotion of the past, let us not forget that in as much as we have, in addition to these lessons, the accumulated lessons and experience of the ages, that our devotion to truth and our legislation in the interests of the Church must be in accord with what we have, and the light of the age in which we live. And, finally, brethren, we commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, praying, in the Holy Ghost, that the spirit of wisdom may be given to you and to us, remembering ever that the primary condition of success is a constant reliance on the Holy Spirit.

We are, dear brethren, beloved, most affectionately your brethren and colaborers in the gospel of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

E. B. KEPHART.

Toledo, Iowa.

The above was put in the present form during the month of April, 1885. That part which relates to secret societies was written impromptu, after much prayer and meditation.

E. B. K.

SERMON—THE CHURCH.

“And upon this rock will I build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it” (Matt. 16: 18).

In many respects Jesus Christ was like other men. He was not indifferent as to whom the people believed him to be; and, accordingly, when he came into Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, “Who do men say that the Son of man is?” They answered, “Some say John the Baptist; some Elijah; and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets.” He then said, “But who say ye that I am?” Simon Peter confessed, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” For this most worthy confession, the Son of Mary pronounced the confessor “blessed,” and assured him that the truth confessed was not a revelation from

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flesh and blood, but from God, the Father. He then added: "And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it."

In discoursing from this scripture we notice

THE TERM "THIS ROCK."

The end in view, by our Lord, was to emphasize what was to be the foundation of his church. Peter signifies a rock, so here, from a name, the metaphorical meaning of which is strength, by way of contrast, he outlines definitely the abiding, the ever-enduring foundation of his church, namely, the central truth of the Christian system, which is, that "Christ Jesus is the Son of the living God." Not on Peter, not on Christ as an individual, but on this central, abstract truth of the Christian system, that "Christ Jesus is the Son of the living God." Eliminate this central truth from Christianity and the whole system falls to pieces. One of the broad philosophical grounds upon which this interpretation rests, is that as a system Christianity is made up of principles which have their environment in the God of the universe, and, therefore, must rest upon some central truth, and not upon an individual.

MY CHURCH.

The next thought to be considered is contained in the words, "*my church*." "Upon this rock," as already explained, "will I build *my church*." This term is not to be restricted as personifying any one church organization, much as such an interpretation might delight the narrow minded, who might contend for such restriction. In the past, claimants, in the form of organized Christian bodies, to the title "my church," to the exclusion of all others, were not wanting. And occasionally, even now, men of the same spirit and like type of mind are wont to run to and fro, crying, "Lo here, follow me, follow me": as if the Savior of men meant to identify their peculiar denomination. All these claims grow out of that spirit of religious intolerance that ever has, and will question the rights of private opinion in matter of faith, and would in the future, as in the past, deluge the world in human gore. The term, then, while it refers to no one Christian denom-

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ination or sect, as such, does refer to, and includes all who believe unto salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. These believers are to be found, some in the Roman Catholic Church, some in the Presbyterian, the Lutheran, the Methodist, the Baptist, my own, and other denominations or churches, together with those who do not belong to any distinct church organization, as such. Do you call this liberalism? It is that liberalism that comes from a divine illumination, as given to the Apostle Peter which enabled him to break away from his prejudices and say: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." The conditions of membership to this church are one: Fear God, work righteousness, which are contained in "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, how different this from the razing tests of the different creeds! No wonder the old Catholic bard sang, as he contrasted the conditions of discipleship laid down by his Lord with membership conditioned by the creeds:

"There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

"But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own."

Oh, how often, by the dogmas of men, Christ in the person of his children is excluded from what professes to be his church, "for in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

THE UTILITY OF THE CHURCH.

Some men are wont to believe and teach that the church is a compact or an organization growing out of religion, which has its root in superstition, and hence an enemy rather than the friend of mankind. It is true that re-

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ligion has given rise to the church, but it is not true that religion has its root in superstition. Then as religion lies at the foundation of the church and has really developed it, we are led, in the first place, to consider the utility of religion.

1. Religion in its broadest sense and in its utility in this life. It is not true that if death ends all, that, therefore, religion is of no avail to man in this life. One of the most stern facts with which man has to grapple, is that at least this present life is "real," "earnest," and that his conscious existence here is one of pleasure and pain. And, even should it be that the grave is his "goal," it is nevertheless a matter of concern with him how it goes ere he reaches that "goal." Does religion, then, augment his pleasure and tend to diminish his griefs? We lay it down as a proposition that any religion in this life is better than no religion. To this proposition at first thought, some would dissent. But on due reflection upon what this life is and upon what religion is and the relation that exists between it and human earthly existence, no thought-mind will reject this proposition. By religion we mean that true devotion of the human soul, inspired by an overwhelming awe which accompanies the worshiper not only while in silence he approaches the sacred shrine of the infinite and eternal One, but also pervades his whole being, and determines his character, as it did alike in Greek sage and apostle to the Gentiles. With such a religion he is the better whether he be Christian, pagan, or Jew, in so far as his earth life is concerned. But the correctness of the proposition becomes more apparent as we consider the relation that exists between religion and civilization. If it be a fact that civilized life is better for a man than a condition of savagery and, that it is better, all the civilized will agree; furthermore, if there can be no civilization without a religion, and if it be also a fact that religion lies at the foundation of all forms of civilization, then it follows that "any religion is better for a people than no religion."

First, then, there can be no civilization without a religion.

In tracing the history of nations, there is nothing more marked than that religion has always determined this status of civilization. The nations of antiquity, Egypt and Phœnicia, Greece, Persia, and Rome, together with all others, were not civilized without religion, to the truth of which all history bears testimony. And as their religion was, so was their civilization. Egypt is, to-day, astonishing the world with her literature of forty centuries ago, which reveals all the facts of that strange and marvelous civilization of the Nile country, only hinted at in the Word of God. Two very important facts are brought to light respecting Egypt, by modern investigation and inquiring into her ancient records.

1. That her most remote or earliest civilization was her most perfect civilization.

2. That her religion then was a pure *theism* and that her god, "Nuk pu Nuk" "I am that I am," bore the same title, that the God of Moses did. That this was the original worship of Egypt, the temple of King Shafra by its freedom not only from idols, but even from symbolic decorations, permits no doubt. As her religion faded from a pure theism into idolatry, her civilization died; and when her sun went down in eternal night, then sang her beautiful queen,

"Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile,
Purple flame crowns hill and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile.

"Where the old gods now are sleeping,
I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Let the Cæsar's army come,
I will rob him of his glory,
Though beyond the sky I roam."

I need not tell you what has been her history from that to the present day.

The history of Greece, from her age of barbarism to the culmination of her civilization in the days of Pericles, is known and it is also well known, as Lord Woodhouse expressly says, "Greece could not be civilized until the religion of the Titans was incorporated with that of the Aborigines." The aboriginal Greeks were a race of savages who dwelt in caverns and fed on human flesh and are

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said to have been ignorant of the use of fire; but the Titans were a religious people, who came into Greece from Phœnicia about the time of Abraham. Now with the institutions of religion, she commenced her march to civilization which culminated in the age of Pericles, and made her a great and happy people.

The same also is true of Rome. Numa formulated her religion and laws, at best in a sense, as did Moses the man of God for the Jews. The supremacy of Rome among the nations of the earth was due as much to her religious institutions as anything else. Her religion determined the status of her government under which was developed that marvel of civilization and matchless military power at which the world stood in awe, while her eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun. The history of man fails to furnish a single example of a nation or even tribe of men rising from a condition of barbarism to a state of civilized life without religion. The facts are that the nearest the approach of the tribes of men to "no religion," the further they are found to be removed from civilization. And this rule seems to be so universal that it is scarcely now a question whether even the first forms of society can obtain and be maintained without a religion. The tribes of Borneo as well as some of the Esquimaux tribes in their utter destitution of civilization, mentioned by Alexander Van Humboldt, might be cited as proof of the above.

While it is true that any religion is better for a people than no religion, *it is not true* that all religions are equally good. Some religions are capable of developing a higher civilization than others. Among the ancient nations surely the Jew developed the highest type of man. Moses will ever stand the peer of men of the ancient world. The religion, laws, and institutions which he gave to the Hebrews, towered them in point of a true civilization far above all others of that remote past, and for more than forty stormy centuries have kept them a distinct people, and free from a state of barbarism; sixty thousand of these are now in the city of New York and, thank God, not one of them a saloon-keeper.

No candid man can compare the highest morality, purity, and refinement ever known among the Greeks and the

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Romans, even with all the light that glimmered upon them by tradition from the temple of the true God at Jerusalem, with that which obtained among the Jews. Just in so far as Jewish civilization towered above that of the Greek's and the Roman's, in so far was the religion of the former superior to that of the latter. We can judge of the merits of a religion only by its effect upon its votaries. The same test must be applied to the religion of the Cross. Among the modern types of civilization, where do we find man the most elevated? Even if the honest doubter were to sit as umpire in the case, who would doubt that he would define the limits within the belt of Christendom. India, China, and some other nations, not Christian, are yet civilized, but their civilization is like their religion, dark, dreary, and sad. No lands under the face of the sky support people so happy, so cultured and so refined, as do Christian lands; and no religion known to earth's suppliants has developed a civilization so broad and so transcendently glorious as that of the nineteenth century, which is strictly Christian, and legitimate product of the religion of the Cross. In point of true morals and the rights of man, so essential to the happiness of the race, what is there in all the religions of earth to be compared with the doctrines and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth? nor is the life which he lived, and by which he illustrated his doctrines, equaled by the life of the best ancient that ever grew hoary in the love of wisdom.

2. Religion in the restricted sense (the Christian), and its utility to man in relation to his future life.

Brethren, friends, religion is good, and brings to man his highest good in this life, even should it be true that "death ends all." But this latter is not true; death does not end all. Man, a spark struck from Divinity, is immortal. So teaches the Divine Word, so also, the deepest consciousness of the human soul, and alike the most profound reason and philosophy of all ages. Man's earth life is made up of strange possibilities; what he will be in the future depends much upon what he now possesses and its proper utilization. "He that hath to him shall be given," is the Word of the great Teacher. In a word, this

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earth life is man's probation. Here is where life's battle is fought, and conflicting passions rage in fiercest fury.

To the human soul comes, not the dying rays of a mortal genius, but the breaking light of a heaven-sent hope, the word of life and immortality brought to light in the gospel of the Son of God. This new truth, messenger from the skies, by the power of the Holy Ghost revivifies the soul, and the recipient becomes "a new creature in Christ Jesus." The passions that raged are now under control, and the once convicting voice of God heard in the realm of conscience now whispers words of reconciliation and peace. A consciousness of sin and the disapprobation of God to a wicked life come to you and to me in the light of a clear conviction only in so far as we are brought under the influence and power of the gospel. God's eternal truth is essential to enlighten men not only in reference to sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come, but it is all important also to answer the question, "What must I do to be saved?" And it is the only religion given that answers that question. To-day the hand on the dial of time points to the eighty-seventh year of the nineteenth century, and while we are engaged in this service the statistics show the Christian population of the globe to be not less than 420,000,000. Of all the centuries, the present is the most marked in the history of the church; her grasp on the human conscience is most firm and her fruitage the most rich.

Let the mountains depart and the hills be removed, armies bleed, dismantled of their broken shields, civil policy be reversed and social law be abrogated, light wander into primeval gloom, form dissolve into chaos and attraction loose its interlinking cordage—yet the church of God will triumph. Time may change and some grow old and die—the Pentelican and the Parian crumble amid the ruins of the final consummation, the shrine-capped mountain sink beneath the wave of time's last destiny, aye, the oath of the archangel, with one foot upon the sea and the other upon land, may be completed and time be no more, yet the general assembly and the Church of the First Born "shall so be ever with the Lord."

Oh, for an angel's tongue, touched by seraphic fire that I might paint the thought that lingers about the "eternity of God's church." The arithmetician has figures to compute the progressions of time, the astronomer has instruments to calculate the distance of the planets; but what numbers can state, what lines can gauge the length and breadth of eternity? It is higher than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? the measures thereof are longer than the earth, broader than the sea: mysterious, mighty existence, a period not to be lessened by the most prodigious waste of ages.

SERMON—HUMAN KNOWLEDGE LIMITED.

"We know in part" (I. Cor. 13:9).

The sphere of human knowledge is limited, and when the highest attainments are reached, the best that can be said is, "We know in part" only. While the gateway of knowledge, in a sense, is alike open to all, yet the capacity to acquire and the opportunity to enter are as varied as the leaves of the forest.

The history of the human spirit in its struggle upward after knowledge is most interesting, and suggestive of the dignity and destiny of the soul.

The speculations relative to man's condition intellectually, and his status from the standpoint of a true civilization, when he first appeared on our planet, vary with the judgments of the men, and the age and conditions in which they have lived and spoken. Some have claimed for him the highest type of civilized life, with his intellectual and moral faculties fully developed. Others regard him as having been little above the mere animal, but endowed with reason, and a capacity for culture and a true nobility, although in a condition of savagery; and all that he now is, is the result of a slow process of development through which he has been passing. Along these lines a fierce battle has been fought, and the storm is yet raging. Quite an array of proof has been introduced on both sides, but no satisfactory conclusion reached. To the earnest seeker for truth, after weighing all the evidence at command on the subject, it would seem safe to render this judgment: Man,

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when he first appeared on earth, was not an angel on the one hand, or a savage demon on the other. He was intelligent, and his offspring, then as now, were born intelligent, rational, moral creatures, and the development of these natures, then as now, depended much upon the environment of the living agent. As to his civilized status, that depends much upon what is meant by civilized. If we mean by this simply "polished," then Greece and Rome were most civilized when they were most corrupt. Purity, with the broadest moral culture, constitutes the best civilization. Rome's civilization was better when Brutus, with his bloody knife, drove Tarquin out, although there was less of culture and less of art, than when virtue in the eternal city was regarded as a defect in female character. I think we are safe in saying that at least in his beginning he was not a savage. Indeed, the history of civilization has developed these two facts; namely, that in its march it has embraced the improvement of society and the improvement of the man, and it further indicates that the steps taken in human history were, first, from a humble type of civilized life into a condition of barbarism, and second, from this condition of barbarism back and up into a higher civilization. Surely on this subject the Hebrew was right to speak, who, alone of all men, can point to every period of his history, and say, "We have always been civilized men." His utterance is, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him," and then pronounced his work very good. But on this whole subject, as already indicated, there is much of speculation, and here as well as elsewhere, often by the investigator, matters of opinion are stated as matters of fact. Here true science and sound criticism unite in one voice, "We know only in part."

That the human soul is possessed of strange and marvelous powers, and thus susceptible of almost unlimited development, is without question. This fact is demonstrated by not less than six thousand years of its sad, yet hopeful history here on this planet on which we live.

In man's march through the earth he has left his impress on the ages, which marks the progress he has made from generation to generation. His capacity for recording events and storing up knowledge, and then transmitting it

to posterity, has had more to do with the development of the race, and bringing it up to what it now is, than all else that is attributed to heredity. In the same ratio that his field of thought has been broadened, so, also, have his wants been multiplied; and in the degree that his wants have been increased, and he has patiently, but earnestly, knocked at nature's storehouse, has the God of nature responded to him by the unfolding of scientific truth.

To man scientific truth may be new, and, indeed, many new sciences may yet be formed, but the laws which underlie them all are as old as the starry heavens with their starry hosts. Want, and sometimes grim necessity, has been the very gateway to discovery, which led up to the unfolding of some higher truth. And then, in turn, the utilization of truth discovered, and the application of knowledge in hand to the alleviating of the wants and necessities of the individual and society constituted the solution of a problem that has ever led up to the attainments of higher degrees of human happiness. But I would not thus mislead you, and cause you to think that want and necessity are the only avenues to man that lead up to knowledge. I shall here at least mention one more. The delights of knowledge, in contrast with ignorance, are such as ever to urge onward the restless, ever-inquiring spirit of mortals in the search after truth. There is a beauty in knowledge like Plato's truth, which, if stripped of all material form and laid bare to the human reason, all would rush to its almost divine embrace.

It is this element in its pure waters which, if the way-faring one is permitted to taste, he is ever wont to return thither and drink. These "apples of gold in pictures of silver," painted by a divine hand and hung out in the way-march of history, have unceasingly lured the race onward in its inquiry after God and true wisdom. The ever-consciousness of his "knowing only in part," and a like sense of an evolution within, carrying him forward under a divine law to an era "when that which is perfect will have come, and that which is in part will have been done away," has stood by the race, when the blackest moral night had covered its sky, and out of the thick gloom the human soul, in accord with the divine Word, continued to cry, "But at

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evening time it shall be light." There is this strange, bewitching delight in knowledge which has much to do with the power of inspiration; namely, that by the addition of every new truth in the pursuit of knowledge there comes an enlarged capacity for the acquisition of more, and thus onward to the eternal goal.

Investigation has led man up to that standpoint of information where he is able with certainty to affirm that the material universe is a unit—is one. In so far as it relates to our own planet, if he go to the north until the rock-ribbed coast of eternal snow and perpetual ice-bound sea forbid further advance, or if he go to the south, on out into the southern ocean, until the Southern Cross stands almost over his head, it is still our own old earth. If by the spectroscope he catches a ray of light from the sun or the most distant star, and subjects it to the test of analysis, he finds it to be the same as our earth; and he exclaims, in accord with science and revelation, "The universe is one, and its Author must be one."

But in the sweep of history to the present hour, superstition, like an incubus, has fettered the human soul. It has always shadowed man's religious life, and entered into his devotions. It matters but little to what age or race of men the student directs his investigation, he finds this monster brooding over the human spirit, and darkening its life. In the study of the Acadians, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, one cannot but be impressed with their marvelous civilization, their high literary attainments, and their stupendous religious institutions.

And while their religion was the most dominant, yet in spite of their intelligence, superstition dominated their religion and literature to that degree that it brought in such a reign of idolatry,—the Asiatic and Egyptian nature worship having given way to the mythology of the Greeks, and the latitudinarianism of the Romans,—that Cicero declares, "The very priests could not help laughing in one another's faces as they celebrated the sacred rites." If the statement, which comes to us from the Greek authors, "Athens in the age of Pericles was so advanced in jurisprudence that every adult male citizen was competent to appear in open court and represent

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his own case before the judges," be true, I am quite confident from what comes to us to-day, from the monuments in the land of the Pharaoh's, and from libraries in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, dating more than a thousand years before the first son of the Shemitic race set his foot in those regions, that the races there living must have possessed a culture akin to that in Greece. And yet with all their exalted attainments in learning, in literature, in art, in science, in the art of war and in the art of peace, I say, notwithstanding all this advancement, yet in religion their moral sky gradually grew darker, and superstition became more and still more appalling, until the result, as above stated, was reached,—namely, their nature-worship having given place to Greek mythology and Roman latitudinarianism, when the heart of priest and people grew sick at their sacred shrines and the world was made ready for a new religion. But beneath this dark and threatening sky were, at least, some earnest spirits seeking after truth and feeling after God. There is what Guizot is pleased to call "the natural morality of man, which never abandons him in any condition, in any age of society, and mixes itself with the most brutal empire of ignorance or passion." Men grow tired of ignorance, wickedness, and sin, and ashamed of their degradation. There is a curse upon wrong-doing which falls upon a wicked world in all the storm of a devouring fire. In the rush of human passion, in its maddening course downward, one is surprised that it does not sweep the entire race into perdition; but it does not, for there are counteracting forces which are mightier than the rage of demonized humanity. On the everlasting buttresses of truth and righteousness heaven has set its flaming sword, which in all history has guarded the sacred citadel. No difference what may have been the decline in religion, in virtue, in piety, and in true culture, ignorance may have spread his withering curse round the globe, paganism with her dark superstition may have encircled the world, yet in every age some Moses from the slave-dens of Egypt, some Menes, some Hindu Buddha, or Confucius in China, some Zoroaster, some Socrates or Plato, aye, a Jesus of Nazareth, has arisen and called out from the darkness to the wondering world, and directed it

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into truer paths, leading up to broader plains of heavenly light; but while man's knowledge is so limited relative to material things and his earth life, that in the most strict sense "he knows only in part," yet in respect to the unseen universe and a future life he is even more restricted. Is it so, or is it not so, that out of the realm of the unseen, as with unseen, aye, spiritual fingers, are enswathed in materiality and made tangible to the eye of sense, all things that hath life? I am inclined to think that the old Stagirite expressed at least half truth when he laid down his system of "Form," or "Archetype," or "Idea," as constituting the "essence of things"; for who in all history has so successfully plodded his way, by abstract reasoning, up the mist-enshrouded coast of ontology to the very throne of the Absolute, as he?

Surely the realm of the unseen is the abode of absolute truth. It grows not in the soil of earth, and here man realizes but an earnest of it. When the heart grows weary of research and the soul impatient of waiting for more light, and cries in bitterness to the good Father of all, the heavens no longer remain in brass, but responses come to the wrestler, be he a Jacob of the Hebrews, a Greek sage, or a black Sammie of modern "Darkest Africa." The God of the universe is no respecter of persons, "but he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." But as to a future life! Conscious knowledge gives the assurance of my existence yesterday and now. This inspires hope that I shall be on to-morrow and ever in the future; yet I am not ignorant of conscious knowledge and hope inspired. True, the divine Word, on its almost every page, directly or indirectly, sets forth the fact of man's future life. If we accept it as God's thought to man on that subject, it brings the soul into a condition of rest. While some critics have stated that the doctrine of a future state is not taught in the Pentateuch, and that this doctrine is an after-thought or development of the Hebrews, yet who is it that reads the Bible correctly that does not soon become impressed with the fact that doubt of a future state is the after thought, and when man began to doubt, then inspiration spoke out definitely on the subject; but outside of revelation, there is much ground for hope. The ever con-

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scious welling up of immortality, aye, the strange dream of it, from childhood to old age, that has ever been a support to the patient plodder, is meaningless if death ends all. Every rose that blushes, every tree that buds, and every flower that blooms tells me the story of immortality. Out of the realm of the unseen comes their lives into our dark world, and here they are enswathed in organized matter. A change comes, this enswathment disappears, life has departed. We call it death. But surely it existed before it was enswathed and made tangible to mortal vision; why not after it has disappeared? Are these conceptions, these ideas, these longings for immortality, only exhibitions of heaven's mockery? I know not what you think of the keen, "lynx-eyed" Descartes, but to him came these conceptions with all the force of a demonstration.

In the discovery of truth, religious as well as scientific, these revelations have come in epochs; and as epoch has succeeded epoch, the swell of the world's tide of thought has successively reached higher and yet higher truths. The more familiar man becomes with general knowledge, and the better acquainted he is with the history of human progress, the clearer is he led to see that science and all true learning are the hand-maid of religion; that they, when rightly understood, have ever gone hand in hand to the battle, and that their development has in a sense ever been unique, and kept pace with each other. This is quite manifest when we can fully scan the past. The lowest ebb of religious thought marks the darkest period reached by the race, both in point of intellectuality and scientific knowledge; and, as was evidenced by the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, of 1893, and the World's Congress of Religions, which convened at the same time and place, the race is now on the very crest of the wave. Here the world placed on exhibition its very best art, its very best science, its very best religion, and its very best thought on all the achievements of human knowledge. There, for the first time since the "earth was divided," the ends of the earth were brought together to compare notes on the greater subject of religion. The best thoughts of pagan philosophy and religion were there, and after the lapse of the many, many dreary centuries of wandering that lay between the

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days of separation, on the plains of the Euphrates and the Tigris, when God called Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees, Gentile and Jew, pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian, met in the Babylon of the new world, to shake hands, and to record in all the languages of earth the achievement of the brighter epoch in human history. As I sat and listened to the utterances in my own tongue of the sages of India, and of Hindustan, I said, now as of old, "wise men are come from the East" to this Jerusalem of religion to bring their frankincense and do homage to the "new-born King." For it was the kingdom of Christ that called that Congress of Religions, in order that from the most lofty pinnacle of the world's advancement it might roll its sweet and healing waters round the globe.

But, my young friends, while I believe and teach the doctrine of man's advancement, I believe, also, that his advancement obtains only through the development of the germs of truth, which are heaven born and deposited in the human soul. And what is yet in reserve for our sorrow-smitten races, no angel can tell, nor sage guess; but this we believe, that the dark clouds which are now breaking will be cleared away, and ultimately will be ushered in the "new heavens and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness."

Looking backward, then, the periods most signal in religious history, and which have affected the world most are two; namely, that which is covered by the Old Testament, and that which is covered by the New. These eras are sometimes called in church history, "the old dispensation," and "the new dispensation."

The Hebrew scriptures loom up out of a dark sea of ancient national life like a mighty Pharos in mid-ocean. Its rock-hewn base has been washed by the tides of all time, while every form of unbelief and cold criticism has been hurled against it, only to be broken and dashed to pieces. With the bright promise of yet higher truths upon its lips, it has stood among the literature of the world since literature began, and to-day the student and the sage turn to its pages, hoary with the weight of years, to study the best thought ever inspired by the muse or expressed in rhythmic numbers in any age. Some of the best critics put

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Job and Isaiah, not only above the Mahabharata of India, but above the Iliad as well. And well they may, for its themes are as far above the themes of the Hindu and the Greek as the final triumph of truth will be above the victory of the Greeks after the Trojans at the siege of Troy. This old musty volume in telling its story carries us back to the very beginning of things. It stands out amid the darkness of antiquity, the superior of anything that has surrounded it in any age. Its historical accounts of the earliest known periods of the world are the most valid. Contrast its account of the introduction of the human race on the planet with the accounts given of the same event, either by paganism, or by the priests of modern science, who reject its high claims. Take Huxley, take Tindal, Alexander Bain, Herbert Spencer, or any of the high priests of modern materialistic philosophy and science, and may it not be said of them what Cicero said of the idolatrous priests of Rome, "They laugh in the very faces of each other as they listen to their vague theories of creation and their many foolish notions respecting human origin."

Look at its legislation. In Israel you find the most liberal polity of ancient times, and here, too, you will find the only free state government that belongs to that remote period. Here, first among the nations, was the sacredness of womanhood recognized, and her rights protected. Her lofty spiritualism in religion, her moral wisdom, her broad system of social ethics, while these made her the object of cruel hatred to the idolatrous, nevertheless she threw a halo of light over the world that has ever tended to the saving of the nations.

To the student of history, it is very apparent that the Hebrew system served as the initiative, and took the leading part in the world's transition from polytheism to the worship of one God.

Mark the position of the Hebrew state among the ancient nations. She stood almost in the center of the world's most ancient civilization. Egypt, Phœnicia, and Assyria surrounded her at one time, at another she was spoiled by the Greek, and still at another she became a central province of the Roman empire. At no period was she a locked up kingdom, diffusion being the very design of her

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existence, and notwithstanding her city and her temple were often stained by the foot of the spoiler, and blackened by the touch of her foes, yet no image was ever found in the sacred place, and only the sacred altar to one God. True, idolatrous hands dashed it to pieces, and its worshippers often became wanderers in a strange land, yet to-day, as then, Israel is among the nations, holding up her beacon of pure theism, and witnessing the nations coming to the *Star* of her rising.

This is Christianity. This is the era in human history when the kingdom of God is with men. Here is where and when science is to reach its culmination. In this era is when "men shall run to and fro and when knowledge shall increase." Yes, in this grand era is when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and the nations shall learn war no more." Contrasting this and other like statements from the Word of God with the present condition of society, men are inclined to hang down their heads and anxiously inquire, "What shall be the end of these wonders?"

Great events thicken fast upon the dial of time. The rolling wheels of God run swift and high, but never backward. To-day a decade of years is enough to revolutionize the world. The deep, hidden forces of truth now sway the very scaffold erected by its enemies for its execution, and the sound of the goings of God is heard throughout the whole earth. "Signs in the sun and moon appear, the sea and the waves roaring, and the powers of heaven are shaken." The great, seething, surging sea of humanity is, to-day, as the rushing in of the tide, the nations are running to and fro through the earth, and all things are replete with change and revolution, that the rubbish which has floated to us from antiquity may give place to the "new heavens and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness."

SERMON—CHRIST, GOD'S ANSWER TO THE SOUL'S QUESTIONS.

There comes to us a myth from the people of the South Sea Islands to this effect: When the Creator of the world had caused the solid ground to rise above the watery abyss, he walked forth upon it to survey his works. He proclaimed

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aloud "Good." From the echoing hill also came back the voice, "Good." What! am I not here first?" exclaimed the Creator. "I first," answered echo. Hence these wild Mangans say, "First of all existences is the naked, bodyless voice." This is their way of saying, "In the beginning was the Word." Man's utter ignorance when he comes into the world is a matter of fact. That he brings with him a capacity to know, and to store up knowledge, is without question. The universe that opens up about him, whence he came, and whither he is going, raise questions of infinite importance to him, and for which he is ever seeking an intelligent answer. These questions are deep rooted in his religious nature, and as human nature is a unit, and is governed and controlled by like principles in all men, and in all lands, and in all ages, this explains in a high degree the striking similarity in the fundamental principles in all religions. For if the family of mankind is one, and "God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times appointed and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord if happily they might find him," we should not be surprised that in thus seeking not only the fundamental principles of his religion should be so strikingly similar, but we might reasonably anticipate similarity in worship, ceremony, traditions, and in many other respects, yet the end sought is the same in all, namely, the favor of God. The scientific explanation of the origin of religions would be this, and it will hold good for every member of the race; namely, that a conscious will is the ultimate origin of all *Force*, and that man may communicate with it. As one has said, "It is the belief that behind the sensuous, phenomenal world, distinct from it, giving it form, existence, and activity, lies the ultimate, invisible, immeasurable power of mind, of conscious will, of intelligence, analogous in some way to our own, and that man is in communication with it." A close analysis of the rudest superstitions of paganism, on the one hand, or the most lofty utterances of St. Paul on the other, reveal this same postulate of belief in all; and what the highest religions assume was also the fundamental in the earliest and most primitive cults. Amid their endless forms of expressions, in creeds, rights, and

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ceremonies, one universal trait obtained, the unalterable faith in will, mind, as the ultimate source of all force, all life, all being, inherent in the super-sensuous. This universal end sought "favor with God"; and will, mind, God, as the ultimate source of all force, is accounted for by the learned in two ways: First, theologians quite generally have accounted for it on the ground of tradition, relationships, and historic connections of primitive peoples, and regard these as a full and complete answer; but the ethnologist dissents from this, and affirms that "it is from the identity in the mental construction of the individual man." Professor Buchmann says, "It is easy to prove that the striking similarity in primitive religious ideas comes, not from tradition, nor from relationships, nor historic connections of early peoples, but from the identity in the mental construction of the individual man, wherever he is found." But sound criticism and a correct philosophy would say it is the result of what is claimed both by the theologian and the ethnologist jointly; namely, tradition, relationships, historic connections of early peoples, and the identity in the mental construction of the individual man wherever found. Indeed, the leading conceptions, recorded as historic facts, both in the Old and New Testaments, such as "the creation," "the fall of man," "the deluge," and "the expected advent of a Savior or a Redeemer and a restorer of the race," find a place in the literature and traditions of all the primitive nations of the ancient world.

These have served as themes both for the poet and sage, and been made sacred by the speculation of the philosopher, and by the myth of the muse. I am not ignorant of the fact that destructive criticism, in your day and mine, is wont to dispose of many of these questions with a mere jerk; and yet, is it not a fact that in not a few instances it is being compelled to take off its sandals and, like the transcendentalists of Germany and the common-sense school of Scotland, venture upon the holy ground of religion, and seek refuge in the laws of faith and belief in the historic city of the blessed old Book, even to find a fixed fulcrum upon which to rest its destructive battery? It is a little amusing to hear Professor Benton, in his lecture on "The History of Religions," say, speaking of the deluge, "Its origin is pure-

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ly psychic, and derived from the myth of the epochs of nature"; and referring to the earthly paradise, he also adds, "Its origin is purely psychic, and although we can easily understand how the writer of the Book of Genesis sought to identify these mythical dreams with some known to him, it is strangely out of date for scholars of to-day to follow his footsteps in that vain quest."

In a like manner both the date and the authorship of the Pentateuch was wont to be crowded out of its proper place in Hebrew history, into the monarchical or exilic age of Israelitish history by that class of critics, on the assumption that the patriarchal age was non-literary, and society was too barbaric, and not sufficiently advanced to produce or warrant such a record. But the recent discovery of the code of Hammurabi, which is at least several centuries older than the laws of Moses, taken in connection with the Tel-el-Amarna tablets discovered in lower Egypt, has completely refuted the destructive criticism of the non-literary character of the patriarchal age. It is now made manifest that even the age of Abraham was a literary age, in which books were multiplied, and it was also an age in which the government and culture of Babylon extended to the Mediterranean Sea. There are some ghosts that "will not down" at the mere bidding of men. One of them that will not, is God's self-revelation of himself, in the person of Jesus Christ, as he is veiled in the Book, and was unveiled in his life among men; and thus manifested is God's answer to the soul's ultimate inquiry. Jesus Christ is the most important factor in God's revelation to man in the Old Testament, just as he is the most important in the New Testament; and it is the Spirit of Christ, thus veiled in the Holy Scriptures, that constitutes life and power in and over the lives of man. There is a want in the soul of man which prompts inquiry, not only respecting the past, but especially respecting the future. It is his fears, that spring out of uncertainty, that as often excite doubt as does his perverse nature. A consciousness of his own utter inability to unravel the history of creation, including man's past and future destiny, is so completely overwhelming that few have lived, whether pagan, Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan, who have not at some time in life looked up and cried, "O God!

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O God!" but God's Book, the Old Testament, with Christ veiled, who spoke to the patriarchs, and the prophets, and in the last times became one of us, and lived and walked with men, meets full and complete the soul's "great want." To the soul Christ, in the divine Word, is what food is to the physical body. Food always manifests its qualities to the recipient by building up the physical organism when properly received into the stomach. Just so Christ, veiled in the sacred Scriptures, manifests himself to the recipient by a conscious revelation of himself, and the truth of the Word, that "it is wrought in God"; and the unbelieving world is touched, and men are convinced of its divine origin by the life and character of those who have been *thus* vitalized by the Christ life through the Word and the Holy Spirit. The wisdom and beauty of the divine Word is marvelously displayed in the nice blending of the natural and the supernatural methods of revelation. How closely God holds to the natural, resorting to the supernatural only when he must. The reason for this is quite apparent. Revelation is something to be understood by imperfect beings. Man may understand the natural, the supernatural he cannot; but by it he is awed into reverence. The larger phase of revelation is human history, and systematic religious belief is the science of the imperfect human soul. Who can measure the task of adjusting chords to an imperfect instrument to bring out infinite harmony? This is absolutely the task assumed by Jesus of Nazareth, and as the ages sweep by, the opening decade of the twentieth century sees that he is actually accomplishing his task. In making this revelation he uses men,—men in recording it, men to preach it, and, above all, "A Man of Sorrows," and acquainted with grief to unfold it, and to be a living example of its highest and richest fruitage. But who, by right reason, thinks of holding God responsible for the slight discrepancies and interpolations that may have crept into the different manuscripts, either through the unfaithfulness or the oversight of the recorders or transcribers? These are human elements in the document, just as we find them in the manuscripts of other histories. As well might we assume to hold God responsible for the teachings of the different schools of theology, or

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some of the unscriptural creeds and dogmas of the church-revelation; revealing is God's part, but interpretation or interpreting is man's. Who would hold that a well-regulated science is responsible for the mistakes and blunders of the scientist; and, as another has put it, "Who accuses her, because George Washington was bled to death?" Or in the case of James A. Garfield, in that his physician sought for the bullet in the wrong direction? But is it not a fact that many of the quibbles and criticisms of the past and present upon the Scriptures are just as irrelevant as any one of the above? Will men never learn this great truth, that God, through revelation, is yet revealing? and that the Bible is not a splendidly wrought sarcophagus, but like "the bed of a deep and magnificent ocean, wherein is hid treasures that the life of a man, or a race, may dive for, and not exhaust." No believer in the Bible is of necessity required to believe what other men have believed respecting it; and all he has a right to ask, or needs to ask, is that the truth-seeker subject it to the same rules of criticism and historical laws which are applied to other books. The demonstration that the chronological tables of the Septuagint text are correct, and that the Hebrew is in error in that particular, would not indispose or affect the Book. The Bible is a fact and a factor in human history, and all that is claimed for it is that it be submitted to the same tests to which other histories are. The truth is, the surrender of this or that theological dogma does not affect revelation, no more than does an incorrect interpretation of its pages, or an unwarranted criticism. This intelligent congregation remembers, doubtless, the keen little book written by a German scholar, in which he applies the same rules of historical criticism to the personality of Martin Luther that has been applied to some Bible character, but especially to Jesus Christ, "thereby proving the general untrustworthiness of the facts of Luther." Such criticism as has been applied to biblical history, if applied to all history, would sweep from the arena a large per cent. of the leading facts and characters in human history. For this very reason, as Professor Sayce, speaking, as to the conclusions to which destructive criticism came, respecting the

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Aryan people, "which the philologist believed he could trace with unerring lines," but archeology has shown that the picture was quite the converse of actual fact, says: "The attempt to extract history from philology was a failure; the history that resulted was utterly false." Take the case of the king of Elam, in his Canaanitish campaign, in which he and his allies were defeated by Abraham, as recorded in Genesis 14. Destructive criticism has pronounced against it; it was a fiction based on the campaign of the later Assyrian kings; philology had shown that the proper names contained in it were inventions, coined to suit the narrative, and Babylonian conquests in Canaan at so distant an age were impossible. Professor Sayce says, speaking of this case: "The critic's assurance was proportionate to his ignorance of the early history of Western Asia." "What the critic, however, declared to have been impossible, turns out to have been a matter of fact." "Recent discoveries have shown that in the Abrahamic age Canaan was a province of Babylonia"; and that, "Canaan, indeed, had been traversed by Babylonian armies long before the days of Abraham." In the realm of biblical research, archeology is literally pulverizing the assumptions of the philologist where he has stepped aside from statements recorded as facts in God's Book, and has shown that philology is by no means to be trusted as an historical guide.

It is fact, not fancy, that the true apologist has always presented, and it is her truths, the opponents of Christianity have had to combat, and have vainly attempted to set aside. And, moreover, it is her facts which exhibit how grand a phenomenon Christianity is in the history of the world; and, therefore, the duty of the apologist is to make manifest that the Holy Scriptures give a true account of its origin; for on its truth, not on fiction, on a knowledge of facts, not on human credulity, it must ever stand or fall. It is now more than ever, the belief of critical Christian scholarship, as it is of the best critical learning, that the Old Book stands the test. Says Mr. Renan, the learned French skeptic, in speaking of the Gospels: "All, in my judgment, date back to the first century, and they are substantially by the authors to whom they are attributed." While Jesus is inveiled in the Old Testament, he is just as

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definitely unveiled in the New. What is said of him in Moses and the Prophets, is made manifest in the Gospels. His advent to the world, as therein recorded, introduced a new era in human history; and although nineteen centuries lie between his day and ours, he is now the world's great unsolved problem, and more talked about, better known, and dearer to the people of the opening twentieth century, than any other of the sons of men. He, in the three short years of his active ministry, set in motion forces touching the soul's destiny that have done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and the exhortations of moralists of all ages; and they are now sweeping the world.

In him is found "the desire of all nations." It is a marvel that the soul in its bewilderment has so universally felt its need of light respecting destiny. When philosophy and learning had well nigh reached their culmination in the ancient world, the wisest and best of that age felt the need and expected a teacher qualified to reveal the mind of God to our wandering race; but said, "It is necessary to wait till such a personage shall appear to teach them how they ought to conduct themselves, both towards God and towards man," and added: "Oh, when shall that period arrive? And who shall be the teacher? How ardently do I desire to see that man, who he is!" Thus it matters not whether we search for the soul's ideal in Plato's "good man," or in the Polynesian's blond-bearded and light-haired anticipated Savior; in Jesus, the Nazarene, the ideal is found, and in him all anticipations are met. Among the sons of men, the soul finds but one ideal man who meets and answers all its deepest inquiries, and that is Christ Jesus. He is not a mythical, but a real character, a man whose nationality and country are well known, and whose birth, life, and death created a new era in the world's history. He is the historic Christ whose character is not made up of negative virtues alone, devoid of culpable traits, but a character which through the vicissitudes of the centuries has inspired the lives of men with a religion of love that is adapted to all men of every age, temperament, and condition, a character which is not only the true type of virtue, but inspires the strongest incentive

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to practice it. In character he is absolutely cosmopolitan. He stands out among the sons of men like an oasis in a desert.

Among the learned and the illiterate, his history and character are more studied than the history and character of any one member of our race; and more lives have been written of Jesus than of any other man. Christian, skeptic, and Jew have written of him. Out of his teachings have come more of joy and comfort to the high and the low, the sick and the sorrowing of earth's children, than from all that sages have dreamed and poets sang. He has overturned empires, thrown down the temples of Jupiter, robbed him of his worshipers, and consigned him to the oblivion of the past. Indeed, Jesus was a solitary being, whom none fully understood, living for a purpose, comprehended only by himself, without the sympathy or support of a single mind. True, he admitted that he was the expected teacher and deliverer of the nations, but in his methods he cut at right angles alike with Jew and Greek by throwing himself across the pathway of the current opinions of both. Nor did he in any way attempt to disguise his purpose or soften his opposition to their dream of ages, their most cherished hopes, and thus conciliate prejudice and mollify the effrontery of change from long-established religious beliefs and customs; but disdained such methods, as the resort of ambition and imposture. As to some characteristics of Jesus: Be it remembered, and emphasized, that what revelation reveals, comes to us through the close, criticising sieve of human history. There are at least a few things which man knows about himself, and the Christ in revelation is addressed to each member of the race in a sense which certainly transcends anything experienced in any other literature, and each, for himself, knows that the appeal is true.

Now, it is well known that the age in which Jesus lived was remarkably narrow and bigoted, and his own nation peculiarly selfish; but Jesus was in nothing more marked than in the vastness of his conceptions. Not to save one nation, but the salvation of the world was his mission; the creed of a tribe he developed into a world religion, and so compassionate was he that not even "a sparrow falls to the

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ground that does not receive his notice." Despite the narrow conception of the Hebrew respecting Messiah and the soul's question, "Are there few that shall be saved?" contrary to their expectation he declared himself to be the deliverer and the light of the whole world; and, whether at the cross beneath or at the throne above, that consciousness never forsook him. The conception of the one religion for all peoples was his own, a thing unthought of by Jew or pagan. A universal faith was above the philosopher's dream, and beyond the sage's most extravagant imagination. Said Celcus, "The man who can believe it possible for Greeks and barbarians in Asia, Europe, Libya, to agree in one code of religious laws must be utterly void of sense." Now, these vast conceptions of Jesus—one religion for all peoples, the annihilation of all caste, a universal peace among men, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men, established on the law of love, was a new idea to the world, and was his own. It was an offense alike to Jew and Greek, as it is to-day to unregenerate human nature. While the world about him was a bundle of selfishness, the unique charm of his character was a life of absolute unselfishness. This principle he incorporated into his religion. The church and the world alike had fenced off, as something distinct from common duties of life, the domain of religion, but he pulled down the high wall and sanctified the whole sweep of existence, carrying religion into the haunts and homes of public and private life, and declared it "more blessed to give than to receive." He put a value upon the unit in society, and thus gave the world a new factor in social statics. He made faith which leads up to knowledge the basis of a spiritual science, and declared in favor of religious freedom; and to him the world will never outgrow its debt of gratitude as the world's greatest reformer. Goethe has well said, "Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural science go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity, as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospels."

Life is a dark marvel. The future, like the grave, is silent. Death is an unknown leap. God is a mystery. I turned to the Edda, the Zend-Avesta, the Vedas, and the

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sacred books of Confucius, and all, all is confusion and bewilderment. But on the other hand, "it is not too much to say that, on the whole, and to the best of our knowledge and belief, tested by that concensus of the intelligent and devout, which alone is competent to pass judgment upon a question in which the spiritual faculties as well as the reasoning, must be qualified jurors, the Bible reveals the best," and only satisfactory "explanation of the phenomenon of life," and the future world. On this burning question he is unequivocal. "I am come down from heaven." "I am the living bread which came down out of heaven." As one has said, "His sphere in religion, the character of God, the principle of spiritual life, the forgiveness of sins, the discipline of the soul, the life to come," on all these themes he has said the last word. And he made no mistakes. His life and sayings have been before the world for nineteen centuries, friend and foe have criticised them, but their verdict accords with Pilate's, "I find no fault in him." He never said a wrong thing, nor did a wrong act. He was the faultless man, and stood out like a mighty Pharos in the great sea of humanity, unequaled, and unapproached, and unapproachable by any of the sons of men. He walked through the world a moral giant among men. The allurements of society and temptations of demons had no effect upon him, and, like a Colossus, he stood among men, "the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy." Spinoza calls him "the symbol of divine wisdom"; Hegel, "the union of the divine and human."

Said De Wette, the most learned and intellectual of all the German critics, "This only I know, that there is salvation in no other name than in the name of Jesus Christ, the crucified, and that nothing loftier offers itself to humanity than the God-manhood realized in him, and the kingdom of God which he founded—an idea and problem not yet rightly understood and incorporated into the life even of those who in other respects rank as the most zealous and warmest Christians." At his teachings paganism is gradually melting away, and uncivilized tribes are becoming nations under Christian governments. "From first to last Jesus is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely severe and infinitely gentle. Throughout a life passed under

the public eye, he never gave occasion to find fault. The prudence of his conduct compels our admiration by its union of force and gentleness. Alike in speech and action, he is enlightened, consistent, and calm. Sublimity is said to be an attribute of divinity. What name, then, shall we give him in whose character were united every element of the sublime?" "He is a mystery indeed to our intellectual and philosophical comprehension, but a mystery made manifest as the most glorious fact in history, the blessed mystery of godliness, the inexhaustible theme of meditation and praise for all generations." He is the self-revelation of God to man, the mystery of the ages, the unsolved problem by the wisdom of this world. Take out of his discourses all that modern criticism rejects as spurious, make a due allowance for the tinge of their own thought, given to his utterance by his disciples, yet the Sermon on the Mount, which contains the embodiment of all he said and did, remains, and in the presence of which both critic and skeptic are alike struck mute by a consciousness that these utterances could not have been invented by the recorders of his eventful life, nor had they ever leaped from the lips of man, but were truths revealed from heaven by him "who came down from heaven." Also the legend, as the skeptic calls it, of his miraculous birth, may be put aside; the claims of the evangelists may be ignored, and all that creeds profess and ecclesiastical councils have determined respecting him may be laughed at, yet there remains the Christ, the completion of our humanity, God's answer to the soul's ultimate questions respecting human destiny.





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