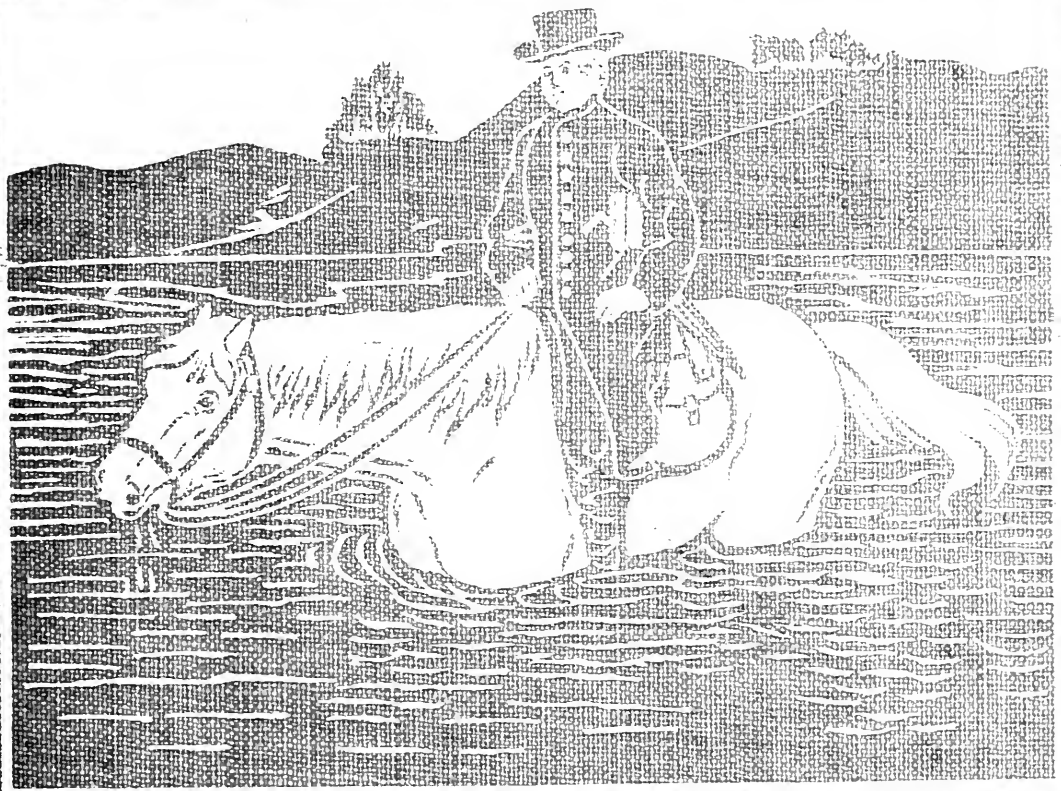


OUR HEROES
OF
UNITED BRETHREN
HOME MISSIONARIES



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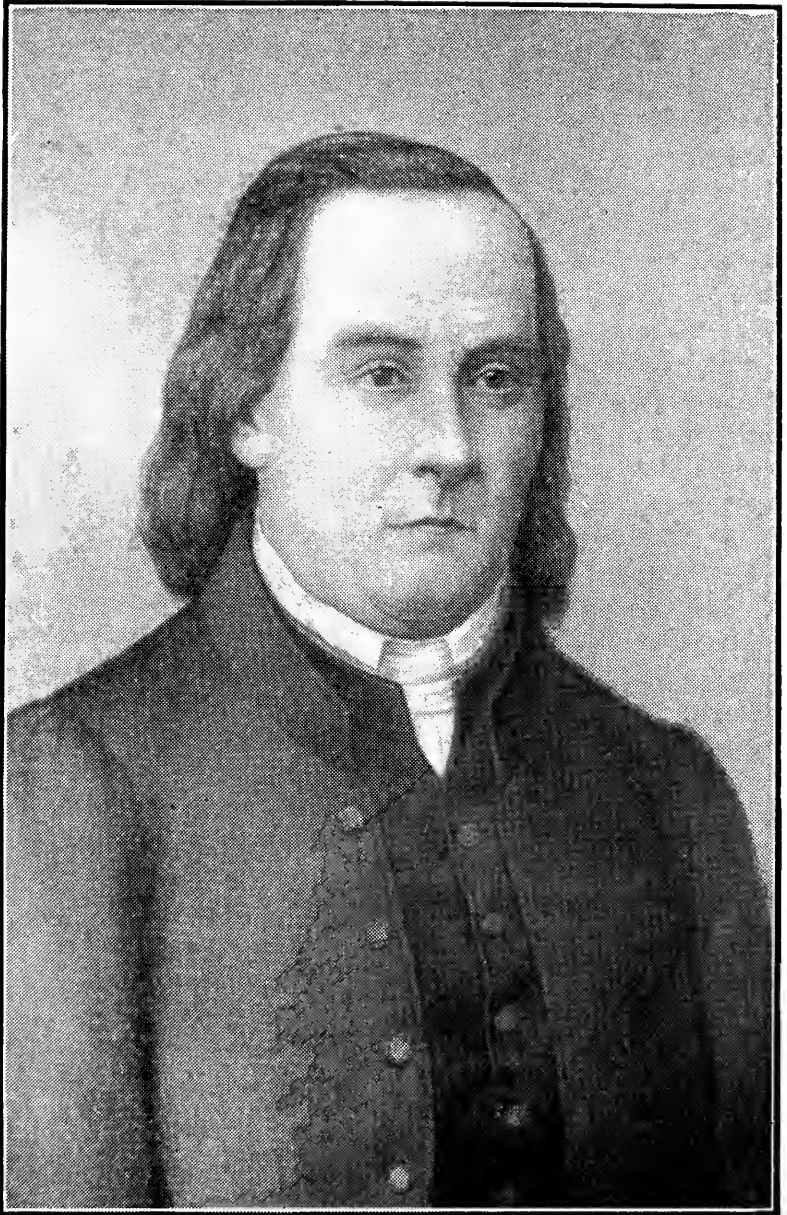
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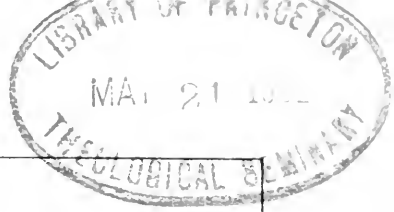
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PHILIP WILLIAM OTTERBEIN



DENOMINATIONAL MISSION
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OUR HEROES

OR

United Brethren Home
Missionaries

By

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UNITED BRETHREN
HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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United Brethren Home Missionary Society
Dayton, Ohio*

Foreword

It has not been our aim, in the preparation of the following chapters, to give a connected history of the Church, but rather to present briefly the lives of a few of the heroes who wrought so nobly in the early days of the various conferences named.

Very much that the book contains never appeared in print before. This, no doubt, will interest the reader; and the Church at large, we are sure, will appreciate the fact that so much historical data have been gathered up and put into permanent form. A few years more, with others of the landmarks removed, and no little of this would have been lost beyond recovery.

Our task has been both pleasant and difficult. Pleasant, because in studying pioneer achievements we were constantly in communion with the brave and good, and experienced the thrill of a new purpose in our own lives; difficult, owing to the fact that but few of our missionary frontiersmen kept a diary, or received extended notice through the Telescope, or other publications. Some of whom we have written deserve a much fuller notice than we were able to give them.

When we began to survey the field of heroes, it soon became apparent that we could not, in our limited space, mention all who had been prominent in carving out the foundations on which those who followed them were to build. Many whose names do not appear were and are worthy in every respect. Be it far from any of us to covet their crowns.

The reader will observe that east of the Mississippi River reference is made only to the fathers who have gone from us, while in the West several who are still living receive notice. In the older and more densely populated portions of the Church the number meriting recognition, of course, is much larger than in newer sections. The period covered in the East reaches back more than a century. In the West, Iowa excepted, the Church was not known prior to 1850. Some of the fields now occupied by us were only entered in recent years, hence many of the preachers who were first on the ground, and

who sacrificed and suffered most in establishing United Brethrenism, are still living. To refuse these noble, consecrated men the recognition they deserve would be unjust. "Honor to whom honor is due" has been our motto.

Since undertaking this work, however, we have decided to publish another volume, and a third, if need be, in order to include at least the more prominent among the Church's pioneers. In fact, a part of the material for another and similar publication is already in our hands. This statement is made not only to the Church at large, but especially to assure the brethren who have kindly furnished us personal reminiscences, and other information, that ere long what they have written will be used. It is to be regretted exceedingly that in some cases no record of any kind was kept. Many an earnest, successful toiler in the vanguard of the Church has quietly and almost unnoticed dropped out of the ranks in obedience to the death summons, and sleeps at present in an unmarked grave. No printed page tells the story of his useful life. Those who constitute the Church to-day, with few exceptions, do not know that such heroes ever lived. We must be content with the thought that all is written in God's book.

Our purpose in preparing and publishing this volume has been to present to the Church, and especially to her young people, such a picture of our heroes and their achievements as will lead to a larger appreciation of their work, and inspire to a more ardent love and zealous service for the Church under whose banner they toiled as pioneer missionaries and nation builders.

We owe a debt of acknowledgment and gratitude to friends in various sections of the country who have so kindly and generously assisted in the preparation of this volume by gathering and furnishing material.

If the perusal of what is here presented shall lead to a larger study of the Church's work, and at the same time broaden the reader's conception of home mission work in its true relation to the universal spread of the truth, we will be satisfied.

AUTHORS.

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Introduction

It is a very auspicious omen that the churches are beginning to study in a somewhat systematic way the great work of missions. Many benefits will result from this. First, it will inevitably bring many persons to a clearer, truer conception of what the Church is and what it is for. Many seem to regard it as a religious club which does not even exact of its members the usual club obligations. It is respectable and probably even advantageous to belong to church, for this may serve as a voucher of good character and add to business patronage.

Others seem to regard the church as a vehicle and the members as passengers to be comfortably and safely conveyed from this world to the heavenly mansions.

All these enter the church from selfish motives, simply for their own good, with an eye to their temporal and eternal advantage, trying to curry favor in this way with the Almighty.

But the mission, aim, and end of the church are to conquer the whole world for Christ. Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and all other false religions are to be displaced by Christianity. Pantheism, rationalism, materialism, atheism, and agnosticism are to be overthrown; intemperance, gambling, unchastity, oppression, tyranny, covetousness, dishonor, dishonesty, and cruelty are to be done away. Is not this a large program? Until this is done, the kingdom of God or kingdom of heaven cannot be established in the earth, wherein the will of God is done as it is in heaven.

Now, the church is nothing if not missionary. Her very spirit and genius are missionary. It is necessary to see and feel this before we shall have the wish, the will, the enthusiasm, the energy to make good that great final command of our Lord, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." The study of missions will largely con-

tribute to this, until we shall take an optimistic pride in the marvelous achievements of the truth of which the church is the custodian and the propagator. The regeneration of whole tribes, as also of individual sinners, witnesses to the divinity of our religion.

The effects of Christian truth on such examples of depravity as Jerry McAuley and Samuel H. Hadley, thieves, bummers, thugs, liars, plug-uglies, who became very saints of light, itself shows the supernatural power of this truth. The study of missions makes us familiar with these "miracles of grace." Besides, there is no little educational effect to be derived from such study, which has so often been adverted to that I need here only to mention it.

It is very important to note that the study of missions no longer denotes attention only to what the church is doing in foreign lands, but includes her work in the home land in the slums, in the neglected sections of our cities, and in the frontier settlements—what we now call "home missions."

When we consider the many problems which confront the church in the United States, identical in part with those with which the United States Government has to grapple—problems which have been so graphically and forcefully presented by Doctor Strong in "The Challenge of the City," including the rapid and enormous accumulations of private and corporate wealth, "The Problem of Environment," and that of the people, noting especially the great influx of foreigners from every country under heaven, we see something of their gravity. As Mr. J. E. McAfee said at the Pittsburg convention: "From the ends of the earth they come . . . : Italian, Bulgarian, Bohemian, Moravian, Croatian, Slovenian, Dalmatian, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Norwegian, Armenian; East Indian, West Indian, Lithuanian, Hertzogovinian; Russian, Servian, Syrian, African, Cuban, Austrian; Polish, Turkish, Irish, Finnish, Flemish, English, Spanish, Danish; Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese; French and German, Dutch and Welsh, Magyar and Scotch, Korean and Montenegrin, Greek and Hebrew." If all these are to be Christianized, the church surely has a great work on her hands. If they are not Christianized, what will presently become of our Protestant, evangelical faith and works in this land? and what will happen to our morals and our American institutions?

Scores of thousands of our citizens are entirely ignorant of these conditions; scores of thousands of our church-members know nothing whatever of the situation. But so long as they remain ignorant of these things they can take no interest in them nor help to remedy them. The study of home missions will dispel this ignorance, awaken interest, and enlist effort.

Every church-member should, as far as he can, be intelligent on the subject of church problems, the claims of the community and the country upon her, and her consequent obligations. Surely it is no credit to a Christian man to be ignorant of what Christian work is in progress or what ought to be done. This holds good of the individual member of any individual denomination. As a United Brethren, one should desire to know as much as he can about his denomination, her past history, her present status, her work, her prospects, her spirit and genius. Familiarity with these will cause one to be a better United Brethren. I do not mean this in a sectarian or narrow sense, but in the sense that he will have more active interest in her undertakings, and he will see that he need not take on an apologetic look and tone the moment some one inquires to what church he belongs.

Some of us have been speaking of our foreign missionaries as "our heroes," "our jewels." A perusal of the pages of this book will make clear that the pioneers of our Church in many parts of our country, and especially west of the Mississippi River, have confronted as many and great dangers and have undergone as great hardships and suffered as great privations as those who have gone to China or India or Africa. Some have lived in sheds, in sod houses, have received almost no salaries, have traveled their circuits of hundreds of miles on foot, have suffered hunger—the wolf being often actually at the door; in danger from murderous Indians; they, their wives, and their babies have suffered from frozen ears, fingers, and feet, have wandered on the prairies in fierce blizzards with the mercury twenty and more degrees below zero—why? Certainly not for the salaries they received; surely not for the ecclesiastical emoluments heaped upon them, but for the gospel's sake and because they were bent on saving souls.

The authors have well named their volume "Our Heroes." Some of these brave, sacrificing souls are still living and are earnestly at work for the Lord. Those of us who shall study this book will thank Bishop Weekley and Doctor Fout for bringing to the light this array of interesting, instructive, and often pathetic facts. The names of these "heroes" are indeed worthy of grateful remembrance, and those who are still toiling, some of them with something of the old-time sacrifice, will be cherished and loved by the Church as never before. Many will be the prayers called forth for God's richest, kindest blessings upon them and upon the toil of their hands.

How these short stories will rebuke many of us who refuse to lay hold of any work which does not promise a large salary and a fine church, with a span of fine horses or an automobile! The complaint is widespread that the

ministry are too much concerned about their own temporalities and not enough for the spiritualities of the flock.

Certainly the ministry should be adequately supported, but we make a grievous mistake when we make the impression that we are chiefly concerned for the welfare of "number one."

May this book arouse our Church to larger efforts in building up the home resources, that thereby she may be the better qualified to discharge her full duty to the whole world.

J. P. LANDIS.

Union Biblical Seminary.

OUR HEROES

or

United Brethren Home Missionaries

CHAPTER I.

Genesis of the United Brethren Church.

It is difficult to find the source of any river. Rivulets run toward a thousand valleys, and the spring in which the remote seems to have its birth may have unseen streams reaching to far-distant fountains. The source of every river is in the clouds; their source is in the ocean, and the ocean a fountain because of the attraction of the sun.

Equally difficult is it to find the sources, from the human side, of those great religious movements which have resulted, in one form or another, in positive benefit to the church of God and the general uplift of the race.

The origin of United Brethrenism may be traced to those sources in all ages and among all religions where it has been insisted upon that spirit is more than form, and that character is more than ceremony. Elements from various sources contributed to the early development of the denomination. Philip William Otterbein, its founder, was a direct descendant of the

Our Heroes, or

Reformation and the great Moravian revival. John George Pfrimmer was of Huguenot descent. John Calvin McNamar illustrated those traits of Christian heroism and missionary power represented by the Scottish yeomanry; and the ancestry of John Collins Bright reaches back to the Puritan revolution in England.

Various Sources in Development

Otterbein was born in the ancient and picturesque little city of Dillenburg, Germany, on the fourth day of June, 1726. A castle crowning the summit of a hill overlooking the city is the birthplace of an illustrious line of princes, including "William the Silent," the hero of the Dutch republic. These two names have given that little city its title to immortality.

The Otterbein home was one where religion reigned, where high culture shed its refining influences, where intelligent common sense guided day after day, where mutual helpfulness was inculcated, and where mutual happiness was the constant aim. The example of a scholarly father was ever before the children, and the influence of a cultured mother was always felt; but, above all, was a spirituality that never waned. Such an atmosphere was favorable to scholarship and religion, and it is not surprising that out of that home came great scholars and great Christians.

At an early age Otterbein entered college at Herborn, an institution of the German Reformed Church, of which he was a member and in which his father was an honored minister. Both in his home and college life he breathed a

United Brethren Home Missionaries

decidedly Protestant atmosphere. Here the Reformed branch of Protestantism had been firmly established during the period of the Reformation. Not far away were the battle-grounds of Luther and Zwingli and Calvin. These conditions were both a preparation and prophecy of no ordinary or uncertain kind.

When twenty-three years of age, young Otterbein was ordained to the gospel ministry. Here it may be noted that the ordination of ministers in the church which he subsequently founded is secured in regular line from the German Reformed Church—a line which is unbroken as far back as history furnishes any records. The Church may therefore take a little pride in claiming one of the purest and most churchly ancestries in ordination of which history gives a record.

Early in his ministerial life, Otterbein heard the divine call through his church to dedicate his life to evangelism in America. His prompt obedience to the call furnishes a noble example of heroic courage and self-sacrifice. It meant the severance of the dearest earthly ties, the turning away from prospects of rich and honor positions, to face the exposures and dangers of a sea voyage, and, if safely landed, the perils and privations incident to missionary work in a new and unsubdued country.

In the meantime, God was preparing the widowed mother for the ordeal of separation.

Our Heroes, or

Had she not already said, "My William will have to be a missionary"? We may wonder if she had any presentiment that her son would plant a church which would become one of the most spiritual and the most admirable in spirit and polity in all Christendom. It is certain she died without the sight, and, it is probable, without the imagination of these coming glories to be started by her distinguished son.

When the time for his departure came and she realized that it was to be a last kiss, a last look, the venerable, saintly mother rushed to her closet and prayed for added grace to make the sacrifice. On her return, she clasped the hand of her devoted son in hers, and, pressing it to her lips, said, "Go; the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord cause his face to shine upon thee, and with much grace direct thy steps. On earth I may see thy face no more, but go." With what strange and beautiful grace can a mother's love bind its sacrifice to the altar.

Mr. Otterbein came to America in 1752. It was in the early history of the full group of the original thirteen colonies, a quarter of a century before the era of independence.

Arrival in America

Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was the scene of his first labors, then a German community of two thousand inhabitants. The six years which followed were fruitful of toils, trials, and conflicts, but also of great spiritual blessings.

The time in which United Brethrenism took its rise demanded a practical theology and a re-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ligion of experience. Theory enough there was, but it was cold and dead. During the third year of Otterbein's ministry at Lancaster he was led into an experience which became the "key to his after life." He had preached a great sermon on repentance and faith, when an inquirer came to him for spiritual advice. His only reply was, "My friend, advice is scarce with me to-day." He then sought a secret place of prayer, and

A New Experience

ceased not his struggle until he obtained the peace and joy of a conscious salvation. There his spirit came into vital, living touch with the risen Christ, and the darkness and unrest which had hitherto oppressed him fled away. He now takes his place in that heroic company of contemporaries whose lives were a protest against indifferentism, irreligion, and high churchism through whom there came back to the ecclesiastical world, scriptural spirituality, scriptural living, and a simple and scriptural ecclesiasticism.

The spirit of the new awakening was contagious. Ministers of other denominations entered into a like experience. The Pentecost and birth of the denomination occurred at Isaac Long's barn near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1767. "The meeting," says Dr. C. I. B. Brane,

Our Pentecost

"was appropriately held on Whitsuntide, and the gathering of the people and the character of the services were distinctively pentecostal. People of high and low degree and representing almost every phase of belief known to the

Our Heroes, or

commonwealth of Israel, came from far and near and sat under the spell of gospel unity in that meeting. Rev. Martin Boehm, of the Mennonite Church, was the Peter of the occasion, and preached with such unction and power that souls were swayed like trees in the grasp of a mighty tempest; and when the sermon closed on the high tide of spiritual peace and power, Otterbein threw his arms about the preacher before he had time to resume his seat, and tenderly said, 'We are brethren.' Scores of souls were saved that day, and hundreds wept for joy and praised God aloud."

These two fathers, with George Adam Geeting, an early convert, became leaders in a great revival movement. A distinguished Methodist bishop has said: "If the message of Otterbein had been in the English instead of the German language, he would have been the logical leader of the general evangelical movement in America"; a movement which saved the new republic to evangelical Christianity and the religion of the Bible.

Nothing could discourage or intimidate those knights errant of the new chivalry. They were mighty men in preaching, and still more mighty in prayer. They exercised a weird fascination and were great evangelists. One of the books we need most is the true story of United Brethren evangelism. That story is at present scattered through local histories, or is perishing for lack of care, or has already perished. But even now

**Heroism of
the Fathers**



ANDREW ZELLER



JOHN G. PFIMMER



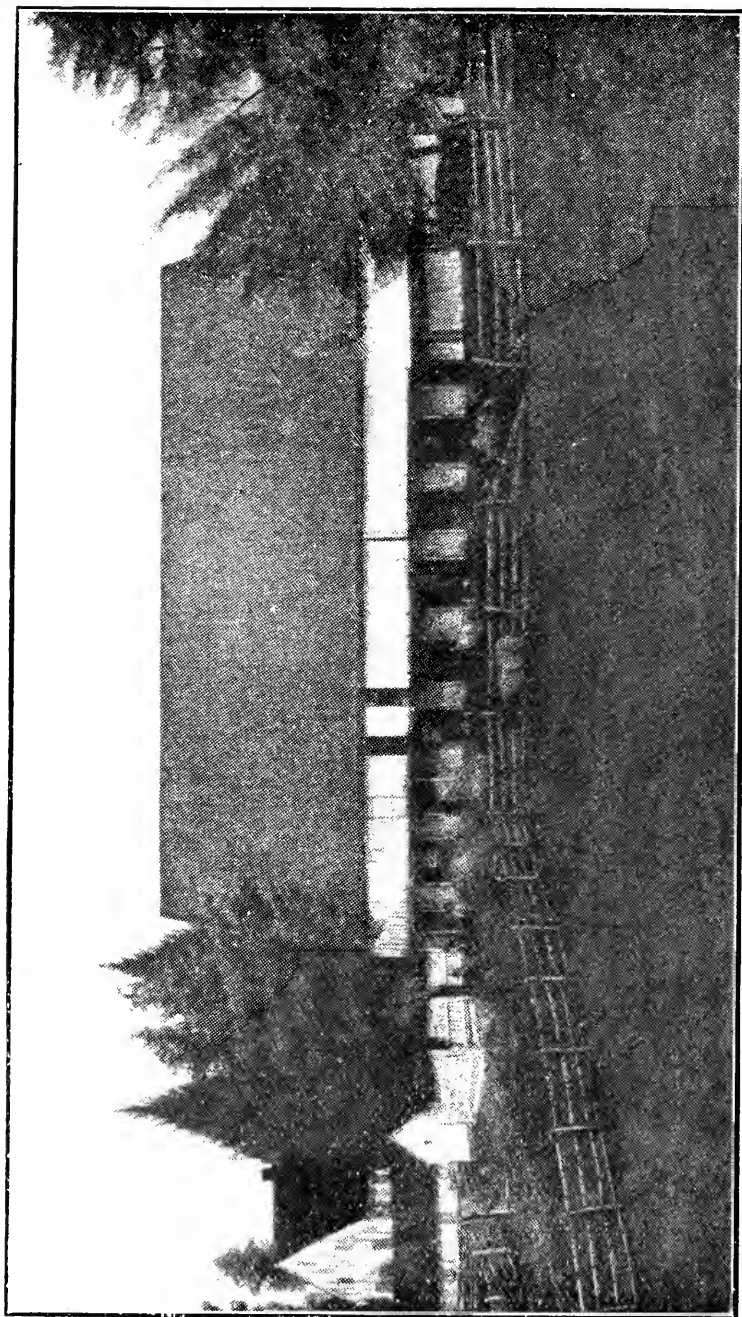
MARTIN BOEHM



JACOB BAULUS



GEO. BENEDUM



ISAAC LONG'S BARN, IN LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, PLACE OF OUR DENOMINATIONAL PENTECOST, AND BIRTH. MEETING HELD ON WHITSUNTIDE, MOST PROBABLY IN THE YEAR 1767

United Brethren Home Missionaries

an organizing mind could shape these scattered materials into a narrative of surpassing power and beauty. He must be a chilly United Brethren and a frosty American who can hear the names of these heroes without a thrill of pride and gratitude. They must be counted among the creators of the American nation. "The Germans," says Dr. A. W. Drury, "largely from

Switzerland and the Palatinate, were to have a place scarcely second to that of the preponderating English population in the civil and religious history of the United States. The Christian missionary among them, therefore, was a builder of destiny." While Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Jay, and Hamilton were laying the foundations of government, and building up a system of free institutions, these heroes of the Cross were devoting themselves assiduously to the culture of the nation's heart.

It is of exceeding interest to note the divine methods of training and enlisting human agencies in carrying out His purposes. In the long vista of centuries intervening since the days of the apostles a few men have been called to walk apart with God in special training for these heroic tasks. Otterbein was preëminently of this select class. "His labors were begun with a sublime unconsciousness of the part that was to be performed, but he was not permitted to continue long without a conscious participation in a divine plan." Thirty-three years intervened between the birth of the Church and its official

Our Heroes, or

naming at the conference of 1800, which convened at the home of Peter Kemp in Frederick County, Maryland. During this period the founders “unconsciously laid the lines of organized church life; and when they came together in that conference a thousand influences and associations lifted up their voices and said, ‘Let this child of Providence be christened.’”

Some one has very wisely said, “We can understand human history aright only as we come to know that it is His history.” It is from this point of view that the origin and growth of the United Brethren Church can be correctly interpreted and appreciated. The founder was not permitted to close his life work without the satisfying prevision of abiding results. A short time before his death, in conversation with two of his close personal friends, Christian Newcomer and Jacob Baulus, he remarked, “The Lord has been pleased graciously to satisfy me fully that the work will abide.” This is to-day one of the most cherished convictions of every loyal United Brethren.

In the perspective of a century Otterbein rounds out with still increasing power, symmetry, and grandeur of character. His work abides and his personality abides with it. His convictions were deep and powerful; a preacher whose words stirred the multitudes as winds stir the ocean, but who is himself calm, ruling the storm he had raised. In the gentleness of his nature he

**Providential
Origin**

**Life of
Increasing
Power and
Beauty**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

may be likened to Melancthon. He was more reserved than Luther and more genial than Calvin. His kindness of heart, his amiability of temper and affability of demeanor made him everywhere a welcome guest. Rev. George Lansing Taylor, in an ode written in 1875, speaks of Otterbein as

*“Scholar, apostle, and saint, by Asbury loved as a
brother;
Sage in counsel, and mighty in prayer as Elijah on
Carmel;
Founder and head of a people, a godly, fraternal
communion.”*

His death is an exceptional memory. It set a seal upon a strangely noble life, and inspired with new force the gospel which he lived and proclaimed. On the eve of his departure, November 17, 1813, with heaven written upon his face, he said, “Jesus, Jesus, I die, but thou livest, and soon I shall live with thee.” To his friends he exultingly whispered: “The conflict is over and past. I begin to feel an unspeakable fullness of love and peace divine; lay my head upon my pillow and be still.” “Stillness reigned in the chamber of death; no, not of death—the chariot of Israel had come.” His body sleeps beside the church in Baltimore, Md., that bears his name.

CHAPTER II.

The Saint Paul of the Church.

The history of the heroes of the Cross of the United Brethren Church in America begins with a trio of illustrious characters—Otterbein, Boehm, and Geeting. Of their talents and ministerial graces a discriminating cotemporary and colaborer, who knew them well, gives the following sketch :

“Otterbein was argumentative, eloquent, and often terrible. In the elucidation of Scripture he was very clear and full, few being his equal.”

“Boehm was the plain, open, and frank expounder of God’s Word, being all animation, all life; often irresistible, like a mighty current, carrying his hearers into deep water.”

“Geeting was like a spring sun rising on a frost-silvered forest, gradually affording more heat, more light, until you could hear, as it were, the crackling in the forest and the icy crust beginning to melt and fall away, and like a drizzling shower ending in a clear and joyous day. He was the St. John of the Clover Leaf.”

The death of these three leaders marked the close of the first great period in our history, the period of origins and organization. It was followed by a period of expansion and by gradual transformation and development. If these three represent the “inner circle” of the apostolic col-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

lege, then Christian Newcomer, the fourth in order, represents the great apostle of the Gentiles in missionary zeal and evangelistic endeavor. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, January 21, 1749, three years before Mr. Otterbein arrived in America. His father was a native of Switzerland, having emigrated to America in his childhood with his parents. The discipline of young Newcomer's humble home inured him to a life of toil and enabled him to welcome the rough tasks which in the divine plan he was to meet later in life. He was peculiarly fitted both by nature and grace, not only for the work of a pioneer missionary, but to be a master spirit among the pioneers. His father was a carpenter by trade, which trade the son learned and pursued. So it is said of the world's first and greatest Missionary, whose life and work among men marks the beginning of the truly heroic age, "He was a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter."

Birth and Early Life

When about seventeen years of age, Mr. Newcomer became deeply interested in the matter of his personal salvation. His parents were both pious members of the Mennonite Society, "in which were still to be found remains of that ardent piety which two hundred years before had blazed up gloriously under the labors of Menno Simonis." Their piety and devotion had made a deep impression upon his mind. "Often," said he, "I saw them kneeling together in silent

Our Heroes, or

prayer." An incident which shows the strong trend of his conviction and feelings at this time is thus related: "I remember once being in the field at work, when the grace of God wrought such powerful conviction in my heart that I went down on my knees in a hollow place in the field, crying to the Lord and saying, 'O thou blessed Savior, I will cheerfully believe in thee, for thou art my Redeemer, and I am the purchase of thy most precious blood.'" The various experiences through which he passed before fully yielding himself to God were similar to those of James Chalmers, of missionary fame. Twice he had been led into the light, and as many times had fallen back into the darkness, all of which he attributed to his disobedience to the will of God respecting his life work. Finally, after fleeing from duty for several years, the hand of sore affliction is placed upon him, and one night, in a secret place of prayer, there wrestled with him the angel of the covenant until the day was dawning, when he fully surrendered his will to God, and was made a crown prince.

About that time, Mr. Newcomer became acquainted with Otterbein and Geeting, and, finding the doctrines they preached in such perfect harmony with his own experience, he joined himself to them and to their society. He was peculiarly a child of the hour, and his life was as truly providential in its relation to the formative period of his denomination as was that of Mr.

**Early
Religious
Struggles**

**A Child of
Providence**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Asbury to the church he helped to found in America.

He had, in a conspicuous degree, the three qualities which Emerson has said "attract the reverence of mankind—disinterestedness, practical power, and courage." His disinterestedness is shown in his habitual sacrifice of those things which most men count dear unto themselves. This is apparent in every

Qualities of Character

step of his career. There is not a single sentence in his journal (which covers the last thirty-five years of his missionary work), or in the comment of a cotemporary, that in the remotest way suggests that he ever put self before the interests of the kingdom of Christ. Not since the apostolic age has the church produced a grander illustration of the power of the gospel to subdue human selfishness and to make Jesus Christ supreme in the life. He belongs to the magnificent army of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might win souls to Christ. For fifty-three years he was in the saddle almost constantly, bearing the message of salvation to multitudes in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and once visiting Canada.

Newcomer was a born bishop. After the death of Otterbein, Boehm, and Geeting, the infant Church instinctively turned to him as its leader. He was elected active bishop in 1813, again elected bishop in 1814, and with the formation of the General Conference in 1815 he was five

Our Heroes, or

times successively reëlected. His practical power is shown in the manner in which he organized and controlled the new "societies." "Under his influence, largely, the so-called 'unsectarian' were to become a denomination, and the so-called 'society' was more fully to develop the character of a church." Up until this time there had been no definite form of government for the little bands of worshipers which had now begun to grow and develop. Organization, and that at once, became an imperative necessity, and Bishop Newcomer, who was brought to the kingdom for such a time, proved himself equal to the task. Opposition to his work manifested itself in local communities, in annual conferences, even in the General Conference sessions; but his enlarged view, single aim, and unremitting effort more and more prevailed. He formed classes, and with his own hands stitched the first class-book and assisted in preparing a manuscript discipline which is still preserved. Power and repose, velocity and steadiness of movement, intensity and equipoise are commingled wonderfully in this man with a mission from God. He showed great tact in controlling and even subduing opposition. He was the first of the early fathers to gather missionary money in order to do more aggressive work. Bishop Newcomer is sometimes called, and properly so, "the refounder of the Church." "Humanly speaking," says his biographer, "had it not been for the tact and

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good sense and piety of this man of God, we might not, as a denomination, be in existence to-day."

In a very special sense, Bishop Newcomer was the father of the itinerant preaching system, to which the Church has adhered. He regarded it as an apostolic mode adapted to the circumstances of new and sparsely-settled districts. By his example he illustrated the tremendous effectiveness of the plan. Who can imagine what a failure United Brethrenism would have been in America if the itinerancy had not been established? Otterbein inaugurated it; Newcomer upheld it.

His moral courage is shown in the manner in which he bore the contumely and the reproach of the formalism and unbelief of his times and the opposition of his own people to his plans and progressive views, which he was convinced were in harmony with the purposes of God. His physical courage is shown in the manner in which he faced and subdued ignorant and brutal mobs. He was a hero of the strongest fiber. He was

Courageous Spirit born to do and to dare. Thirty-eight times he crossed the Alleghany Mountains. On these trips he passed through a thousand perils, yet these perils and escapes, which he forgot as soon as over, he referred to simply as the "pepper and salt" which gave zest to his further and greater efforts. Nothing could relax his energy or extinguish his zeal. It is said that he always kept a good horse, kept him in good condition, and

Our Heroes, or

when well mounted took but little account of heat, or cold, or distance. On he went, traveling at the rate of six thousand miles a year, until he almost died in his saddle. The secret of New-comer's marvelous success lay in his love for souls, which developed into a passion that nothing could cool or conquer. No matter where he went or what were his surroundings, this ruling bent of his soul was manifest. His journeys often consumed whole days and nights, amid perils of robbers and wild beasts of the forest, often traveling a whole day with nothing to eat. Sometimes he was heard to say, when enduring

**Passion
for Souls**

privations and facing seemingly insurmountable difficulties: "One soul is worth more than the whole world. What if we risk our all, if we venture our lives to gain one soul for Jesus? If successful, we will be amply rewarded for all our toil. Let us go!"

Mr. Spayth, who had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with him, says: "Often he was compelled to make forced rides, to expose his person in the most inclement season of the year and the stages of high water; but none of these things could check him in his course. The writer, when traveling Susquehanna Circuit, in the year of 1812, in the depth of winter, all cold and snow, had a meeting in Berks County. While preaching, Brother Newcomer's tall figure made its appearance at the door. I beckoned to him to come to the stand, but, the room being crowded, he remained where he was, and, with-

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out leaving the door, closed the meeting with a very impressive exhortation, and sang and prayed. I pronounced the benediction. The audience made a move to leave. Now was New-comer's time; he shook hands with one and then with another, addressing some by name, exhorting all, young and old, with a voice and visage as spiritual and holy as if he had just come from the court of heaven. Many began to weep, and we had a gracious and powerful blessing. Thus often, when it was thought that he was far away, he would come upon meetings unexpectedly and unlooked for, but his coming was everywhere and always hailed with joy."

Bishop Newcomer was preëminently a man of prayer. Closely in this respect did he follow in the footsteps of his Lord. No part of his journal is of more thrilling interest than the numerous entries in relation to his seasons of prayer. Once he speaks of gaining the summit of a mountain through much difficulty, where he erected an altar of prayer and offered up praises and thanksgiving to God. Then, after making supplications for all his brethren in the ministry, he implored the divine favor and protection on his further journey. Again, he is found kneeling on the banks of a swollen stream in central Ohio, pouring out his heart to God in thanksgiving for delivering him safely over.

No picture of this Church father has been handed down, but he is described as being tall in stature, of commanding figure, somewhat bent,

Our Heroes, or

with Dantean eyebrows, overhanging eyes of a singularly penetrating sweetness when they looked at you. His very presence, like that of Thomas Guthrie, subdued the ignoble and base in those about him, and suggested better thoughts. While conducting a meeting in one of the most wicked towns in York County, Pennsylvania, and where some of his associates had previously suffered bodily injury at the hands of a mob, which opposed their work, the following incident occurred:

One afternoon several women came to the altar of prayer, one of whom was the wife of the leader of the opposition. A spy, who occupied a place at the window, hurriedly carried the news to the man, who was working in an oil mill not far away. He immediately dropped his work, and without coat or hat and with arms bare to the shoulders, came running like a demon. Mr.

Power With Men

Newcomer said to the people, who were trembling with fear, "Don't be alarmed; I'll meet him." So he went to the door and greeted the man with the words, spoken in a gentle tone of voice, "I suppose you want your wife." "Yes," answered the man, whose countenance burned with anger, "and I will knock any man down who interferes in the matter." "Well, come right in," said Newcomer, "I'll show you where she is." The man hesitated as he stepped inside the door, when Mr. Newcomer placed his hand upon his shoulder and escorted him down the aisle. They had made but a few steps when the man was seized

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with conviction, and, falling upon the floor, began to plead piteously for mercy. That man was Christian Grumbling, who subsequently became one of the pioneer missionaries in the territory now occupied by the Allegheny Conference.

Speaking of his conversion, Mr. Grumbling said: "Before we got far down the aisle, that old man's hand (referring to Newcomer) became too heavy for me to carry, and when I saw my wife down there praying, I fell right down by her side and cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and that night wife and I were both gloriously saved."

In the summer of 1810 Mr. Newcomer made his first journey west of the Alleghanies. His previous missionary tours had extended westward as far as Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, which, like Antioch, had become a new center

First Journey West

for the extension of the early missionary work of the Church. Here great revivals of religion occurred in 1803. The following entries appear in Newcomer's journal, bearing dates of November 10 and 11 of that year:

"November 10. Preached at John Bonnet's. I had not spoken long before some of my hearers fell to the floor. Others stood trembling, and cried so loud that my voice could not well be heard."

"On the 11th we had a meeting at Swopes, and here the power of God was displayed in a most marvelous manner. The whole congregation was moved, and seemed to wave like corn before a

Our Heroes, or

mighty wind. Lamentation and mourning were very general. Many were the wounded and slain. Some of the most stubborn sinners fell instantly before the power of God. The meeting continued the whole night, and some were enabled to rejoice in the pardoning love of God."

On the first of July, 1810, Newcomer pursued his journey westward from Mt. Pleasant. Somewhere on the summit of a mountain he knelt beside an altar which he had built of stone, where, Jacob-like, he saw the angels of God going up and coming down before him. Then reverently he arose and pursued his lonely and perilous way into the swamps and forests of Ohio. Frequently he was heard to remark while traveling through the Scioto and Miami valleys, "Oh, what a country this will be in a half century hence." How much greater prophet was he than President James Monroe, who, about the same time, made the famous, ludicrous prophecy, "Ohio will never become a habitable country." On this journey Mr. Newcomer attended the initial session of the Miami Conference, the second of the denomination, which convened in Ross County, Ohio, August 13 of that year. He reached his home in Pennsylvania, September 14, at which time he writes: "After being twelve weeks on my journey, I reached home this evening, and found my family well. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for all his goodness and mercy."

These annual missionary tours westward were continued for nineteen consecutive years, which included a journey of from 1,600 to 2,000 miles

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on horseback. In 1817 this veteran hero of the Cross made his first tour in the State of Indiana. The country was then a pathless wilderness. He was compelled to hire guides to conduct him through the forests. Reaching Clark County, he writes: "Bless the Lord. This morning I am well and determined by grace to do and suffer his will. I am now in Clark County, Indiana, more than one hundred miles from the State of Ohio." One hundred miles from Ohio was considered "far out West" in those days. It is difficult to realize that even seventy-five years ago Ohio was a State on the northern frontier or confines of Christian civilization. Illinois was the frontier State in the Middle West, and Missouri in the far South. Michigan and Arkansas were organized territories, but beyond these States was an unorganized and, most of it, unexplored wilderness and pathless desert, where the buffalo roamed at will and where the savage had his home.

Bishop Newcomer made his last trip west when in his eighty-first year, riding on his horse, on this occasion, fifty-two miles in one day. On his return from this journey, in the early autumn of 1829, it was apparent that his health was failing. The thirty-eight pilgrimages across the Alleghanies and through the swamps and stagnant waters of the western wood had so preyed upon him as to enfeeble his step and cause his strong form to totter. Six months later, and

**Tour in
Indiana**

**Failing
Health**

Our Heroes, or

eight days before his death, this veteran soldier of the Cross mounted his horse for his last earthly journey, attempting to meet an engagement in Virginia. Proceeding as far as Boonsboro, Maryland, he remained for the night. On the following morning, finding himself quite ill, he gave up his intended journey and returned to his home to die. On his arrival, March 4, 1830, the following closing paragraph of his journal was written: "I lay down my pen, and the Lord knows whether I shall be able to resume it again. The Lord's will be done. Amen."

The end of such a life, as we might anticipate, was beautiful and peaceful. Let us glance into his chamber on March 12, just before his translation. We see him rise from his **Rest at Last** bed without any assistance, and kneel before that throne where he had formed an acquaintance with the Lord many years before. When the prayer is ended, the chariot is waiting to take him to his coronation. The long, weary marches are over and the hero of many a hard-fought battle exchanges his armor for a crown of fadeless glory.

No eulogy can exalt such a man. The work of his heroic life cannot be estimated, and we who read his wonderful story to-day must feel our hearts thrill with enthusiasm and stir with desire to follow in his footsteps and make our lives count for something in the great work for which he gave his all.

CHAPTER III.

Pioneer Missionaries in Ohio.

The admission of Ohio into the Union in 1802 marked the beginning of the tide of immigration westward, and with it the development of "God's great West" with its then undreamed-of magnitude and possibilities. Little did the pioneer settlers imagine that they were preparing the future great arena that was to determine the final outcome for Jesus Christ over every opposing enemy in the world, and where the struggles for mastery between faiths and races and civilizations would be decided.

Among the Abrahams of the Church who at the divine call first left their homes in the East and went out to build the altars of Jehovah in the promised lands of the West, were Andrew Zeller, John G. Pfrimmer, George Benedum, Jacob Baulus, Henry Kumler, Sr., Jacob Antrim, and Joseph Hoffman.

The career of those heroes of the Cross was a continual glow of incandescent zeal and marvelous success. No loftier example of Christian heroism and consecration to the work and purpose of Christianity has been held up since the apostolic age. They endured hardness and privation without a murmur; talked naturally about

Our Heroes, or

religion in private and in public; were not burdened with useless erudition or with overmuch philosophy; but they had good news to tell and they told it eagerly, with the eloquence of love and the logic of experience. If ever the wilderness did bud and blossom as the rose, that blush of beauty followed the meanderings of these servants of God and was like fragrant flowers that leave a long perfume.

The first United Brethren society west of the Ohio River was organized by Andrew Zeller near Germantown, Montgomery County, Ohio, in 1806. Almost simultaneously, probably a few months later, George Benedum began missionary work near Lancaster, Fairfield County, Ohio. Probably to no two individuals is the Church in Ohio so much indebted for its early and rapid growth and its present strength and prosperity. Brave and true men were they, toiling under many disadvantages, but laying with patience the foundation of the goodly temple which their successors have reared.

The time had now arrived for the organization of a western conference. The distance was too great and involved too much time and expense for the ministers of Ohio to attend the conference in the East. The Miami Conference was therefore organized, the second of the Church in the historic order. The initial session was held at the home of Michael Crider in Ross County, Ohio, August 13, 1810. Christian Newcomer

**First U. B.
Society
in Ohio**

**Miami
Conference
Organized.**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

presided. Fifteen ministers were present. But little business was transacted apart from the simple organization. The occasion is spoken of rather as one of prayer and meditation. It was one of those historic moments when men chosen of God dimly realize that they are facing a mission of vast and mysterious magnitude, and therefore humble themselves before Almighty God and seek to know his will.

The company was composed of strong and varied personalities—men of giant hearts and stalwart frames. They were marked by a mighty faith that laughed at impossibilities and cried, "It shall be done." From that mount of communion they went forth with a new touch of God upon them to inaugurate a new era of progress in the early history of the denomination.

The original area embraced by the conference included all the State of Ohio, with the eastern portions of Indiana, the special center of work being the Miami, Scioto, and Muskingum valleys. These men of God were to be found throughout this great territory wherever the bushman's blaze was to be seen or the sound of his ax was to be heard. Eagerly they followed the tract or trail of the settlers, in search of those shepherdless sheep scattered throughout the wilderness. By day they preached on stumps and in barns, and by night they slept in shanty or shack, often hearing the howl of the wolf, and sometimes the war-whoop of the painted savage. Through such toil and peril more than

**Work of the
Missionaries**

Our Heroes, or

a thousand additions were made to the conference in a single year.

ANDREW ZELLER

Andrew Zeller was born in Berks County, Pa., in the year 1755. Of his early history nothing is recorded. He was of as obscure an origin as David, and he took the same way to the head of the kingdom, by doing his best at the seeming impossible, and trusting in God.

His religious life and work began about the year 1790, when he was converted and united with the Church. Newcomer's journal reveals the high regard in which he was held by the early fathers.

In the year 1806, Mr. Zeller and his family immigrated to Ohio, locating near Germantown, where he built a humble home and consecrated it to the private and public worship of God. He assisted in the organization of the Miami Conference and was also a member of the General Conference of 1815, at which time he was elected bishop. In this position he served with great efficiency for six years. In times of perplexity he was one of the first men to whom his brethren and even his colleagues turned. His counsel was always invaluable. He was a man of profound faith and of great humility. He possessed a quiet dignity of manner that never forsook him. In old age his appearance has been likened to that of an apostle.

He was a man of magnetic personality, and

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those who were brought within his influence were strangely drawn toward him. Mr. Spayth relates this story of him which came under his own observation: "While on his official tour in 1815, he had to have a small piece of work done, in the town of M. The mechanic was a worthy man, but would not attend church or hear preaching. While doing the work he cast a heedless look at Bishop Zeller, who stood not far away with his hands folded before him. The man looked the second and third time, but with feelings which had begun to steal on him, for which he could not account. Another look, and an arrow shot through his heart. From that moment he had no rest (the stranger stood ever before him with folded hands, and, as he thought, praying to God for his soul) till God spoke peace to him. That man has ever since been a constant Christian."

As a preacher, Bishop Zeller was thoughtful, persuasive, and dignified, always attractive and winning to the hearer. He had not the culture of Otterbein nor the eloquence of Geeting, neither did he embody the elements of leadership that Newcomer possessed, but he was endowed with those fine traits of noble minds, tenderness and justice, without which all real intellectual powers, however brilliant, are but as the glitter of icebergs or the cold glare of lonely mountain peaks.

When the day of his departure came, May 25, 1839, Miami Conference was in session in Germantown, only a mile from his residence. Be-

Our Heroes, or

fore his spirit took its flight and dwelt with the angels he sent and received many greetings of love and faith. "With much of the same longing for a double portion of the spirit Elisha sought of his Master, the entire conference remained to attend the funeral of him who was very properly regarded as the father of the Church in the West, in so far as it had a human father."

Eventide

GEORGE BENEDUM

George Benedum, who was among the earlier fruits of the revival of religion in Pennsylvania, was admitted into the Hagerstown Conference in 1794, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The date of his removal to Ohio was most probably early in 1806. He was perhaps known as widely and favorably in the early history of the Church in Ohio as any other man. Among those who were won to Christ during the early years of his evangelistic work were four young men who became useful and honored ministers—Dewalt Mechlin, Louis Kramer, John Smaltz, and Bishop Samuel Heistand. He assisted in the organization of Miami Conference and was a member of the first, third, fifth, and sixth General Conferences.

Mr. Benedum was a preacher of fine ability. Bishop Russell, his intimate friend, pays him the following tribute: "He possessed high-class natural endowments. His apprehension was quick, judgment accurate, imagination fertile. At a camp-meeting I heard him preach a sermon

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before the sacrament, on Isaiah 53:12, and such was the profundity of thought, such the power of the Holy Ghost in the sermon, that it seemed to me that heaven and earth were coming together."

As an evangelist Mr. Benedum was most successful, and in building up new converts in the faith and turning young men toward the ministry he perhaps had no superior in his day. "He traveled extensively, preached much, and gathered full harvests into the Master's garner, receiving of earthly compensation but slight measure, but of the eternal in great abundance." After a faithful service as missionary in central Ohio for thirty-one years and having reached the age of seventy-two years, he was called from labor to reward.

JOSEPH HOFFMAN

Among the early and valuable additions to the new conference from the East was Joseph Hoffman, who with his family moved to Ohio in 1817, and who in the divine plan was to wear the mantle of Bishop Zeller. He was a great preacher and evangelist, possessing a mighty courage and forceful personality. His life resembled not so much the beautiful river whose broad stream winds through rich and varied scenery, but that which cuts a deep and rapid channel through rugged rocks and frowning wilds, leaving the impress of its power in the productiveness of the region through which it has passed, which but for it would remain deso-

Our Heroes, or

late and barren. At a distance Bishop Hoffman seemed brusque and cold, but at close range he was the most companionable of men, abounding in good will, wit, and geniality.

He spent a winter in New York, during which time he was invited to speak in some of the leading pulpits of the city. "Had rest been his object he might have been settled there in a very desirable living which was proffered him." The years of his itinerant work included long and perilous missionary journeys, both in the United States and Canada, but they resulted in the salvation of multitudes of souls and in laying the foundations of churches whose membership still live to praise him. He spoke with equal fluency in the English and German languages.

The life of Bishop Hoffman shone undimmed to the last. While preparing to attend the dedication of a church near his home at Euphemia, Ohio, on a Sabbath morning, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, "without any previous illness, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof came along and the man of God, like Elijah, dropped the mantle which he had worn so long and so worthily and ascended to the heights of glory."

HENRY KUMLER, SR.

The conference was also favored in having as one of its early recruits Henry Kumler, Sr., who possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of character demanded by that strategic time.

His work as an itinerant began in 1815. In

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intensity of missionary zeal and distances traveled he, perhaps, more nearly approximated Newcomer than any of the early fathers. His first charge in the mountains of Virginia required a journey of about four hundred miles, in order to give each congregation preaching once in four weeks. In 1817, when serving a district as presiding elder, he almost went to his death in his zeal for souls, preaching two and three times a day for fourteen consecutive weeks. On his recovery the following year, he took up his work with the same degree of energy. During the first eight years of his superintendency, following the year 1825, when he was elected bishop, he crossed the Alleghanies on horseback eighteen times.

In 1819, Mr. Kumler, with his family, immigrated to Ohio and settled near Miltonville, in Butler County. When his house was completed he dedicated the largest and best room to the worship of God. Here services were held and scores of souls from year to year were born into the kingdom. His own children were converted at an early age and united with the Church. Their lines have gone out wherever the United Brethren Church has become known.

Bishop Kumler was a forceful preacher. "His gifts and graces as a minister were somewhat peculiar, though not easily surpassed." He exhibited a mighty love—a love for God and a love for his fellow-men. He was indeed a master in Israel. To him, probably more than to any other man, Bishop Zeller excepted, the Church is in-

Our Heroes, or

debted for its early planting and training in the Miami Valley. In January, 1854, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, he entered upon his reward.

To these might be added a galaxy of others, if space would permit, who deserve a place on the same roll of honor. Among them are Daniel Troyer, Aaron Farmer, the first editor of the Church, Francis Whitcomb, and Christian Flinchbaugh, the "Peter Cartright of the Miami Valley." These were stalwart sons of nature and mighty in holy deeds. They were strongly individual yet eminently sane; neither learning nor ignorance made them mad. They told good news; they brought tidings of great joy into many a home and many a community; they hated sin, but loved the people; they feared God and nothing else in the world. The following tribute might be placed upon each of their graves: "They tamed a wild people and brought them and their children to the strength and joy of righteousness; not so much by their restrictions as by their convictions, by their open self-denial and abundant labors, their manly bearing, their brotherly kindness, their devotion of mind and heart to the work of saving men and women." Within thirty-five years the one western conference of 1810 grew into eight, and the boundaries of the Church were extended westward to the Mississippi River and beyond.

It is only by the study of local United Brethren history that an adequate conception of the

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labors of these heroes of the Cross and their contribution to American civilization can be framed. They represented the highest type of Christian character, and knew the joy of salvation. Wherever an early United Brethren appeared there was proof that religion did not make men miserable. Men knew them as they walked along.

Mankind is wont to reverence the memory of warriors and statesmen, and it is right; but how much more should the memories be held sacred of those who by loyally placing their all on the altar of the Christian religion, and devoting a long life of indescribable toil, hardship, and anxiety to their convictions of duty to God and man, finally succeed in establishing as a mighty uplifting power for the intellectual, social, moral, and religious elevation of the race—an organization that works on through the centuries to make men better and happier.

**Worthy of
Honor**

CHAPTER IV.

First Missionary in Indiana.

The gifts laid upon Christ's altar by the pioneer missionaries of the United Brethren Church were priceless gifts, and the divine Master is more and more honoring and blessing them to enrich the faith and stimulate the zeal of their spiritual posterity. Among these early benefactors who wrought nobly as true nation-builders was John George Pfrimmer, the first United Brethren minister in the State of Indiana. Few men have been a greater power for spiritual good, have endured more varied experiences, or have left a more enduring name upon the early missionary work of the Church than has this hero of the Cross.

John George Pfrimmer was a native of Alsace, an old German province on the Rhine, ceded to France in 1648. His birthplace was the charming little village of Bissheim, near Strasburg.

Birth and Ancestry

He was brought up in the Reformed Church and was educated in both the German and French languages. He studied medicine and surgery and entered the French navy as a surgeon at the age of eighteen. He was with the French fleet commanded by Count DeGrasse in the West Indies, when attacked by the English Admiral

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Rodney, off the coast of Dominica, April 12, 1782, which fleet consisted of more than thirty ships. This was one of the most obstinately-contested engagements that ever took place between two nations, being kept up, without intermission, nearly twelve hours. DeGrasse was totally defeated and taken prisoner, having lost three thousand men and six hundred wounded. In that engagement, Doctor Pfrimmer received a saber cut in the face, which mark he carried to his grave.

In the year 1788 he immigrated to the United States and settled in eastern Pennsylvania. He was converted in the year 1790 and soon after found the grace which Otterbein experienced during his ministry in Lancaster. Ere long he

Conversion felt upon his heart the burden of
Call to the call to the ministry and at once
Ministry began to preach. "His eminent fitness to preach manifested itself in the impressions which his discourses made upon his hearers, and in view of his education, talent, grace, and commanding powers as a speaker, he was regarded as a great accession to the strength and influence of the rising Church. Through his efficient labors he was instrumental in bringing the gospel to many hearts and planting the Church through a large part of western and central Pennsylvania."

In the year 1800 he began his labors west of the Alleghanies, and after eight years succeeded by the help of his associates, in establishing a succession of mission stations from central

Our Heroes, or

Pennsylvania to the western borders of Indiana. Beginning in the Susquehanna Valley, he moved westward by stages, first locating in Westmoreland County, then in Somerset County, and finally in Washington County.

**Moving
Westward**

Under his ministry a gracious revival of religion took place in 1803 west of the Alleghany Mountains in what was called the "Glades." The meeting at Bonnet's Schoolhouse was especially one of great power. He was perhaps among the very first of the pioneer missionaries of the Church to visit those communities, and out of these early beginnings has grown one of the largest and most influential conferences in the denomination. In his work in western Pennsylvania he was assisted by Christian Burger and Abraham Draksel.

In 1808, following the tide of emigration through the swamps and forests of Ohio, he reached Harrison County, Indiana, where he finally settled, without, however, intermitting his itinerant labors. Here he entered a quarter section of land upon which part of the town of Corydon now stands. It was the same year in which James Madison was elected President. The United States of America then comprised seventeen States, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee having been added to the original thirteen. The population of the entire country, including the Territories, was about seven million. Almost the entire population at this time was east of the Alleghany Mountains. West of these the settlements were few, small, and scattered.

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Harrison County, Indiana, in which Doctor Pfrimmer had located, was organized that same year. General Harrison, the first territorial governor, appointed him, with two others, as county judges. They held the first court at Corydon, May 10, 1809, and divided the county into townships, laid out roads, and licensed ferries and hotels. Any historian who undertakes to enumerate the formative forces of the State of Indiana and leave out of the calculation Doctor Pfrimmer and his immediate coadjutors, writes an incomplete history. His chief work was to purify society in its genesis. He was a great foundation-builder and primitive organizer. He planned wisely for the superstructure, but had not the material with which to do more than begin the erection, and that, of necessity, was simple and rude in his lifetime.

Doctor Pfrimmer, with his family, reached southern Indiana when the country was an almost unbroken wilderness, and to him belongs the honor of planting the first United Brethren society in that State. He made extensive missionary tours in the Wabash valleys, preaching wherever an opportunity presented itself. With the tide of emigration, United Brethren families were coming to find homes in this wilderness of rich soil. These were sought out by Doctor Pfrimmer and made the nucleus of United Brethren churches. From his wilderness home he made at least four journeys across the Alle-

**County
Judge**

**First U. B.
Church
in Indiana**

Our Heroes, or

ghanies, visiting the churches in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

He was a charter member of the Miami Conference. Soon after its organization a district called "The Kentucky and Indiana District" was constituted, of which he was appointed presiding elder. From the conference of 1816, which convened in Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Newcomer accompanied him into Indiana. The country was almost entirely without roads, and in New Lexington they were obliged to hire a pilot to conduct them through the forests. During the journey Bishop Newcomer made the following entry in his journal: "We came to-day to an elevated spot of ground, from which we had an extensive view of the surrounding country. Here I humbled myself on my knees in gratitude to God, who, in mercy, had preserved me in the wilderness to the present time." We have in this note a glimpse of Indiana more than ninety years ago. It is not probable that those venerable fathers, prophets as they were, when treading the wilderness on Indian trails or blazing their way through the pathless woods, guided by a compass, could have believed that in so short a period as ninety-two years a great State would spring up, and that the United Brethren Church, which had then a few feeble societies, would number several strong conferences with fifty thousand members.

Doctor Pfrimmer was a courageous man. His elements of leadership were easily recognized.

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He was brave as a lion and at the same time one of the gentlest of men. President William Henry Harrison, who was his personal friend, is reported to have said that "Doctor Pfrimmer had all the genius and skill of a military leader, and if he had turned his attention to military affairs, he might have been one of the greatest generals of his day."

He was an eloquent preacher, always clear, concise, and scriptural. His fund of general knowledge, it is said, was wonderful. His sermons were highly impressive, instructive, and abiding in their effects. He had a broad knowledge of the Scriptures and knew how to wield effectively the sword of the Spirit. As an evangelist he was strong. "His revival

Preacher and Evangelist

meetings were as the harvest is before the reaper. There was always a reaping and a gathering of fruit unto eternal life." His zeal for souls knew no bounds. Neither rains, nor floods, nor storms, nor any other ordinary difficulties seemed to have daunted him. He was never so happy as when on a horse going from place to place, seeking to tell men of Him who came to save the lost. During the entire period of his missionary life his salary ranged from \$40 to \$100 a year.

In 1820, Doctor Pfrimmer began Sunday-school work in his new church at Corydon, which was the first United Brethren church-house west of the Ohio River. So far as is known in history, it was the first United Brethren Sunday school organized in our Zion. But

Our Heroes, or

it is clearly evident that like organizations had been effected by the Church father before this date. We find that twenty years prior to this time Doctor Pfrimmer was engaged in this same kind of work. Bishop Newcomer, having visited him at his home in Pennsylvania, makes the following entry in his journal, dated May 21, 1800:

“To-day I came to Brother Pfrimmer’s. About thirty children had assembled at his house to whom he was giving religious instruction. Some were under conviction. I also spoke to them. Their hearts were sensibly touched. May the Lord convert them truly.” We learn from this that Doctor Pfrimmer believed in child conversion and that he regarded the children as part of his pastoral fold. Otterbein and Asbury were giving attention to the religious education of the children much earlier than this, but it is not fair to say that either of these

**Founder of Our
Sunday-school
Work**

Church fathers instituted Sunday schools proper. Gradually the American Sunday school took shape, and it was during the opening years of the nineteenth century that there was breathed into it the breath of life. When the American Sunday-School Union was organized in 1824, careful inquiry failed to discover more than one hundred Sunday schools connected with churches. Doctor Pfrimmer has the distinction of being the founder of Sunday-school work in the United Brethren Church. He was an educated, aggressive, far-seeing prophet, who laid thus the foundation of an institution which in-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

cludes the entire denomination, and at the present time outnumbers it by twenty-three per cent.

Next to the Pfrimmer Chapel in Corydon, which was built in 1814, perhaps the Cross Roads Church in Harrison County was the most influential of the early mission churches of Indiana. The society was organized by Jacob Antrim, that seraphic singer and sweet gospel preacher, who accompanied Bishops Newcomer and Zeller from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1818. In the Miami Valley, and especially in southern

Indiana, he was remarkably successful as a soul-winner. The

Jacob Antrim

Cross Roads church was the scene of many a triumph for the Master. It was the spiritual birthplace of several of the leading ministers of the State. The following account is given of the conversion of John Flora in the early history of the Church: "He was a talented young man, of a skeptical turn of mind, well informed in infidel literature and skillful in argument. When he attended religious services, he used to call in question what they said and did. The conversion and changed life of an old drunkard in the neighborhood set him to thinking. Discovering the old reformed drunkard at prayer in the woods one day, it set the infidel to thinking more seriously, and, hearing his testimony concerning the power of

**A Remarkable
Conversion**

Christ to save, one day at the Cross Roads Church, almost overcame him. At the same service a pupil of his school, a young lady for whom he had great re-

Our Heroes, or

spect, gave a touching testimony. This completely broke him down. His skepticism left him and he went bounding through the large congregation, crying at the top of his voice, "Here comes a Saul of Tarsus," meaning that he had been a strong opposer to the Christian religion. He fell at the altar of prayer and was converted. Later he entered the ministry and accomplished great good in the pioneer mission work of southern Indiana."

Doctor Pfrimmer possessed a great soul. He was a man of broad vision and always exhibited a splendid type of optimism. A grandson who resides at the old homestead, writes: "Grandfather's life outside of his ministerial work was an active one. His practice as a physician included a large territory, even riding as far as forty miles to see a patient. I imagine his success as a doctor was largely due to his cheery nature.

A Great Soul

In my younger days, when meeting old men, upon learning that my name was Pfrimmer, they would often ask if I was related to Doctor Pfrimmer, and when I answered in the affirmative, they would say: 'Well, he was a good doctor, a great preacher, and such a jolly old soul. You could not be sick long after he came to see you, even if you did not take any medicine.' " His matchless energy, noble unselfishness, and Christian intrepidity made him a living example of that higher, nobler life into which he constantly endeavored to lead others.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

He died at his home in Harrison County, Indiana, September 5, 1825, in his sixty-fourth year, having been in the ministry thirty-five years. In 1824 he made his last visit east of the Alleghany Mountains. In May preceding his death, he attended the General Conference, which convened in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, where he took an active part in the business and preached with his accustomed clearness and power. After the Conference, he returned to his

A Beautiful Death

home in Indiana, when he expressed the conviction that his "race was run" and that he was soon going to join the great assembly in heaven. He declared that his hope in the Redeemer was unshaken and that it afforded him great joy as his end drew near. While he was uttering these words, his countenance beamed as with a light which was visible upon him in death.

His body sleeps in the cemetery just across the road from Pfrimmer Chapel, and is marked by a marble slab bearing the following inscription: "Rev. John G. Pfrimmer, born in France, July 24, 1762; came to the United States in 1783 and settled in Pennsylvania; then removed to Indiana in 1808; died September 5, 1825. Deceased established the first United Brethren society in Indiana. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

Our Heroes, or

LESSON I.

CHAPTER I.

1. What can you say of the origin of the United Brethren Church?
2. Name some of the sources that contributed to its development.
3. When and where was Philip William Otterbein born?
4. What can you say of his home and college life?
5. What can you say of the line of ordination in the United Brethren Church?
6. When was Otterbein called to missionary work? To what field? What town?
7. Describe the home-leaving.
8. What can you say of the religious conditions of the colonies at that time?
9. What new experience came to Otterbein at Lancaster?
10. When and where did our denominational Pentecost occur?
11. When and where was the denomination officially named?
12. What of the heroism of the fathers and their work?
13. What did Otterbein say of his impressions regarding the permanency of the work?
14. What can you say of Otterbein's life and influence, in the perspective of a century?
15. What was Rev. George Lansing Taylor's tribute to Otterbein?

CHAPTER II.

1. What period in the history of the United Brethren Church closed with the death of Otterbein, Boehm, and Geeting?
2. What period in the history of the Church began with Christian Newcomer?
3. What can you say of his early life? Date of birth?
4. What can you say of his early religious struggles?
5. What relation did he sustain to the founding of the Church?
6. What were some of his leading qualities of character?
7. What can you say of him as an organizer?
8. What relation did he sustain to the itinerant preaching system of the Church?
9. How many times did he cross the Alleghanies?
10. What can you say of the distances he traveled, and the perils and hardships of the way?
11. What does Mr. Spaythe say of Newcomer's work and influence?
12. What can you say of his prayer life?
13. Give circumstance of Christian Grumbling's conversion.
14. Give date and brief review of Newcomer's first visit to Ohio.
15. Give date and incidents of his first visit to Indiana.
16. In what year did he make his last pilgrimage West? What was his age?
17. Where and when did he make his last entry in his diary?
18. What period of his ministerial life does his diary cover?
19. Describe his death.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

CHAPTER III.

1. When was the State of Ohio admitted into the Union?
2. Who were some of the first United Brethren missionaries in the new State?
3. What can you say of these early heroes of the Cross?
4. When, where, and by whom was the first United Brethren society organized in Ohio?
5. Where and by whom was another society organized about the same time?
6. Why was it necessary to organize a new conference west of the Ohio River?
7. When, where, and by whom was Miami Conference organized?
8. What was the original area embraced by the conference?
9. How many additions were made to the conference in a single year? How were these results achieved?
10. When and where was Andrew Zeller born?
11. What can you say of his early history?
12. When did he immigrate to Ohio, and where did he locate?
13. When was he elected Bishop, and how long did he serve?
14. What incident does Mr. Spayth give of his personality and influence?
15. What can you say of George Bedenum?
16. What four men were won to Christ during his early missionary work?
17. What did Bishop Russell say of him as a preacher?
18. What can you say of Bishop Joseph Hoffman?
19. Give brief sketch of the life of Bishop Henry Kumler Sr.
20. Give some characteristics of these pioneer preachers.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Who was the first United Brethren missionary in Indiana?
2. Where was John George Pfrimmer born?
3. What can you say of his birthplace and early education?
4. What was his early occupation? In what great battle did he participate?
5. When did he come to America, and where did he locate?
6. When was he converted, and called to the ministry?
7. When did he begin his labors west of the Alleghanies?
8. Give stages of his journey westward? When did he reach Indiana?
9. How many States did the United States of America then comprise? What was the population of the country including the territories?
10. What appointment did Doctor Pfrimmer receive from General Harrison, the territorial governor?
11. When and where was the first United Brethren church organized in the State of Indiana?
12. What was the condition of the country at that time?
13. What can you say of Pfrimmer's courage and hardships as a missionary?
14. What did President William Henry Harrison say of him?
15. Who was the founder of our Sunday-school work?
16. When and by whom was the Cross Roads Church organized in Harrison County?
17. What remarkable conversion occurred at that place?
18. What is said of Doctor Pfrimmer as a physician?
19. When and where did he die? How is his grave marked?

CHAPTER V.

First English-Speaking Missionary.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed,
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The place occupied by the life and work of John Calvin McNamar in the early development of the denomination is worthy of a fine appreciation. The call of the Church was first to the German people and churches, and to these the labors and preaching of the fathers continued with but little exception until 1813, when Mr. McNamar, known in history as the "first English preacher" of the denomination, joined the Miami Conference. The time had now come, because of the preponderance of the English language and the new religious life awakened by United Brethren evangelists, when the demand for English preaching was imperative. To meet this demand and to open to the Church this larger door of usefulness and power, McNamar was brought to the kingdom.

From the time he entered the itinerancy, the work began to spread into the English communi-

Our Heroes, or

that saintly man of God, yielded his life to Christ. . Soon after his conversion he experienced a call to the ministry, and in 1813, upon the recommendation of Mr. Zeller, he was granted license to preach, and received into the Miami Conference.

To the present generation of United Brethren John Calvin McNamar is only a name; to his own generation he was for many years a marvel in intelligence, eloquence, evangelism, and constructive leadership. For a quarter of a century he stood high in the councils of the Church and was connected with some of its most important legislation. He was a delegate to the third, fifth, and sixth General Conferences. As a mark of the

**Elected
Bishop**

high esteem with which he was held by these bodies, he was elected to succeed Bishop Newcomer in the bishopric. His reasons for declining this responsibility and honor are not given.

Mr. McNamar has the distinction of having formulated and introduced the first financial plan for the local congregation in the history of the Church. His wise statesmanship enabled him to see that without an adequate ministerial support the Church, with all its zeal, would run a brief race and produce few abiding results.

**Author of
Financial
Plan**

Accordingly, in the General Conference of 1826 he offered a resolution which required the presiding elder and the preacher in charge to appoint a circuit steward for every circuit, and that each class should also be required to select a steward;

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and that it should be the duty of these officers to make quarterly collections, in money or goods, for the preacher in charge, and report to each quarterly conference. After an extended discussion the resolution was adopted. One argument of Mr. McNamar for the resolution was that the year before he had received the meager sum of \$41.16 for his year's work.

Mr. McNamar is spoken of as a preacher of high rank, brave, unpretentious, practical, and spiritual. He was unsurpassed in his qualities to capture new communities. There must have been peculiar power in his preaching and a peculiar adaptability to the hearts and to the spiritual needs of the people. Multitudes flocked to hear him. His characteristic Scotch humor was deliberate, like his reasoning; so that seldom, in

**Characteristics
as Preacher**

spite of its exuberance, did he suffer it to blunt the edges of his serious thought, which he wielded like a flaming sword. Of his characteristics we quote the following from Lawrence's history: "He used correct and forcible language; spoke slowly, distinctly pronouncing every word. Being well versed in polemic divinity, he devoted much attention to the exposition and defense of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. . . . His sermons on the divinity of Christ, often preached to immense congregations at camp-meetings, made a profound impression. It must not be inferred, however, that he was a religious pugilist, devoting his whole time in the pulpit to theological disquisitions

Our Heroes, or

and finding his reward in the defeat of his antagonist or in the applause of his friends. Far from it. He was not a vain theologian. His object was to save men; and he had the happy faculty of following up a clear exposition and masterly defense of some great truth with a heart-searching application."

Mr. McNamar had the evangelistic spirit to an intense degree, and the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom was to him paramount to all things else. He had the zeal of the early disciples, and, regardless of the cost to himself, went everywhere in his large frontier parish preaching the gospel of the kingdom. He was a man of superb courage. To him even roads and paths seemed useless. If his horse could not carry him, he led the horse, or, leaving him behind, went on foot. He frequently slept in the wilderness, but he was never lost. His long journeys were often made extremely difficult by untoward condition of the roads and by overflowing creeks and rivers. As an itinerant he was an example of punctuality. "When the time arrived for him to start to an appointment," says George Bonebrake, "he was off. He would wait for no one, and listened to no excuses. Rain, snow, mud, swollen streams, and floating causeways—any of these, or all of them combined, could not change his purpose. Nothing but a physical impossibility would detain him from an appointment."

"By this kind of work," says Mr. Lawrence, "he planted the larger part of the early English

**Missionary
Zeal**

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United Brethren churches in southwestern Ohio and southern Indiana, and he was not only eminently successful in organizing churches and forming circuits, but also in reinforcing the ministry. An examination of the minutes of the Miami and Indiana conferences, from 1814 to 1834, will show that to Mr. McNamar, as an agent of providence, the Church is indebted for a large number of the most effective itinerant ministers who entered the ranks during that interesting period of her history."

He was a typical itinerant and presiding elder. He believed in the system and illustrated its effectiveness and adaptability by his life. The old-fashioned circuit with its quarterly meetings enabled the pioneer preachers to reach the people in their homes and in large gatherings; the camp-meetings so admirably suited to the genius of United Brethrenism and the social necessities of new communities brought into cooperation the strongest ministers of the denomination—and there were giants in those days.

Mr. Spayth has beautifully said: "J. C. McNamar, a true son of the gospel, determined to march in the front ranks of the ministerial army. He chose the frontier country for his field of gospel labor. To forego all sorts of comfort, to range the forest, to carry the gospel to the newly-arrived inhabitants, to seek the lost and scattered of Israel, was his employment, no matter how poor or destitute they or himself were. Miami, Indiana, White River, and Wa-

A Tribute

Our Heroes, or

bash conferences will long be blessed with the increase of his labors.”

He had none of this world's goods. This will be understood when it is known that his salary ranged from \$40 to \$130 a year, and that he had a large and very helpless family to support. He evidently was tested by these hardships, for in a letter to a friend he once wrote: “I want faith, courage, patience, meekness, and love. When others suffer so much for their temporal interests, surely I may suffer a little for the glory of God and the good of souls.” It puts fortitude, all-devout, invincible, into a missionary to be convinced that he is sent of God.

In the year 1846 this faithful soldier of the Cross, after a service of thirty-six years, was called to his heavenly reward. His body sleeps in a lonely cemetery near Jordan Village, Owen County, Indiana. No shaft of granite or marble marks his resting-place, but he has a memorial more enduring than these in the ever-widening influence of his good and useful life.

CHAPTER VI.

First Missionary to the "Black Swamp."

Among the earliest religious workers in north-western Ohio were the pioneer ministers of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, the first of whom was the subject of this sketch. Previous to the year 1823, a strong tide of immigration set in toward this new territory of the then frontier State, and among the early settlers of the Sandusky Valley were a number of United Brethren families, including some local preachers. These pioneers held meetings in their respective neighborhoods and prepared the way for the missionaries who were sent into this region by the Muskingum Conference, as early as the year 1829. These heroes of the Cross at that date had a string of appointments extending from Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, to Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

In common with other pioneers, these preachers endured many trials and privations, and performed much toilsome and difficult work for meager and uncertain salaries. They met with abundant success in evangelistic work and in the temporary organization of religious societies; but, owing in part to the constant shifting of

**Pioneers of
North Ohio**

Our Heroes, or

population, they did not, as a rule, succeed in establishing permanent societies and building church-houses as well as those who came later and labored in towns and villages. Their preaching-places were mostly in private houses, barns, schoolhouses of log structures, or in the open air in the summer season, in the shade of forest trees. Their appointments were often in widely-separated neighborhoods, connected only by winding forest roads or Indian trails, which, in case of deep snows, could only be traced by the "scotched trees" along the route. These passages were often quite impassable on account of

Difficulties of Travel

high water and the almost interminable, sticky, black mud, sometimes hiding treacherous beds of quicksand. These preachers usually traveled on foot or on horseback, and preached every day in the week and two or three times on Sunday. Their meetings were as well attended on week day as on the Sabbath. Farmers, in those days, cheerfully left their work to attend religious services. In times of "big meetings" they came from several adjoining neighborhoods, even in bad weather, and over bad roads, on foot, on horseback, and not infrequently in large wagons or sleds, drawn by ox teams.

In the year 1822, Jacob Baulus, with his family, emigrated from Frederick County, Maryland, to the forests of the "Black Swamp," near Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio, where he was the first evangelical minister to raise the gospel standard among the few white



JOHN C. McNAMAR



WILLIAM DAVIS



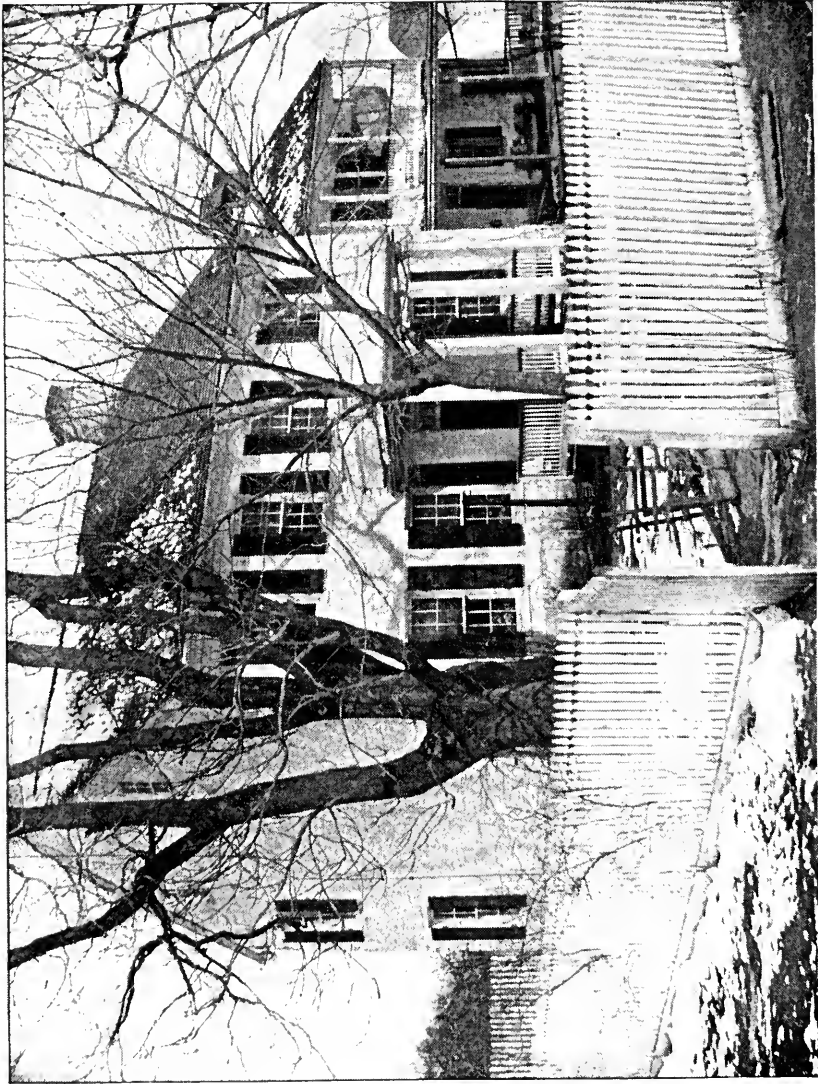
JOSEPH HOFFMAN



JACOB RITTER



ALEXANDER BIDDLE



THE PETER KEMP HOME, NEAR FREDERICK, MARYLAND
WHERE FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD IN 1800, WHEN THE DENOMINATION WAS NAMED

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inhabitants then living in that section, and while the aboriginal race had yet full possession east and west of the Sandusky River.

The name of Jacob Baulus is among those which appear the most frequently in the early Church records, many allusions to him occurring in Newcomer's journal. He shared the warm personal friendship of Otterbein and Boehm, and, indeed, most of the early Church fathers. He was a member of the conference of 1800, which convened at the home of Peter Kemp, two miles west of Frederick City, Maryland. This was one of the most important gatherings in the early history of the Church. It possessed the character of a General Conference, and had much to do with shaping the future of the denomination. In 1805 the conference convened at the home of Mr. Baulus. That was the last conference attended by both Otterbein and Boehm. For a number of successive conferences in early years of the century Mr.

**Conference
Secretary**

Baulus acted as secretary. He made it a rule to conclude his record with a brief prayer, the following of which is a specimen: "Lord Jesus, be with thy servants. Mold them after thine own image. Give them godly zeal and untiring faithfulness. Let thy virtues shine in them and thy light shine through them, and may many be brought to light, and we will ascribe all the praise to God. Amen."

Jacob Baulus was born March 10, 1768. He was of German descent, his great ancestor,

Our Heroes, or

Henry Baulus, having immigrated to this country from Germany in 1735. The descendants of this honored German father have been noted for the moral and religious influence they have exerted, the extent of which can be known only in the great hereafter. When a boy in his teens, Jacob Baulus consecrated his young life to God, and at eighteen years of age entered the ministry.

On the Sabbath after reaching his frontier home, in the wilds of northern Ohio, he felt it his duty, as a minister of the gospel, to use his influence to have the Sabbath day properly observed. He went around the little town and told the people what he came for—to live among them and have them live as Christian people. He went from house to house and store to store and induced the people to close their places of business and observe the Sabbath.

Sabbath Observance

Previous to his coming, Sunday had been to them like any other day. Several families residing in the town were considered very undesirable and dangerous people, among whom was a Mr. Dew and his family; also a man by the name of Sanford Maines. Meeting him one Monday morning in the village, Mr. Baulus inquired, "Is your name Sanford Maines?" He said it was. "They tell me," said Baulus, "you are a set of horse thieves, and I warn you to take care." "What!" exclaimed Maines, apparently surprised. Mr. Baulus repeated the same words and passed on. The next night his buggy was taken to a thicket

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and burned. Many such incidents occurred in those days.

When it is remembered that this was only eight years after the close of the last war with England, at which time this whole region was overrun with the British and their savage allies, the Indians, the present generation can form some just conception of the hardships to be encountered and privations to be endured in enter-

Hardships Encountered ing this primeval forest to establish homes and lay the foundation of a Christian civilization. When

it is further considered that these pioneers cut the first wagon road from the Sandusky River to the Muskallounge Creek, a better conception will be had as to the newness and wildness of the region round about, when we remember that wild game and wild men abounded throughout the territory. Mr. Baulus not only preached to the new settlers whenever opportunity offered, but he opened the house and spread his table for evangelistic ministers of all denominations.

He entered a large section of land in the Black Swamp, as is shown by the land patents granted him by President Monroe and Jackson.

Primitive Methods of Surveying Many of those old parchment deeds are to be seen now. This section of the country being little more

than a wilderness, surveys and surveyors were almost unknown. The description of one piece of land at about this time proves this. The deed says, "Starting from the center of Muskallounge Creek east, so many turns of a wagon wheel." It

Our Heroes, or

is at once seen how very indefinite this is, as no size of the wagon wheel was given, and it has caused considerable controversy as to how much land this piece contained.

For these items of interest we are indebted to Mr. J. Burgner, an old and honored citizen of Fremont, Ohio.

From 1822 to 1829, Mr. Baulus devoted much of his time to missionary work, making many long and perilous journeys through the wilds of the country west of Tuscarawas County. A number of preaching places were established and new classes organized. In 1829 the General Conference recognized this growing mission and made it a part of Muskingum Conference. At the next session of the Conference, Mr. Baulus was elected presiding elder of this new district, and Rev. John Zahn was appointed missionary to aid in the work. The following year Revs. Israel Harrington and J. Harrison were appointed by the Conference to work in this new district. It was necessary for ministers to travel one hundred miles from the borders of Muskingum Conference and through a wilderness in order to reach this new mission field. About this time the forces were greatly strengthened by a strong current of immigration from Maryland and Pennsylvania, among whom were several United Brethren families, including a half dozen or more ministers.

In 1833 the General Conference authorized the organization of a new conference to be

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known as the "Sandusky Conference." In May of the following year the new body held its first session at the home of Philip Bretz in Seneca County. Bishop Heistand organized the conference with the following ministers: Jacob Baulus,

**Sandusky
Conference
Organized**

George Hiskey, Jeremiah Brown, C. Zook, John Crum, V. T. Tracy, Jacob Bare, O. Strong, Henry Errett, J. Smith, Lawrence Easterly, Jacob Cramer, J. Alsop, Benjamin Moore, Daniel Strayer, Israel Harrington, Jacob Crum, Henry Kimberlin, and John Fry—twenty in number. At this early date no statistics were kept of members received, so that we have no means of knowing what the membership was or how rapidly it increased. The following brethren were admitted at this first session of the conference: John Davis, Jacob Garver, Stephen Lilebridge, A. Winch, J. C. Rice, and B. F. Kauffman. Thus the conference entered upon its career with an enrollment of twenty-six preachers. Two years later seven fields of labor were reported, with many inviting territories to be occupied at once. Mr. Baulus was greatly rejoiced over the growth of the work. At a camp-meeting in 1837 he arose and said: "Praise the Lord, fifteen years ago I was the only United Brethren preacher in this district; now there are more than thirty."

Mr. Baulus was an influential leader and a good builder. He always shared in the largest measure the confidence of his brethren. By his early advent and labors in the State of Ohio he

Our Heroes, or

became the father of the Sandusky Conference. The sturdy character of the men he gathered about him, as of those who followed in their steps, indicates how wisely and efficiently he laid the foundations of the Church in that region. The Black Swamp is no

A Good Builder

more, and the desert has literally been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Upon those early foundations has risen the largest conference in the denomination and from the few scattered members he gathered in the wild forests of northern Ohio has now grown an army upon the same territory twenty thousand strong.

Father Baulus was a noble type of the hardy pioneer preacher. For the love of Him whom he served he welcomed rough tasks, and in his name cheerfully went into dark and dangerous places. During his early ministry he traveled extensively over Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. After coming to Ohio his voice was heard in almost every community where the Church had an organization. When preaching at one time in Cincinnati, he was presented with a cane. It was of very light wood, with a turned ivory top. Small tassels hung from it a short distance below the handle. The cherished relic is now in possession of his grandson, who resides in Fremont, Ohio.

Mr. Baulus was an able preacher. "He was highly distinguished for an exemplary and pious life; in mind, clear-sighted, comprehensive, and correct." He was a man of strong convictions.

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Faith was the substance standing under his personality, and that faith was so firmly rooted and grounded in the Word of God that nothing could move him. He knew his Bible; his sermons were rich in gospel truth.

**Why so
Influential**

He prayed in the language of Scripture; he was intensely earnest. His armor was always bright; not one particle of rust could be found upon it. His enthusiasm was infectious; no man could be slothful or indifferent when about him. He despised lukewarmness. His faithful, genial spirit endeared him to all the young men of his conference. Age was on his head, but youth was in his heart. His physical strength continued until he reached his eightieth year. This is marvelous when we consider the fifty-six years of exposure, of self-sacrifice, of battle with stern conditions, and of ceaseless effort to extend the Redeemer's kingdom through which he passed in his missionary work. The last four years of his life were years of great affliction, as the result of the privations and toil incident to his pioneer missionary life. On the 20th of April, 1851, he entered upon his reward,

**Evening
Hours**

having reached the mature age of eighty-four years. The evening of his life was beautiful and peaceful.

Having spent himself with such splendid heroism, in such sublime service, he was able to say with the great Paul, as the shadows gathered, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Our Heroes, or

Among the heroic colaborers of Mr. Baulus, perhaps Stephen Lilebridge did more than any other man of his day to build up the cause of Christ in the conference. He was born January 31, 1815, converted at the age of eighteen, and united with the Church. Soon he entered the ministry and for eight years served the Church faithfully as an itinerant. "To go where brethren had yet no name or home, and where Christ was seldom preached by any minister, and still less known, was his peculiar call, as it was his pleasure and delight." During the eight years of his missionary life, his annual pay was less than \$100, with the one single exception. He suffered much from the want of suitable clothing during the winter season, which was one of the causes of his untimely death. From his diary, it appears that during his brief career he preached 1,930 sermons. After forming many new societies and winning hundreds to Christ, at the age of twenty-eight, on the 25th of May, 1843, he went to his reward. Large, indeed, would be the list of other heroes of faith from Baulus to the present in this great conference, who deserve a place in these records.

**Stephen
Lilebridge**

CHAPTER VII.

“The Old Man Eloquent”

Among the names which stand high in the annals of the missionary work of the Church in the home land is that of William Davis, a pioneer in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, where yet some live to speak of his power as a preacher and of his rare qualities of mind and heart. One of our bishops has said, “William Davis is perhaps known more widely and favorably in the history of the Church than any other man save those who were intimately connected with its origin.”

**Prominent
in History**

He was born in Ontario County, New York, January 3, 1812, the second son and fourth child of Ezra and Lucretia Davis—good, honest, hard-working Christian parents, who taught their children early in life to revere and practice the tenets of the Christian religion. This early training, by constant precept and example, was the means of bringing all the family of children within the Church early in life.

It was during the early boyhood of Mr. Davis that the family emigrated to Indiana. About the year 1820, they are engaged in clearing a homestead in the wilds of the southern part of

Our Heroes, or

that then frontier State. When less than seventeen years of age, young Davis was converted and received into the Church under the ministry of Rev. Aaron Farmer. Soon he became impressed with the duty of trying to save others, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, he at once began the work. At the organization of the Indiana Conference on May 27, 1830, he was licensed to preach, and appointed to his first circuit. The territory comprised several counties in northern Indiana, with twelve appointments.

Clad in homespun and on foot, he started for his circuit. After reaching it, the distance between appointments was sometimes so great that he would have to start as soon in the morning as it was light enough to see the trail (for even the Indian roads of to-day are of vast improvement over those of that day), taking

His First Circuit

with him for a lunch some corn-dodgers and dried venison, this being the principal diet. With his Testament, he prepared his sermons as he trudged along, often singing the praises of his Master in the beautiful hymns so popular and soul-stirring in those days. Once, on returning home from his circuit, he enjoyed a treat, the like of which up to that time he had never before enjoyed, as he related it. During his absence, it

Happy Surprise

seems that his father and older brother had gone to Logansport, and on returning, brought back a gallon of New Orleans molasses, and for their Sunday dinner

United Brethren Home Missionaries

his mother and sisters had prepared the following menu: Extra fine corn bread, fried venison, roast pheasant, butter, and New Orleans molasses. This was a feast that was remembered during the remainder of his days. Wheat bread was a luxury not to be indulged in by the frontier people in those days, and New Orleans molasses was a treat.

His salary for the year was not sufficient to enable him to purchase a horse, so after working several months on this frontier charge, and with occasionally the benefit of a borrowed horse, he hired out to work for a man for the sum of eight dollars per month, and by so doing obtained the means for purchasing a preacher's outfit, consisting of horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, a homespun suit, and a pair of leggings.

His ordination occurred at the second session of Indiana Conference, when less than twenty years of age. He was by that conference, which met in Harrison County, assigned to St. Joseph Mission. The distance to be traveled in making one tour of the territory was more than three hundred miles. He went to it on horseback, and, there being no roads leading that way; he traveled by Indian trails made by the Miami and Pottawottomi tribes, who, when he passed through, were just going to the Government Agency to receive their yearly stipend. Between Logansport and South Bend, a distance of eighty miles, but two white families lived; and, not being accustomed to traveling alone among the Indians, Mr.

**Indian
Tribes**

Our Heroes, or

Davis felt himself in no little danger when meeting many squads of from ten to fifty, often in lonely places along the routes. They, however, did the young missionary no harm, and he reached his mission field in good health and spirits. The mission embraced three counties in Indiana and two in Michigan, with ten appointments, among them Elkhart, Indiana, where he delivered the first sermon ever preached in that town. He also preached the first sermon in Michawatka, which at that time consisted of an Indian wigwam and several scattered cabins. His salary for the year was twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Davis was elected presiding elder when twenty-two years of age, and served in this capacity with marked ability for quite a number of years. He was one of the principals in effecting the organization of the Wabash Conference, the first session convening in Parke County, Indiana, in September, 1835. Thirteen ministers were enrolled and six circuits were outlined, divided into two presiding-elder districts. The elders chosen were William Davis and John Denham. Though young in years, Mr. Davis was regarded as one of the wisest and safest counselors of his times. He had the prudence, the foresight, and firmness of age.

He was united in marriage while on his way to conference in 1835 to Miss Charlotte Miller, a young tailoress of Middletown, Ohio, who was visiting in the vicinity at that time. They both rode the same horse to the conference. Mrs.

**Wabash
Conference**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Davis proved to be a most devoted sympathizer and helper to her husband in his missionary work. Previous to her marriage she had earned and saved a little money, and with it they purchased about sixty acres of timber land near South Bend, Indiana, in what was called "The Thick Timber." There a humble log cabin was erected, into which they moved, and here for five years they lived; but the work of the ministry was by no means abandoned, though but little in the way of salary resulted. During these five years sixty dollars represented his entire cash receipts. Mrs. Davis, **A Heroine** being an expert with the needle, had, by exchanging her skill and labor for the skill and labor of the wood-chopper, succeeded in having forty acres of the land cleared of the timber and made ready for planting. The farm was subsequently sold and the proceeds invested in a stock of goods at Bluffton, Indiana, around which town the work of these self-sacrificing servants of God centered. A little later, through the treachery of a partner, they awoke one day to find themselves penniless. About this time Mr. Davis had been away on a long trip and had received very little salary. The time was approaching for him to again go to his work, but the last morsel of food was almost gone. Mrs. Davis noticed that he seemed somewhat cast down in spirit. Coming into the house one day, he said, "My dear, I have made up my mind not to go; I cannot think of going away and leaving you and the little ones

Our Heroes, or

without the necessities of life." She turned to him and said: "Go and do your duty; go and preach the gospel. Don't trouble about us; God will take care of us."

Mr. Davis was considered one of the most eloquent men of his times. Throughout the Central West he was familiarly known as the "Old Man Eloquent." The following para-

**"Old Man
Eloquent"**

graph is from the pen of Col. Robert Cowden, who, when visiting Lisbon, Iowa, in 1881, attended services in the church where Father Davis worshiped at that time: "The occasion at the moment was a communion service. I occupied a seat in the rear, and was looking downward when I was attracted by the sound of the most melodious voice I had ever heard, uttering the most gracious and eloquent words. On looking up, I saw Father Davis leaning heavily on his cane and in the act of dismissing a table of communicants. I then understood why every one who knew him remarked his voice of remarkable sweetness and his words of matchless eloquence."

He possessed a personality of great charm and strength. He was five feet ten inches tall, of spare body, but large, bony frame. His face was

Characteristics lean, large mouth, broad high forehead, large bright eyes, and prominent chin. He was of mild, pleasant manner, and friendly smiling countenance.

In the pulpit he was solemn, deliberate, and dignified. His words were well chosen and his expression of thought was clear, convinc-

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ing, and impressive. A common remark about his preaching was, "William Davis can say as much in twenty-five words as almost any other man can say in one hundred words." As a pastor he was invariably popular and successful—loved and respected by all. His spirituality was a charm. In conversation he always introduced religion, and did so without giving offense. In evangelistic work he was eminently successful, whether as circuit preacher or presiding elder.

Some idea of the intensity of his itinerant work may be obtained from a letter written by Mr. Davis to a friend in 1846, which is as follows:

"A few evenings ago, while sitting by my fire-side, looking forward to the labor and exposure and privation which I must endure during the conference year which has just commenced, my mind was carried back to the past, whereupon I hunted up my old diary, by the aid of which I reached the following facts and conclusions: That I have been an itinerant minister in the United Brethren Church sixteen years; that I have traveled for ministerial purposes 54,200 miles; that I have preached (or tried to preach) 5,110 sermons; that I have received as an earthly remuneration \$652; that the Lord has hitherto helped me; and that it would be wickedness to distrust so good a friend in time to come.

"My time has been spent chiefly on the frontiers, among poor people; and could I lead some of my rich brethren along Indian trails or more

**Personal
Letter**

Our Heroes, or

dimly-beaten paths to the cabins in the woods and introduce them to meanly-clad parents, surrounded by almost naked children, and let them worship and mingle their prayers, songs, and tears around the same altar, they too would love those poor brethren, excuse their scanty contributions, and of their abundance give something for the support of the missionary who, perhaps, with ragged clothes and naked knees (for I have preached with naked knees) is preaching on the frontiers. I do love the poor pioneer brethren in their cabins, and sympathize with the missionary who brings to them, at great personal sacrifice, the bread of life; and if after death my spirit should be permitted to visit my brethren on earth, I would fly on speedy wings to the suffering missionary and whisper consolation in his ears."

Who can read these utterances without feeling the heroism and grandeur of his character? He was a hero of the highest order. With his undaunted courage, he showed great tact, as the following incident will illustrate: One day he was riding through a dense forest, when he saw a man with a rifle on his shoulder approaching him. Knowing that in those days there were highwaymen infesting the forests, and noticing that the man was of very coarse, rugged appearance, he did not feel very safe, and at once resolved to resort to strategy; so, on meeting the man, he reined up his horse and said, "My friend, have you seen any lost sheep around in these parts?"

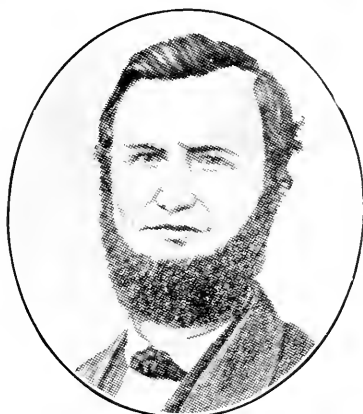
**Tactful
Capture**



JOHN RUEBUSLI



STEPHEN LEE



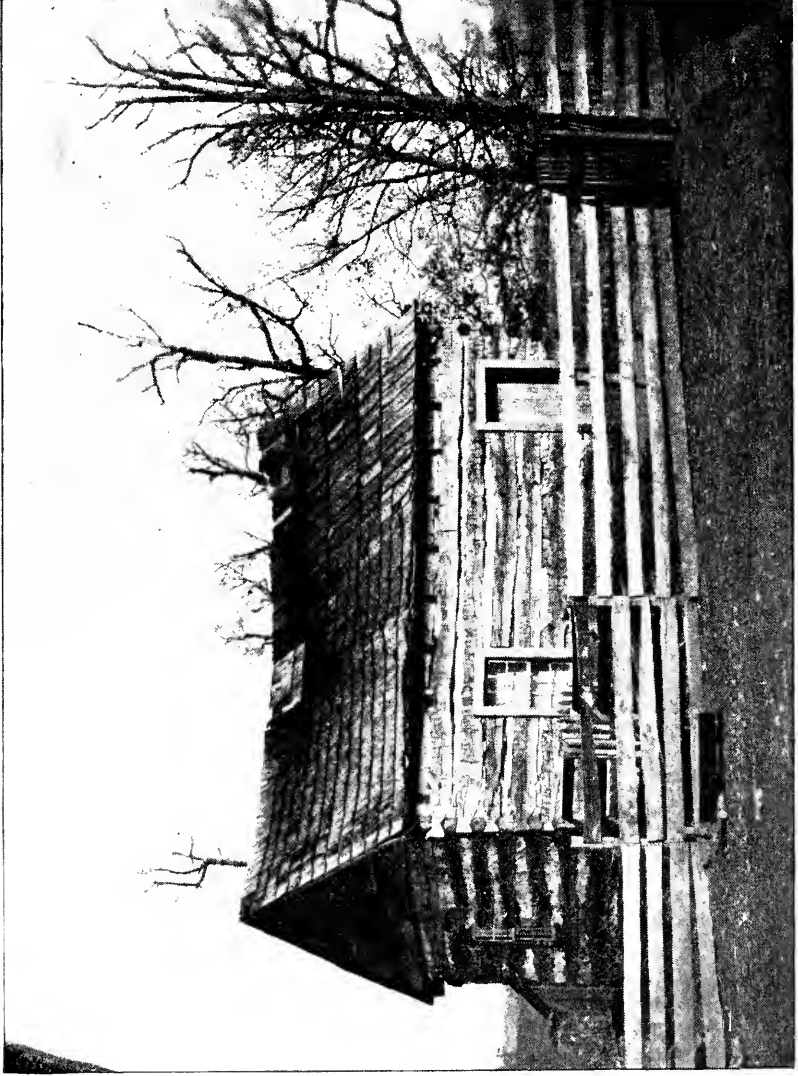
JOHN C. BRIGHT



JACOB B. RESLER



THOMAS J. CONNOR



BONNET'S SCHOOL HOUSE, WHERE THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH WAS HELD, NEAR MOUNT PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA, JUNE 6, 1815

United Brethren Home Missionaries

“No,” said the man, “I have not. Have you lost any sheep?” “No, sir,” said the preacher, “I have not, but my Master has, and he has sent me out into this new country to see if I could find any of them.” “Then you are a stranger in these parts, are you?” said the man. “Yes, sir, I am,” said the preacher, “and I am trying to find where Mr. Blank lives, for I am to preach in his house to-night.” “Oh!” said the man, who, after all, had a big, generous heart under his rough exterior, “then you are a preacher, are you?” “Yes, that is what they call me,” said Davis, “but I am just hunting up the lost sheep of the house of Israel, for that is what the Lord has sent me out into this wild country to do.” “Well,” said the man, “I think you can do it. A man that can talk to a stranger as you do is the man for me. Mr. Blank’s clearing is just a mile away. I was going out on a hunt for wild turkeys, but I’ll be around in time to hear you preach to-night.” Mr. Davis thanked him and passed on. He had made one friend and captured one man’s confidence by his tact. True to his word, the hunter was there to hear him preach that night, and in due time was converted and became one of the prominent pioneer workers in the Church.

Mr. Davis availed himself of his early advantages, meager though they were, to obtain an education. Its defects were constantly repaired in his subsequent life by diligent study on horseback and beside the cabin fires of the new settlers. He served for a brief time as one of the

Our Heroes, or

editors of the Telescope, and in 1849 was elected to the presidency of Otterbein University. This, however, was too confining, and after one year we find him launching out into ministerial work again by accepting the pastorate at Seven Mile, Ohio, where, for a time, in addition to his ministerial duties, he entered upon the practice of medicine, simply to meet the actual and increasing wants of his family, he having qualified himself for that profession, with all his sacrifices and hard labor, by completing a course in the Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati.

There came a time when he found his professional work encroaching upon his ministerial duties, and as preaching was his life work, he gave up his practice of medicine to accept a call from the church at Muscatine, Iowa, removing with his family to that place in 1862. Here he remained two years, when he removed to Western College, where he became both pastor and president of the college, the former relations lasting three years and the latter about two. During this pastorate there occurred at Western

College President one of the most extensive revivals of religion perhaps ever known in the United Brethren Church in the State. The work of the meeting exhausted his strength; he was forced to retire for a few months. Early the next year he was appointed presiding elder over the whole of the Iowa Conference, which relations he filled for three years. During this time he removed to Lisbon, where he

Great Revival in Iowa

United Brethren Home Missionaries

subsequently became pastor of the Lisbon congregation for five consecutive years. At the close of this term his health permanently gave way. During the four closing years of his life he was an invalid. On January 31, 1878, his sun set calmly without a cloud. At five o'clock in the evening he closed his eyes; then, leaving his clay casket, he entered upon his heavenly reward. His memory is a precious legacy. Longfellow has said:

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

And so William Davis has not been forgotten. The life he left behind him has not faded out, but has been growing more resplendent as the years have passed, and it still lies, and long will continue to lie, “upon the paths of men,” brightening their way to the kingdom of heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Pioneer Missionary in Western Pennsylvania.

The early days of Jacob Ritter were spent in a humble home near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where he was born March 28, 1815. Here, under the kind care of a good father and mother, and with plenty of plain food, sunshine, and outdoor exercise, he grew to be a strong, bright boy. As a rule, indeed, with scarcely an exception, the pioneer missionaries of America come not from homes of luxury, filled with sunshine and the fragrance of costly flowers, but from homes where poverty has made them familiar with the stern realities of life. His parents were very poor, but, nevertheless, had high ambitions for their son. At the age of twelve years he was placed in the family of his brother-in-law, residing in Chambersburg, where he was given the privilege of a four years' course in the high school, where he laid the foundation of what was then considered a fair education.

When seventeen years of age, young Ritter was converted in the old stone church at Chambersburg, where a great revival was in progress. It was near midnight, and but few people remained in the house, when suddenly there came

Our Heroes, or

from the mountain regions in the western part of the State, where some of our people had located. In response to these calls, Mr. Ritter was appointed to what was then called Huntington Circuit, although not at this time a properly-organized circuit. The field embraced the larger part of six counties, was about three hundred miles in circumference, with but one small church-house and a class of thirteen members at Bellefonte. A large field, therefore, was opened, in which the boy preacher could test his mettle. Had he not possessed grit and push, he would have given up at the sight of such work.

In those days, comparatively little attention was given to the matter of organization or the formation of classes. So absorbed were the missionaries in the work of evangelism that they seldom took time to number Israel. To this work Mr. Ritter devoted himself with all the ardor of his soul. It was in harmony with his usual sagacity and foresight, which anticipated so many of the institutions and departments of Church work in later times. He went from house to house, talking and praying with those who professed conversion, and who claimed, after a fashion, to have a membership in the Church, as well as with others whose bias was in our favor. Within six months the boy preacher had collected over one hundred names, which he formed into classes and organizations. Later he received others into the Church publicly. During the year he held a camp-meeting on the circuit,

An Organizer

United Brethren Home Missionaries

which resulted in seventy-five conversions, sixty of whom united with the Church. Prejudice against the work gradually subsided, and Mr. Ritter went to conference the following year to report a membership on the mission of above two hundred. The territory he then traveled has since developed into eight circuits and six stations.

Another new department introduced by Doctor Ritter was that of ministerial support. It had been the custom of the early fathers to preach without demanding a salary. As a rule, they had other sources of income. Doctor Ritter gave his entire time to the work and had no other means of support. The Methodist Church was also passing through this same stage of transition. Bishop Asbury preached many years for

Constructive Work

the small sum of sixty dollars a year. Doctor Ritter advocated that ministerial support was absolutely essential, and in harmony with the divine plan in the evangelization of the world. It was under protest that he first asked the people for free-will offerings for the support of his work. When introducing those new measures, he manifested a noble Christian spirit and showed great ability in meeting and subduing opposing elements. During the second year of his work on the charge he succeeded in installing stewards at each appointment. For some time following, at several of the appointments, the doors were closed against him on this account, but he continued his work with even greater diligence, preaching in

Our Heroes, or

private homes and in the open air, where souls were saved and added to the Church at almost every service.

Doctor Ritter was also a leading spirit in the pioneer educational work of the Church. He has the distinguished honor of having taken the first definite steps toward the establishment of an institution of learning. In this movement he was heartily supported by Isaiah Potter, J. R. Sittman, J. Wallace, I. J. Huber, W. Beighel, and J. B. Ressler.

**Pioneer in
Educational
Work**

The following resolutions appear in the Allegheny Conference Minutes of 1847:

“Resolved, That this conference take into consideration the propriety of erecting a literary institution to be located where this conference may direct, for the education of our young people, and that said institution, with all pertaining to it, to be under the direction and control of this conference. (Signed) J. RITTER.”

“Resolved, That this conference now take some efficient measure to carry this project into operation, such as the electing of trustees and an agent who shall travel to solicit funds for the support of said project. (Signed) I. POTTER.”

“Resolved, That Brother Jacob Ritter be appointed traveling agent to travel during the present year through the conference district to solicit donations to be appropriated to the building of a literary institution of learning.

“(Signed) I. J. HUBER.”

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“*Resolved*, That any minister of our conference who opposes Brother Ritter in the collection of funds for the contemplated institution or exerts an influence against him, shall be liable to charges. (Signed) I. POTTER.”

Before the adjournment of the conference in which these resolutions were introduced and endorsed, and notwithstanding the opposition which was asserted, \$1,800 was secured on the conference floor with which to begin the enterprise.

Doctor Ritter has justly won for himself a place among the heroes in the pioneer work of the Church. He served twenty-four years as an itinerant in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where his salary averaged scarcely one hundred dollars a year. The traveling, including thousands of miles per year, was done on foot or on horseback. He moved about once in two years, sometimes a distance of one hundred miles in a road wagon. He was the founder of several of the largest and most influential churches in the conference. He built the first church in Johnstown, where he found ten members and no class organized. He was placed there as a missionary, the conference appropriating fifteen dollars the first year, after which this small appropriation was withdrawn.

Doctor Ritter spared himself in nothing, but gave himself fully to God. He had a will that was once his own, but he transferred it to the

Our Heroes, or

keeping and guidance of the Lord, whose faithful servant he was. When he entered the ministry, he had a good horse and about two hundred dollars in money; when he located, after twenty-four years of missionary service, all that he had received from the Church and all his own money, even his watch, were gone. He knew the meaning of poverty and suffering, his family living on bread and water, potatoes and molasses and garden teas, without a cent of money in the house for weeks at a time.

He was a preacher of unusual power, swaying the people by the force of his emotion, eloquence, and earnestness. He was also a most tender and successful pastor. When located where it could be done, he would visit the sick, not only in the town, but would make long journeys in the new mountain territories in order to whisper the mes-

Preacher
Pastor

sage of salvation into the ears of the suffering and dying. He was always kindly received and saw many blessed of God on their sick-beds. Indeed, he was considered a master in the art of pastoral visiting. His custom was, after greeting the family, to speak a few words of comfort and encouragement, probably reading a few verses of scripture, and always invoking the peace of heaven upon the home. On one occasion, when passing through a certain town, he stopped to visit the proprietor of a hotel, a very worldly gentleman. He was kindly received and invited to remain for dinner. Before leaving, Doctor Ritter remarked that it was always his custom to

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have a few words of prayer on such occasions. The gentleman was manifestly embarrassed by the statement, and said that he had thirteen boarders who were at that time in the barroom, and that he did not know how it would strike them. "Oh," said the preacher, "I will make that all right," and, entering the barroom, he invited them to come in for the service. All were subdued by the presence of the man of God and readily consented to his request. Among them was a music-teacher, whom the preacher invited to sing a few verses, after which the minister offered a fervent prayer. All were melted to tears, and, on leaving, the music-teacher pressed a little paper into the hand of Mr. Ritter, which contained \$7.50, remarking that his mother was a praying woman and that the prayer had awakened tender memories and had deeply touched his heart.

The roads in the mountain district where Mr. Ritter traveled were in bad condition. He writes: "I never stuck in the mud as did Mr. Cartwright, but several times I had to swim my horse across the swollen streams. I put my saddle-pockets over my shoulders, got up on my knees in the saddle, and went over safely. Frequently I slept in garrets covered with clapboards, through which the snow sifted, while the winds blew, and in the morning my bed would be covered with snow and sleet." He was a man of action and would surmount seemingly unsurmountable difficulties in order to meet his en-

Hardships

Our Heroes, or

gagements. During the twenty-four years of his itinerant life he claims to have missed only one appointment, a blinding snowstorm and drifted snow hedging up his way.

Doctor Ritter was a close student. For several years he devoted most of his little income to the purchase of books. During the early period of his ministry he secured Fletcher's Notes, Watson's Institutes, Brown's Biblical Dictionary, the works of Josephus, and Clark's Commentary. He was an able writer. His productions, both in the Telescope and in book form, bear the stamp of scholarship and careful research. He was a wise, far-seeing, and aggressive man; his schemes were large; his faith was strong, his labors unremitting, and he deservedly held a high place in the thought and confidence of his colaborers.

A Student

In 1850, Doctor Ritter located and moved to Liverpool, Pennsylvania, where he took up the practice of medicine and became eminently successful as a physician. He then had the misfortune to have his home burned, with all of his possessions. His turning away from the ministry became a matter of future regret. Speaking in a conference session some years later, his heart was broken, when he remarked: "Let me here say that although I was literally starved out of the field, yet I have regretted a thousand times that I located. Since that time my sea has been a rough one, and although I still try to preach and heal the sick and often do some good, I hope, in talking and praying with the dying, yet the

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command, 'Go preach,' seems constantly before me. I speak from a sad experience. Brethren, called of God to the ministry, do not locate." From his final report to his conference, we insert the following:

“Brethren of the conference, we have no reason to be discouraged, for it is but a few years since we organized in these mountains, at which time we had to beard the lion and hear the yell of the panther; had but a few members, some two or three circuits, half a meeting-house, and a few preachers; but, few as they were, they felt their commission written in letters of fire on their hearts, and, under God, we have prospered. We have at present more than fifty preachers, about thirty meeting-houses, twelve circuits, two stations, one mission, about four thousand members, and at present have invitations to the State of New York and in almost every conceivable direction, and to some of the greatest cities of our Union. The Lord who calmed the sea and shook the ocean will make the world know that he is our God and that we are not the least among the nations.”

On the morning of February 4, 1901, having reached the mature age of eighty-five years, ten months, and six days, this veteran soldier of the Cross was released from service to enter upon his reward in heaven. He died at Liverpool, Pennsylvania. His body sleeps in the beautiful little cemetery of that mountain town, awaiting the resurrection morning.

Our Heroes, or

LESSON II.

CHAPTER V.

1. What place did John Calvin McNamar occupy in the early development of the denomination?
2. When was he born, and of what nationality was he?
3. Where, and under what circumstances was he converted?
4. Whom was he elected to succeed as Bishop?
5. Of what financial plan was he the author?
6. What can you say of him as a preacher?
7. What can you say of his power with men?
8. Give brief statement of his missionary zeal.
9. What did Rev. George Bonebrake say of him?
10. In what special work was he peculiarly effective?
11. What was Mr. Spayth's tribute to McNamar?
12. When and where did he die? Where was he buried?

CHAPTER VI.

1. Who were among the first missionaries of north Ohio?
2. What were some of the difficulties of travel?
3. Who was the first missionary in the "Black Swamp"?
4. What can you say of Jacob Baulus prior to his coming to Ohio?
5. When did he reach his frontier home, and what was his first work?
6. Describe the conditions he met in his mission field.
7. Who were some of his first helpers?
8. When was Sandusky Conference organized, and with how many members?
9. What can you say of Jacob Baulus as a builder?
10. To what special things may his influence be attributed?
11. What of his term of service and the spirit of this hero of the Cross?
12. What was his dying testimony?
13. Who is mentioned as one of Mr. Baulus' most helpful collaborators?
14. What is said of the work of Stephen Lilebridge?

CHAPTER VII.

1. What is said of the prominence of William Davis in the history of the Church?
2. When and where was he born, and what was his early training?
3. When was he converted and when did he begin his ministry?

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4. When was Indiana Conference organized?
5. Describe Mr. Davis as he started to his first circuit, and the perils of the journey.
6. What happy surprise did his mother and sisters arrange for him on his return?
7. How did he purchase his first "preacher's outfit"?
8. Describe his journey to St. Joseph mission.
9. In what towns in northern Indiana was he the first minister to preach the gospel?
10. When was Wabash Conference organized?
11. Name some of the trials that came to Mr. Davis during his ministry in north Indiana.
12. What can you say of him as a preacher?
13. What incident is given of his tactful capture of a man?
14. In what different capacities did he serve the Church?
15. What can you say of him as presiding elder and evangelist?

CHAPTER VIII.

1. When and where was Jacob Ritter born?
2. What were his early school advantages?
3. When and where was he converted?
4. When did he unite with the conference, and where did he begin his itinerant work?
5. In what kind of work was Doctor Ritter a pioneer?
6. What place does he occupy in the pioneer educational work of the Church?
7. What term of service did he give to missionary work in the mountains of Pennsylvania?
8. What can you say of his sacrifices and struggles with poverty?
9. What is said of him as a preacher? As a pastor?
10. Describe his visit with the hotel proprietor.
11. What does he say of the difficulties of travel in western Pennsylvania at that time?
12. What is said of Doctor Ritter as a student?
13. Give brief statement of his final report to his conference.
14. What statement did he make near the close of his life?
15. When and where did he die? Where was he buried?

CHAPTER IX.

A Missionary Hero in the "Western Reserve."

Among the many gifted and heroic men who have devoted their lives to the cause of pioneer mission work in the United Brethren Church, none have met with more distinguished success than Alexander Biddle. His paternal grandfather was a native of Hesse-Cassel, Germany,

Ancestry With his three brothers, Peter, Thomas, and Andrew, he emigrated to America about the year 1760, settling in the colony of Maryland, from which colony Andrew served with distinction as an officer in the War of the Revolution. His mother was of English descent, her people having emigrated from England with the second Lord Baltimore about the year 1647.

Alexander Biddle was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, April 24, 1810. When five years of age, his father cut his way through the dense forests into Beaver County, where he moved his family. In that lonely region of pure air and rugged scenery the boy grew to manhood. Thus, at the very outset, he was inducted into the experience of pioneer life. To settle in a new country and to go forward in the face of obstacles came natural to him. From his parents he inherited

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a hardy constitution and the highest principles of independence, industry, and downright honesty. His school advantages were very limited. The tuition of an Irish schoolmaster for two winter seasons gave him the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in after years he applied himself closely as a student and built up an education of surprising breadth and thoroughness.

Until he was about eighteen years of age, young Biddle gave the matter of religion but little thought. He occasionally attended the services of the Episcopal Church with his mother, of which she was a member. On a summer evening, in the year 1828, while leisurely walking one of the streets of Pittsburg, he passed a plain church-building in which services were then being held by the colored people. He was attracted within

**Turning-
Point
in Life**

by the loud voice of the minister, who was picturing in livid colors the sufferings of a lost soul. The sermon made a profound impression upon the young man. Indeed, it was the turning-point in his life. While attending a Methodist camp-meeting some time later, a mighty conviction of sin came upon him, but not until the fourth of October of the following year did he experience the peace of forgiveness, at which time he joined the United Brethren Church, and was baptized in the Ohio River by Rev. Jacob Geisinger. Describing his experience, he says: "As we came up out of the water, the glory of God seemed to appear. The sky flamed with supernatural

Our Heroes, or

brightness; the hills about me were transformed into mountains of gold; the river was as the River of Life, and the trees as the trees of Paradise. Heaven was opened and in its splendor my soul was bathed." He believed he had seen the King in his beauty, and in the strength of that faith he walked all his days.

Mr. Biddle at once began religious work, and at twenty years of age his ability as a preacher was attracting much attention. He joined the Muskingum Conference in 1831, and was licensed to preach by Bishop Henry Kumler, Sr. His first circuit to which he was appointed by that conference covered Harrison, Guernsey, and Monroe counties. It was two hundred miles around, with twenty-four appointments. There being but two little church-buildings in the territory, he held services in private homes, in barns, or in the woods, as seemed best. His father gave him a horse, saddle, and the indispensable saddle-bags, while his mother furnished his wardrobe. His library consisted of a Bible and hymn-book. A little later he added Walker's Dictionary and Clark's Commentaries. He had a clear, ringing, majestic voice and was a sweet singer; but, above all, he had his marvelous personal experience to tell, and tell it he did with boundless enthusiasm. At the end of the year he reported fifty additions to the Church and a salary of fifty-four dollars.

The following year he was appointed to Lisbon Circuit. It was three hundred miles in circumference, with twenty-four appointments and no

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church-houses. Four new societies were formed, out of which grew the Western Reserve Conference. Seventy-two new members were added to the Church during the year, and for his work he received seventy-two dollars. Four years later he was appointed to this same charge, which then included four hundred miles of travel, with forty-nine appointments. James McGraw was appointed to assist in the work. It was a year of marvelous success. A meeting was held in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, resulting in forty conversions, of whom three became preachers. A wonderful manifestation of power was also witnessed at a camp-meeting in Stark County, Ohio. A band of wicked men organized to break up the meeting. McGraw was preaching when the mob appeared. He hesitated for a moment, when Mr. Biddle arose, and, lifting his massive form to its great height, he cried with a mighty voice, "Lord God Almighty, let thy power come." The people responded, "Amen," and come it did. The leader of the mob fell upon the ground, crying for mercy, while his followers fled, and a harvest of souls was gathered.

"In the Western Reserve, distances between settlements were generally great, and the roads very bad—mere paths, made by cutting out the underbrush and marking the trees. As the soil is composed of rich clay and loam, and as much of the country is flat, the roads in all seasons became very muddy; and when half frozen in the spring and fall, our horses suffered extremely. In

**Great
Victories**

Our Heroes, or

passing across a prairie from one ridge of timbered land to another, in foggy or snowy weather, one was often out of sight of timbered land, and the paths were so dim, especially in snowstorms, that the traveler risked losing his way and perishing of the frost before he could reach a human habitation. To increase the danger, these prairies were frequently covered with water, and if frozen, but not so as to bear man or beast, both were liable to be wounded by the ice. We had but few bridges and were obliged to ford streams, or to cross the ice. Sometimes we took saddle and saddle-bags to a canoe and swam the horse by its side; sometimes when unable to get our horses across we went to our appointments afoot rather than disappoint a congregation. Preachers were often lost in the woods. Lemuel Lane was attacked one night by wolves; sticks, clubs, shouts proved ineffectual; he bethought him of music charming the savage breast; he sang, and the retreating wolves left him to sleep in the snow." These words of a missionary, written in 1832, may give some idea of the difficulties encountered by Mr. Biddle on his first mission fields.

This veteran hero of the Cross recognized the period from 1837 to 1847, when he served as presiding elder, as the golden years of his ministry. They were fruitful of toils, trials, and conflicts and most marvelous victories. In the year 1841 he found a community dominated by a Mr. Dilk, who professed to be God. He was a large man, of most commanding presence, piercing eye,

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thrilling voice, and overmastering will. In the face of the greatest opposition and threats of injury, Mr. Biddle conducted a meeting in that community, which resulted in completely breaking the power of this false prophet and adding many of his delivered followers to the Church. Returning from this triumph, he found his home in ashes and his family homeless and broken-hearted. He rode by the ruins, unmoved, to where his family was stopping, but when his little boy, John, climbed upon his knee and placed his arms about his neck and with sobs said, "Papa, we have no home," the mighty spirit of his father gave way, and, rising from his seat, he turned his face to the wall and wept like a child. But his poverty and privations were soon forgotten in his purpose to glorify God and save souls—an aim which he constantly pursued like a giant of destiny, with no regard for losses, defeats, or obstacles.

As a preacher and evangelist, Alexander Biddle stands in the history of the early missionary work of Eastern Ohio without a peer. A few of his triumphs are here given:

At the dedication of a church in Rochester, Pennsylvania, seventy were at the altar at one time and over one hundred were added to the church.

One of his greatest triumphs came at a camp-meeting held on his father-in-law's farm. It was a veritable Pentecost. On Sunday morning the service began at eight o'clock and continued

Our Heroes, or

throughout the entire day. It seemed that nothing could stop it. Sinners flocked to the altar, found peace, and went away to bring others. All day and all night the glorious work went on, and not until the new day opened could the preacher stop for rest. The spoils of that day and night were over one hundred souls.

Near Canton, Ohio, he began a mission in a new community, and held services in a wagon shop. The first week but little impression seemed to be made, but on the second Sabbath the congregation was mightily moved. The preacher swept everything before the torrent of his eloquence. Thirty-five persons came to the

altar during the sermon. The whole community was reformed, a class of seventy-five members organized, and a church-house built. In one year, in his district, one thousand new members were added to the church. He closed his fifteen years of service in the Muskingum Conference with a wonderful revival in Stark County, Ohio, where scores of souls were converted and united with the church. When he joined the conference in 1831, there were three itinerant members; when he left in 1848, there were twenty-eight ministers and charges. Most of this increase is due to his powerful influence and work.

There were times when Mr. Biddle and his family were in great want. In 1850 he endorsed notes for friends and was compelled to pay them. One of his children thus speaks of that occasion :

**Evangelistic
Triumphs**

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“I was in my ninth year when the sheriff came to attach father’s property. He asked how many horses we had, how many sheep, and all about his property. Father told him the truth to the letter and gave their probable value. We had some twenty or thirty sheep and mother thought a great deal of them. After the papers had been made out and a neighbor went on his bond for the property, mother said to him, with tears in her eyes, ‘Why did you not save out a few of the sheep?’ He made no reply.”

In 1847, Mr. Biddle moved to Crawford County, Ohio, and the following year joined the Sandusky Conference. His distinguished ability and leadership were at once recognized. He represented the conference in the General Conferences of 1857, 1861, and 1865. In these gatherings he always took a prominent part, and on each of these occasions he was prominently spoken of for bishop. He identified himself with every progressive movement of the Church and was a close student of theology and history. He saw his Church changing, but he kept abreast of his age and was always young and receptive. His loyalty to his Church was one of his chief

characteristics. He was one of the Lord’s prophets, who saw things that were to be and spoke of them as if already present; hence he was a leader of God’s hosts. In the midst of discouragement he was always brave; in counsel, always wise; in service, always ready. His son, an attorney in Fort Scott, Kansas, says: “I never saw father

Our Heroes, or

weep but twice. One morning, as he was spreading the clothing of my mother's death-bed over a pile of stones in the yard, and hanging some on the trees, while her body was in a coffin in the room, I, a boy of nine years old, spoke to him about my mother, and it so affected him that he wept aloud, and caused me to shudder. I could not conceive how so strong a man could give way as he did on that occasion, but it was like tearing an oak-tree out by its roots. On another occasion, father's district as presiding elder was in western Ohio, quite a distance from home, and he was away from home on each trip nine weeks. This was shortly after my mother's death in 1857, and our house was kept by a housekeeper. When he left us on the first trip, as he bade us good-by, great tears coursed over his cheeks."

One of the great occasions of Mr. Biddle's life, showing his power over men, came to him while residing in Galion, Ohio. One of his parishioners, a railroad engineer, had been killed in a railway collision. When the people began to gather for the funeral, it was apparent that the church would accommodate but a small per cent. of the gathering throng, so he suggested that they adjourn to the public square. Using a carriage as his pulpit in the center of the square, he addressed the assembled multitudes. He was in good condition, and his great, thrilling voice rang out over the vast throng. The people hung upon his eloquent words for one hour, and began to stir only when he sat

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down. A prominent attorney who was present gives the following description: "The square was literally packed with people. Every office and every building around the square was filled. Every one could hear him distinctly, and he seemed to speak from inspiration. He held this vast assemblage for one hour. Not one person left, and he had perfect order from the beginning of his discourse to the end." Mr. Biddle was a man of large mold in body and mind, full of vigor and hope. He was fearless, independent, and industrious, positive and progressive. He grew with the people and was always abreast of the foremost ranks of his time.

Mr. Biddle was an optimist of the noblest type. He was wholly given up to God and absorbed by his prospects, which constantly expanded before his vision. God and the world passed before him in greatness. He had the divine ability of heart to separate the grandeur of earth from its infirmities, to hear strains of beautiful music rising above its harshest tumult, and thus the road of life was taken up by his great heart and transfigured until it became like Jacob's ladder—a way to heaven.

The discipline of life served to broaden and deepen his faith, so that at last he stood as nearly a perfect specimen of fully-rounded character as could be found. He belonged to a class of men who seem to be chosen of Heaven to illustrate the sublime possibilities of Christian

Our Heroes, or

attainment—men of seraphic fervor and devotion, and whose one overmastering passion is to win souls to Christ and to be holy like him themselves.

Father Biddle retired from active service in 1876, but did not cease to preach until he had passed his eightieth year. He was for sixty-eight years a minister in the United Brethren Church, and at the time of his death was the oldest living preacher in the denomination. The burdens of those years were exceedingly heavy, but his physical endurance kept pace and he had reason to be thankful that he was of the hardy race of American pioneers.

On the first of February, 1899, having reached the mature age of eighty-eight years, nine months, and seven days, he exchanged earth for heaven and everlasting life. Awhile before his death he wrote: "I am feeling keenly the burden of almost eighty-seven years, but I am enjoying fair health. As to the future, I am living

**Evening
Hours**

by the day, with a bright prospect of the heirship of eternal life. In the quiet of my lonely home, my soul feasts on the riches of divine grace. The time of the sunset has come, and its tints are those of a golden autumn day. The sun is going down without a cloud, and as the earthly is fading out of sight, the heavenly breaks upon my vision and I long to be at home in the bright, eternal day which has no sunset." His body sleeps beside the Biddle Church, a few miles from Galion, Ohio.

CHAPTER X.

Leader of the Advance Guard to Oregon.

The pioneer missionaries of the Church who opened up to Christian civilization the great West were a militant force. They have constituted the vanguard of American civilization in its march westward. "The warfare was not only against the untamed forces of nature, but also against the unchecked and undisciplined passions of men. They walked their rough pathway with a firm step that indicated a strong faith and a lofty objective." Their spirit was heroic; ease and earthly reward they sought not. Great is the debt of the nation to those men, and scant the patience we need show toward their critics.

**Militant
Force**

Upon the breaking out of the gold excitement in California in 1849, and the establishment of the overland route between the States and the Pacific Coast, the Willamette Valley of Oregon Territory, being of easy access from the mining region, began to fill up rapidly with immigrants. These early settlements grew more rapidly on account of the grants of land by the Government to actual settlers. Among those who immigrated to Oregon in those early days were several United Brethren families. Faithful

Our Heroes, or

to their Church attachment and feeling the dearth of spiritual instruction in that new and unevangelized country, they began to plead through the Telescope that the Church might send them preachers of their own denomination to bring the bread of life to the needy, perishing souls of that then foreign country.

Call From Oregon

In the meantime God was preparing a man in central Indiana to answer the call, in the person of T. J. Connor. He was at this time presiding elder of the newly-organized White River Conference. These appeals from far-off Oregon so touched his heart that he came to recognize them as a call of God to him personally.

He was born near the little village of Colerain, Hamilton County, Ohio, April 6, 1821. About two years later he was taken by his parents, James and Mary Connor, to Franklin County, Indiana. At the age of thirteen he was converted and united with the Church. It was under the ministry of Aaron Farmer, whose heroic services in the pioneer work of the Church in Indiana have been an inspiration to those who have come after him, that young Connor received his early religious impressions. At that early age he gave evidence of a call to the ministry. Five years later he was given license to preach, and six years later he began his itinerant work in the Indiana Conference.

Mr. Connor was married in September, 1838, to Miss Phoebe N. Borden, who became a faithful sharer and sympathizer in all his future toils

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and sacrifices. She, too, was impressed with the call from Oregon. One evening in the winter of 1851 they talked the matter over; then, kneeling in prayer amid sobs, they consecrated themselves anew to God for his service in that far-away field if he would open the way.

**Call
Answered**

The following day Mr. Connor wrote a little article which was published in one of the Church periodicals, advocating the opening of this new mission and volunteering to go as a missionary if the Church so desired.

Within a short time he was invited to attend a missionary conference at Canal Winchester, Ohio. During the meeting he delivered an address of great power which stirred the hearts of all present. Many spoke of it as the greatest missionary address to which they had ever listened. Dr. L. Davis, in a few well-chosen words, appealed to the audience for an offering, and in a few moments five hundred dollars were secured for work in Oregon.

In January, 1852, Mr. Connor was appointed missionary to Oregon, with the recommendation that he organize a colony to go with him, and that he go out in 1853. On learning of his appointment, he wrote: "The recollections of eighteen years of delightful and intimate association with the Church in Indiana about to be broken up, and the difficulties, dangers, and privations of the journey, and last, but not least, the responsibilities of the mission ran through my mind like electric flashes, which for a time

Our Heroes, or

well nigh overwhelmed me and prompted the involuntary exclamation, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?"

He at once began the preparation for the journey, recommending that a colony of from thirty to forty families be induced to immigrate, which would form the nucleus of a circuit; then a conference; afterwards many conferences on the Pacific Coast. Plans for the colony now began

Preparation for the Journey

to take shape. Council Bluffs was named as the meeting-place, and April 20, 1853, was determined upon as the date for leaving. Mr. Connor left his home at Hartsville, Indiana, February 4, for Cincinnati, Ohio, from which place he went by boat to Keokuk, Iowa, arriving March 24, and before the meeting of the Board of Missions he was far on his journey toward the mission field.

On his arrival at Keokuk he met with his first discouragement. A gentleman who had promised to have his teams in readiness in order that they might proceed by wagon to Council Bluffs, had disappointed him and declined to go with him, which placed Mr. Connor in a very trying and embarrassing position. But he could not be defeated, because he did not doubt God's plan concerning his future work. He at once began to

Early Discourage- ments

arrange his own outfit, and after ten days' arduous work started on his journey to Council Bluffs. At some point on the way he was detained three days by constant rain and high water. At another point his teamster received a severe wound

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by an unfortunate stroke of an ax, which disabled him for further service. On that morning, April 16, he writes: "This is surely a dark day for us. I am entirely destitute of help, with the care and management of four yoke of cattle and two horses on my hands. But, although our way seems hedged up and the prospect rather gloomy, I feel confident that all is right."

On May 2 he reached Council Bluffs, where he found sixteen families in waiting. Four besides himself were ministers, in all about ninety-eight persons, among whom was his faithful associate and sharer in his toils and triumphs in his missionary work, Mr. J. Kenoyer. Three days later, when ready to start on the long journey fraught with constant hardship and peril, he writes: "It is with long and lingering looks and thoughts of former days that we leave the settlements behind us. Before us are the much dreaded plains and mountain heights inhabited only by poor savages. May the God of Israel direct our steps."

No missionary of the Cross ever faced a more heroic undertaking. It involved greater hardships than would a journey to-day to the remotest corners of the earth. The difficulties of the journey will be appreciated if it is borne in mind that the missionary party were all strangers in the country, that there was no well-defined road, and frequently not even a trail or a track, except that of the buffalo. When Doctor Whitman and Mr. Spaulding were sent out by the

**Perils
of the
Way**

Our Heroes, or

American Board in 1836, and were arranging to have their wives accompany them, the first white women that ever crossed the continent, an Indian artist in Pittsburg said, "You might perhaps get through yourselves, but you can never get the women through; they will be kidnaped." Mr. Connor, being a man of actions rather than speech, did not write a detailed account of the journey. On June 17 he writes: "We have reached Fort Laramie, on the Platte River. Company all well. Travel on the plains, though laborious and perilous, is not entirely destitute of interest. The scenery is most delightful; the Indians are numerous." Two months later he writes: "We are now fifty miles east of Grand Rounds, 260 miles from the Dalles, and about 220 miles from Oregon City. We have suffered much from thirst, hunger, and storms, which sometimes threatened our lives. Our teams are so far reduced that we shall not be able to pass the Cascades without buying more.

**Journey
Completed**

Our progress has been slow, our trials great, but the God of Israel has been with us and mercifully protected us." On October 9 he reports the following from Maysville, Oregon: "We have accomplished our long and perilous journey. Our company was blessed with health except my wife, who was taken seriously ill September 10, and for some eight days was apparently at the point of death. We reached the Dalles of Columbia on the 19th of September, and, owing to the affliction of my wife, James Edwards and myself decided to go

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the rest of the way by water. The other members of the company preferred crossing the mountains, and hence our little consecrated band was broken after having stuck together and shared each others' joys and sorrows through the long trip thus far. Brother Berthands came out to meet us some twenty miles east of the Cascades, bringing with him a fine, fat ox for beef and a fresh yoke of work cattle, which afforded Brother Kenoyer much-needed assistance."

"On the 26th, Brother Edwards and myself, with our families and effects, reached the settlements in the long-sought Willamette Valley. Here we arrived six months and eighteen days from the time we left our pleasant homes in Indiana. Five months and twenty-eight days from the time we left Council Bluffs."

It had been the purpose of the missionaries to start a United Brethren colony, but they soon found that this would be impracticable, as they could not find desirable unoccupied land in sufficiently large bodies to do so, so they scattered about in the Willamette, which was very much better, from the standpoint of a missionary enterprise, than the colonial scheme; each family became a nucleus for a United Brethren society. Mr. Connor, who was appointed by the Board of Missions to superintend the work, at once began his missionary tours, assisted by Mr. J. Kenoyer. They at first spent about three months looking up United Brethren people. They traveled extensively through the wild section of the Willamette and Umpqua valleys.

Our Heroes, or

The first quarterly conference was organized in May, 1854. It was a delightful service. More than a year had passed since they had enjoyed such a privilege. At this meeting a number of souls were converted and ten were added to the Church. The offerings amounted to eighty dollars. The work was then divided into two districts, each embracing an area of about three thousand square miles. The northern district, in charge of Kenoyer, was named Yam Hill. The southern district was named Willamette. This

Oregon
Then—Now

territory was constantly enlarged during the year. At this time Oregon Territory, including Washington and Idaho, contained about twenty thousand white people. Now the State has a population of at least one million people. Sixty years ago the Indian population was probably about one hundred thousand; now it is less than twenty thousand. The people then lived in small log cabins with an earth floor and a roof made of pine boughs. In place of glass windows, cotton cloth was used. They seldom used chairs. Four stakes driven in the ground and covered with rough boards made their table. All cooking was done over an open fire. They had no matches, but obtained their fire by flint and steel.

Mr. Connor and the three ministers accompanying him have the honor of being the first United Brethren preachers to bear the gospel message to the people of this new and undeveloped country of such marvelous possibilities. In a letter dated July, 1854, he says: "Our work

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is, in some respects, hard and attended with peculiar trials, and in our travels through the country, instead of meeting smiling faces and welcome greetings of brethren beloved, it is often a cold reception of strangers from whom we have to beg the privilege of preaching in their homes. We do not present this as a complaint, neither are the tears, which interrupt me in penning these lines, tears of rebellion.”

The home of this hero of the Cross, as far as he had a home, was at Corvallis. He writes from there, March 14, 1855: “We have an interesting Bible class, and expect ere long to erect a house of worship at this place. Many calls come to us from a distance to which we cannot possibly respond. I know not how to supply these wide-spreading, extensive fields. We need help, both of men and means. Frequently we labor for days in succession single-handed, preaching, exhorting, singing, and praying with mourners until compelled to desist. We sometimes think of our ministerial brethren in the East, a few of whom are comparatively idle. Could they be with us one month, though they might have to ride all day and at night wrap themselves in a blanket and lie down under the open sky to sleep, yet with all these privations and hardships they could not be induced to exchange it for that deadly inactivity in which some of them are dragging out their unhappy existence.”

On August 30, 1855, four ministers met in Lynn County, Oregon Territory, and organized

Our Heroes, or

the Oregon Conference. Rev. Mr. Connor was elected to preside. A membership of 235 was reported scattered over the territory of seven counties. These results were most gratifying when the conditions of the country were taken into account. Much time was spent by the missionaries in making explorations. The following year an increase of 180 members and many new appointments were reported. During that year they passed through the horrors and excitement of an Indian war. Only a few years before, the horrible massacre of Doctor Whitman and his noble band of fourteen missionaries occurred. But in the face of this great danger, Mr. Connor and his heroic helpers kept up their appointments and went on with their regular work.

**Conference
Organized**

In 1857 he returned East to attend a session of the General Conference. Part of his mission was to interest the Church in the work and to secure, if possible, more laborers to assist him. His visit was very gratifying to the Church and quite satisfactory to himself. His appeals for Oregon, based upon the actual needs of the people, as well as the future outlook of the country, were most effective.

**Visit
East**

In July of the same year he started on his return voyage from New York, but little account of which is given. He writes from Portland, August 6: "At six o'clock this morning we landed at Portland. We had rather a tedious voyage, but in the main a pleasant one. We

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touched at Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica, tarried one night at Aspenwall, reached San Francisco on the 31st, and shipped for Oregon. Health has been good except seasickness."

In 1874, Mr. Connor was compelled to retire from active work on account of failing health. The following year he returned to his native State, Indiana, where he spent the closing years of his long and useful life. He died at Greensburg, Indiana, on the second day of June, 1898, at the age of seventy-eight years.

The bravery and unselfish devotion of this hero of the Cross, with his unstinted missionary labors, is a rich legacy. After six months of trials, perils, and privations, recorded only by the angels, the journey of three thousand miles over hot and dreary plains and through dangerous mountain passes was accomplished, and the courageous pioneer in due time laid the foundations of our work in Oregon and the extreme northwestern section of the United States. The high esteem in which this servant of God was held by his brethren in Oregon is evinced in the fact that he was elected to preside over every session of their conference from the time of its organization in 1855 until the visit of the regular bishop in 1864. He is described by Bishop Edwards as "about medium size, light complexion, with a countenance expressive of decision, firmness, purity, and intelligence. His erect form, sober, pious face, and his earnest, devotional spirit, gave him the appearance of superior sanctity and dignity."

CHAPTER XI.

First Missionary to Michigan.

The subject of this sketch was born in Elizabethtown, Canada, September 23, 1814. His father was a Quaker by birthright, and his mother was a devout Methodist—a woman of rare gifts, of strong character, and of intense piety. Throughout his boyhood he was surrounded by the most helpful and inspiring of precepts and examples. To the tactful and careful guidance of a Christian mother, the achievements of his life are largely due. Her love, sympathy, and prayer were his guiding star.

At the age of seventeen, young Lee was converted at a camp-meeting not far from his home, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His brother Alfred, a few years his senior, was also converted at the same meeting. These boys would go to a schoolhouse on the corner of their father's farm, and alone hold prayer-meetings. One evening, a gentleman of the community passing by, saw a light in the schoolhouse, and, looking in to see what was going on, he observed the boys engaged in a prayer service. At the close of the meeting he heard them

Parentage

**Beginning
Religious
Work**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

agree to meet there again in one week from that date. The gentleman was not a Christian, and, thinking he would surprise the boys and so intimidate them that they would abandon their services, he spread the news among his irreligious acquaintances and had the house filled at the next meeting; but, to the surprise of all, the services went on as usual. These meetings were continued and resulted in the salvation of many souls and the building of a church in that community.

Soon after his conversion, Mr. Lee was called to the ministry, but reluctantly made known his impressions, because of his timid and retiring disposition and the fact that his educational advantages up until that time were very limited. His father also sought to discourage him. About this time young Lee was called upon by his pastor to announce a hymn and pray at the close of

License to Exhort

a service, and while doing so, the minister slipped a paper into his pocket. On examination he found it was a license from the quarterly conference to exhort. He then passed through a period of struggle and doubt as the result of his disobedience. This rebellion, he said later in life, almost ruined him.

At the age of twenty-one he left Canada and moved to Ohio, settling a few miles north of Bucyrus, where he was engaged for a year or more in teaching. In the meantime, he was united in marriage with Miss Harriet C. Parmelee. Later they both attended a classical sem-

Our Heroes, or

inary at Norwalk, of which Dr. Edward Thompson, who subsequently became president of Ohio

**School
Life**

Wesleyan University, was the principal. He was a warm friend of Mr. Lee, and did much to aid him in completing his course of study in that institution. Near the close of his course in the seminary he had the great misfortune to lose his little home, with all his earthly goods, by fire.

In the winter of 1845-46, he was teaching school in a neighborhood where but few professed Christianity. It was his custom to open the school by reading a scripture lesson and offering a prayer. One morning when he arose from his knees, he observed a number of the older scholars weeping. He went to them to find out what was the matter. They answered that they wanted him to pray for them; so he prayed again and others joined. He tried the third time to take up school work, but could not, so they had meeting all day and preaching that night. A great revival followed, resulting in sixty conversions.

About this time, a United Brethren Discipline came to the hands of Mr. Lee, who was at once

**Changed
Church
Relations**

impressed with its directness, simplicity, and fervency, both in relation to its statement of doctrine and of church government. After much prayer and thought he fully made up his mind to change his church relations, which he did a little while later.

In 1848 he joined the Sandusky Conference

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and was appointed to "Bean Creek Circuit," near the Michigan State line. With his wife and four children he started in a one-horse buggy for his field of labor. His oldest daughter, then quite young, thus relates her memory of the journey: "We had, oh, such a time! The mud was deep, and the last few miles the ground seemed to be covered with water. It was wade and splash all the time. A few days after reaching our destination we all took the ague, and a good deal of the time we could hardly carry water enough to drink, as we had to carry it a quarter of a mile." The circuit was large and Mr. Lee had to be away from home most of the time. There were times during the year when the family was really in destitute circumstances. One morning Mr. Lee was on his horse to leave for one of his farthest appointments, when his wife told him there was nothing in the house with which to get another meal. He wanted to go and borrow something, but she said, "No; if it is your duty to preach, some way will be provided," so he turned away with a heavy heart for a two weeks' journey. About eleven o'clock the same day, Mrs Lee heard a rap at the door. She answered the call and found a woman on horseback with a big basket in front of her and a sack of flour behind her. In the basket she had potatoes, meat, sugar, tea, and other good things.

At another time he was about to start on a tour to be absent for several weeks. The family had a good breakfast together, but it took all the

Our Heroes, or

provisions that were in the house. When Mr. Lee learned this, he was greatly troubled. After a few moments' thought, he read a lesson from the Bible and then very fervently prayed for direction. Presenting the case to the Lord, he

**Varied
Trials**

said: "I cannot leave my family to starve. We have no food, no money.

If it be thy will that I go on this journey to preach thy word, and to try to build up thy church, open the way. Provide for the family necessities." Just as the prayer was ended there was a knock at the door, and a boy had come with a load of provisions. The father then read from the sixth chapter of Matthew, emphasizing the eighth verse, after which the family knelt together again and offered a prayer of thanksgiving. The father then started on his long journey.

Near the close of the conference year a gentleman by the name of Reynolds, residing in Michigan, having heard of Mr. Lee, came to visit him with a special request that he come into their community and hold a meeting. Mr. Lee responded to the call and was much encouraged with the results of the meeting. He reported this visit to the conference, and, to his surprise, he was appointed by the conference to open a mission in this new field. At that time

**First U. B.
Missionary
in Michigan**

the Church had no missionary society, but the members of the conference pledged fifty dollars, and with this amount the work was started. Mr. Lee was, therefore, the first United Brethren minis-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ter to enter the State of Michigan as a resident. Teams were sent to move him, and on the day that Zachariah Taylor was elected President of the United States, this hero of the Cross, with his noble family, reached his Michigan home in the midst of a great snowstorm.

He at once went about the work of organizing classes and making missionary excursions. The hardships and privations endured during this period of his history are set forth by his daughter in the following words: "We had a struggle to live. We did not have cake or pie in the house for over a year, and father would not eat them, when away from home, because he knew we could not have them at home. Oh, but those were dark days! We were sick a good deal. In August of that year a great sorrow fell upon our home in the death of our darling baby brother, Adelbert Lawrence."

Mr. Lee was fearless and courageous in the face of opposition. On one of his prospecting tours he met a gentleman who invited him to preach in his community and to make his home a stopping-place. This involved quite a distance of additional travel. On reaching the community he was informed that the gentleman whose invitation he had accepted had been in the habit of inviting ministers to his community and then by controversy and ridicule drive them away. Mr. Lee stated, "The appointment is made and I expect to fill it." After retiring for prayer that God would direct him, he found his way to the little log schoolhouse where he had been an-

Our Heroes, or

nounced to preach. He found the gentleman seated on the platform with slate and pencil in hand, and as the sermon went on he began to take notes and record his criticisms. Presently, he laid down his slate and began to weep. At the close of the sermon he rose and confessed his wrongdoing before the people and proposed to live a better life, and, appealing to the audience, asked if any one would join him in the resolution. Several responded and the meeting closed.

An Incident Four weeks later the preacher was there again, but learned that this man, whose name was Sutherland, had thrown off all his good impressions and would antagonize him. Early in the services Sutherland entered the room defiantly and seated himself by the side of the preacher on the platform. At the close of the sermon he arose and with sarcasm sought to frighten the preacher and destroy his work. When he was through with the harangue, Mr. Lee rose and said, "Mr. Sutherland, by the grace of God, I mean to whip you to-night," not meaning, of course, any personal violence. Sutherland sprang to his feet, smote his fists together, and said: "That's it. Now we are in for it." A stout Irishman, fearing that he might do the preacher personal injury, stepped up and seated himself near to protect the preacher. Mr. Lee told the people how he and Sutherland had first met, reciting his previous treatment of other men and thereby preventing the people of the settlement from enjoying the privileges of church and worship. He

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branded it as the basest hypocrisy and ingratitude. Then, appealing to the audience, he cried out: "Do you intend to endure such treatment? Do you intend to let this man control your community and abuse and drive away those who would bring you the gospel?" The people shouted, "No, no." "Then," said the preacher, "rise above him and let him know that you will no longer submit to such things." The service closed. Sutherland went to his home, passed a restless night, rose early the following morning and went to his sawmill and hung himself, but his engineer came in time to release him and save his life. He lived two years after that. When dying, he was visited by a young minister, who asked the privilege of praying for him. He answered, "No, it will be of no avail." Then he referred to the meeting of two years before, when he grieved the Holy Spirit, and was thereafter absolutely abandoned.

**Fearless and
Courageous**

**Severe
Trials**

During the second year of Mr. Lee's ministry in Michigan he went into Jackson County to open up work. The first tour covered a period of seven weeks, during which time he was not able to communicate with his family. In the meantime his little daughter Emma, whom he almost idolized, was taken away. During the journey he lost his valuable horse and had no means at the time to purchase another. The way now seemed very dark. He was among strangers, without money or means of travel, but in a very

Our Heroes, or

definite way God turned the hearts of the people toward him as in the case of the great apostle after his shipwreck. In a little time he was provided with another horse, and the closing months of the year were blessed with gracious revivals of religion and many additions to the Church.

In a certain community, noted for its wickedness and opposition to missionary work, Mr. Lee manifested great courage and had what would seem to be hairbreadth escapes from losing his life. He was to preach in a place one night, when some one had placed a large block of wood just behind the desk, heavily charged with powder and with a fuse attached. Mr. Lee being called in another direction to attend a funeral, secured a local preacher to fill the appointment. While the opening prayer was being offered, the explosion came. The stick of wood went up through the roof and no one was hurt. The house was full of people. The meeting proceeded as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. A little while later some straw and dry wood were piled against the preacher's barn and set on fire. The barn was blackened for several feet, but the boards did not get charred and the fire went out. The missionary's statement was, "The Lord quenched the fire." Following this a few weeks, a stranger called to stay over night, wanting to resume his journey very early in the morning. Mrs. Lee went to the well for water and noticed a white dust on the inside

**Narrow
Escapes**

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of the curb, and some of the powder floating on the water. She did not use it, but went to a spring some distance away to get water for breakfast. Mr. Lee went to the class-leader the following day, and they two took of the powder, which was very abundant, and had it analyzed by two different chemists, each of whom pronounced it arsenic. The class-leader cleaned the well and nothing was said about it in the neighborhood. About ten years later a man in the community, after losing his wife, daughter, and property, and when under the hand of sore affliction, confessed that he had been guilty of these several sinful acts. He suffered greatly and "could not die," he said, "until he had confessed these crimes."

After sixteen years of heroic service, Mr. Lee's health broke down. His labors extended over the Ohio border north into Isabella County, up into the pine regions. Out of the work he opened up in Michigan and to which he gave his best years, have been developed all our work in that State. In the year of 1865 Mr. Lee returned to Ohio, residing for a time in Westerville, then in Galion, afterward in Elmwood, Illinois, where he died January 11, 1874, and where his body sleeps, awaiting the resurrection.

A very happy incident occurred eleven days before his death, which was a fitting prelude to his entrance upon his heavenly reward. It was the occasion of a family reunion planned by his children. The day was indeed "very much like heaven," as the father described it; but late in

Our Heroes, or

the day he felt his strength giving way, and so informed the family. That night he had what he called "a vision of heaven." It so enraptured him that he rejoiced with exceeding joy. The venerable servant of God then began to view death as God views it, and, instead of shrinking from it as many do, he rejoiced in the prospect of entering upon the heavenly glory which had opened to his vision. Ministers of the town and community called in turn to hear him tell the story. It was eleven days before his departure. The day before his death, seeing his family in tears, he said: "Now, I don't want any of you to weep; I want all to be calm and quiet. I think the change has about come. There is nothing to fear. That God who has been my support in the past is still the same. I feel that all is well."

**Heavenly
Vision**

CHAPTER XII.

First Missionary to Tennessee.

The name of John Ruebush deserves a place in the splendid list of heroes who distinguished themselves in the pioneer missionary work of the denomination. There have been men who could more successfully carry on work once started, and by patient, long-continued effort enlarge and extend that work, but few have there been who were more enthusiastic, more untiring, more courageous, or more successful in preparing the way by opening new and unknown fields than he.

John Ruebush was born in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1816. His parents were sturdy, stanch, upright people of German descent. The environment and discipline of his early life were such as to develop rugged qualities of character and fit him for a brave and strenuous career. His religious life dates from 1834, when he was converted and joined the United Brethren Church. His call to the ministry immediately followed, and within the same year he was given quarterly conference license to preach.

In 1841 he joined the Virginia Conference and was assigned to a circuit in Frederick County,

Our Heroes, or

Maryland, which he served with marked success for two years. His second pastorate was in Washington County, Maryland, where his **Beginning** work as an evangelist was most **Work as an** fruitful. Some yet live to bless **Itinerant** his memory who were led to Christ during the early years of his ministry. In 1844 he traveled in West Virginia, where he assisted in opening up new work in the remote mountain regions of that State. At the conference of 1850, which convened near his home in Augusta County, Virginia, he was elected presiding elder. His administration was characterized by aggressive missionary work. The boundary lines of his mountain district were pressed westward until they included territory now occupied by the West Virginia Conference. Mr. Ruebush was a born leader. It required neither time nor study to recognize the man of startling mental energy, of aggressive will, independent, fearless, a man of large horizon and of bold enterprises; yet beneath this exuberance of rugged, physical, and intellectual activity it was easy to discover an intense devotion to his beliefs and a complete abandonment of himself to the work and purpose of his life.

In 1856, when the Virginia Conference decided to open a mission in East Tennessee, the thought turned instinctively to **Missionary to** Mr. Ruebush as the logical leader **Tennessee** in the new enterprise. By appointment of the conference, on the first Monday in April he left his father's house for the mission,

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taking with him his young wife and little son in a buggy. After a journey of two weeks or more, he reached the territory to which he had been assigned. He began at once to search for members of the Church who had moved out from Virginia. In his first report he says: "I have found thirteen members scattered over a large territory. I have preached at a number of appointments, introducing the Church. My congregations are very large and attentive. At this time I have my work arranged in the form of a three weeks' mission circuit. Last Sabbath I preached in the woods to a large congregation; in the afternoon at a Methodist church, but the people could not all get in the house."

His work at this time was mainly in Washington, Green, and Johnson counties. As he had no houses of worship, he must find places wherever he could—in schoolhouses, in private homes, or in the woods. His ability as a preacher and his success in the work created jealousy that closed the doors of preaching-houses of other denominations to him. Under those circumstances he was not discouraged, but his custom was to gather his congregation in the groves, where he loved to preach the gospel. He was advised on one occasion to leave the country or to suffer personal violence, but he was marked by a faith and courage which feared no man. He has recorded in a letter how his heart was filled with love, his eyes with tears, and his mouth with arguments, as he stood, on one of these

**Preaches in
Groves**

Our Heroes, or

occasions, looking into the faces of the rabble. Like Socrates and Paul, he bore the persecutions of the multitude, fearing not what man might do unto him. There were days when Mr. Ruebush would spend as many as eight hours in public worship. When doors were bolted against him, he would lead his audience into the groves and there preach as eloquently as though he were occupying a cathedral.

In December, 1856, he writes: "I never felt as well satisfied that I was where God wanted me to work as I have since I am on this mission. My congregations are large and very attentive. I have more calls than three men can fill. We feel the need of church-houses of our own. I have been preaching in some of the schoolhouses belonging to the county, but they will not accommodate the people. When it is not too cold, I preach out of doors. Many of these houses have neither stoves nor fireplaces in them. I fear we will be hindered this winter. May I express the hope that some of our Virginia and Maryland brethren with whom I have served for fifteen years will see if they have not something to spare to help us build a church in Tennessee?"

At one place, a man who was an avowed enemy to Christianity, in order to defeat Mr. Ruebush in his purpose to conduct services in the community, took up the floor of the schoolhouse. But it took more than this to defeat the courageous missionary. He stood on the doorstep and preached with more than usual power. At the

**Opposition
Conquered**

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conclusion of the sermon a dozen or more people were kneeling in prayer. Among them was the wife of the man who was bitterly opposing the work. During the same day he sought a conference with Mr. Ruebush, when he apologized and, in tears, asked not only his forgiveness but his prayers, and invited him to hold services in his own home. A great revival followed, and the first United Brethren church in the State was subsequently built in this community. It was during this meeting that the following remarkable incident occurred: A few persons cove-

Victory of Prayer

nanted to pray for the conversion of a family in the neighborhood that carried on a distillery. Within one week from the time the prayer circle was formed, every member of the family was converted, and within another week the old distillery was torn down. The name of this family was Peters. One of the sons, John Peters, subsequently entered the ministry and served the Church as an honored minister for twenty years or more.

October 25, 1857, after having been in charge of the mission for twelve months, he made the following report from Washington County, Tennessee: "I devote all my time to the mission; I have eleven appointments. The amount thus far paid on salary is \$15.82. The ministers of other denominations receive small sums, but the brethren seem willing to do what they can. We held our quarterly conference and appointed a board of trustees to secure grounds on which to

Our Heroes, or

erect a church and also to take steps to hold camp-meetings. Sabbath morning we had a love feast. When preaching hour arrived, the house, though a large brick structure, could not contain more than half the people. The doors, windows, and aisles were filled. Some old-fashioned shouting occurred during the services."

Much opposition was created against Mr. Ruebush and his work by an editorial that appeared in the "Knoxville Whig" in the summer of 1858, in which the writer sought to prejudice the people against this noble man of God by

Opposition asserting that he hailed from Ohio,
From and was circulating literature det-
Knoxville rimental to the interests of the
Whig

citizens of the State. In answer to these misrepresentations of the Knoxville paper, John Lawrence, editor of the Religious Telescope, wrote a vigorous article in which he said: "The editor of the Whig is alarmed at the success of our faithful missionary in bringing souls to Christ, and is anxious to hedge up his way or drive him from the field by raising the cry of 'Wolf! wolf!' Rev. John Ruebush does not hail from Dayton, Ohio, as his assailant says. He was never, to our knowledge, in Dayton. He was born, reared, and licensed to preach in Virginia, and in Virginia he has preached for fifteen years. United Brethren missionaries never raise insurrections, and never circulate incendiary documents. We defy the Whig, its correspondent, and the rest of mankind to produce a single instance of the kind."

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How much injury this persecution did Mr. Ruebush by hedging up his work, we do not know. He fearlessly continued his work, clearly and boldly declaring the principles of the Bible and the doctrines of the Church, ignoring the vituperation of the Knoxville Whig and the jeers and taunts of others. In a letter written about this time he says: "I have preached about four times a week and part of the time attended two weekly prayer-meetings. I have fourteen appointments, four classes, and have received into the Church sixty-six members. We are now engaged in building the first United Brethren church-house in the State of Tennessee."

In the year 1859, Bishop Glossbrenner visited him and conducted the dedicatory services of the church. From his account of the visit, published in the Telescope, we give the following extracts: "The Brethren have built a neat and comfortable chapel; it is out of debt. Brother Ruebush has something in the treasury for another church. When I arrived, the services had begun. Some of the brethren had brought their families to the meeting in their wagons, and were tenting on the ground about the church. During the services of the day twenty-five persons professed conversion. Brother Ruebush has had hard work as a missionary, but he has not labored in vain. The singing, praying, and preaching he has done would almost kill two ordinary men. He should have help immediately. At least two more missionaries are

**Church
Dedicated**

Our Heroes, or

needed. A more kind and hospitable people I never met.”

In the year 1860, on the eve of the breaking out of the Civil War, Mr. Ruebush found the difficulties in his work increasing. He found himself facing the turbulent times which so greatly interfered with all church work in that section. For a time, however, he preached with his usual freedom, but later he was compelled to confine his labors to the rural community in which he resided, and finally felt it necessary to

Work abandon the field and seek work in
Temporarily another section. In speaking of
Abandoned those troublous times he said:

“These were months in which there were many trying experiences, narrow escapes, privations, fatigues, exposures, and financial losses.” But even amid these difficulties he said: “As soon as the war is over there will be a ripe harvest-field for the United Brethren Church in East Tennessee.” These words were prophetic. A membership of five thousand in Tennessee, Georgia, and Louisiana is now reported as the outgrowth of his work.

At the close of the war Mr. Ruebush resumed his labors in Tennessee. The questions that for years had disturbed the peace of the State were now forever settled. He found not

Work only a state of religious destitu-
Resumed tion, but the people were really suffering from want of bread and clothing. D. A. Beauchamp, who had been sent from Indiana to aid in the work, gives the following descrip-

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tion in a letter to the Telescope under date of December 5, 1866: "From what my eyes have seen, and from what I have learned since being here, I am led to believe that had we, in many parts of Indiana, that to contend with which they have had here, many of us would have left our homes and lands and gone into the army to save our lives, or else we would have settled in dens and caves of the earth, as did hundreds here."

The Tennessee Conference was organized by Bishop Glossbrenner, November 22, 1866. Three ministers were present—J. Ruebush, A. G. Evans, and D. A. Beauchamp. At this conference Enos Keezel and R. J. Bishop received license to preach; 209 members were reported, 18 Telescopes taken, five Sunday schools organized, with 31 teachers and 206 scholars. Mr. Ruebush was elected presiding elder. The following year a gain of 106 was reported in the membership, making a total of 315.

**Conference
Organized**

Having laid what seemed to him a good foundation for a permanent work, Mr. Ruebush had a desire to return to his old conference, where he might spend the closing days of his life with the friends and amid the scenes of his childhood and young manhood. In October, 1869, he took a transfer to Virginia Conference, where he served most efficiently either as pastor or as presiding elder during the remainder of his life.

His devoted wife died at Keedysville, Maryland, in March, 1878. She had been a faithful

Our Heroes, or

helper and sharer with her husband in the hardships and privations of his missionary life and work. From this great sorrow, "Uncle John," as he was familiarly known, never fully recovered. Three years later he, too,
Death entered upon his heavenly reward.

In the fall of 1881 he baptized some persons by immersion, and, riding home, a distance of three miles, without change of clothing, he took that fatal disease, pneumonia, and died at Leitersburg, Maryland, December 16, 1881. He was buried by the side of his wife in the beautiful resting-place of the dead at Keedysville, Maryland.

Mr. Ruebush was a strong preacher and a most successful evangelist, being frequently spoken of as "the Moody of Virginia Conference." The spell of his voice was wonderful, and not less wonderful its range of power. He was a master in illustrating great truths, which, with his earnest application, forced conviction to the minds and hearts of his hearers. Many yet live who were won to Christ by his ministry, while many more have passed over the river.

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LESSON III.

CHAPTER IX.

1. When was Alexander Biddle born?
2. What is said of his ancestry?
3. What were his early school advantages? What of his later education?
4. When and where did his religious life begin?
5. By whom was he baptized, and what was his experience?
6. When did he begin the ministry? In what conference?
7. Describe his first circuit and his ministerial outfit.
8. Give some of his experiences on Lisbon Circuit.
9. How was the mob defeated at the camp-meeting in Stark County?
10. What trials came to him in 1841 and 1850?
11. Name some of his triumphs in evangelistic work.
12. What had been the growth of the Muskingum Conference during his fifteen years of service?
13. When did he unite with the Sandusky Conference?
14. What is your estimate of Alexander Biddle and his service to the Church?

CHAPTER X.

1. What is said of the pioneer missionaries in the opening paragraph of this chapter?
2. What followed the breaking out of the gold excitement in California in 1849?
3. What led to the opening up of United Brethren missionary work in Oregon?
4. Give circumstances leading up to Mr. Connor's appointment to that field.
5. When was he appointed, and with what recommendation?
6. When and from what place was the journey begun?
7. What were some of the early discouragements he met?
8. Who was his associate in the enterprise, and what was the size of the colony?
9. What can you say of the magnitude of the undertaking and the perils of the way?
10. How much time was spent on the journey?
11. Describe Oregon then and now.
12. State briefly the difficulties of the work in the field.
13. What impression do you get of Mr. Connor from his letters?
14. When and where was the Oregon Conference organized?

Our Heroes, or

CHAPTER XI.

1. Who was the first United Brethren missionary in Michigan?
2. When and where was Stephen Lee born?
3. When and under what circumstances did he begin religious work?
4. Under what circumstances was he given license to exhort?
5. What were his educational advantages?
6. How and why was he led to change his church relations?
7. When did he join the Sandusky Conference, and to what circuit was he appointed?
8. Describe his journey with his family to the new territory, and the varied trials of the year.
9. What does the daughter say of their trials on their first Michigan charge?
10. Relate his encounter with and triumph over Sutherland.
11. What occurred during his tour in Jackson County, Michigan?
12. Relate some of his persecutions and narrow escapes.
13. What splendid vision opened to him eleven days before his death?
14. What was his dying testimony?

CHAPTER XII.

1. Who was the first United Brethren missionary in Tennessee?
2. Where and when was John Ruebush born?
3. When did he begin his work as an itinerant?
4. What can be said of his power and activity as a leader?
5. When did he go to Tennessee as a missionary?
6. What can you say of his courage in the face of difficulties?
7. Where did he especially find pleasure in preaching the gospel?
8. What incidents are given of overcoming opposition?
9. What remarkable answer to prayer is recorded?
10. When and where was the first United Brethren church in Tennessee dedicated?
11. Why did he temporarily abandon the field?
12. When did he resume his work in Tennessee?
13. When was the Tennessee Conference organized?
14. What can you say of this hero of the Cross in the closing years of his life?

CHAPTER XIII.

Founder of the Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society.

The name of John Collins Bright is revered by lovers of our Zion because of the heroic service he rendered in the pioneer work of laying the foundations of some of our most cherished institutions. His ancestors were English, having emigrated to America about the middle of the eighteenth century. Fortunate is the child who can listen to stories of ancestors whose lives are proudly traced back through England's noblest families. Such was the privilege of the descendants of this distinguished family. The name is connected with some of England's most noted statesmen and churchmen. William E. Gladstone regarded John Bright, "The Quaker Statesman," as the greatest orator, of which he had knowledge, that ever addressed the British Parliament.

Major Bright, Sr., father of the subject of this sketch, was married in 1799 to Miss Deborah Moore. A little while later, perhaps during the following year, they moved to Fairfield County, Ohio, and made for themselves a home in the wilderness. Their sole wealth on arriving in Ohio was a few cooking utensils, some blankets, a gun, and a pony.

Our Heroes, or

John Collins Bright was born near Canal Winchester, Ohio, October 13, 1818. Of his childhood days we have nothing of extraordinary

**Birth and
Early
Experiences**

note. He was always, according to his mother's testimony, an obedient and industrious boy. His boyhood days were full of hardships incident to the times in which he lived, as the country was new and the land was to be cleared and made ready for cultivation. Many an adventure, hunt, and ramble were taken in early years and tenderly recalled in later life by Mr. Bright. He enjoyed hunting and never was without a gun during his lifetime. He was sensitive and refined and was never known to use a vulgar expression or any unbecoming language whatever.

In 1830 the family moved to Hancock County, Ohio. On their way, while passing through Columbus, they had great difficulty in crossing a swamp on Broad Street, about three squares from the present State Capitol. Soon after reaching his new home he attended a camp-

Conversion meeting conducted by the celebrated evangelist, Michael Long, where he was converted. He at

once expressed a desire to enter the ministry and was granted quarterly conference license in the United Brethren Church. From that time the blessings of God in a very definite way rested upon his life and upon his work. In 1841 he united with the Sandusky Conference and was appointed to a circuit. As an itinerant he was most successful, both as evangelist and

United Brethren Home Missionaries

organizer. He steadily enlarged the borders of his charge by organizing new classes and pressing his way into new communities. With increased intensity and zeal he continued his missionary work both as circuit preacher and presiding elder until the year 1851, when the Lord opened to him a door into a new department of work, for which he had been in special training.

The command of Jehovah came to the General Conference in 1841, saying, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." Spiritual leaders and prophets were now coming to see the

A New Epoch

need of planning for a larger future of usefulness. With some the conviction was profound that the Church should take an advance step in providing for the education of her youth. This conviction, however, was not widespread. It is fair to say that some of these fathers, seeing the churches in which culture was most common, under the sway of a lifeless formalism, concluded, in a not very logical but very natural way, that there was some connection between higher education and a spiritual death so prevalent in their day; and so they not only failed to see the necessity of the educational work, but some of them actually feared it as hostile to the spiritual life and power of the Church. Mr. Bright was a staunch friend of Otterbein University, the pioneer college of the Church, and its founding was to him a prophecy of the larger

Our Heroes, or

success of the future. He saw then what most men see now—that the Christian college is fundamental and vital in the work of the Church. He was instrumental in turning many young people toward this institution, as well as turning many of its noblest young men toward the gospel ministry.

In 1852 the need of a more vigorous and aggressive evangelism became apparent, and the devising of plans for the inauguration of such a movement was engaging the attention of many of the leaders of the Church. In this movement Mr. Bright was the recognized general. His great soul was fired with an intensity that is indescribable, for the immediate building up of missions in the new States and Territories, Canada, and far-off Africa. He had already proven himself a successful pioneer preacher, presiding elder, home missionary, and a friend of education and of whatever else would bless mankind. At a session of the Sandusky Conference, held in Johnstown, Ohio, in 1852, a committee was appointed to consider the question of world-wide missions, of which Mr. Bright was made chairman. From the report of that committee, which was adopted by the conference, appears the following resolution: "The time has fully come when the United Brethren Church should unite her whole strength in a missionary society, which shall include not only the home, but the frontier and foreign fields." Under the inspiration of the report, about seven hundred dollars

United Brethren Home Missionaries

were secured on the conference floor for starting the work. The action of this conference, under Mr. Bright's heroic leadership, led the way for the organization, the following May, by the General Conference, of a Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society. He is justly regarded as the founder of this society, and was very properly and very wisely chosen as its first corresponding secretary. The two most important acts of this General Conference, which convened at Miltonville, Butler County, Ohio, was the organization of this society and the authorizing of the removal of the Publishing House from Circleville, Ohio, to Dayton.

Mr. Bright brought into his new work as secretary the splendid leadership and organizing ability that had marked his administration of earlier responsibilities, and the results were immediate and inspirational. The following paragraph from an article written in the first issue of the *Missionary Telescope*, a little monthly sheet started by the Board of Missions, and of which, by virtue of his office, he became editor, will illustrate his zeal: "We have no time to waste in mere compliments, and therefore beg leave at once to make known the object of our mission. We are, as we humbly trust, a servant of the Lord Jesus, called into his vineyard not to while away the time, to speculate, to dream, to take our ease, *but to work*. We come to you, therefore, in haste, for the Lord's business de-

**Founder of
Missionary
Society**

**Missionary
Secretary**

Our Heroes, or

mands dispatch. We wish to furnish the latest and most useful missionary intelligence to stimulate missionary enterprise; to stir up men, and especially young men and women, to consecrate themselves to missionary work; to open the fountains of benevolence and guide their streams into the proper channels; to encourage faith in the early triumphs of Christ's kingdom, and, in short, to join heartily with all the laborers now in the field in the prosecution by all practicable methods of the great enterprise of the age and of all ages and of eternal ages—*the conquest of the whole world for the Redeemer*. This is our mission, and if God has touched your heart and kindled in it a spark of missionary fire, give us your hand, give us your prayers, and what aid you can."

It is easy to see that a man like that, inspired with that sort of a spirit, and intensely in earnest, would arouse the Church on the subject of missions as had never been done before. Says one who knew him well: "His impassioned address moved people to give as they had never done before. Hundreds multiplied into thousands under his oratory, which was always full of Bible argument, very earnest and full of sympathy for the lost. Under the power of his eloquence the people felt that wherever there was need of missions in home, frontier, and foreign fields, they must go without delay. There were times when he seemed in great agony because more was not done. John Knox, when he prayed, 'Give me Scotland or I die,' could not

United Brethren Home Missionaries

have felt more intensely the weight of souls than did Mr. Bright.”

Such work could not do otherwise than bring success. Missions were planted in Tennessee, Nebraska, Canada, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Oregon, and Africa.

Results The results of the first four years of the Board's existence, during which time Mr. Bright was secretary, exceeded, both in the amount of money secured and the work accomplished in new fields, the expectations of the most sanguine. Some interesting incidents occurred in connection with his solicitations of money. At a meeting held in the boundaries of his own conference, he was at one time securing subscriptions for life members and life directors, the former costing ten dollars and the latter fifty dollars. He passed through the audience, receiving the names of those who were willing to contribute. In the congregation before him sat his own little boy, about six years of age, and who had received that day from a lady with whom they were stopping, six cents for learning to spell his name correctly. The father knew he had the money, and in order to implant in his little mind a love for his fellow-men, called from the pulpit and asked him to give that money on a life directorship. The boy gave it a little reluctantly, but has many times since then expressed himself as glad he made the contribution. It implanted a missionary spirit in his young heart, and has helped him to encourage the same spirit in others.

Our Heroes, or

At the close of the four years' service, Mr. Bright's health was much impaired. His difficult, exhausting labors led to a nervous breakdown. As the weeks passed, his vitality steadily lessened, until he was driven to seek health in a sanitarium in Cleveland. After resting for some time his health was partially restored, but his physicians forbade his taking up the missionary work again, and, indeed, forbade him preaching until he had more fully recovered his health. After a severe struggle with himself, he concluded to enter commercial life, fearing that he could not henceforth do much more in the ministry. This did not prove to be a success financially. He was now somewhat broken in spirit as well as in health, for he had hoped to regain his strength, save his means, and enter again upon the work he so much loved.

He subsequently regained his health to such an extent that he served most successfully as pastor and presiding elder. In the fall of 1865 he was assigned to Galion Station, where he found twenty-five members. The Sabbath school was in the very throes of death. He felt that he had been sent to this place to save a struggling society. The salary for the year was less than four hundred dollars. Mr. Bright went to work with his usual zeal to promote a revival. Daily his family would see him go to his closet and pray for hours that God would bless him in his efforts to build up the work. The answer came

**Great
Revival**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

in due time. In December, 1865, he began a series of meetings and continued them until February, 1866. Above two hundred souls were saved, one hundred and sixty of whom united with the Church. He was heard more than once to exclaim, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith," and now that the victory was won, he was ready to go, if need be. The church was now a strong one, spiritually and financially, and his work apparently was done.

About this time the students of Otterbein University were permitted to use a cabinet organ in morning prayers; later, in the Sunday school and on commencement occasions. Some of the older brethren in the coöperating conferences thought this an improper innovation. Some

Instrumental Music in Church Services members of Mr. Bright's own conference were among them. He, however, favored both instrumental and vocal music in church worship. He was a pioneer in the movement which finally changed the attitude of the whole Church in this matter. After his great revival at Galion he raised money, purchased an organ, and arranged for a volunteer choir. As a result, he said his church services were more appreciated. The attendance was increased and the congregation in every way encouraged. With one exception, this was the first church to introduce organs or to favor instrumental music in the regular services of the Church.

Mr. Bright was a prophet. Some thought him to be a dreamer, but his dreams were simply

Our Heroes, or

visions of the things which, in the course of years, became realities. He had a constructive spirit and his achievements will loom larger as the years go by. Few men of the Church have performed a more lasting and greater work than he.

A Prophet With the spirit of the true hero, he cheerfully undertook and completed the hardest tasks. He has left an endearing memorial in the ever-widening influence of the institutions he helped to found. Because of his generosity, his heroism, and his abundant and fruitful missionary labors, his name will always be revered.

In March, 1866, he suffered another nervous breakdown, which proved to be the final battle. As the early spring and summer months passed, his physical decline was rapid, and on August 6, 1866, he passed triumphantly to the reward of the righteous. Just a little while before his departure he said, "If this be dying, it is sweet to die," then, singing one stanza of his favorite song, "We'll wait till Jesus comes and we'll be gathered home," he said good-by to earth and received his heavenly welcome. His body rests in Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Pioneer in Missionary and Educational Work.

To all who are working and praying for the growth of our Zion in all her departments of work, and the consequent extension of her borders in the home land, the life, labors, and triumphs of Jacob Bruner Resler are an inspiration and a hope. He was
Birthplace born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, September 6, 1821. The place was a rural community. Here in the wilderness, as in the case of Elijah and John the Baptist, God obtained an audience with the young man at a very early age.

When twenty years of age, he received license to preach. During the same year occurred the historic General Conference of 1841, which marked a new era in the life and growth of the denomination. The crystalization of hitherto unorganized forces was now begun. A complete constitution was adopted and methods of definite work outlined. During the twenty years following, institutions of learning were established, a Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society was organized, and the membership of the Church was multiplied by three.

This period was also characterized by widespread revivals of religion. Mr. Resler was a

Our Heroes, or

hero of the truest type in this work. To do the work of an evangelist in the Alleghany Mountains sixty-five years ago was not an easy task. It meant toil and travel and exposure and poverty of which in this our day we have little conception. There was no royal road to success, no easy way to push to the front the Church of his choice. Its limited membership was widely scattered. These early ministers were taken from the forest, the plow, or the workshop. In the main, they were men who preached on the Sabbath while they supported their families from the labors of the week. They found their adherents among men and women in private life, who were humble like themselves, and earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

The Pioneer Missionary

With the conviction that the gospel was freely offered to all men, whatever their social standing in life, Mr. Resler went up and down the valleys and over the mountains of his native State, carrying the word of life to all. He was a nobleman born of nature and grace; as a preacher he was a speaker of deep spirituality, matured wisdom, solid worth, and very practical helpfulness, never falling below a certain high standard of his own, always graceful in style and delivery, suggesting the manner of the best of the Anglican divines. While never a Boanerges in passionate denunciation, he did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and it can never be said by any one who sat under his

Distinguishing Characteristics

United Brethren Home Missionaries

preaching that they failed to hear that they ought to be saved, or missed the information that they could be saved. He knew men, he sympathized with them; to his character there was the suggestion of poise, not passion, and of regulated enthusiasm and of sanctified common sense. He was rarely, if ever, thrown off his guard; he was always at his ease in dealing with men of affairs and with practical questions. He knew the world, yet was not of it, uniting with a shrewd business sagacity the clerical dignity and demeanor of the old type.

During the early days of his ministry Mr. Resler was considered one of the most successful evangelists of his conference. At that time church-houses were very scarce, and much of the preaching was done in private houses and schoolhouses. During the summer what were called "bush-meetings" and "camp-meetings" were held. These were not, as too many of them

Camp- Meeting

are to-day, simply places of recreation, but they were well-planned campaigns, resulting in "pitched battles for the retaking of human souls that had been led captive by the devil at his will." The presiding elders, with the best preachers from the surrounding circuits, were there to direct the forces in the impending battle. Such earnest prayers, such pithy, poignant sermons, such fervent exhortations to at once surrender and acknowledge the rightful authority of the King of kings, would not soon be forgotten. On occasions like this Mr. Resler was without a peer.

Our Heroes, or

He was by nature fitted to be a leader. His manner was mild, his address pleasing and persuasive; a man of great tact, a good student of human nature; his spirit Christ-like, and his presence an inspiration. He was elected presiding elder in Allegheny Conference when but twenty-six years of age. He at once showed masterful tact and ability. The following story is

**A Born
Leader**

told by an early member of the conference: "In the year 1847, Mr. Resler held an old-fashioned camp-meeting on father's farm, in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. His visit there and his efficient work will long be remembered. There was a great revival, and his ability as a preacher and his superior tact in managing the wild mountaineers, securing their confidence and preserving good order, very largely contributed to the great results of the meeting."

Mr. Resler at one time and another occupied every honored position in the Church except that of bishop, and there was not a sphere in which he was placed which he did not honor. Some one has said, "As many of the great statesmen of the past were in thought too far in advance of their times to be elected President of the United States, so Mr. Resler was too great a prophet and thought too far in advance of the times to be a popular and successful candidate for the bishopric in those days." He was a man of broad and liberal views, never destructive but always distinctively constructive in his work. There was a marked heroic element in

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his character; he wore no mask. He held that it was the glory of our Protestant faith that the responsibility rested with the individual. He was one of the first and most vigorous leaders in changing the attitude of the denomination toward secret societies. While he never was a member of any order himself, he argued that a policy of opposition was not only contrary to the spirit of the gospel of Christ, but greatly hindered the growth of the Church.

Mr. Resler was a leading spirit among the pioneers of the educational work of the Church. The early fathers opposed the establishment of Church schools. This in part grew out of the fact that the churches from which our

**Pioneer in
Educational
Work**

members originally came were cold and formal, and at the same time had an educated minister. The conclusion was natural, but very illogical, that this spiritual deadness was the result of a cultured ministry, which tended to a cold intellectualism. The way to shun that danger was to avoid intellectual training and depend entirely upon the direct help of the Holy Spirit. And yet it is fair to say that these men claimed not to be opposed to education in itself, but education under the control of the Church, claiming that it was the business of the state and not of the church to see to the education of the people.

Mr. Resler's wide-awake mind early saw the need of a higher training for those who were to lead the United Brethren hosts. His earnestness in the cause of Christian education was

Our Heroes, or

influenced, no doubt, by an incident in his early life. He had taken about two terms at an academy in his native country, and would have gone another, but some of the clergy about him, on whose judgment he greatly relied, urged him to at once enter the ministry. They urged, in substance, that he was now a good preacher, and that souls whom he might save were going down to ruin. He yielded to their entreaties, and made the sad mistake of his life. This determined him to prevent any man, whom he could influence, from making a similar mistake.

At a session of his conference in 1847 a committee was appointed to locate a school within the conference territory. Three years later a building was erected and Mt. Pleasant College was opened for students. With the sentiment prevailing in the Church, the promotion of the enterprise required heroic service. In 1852 Mr. Resler was called to the agency of the school, to which he gave the best years of his life. Paragraphs from his addresses and articles, while engaged in this work, are still quoted by our educators of to-day. The following is a sample: "The object of our people should not be to hoard up earthly treasures for their children; to see how much increased in goods they can become, as though this fading world were their abiding home. Men endowed with such lofty faculties, capable of such high cultivation and usefulness, to be chained down to a few rusty dollars, never was the design of infinite wisdom and benevolence."

**College
Agent**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

As an evidence of the manner in which this servant of God put his life into his work, his oldest daughter relates that among her earliest recollections she would frequently wake up in the night and hear her mother call to her father, who was still walking the floor in anxiety for the school, when he should have been resting.

As college agent Mr. Resler was most tactful and successful. His visit to a home was always a means of grace, leaving an abiding impression. The following incident is a fair illustration: "At one time, when soliciting in Clearfield County, he called on one of the local preachers in the conference, who, with his two boys, was in the barn threshing some grain with a flail. In his mild, earnest, insinuating way he impressed upon the father, as he stood leaning on his flail, the importance of building up schools to train our own children. 'If we do not do so, we shall lose them, for they will go to other schools and drift away from us.' He named twenty-five dollars as the amount he would like this father, in his humble mountain home, to contribute to the infant school he was representing. Those listening boys were drinking in the arguments addressed to the father, and the matter of education seemed more important to them than it ever did before. Finally the father said, 'We will go to the house and see mother about it.' The result was, the money asked for was pledged." In the inspiration of that visit, those boys began at once to plan for an education, and finally entered this

A Memorable Visit

Our Heroes, or

very college. They subsequently arose from one position to another in the educational work of the Church, from which field one was called to the bishopric and the other to the editorial chair of the Religious Telescope. But for that visit of Mr. Resler to their mountain home, and those arguments to which they listened that day, how very different the history of those two distinguished servants of God might read!

In the year 1857, Mt. Pleasant College was transferred to Otterbein University, at Westerville, Ohio. A few years later Mr. Resler, with his family, also moved to that place. This mother of our educational institutions never had a warmer friend or more loyal supporter than Mr. Resler. He was also identified with the early history of Lebanon Valley College and Union

Interest in Biblical Seminary. Mr. Resler had
Young a deep interest in the young life of
People the Church. His visit in a home
always implied two things: First, to inquire after the spiritual interests of the members of the family, and then to endeavor to interest the young people of the home in a college education. This work was not done in a perfunctory way, but it was prompted by a deep interest in the Church and in the possibilities of the young people. Many yet living call him blessed for opening to them a larger vision of life and its possibilities. It is said that no minister of his times turned more young men toward the gospel ministry than did he. Gathering a company of the boys of the college together, he would open

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up to them the work of the holy office. Many of the students of our colleges, especially Otterbein University, have put away among their most sacred memories an earnest talk which at some time Mr. Resler kindly gave them, urging them to be responsive to the divine call to this greatest of all work.

He died in Westerville, Ohio, April 27, 1891, having reached the age of seventy years. The funeral sermon was delivered by Bishop J. Weaver. His pastor at that time said: "During the last year of his life his thought dwelt much on heaven and immortality, and with an ever-increasing meaning he was able to sing the song of his life, 'Savior, more than life to me.' This song, in the minds of many, has no existence apart from Father Resler. It was his song of peace, his song of battle. He sang it when his

children were married, and he sang
A Tribute it when they died. He was a great inspiration in the services, for he had really learned the art of successful worship. The pastor always knew there was at least one heart that was keeping up with him, and not only taking, but giving that which even amounted to a real inspiration. We shall always see him as he sat in his accustomed place, leaning hard on his staff with both hands, his sympathetic eyes steadily fastened on the pastor, his face yielding a glow of heavenly sunshine, and he had acquired the rare faculty of knowing just when and how to say 'Amen.' It was not merely professional, it was heaven-sent."

CHAPTER XV.

A Hero of Lower Wabash Conference.

Conspicuous among those who have wrought nobly and heroically in pioneer mission work in the Central West is the name of Walton Clayborne Smith. His early days were spent in a rural German home not far from Winchester,

Frederick County, Virginia, where
Birthplace he was born September 23, 1822.

Nature provided, as his early teachers, a beautiful section of the Shenandoah Valley with its sublime setting of mountains, the impress of which were subsequently seen in the elevation of his thoughts and the breadth of his sympathies. But the most positive force that shaped his distinguished career was the influence of a devout Christian home. He was frequently heard to remark, "It is an unspeakable blessing to have been born of pious parents. This privilege was mine."

In the year 1834 the family immigrated to Vermillion County, Indiana. The journey was made in a covered wagon. Their progress over rocky ridges, across the Alleghanies, or winding among trees and stumps, along newly-cut roads, through the dense forests, was slow and tiresome, requiring several weeks and even months,

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but they finally reached their destination in the wilds of Indiana. The country was then new, schools were necessarily poor, and young Smith grew to manhood with very limited educational advantages so far as books were concerned. His earliest religious impressions were occasioned by the words of his mother, whose admonitions, accompanied and reënforced by the Spirit of God, led him to the Cross. On the last day of December, 1840, at what was then known as the "Cross Roads Schoolhouse," near Perryville, Indiana, he made a full surrender to God and united with the Church. Soon after his conversion he was impressed that he ought to enter the ministry, but, being of a timid disposition and shrinking under the responsibilities of the ministry, he kept the matter to himself. Finally the impressions grew so strong that he made known his feelings to his pastor, and the following September was given license to preach.

Mr. Smith joined the Wabash Conference in 1848, at which time he was assigned to his first charge, known as Concord Circuit, which covered portions of Tippecanoe, Boone, and Montgomery counties, Indiana. He describes most touchingly his feelings on the morning when he turned his back upon the home of his youth, with all the pleasant associations clustering about it: "As I pressed my way on horseback to my circuit, I went with an aching heart and weeping eyes, all the time feeling the responsibility of the work and my inability for a calling

Our Heroes, or

of such magnitude." A circumstance occurred at his second quarterly meeting which greatly encouraged him. There was a vacancy on the district, and to properly supply it the presiding elder proposed to change Mr. Smith to another charge, but could not legally do so without the consent of the quarterly conference. Having explained the matter and asked their consent to move their preacher, they said with one voice, "We cannot consent to have you take our boy preacher from us." This encouraged him and he pushed forward with increased zeal and energy. Great revivals followed and money was secured to complete two church-buildings.

At the next session of the annual conference a resolution was passed requiring each pastor to preach a missionary sermon and take an offering to aid two home missionaries in the conference. This was a new departure; nothing of the kind had ever been undertaken before. Mr. Smith had never heard a missionary sermon, had never witnessed the taking of a missionary offering, but he thought it was his duty to do what the conference had assigned him. He looked up some scripture texts that made reference to the preaching of the gospel, preached the best he could, and passed through the audience in person, asking for money. By this means he secured nine dollars, nearly one-fourth of the amount collected that year in the entire conference. The Church was favored with great prosperity. One

**Evangelistic
Beginnings**

**His First
Missionary
Sermon**

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hundred souls were won to Christ and the pastor reported seventy-five dollars salary for the year's work.

The following year he was assigned to Westfield Circuit, Illinois. The year's work was characterized by gracious revivals and a large ingathering of souls. Some of the meetings were held in dwelling-houses. In one community the people became anxious for a meeting, but there was neither church-house nor schoolhouse in the community. A brother said, "We will make a church-house out of our dwelling." They vacated the largest room they had, put seats in it, announced the meeting, and people came. A revival followed, resulting in forty conversions and accessions to the Church, and a church-house was subsequently built in the community. During the year Mr. Smith traveled more than four thousand miles on horseback, preached more than three hundred sermons, and received one hundred and twenty-five persons into the Church. His salary for the year was one hundred dollars.

On August 8, Mr. Smith was united in marriage with Miss Sarah A. Lockett, of Vermilion County, Indiana. She was deeply pious, possessing fine social qualities, with an ability to scatter sunshine upon those around her. She entered at all times into the work of her husband, and proved to be to him a tower of strength. Her home was the center of attraction for the young ladies of Westfield College, and many a

Marriage

Our Heroes, or

poor girl, oppressed with homesickness, has been encircled in her kindly arms and nursed back to health and activity. In all the conferences coöperating with that institution, there has never been a woman more loved and appreciated than "Auntie Smith." In all human probability the husband would not have developed into so efficient a worker had he not been so well helped at home.

In 1850 he again served Westfield charge. Within ten days after his appointment he was in the midst of a revival which resulted in the organization of a class of thirty members. Revival succeeded revival as weeks went by. The year proved to be one of unusual success, resulting in the organization of a number of new societies and the gathering in of 210 precious souls.

As an example of self-sacrificing heroism, the following incident is given: "In 1853 he said to his elder, 'If you wish to send me to that mission, of which the brethren seem so fearful, I will go. Were it a good charge I would not ask for it.'" He went to this, the hardest field in the conference, at his own expense, paid his own house-rent, and went to work with all the earnestness of his being. Within a few weeks the death angel visited his little home and took away his first-born child, a darling boy of ten months. At the first quarterly conference not one dollar was reported for the support of the preacher. It looked like a hard task, but he determined,

**Unselfish
Request**

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with God's help, to hold to it a little longer. The Lord blessed his efforts, revival followed revival. New appointments were taken up and new classes formed. The work was so enlarged that by the close of the year it required about three hundred miles of travel to complete one round on the charge. Over one hundred additions were made to the Church, and he was paid ninety dollars for his work. Within the territory embraced in that mission are now eight charges, with twenty church-houses.

In 1854 Mr. Smith was elected presiding elder, which position he filled with distinction for seven successive years. His diplomacy and leadership in this office have perhaps never been excelled in the denomination. He was a man of vision, and his spirit of faith and courage was contagious. No difficulty seemed too great for him to surmount in order to meet his engagements. On his way to a quarterly conference with two young ministers, the engine broke down, and, having no hope of being repaired soon, the elder said, "We will set up an independent train," and with grips in hand they pulled out for a twenty-five-mile run. Though the day was warm, they made good progress and reached the desired station in due time. One of these young ministers was I. W. Joyce, late bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was given license to exhort at that quarterly conference. This was a mission charge, a weak church, and a small congregation. The collections on Sabbath

**Independent
Train**

Our Heroes, or

were \$4.50. One-half went to the preacher, and the remainder, \$2.25, to the elder. There was no complaining, each one thanking God that he was counted worthy to be a messenger of salvation.

His district in Illinois in 1857 required a journey of more than one thousand miles to complete one round. The revival influence began with the work of the year, and about 1,100 souls were converted and brought into the Church. He made it a point to begin his quarterly meetings Friday evening, and whenever possible he would protract the meeting, barely giving himself time to reach his next appointment. One of the most hazardous acts of his life occurred during this year. It was in the month of May. Excessive rains had fallen and the streams were overflowing their banks. Starting for his appointment,

he came to the little Wabash River.

Hairbreadth Escapes

The main stream was bridged, but from the bridge it was two miles out to the bluffs, all of which was under water. He tried to hire a guide, but failed. The only alternative was to ford the stream for two miles, or fail to meet his engagement. Having been over the road once before, he remembered that there were two so-called puncheon bridges on the road without any railing to mark their location. To miss these bridges was to go down into the water some ten or fifteen feet. Asking for divine guidance, he started in and passed over the bridges safely, and thereby avoided swimming the stream. He reached his appointment in time and organized a class of twenty-four

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members, who have since erected a good church and parsonage.

In 1861 an institution of learning was started at Westfield, Illinois, called Westfield Seminary—now Westfield College. The following year the conference was asked to take the school under its supervision as a Church school, which it did, not, however, without considerable opposition. It was thought necessary to have an agent for the school, and before the time for the election of elders, the conference selected Mr. Smith as agent for the young institution of learning. He entered upon his work with no small amount of misgiving, but, trusting in God for help, he went forward from year to year until he had devoted twenty-one of the best years of his life to this department of Church work. He might very truly be called the father of Westfield College. Some one says: “Uncle Smith has waded more mud and breasted more storms, hunting for money and sinners, than any other man in the denomination.”

In 1841 a conference missionary society was organized and Mr. Smith elected as its treasurer, which position he filled until his death. He lived the prayer life. In all things he trusted in God for direction and safety, as the following incident will illustrate: While missionary treasurer, and before funds were distributed by check as they are to-day, he carried large sums of money to the conference each year. On one occasion, when going to conference, he reached

Our Heroes, or

the railway station too late for the train. It was late in the evening and he had an important engagement for eight o'clock the following morning. After presenting his case to the ticket-agent, he was informed that there would be no passenger trains before late the following afternoon, but that a freight train would be due in a short time, and if he desired, he might board a box car and thus reach the conference in time to meet his engagement. After a moment's meditation and prayer, he decided to act upon the suggestion. When the train arrived, he boarded a

Thrilling Incident

car, with his money-bag in one hand and some articles of clothing in the other. After placing these articles in one end of the car, he observed two rough-looking men at the other end of the car, engaged in playing cards under a dim candle-light. He also observed a revolver lying in front of them. What should he do? As his custom was, he consulted God for a moment, then, advancing toward the men, he said: "Gentlemen, I am a preacher. If you don't object, I should like to read a passage of scripture, offer a prayer, and then preach a little sermon." They immediately gathered up their cards, and, under the subduing presence of the man of God, they told him to proceed. Kneeling down before the little candle, he opened his pocket-Bible, read a few verses, offered a tender prayer for the two strangers, then preached a fifteen-minute sermon. The men were visibly affected. Mr. Smith then bade them good-night and returned to the

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other end of the car with the assurance that he was in perfect safety, and, laying his head upon the little valise which contained the money, he soon fell asleep. When he awoke the next morning, near the place where the conference was convened, his two traveling companions were gone.

Mr. Smith's chief characteristics were utter and absolute consecration of himself to his work, and intense perseverance and honesty of purpose in that work. He had in him the heroic spirit, the spirit that scorned ease if it must be purchased by failure to do duty. He was not considered a great preacher, but he was regarded as a great man with a great personal influence. His eloquence was the eloquence of character rather than speech. He occupied an influential and honored place in the high councils of the Church for more than a half century. He represented his conference in the General Conferences of 1857, 1861, 1865, 1869, 1873, 1877, 1893, and 1897.

The memory that is left to us is of a man whose character was as noble as his faith was unflinching and his labors tireless. His very presence begat 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

Our Heroes, or

tenderness of one supplementing the forcefulness of the other.

“Uncle Smith” belonged to the order of Calebs, who preferred to remain in the active service until transferred by the great General of the Lord’s armies from the church militant to the church triumphant. The frosts of many winters had whitened his head to a snowy whiteness, yet he labored and preached almost to the last hour of his eventful life. He was unable to attend the session of Lower Wabash Conference

Sacred
Relic which convened two months before his death, this being the only session in sixty years that he was unable to answer at roll-call. But he sent to the conference the familiar book and valise that he had been carrying for forty-four years. When they were exhibited by the bishop, the entire audience were melted to tears.

On the 17th of October, 1905, from his home in Westfield, Ill., he entered upon his heavenly reward. How rich must have been the reward of more than sixty years’ toil such as he gave in the Master’s service. A little while before his departure he remarked: “My work is done; I am homesick for heaven. I want to go. Most of my associates are gone. I have asked God to send the chariot for me. I think he will, soon.”

Among the colaborers of this hero of the Cross in laying the foundation of our Zion in western Indiana and southern Illinois were J. Griffith, W. M. Givens, S. Mills, J. W. Nye, and C. H. Jones.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leader and Organizer of Work in West Virginia.

It has been wisely ordered by the providence that has shaped their destiny that great spiritual captains should come from humble homes and be reared amid hardship and difficulty, that they might at last step forth strong and true men, capable of giving battle to the forces of evil. From such a home and early experiences came forth Zebedee Warner.

He was born in Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia), February 28, 1833. It was one of the most rugged and secluded sections of that vast mountain State. When but a youth he had the misfortune to lose his father, leaving a widowed mother to care for five little children and in turn to be cared for by them in later years. At the age of seventeen he professed conversion and joined the United Brethren Church. His educational advantages up until that time had been very limited. Two or three terms in a subscription school near his mountain home so sharpened his appetite for knowledge that, when eighteen years of age, he found his way to the Northwestern Academy at Clarksburg, West Virginia, where he knocked for admission,

Conversion
Educational
Advantages

Our Heroes, or

a stranger and without money. Here he remained one year, taking care of the school-building as the only means of paying his tuition, and working Saturdays to pay in part his board bill. Home trained, self-disciplined, he was a student all his days. That sentiment which was chiseled on the monument of Greene, the English historian, may be as appropriately written above the grave of Zebedee Warner: "He died learning."

Mr. Warner first chose the medical profession as his life work. Not being satisfied, he later turned his attention to the study of law. Still he was restless, and so remained until led by the Holy Spirit to enter the highest of all callings—that of the Christian ministry. On the 22d of October, 1853, he was granted a quarterly conference license to preach, and the following February, as a junior preacher, entered upon his first pastoral charge, Hagerstown Circuit, in Virginia Conference. In 1856, after traveling a year on a charge in the valley of Virginia, he was appointed to "West Columbia" Circuit, in the extreme western portion of the State. His work in that section with J. Bachtel, J. W. Perry, and a few others, resulted in the organization of a new conference. The conference held its initial session at Center-ville, Taylor County, West Virginia, in March, 1858, and was named "Parkersburg Conference." The territory it embraced was the most rugged and perhaps the most difficult to travel of any in the

**Parkersburg
Conference
Organized**

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Church. Some members of the Virginia Conference predicted that in a few years it would be abandoned and the members would be glad to return to the mother conference.

The first charge assigned Mr. Warner by the new conference was known as "Taylor Circuit," embracing portions of Taylor, Harrison, Barber, Upshur, and Randolph Counties. During the two years he served this charge the family residence was a little log cabin on the outskirts of the town of Philippi, in Barber County. The distances to be traveled over mountain passes and through dense forests, with the bridgeless streams to be crossed, often detained him for many days from his family. Recounting the experiences of the two years' missionary work on that charge, he said with tear-filled eyes: "One of the severest trials that came to us was the tragic death of a darling little daughter. On my

arrival one autumn evening, after an unusually long absence, my three little children came running to meet me, each having a desire to receive the first kiss and embrace, when little daughter was kicked by my horse and instantly killed. . . . The salary received for the year was one hundred dollars, out of which we paid our own house rent. There were times when we were facing actual want, but Mrs. Warner never scraped the bottom of the flour barrel that the Lord didn't hear the appeal and send us aid."

In 1862 Doctor Warner was elected presiding elder. In this position he served with distin-

Our Heroes, or

guished ability for seven successive years. His quarterly meetings were great religious feasts, and his camp-meetings occasions of moral and spiritual regeneration which often changed the character of multitudes. As a

**Presiding
Elder**

worker he had but few equals. His powers of endurance were very wonderful. He neglected no duty, however hard. The dauntless courage with which he met and endured privations and hardships must be attributed to his intense loyalty to "Christ and him crucified," and his all-absorbing love for souls and desire for God's glory. He allowed no obstacle to dampen his enthusiasm, no danger or privation to stand in his way, and no disappointment, no discouragement could shake his faith.

From the day Parkersburg Conference was organized he became its acknowledged leader. His breadth of mind, largeness of heart, industry, and consecration to his Master and his work, readily won for him this place. Like a mighty general he cheered on his struggling brethren in

**A Mighty
General**

the face of untold difficulties, by his unconquerable optimism, which was the outcome not only of his naturally hopeful mind, but of an unwavering faith in God. He embodied all the essential elements of a great leader.

Doctor Warner gave himself ardently to the discovery and development of young men. He had the rare gift of calming opposition by recognizing and winning, "catching and training" future leaders when they were young. He held

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the rudder of his conference with a hand always steady, a vision always clear, a heart always brave, and a faith always strong. Sometime in the sixties he organized a "Ministerial Association," which resulted in the establishment of a **Pioneer as Trainer of Young Ministers** "Theological Institute" especially for the training of the young men of the conference who had not the advantage of the schools. Year after year he called them together and served as instructor without any compensation. This noble and heroic service won for him the love and devotion of all. It was perhaps the first work of the kind instituted in the denomination. Doctor Warner was pastor in Parkersburg, West Virginia, from 1869 to 1880, which was probably the longest pastorate ever served in the denomination up until that time.

He will long be remembered as one of the greatest pulpit orators of his State and of his Church. He possessed a rugged mind which forged majestic thoughts and delivered them with tremendous eloquence. His **Great Preacher** public addresses were always of high order—large-minded, suggestive, and sometimes even majestic in their scope. But the pulpit was his throne, and greater even than his lectures were some of his sermons, which, while doctrinal in structure, were evangelical in spirit. "His oratory and magnetism, coupled with his message, which he always felt to be from God, not infrequently like a hurricane swept his audience before him, and many,

Our Heroes, or

many times his voice was drowned by the shouts of saints, mingled with the cry of sinners for mercy."

As a temperance advocate he excelled. The saloon-keepers of the city of Parkersburg, where he lived so long, feared no man as they feared him. His blade, ever keen and incisive, never failed to cut its way to the very vitals of the traffic. In 1882 he canvassed the entire State of West Virginia, organizing the temperance forces of every county in the interest of constitutional prohibition, and to his splendid work may largely be attributed the election of a legislature which submitted to the State a prohibitory amendment. His campaign addresses were masterpieces of eloquence and convincing reasoning.

**Temperance
Advocate**

Doctor Warner was prominent in the highest councils of the Church for a long period of time. He was first elected to the General Conference in 1861, and to each succeeding session until 1885. From 1858 he was a trustee of Otterbein University, and was by that institution given the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1878. He was one of the pioneers of the movement which finally changed the attitude of the Church toward secret societies. In debate he always showed a tender, sympathetic side to his nature. While tenacious in his opinions, he was not intolerant. He had an open respect for intellect, wherever he found it, and a noble sympathy for men of different views in whose competency he believed.

**Prominent
in Church
Councils**



WALTON C. SMITH



MRS. WALTON C. SMITH



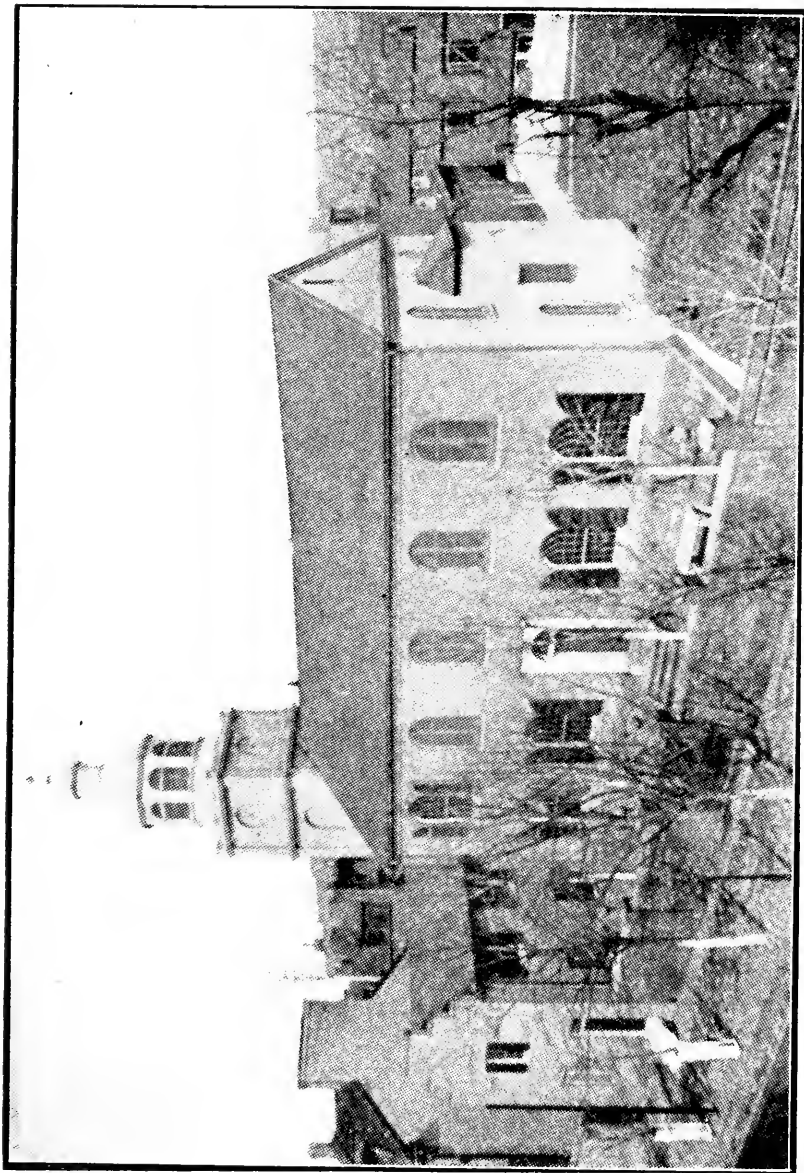
ISRAEL SLOANE



Z. WARNER



J. W. FULKERSON



OTTERBEIN'S CHURCH AND TOMB, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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If his utterances against measures which he opposed were sometimes severe, the records will show that in the treatment of his opponents he always manifested a Christian spirit. In this he was an exception.

In 1885 Doctor Warner was elected Secretary of the Missionary Society. In representing its interests upon the platform he has never been excelled. But he was most at home in the work of preaching and teaching, and in 1887 he resigned the secretaryship to take the pastorate of our church in Gibbon, Nebraska, in connection with which he lectured twice each week, once on theology and once on parliamentary law, before the faculty and students of Gibbon Collegiate Institute.

Doctor Warner was a man of heroic spirit. He sought not ease or earthly reward. "Without reserve he gave himself to the doing of the will of God. There is not the slightest indication that from the moment he began his itinerant life he ever sought his own ease, or that he ever had any other thought or purpose or motive in life but the doing of the will of God." With unfaltering purpose, with restless zeal, with heroic faith that feared no danger and surmounted every obstacle, he gave himself to the work of laying the foundation of the Church in the mountains of West Virginia.

Heroic Spirit

Truly he counted not his life dear unto him that he might win souls to Christ. His heroic work and its results have enriched and stimulated the zeal of thousands. From the small

Our Heroes, or

beginning of 1858 a great conference of fifteen thousand members has resulted, and from it men have gone out into every section of the Church to preach the gospel. No inducements from a material point of view could affect his loyalty to the Church or his devotion to his life purposes.

It was on the evening of January 24, 1888, in Gibbon, Nebraska, that he entered upon his reward in heaven. Within the suburbs of the Golden City he dictated a little letter to his wife, fearing she could not reach him from Dayton, Ohio, before his departure. About this time he said to the editor of the Telescope by telegram: "My soul is wonderfully filled with the peace of God." His body sleeps in a beautiful cemetery at Parkersburg, West Virginia, having been removed to that place several years after his death.

Among those who shared with Doctor Warner in the struggles, privations, and triumphs of planting the Church in the mountains of West Virginia, and who deserve a place in the same list of heroes are, J. Bachtel, G. W. Statton, B. Stickle, J. W. Perry, J. W. Miles, S. J. Graham, Dr. J. L. Hensley, and E. Harper.

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LESSON IV.

CHAPTER XIII.

1. What can you say of the ancestry of John Collins Bright?
2. Give date of his birth, and brief review of his early life.
3. When was he converted? Under whose ministry?
4. What new epoch does 1841 mark in the history of the United Brethren Church?
5. When was the Missionary Society of the Church founded, and by whom?
6. Who was the first Missionary Secretary of the Church?
7. What can you say of the character of Mr. Bright's work?
8. What of the results of his work?
9. What occurred at the close of his first term as Secretary?
10. In what other advance movements of the Church was he a pioneer?
11. To what pastorate was he appointed in 1865, and what were the results?
12. What is your estimate of the service Mr. Bright rendered the Church as a constructive builder?

CHAPTER XIV.

1. When and where was Jacob Bruner Resler born?
2. In what important period of the Church did he enter the ministry?
3. Give brief statement of his early itinerant work in the mountains of Pennsylvania.
4. What were some of his leading characteristics?
5. What can you say of him as an evangelist?
6. What can you say of him as a leader of men?
7. How are the "camp-meetings" of those times characterized?
8. What place did Mr. Resler occupy in the pioneer educational work of the Church?
9. Give incidents connected with his work as a college agent.
10. What was the result of his visits as agent in the homes of the people? Give illustration.
11. What is said of his interest in young people?
12. What tribute was paid him by his pastor at his funeral service?

Our Heroes, or

CHAPTER XV.

1. When and where was Walton Clayborne Smith born?
2. What is said of the natural and religious surroundings of his childhood?
3. From whom did he receive his earliest religious impressions?
4. When was he converted, and what were some of his struggles before entering the ministry?
5. When did he join the Wabash Conference, and what was the first circuit assigned him?
6. Give brief statement of his home leaving, and incident of encouragement at his second quarterly meeting.
7. What were some of his trials and triumphs the following year, on Westfield Circuit, Illinois?
8. What example of self-sacrificing heroism does he give at the conference of 1853?
9. What incident occurred in 1854, in which the late Bishop Joyce was a participant?
10. Give brief statement of his heroic work as presiding elder in 1857.
11. What relation did he sustain to Westfield College?
12. What incident occurred on his way to conference as treasurer illustrating his trust in God?
13. What were his leading characteristics?
14. When and where did he die? Who were some of his colaborers?

CHAPTER XVI.

1. What can be said of the birthplace and early training of great spiritual captains?
2. When and where was Zebedee Warner born?
3. What were his educational advantages?
4. What is said of him as a student?
5. When did Doctor Warner enter the ministry?
6. When was Parkersburg Conference organized?
7. What relation does Doctor Warner sustain to its organization and growth?
8. Describe his first circuit under the appointment of the conference.
9. What severe trial came to his home while serving this charge?
10. What does he say of their struggles with poverty?
11. What is said of his influence as a leader?
12. What is said of his ability as a preacher?
13. Name some of his chief characteristics?
14. Where and when did he die?

CHAPTER XVII.

Our Heroes in Iowa.

With the expanding life of the Church, and the westward flow of emigration, our people crossed the "Father of Waters" into Iowa early in the thirties, in search of homes for themselves and children. The territory was only sparsely settled. The people of the East at that time had but little conception of its vast possibilities when once redeemed from savage sway and made to feel the life-inspiring touch of a Christian civilization. Indeed, some of the most astute statesmen of the East could see nothing in the far West to invite home seekers, or that could contribute to the wealth and greatness of the nation.

A Connecticut representative in Congress failed to see the utility of "the Louisiana Purchase," which gave to the United States the greater part of the Mississippi Valley, and declared that at no distant day it would cause the "subversion of the Union." A New Hampshire Senator saw in the West a great menace to the eastern States, and expressed the fear that the incorporation of such a vast territory would, in the end, compel the eastern States to establish an "independent

**How Others
Saw Iowa**

Our Heroes, or

empire." A Virginia politician prophesied that this Eden of the New World would prove a cemetery for the bodies of our citizens. Still another high official declared that the acquired territory would be the greatest curse that could befall us. But how little did they know about the wonderful resources of the vast domain lying between the Mississippi and the Rockies. They were false seers, as the developments of the last half century have abundantly demonstrated.

In all this immense stretch of country no section is richer than Iowa, and the people of Illinois, and other nearby States, were quick to

Greatness of Iowa

see that its almost endless prairies, fringed here and there by winding streams and little woodlands, with a soil too fertile and enduring to ever be exhausted, were intended by the All-wise Creator to be more than a roaming place for uncivilized tribes and buffalo herds.

JOHN BURNS

Joseph B. Clark, D.D., in his admirable book entitled, "Leavening the Nation," gives Rev. Burton G. Cartwright, a Methodist minister, the honor of establishing the first class in Iowa, in 1835, near the present site of Burlington. Following this, a Baptist church was organized at Danville, and another Methodist class at Dubuque.

About this period John Burns, a local preacher in the United Brethren Church, began to make and fill appointments in Lee County,

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where he prepared the way for those who were afterwards sent to that field, and where he likewise prepared the soil for the seed-sowing that was to follow. The name of this unpretentious servant of the Church is frequently mentioned by others in later years, but we have no record of his achievements; suffice it to say that he was one of God's faithful heralds, and was the first to lift the banners of his Church west of the Mississippi. But heaven has a record of all he did and said, and has long since rewarded him for his toil in the lonely field to which an unerring Providence directed him.

Christian Troup, of Wabash Conference, followed in 1837, and became prominent as a pastor and presiding elder.

A. A. SELLERS

Possibly no one among the early missionaries in Iowa endured more hardships and made greater sacrifices to build up the Church than did A. A. Sellers. His life and labors were so thoroughly woven into the early history of the conference, which was organized shortly after his appearance upon the field, that no record of it would be complete if his name were omitted.

He was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, February 20, 1808. At the age of twenty-two he was converted at a camp-meeting in Harrison County, Indiana, and joined the United Brethren Church. This last step was, no doubt,

Our Heroes, or

an easy one, as he had been reared in the midst of the Church, and was familiar with its spirit, and simple, yet beautiful forms of worship. At this camp-meeting he preached his first sermon. Six years later he moved to Illinois and became a member of the Wabash Conference, where he preached as opportunity was afforded until April, 1839, when he crossed over to Lee County, Iowa. Here his active ministerial life began, and the work of organizing churches was undertaken in earnest.

With men who had been reared in the Church, and knew the blessedness of its fellowship, it was a very benediction, when in a strange land,

**Blessedness
of Fellowship** to find United Brethren, and to
tarry with them in their homes.

The throb of fellowship is always felt more sensibly by the settlers of a new country, when all are poor and dependent upon one another, than by those who have become rich, and, in a sense, independent. Wealth almost invariably produces selfishness and a disregard for the welfare of others.

In 1842 Mr. Sellers heard of a United Brethren preacher in a distant section and determined to find him, if possible. Accordingly, in company with Mr. John Burns, he started one morning across the plains, and continued his journey all day without a morsel of food. Not even knowing the name of the man they sought, no little difficulty was experienced in locating him; but fortunately some one was found who gave information which led them to his quarters.

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The new preacher turned out to be Rev. F. R. S. Byrd, lately removed from Ross County, Ohio. A great revival had heralded his name far and wide, and by this means news of his whereabouts had come to Sellers.

In point of time the first class was organized by John Everhart, in Henry County, at the home of Father Edgington, in 1842, but it seems that Mr. Byrd was the first to have a class incorporated under the laws of the Territory.

Both organizations, however, were effected in the month of April.

First Class Organized

The court records show that the last-named class, when incorporated, contained seven names: F. R. S. Byrd, John Kephart, Robert Henthorn, Joel Shively, John Wyatt, Solomon Bales, and Irwin Standard. This is certified to by John P. Grantham, Recorder of Henry County.

Mr. Sellers tells us that one time, when absent from home in Cedar County, a furious snow-storm prevailed for two or three days. Fearing that his family were suffering, he decided to go to them, no matter what the cost. His route lay across two trackless prairies. In some places

his horse pushed the drifted snow with his breast. Under such conditions the faithful animal could make but little headway and had to be rested frequently—sometimes a whole day. Finally, after an awful struggle, lasting sixteen days, he reached home. His good wife met him with tears of joy. Her sufferings had been almost

A Great Snow Storm

Our Heroes, or

as great as his. She had been compelled to put on his clothing and wade in the snow to her armpits to secure fuel and to keep the little live stock they owned from perishing. That a preacher's wife ever had to suffer thus for the sake of the Church may be an interesting revelation to many, but it is so; and more, the greatest privation and heartaches endured by them are not recorded yet on any militant page, but alone in God's book. To him only the secret of their sufferings is known.

When a presiding elder, in 1850, Mr. Sellers had to travel nine hundred miles in making a single round on his district. During the long trips and periods of absence from home he more than once jeopardized life itself in order to keep his appointments.

In a Swollen Stream

On one occasion he forced his horse into a swollen stream, not knowing its depth, or the danger in trying to ford it. The animal became frightened and began to rear and plunge. At last the saddle-girth broke and the rider, with all he carried, went off into the water. He finally reached the shore, he scarcely knew how, but never recovered his saddle.

Once in a while he was compelled to lay off a year or two for the purpose of paying his debts, and of getting something ahead for his family; but during these periods he ceased not to preach. His

Meager Support

Sabbaths were spent in filling appointments in his own and adjoining neighborhoods. Up to 1857 he had received, all told, for all the years of his

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service, only \$523.37. Brave soul! He knew well the converging points of service and suffering, for he had lived there during his entire ministerial life, and rejoiced in the privilege of sharing with his Lord, at so great a cost, the work of redeeming men.

In his last days he wrote: "And now my sun is fast declining. The shadows are lengthening, and I am far down the western slope; but my faith is strong, my hope is firm, and my prospects are bright; and when my work on earth is done, I hope to be able to say, as did the sainted Markwood, 'The Lord has no more for me to do.' "

JOHN EVERHART

This man of God was sent to Iowa by the Wabash Conference in August, 1841. Though a missionary, he had no appropriation behind him to make sure his living, hence was left to grapple as best he could with the financial situation involved in his self surrender to the will and work of his Church. Like others of his colaborers he found it necessary to turn aside occasionally to secular business to prevent the wolf coming too near his door; but, as soon as the necessary provisions were made for his family, he was out and in the work again.

His travels extended over nearly all the southern part of the State, and great revivals were promoted through his almost ceaseless labors. During these itineraries he crossed over into northern Missouri, and preached at various places as his time and strength permitted. In

Our Heroes, or

1851 he organized the first United Brethren class in the State in Clark County. Later he was sent to do missionary work in northern Iowa, but found the people in a state of fear and unrest. In 1857 the settlements near Spirit

Indian Outbreak

Lake had been raided by a hostile Indian tribe and forty of the citizens mercilessly slain. This created a condition which made permanent church work next to impossible, and it was quite a while before feelings of security were fully restored. But who was better prepared than Mr. Everhart to grapple with such a situation? His faith and courage and indomitable will always made him master of the situation, no matter what his environments might be. What a pity that so little of his history has been preserved!

He was known to travel in storm and snow until his feet and hands and face were frozen. At other times he would swim turbulent streams at the risk of life; or, if a ferry-boat was accessible, he would pay out all his money to get over. Once he pawned his Bible to the ferryman in order to reach his appointments on time, hoping that he might be able on his return to redeem the dear old Book which was as sacred to him as life itself. Frequently, when too

Hardships Endured

far away from human habitation to find shelter, he would camp out where darkness overtook him on the plains, with naught but the skies for a covering, and the howling of wolves to break the monotony of silence. Is it any wonder that his end was

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peaceful and triumphant? Having done his duty as a gospel herald, and in every other relation of life, he could say, when the parting hour came, "Tell my brethren that I die without a single cloud."

He was a pulpiteer of marvelous power, and, like a dashing general, oftentimes captured the multitude at a single effort. Mr. Sellers, who was

A Great Sermon

privileged to hear him at a quarterly meeting, says: "I shall never forget the first time I heard him preach. It seemed as though the very dews of heaven were falling upon every heart in the congregation. Brother Christian Troup sprang to his feet, clasped the preacher in his arms, and shouted, 'Glory.'"

The elements of fellowship meant so much to the fathers that they frequently made long journeys for the purpose of meeting each other, and of spending a short season together in prayer and praise. At one of the first quarterly meetings held in Henry County, all the ministers and other officials known in the State were present—seven preachers, three exhorters, two

A Noted Meeting

class-leaders, and seven incorporated trustees. The great gathering was held at the residence of Joel Shively, which was known far and wide as the stopping-place of church people. Since the most of the visitors on this particular occasion tarried in the Shively home, it does not require a very great stretch of the imagination to picture the meeting as one of blessed communion and in-

Our Heroes, or

spiration. We can almost hear their earnest conversation as they discussed the good times they had enjoyed in other places where they had lived and wrought, and as they hopefully plan for the work in their new country.

PLACE OF FIRST CONFERENCE.

The first regular session of the Iowa Conference was held in Columbus City, by Bishop Henry Kumler, Jr., May 19, 1844. The charter members were: J. Durham, J. Everhart, J. Burns, C. Troup, D. Shaffer, A. A. Sellers, I. B. Ryan, D. C. Barrow, M. Garrison, and G. S. Clinger.

The introduction of the United Brethren Church into this town a year or two before occurred under rather novel, if not amusing circumstances. Mr. F. R. S. Byrd, referred to elsewhere in this chapter, visited the place with the thought of establishing an appointment, but the people treated him with such indifference as to make him feel that he was not wanted. They seemed to regard him as an intruder, and

Making an Appointment

so did not show him that courtesy usually accorded to ministers. But the plucky little fellow was not to be discouraged. He had gone there to preach, and proposed to test the field before leaving it. Accordingly, he wrote and posted at the hotel this notice: "F. R. S. Byrd, of the United Brethren Church, expects to preach in Columbus City this evening at candle-lighting. If a door is opened, all right; if not, then to the largest crowd he may find on the street." A Mr. Dun-

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ham saw the quaint announcement, and invited him to preach in his house. At the appointed hour the people came, the services were held, and the way opened for the organization of a class.

Mr. Byrd moved in later years to western Iowa, and finally into the territory now occupied by the Northwest Kansas Conference, where he became a charter member of that body, and where, in May, 1879, he "yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our Heroes in Iowa—Continued.

In 1855, D. M. Harvey first became acquainted with the United Brethren Church through the pioneers who preached in northeast Iowa. He vividly recalls the hardships they underwent in connection with their work. He tells of W. H. Richardson, a presiding elder, who died of exposure while traveling a district. Another, Israel Shaffer, was a great revivalist, but died prematurely as the result of overwork.

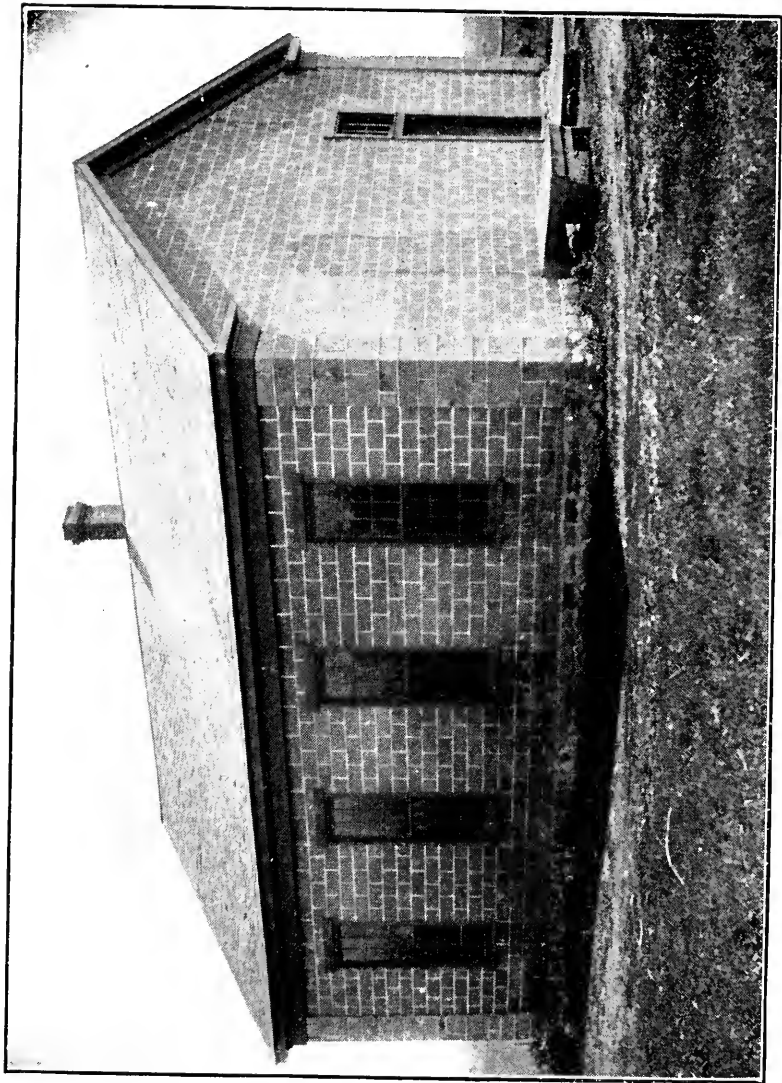
A Sudden Death

After preaching one morning this brother went to the home of one of his members and told him he had come to die. Three hours later he was in heaven.

After itinerating a few years in northeastern Iowa, Mr. Harvey was transferred to what was then considered the frontier—Butler and Franklin counties. This was in the early seventies. The winter which followed was long and severe. Many of the newcomers were greatly distressed for want of food and fuel. It is easy to imagine how the preacher fared under such circumstances. While Harvey endured his full share of suffering, his cup of joy, nevertheless, was full to overflowing. Supreme faith in the power



W. A. CARDWELL
THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO KANSAS, SENT BY THE BOARD IN 1855



THE FIRST U. B. CHURCH ERECTED IN KANSAS. BUILT BY W. A. CARDWELL IN 1856

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of grace to keep and guide always brings peace and rest of heart, no matter how great the toil and sacrifice required.

One day while returning home from an appointment, in company with his wife and babe, he was suddenly overtaken by the most furious blizzard he had ever witnessed. The snow was already three feet deep.

**Caught in a
Blizzard**

In a few minutes after the storm struck them every vestige of the broken path seemed to disappear. They were eight miles from the parsonage, the most of the distance being across an unsheltered prairie. In addition to the falling snow, the gale gathered up that which had already fallen and hurled it into their faces. He says, in describing the event: "A team just behind us wandered from the road and went with the storm until they found a pile of straw into which the driver crawled, and thus saved his life. Placing Mrs. Harvey and the baby in the bottom of the sleigh, and covering them completely with a quilt and buffalo-robe, I tried to guide the horses. If ever I strained my eyes for two hours, I did it then. Providentially, we kept in the right direction, and reached home in safety. When gathered about our humble fireside we sang praises to God for his abounding mercies."

On account of the freezing weather and the recurrence of storms, it was difficult to hold revivals; and with no such meetings, and the people, generally pinched by poverty, the missionary's family was reduced to almost absolute want. Let

Our Heroes, or

him tell it: "Upon returning home from a meeting I was trying to hold, to see how things were going, my wife met me at the door with a look which betokened discouragement.

Family in Want

When I asked to know what the trouble was, she burst into tears, and said: 'We've been living on short rations now for three days, and the last mouthful of provision is gone. We haven't a bite for dinner.' After putting my team away, I knelt in the barn all alone with my Heavenly Father and laid the case before him. When I arose I felt sure he would come to our relief in this extremity, but I did not know how. Before the dinner hour came, however, a man from a distant neighbor-

hood drove up with some flour, potatoes, meat, and enough money to buy us a small supply of groceries.

He also most earnestly requested that I come over and preach for them. So the promise was fulfilled—"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' "

Mrs. Harvey tells how the pangs of hunger were felt by her little children once in the absence of their father. And the fact that she could not help them made her very heart bleed. For two weeks they provided their bread by grating corn

on a piece of tin punched full of holes. This was a slow process of obtaining meal, but there seemed

to be no other way. One day a little darling, who had heard so much in the home about God's

A Touching Scene

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love and mercies, came to her mother and said, "Mamma, is the Lord going to let us starve to death and papa away?" The touching appeal was more than the mother could stand. Hearing that a certain neighbor was to butcher that day, she went over to buy some meat, but was sternly turned away because she had no money. Then it was that she sought out the secret place, and looked up through tear-dimmed eyes to Heaven for help. It was a period of keenest struggle between poverty and fear on one hand, and prayer and faith on the other; but faith triumphed. The following day a young man, who had been converted a short time before, was impressed while dressing meat that he ought to give the preacher's family some, and so brought them enough to supply their needs for quite a while.

Some may question the correctness of these statements, or at least the propriety of publishing them; but upon what grounds? Does not God hear and answer prayer? and is not the promise to the poor who lack bread? Others may quibble if they will, or reason as they please; we believe the meat was sent in answer to the good woman's prayer.

The South Dakota Mission Conference was organized in 1871. Mr. Harvey became a member of it four years afterward, and settled in Cherokee County, northwestern Iowa, which constituted a part of the conference territory. The field he was asked to serve did not contain a single or-

Our Heroes, or

ganized class. He was simply turned loose with the charge that he should plant and build up the United Brethren Church, which he did. Times were unusually stringent. The grasshopper raid had spread desolation throughout that region. Poverty, like a gaunt specter, stared the people in the face until many, overcome by fear, left their claims and returned to the East. But amid it all Mr. Harvey remained at his post. His financial remuneration that year was \$50.00 from the people, and \$40.00 from the Parent Board.

Of his work in after years, when a presiding elder, Mr. Harvey has this to say: "As I traveled the district through those years, and witnessed the sufferings of the preachers for want of food and comfortable homes, I wondered again and again how they could endure so much without a word of complaint." But with their sufferings came great victories. A missionary wrote

**A Shout of
Triumph**

the General Secretary as follows: "After almost four months of unceasing labor in revival work in South Dakota, fighting the powers of darkness day and night on every side amid blizzards and freezing winds, we have seen over one hundred souls come up out of the cleansing fountain washed with the blood of the Lamb."

We cannot resist the conviction that the church of God to-day would be leagues beyond where it is if its divinely-appointed representatives thought and talked less about salary and more about winning sinners. Since revivals

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seldom fail to call out the best the people have, the matter of first importance then is to have revivals. Where a mission is unable to at least comfortably support its pastor, the general Church is duty bound to give aid. In no other way can a symmetrical denominational life be developed and sustained.

The boundaries of this conference in later years have been so changed from time to time that at present it is known as North Nebraska. Though the membership is small, and limited in financial resources, it is, nevertheless, under a wise leadership, making a most commendable record in service and growth.

ABNER CORBIN

Among those who wrought mightily in establishing United Brethrenism in Iowa was Abner Corbin. He was born in Hampshire County, Virginia, September 23, 1823. When twenty-one he accompanied his parents to Iowa, and soon thereafter was converted, joined the United Brethren Church, and was licensed to preach. He took up the regular work of a missionary about 1848, and thenceforth was one of the most active and efficient among the pioneers.

His labors extended westward in the State as far as Fort Des Moines and were of the most strenuous character. He kept a brief diary for the first two or three years of his ministry, which shows that his going and preaching were constant.

**Pushes
Westward**

Our Heroes, or

A page or two from his jottings will tell the story of his work during his second year, and give the reader a glimpse of what circuit-riding in Iowa meant in those early days.

“Saturday, October 14. This is our first quarterly meeting. Brother Byrd and several others came in Brother Stipp’s wagon. Brother Byrd presided in the absence of the elder. I preached at night from Psalms 20:5, called for mourners and eight came to the altar. The ark of God moved forward and seven were converted. We had a joyful time in the Lord. Four joined the Church.

“Sunday, 15. We had a speaking meeting, and Brother Byrd preached at eleven o’clock and lifted a collection, but it was small. After this I opened the doors of the church, and two joined. We had a time of rejoicing. At night I tried to preach. When the people began to shout I called for mourners and several came out. Three were saved and one joined the Church. God’s power was manifested in a wonderful manner. I preached again on Monday night and we had a good time.

**Preaches
Daily**

“On Tuesday I went to Brother John Baily’s and preached to about fifteen persons. Next day I traveled through the rain about twenty miles to Brother Davis’ where I had an appointment at four p.m. Thursday I rode to Brother Jacob Bonebrake’s where I preached with good liberty. Friday I preached at the home of Brother Pearcey. Saturday held meeting at Stipp’s at eleven

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o'clock and at Father DeMoss' at night. Had good liberty. One joined the Church.

"Sunday preached at Father Helm's on White Breast. Monday at four p.m. at Knoxville. Had good liberty. One joined the Church. At night we had prayer-meeting and the Lord was with us. Two joined the Church. The

Swims River next day, Tuesday, I preached at Brother Jiles' at three p.m., after swimming my beast across the South Three River, and crossing over myself on a few logs tied together. I preached again that night.

"Wednesday, 25. Preached at Coppock's after swimming my horse across the Middle and Upper rivers, and, though I was late, the Lord was with us, and that to bless."

So the man of God continued. These extracts merely give an example of what he did week by week during the early years of his frontier work. His consecration was thorough. Every few pages in his diary we find recorded a prayer for divine guidance and help in winning sinners to the Cross. The fact that at every service he opened the doors of the Church, and was constantly receiving members, indicates an unquestionable loyalty to his Church for which he was sacrificing so much.

His reference to his marriage is somewhat amusing, but indicates that his mind was on his work rather than on his wife.

Marries "Leaving Brighton I traveled into Marion County, and on the tenth of April, 1850, I was married to Lucinda DeMoss.

Our Heroes, or

The next day I started for my mission again, and reached it about the twentieth." It is to be presumed that the new wife accompanied him, and thereafter shared, in a cheerful spirit, the labors and hardships of her husband. The fact that she was a DeMoss is a guarantee that she was a typical United Brethren and deeply religious.

Once in a while the clouds gathered about Mr. Corbin, but in every case he records the worth of prayer. In one instance, after prayer and victory, he breaks forth shouting :

"Now, Lord, thy heavenly grace bestow;
My heart to cheer while here below;
That I the gospel trump may blow,
And by it more thy sufferings show."

On the fly leaf of his diary is written in the style of his day the following verses which doubtless expressed his conception of the mission and work of a true gospel messenger :

"Oh, let all the people know,
When I 've ceased my work below,
That I was not ashamed to go
About the gospel trump to blow.

"Tho' my talents are but small,
Let me still the louder call;
Till I 've preached the word to all;
At my post then let me fall."

This brave warrior yielded up his spirit at Western College, Iowa, in 1862, while yet in the prime of a noble, consecrated manhood.

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GEORGE MILLER

Among the many recruits from other States who joined the workers in Iowa, it is proper to mention the name of George Miller. He belonged to a family of preachers, having four brothers who, like himself, have given their lives to the ministry of the United Brethren Church. Mr. Miller moved from Ohio in 1872 and identified himself with the Des Moines Conference, where he served two years as pastor, and as presiding elder ever since.

The first session he attended, presided over by Bishop J. Dickson, was assembled in a little schoolhouse, twelve by fourteen feet in size, in Page County. Here the business was transacted and the religious services conducted. At this time the conference contained only 1,200 members, distributed over twelve pastoral charges. The salaries of the preachers ranged from \$50.00 to \$150.00.

His first and only circuit was Carlisle, which comprised eleven appointments, and these had to be filled every two weeks. The year previous

to his coming the entire Conference had paid only \$75.00 for missions. Carlisle was assessed \$20.00 for this interest, but Mr. Miller being an adept in raising money, as his subsequent history clearly shows, brought up to the next session in cash for missions, \$101.50. When it was seen what he had done, having raised more than all the conference beside, some of his brethren got up and said, "If God will forgive us, we will never

Our Heroes, or

come up again with such reports." Thereafter the work of gathering mission funds took on new life, and brought to the treasury largely increased offerings.

When elected presiding elder the district paid only \$350.00. Out of this pittance, of course, house rent and traveling expenses had to be met. In order to economize in both men and money, he was given Des Moines Mission one year in connection with a small district of six charges. The conference appropriated \$50.00. The mission paid \$150.00 and the district \$175.00. His house rent was \$15.00 per month. Becoming painfully conscious of the situation confronting him, and not wishing to leave any store bills unpaid at the end of the year, he borrowed \$200.00, at a high rate of interest, to square up accounts. When he found at conference time that he had \$50.00 left, he generously refunded the amount that had been appropriated. The hardships he endured and the discouragements encountered were not unlike those of other pioneers who wrought at his side, or had preceded him in this difficult field.

Among his early experiences there is one especially which he has never forgotten. In one of his trips out on his district he was caught in a snow-storm of unusual severity, and, with two others, was fourteen hours going from Lehigh charge to Scranton—a distance of only ten miles. Much of the way they had to shovel through

**Borrows Money
to Pay Bills**

**Falls From
Exhaustion**

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drifted snow, with mercury forty degrees below zero. When within half a mile of their objective point they were so nearly exhausted that they hitched their team to fence-posts, covered the animals with blankets, and endeavored to walk to the railroad station. But the elder had no strength remaining. After reaching the railroad track, only a short distance away, chilled and helpless, he fell, unable to go any farther except as assisted by his companions. His face and hands were so severely frozen that the outer skin all peeled off, and it was months before the effects of the awful experience were removed.

At another time his life was imperiled by his horse breaking through the ice as he was endeavoring to cross Grand River.

He described with much feeling the privations endured by some of his pastors and their families. In some instances the children went bare-footed all winter, while their mothers were too poorly clad to attend church. As there were no

Hardships of Pastors parsonages then, the meanest kind of shacks were sometimes occupied.

Nothing better could be had. Mr. Miller declares that it was no uncommon thing in winter time to find, upon awaking in the morning, that two or three inches of snow had blown in upon the bed and floor during the night. Many times, seeing the condition of the poor pastor and his home, the elder might have been observed going about through the neighborhood from house to house gathering food for them, and money with which to purchase clothing.

Our Heroes, or

At that time quarterly meetings were usually held in private residences, or in little school-houses, as church edifices were few and widely separated. But a better day has dawned for preachers and people in Iowa. Thirty-five years has made a great change. While the work goes slowly, on account of the constant migration of the people to other sections and for other reasons, yet a good supply of churches and parsonages and a better support financially have removed many of the inconveniences and difficulties incident to pioneer days.

CHAPTER XIX.

Early Minnesota Workers.

Up to 1849 the population of Minnesota, which was then made a Territory, did not exceed six thousand souls. When admitted to the Union, nine years afterward, this handful had grown to one hundred and fifty thousand. There was something about its climate, soil, and scenery which made it famous and attracted homeseekers from all the East. Perhaps no new section in the Northwest could ever boast of a more widely representative population than Minnesota had in its early days.

Its first territorial legislature was composed of men who had come from thirteen different States—not foreigners, as we now have them, but sturdy Americans, patriotic and Christian, as their official record abundantly proves.

It is a question whether any commonwealth was ever constructed upon a foundation more stable and abiding than that which was laid by the framers of Minnesota's laws.

**A Stable
Foundation**

“Liberty and Law, Religion and Education” are the four great corner-stones. In view of these things we are not surprised to find emigrants pushing their way into the new Territory, and that among them were United Brethren from every State from Illinois to Pennsylvania.

Our Heroes, or

The first preacher, Edmund Clow, of the old Rock River (now Northern Illinois) Conference, went there in 1854 and finding the people scattered, like sheep without a shepherd, at once began to minister to them. The outlook seemed so hopeful that upon returning to his Conference the following year he asked and received ordination that he might go back prepared to administer the sacraments, and to organize churches. A mission called "Pine Creek" was mapped out and placed under his care.

J. W. FULKERSON

In the meantime the Missionary Board had been appealed to on behalf of the new field, and at once laid its hands on J. W. Fulkerson as a suitable representative for such a work. The new man chosen was born in Frederick County, Virginia, January 16, 1822. When seventeen he was converted, and four years later joined the Virginia Annual Conference, in which he spent thirteen years as an itinerant. Moving west, he stopped for a few months in Iowa, and then, at the behest of the Board, proceeded to the field assigned him.

On the 26th of September, 1856, he took his family and household goods aboard a little steamer at Muscatine, and started up the Mississippi. His objective point was Dacato, in Winona County, a small river village, where he was met by Edmund Clow and taken to his home some miles distant. Here they tarried and rested a few days,

**Rests With a
Fellow-
Minister**

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Writing concerning their stay with this servant of the Church, Mr. Fulkerson said, "They did not have very much to eat, but cheerfully divided with us, so it turned out that we all had plenty." It was simply another instance where the meal and oil were increased as God's servants had need.

Securing two light wagons the missionary reloaded his family and their belongings and started westward for Olmsted County, where he pitched his tent and held his first public meeting near the site of what afterward became the town of Eyota. Speaking of his field he comments as follows:

"I found a sparsely settled country. The improvements consisted chiefly of log cabins, rough board shacks, and sod houses. About each of these from five to twenty acres of land had been broken. What money the people had was spent during the long winter that followed, so that when spring came many were discouraged and homesick. Living was high for both man and beast. I paid one dollar and fifty cents a bushel for oats, and two dollars and fifty cents for the first bushel of seed-corn. Pork was twenty-eight cents per pound and flour nine dollars per hundred. Potatoes could not be had at any price as they were all frozen before Christmas. On the second of December snow began to fall and continued without abatement for thirty-six hours, which left the ground covered at a depth of five feet. Wild animals and birds by instinct

**Condition of
Country**

Our Heroes, or

gathered in flocks and perished. It was a period of great suffering." When this storm began a teacher who boarded with the missionary dismissed his school and urged his pupils to hurry to their homes. But one dear little girl lost her course and perished in the cold. The search for her body by parents and sympathizing friends continued for thirty days before it was recovered.

Birds and Animals Perish

Such hardships brought a new experience to Mr. Fulkerson, but his courage was dauntless and his faith victorious. He was there to stay regardless of consequences to himself and family. In his devotion to the work and determination to succeed he was very much like Ignatius de Loyola whose zeal for the mother-church led him to say: "At the command of the Pope I will embark for any coast in a vessel without a mast, rudder, or stores." Only such men win.

Mr. Fulkerson early became a student of human nature, and thus learned to adapt himself to his environments, whatever their nature. When he started in the ministry his Christian mother most generously advised him as to what and how he should do when away from home.

She said: "John, your rest must be in labor. Greet all with a smile. Make your back fit everybody's bed. By your social life attract the people, and by your religious life save them." This counsel he remembered and followed as long as he remained in active service.

On the fifth of August, 1857, the first session

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of the Minnesota Conference was opened with Bishop Lewis Davis presiding. Only four—John Haney, Edmund Clow, John Murrell, and J. W. Fulkerson—were present to enter the new organization. The reports showed twenty-nine appointments, fourteen classes, and two hundred and forty-seven members.

The three men who gave themselves to the work the following year received in financial support, including \$400 appropriated by the General Board, \$564.60, or \$188.20 each. On this amount, with the little that could be grown at home, the missionary supported his family. But amid it all, so he informs us, he was happy and hopeful in his work. During the year his labors were unusually strenuous and his personal discomforts many. Long trips across storm-swept prairies, amid sleet and snow, without any friendly home to offer shelter, not infrequently endangered life itself. Not being able to provide suitable wraps for the frigid climate, he made a sort of poncho out of a blanket, such as the Indians wore, and used it until a friend, lately from the East, loaned him his sealskin overcoat for the rest of the winter.

On one trip he rode his horse twenty-eight miles, the coldest day he ever witnessed, in the face of a northwest wind, without stopping to warm and with nothing to protect him but his Indian garb. About this time he met a Jesuit priest, who said he had slept fourteen nights under snow, farther north.

Our Heroes, or

Subsequent to this the General Missionary Secretary, in describing the work in Minnesota, wrote: "When in the providence of God his people are required to make great sacrifices for him, grand results are sure to follow.

A Secretary's Report

Last fall it seemed hard to ask a brother who had removed to western Iowa, two hundred miles, to educate his family, to move back again in just one year; and another, to take a field of labor that would keep him most of the time from an afflicted wife, who could not be moved."

In 1865, I. L. Buchwalter, a presiding elder, described the situation thus: "There seems to be a general spirit of prayer among us here this year, and especially on the border. Revivals are being promoted and new classes organized. On Ottumwa mission we have started a new class of thirteen, embracing the best citizens of the neighborhood. It was at this place where the Indians did such terrible work in slaughtering the whites in 1862. It is quite on the border in sight of the boundless prairies. The preachers here have to work for very small salaries. The people are poor, having just come in. Many live in sod houses, partly underground, and roofed over with poles, brush, and earth. They have no lumber with which to build, or money to buy. Food for the preacher's horse can scarcely be found. Much hay was burned last fall by untimely prairie fires. Yet, how welcome to this people in rags is the preaching of the gospel with its cheering, soothing voice."

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Mr. Fulkerson, in a letter recently written, refers to the Indian outbreak mentioned in the foregoing report. He says: "It was a great loss to Minnesota when, in August of 1862, twenty-one of her noble sons and daughters were cruelly slain by the Sioux Indians. The Sabbath before the outbreak I visited the neighborhood where the massacre occurred and organized a class of thirteen members. Some of our people had moved there from my neighborhood, and I wished to save them to the Church. With one of these families I tarried on Sunday night. The next morning I was up and away as the sun made golden and beautiful the eastern horizon. I left the brethren full of good cheer, not so much as dreaming of the awful fate that awaited them. But the plot had been formed and before I reached home had been executed in cold blood."

Indian Massacre

How narrow the escape of the missionary! While the laymen slain were noble souls and were greatly needed in building up the Church in the "Star of the North," how much greater the loss would have been to that section, and to the whole Church, if their leader had been numbered with them.

Jealousy and whisky were the main causes of the massacre. The Government felt most keenly the loss of these citizens, and within a few months had arrested, convicted, and executed, on the same gallows, seventeen of the leading offenders.

Swift Punishment

Mr. Fulkerson, the hero of so many battles,

Our Heroes, or

has never quit the field to which he was assigned more than a half century ago. At the age of eighty-seven he retains his mental powers in a remarkable degree and is as much concerned in the progress of his Church as ever before. In his last message he says: "I am jealous for God's truth. The more of the Bible we have woven into our lives the richer our experience, the more successful our labors, and the brighter our hope of heaven. If I had my life to live over I should spend it in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. The name is richer and sweeter to me now than ever before."

CHAPTER XX.

The Work in Missouri.

As has been noted elsewhere, the first United Brethren class known in Missouri was organized in Clark County in 1851, by John Everhart, of the Iowa Conference. The second was established not long afterward in Union County by Ira B. Ryan, of the same conference. The first regular preaching, however, was done in the southwestern portion of the State by Henry Kumler, Jr., Josiah Terrell, and others, and here, in 1853, a conference was organized. Mr. Kumler was sent as a missionary by the Board.

**First
Preachers**

In 1858 the conference north of the Missouri River, composed mainly of ministers who formerly belonged to the Des Moines Conference, was launched by Bishop Edwards. That the first conference organized still existed, and was independent of the second, are facts clearly shown by Daniel Shuck, who spent the year 1858-59 in the State under the direction of the General Board. In his diary we find this item: "October 1. Missouri Mission Conference met in its fifth session at the residence of Brother Coblentz. Members present, Bishop D. Edwards, W. B. Southard, A. P. Floyd, and D. Shuck. We closed our meeting on Sabbath, the tenth."

Our Heroes, or

Doctor Berger, in his history of the Church, says the North Conference was organized October 18, at Atlanta, in Macon County. If this be correct, then evidently the Bishop went to the last-named point direct from the session referred to by Mr. Shuck. In a succeeding chapter we shall have occasion to speak further, and at length, of this missionary's labors in Missouri.

It is a question whether the ministers of any part of the great Southwest have ever made a more heroic effort to build up and sustain the Church than have those who chose Missouri as the scene of their toil. As no authentic history of the two conferences in their early years can be found, except what Missionary Shuck incidentally furnishes, we are unable to give the reports of the workers, and consequently know nothing of the pecuniary support they received.

The proceedings of the North Conference for 1862 show eight missions and one circuit. Seven men were employed and received an aggregate salary of \$938.00. Of this amount \$500.00 was furnished by the Mission Board. But great revivals were promoted in spite of the excitement occasioned by the war, and the utter contempt in which the Church was held by extreme political partisans. The membership was increased from three hundred and forty-eight to nine hundred and ninety.

The next session was held in April, 1864. Twelve preachers reported a salary, all told, of

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\$1,604.21, including another \$500.00 from the Board. The Secretary of the 1865 session inserted in the minutes the following comment which is significant: "Had some drawbacks this year. Old rebel Pap Price made a raid into Missouri. Some of the preachers were shot at, but the Lord spared us all." This shows something of the tension under which the missionaries carried forward their work; nevertheless they reported progress in some regards.

Membership Grows

The number of fields had grown to seventeen, and the aggregate membership enlarged to 1,337. The salary and appropriations aggregated \$1,293. The two presiding elders together received \$419.16. The enlargement of the work was truly marvelous under the circumstances. God so blessed it that at the end of 1867 the number of communicants was 2,382. With what tireless zeal and effort the gospel messengers pressed their cause, and with what courage they braved the hardships which must have come to them and their families!

M. BRATCHER

Only one of the older ministers in the State remains to connect us with the sixties. Mr. M. Bratcher has been in constant service, until recently, since 1869. His first year was spent on Eagleville Circuit, and the next on Marysville. The last named consisted of eighteen appointments located in portions of Nodaway and Worth Counties, Missouri, and Page and Taylor

Our Heroes, or

Counties, Iowa. This indicates that the boundaries of the conference extended across the State line, and included a small portion of southwestern Iowa.

The field was sixty miles long, north and south, and forty east and west. Each appointment was filled every two weeks, which made it necessary to preach every day in the week and three times on Sunday. Of course, such a charge kept the preacher away from home nearly all the time, hence he was compelled to study on horseback, and in that way prepare himself for examination in his conference reading-course. At times, owing to the deep interest he felt in some book he might be reading, he would become utterly oblivious of his surroundings. On one occasion, while thus absorbed in his studies, his horse, unnoticed, took the wrong course, and when he came to himself he was so bewildered that it took him some time to determine where he was, and how to get back to the main road again. At conference he reported seventy-two accessions and a salary of \$269.00. He

Large Circuit

Requisites to Success always considered three things as essential to ministerial success; namely, grace, good sense, and courage. And all these requisites he possessed in a large degree.

The next conference was held at Avalon, one hundred and sixteen miles distant, and every foot of the journey had to be made on horseback through the mud. On his return he was compelled to ride two miles through water mid-

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side to his horse in crossing the Shoal Creek bottoms.

Soon after entering the work of his conference, his faithful companion and helpmeet in Christian service bade him and their six little children good-by, and pushed out into the vast unseen. He speaks of this as the "hardest trial" of his life, but he has never forgotten the experience which made her last moments so glorious and heaven like. Pointing upward, and with a face all wreathed in smiles, she exclaimed, "I see Him! oh, I see Him!" After sharing with her husband in whatever fell to the lot of an itinerant in that day, how fitting that she should be given a vision of her Lord as she gave to her husband and little ones the last farewell; and will not the dear Savior recognize her when the crowning-time comes as the copartner of his servant in the ministry of reconciliation?

**Companion
Dies**

When Mr. Bratcher joined the conference he was made Missionary Treasurer. A number of the preachers received \$50.00 each from the General Board. This, to be sure, was a small amount, but it often saved them from serious embarrassment. To them it meant so much that at the end of each quarter they would beg him to borrow the pittance due them and pay it if he did not have it in the treasury. As we go over the work of the heroes of a half century ago, and see how inadequate their support was, and then consider what they had to do in return for the little salary paid them, we are astonished

Our Heroes, or

and wonder how it all happened. For many years Mr. Bratcher's pay did not average more than \$160.00

While moving from Kidder to Eagleville in a wagon one September morning, soon after conference, a most distressing accident occurred. Little Milton, a six-year-old boy, lost his balance, fell to the ground, and was instantly killed by a wheel which crushed his head. The remains were tenderly gathered up and carried back to the Wheeler graveyard, where they were laid away to rest by the side of his sainted mother. When the sad funeral was over, the father and remaining members of the family journeyed on to their appointed field. The real struggles of that year were never known, perhaps, to any souls on earth outside the little group in the parsonage; but the good angels of God dwelt there, and in their ministries of love filled with comfort and hope the bereft heart.

This old servant of the Church still lives, though nearly blind and almost helpless. In reviewing the long years of his ministry he thinks not of their hardships. "After all," he says, "the yoke has been easy and the burden light."

While the financial conditions in Missouri have greatly improved in recent years, and our pastors are receiving a better support than ever before, yet many of them work on a salary by no means adequate to their needs. Though the membership of the conference has been greatly depleted by

**A Hopeful
Future**

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removals, and in various other ways, we never saw the day when the Church in Missouri was so well equipped for service and success as at present. Despite the adverse conditions which have prevailed from first to last, we have accumulated Church and parsonage property worth more than \$100,000, and the work of building still goes on. The membership is gradually growing at present, and everywhere throughout the conference there is to be found an optimism and enthusiasm which presage achievements hitherto unknown among our workers.

LESSON V.

CHAPTER XVII.

1. What did eastern people think of the West? What is the real character and value of Iowa as a State?
2. Who was the first United Brethren minister to settle in Iowa?
3. Tell of A. A. Sellers, his removal to Iowa, and his search for Mr. Byrd.
4. When and by whom were the first classes formed in Iowa?
5. Tell of Mr. Sellers' experience in storm and in swollen stream.
6. Who sent Mr. Everhart to Iowa, and what of his work, his hardships, his preaching ability, etc.?
7. What do you recall about the meeting at the home of Joel Shively?
8. When and where was Iowa Conference organized, and how was the Church introduced into Columbus City?

CHAPTER XVIII.

1. Tell of the early recollections of D. M. Harvey, of his experience in the blizzard, of his family's sufferings, of his removal to South Dakota Conference, of the hardships endured by him and his coworkers there.
2. What of Abner Corbin? What does his diary say about his work, his experiences in swimming rivers, etc.?
3. When did George Miller go to Iowa, and what was the financial record of Des Moines Conference up to that time?
4. Describe his experience in snow-storm; also the sufferings of the pastors under him.

CHAPTER XIX.

1. What United Brethren preacher first went to Minnesota?
2. When and by whose appointment did J. W. Fulkerson go?
3. What does he say about the country at that time, its people, winters, etc.?
4. When was the conference organized? What membership? What salaries, etc.?
5. What advice did Mr. Fulkerson's mother give him?
6. What is said of the Indian outbreak?
7. What is the feeling of the old hero at this time?

CHAPTER XX.

1. Who first preached in Missouri, organizing classes?
2. Tell something of the early organization of the conferences, revivals, salaries, etc.
3. Describe the work and peculiar trials of M. Bratcher, as an itinerant, also in the loss of his wife and child.
4. What is the present outlook of the conference?
5. Should work planted at so great a cost be hurriedly abandoned?

CHAPTER XXI.

Kansas Pioneers.

When the United Brethren entered Kansas the Territory was in the throes of civil strife. Senator Stephen A. Douglas had introduced a bill in Congress the year before providing for the recognition of Kansas and Nebraska as Territories, but the bill contained a clause which left with the people of each Territory the matter of deciding whether it should be slave or free.

Political Unrest The adoption of the measure was a plain violation of what was known as "The Missouri Compromise," which had been agreed upon and meant that slavery was not to be extended beyond Missouri. The agitation in Congress was soon transferred to Kansas, and the people there divided into the Slavery and Free-Soil parties.

The struggle between the two parties became desperate. The election in 1854 resulted in the triumph of the pro-slavery party, and in 1855 a legislature was convened at Leecompton, later and for many years the seat of our Lane University. The Free-Soil party, which charged that frauds had been perpetrated in the election, in various ways, called another legislature at Topeka and set up a rival government. The strife and blood-

Our Heroes, or

shed which followed attracted the attention of the whole country, and everywhere the people bemoaned the condition of "bleeding Kansas."

**Bleeding
Kansas**

Missouri, a slave State, was bent on forcing her questionable system upon the new Territory, and to carry out her program sent hundreds of her voters across the line to control the elections. No man along the border was safe if he dared to express adverse sentiments, or appeared to sympathize with the Free-Soil advocates.

Such a state of affairs, in the very nature of things, would make church work slow and uncertain of success.

WILLIAM A. CARDWELL

In 1855 the General Board sent W. A. Cardwell, of White River Conference, as a missionary to Kansas. So far as we are able to determine, only one missionary, S. Y. Lum, a Congregationalist, preceded him in the new field.

Mr. Cardwell moved his family in a wagon, and was one hundred and thirty-five days making the journey. Upon reaching the Territory, he found himself homeless, penniless, and almost friendless. Settling in a shack at Big Springs, he at once began a survey of the country, and soon had an appointment for every day in the week. Some of the preaching-places were a day's travel from home. "Wind and tide" were against the hero. No support for his family, and a bloody

**First
Home**

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political controversy, created conditions which tried his very soul. Including the small appropriation made by the Board, his salary for the first year did not exceed \$65.00. How his devoted wife and children existed during this trying period, God only knows. We rejoice in the thought, however, that he does know and has a perfectly kept record of it all.

Mr. Cardwell was a man who thought for himself, and had the courage of his convictions. He stood for the freedom of Kansas, and had made bold to express his views whenever there was occasion for it. Such a course made him a target for the pro-slavery element, and consequently endangered his life. His neighbors who were friendly with him, but not with his views, frequently warned him against further denunciation of slavery and whisky; but to him the path of duty seemed clear, and he was bound to walk in it regardless of personal results.

A Courageous Preacher

On one occasion he met twelve "border ruffians" squarely in the road. They were all armed, and he was quick to see that his safety lay in a bold front; so he walked right up to their guns, which were leveled at him, as though he utterly disregarded them. The usual question was put to him—"Where are you from?" to which he replied immediately, "Kentucky." This seemed to satisfy them. His answer was true, though he had lived many years in Indiana after leaving his Southern home.

J. C. Bright, the General Missionary Secre-

Our Heroes, or

tary, about this period wrote as follows: "The political sky in Kansas is cloudy at present, but freedom must in the end prevail. If Kansas should ever be a slave State, we ought not to abandon it. The gospel of Christ is light, and wherever the dark cloud of slavery is spread, there the light should be diffused.

**Missionaries
Mobbed**

Through sore troubles and persecutions the brethren continued to prosecute their work. Frequently they have been mobbed, waylaid, shot at, threatened, and troubled on every hand, but they are not in despair." Again he says: "If our brethren who are now in Kansas have preached between stacks of arms; if they have seen brother pursuing brother with a view to kill; if they have seen the smoke and heard the roar of cannon; if they have had their own property stolen; yea, more, had revolvers and knives pointed at their hearts, and threatened with instant death,—I say, if men who have passed through such experiences as these say they are not discouraged, what should be our response?"

A dozen armed "bushwhackers" came to arrest Mr. Cardwell one day at his home, and found him digging a well. In obedience to their orders he came out, but upon reaching the surface found himself in front of a dozen guns. Undaunted by these he began to ridicule them for their cowardice, saying, "Surely twelve brave men would not think of firing on an innocent man, and he unarmed," whereupon the leader of the

**Upbraids
Enemies**

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squad remarked: "Don't shoot, boys. I'll never stand by and see as brave a man as he is, killed."

For political reasons a number of persons had been arrested and imprisoned at Lecompton. One or two of these were special friends of the preacher. Anxious to see them, he went to the guard and asked permission to enter the jail. The gruff reply was: "No, sir. Jesus Christ himself couldn't get in if he were here." "If I am not mistaken, he is in there now," replied Mr. Cardwell, and quietly walked away.

The first United Brethren class in the Territory was organized by him at Big Springs in 1855, consisting of thirteen members. Of this

First Class and Church-House number, four—B. S. Moore, Mattie Cardwell, D. Lawrence, and Nancy Brooks—still survive. The

following year a church-edifice of stone and cement was erected under the missionary's supervision for the new class, a cut of which may be seen on another page.

About the time the Church was established here a certain doctor decided to set up a saloon, and accordingly purchased a barrel of whisky. Satan is always most active when the work of God prospers. But the alert Cardwell was de-

First Temperance Fight. termined that the influence of his recent revival efforts should not be counteracted in any such fashion;

so he called a meeting of the citizens, mounted the whisky barrel, and made such a withering speech against the proposed saloon that the indignant people proceeded at once, without cere-

Our Heroes, or

mony, to empty the barrel's contents into the doctor's yard.

Such was Mr. Cardwell's way of doing things; and such has been the method of Kansas ever since in dealing with the liquor traffic. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that Kansas is great to-day because the foundations on which her moral, civic, and commercial interests rest were made broad and strong by the noble men who laid them.

S. S. SNYDER

This gallant member of the King's guard, sent by the Board from the Allegheny Conference in 1856 to assist Mr. Cardwell, became a victim of political guerillas, and laid down his life in attestation of his loyalty to the Church, and his love of human liberty. He was the first presiding elder of the conference, and by his pulpit utterances and newspaper articles, aroused against himself the most intense hatred and opposition on the part of the Church's enemies. His life was threatened almost daily. His friends cautioned him to be more conservative, but the brave Snyder, like Enoch, God's prophet before the flood, continued to warn the people "of all their ungodly deeds." Finally, the portentous cloud, which had been so long gathering, broke in fury upon the town of Lawrence, where he lived. A young school-teacher from Kentucky, by the name of Quantrill, raided the place at the head of an armed force, reduced it

**Killed by
Guerillas**

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to ashes, and mercilessly killed one hundred and fifty of its citizens. Mr. Snyder was found in his barn-yard, and instantly shot down at the hands of the bloodthirsty mob. Thus on that fateful day there were left to mourn eighty newly-made widows and two hundred and fifty newly-made orphans. This was in 1864.

It is clear, from what we have shown, that the civil strife which existed in Kansas during the first ten years of the Church's operations there, and the consequent bloodshed and social estrangements, made the work difficult and painfully slow. But a braver, truer band of men never lived and wrought than were the United Brethren who planted and nurtured the Church of their choice on Kansas soil during these perilous times.

JOSIAH TERRELL

Josiah Terrell moved to Kansas from southern Missouri in 1856, and joined himself to the handful of workers already on the ground. While preaching in Missouri he suffered many indignities at the hands of the Church's opposers, being threatened more than once with mob violence. But, like many of his contemporaries, he had given himself to the cause of human freedom, and to the work of the Church, and proposed to carry out the program at all hazard. His chivalry knew no fear; his zeal for the kingdom knew no languor. Serving as presiding elder in Kansas for years he became well known and was loved by all the churches.

Our Heroes, or

Though his support was pitifully small, and his privations manifold, he always took a hopeful view of things, and believed most implicitly in a sustaining and over-ruling Providence. One illustration will serve to show the true spirit of

Thrown Into River

the man. One day, when traveling in company with missionary Cardwell, his horse mired as he entered a stream, and fell in the ice-cold water. The rider, however, with rare presence of mind, kept in the saddle, and when the horse finally came to his feet again, shouted at the top of his voice, "Glory to God for salvation." After riding many miles farther in his wet clothes, in the face of a cold March wind, he preached with great power to a crowded house.

It may not be out of place, in this connection, to give, briefly, the history of a church bell with which this pioneer had to do. While it may have but little relation to the general purpose of this book, it will, without doubt, interest the reader, as it has in it a touch both of the romantic and pathetic.

On his way from General Conference in 1849, he purchased a bell in Cincinnati for a certain church in Illinois, and as he could get it for half price, paid for it himself. When the bell was put up he had a note made in the quarterly

Buys a Bell

conference record to the effect that the property was his, and should be so recognized, until paid for. After a while the preaching-place was dropped, the church sold, and a law-suit instituted by

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certain parties to secure the bell. While the trial was in progress the real owner rode into town, and, hearing of what was going on, at once looked up the old quarterly-conference minutes, presented them to the court, and demanded the property, which was awarded him without hesitation. In 1854 he moved the bell in his wagon to Missouri, later to Mound City, Kansas, and finally to Lecompton, when he sold it to the Presbyterians for ninety dollars.

A few years passed and these people gave up their appointment here, and built in the town of Perry, north of the Kaw River, a mile and a half distant. Being in need of a bell they decided to transfer to the new church the one they had left in Lecompton, and accordingly sent for it. But

**Bell
Captured** the denizens of the little burg refused most positively to see it moved. They had paid for it, they said, and proposed to keep it. Nothing more was said for the time. Finally, the Fourth of July came around. The people of Lecompton were patriotic, and all went out to a grove a mile or two away to celebrate. Upon returning home in the evening they were greatly surprised to hear the clear tones of their venerable bell ringing out from the cupola of the Perry Presbyterian Church, it having been carried away in their absence, and without their knowledge.

This was not all. Father Terrell, in his last years, moved to Perry and died there; and this same bell called the people to his funeral, which was conducted by Dr. G. M. Human, and tolled

Our Heroes, or

a solemn requiem as the procession started toward the place of his burial.

ORGANIZATION OF KANSAS CONFERENCE.

On the 30th of October, 1857, Bishop David Edwards organized the Kansas Conference in a sod house owned by S. S. Snyder. Other helpers, who will be noticed later, had come in by this time. Five ministers besides the Bishop and two laymen were present. The church-membership was about two hundred. The following appointments were made: S. S. Snyder, presiding elder. Tecumseh, W. A. Cardwell; Big Springs, A. M. Thornton; Lawrence, S. Kretzinger; Prairie City, J. S. Gingerich; Upper Neosho, G. Perkins; Lower Neosho, A. Bixler; Fort Scott, J. Terrell; Ossawatamie, W. Huffman.

CHAPTER XXII.

Trying Times Among Kansas Pioneers.

While strong men were added to the ministry of the conference from time to time, the work, nevertheless, was difficult for many years. Various reasons conspired to make it so. The constant agitation of the slavery question, and the deadly hostility aroused among the Southern and Northern people who had gone thither to live, militated greatly against religious work in general, and especially in communities where both elements were represented. Brother was arrayed against brother. Despite this situation, however, our membership grew, until it numbered nine hundred and twenty-eight by 1860. The increase came largely from the United Brethren who had moved in from other States.

In the midst of the political turmoil, which continued without abatement, came the great drouth, unparalleled in American history. An old settler describes it thus: "Enough rain did not fall in some localities from early in the fall of 1859 until midsummer in 1860 to lay the dust. In the spring, farmers went to work with the hope and expectation that rain would come, but they were disappointed. Vegetation tried to start up, but soon died; springs and creeks went dry; wells gave out, and many persons were forced to

**A Destructive
Drought**

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haul water for drinking and cooking purposes for miles. Finally, the hot winds set in, blistering and withering everything in the line of vegetation that possessed a semblance of life. Mercury was driven higher than it has ever been since, and the fields and prairies were as brown and dead as in winter. Then began that remarkable exodus which, in seventeen months, reduced the population of the Territory from 115,000 to less than 75,000. Our Church in its organization was almost ruined. Many classes disappeared entirely, while in other cases only mere skeletons were left; but, be it said to the honor of our preachers, that, with an exception or two, they all stood to their posts. When one of them was asked why he did not go, too, he replied: "Because I am needed here worse than ever before. If the people starve, I will starve with them. It seems clear to me that all the heroes have not gone down to death on the bloody battle-field."

**What It
Cost**

This graphic portrayal of the sufferings which came to the pioneers in Kansas will give the reader a faint conception of what it cost our missionaries, and others, to establish United Brethrenism in that section, and thus make possible the splendid achievements which have followed.

The Civil War following the famine, as is well known, kept the whole country in a state of unrest for several years. Kansas suffered its full share of the results. So it may be said that

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the first decade of the Church's operations in this field, including Missouri, was a period of the most strenuous effort accompanied by a devotion and heroism unsurpassed in the history of American missions.

Other men of faith and valor, beside those already named, like William Huffman, Henry Bell, and N. Bixler, joined the forces of the new conference in the early fifties, and wrought nobly as the heralds of truth. Their names not only deserve mention here, but are worthy of a place among the heroes enumerated in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

G. M. HUFFMAN

Among the early effective workers in Northeast Kansas was G. M. Huffman. In 1869 he was given annual conference license by Bishop J. Markwood, and appointed to his first field—New Lancaster Circuit. For fifteen years his salary ranged from \$125 to \$275. He gave all his time to the ministry. During this period, and ever since, except five years, he furnished his own house. “The coldest winter we ever passed in Kansas,” he writes, “we lived in a house with nothing but weather-boarding between us and weather thirty degrees below zero. That was our hard year, but we had a great revival during the winter.”

While Mr. Huffman's educational advantages were limited to a brief period in “Old Western,” he has always been a student, and so may be

Our Heroes, or

reckoned a man of learning. His main source of culture, he says, has been the "New York Independent," which he has read continually for the last thirty-five years.

To his wife he pays the following beautiful tribute: "I must give credit for whatever of success that has come to my ministry to the one

A Tribute of Love

who has for forty years 'halved my sorrows and doubled my joys.'

The zeal for the cause of Christ which characterized her grandfather, John Neidig, burns in her heart to this day. If I could live my life over again I would spend it in the ministry without any regard to the hardships it might entail. My only desire would be to make of myself a better preacher than I have ever been."

JOHN R. MEREDITH

This brother, prominent for many years in the early work of the Church in Kansas, had his ups and downs, encouragements and discouragements, with every other preacher who was faithful to his calling, and loyal to the best interests of the Church he loved and served.

At the very threshold of his itinerancy, Mr. Meredith was thoroughly tested. The poverty among some of the people was appalling. Being unmarried, he devoted all his time to the work, sharing with his parishioners the morsel they had to divide. His salary for the first year was only fifty dollars. Out of sympathy for the poor, he gave them all his clothing except the

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suit he wore. In late winter and early spring his pony, for want of grain, which could not be had, became too weak to carry him, thus making it necessary for him to travel his large field on foot.

A fact which merits emphasis here is that the laymen oftentimes suffered just as much as did the ministers, yet were willing to divide the little they had with the man of God sent to preach among them. The following incident from Mr.

**Example of
Poverty** Meredith's own pen will serve as an illustration: "One evening, after preaching," he says, "a brother asked me home with him for the night, and the invitation was cheerfully accepted. When there, however, I was puzzled to know how they could furnish me a place to sleep. The house was a little plank shack of one room, and contained only one bed. But I finally dismissed the subject from my mind, remembering that I was their guest, and that it was their business to provide accommodations. After conversing pleasantly for an hour or two, and some one having suggested that it was bed-time, the good man of the house went out and brought in an armload of dry prairie hay and threw it on the floor. Then the wife, who seemed to understand her part, spread a clean sheet over it, tucking it carefully under the hay on all sides, added the needed quilts and pillows, and then I was informed that my bed was ready. The rest it afforded was greatly enjoyed, as I was exceedingly weary." The generous souls who so cheerfully

Our Heroes, or

furnished the primitive accommodations no doubt were made happy over the thought that they were entertaining God's herald, and were led to serve the Church thereafter with a growing love and devotion.

Mr. Meredith had faith. He believed in that Providence which is pledged to care for the saints. The element of trust had been instilled into his early home life; yet he never lost sight of the thought that God helps those most who try to help themselves. When stationed at Leavenworth, he had occasion to test most fully the assurance of the Word. The class was small and poor. Fifty dollars had been appropriated by the Missionary Board, but that was barely enough to pay rent. For many weeks during this year his wife was dangerously ill. Not being able to hire help, he had to be nurse and cook, preacher and pastor. At last his sister-in-law came to his relief, and assumed a part of his care. One day, after the noon

The Wolf at the Door

meal, she informed him that nothing was left for supper—not a thing. He replied that it was a little strange that everything should give out at once. He had no money, and did not want to ask for credit at the grocery. In the meantime he was praying most earnestly for light and help. Toward evening his sister-in-law asked him what he was going to do. He told her he did not know certainly, but thought things would come out all right. Finally, the hour for prayer-meeting came, and he went, as usual. After the service

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he started home, but was called back by some one. Upon returning he was shown a large basket filled with provisions, such as bread, coffee, sugar, butter, meat, and a dressed chicken—the very thing his sick wife needed. In addition, a little purse of four dollars was placed in his hands. The recipient was so overjoyed that he could not express his gratitude. When he reached home and emptied his basket his sister-in-law threw up her hands in amazement and shouted, “Rob Meredith, where on earth did you get all that?” The reply was, “The Lord gave it to me.” Referring to the matter long afterwards, he said, “I believed it then, and I believe it now—the Lord gave it to me.”

At another time, while in Leavenworth, they were reduced to corn bread and water, but a good Providence sent relief, thus verifying the promise, “But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Other Kansas Pioneers.

J. R. Evans, a crusader of the Illinois Conference, was among the early United Brethren who chose southeast Kansas as his field, and gave it many years of his mature life. His memory is precious to all who knew him. Unremitting in toil, unswerving in purpose, and unfaltering in faith, he had a large part in laying the foundations of his Church, and in preaching the gospel to all the people in the parts where he spent his last days.

Owing to the long distances he had to travel, together with the excessive labor thrust upon him, he was kept away from home almost constantly. Once, after an absence of ten weeks, he remained with his family only one night, and his devoted wife spent all that night washing and drying his clothes, that he might be able to get away early the next morning.

**At Home
but Little**

As a presiding elder he was strong, heroic, wise, and fatherly. During an exceedingly dry year he traveled continuously among the churches to encourage them, and to aid and comfort the poor itinerants who, like himself, had been reduced to the point of suffering. But

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great revivals resulted from his visits throughout the district, which reached far to the West. The people were in a mood to hear and heed the messages of God, and by hundreds turned their faces toward the "better country," and decided to lay up for themselves treasures beyond the reach of famine and death. What had not been dried up by the scorching sun was destroyed by grasshoppers, which were gradually moving eastward, like a great army, in quest of food.

The Osage Conference, which had been organized in 1870, met this year (1874) at Greeley, Kansas; and while Bishop Glossbrenner was reading the appointments the grasshoppers began to light about the church, and by the time

**The
Grasshopper
Invasion** the congregation was dismissed, the ground was literally covered with them, and devastation fol-

lowed in their wake as they swept on toward the Missouri line. When the good Bishop saw the poverty and hardships that awaited his devoted pastors and missionaries, he wept like a child, and tried to encourage them with the assurance of help from the Church in the East. Later, several hundred dollars were raised through his efforts, and sent to their relief. One remarkable thing about this conference session was that every preacher was returned to the field he had served the previous year, and not a man among them flinched in the presence of the certain hardships which stared him in the face. Strong men were seen to weep as they looked upon their dependent ones. They were content to go hun-

Our Heroes, or

gry themselves, but could not stand it to hear their children cry for bread.

In the midst of the awful famine, which appealed so powerfully for outside help, Mrs. Susan Cardwell, wife of William A. Cardwell, mentioned at length in another chapter,

**Appeal to
President** wrote a letter to Mrs. President Grant, with whom she had become acquainted during war times, and told her about the excessive sufferings of the people in Kansas on account of the grasshopper invasion. She assured the lady of the White House that, though her husband was a minister, he did not need help, but plead most earnestly and tenderly that the President, or some one else in authority, might be enlisted in the interest of the helpless sufferers about her. The appeal so impressed the President that he immediately took steps to relieve the distressing situation, and the Secretary of War kindly answered the letter, assuring the good woman that her request had been granted, and that supplies would be forwarded at once from St. Louis. This caused many to rejoice, and to pour out their hearts in thanksgiving to God.

Mr. Evans, like the general he was, stood in the front ranks among his noble fellow-toilers, and sounded the note of victory from one end of the line to the other. Once he rode eighty miles to attend a quarterly meeting, and received only seventy-five cents for his services. Sometimes the life of a good man means as much, or more, than his words. So it proved in his case, at least with

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one soul. Mr. George Gay, in his travels one day, came upon an emigrant family. In talking with them he found that the wife and mother was a United Brethren, and got from her the story of her conversion. She said she had never heard, or spoken to the man who was the means of her salvation. When living in another part of the country, she looked out from her window one cold, stormy day, when it seemed too awful for any one to be out, and saw an old man trudging along through the drifted snow. She did not have any idea who it was, but remarked that somebody must be sick, or dead, as nothing else would induce a man to run the risk of freezing. A neighbor, who happened to be present, then looked out, and recognizing the lone traveler said, "Why, that's Mr. Evans, the old preacher, on his way to fill his appointments." "What!" exclaimed the woman, "that poor, old man facing all this storm for the sake of sinners, and I unsaved!" So the Holy Spirit that day blessed the faithfulness of his servant to the saving of a sinner.

The last full year the old hero ever spent on a circuit he witnessed over a hundred conversions, and received as many into the Church.

His end was triumphant. Having preached fifty-eight years, he was a ripe sheaf for the heavenly garner.

When a friend asked him how he felt, he replied, "All these years I have been living for this hour, and it is all right now." How much richer

**A Peaceful
End**

Our Heroes, or

heaven must have been in moral worth the day the conqueror reached home.

To his loved ones he did not leave that doubtful blessing—a large fortune, but he left that priceless heritage which money cannot buy—a name without a stain, a reputation without a blemish.

J. R. CHAMBERS

It is a pleasure to know that a few of the Church pioneers who took part in opening up the work in some portions of Kansas and in other western States still remain, and can give, by word or pen, their own experience back in the days when it meant so much to be an itinerant. Among these is J. R. Chambers, a member of Neosho Conference. Soon after returning home from the Civil War, in which he had served, he entered another army under the banner of the Cross, and gave himself thereafter to the ministry of the United Brethren Church. His lot was the same as that of his comrades in service when the country was comparatively new, and the crop failures, for one reason or another, were so frequent and disastrous. He

A Suffering Family

tells us that the wolf came so near his door at times that nothing was left on which to subsist but bread and home-made coffee. As the children did not like the coffee, they had to be content with bread alone.

He preached at one point all year, and at three others for three months, and, all told, re-

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ceived only \$3.75. Many times he would walk twenty-five miles on Saturday, preach at ten-thirty on Sabbath, walk twelve miles to another place and hold service at four o'clock in the afternoon, preach again at night, and then walk home, twenty-five miles, on Monday, where he put in the next four days trying to provide for his dependent family. When presiding elder he was often absent eight weeks at a time, while his devoted helper in the Lord, and the little ones, were a mile distant from the nearest neighbor. Others suffered in like manner, but not being here to tell the story themselves, and having left no written record behind, we shall never know to what extent they served and endured until the "books are opened" at the last great day, and their works are made manifest in the white light of the throne.

**Walks His
Circuit**

R. W. PARKS

While the Church operated in the eastern part of the Territory as early as the fifties, it could move westward only as the tide of emigration rolled that way, hence the process was slow. When it is remembered that Kansas is four hundred miles long, east and west, it will be seen that time was required to build up settlements even half way across this great stretch of country. But as communities sprang up our preachers, as a rule, were on the ground to look after their spiritual needs, and to care for the sheep of our own fold. It is to be regretted that in

Our Heroes, or

later years, when the population increased so rapidly, we were unable, as a Church, to meet the demands made upon us.

Early in 1871, R. W. Parks, of the Central Illinois Conference, moved into the Arkansas valley, and was the first United Brethren to lift the banners of his Church in all that country. In fact, no services, so far as he could ascertain, were held by any church in the valley, except in the village of Wichita, and there only occasionally. While there were not many people to be gotten together in any neighborhood, Mr. Parks at once recognized their needs, and began to plan appointments over as much territory as he could possibly cover. In May of this year he organized the first class, called Pleasant Valley, some fifteen miles from Wichita, in what is now known as Southwest Kansas Conference. The charter members were E. H. Clark and wife, F. M. Dick and wife, and R. W. Parks and wife. The next March he held a revival here, which added sixteen to the little organization. This was the first revival held by any of our preachers in the valley. At this time he did not know of a United Brethren minister nearer than a hundred miles. A lone servant he was, far away from kindred and friends, riding across bleak prairies, at times through blinding snow-storms, not knowing whither to turn for food or shelter, that he might minister to perishing souls, and plant firmly the standard of his beloved Zion.

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His wife's people in Ohio were anxious to have her come home, and offered to defray all expenses; but she said: "No, I will not do that. Let them send me the money to live on and I will stay here in the work." And so she did.

When the Osage Conference met in the fall of 1872, Mr. Parks requested, by letter, that a presiding elder be sent to the field he had undertaken to cultivate, for the purpose of organizing a mission. Accordingly, D.

New Mission Opened

Wenrich visited him shortly thereafter, organized his appointments into a mission, and called it "Little River." The next year he and another brother drove one hundred and fifty miles to conference in a covered wagon, camping along the way wherever night overtook them. Returning home, he started afoot to the field assigned him, fifty miles distant, not knowing that he would get a dollar for the year's toil except what the Board and eastern friends might furnish. This was the drouth and grasshopper period, when every particle of vegetation in all that country was destroyed. The people and preachers suffered greatly, but, as has been noted elsewhere, aid came from outside sources in time to relieve their distress, and to help them along until another harvest could be gathered.

When the Arkansas Valley, now Southwest Kansas, Conference was organized, in 1881, Mr. Parks was one of its charter members, and continued in the work for many years. Like nearly all the other preachers of his day in central Kan-

Our Heroes, or

sas, he had to provide for his family in part by locating them where they could till the soil, or otherwise secure employment. Though he was influential and successful as a pioneer, and was respected wherever he went for his ability and untiring efforts, his salary only averaged about \$200 a year through all the period of his active service. At this time he is living at Toronto, Kansas, ripe in years, rich in experience, strong in faith, and joyous in hope.

It is proper in this connection to refer again to Mr. George Gay, who was Mr. Parks' associate on the frontier for many years. Though modest and retiring in disposition, his courage was lion-like. Through heat and cold, through rain and storm, he continued in his chosen work. He might have been seen week by week driving a farm wagon across prairies or up and down the Walnut Valley. He carried with him a mess-chest, provisioned at home, and slept in or under his wagon on the banks of the Antelope, or wherever he chanced to be when darkness came on.

**Carried
Provisions**

When compelled to cease his itineraries because of old age, he set about to make permanent the work in his own community, and so remained true till death to the vows of his early ministry. Being a United Brethren by birth, tastes, intuitions, and aspirations to manliness of character and usefulness of life, he illustrated through his entire career those lofty traits typical of the Church's noblest sons.

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F. P. SMITH

Among the preachers who entered the work in central southern Kansas a third of a century ago, none, perhaps, was more faithful and self-sacrificing than F. P. Smith. The first conference he attended, the Osage, was held in 1875. The next year he became a member, and thereafter was identified with every interest of his chosen field. He was one of the twenty ministers who entered into the organization of Arkansas Valley Conference. The newness of the country, the poverty of the people, and the difficulty of the work in general, created conditions which thoroughly tested the mettle of every man who went to the front.

From 1871 to 1881, eighteen charges had been formed in this new territory, showing how rapidly United Brethrenism had taken root in the virgin soil of Kansas.

A glance at the minutes of the earlier sessions of the conference will reveal something of the real sacrifices made by its loyal representatives. One of the presiding elders says: "I traveled during the year, 4,402 miles. Salary, \$268.78. Traveling expenses \$71.04, leaving a balance of \$197.74." The other elder received, above expenses, \$225. The next year one of these men reported \$400 salary, less \$100.04 expenses. Two hundred services were held, and five thousand nine hundred and fifty-five miles traveled. The other received \$375.50, and preached three hundred and fourteen sermons. Of course, from this pittance all

**Tells His
Own Story**

Our Heroes, or

expenses had to be met. And be it said to the honor of these heroes that they gave all their time to the work. The records show that as late as 1887 the average salary was only \$152.11. Mr. Smith's first charge was Sheridan Mission, which paid him nine dollars in addition to the twenty dollars appropriated by the conference.

At one of the conferences Bishop Kephart, after listening to a number of reports, said:

How They Lived "Brethren, how do you get along? What do you live on?" Instantly one of the men, noted for his wit and directness, replied, "Live on? Why, Bishop, we live on sand and scenery."

At the session of the Southwest Kansas Conference held in Wichita, in August, 1907, Mr. Smith read a paper on the history of the Church in the Arkansas Valley, giving some interesting personal reminiscences, which we here subjoin:

Happy "The happiest days of my life were spent at the front with saber flashing in the sunlight, with cannon booming in the distance, and with musket rattling on every hand. Yes, at the front, where the battle is warmest, is the grandest place of all. At the front with wife and little children, with appointments thirty-five miles apart, and living for weeks at a stretch on corn bread and water. But what of it? it was the best bread I ever tasted, and the water was the purest and the most delicious I ever drank. When we got tired of sod houses within, and of the howling of wind and wolves without, we did not hurry back

United Brethren Home Missionaries

to some of the stronger charges to find a hearthstone already warmed, but proceeded to build churches of our own.

“While in the West it fell to my lot to care for an annual conference, which proved quite a task. No one was expected to pay for his meals. I was getting along nicely providing homes, but then, as now, the pastor was expected to do his share of entertaining. At this time we were poor, and had no money. There were no gro-

Cares for a Conference

ceries of any kind in the house. A bit of meat and a very little flour constituted our supply. Wife was worrying a good deal. In fact, I was, too, on the sly, but I kept humming the chorus, ‘I’m the child of a King.’ Then I would say to wife, ‘Be quiet, dear, God is our Father.’ The conference was to meet on Thursday. About noon Tuesday a young man came to our door with a beautiful young lady and inquired, ‘Is this where the minister lives?’ You can guess what he wanted. After the marriage ceremony he put a ten-dollar gold piece in my hand, and then bade us good-by. When I looked around, wife was crying. I said to her, ‘Dry your tears; here are the groceries for conference.’ I thought then, and think now that the Lord sent that young couple to the parsonage just to help us.

“While in that short-grass country I got in debt \$20, and some how could not get out. The firm I owed kept dunning me for the money until I was in distress. I tried to explain, but they failed to understand my situation. One day,

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upon going to the post-office, I received two letters. The first one I opened was from my creditors, and was full of criticism and insinuations. It questioned my honesty and right to preach.

In Debt It was a sad moment. Finally, I opened the other letter, and, to my utter amazement, it contained a \$20-draft from Brother John Dodds, of Dayton, Ohio. I can never describe my gratitude and feelings of joy at that moment. I had never seen Brother Dodds, nor even communicated with him. Many years afterward I met him at a General Conference, and told him all about it. With tears he said, 'Never mind, dear brother, I have been doing this kind of work for a long time.' "

On one occasion, Mr. Smith says, his presiding elder visited him when all they had to set before him was corn bread and water. After the frugal meal, they bowed in prayer around the table, while the elder poured out his heart to the Father of mercies in prayer. It was an hour of

A Sad Letter precious fellowship. About this time this same elder wrote Mr. Smith, saying, "Only God and the good angels know what my family is suffering for the sake of the Church." How blessed the thought that God did know all about it.

Years ago this dear soul who wrote so tenderly of his family, quit the cross for a crown, and entered upon his long-sought rest. Surely the Master will accord such heroes a place very near himself in glory.

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Among the charter members of this conference was J. H. Snyder, one of the West's strongest men, and secretary of the General Conference since 1885.

C. U. McKEE

The first United Brethren preacher to settle within the bounds of what now constitutes Northwest Kansas Conference was C. U. McKee, formerly an itinerant in the old East Des Moines Conference. He pitched his tent in Mitchell County, near Beloit, in 1873. At this time we had no class organizations in the county, nor anywhere else westward in the State. Soon, however, he began to make appointments where enough people could be gotten together to have preaching, and, as the result, societies were formed at various points, which afterwards developed into centers around which strong charges were built.

In 1878, he erected the first United Brethren house of worship in his country, and now the oldest church edifice in the conference. For his first six years' work he received in salary \$150. This meant, of course, that he had to labor with his hands between Sundays, as did nearly all the pioneers. The truth is, we would have but little in the West to-day if the early preachers had not so toiled.

In 1879, the Northwest Kansas Conference was set off to itself, with twenty-three ministers and thirteen charges. McKee was made secre-

Our Heroes, or

tary, and served in this capacity for several years thereafter. He also traveled as presiding elder nearly a score of years. He knew, as did but few others, what the pastors in those early days

Frontier Hardships

of the conference had to undergo, and writes most tenderly about them. "The hardships of these men of God," he says, "were such as frontiersmen always have to suffer—exposure, scarcity of food and clothing, extensive travel, hard work, heat and cold, drouth and flood. Their families shared all these trials in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice. In view of the little support received, God only knows how they managed to live and get along. But they did live and labored on 'as seeing Him who is invisible,' and wrought gloriously for the Church."

It would be a pleasure to mention, in this connection, the other twenty-two brave men who entered the conference as charter members with Mr. McKee, but lack of space forbids. Suffice it to say that they were faithful to every trust imposed, and suffered much for the Church's sake, "that they might obtain a better resurrection."

That the reader who is unacquainted with frontier life may get a glimpse of what it means, we give the following somewhat amusing incident: E. Shepherd, of this conference, who was elected presiding elder at its first session, was preaching one Sunday in a "dugout." Because of the elder's presence, the little room, probably sixteen by twenty feet in size, was crowded with

A Pioneer Incident

United Brethren Home Missionaries

anxious, earnest listeners. Right in the midst of the service, a horse hitched outside took fright, and suddenly sprang upon the roof of the dirt house, which was not sufficiently strong to bear him up. It is easy to imagine the surprise and consternation of the worshipers, including the preacher, when the animal's legs came crashing through between the poles used to support the sod covering. A stampede followed, which, of course, broke up the meeting, and the men hastened to rescue the horse from his suspended position. Such were the places in which quarterly meetings were held.

Northwest Kansas is one of the most vigorous conferences in the West, and is manned by pastors who give themselves, without reserve, to its work. At the close of the first year the conference had increased its membership from 752 to 1,389. The thirteen pastors, however, received in the aggregate only \$1,450.48, or an average, each, of \$111.58. The highest salary, \$190, was received by J. H. Bloyed on Lawrence Creek Circuit. Next came J. J. Burch, on Wolf Creek, with \$185. A. S. Poulson ranked third, reporting \$175.58 from Salem, while J. McMillen stood fourth, with \$160.50 from White Rock. But the workers of to-day are faring better. "One soweth and another reapeth." This is the divine law, and holds good in the church as well as in nature. It has been decreed that "both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together" in the final gathering of the harvest.

Early Records

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pioneers in Colorado.

E. J. Lamb, who became prominent in the early work of the Church in Nebraska and Colorado, was born in Indiana, January 1, 1832. In 1842 his parents moved to Iowa, and fifteen years later the young man, with thirty-five others, landed in eastern Kansas. Here he remained for nine years, when he located in Saline County, Nebraska. Two years later he decided upon the ministry as his life work, and began to preach on the frontiers of Nebraska and Kansas.

Those were trying days. The battle for bread and raiment with the new settlers was fierce and long. Mr. Lamb was fully awake to the situation, and understood well what an itinerant's life would mean to him.

**Trying
Days**

He says: "We preached in dwelling-houses, many of them constructed of sod, and sometimes in dugouts. Occasionally, the luxury of a fairly good schoolhouse was offered for services. We succeeded in organizing a number of classes on Little Blue, Turkey Creek, and the West Blue. It was not all sunshine, however, with us. The red skins annoyed us a good deal. The Omaha and Pawnee tribes had to pass through our sparsely-settled neighborhood in going to and from their hunting-ground farther

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west. They would both beg and steal when camping near us. Farther on we had more serious trouble with them. They became exasperated over what they considered an encroachment of their rightful domain—their buffalo hunting-grounds—by the whites, and determined to drive the settlers out of the country. A large body of the Sioux swept down the Little Blue River, killing many settlers and stealing a large number of horses and cattle. They came close to our neighborhood and massacred a number on Big Sandy. I was called upon to preach the funeral of some who were murdered in their harvest-fields. A Mrs. Eubanks and a Miss Laura Roper were taken prisoners; also two children, who were tomahawked on account of their crying from fright.

“A number of us, one hundred or more, went to the front under Governor Butler’s orders to guard the borders. We moved our families to Big Blue River, and there threw up a sod embankment for a breastwork of protection in case the Indians should venture that far east.”

This indicates something of the actual dangers which confronted the early ministers in their work in the Northwest. Later, we will have occasion again to refer to the Indian uprising in this section, and to the cruel killing of one of our ministers.

In the spring of 1870, Mr. Lamb, with W. J. Caldwell, and a layman, John Elliott, traveled two hundred miles to attend an annual confer-

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ence held at Lecompton, Kansas, when he was ordained by Bishop Dickson. During the following winter, while in a great revival, a letter was received by him from D. K. Flickinger, Missionary Secretary, saying: "The Board has this day decided that you go to Colorado and join Rev. St. Clair Ross in missionary effort for the upbuilding of our cause in Christ's name, and for the glory of God in those far-off mountains and vales." With this order came a draft for \$200, which indicated the Board's faith in him and the territory to which he was being directed.

May 25, 1871, he bade his wife and little ones good-by, and started. It required a horseback ride of three days to reach the nearest railroad station—Junction City, Kansas. He felt sad over the parting. He says: "For a short time I experienced a feeling of loneliness. Home and a loving wife and children are a blessing to be appreciated, and the separation seems to intensify that home feeling. But self-denials must be endured, and trials overcome in order to final triumph."

Reaching Denver, he walked twelve miles down the Platte River to the home of Mr. Ross. The year was spent in preaching, prospecting, organizing, and such other work as usually falls to a frontiersman. He built the first United Brethren church in Colorado, eleven miles below Denver, near the Platte River, assisted by Mr. Charlton, a local preacher. He not only

**Goes to
Colorado**

**Bullds First
Church**



J. KENOYER



MRS. J. KENOYER



WM. R. COURSEY



WILLIAM DAUGHERTY



MRS. WILLIAM DAUGHERTY



DANIEL SHUCK

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superintended the work, but labored with his own hands for days and weeks. They erected a t nt near by, where they ate and slept while thus engaged.

In his autobiography he describes most vividly his experiences this year. Sometimes he was greatly encouraged; at other seasons he had his misgivings. Some blessed and helped him; others opposed and hindered his work. On one occasion he was even shot at by a hidden foe. In early fall he visited Estes Park, far back in the mountains. Before returning, a lady friend insisted upon his taking her revolver with him, declaring that he did not know what emergency might arise for its use. On the way back to fill his appointments, some thirty or forty miles distant, as he was winding his way around the banks of the St. Vrain, to avoid wading the stream, he came upon an open piece of ground where grew some currant bushes covered with ripe berries. Pausing a few moments to sample them, he was suddenly surprised and alarmed at the appearance of a huge mountain lioness only a few rods distant. Evidently she had whelps nearby, and had come to their rescue. Before he could get his revolver in hand the angry beast was almost close enough to leap upon him. Finally, he let drive at her. The big pistol sounded like a cannon in the stillness of the mountains. With a snarl, and a bound in the opposite direction, she disappeared in the bushes. More than likely the bullet took effect, but the

**Attacked by
Mountain Lion**

Our Heroes, or

preacher did not tarry to investigate. He was only too willing to part company with his newly-found foe, and with a crescendo movement scurried onward toward a safe retreat. In referring to the exciting experience afterwards he remarked that had it not been for the gun his lady friend gave him, the scriptural prophecy of the lion and lamb lying down together would certainly have been fulfilled.

At the end of a thirty-mile journey, he lodged at a ranch-house, and rested on the floor on some old quilts. The next morning he was out betimes, and trudging along toward his Sunday preaching-places.

In this connection it may be proper to speak more particularly of the Colorado Conference. The work there has always gone slowly. For various reasons it is a difficult field to cultivate. An ever-changing population makes permanency next to impossible. This is true with all the denominations. The migration of some of our people thither induced the Board to send St. Clair Ross, of the Illinois Conference, among them as a missionary in the fall of 1869. He bore his own expenses in going, but an appropriation of \$200 was made for his support the first year, and \$115 additional was collected from outside sources. The next man on the ground was W. H. McCormick, of the Central Illinois Conference, who followed Mr. Ross in the spring of 1870. He was a professional teacher, but seeing the great need of preachers, he threw himself

**Other
Workers**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

into the itinerancy of his Church, and for years was a prominent figure in the councils and personnel of the new mission field. Perhaps no one gave the work more standing in its earlier history than did Mr. McCormick.

In 1872 the Colorado Conference was organized by Bishop Dickson. The charter members were St. Clair Ross, A. Hartzell, and W. H. McCormick. The mission charges numbered three, namely, Denver, Ralston, and Left Hand. To each was appropriated \$266. There were also three classes, with an aggregate membership of seventy-two. The following year L. S. Cornell, a man of culture and strength, was added to the working force, and the four missionaries received each, upon an average, \$309.82. Rather small the compensation for a quartet of brave, active men, willing to give themselves to pioneer service. Mr. Cornell later became prominent as a leader in the educational work of the State, and won distinction as the superintendent of its free schools.

Returning to the labors of E. J. Lamb, it should be said that after spending a year in Colorado he returned to Nebraska, and was employed by the Board to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the number of our people that had settled in that new country. One hundred dollars were appropriated to defray expenses. Mr. Lamb, however, was averse to going alone, and offered Byron Allen, a local preacher, the whole of the ap-

**Conference
Organized**

**Returns to
Nebraska**

Our Heroes, or

propriation if he would accompany him. When informed that their mission would be to visit among all the people, natives, Swedes, Bohemians, and others who might come in the way, Allen replied: "Certainly I will go. I fought all through the Civil War, and why should I fear sinners, Swedes, Bohemians, or the devil himself?"

After traveling over the central and southeastern portions of the State, visiting from settlement to settlement, and frequently from house to house in a neighborhood, their work was finally concluded and reported back to the Board. Seven hundred and sixty-three members, forty classes, twenty-one local preachers, and thirty-one Sabbath schools had been found. Our people and preachers had gone there mainly from Iowa and Kansas. The report was so encouraging that a new conference was organized in October of 1873 by Bishop Glossbrenner, with eight hundred and forty-one communicants, twenty-six ministers, six circuits, and thirteen missions.

Mr. Lamb, in a short time, removed his family to Colorado, where he continued in active service as a pastor and presiding elder for many years. At this writing he lives at Estes Park, a beautiful summer resort, some thirty-five miles distant from Loveland. Though seventy-six years old he is quite strong, and preaches nearly every Sabbath during the summer and fall to the many who gather there for health and pleasure.

LESSON VI.

CHAPTER XXI.

1. What were the political conditions in Kansas in the fifties?
2. Who went to Kansas as the first United Brethren missionary, and when?
3. What of his courage and the dangers to which he was exposed?
4. What report did Secretary Bright make concerning the work?
5. When and where was the first class organized and the first church built?
6. When and where was the first temperance battle?
7. Relate the cause of S. S. Snyder's death.
8. What was the character of Josiah Terrell's work? Recall the story of the church bell.
9. When, where, and by whom was Kansas Conference organized?

CHAPTER XXII.

1. What was the experience of the Church in those days? What of the awful drought?
2. Tell something of the life of Doctor Huffman; also of John R. Merideth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1. Give the experiences of J. R. Evans when presiding elder. Review the grasshopper invasion, the 1874 conference, and the securing of Government help by Mrs. Cardwell.
2. How was a lady saved through Mr. Evans without knowing or hearing him?
3. What of the hardships of J. R. Chambers and family?
4. Where did R. W. Parks settle, and what was the nature of his work at first?
5. What of George Gay, his associate?
6. When did F. P. Smith become an itinerant, and what support did he and others receive?
7. What does he say about the frontier? About providing for conference and about his debt?
8. What is his testimony concerning his presiding elder?
9. What preacher first settled in Northwest Kansas? Give his early work and his estimate of his collaborators?
10. Relate incident connected with Elder Sheperd.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1. Give briefly the service of E. J. Lamb up to the time of his appointment to Colorado? Tell of his experience with the red man.
2. When was he appointed to Colorado and by whom?
3. Tell of his encounter with a mountain lion.
4. When was the Colorado Conference organized, and who were its leaders?
5. For what purpose was Lamb employed by the missionary Board in Nebraska?

CHAPTER XXV.

Pioneers in Nebraska

It may not be generally known in the Church that a mission conference was organized in Nebraska by Bishop Edwards in 1858. J. M. Dosh, of Des Moines Conference, was the leading spirit in the new enterprise. But slow progress was made for want of men and money. In 1861 it numbered only one hundred and thirty-five members. Shortly after this it was discontinued, and placed under the care of what was then known as West Des Moines Conference. Our people, however, continued to come in from various sections until, as has been noted elsewhere, they numbered nearly eight hundred, and again it was found necessary to organize.

Nebraska is a great State, and has furnished a splendid field for the Church, though we have not been able to cultivate it as its real needs demanded, or as the opportunities would have permitted. A large portion of it is still genuine home mission territory, and appeals strongly to the general Church for help.

WILLIAM P. CALDWELL

William P. Caldwell was a captain, courageous and noble, and proved a very great factor in establishing United Brethrenism in eastern Nebraska. Settling near where the town of

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Swantom now stands, he began to exercise in public, and very soon was in great demand as a leader in prayer and social meetings. This was in 1865. As yet he was not licensed to preach, but the more thoughtful and pious with whom he worshiped were impressed that the ministry was his divinely-appointed field, and often talked with him upon the subject. Finally he yielded, and a year later entered the active work of a missionary itinerant. Both his pulpit and social qualities conspired to make him popular, hence the people were always glad to hear him preach. Some who lived thirty miles distant would attend his services. He traveled on horseback, preached every night in the week, and three times on Sunday. When appointed by the Kansas Conference to Turkey Creek Circuit, he was the only regular traveling preacher in Nebraska, and his territory embraced the entire State. He had thirty appointments. With such a field it is easy to see why he was kept on the go incessantly.

He was preëminently a soul-winner. In the pulpit his appeals were tender and convincing; but he was not confined to the public congregation in his work. He always had a message for the individual, whether in field or shop, whether on the public highway or in the home. He would sometimes start out early on the Sabbath and walk for miles and miles, inviting the people, and especially the indifferent, to come and hear the

**Begins
Ministry**

**Visits the
People**

Our Heroes, or

word. Such a man always wins. God give us more like him! His salary as a pastor ranged from \$37 up to \$150. One year it reached \$175, including a missionary appropriation of \$25.

After a few years he was elected presiding elder. A leading minister, Solomon Weaver, of the Kansas Conference, opposed his elevation, saying: "Brethren, don't elect him. If you do you will spoil a mighty good circuit preacher, and make an exceedingly poor presiding elder." But the good brother was mistaken in his man. Mr. Caldwell continued in the office some twenty years, serving his conference and Church with great acceptability.

His son, Schuyler, says, in a communication: "We boys stayed at home with mother and worked to make a living, while father traveled all the time. It was three hundred and fifty miles around one of his circuits, but he made it every three weeks, and got \$37 for the year's work. This was but a fair sample of much of his early ministry. Meeting his appointments sometimes meant the swimming of swollen streams, and the facing of blinding snow-storms, but he never complained. Before he left us for heaven he had the satisfaction of knowing that three thousand souls had been converted and brought into the Church through his labors."

**Son's
Testimony**

As a preacher he was not broadly informed. He had but little time to spend with his library at home, yet he was a student. The Bible with him was first and foremost. He studied it on

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horseback, or as he rested by the wayside. Sometimes in the home where he chanced to tarry, the midnight hour would find him reading the old Book by the dim, flickering light of the "tallow dip." So, while he did not know much about the sciences, he understood the philosophy of salvation's plan, and how to win men to Christ.

A few years before his death he asked the conference for a rest of twelve months, which was cheerfully granted. But he could not rest; he did not know how. To work had become second nature with him; so he made appointments and preached nearly as often as if he had been in charge of a circuit. When the year was up he reported two new classes, and ninety accessions. With him it was battle and victory to the very last. No mortal ear ever heard him sound a retreat or ever complain of the lot which had befallen him. His life was one long journey upward without a halt, or single step backward.

As a fitting expression of appreciation, and to perpetuate his memory in the Church to which he gave his life, the East Nebraska Conference erected the first temple of worship in Lincoln, the capital of the State, engraving thereon "Caldwell Memorial."

SIMEON AUSTIN

One of the charter members of the East Nebraska Conference was Simeon Austin, who settled in York County in 1867, and began to

Our Heroes, or

preach in the different neighborhoods in reach of him. Though poor in this world's goods, he possessed great energy and zeal, and counted it a pleasure to suffer hardships for the sake of the Church. Having a faith well grounded in the Word, he ever stood ready to defend what he conceived to be right. He really loved controversy, and feared not to cross swords with any foe, no matter how giantlike he might appear.

At the first session of the conference he was elected one of the presiding elders, and remained in the position for many years. In serving his district he drove a span of ponies hitched to an old buggy, partly constructed by himself. Thus he traveled month by month, sometimes lodging with a friend, at other times camping out, using his buggy for a shelter, mother earth for a bed, and his grip for a pillow. He seemed determined that no obstacle should turn him aside from the path of duty, or from the achievement of whatever task he sought to accomplish. One example will suffice:

At the close of a certain conference session, held in a country church, a few farmers loaded the preachers and visitors into their bobsleds and started for the railroad station six miles distant. The waters were high, the snow deep, and the wind blew furiously. When within two miles of the depot they encountered a sheet of water and ice some twenty rods wide, occasioned by the river overflowing its banks. It was too deep to drive the sleds through; what was to be done?

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Presiding Elder Austin determined not to miss his train. After a brief consultation he said:

**An Instance
of Courage** "I am the oldest man in the crowd. Who will follow me?" And with his grip in hand he plunged into the icy water. Six others followed. But when they reached the station it was found that there was no train within forty miles of them headed their way. Then what? No conveyance could be had of any kind for any price. One of the party lived at Blair, twenty-six miles away. After another council they determined to walk eight miles over the railroad track to the next town, where they secured conveyance, and reached Blair at ten o'clock that night. How grateful they were to get something to eat and to find a warm home in which to dry their frozen garments. Mr. Austin, during this most trying ordeal, remained cheerful and did much to rally the spirits of his weary comrades in travel.

A brother who knew him well and worked long at his side, refers to him as one of God's noble men—a brave soul who never flinched in the presence of duty, nor complained over his lot, no matter how hard and trying. At each recurring sunset he pitched his tent on higher ground, until heaven was gained.

ELIJAH W. JOHNSON

Another worthy pioneer in Nebraska United Brethrenism, and whose name deserves a place in the list of heroes recorded in this volume, was Elijah W. Johnson. He moved from Illi-

Our Heroes, or

nois in 1866, and located in the eastern part of the State, where he preached for a time as opportunity was afforded.

When the conference was organized in 1873, he was chosen secretary, and reëlected thereafter twenty times. In 1875 he was made presiding elder. These were hard days for the itinerant in a new and sparsely settled territory, because of the vastness of the field and the stunted financial support received. As emigrants crossed the Missouri River, they located all along the border north and south. A fair proportion of these were United Brethren. To follow them, and to answer all the calls for preaching, meant increased labor, and extended itineraries.

**Secretary
and Elder**

Mr. Johnson was a man of indomitable purpose, and therefore suited to the kind of service thrust upon him. With a courage born of faith he stood ready to grapple with any problem in the line of his work, however great and difficult it might appear. The snow-storms which so frequently swept over the prairies, rendering the roads impassable for days, and even for weeks at a time, greatly hindered the preachers in making good their appointments, and in holding revivals. The presiding elder had his full share of difficulties from this source. A single incident from his own pen will suffice to show what he had to encounter at times:

“In February of 1877, I held a quarterly meeting at the union schoolhouse, in Cass County, near the present town of Elmwood. Sabbath

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morning was favorable, and the people came from far and near. About eleven o'clock it began to snow, and kept on until the storm was blinding. The people, after church, all went to

A Trying Experience the nearest neighbors, hoping that ere long they could get away to their homes; but there was no let up in the snowfall for the next twenty-four hours. What crowds of us there were in little shacks! Where I stopped we numbered seventeen, and only three beds. The brother was out of coal, but fortunately had some corn ahead, so he sat by the little stove all night, and fed it corn. Some slept on chairs, others in the beds, while others, still, stretched out upon the floor. The building was a primitive homesteader's shack of about twelve by fourteen feet, to which had been added a kitchen, eight by twelve feet. When permitted to go out the next afternoon we found the snow-drifts so deep that travel seemed impossible.

“My next quarterly was on Plattsmouth Circuit, twenty-five miles distant. Though I was eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, I determined not to miss my engagement. After waiting two days I found a man who seemed compelled to attend court at Plattsmouth, and he agreed to give me a place in his bob-sled if I

A Long Trip would help him through the snow-drifts. Thursday morning we started. His wraps were a couple of old quilts. On we went, sometimes in the road, sometimes through the fields, and oftentimes

Our Heroes, or

through or over immense accumulations of snow. Sometimes we walked—just anything to get along. Finally, in the evening, and after traveling all day without seeing food or fire, I turned aside and found a United Brethren home. I could not express my gratitude to God for his abounding goodness in leading me that day, and in giving me a resting-place for my weary body.”

FARTHER TO THE WEST.

When it became known that the south central portion of the State was exceedingly fertile, and promised to become wealthy in time, the people migrated thitherward in great numbers. Our preachers, with that broad, hopeful spirit which almost invariably characterizes the pioneer, joined the procession and located on the frontier for the purpose of ministering to the spiritual needs of the new settlers, and of planting early among them the United Brethren Church.

In 1878 the West Nebraska Conference was organized. The handful of workers who constituted it were brave—heroic enough to try to work out for themselves, with but little outside help, the problems of growth and permanency. The men in the vanguard suffered as did others who were thrust upon the great prairies to battle with famine and storm and hostile tribes. Some of the fields projected by the new conference embraced two or three counties, or large portions thereof, and were traveled afoot by the missionaries assigned to them.

**West Nebraska
Organized**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

In 1879 crops were so short, and food and clothing so scarce, that the Missionary Society made a general call for help, which was forwarded in time to relieve the brethren who were so sorely in need. One of the sufferers, writing to Secretary Flickinger, said: "Here let me refer to the goods and money received for the missionaries not long ago. They have all been distributed. What happiness and encouragement they brought to us! What a lighting up of drooping spirits! The warming of the little ones in the home, and the feeding of the hungry, have been the source of many new and holy impulses, and led to the forming of many new resolutions to do more for the Savior. I can speak only of their tears and words of gratitude. They tell of emotions which cannot be expressed."

**A Touching
Letter**

GEORGE FEMBERS

When West Nebraska Conference was organized there were a good many Germans in its territory, and in some of the Kansas counties nearby. George Fembers, being a German by birth and education, asked permission to carry the word to his people wherever he might find them in the new country. The favor was granted, and he at once set about his work with that devoutness and steady purpose so characteristic of his race. But the career of the anxious herald in this particular field was brief. A cruel death was not very far away.

**Missionary to
Germans**

Our Heroes, or

A northern tribe of Cheyenne Indians, settled by the Government in the early seventies in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, had grown dissatisfied with their surroundings,

Trouble With Indians

and determined to return to their old home on the Sioux reservation near the Black Hills, in South Dakota. The deserters were led by Chief Dull Knife, and numbered about one hundred and fifty, and two hundred women and children. For some cause they became exasperated and slew, without mercy, thirty-two whites in Decatur and Rawlins counties, Kansas, as they passed through. Mr. Fembers was in Rawlins County at the time, and in the path of their raid. About daybreak one morning they reached the place where he had tarried for the night. The man of the house was shot down in the yard. The missionary, hearing the report of their guns, and surmising what it meant, ran out of the house, but was not allowed to escape. His dead body was left lying in its own blood only a few rods distant, and later was buried on the spot by unknown hands. A young girl fourteen years old made her escape, with a little brother, to a strip of timber near by, where she was found by J. G. Martin, a United Brethren, some days later, almost crazed by hunger and excitement.

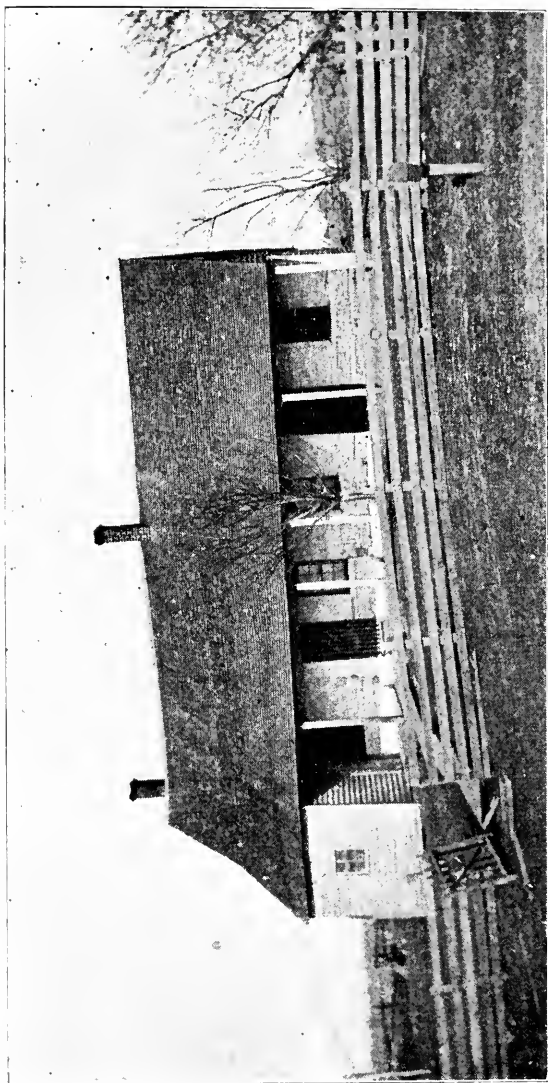
Cruelly Slain

Several years after the lone preacher's death, his conference had his body exhumed and reinterred in a church cemetery in Redwillow County, Nebraska, near the home of Mr. J. Mason.



RUINS OF OUR FIRST CHURCH IN
OKLAHOMA, BUILT OF SOD

DUG-OUT WHERE FIRST CLASS WAS
ORGANIZED IN "NO MAN'S LAND"



HOUSE IN WHICH IOWA CONFERENCE WAS ORGANIZED

CHAPTER XXVI.

Brave Men in California

In the early fifties we had a few United Brethren preachers in California who had gone thither to find homes, and, if the way opened, to aid in establishing the Church. Among these were David Thompson, B. B. Allen, and J. H. Mayfield. California then, as now, was a difficult field to cultivate, owing, largely, to social conditions. The constant moving of United Brethren to the coast, however, soon led the Missionary Society to undertake the opening of work in the "Golden State," as it already had done in the State of Oregon.

ISRAEL SLOAN

The first representative sent out by the Board was Israel Sloan, formerly a missionary in Canada. He sailed from New York in October of 1858, and landed safely at San Francisco after a voyage of twenty-four days. Having some means at command, he volunteered to pay his own moving expenses, and during the next four years drew largely upon his private resources in order to remain in the work. Unlike many others who settle in new countries, he gave his full time to the ministry. His labors were exceedingly fruitful, resulting in the organization of a number of classes. Indeed, the outlook was

Our Heroes, or

so encouraging that he recommended to the General Board the formation of a mission conference, which was agreed to, and, accordingly, the first session was held in 1861, beginning January 16. Mr. Sloan was elected Bishop *pro tem*, and conducted, in a regular way, the business of the session. The ministers present, besides himself, were: D. Troxel, D. Thompson, and J. Dollarhide, of the Iowa Conference. The distribution of the workers was as follows: District and Dry Creek Mission, Israel Sloan; Yolo and Solano missions, J. Dollarhide; Sacramento, D. Thompson. Thus the California Conference was launched with three itinerants, twenty appointments, six classes, and seventy-five members.

Work Opened Up

The next session was called for September 13, 1862. Again Mr. Sloan presided. We are indebted to J. H. Becker for the following synopsis of the proceedings of this conference, and for other items which he gathered while on the coast and preserved:

“The second annual conference of the United Brethren, of California, met at Sloan’s school-house, Yolo County, September 13, 1862, Sloan in the chair. Brother Dollarhide conducted the devotional exercises.

“Members present: I. Sloan, B. B. Allen, A. Musselman, William Wresser, D. Thompson, and J. Dollarhide. The organization was completed by electing William Dresser secretary.

“Brother Allen reported Solano Mission as having twenty-nine members at the end of the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

year. He also reported \$36.45, presiding elder's salary. Time employed, four months.

"Musselman and Dresser were elected to receive elders' orders. The appointed Committee on Boundaries brought in their report, which was adopted.

"Dresser reported Yolo Mission as having twenty members at the end of the year. Two classes were in an organized condition; one Telescope was taken, and eleven months had been employed.

"The correction of the itinerant list showed the following workers, I. Sloan, A. Musselman, J. Dollarhide, and William Dresser.

"Sloan and Musselman were elected presiding elders, Sloan being appointed to Humboldt and Musselman to Sacramento Valley District.

"On motion, each preacher, whether traveling or local, was to preach a sermon on missions during the year, and use every laudable means to obtain missionary money. Also, to establish Sabbath schools. Brother Allen was appointed to preach a missionary sermon during the conference session.

"The Committee to station the preachers consisted of three, namely, Musselman, Allen, and Sloan, the Bishop *pro tem*.

"By motion, the Book Concern was requested to donate \$400 in Hymn-books, Disciplines, and Harps (a revival song-book).

"The place of holding the next conference was left to the presiding elders. Conference then adjourned.

Our Heroes, or

“Revs. Alexander, Musselman, and William Dresser were solemnly ordained to the office of elder after the morning sermon on Sabbath, September 14, by the Bishop *pro tem.*, assisted by Revs. J. Dollarhide and B. B. Allen.”

Mr. Sloan was appointed to a distant charge. In a letter to the Telescope shortly after conference, he said, “It falls to my lot to go to Humboldt Bay, a distance of three hundred and forty miles from Sacramento across the Coast Range Mountains.” He might have sent some one else to this far-off mission, and himself remained where the work would have been less vexing, and the surroundings more congenial, but it was not like the hero to do so. He chose for himself the hardest field.

The moving of his family and goods was a great undertaking in view of the mountains to be crossed, and the lack of transportation facilities. Mrs. Sloan describes the journey most graphically in a recent communication: “We shipped our goods by steamer to Humboldt, and ourselves went over the mountains. The trip was hard and dangerous. When we struck the mountains proper the wagon-road ran out, and the balance of the way, one hundred and fifty miles, had to be made on horseback, with dangers besetting us on every hand. The Indians were on the war-path and doing their most bloody work. We found that an escort of armed men was necessary, which it took some time to provide for. During the entire journey we had been camping

Long, Dangerous Move

United Brethren Home Missionaries

out, cooking our meals, and sleeping on the ground. While trying to arrange for the guard that was to accompany us, our children took down with the measles. Then we tried hard to get shelter, but no one was willing to take in a family of five, and measles added. The October rains had set in, and we were in despair. The

Children two youngest children we feared
Sick would not recover. About ten
o'clock one morning our nearest

neighbor, a quarter of a mile distant, came over to see how we were doing. He was a Virginian, and very hospitable. When he saw how bad the children were, he gathered the oldest in his strong arms, asked us to follow with the others, and led the way to his house. Upon reaching his door he said to his wife: 'Mother, these children would have died out there, and could we ever have forgiven ourselves? Pull out the trundle-bed.' So he installed himself nurse, and kept watch day and night until they were better. The 'mother' of the house was very much upset for a day or two, but after that we became fast friends, and in the years that followed we always found a hearty welcome with father and mother Burns. Since then I have crossed over this same mountain trail twenty-six times, the last three with teams."

The next summer Mr. Sloan received word that the work in the Sacramento Valley was not in a prosperous condition, and decided to spend a few weeks on his former field, hoping thereby to encourage the brethren, and, if possible, to re-

Our Heroes, or

trieve any losses that had been sustained. On the twenty-third of June he started upon his long journey. Everything went well until he started down the Cache Creek Mountains. At a very steep, narrow place, his pony became unmanageable and ran away, throwing him violently to the ground. Some one living two and a half miles distant found him in an unconscious condition, and took him to his house on a sled drawn by oxen. Later, he was removed to the residence of Nelson Dunning. It was several days before he could give an intelligent account of the accident.

**Mortally
Hurt**

What a distressing situation! One hundred and eighty-five miles from his family, and mortally hurt. Weeks passed by, but his faithful wife heard nothing from him. She became uneasy and impatient. Something was wrong, she felt, but knew not what. The clatter of horses' feet, or the sound of a neighbor's footfall, awakened mingled feelings of hope and fear. Finally, she received a letter from him stating that he would soon be home; but he did not come. It is next to impossible for those of us who live under better and more favorable conditions to appreciate the situation of this poor woman.

After several long weeks Mr. Sloan was placed on a steamer bound for Humboldt Bay. The voyage was rough and the entire crew was endangered by a heavy coast storm. The captain thought several times that Mr. Sloan was dying, and asked him for his last message to his family and

**Home
Voyage.**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

church, but the man of faith said: "No, we shall land safely, and I shall be spared to give my parting words. This is my last request of my Heavenly Father, and I am sure he will not fail me." The captain testified that he had never before witnessed such submission and faith in God. The vessel landed August 30, and just twenty-four hours afterward he died.

Immediately upon his arrival at Humboldt Bay a messenger was despatched for his wife, who brought her to his bedside by four o'clock the next morning. The meeting was affectionate, and the closing hours of his life, which followed, were filled with deepest interest.

Let his faithful helper in the Lord tell the story. Memories of the occasion tarry with her to this day, and no doubt will be revived when she meets and greets him in heaven. "I found him," she says, "sweetly waiting and trusting. He said, 'I knew you would come.' He first gave full directions about our children, and then talked over the work of the Church, saying: "All my spiritual interests I leave in your care through the Church. If you can use any argument to get some one to come and take full charge of the work, do so.' Then he said: 'Don't weep, but sing. I thought death would be a cold, turbulent stream, but if this is death, it is sweet to die. Sing.' There were two strange women in the room, and turning to them in the midst of my weeping, I asked them to sing, but they could not. Again my husband said, 'Don't weep, but sing.' I

**Triumphant
Death**

Our Heroes, or

asked, 'What shall I sing?' He replied, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' lining the entire hymn of eight stanzas, two lines at a time, as was the custom then. Kneeling at his side, I sang it all but the last two lines. Before reaching these his spirit took its flight."

The following appeared in a local newspaper immediately after the funeral:

"Rev. Mr. Sloan went below some few months since, and his long delay caused alarm to his family, consisting of wife and three children.

"On the 30th day of August he came on the steamer, sick and apparently near to death. He was carried to William's Hotel, from whence he sent for the undersigned, who immediately sent for his wife, who arrived the morning of the 31st, at four o'clock. After the arrival of his wife, his mind was most of the time incoherent, but he enjoyed lucid intervals, during which he conversed with her, and bade adieu to friends, and expressed a willingness "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

"Several of his friends from Eel River and members from his Church, were prompt in coming to his assistance, and conveyed his remains to Eel River for burial.

"Peace to the memory of a good man and a faithful servant of Christ! Blessings upon his afflicted widow and fatherless children! Truly, the community that shall favor them in their afflictions shall inherit a blessing.

"A. J. HUESTIS.

"Eureka, September 4, 1863."

United Brethren Home Missionaries

An aged minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who knew Mr. Sloan intimately, describes him thus: "He was a tall man of about forty-five years. As a preacher he was strong, and attracted the people to him. Being deeply pious, and spiritual, he left his impress on men wherever he met them. He was zealous, and devoted all his time to ministerial work. In a few short years he had planted nearly a score of classes in the farming sections of the State. He was a self-denying man, deserving a much better support than he received, but I never heard him utter a word of complaint. He lived like a hero, and died like a saint."

**A Beautiful
Tribute**

How true that all the martyrs were not burned at the stake, nor put to death by the vengeful sword. In the life and labors of this godly man we see something of what it cost to plant the Church in California, thus giving it a part in bringing to God a country so rich in its resources and possibilities.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Brave Men in California.—Continued.

It is a delight to trace the records of men who, in the long ago, consented to do pioneer work, and counted it a joy to suffer the hardships incident to such a life. How such characters stand out in contrast with those ministers of to-day who shirk difficult fields, and demand the very best the Church has to give! We are sometimes led to wonder whether such men are in the pulpit from a sense of duty or from motives purely selfish. The ministry means nothing if we divest it of the element of heroism. There is a certain kind of daring, a chivalrous spirit which attaches to the high and holy calling, and is displayed in all the plans and public ministrations of a true gospel herald. Service with him comes before salary.

DANIEL SHUCK

The annals of the Church present but few names, if any, more illustrious than that of Daniel Shuck. His pioneer labors were not confined to one conference, but extended to various portions of the Church, and covered a period of thirty-five years or more. Modest in disposition, massive in intellect, strong in character, unflagging in zeal, dauntless in courage, and holy in life, he presents a model worthy of emulation by

**A Great
Man**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

every young preacher who seeks a place and part in the special work of soul-winning.

Mr. Shuck was born in Harrison County, Indiana, January 16, 1827. At the age of fifteen he was converted, and at once took up the duty of family prayer in his father's house. When he was seventeen he began to preach, and was placed on a circuit by the presiding elder under an experienced pastor, and soon thereafter joined the Indiana Conference. In one of his memorandum-books he tells the story of his ministerial career, in outline, from 1844 to 1860. Here it is as he jotted it down :

His Early Years

“In March, 1844, I joined the conference in Franklin Chapel, Union County, Indiana. Traveled Corydon Circuit three months, and Washington nine months. Received \$70. In 1845, six months on Liberty Circuit. \$60. In the fall of 1845 I went to the State University at Bloomington, where I continued until September, 1846. Then I taught school three months in Georgetown, Indiana. January, 1847, I was sent to Laughery, and traveled one year. Received \$80. In January, 1848, I was returned and traveled until September. Received \$87. The year 1848-49 stationed at Zion Chapel. Salary \$80.54. New Albany mission, 1849-50. Received \$60.67. Returned for another year. Salary \$99.36. Again sent back. Received \$102.97. During the year 1852-53 I presided over the whole conference which then embraced the work in Kentucky. \$177.65. The next year was returned to New

Our Heroes, or

Albany. Salary received, \$128.25. Again traveled New Albany, and remained until March, when I was elected agent of Hartsville University in which position I labored until the fall of 1856. Received as salary for the two years, \$400. The year 1856-57 I spent at Hartsville school as an assistant. Received \$100. For the year 1857-58 I had charge of Newburn Circuit and Hartsville Station. Received from both works, \$280. In September, 1858, I was sent to Missouri as a missionary. Remained until 1859. Received \$350. From September, 1859 to 1860 I presided over the East District of Indiana Conference. Received \$216."

This brief summary of service, reaching over a period of sixteen years, might easily be expanded into a volume if we but knew the unwritten history of those years—the labors and privations, the battles and triumphs which came to the life of the young hero—making it so valuable to the Church he served.

Mr. Shuck was sent by the Mission Board to southern Missouri late in 1858. The Church there, owing to the slavery agitation, and other hindrances, had made but little progress. He reached the field in time to attend the fifth session of the conference, which met October first, at the residence of Jacob Coblentz, a local preacher. The active ministers present were W. B. Southard, A. P. Floyed, Bishop Edwards, and himself. As the early minutes of the conference have been lost, and as there exists some confu-

**Missionary
to Missouri**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

sion as to the first meetings of this body, this item taken from Mr. Shuck's diary, which was written at the time, may prove of historic value, since it gives us a glimpse of the work in those dark days which no other records seem to furnish. Mr. Shuck was elected presiding elder, and also given Saint Aubert Circuit. The year

**First
Quarterly** was fraught with hardships and perils. His first quarterly meeting was on the Ozark Mission. As he made notes along the way, it might be well to let his diary tell the story. No one will question its correctness:

“Monday, November 22. Though the morning was disagreeable, six inches of snow having fallen during the night, I started to the first quarterly meeting on the Ozark Mission. Reached Jefferson City a little after noon, where I got my horse shod, and then journeyed on thirteen miles. Tarried all night with a member of the ——— church. The next morning I paid my bill, one dollar, and continued my journey. About two o'clock it turned quite cold. While I was going through a prairie I was sorely tempted to turn back. The roads were so bad, the distance still so great, the probability that I could not reach the place in good season, and that bad weather would prevent a good attendance at the meeting, were reasons so clear to my mind that I actually turned back and traveled a short distance three times. But when I considered the weakness of the brethren in number, the many discouragements under which they had

Our Heroes, or

labored, the great need of affording them aid, and the advantages which might be taken of my absence, I concluded to go on. The wind blew

and blew and continued to blow.

**A Long
Trip**

How I shivered! but on I went to Versailles. The morning of the 24th was clear. Old Sol arose in brightness and glory. Continued my journey. Traveled for the day thirty-eight miles, and put up with a Mr. Davis. Next day I traveled thirty-eight miles and lodged at a tavern in Boliver. The 26th continued my journey. About one o'clock it began to rain, but I dared not stop. Put up at night three miles from Greenfield. The 27th found me still going. At half-past one o'clock I reached Brother J. Terrell's—the place of holding the meeting."

So to hold a quarterly meeting this missionary traveled from Monday morning until Saturday afternoon through snow and mud and storm—a distance, probably, of two hundred miles. This put him in the extreme southwestern part of the State. What the financial compensation was for this trip, and all the work connected therewith, he does not tell us; but he does mention another instance where he made a long journey at a cost of \$15, and received only \$5 for his services.

Because of his anti-slavery opinions he was closely watched, and his utterances noted. At

**Life in
Danger**

one time a certain vigilance committee at a secret meeting had his name under consideration, and it was proposed by a leading layman of another-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

church to give him so many days in which to leave the State; but an outsider by the name of Moore, who had heard him preach, opposed such action on the ground that Mr. Shuck was a good preacher and Christian gentleman. The resolution was defeated.

Mr. Shuck's travels were so incessant, and the work entailed so strenuous, that his health gave way, which made it necessary for him to resign at the end of the year, and return to his old conference. But the Church soon laid its hands upon him for mission work in another field.

As has already been stated, the work about this time in California and Oregon seemed to justify the sending of a man there to superintend it; accordingly the General Conference of 1861 elected him Bishop for the coast; but owing

**Elected Bishop
for Coast**

to the excitement and uncertainties caused by the Civil War, he did not get away until midwinter in 1864. The voyage from New York, which began February 3, lasted thirty-five days. His arrival in the far-away land was an occasion of great joy.

The death of Israel Sloan, an acknowledged leader, had greatly disheartened our people and preachers in California, and many doubted whether the work could be longer sustained. Touching the coming of the Bishop, C. W. Gillett, a worthy preacher of the conference, made the following entry in his journal: "The Harrow Brothers were the only ones in the ministry who were doing anything at all for the cause, consequently when the Bishop arrived the

Our Heroes, or

Church was almost in an unorganized state. But a change was soon visible. Letters were written from friend to friend, 'The Bishop has come.' Those who had been predicting the certain death of the Church, changed their opinion, while the true friends of the cause rejoiced, and deserters felt like returning to their former allegiance."

At the conference which convened the 11th of the following November, the membership in California was reported at one hundred and fifty-one. Six fields of labor were supplied, and one left without a pastor. Here, as elsewhere, the Bishop was almost constantly visiting the local churches, counseling with the preachers, showing them what and how to do, and encouraging the laity to be faithful and loyal to the Church.

On the 26th of July he and his wife started in a private conveyance for Oregon. Two other families accompanied them. They traveled dur-

**From
California
to Oregon**

ing the day and camped out beneath the clouds or star-lit dome at night. They were ten weeks on the way, stopping each Sabbath to fill appointments previously arranged. At the end of the fourth week he spent four days at a camp-meeting near Oakland, Oregon. When he left, the meeting closed. On Thursday morning, August 23, they all met about the altar in the tabernacle for a final handshake and farewell. In referring to it Mr. Shuck says: "There was a deep feeling. After we had taken the parting hand the whole audience was stirred. A poor backslider talked. The interest grew, and we could not close.

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Eleven joined the Church, and as many were converted." This was pretty good for a closing service on a week-day morning. During the camp thirty-one united with the Church.

On Thursday, September 29, the Oregon Conference met in Polk County, near Salem, the capital of the State. The attendance was small, only nine ministers being present.

**Holds
Conference** At the close of the session he turned his face homeward, visiting on his return some charges missed on his way to conference. This trip gave him a thorough knowledge of the work in Oregon, as he preached on nearly every field in the conference district.

It required twenty-nine days to make the trip back to California. All went well during most of the journey. On the fifth day, however, before reaching home, late in the evening, he was attacked by two robbers. The following is his account of it:

"On the 27th of October, 1864, we were attacked by two highway robbers who met us in the way. As we were moving along slowly, one of them seized my right hand, at the same time presenting his revolver at my breast

**Robbed by
Two Men** and demanding my money or my life. I gave him what money I had in my pocket; then he demanded my revolver. I informed him that I did not carry one. After he searched me and satisfied himself that I had told the truth, he ordered me out of the buggy, tied my arms with a rope, and ordered me forward to the side of my horse. The other man then led

Our Heroes, or

the horse about one hundred yards from the road into a basin. The one in charge of me all the time held his revolver near my breast. When at a safe distance from the road, my wife was taken out of the buggy and thoroughly searched for money. Then the trunk was broken open and all the good clothes taken out of it. The satchels were also robbed of whatever was considered valuable. My gold watch and pocket-knife were taken. In all, they robbed us of more than \$100. Then they loosed my arms, ordered us into the buggy, and with an oath told us to drive toward Oroville. With the Butte Mountains to guide us in our course, we soon rounded into the main road again, and between nine and ten o'clock we arrived at Father Boulware's where we received a hearty welcome. Sixty miles' travel this day, robbed of all our good clothing and money, except five dollars, a greenback worth two dollars, closed a tour of more than 1,500 miles in my own conveyance in wearisome journeyings and arduous official and ministerial labors in the cause of the Master. Thanks be to God for his sustaining grace."

When the Cascade (now Columbia River) Conference was organized in 1865, his field was enlarged by several hundred miles. He even served as presiding elder in the new conference a part of one year, that he might add to its ministerial force, and thus make its growth more certain and rapid. During his superintendency of the coast work, from 1864 to 1869, his salary aver-

**Serves as
Presiding Elder**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

aged, yearly, \$608.50. What an unselfish life was his! Away from kindred and friends of his youth, in peril among savages and **Royal Service** highwaymen, at times not having even the ordinary comforts of life—all for the sake of Jesus Christ and the Church he loved. Angels smile when such a picture passes before them.

On the second of November, 1900, this royal knight of the Cross fought and won his last battle, and then, sheathing his sword, and putting aside the insignia of war, he took up the victor's crown to wear it forever.

“Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pioneer Work in Oregon.

Pioneer work in Oregon has continued from its earliest settlement down to the present time. As emigrants pushed their way farther and farther back into the valleys and mountains, gospel messengers accompanied them, or soon followed, organizing Sunday schools and religious societies, and in various ways made themselves useful in building up communities of sterling character and worth. Some of the pastors there to-day manifest by their faith and toil just as much chivalry as did the fathers who crossed the Rockies a half-century ago.

J. KENOYER

In 1853, the year the Missionary Society was organized, J. Kenoyer, of Indiana, with a number of families, crossed the plains and mountains into Oregon. What the colony possessed of earthly goods was conveyed in wagons. The journey was long and exhausting. A false guide led them far out of the way, which caused many weeks of unnecessary travel, a part of the time over a trail which no white man's foot seemed ever to have pressed. The starvation point was so nearly reached by a part of the company, that they actually ate the bacon rinds which they had saved for use in manufacturing soap when they should reach their destination. Occasion-

**A Journey of
Many Months**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ally they bought salmon of Indian traders, but it was old and musty. Then their flour gave out, and for months, even after they had got settled, there was not a dust in their poverty-stricken homes. This is the testimony of one of the company yet living.

Though the trip was undertaken in March, it was December before the Willamette Valley, their objective point, was finally reached by all the colonists. We have no means of ascertaining what these chevaliers received by way of support for the first year, though something was furnished by the White River and Scioto conferences, but it is evident that they did much preaching. By the time the Board met the following June, a quarterly conference had been organized, and progress reported.

While the General Society made appropriations from year to year, as its depleted treasury would permit, the salaries of the missionaries were so inadequate that they were compelled to engage in secular work at times to keep soul and body together. Mr. Kenoyer
Hard Times was known to make rails at one dollar per hundred, and at the same time pay ten dollars per hundred for flour, in order to provide for a family of seven. For many years he gave the best of his time and strength to the work in western Oregon, seeking out new appointments, holding camp-meetings, and caring for the churches. By the time the conference was organized others had come in to strengthen the forces, and to share the respon-

Our Heroes, or

sibilities and hardships of the new field. Prominent among these was J. Harriett who wrought nobly in the beginning of the work.

When the Cascade (now Columbia River) Conference was organized in 1865, Mr. Kenoyer was present and elected as its first presiding elder, which enabled the preachers and people to enjoy the benefits of his pulpit ministrations, and ripe experience in pioneer work. J. J. Gallaher tells of meeting the old hero late one evening near where the town of Foster now stands, on the Umatilla River. He was afoot, with saddle-bags across his shoulder. When asked where he was going at such an hour, he replied, "To the camp-meeting up in the Walla Walla Valley, and I thought I would rather travel at night as it is so much cooler." He had already walked a long distance, and now, having rested a day or two, was starting out upon another eighty-mile jaunt. As he would have to journey half this distance before seeing a residence, he was further asked where he would stop to rest. "When I get too tired to go any farther," he said, "I will lie down under the sagebrush and take a nap."

**Excessive
Privations**

This illustrates what itinerating meant on the coast fifty years ago. Others besides Mr. Kenoyer were subjected to the same hardships and dangers, and perhaps as willingly made that self-surrender to the work of God which the exigencies of the hour demanded. To just such lives the Church owes its success.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Mr. Kenoyer was a pulpiteer of marked ability. Though not a college man, he was a close and constant student of men and books, and knew how to utilize what he read. His fame spread far and wide. Soon after reaching Oregon he spent a Sabbath on a Methodist campground. The meeting was in charge of T.

H. Pern, a presiding elder. When

**At Methodist
Camp-Meeting**

told that Kenoyer, of the United Brethren Church, was in the audi-

ence, he requested him to come into the pulpit and close the service. The preacher in homespun, however, preferred to sit at the root of a tree some distance away, where he could look the speaker in the face; but promised to come forward at the proper time and take the meeting in hand. The sermon was eloquent and convincing. When Mr. Kenoyer arose every eye was upon him. He was in the very prime of a well-developed manhood, straight as an Indian, with coal-black hair hanging well down around his neck and shoulders. His suit was threadbare from long usage. Finally, he began, and as he warmed up in his exhortation he poured forth such a torrent of argument and pleading and warning that the people were overwhelmed. The presiding elder shouted "Amen," saints

**A Powerful
Exhortation**

clapped their hands for joy, while sinners wept and cried to Heaven for mercy. At last he leaped out

of the pulpit onto the ground, still inviting the unsaved to come about the altar in quest of salvation. It was a thrilling moment and one of

Our Heroes, or

victory, for that morning forty persons bowed in prayer at the sacred place.

How some of these veterans could preach! Their commission and message were divine. "Thus saith the Lord" was the basis of every sermon. It is not strange, then, that preaching with such a genesis should end in an apocalypse of Jesus Christ—a vision of him crucified, risen, and glorified.

At this early period there were no railroads in Oregon, and but few were able to afford a carriage. Preachers did not fall in this class. Some traveled on horseback; others walked. It was no uncommon thing to meet a gospel herald with an ax on his shoulder, not as a weapon of de-

**Crossing
Streams** fense, but carried for the purpose of felling trees across swollen streams on which he might pass over. If no tree could be found, he would wade or swim and, after landing safely, build a fire under a fir tree and camp for the night, or long enough to dry his clothing.

No wonder such men enjoyed preaching the word when opportunity was presented; and no wonder the people loved them, and were charmed by their rugged eloquence. They

**Happy in
the Work** were supremely happy. No glory equaled that of the Cross. Occasionally they came down to bread and water, but they ate and drank with cheerfulness. They could say, "All this—and Christ," as did the old lady when she held up before Bishop Burnett a crust of bread.

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“No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,”

made music when sung by these veterans in service. Yes, music which awoke echoes amid mountain fastness, or, like an Æolian Harp, broke the silence of the plains, and charmed the lone traveler in search of a resting-place.

Happy are they who can chisel out of circumstances, made adverse by poverty and affliction, monuments as enduring as immortality itself.

It is deserving of mention here that the Oregon Conference received no help whatever from the General Board from 1865 to 1873—a fact which greatly complicated and hindered its work and threatened its very existence.

C. C. BELL

It was on the seventh of December, 1882, that C. C. Bell reached Philomath, Oregon, wet and muddy, having walked six miles from Corvallis through rain and mud and pitch darkness. He had journeyed all the way from his Indiana home for the purpose of entering the ministry of Oregon Conference, and of aiding to the fullest extent possible in laying broader and deeper the foundations of the Church in the coast regions. As if to break in the newcomer, the elder appointed him pastor of Philomath Circuit. Though the charge was a hundred miles long, it did not contain a United Brethren, or a house of worship of any description. Before the year closed, however, conditions had changed. A number of re-

**Early
Experiences**

Our Heroes, or

vivals were held, and three classes organized. His cash compensation was seven dollars.

His second year was spent near Oregon City. Having no means of conveyance, he traveled the charge on foot, walking usually twenty miles on Sunday, preaching twice and holding two class-meetings. Not having time to stop with any one for dinner, he carried his own lunch with him, which he ate as he hurried from one point to another. His wife also did much

Wife Walks

walking in her endeavor to assist the inexperienced itinerant. During one of his meetings she walked four miles every night for two weeks, and every night it rained. For this year's service, including donations, they received \$76.85. Small pay, to be sure; but on the other hand they had some blessed experiences which were of more value to them than gold. At times they did not have enough money to buy a postage-stamp; but they lived.

Mr. Bell's next field was Vancouver, in Washington. "On this charge," he writes, "we were blessed with great revivals, and over a hundred accessions to the Church, yet our support was very meager. At one time we had eaten all the food in the house, and being shut in by one of

**Out of Food
and Fuel**

the heaviest snows and sleets the country had ever known, and having burned all the wood we could find, we were compelled to seek shelter elsewhere. Putting Mrs. Bell on our pony, I led the way, breaking the heavy snow-crust, and so we

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made a trip of six miles to a Methodist home, where we were cared for over night. The following day we went two miles farther to some of our own members where we remained nearly a month."

During his first five years in Oregon his support, including the small missionary appropriations, did not aggregate more than \$600. In all these years he did not live once in a parsonage, or own a horse and buggy. All he could claim, and that only a part of the time, was a pony and a cart.

"When presiding elder," he says, "I found the work difficult and exhausting. The district was over five hundred miles long. Some of the trips off from the railroad were as follows: From Sheridan to Tillamook, sixty miles; to Tigh from The Dalles, forty miles; from Roseburg to Marshfield, eighty-five miles; from Melford to Waldo, forty miles. The hardest trips were those to Marshfield and Tillamook, which involved the crossing of the Coast Range Mountains. No one unaccustomed to these mountains can know what it is to cross them in winter time."

In his earlier experiences he recalls a memorable night which was spent all alone and away from human habitations. He says:

A Memorable Night "It was a lonely night, with the roaring, lashing waves of the Pacific on one side, and the wilds of the coast land on the other. Several times during the night I had to pull off my shoes, roll up my trousers,

Our Heroes, or

and wade the streams which cross the beach into the ocean. At four o'clock in the morning I fell in company with a man, and twice took him on my back and carried him across the creeks."

Mr. Bell kept a record of the more than three hundred quarterly meetings he held during the years of his eldership. Here are a few items which show what his men underwent in order to serve their charges, and thus help on the work of the conference: "Roseburg Mission—J. L. Taylor, pastor; members, twenty-four; appropriation, \$60 for the year. Salary—first quarter, \$4.79; second quarter, \$6.28; third quarter \$9.87; fourth quarter, \$31.21. Irving Circuit—F. H. Neff, pastor; members, one hundred and five. Salary—first quarter, \$18.98; second quarter, \$34.20; third quarter, \$53.64; fourth quarter, \$90.68." Though this pastor had a large family to provide for, and in point of ability was able to fill any pulpit in the Church, yet his pay in dollars and cents up to and including the last quarterly only amounted to \$197.50.

Here follows a college and seminary graduate of character and ability. "Philomath Station—B. E. Emerick, pastor. Salary—first quarter, \$27.64; second quarter, \$74.45; third quarter, \$43.39; fourth quarter, \$59.88. No appropriation."

The foregoing fields fairly represent the support obtained by our workers in Oregon only a few years ago, and which is but little, if any better at present with many of them.

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The presiding elder's report in 1900 shows that the office did not have much in it except hard work, and a growing responsibility. Here it is: "Quarterlies held, sixty-five; sermons preached, one hundred and forty; salary received, \$646; miles traveled, 13,800; traveling expenses, \$153.50; stationery and rent, \$95; net salary, \$397.50."

Bishop N. Castle, in a communication to the Missionary Board in 1883, makes the following touching statement respecting the coast work: "Ministers are turning aside year after year to some secular calling in order to supplement a deficient salary. We have sustained losses the past year, and anticipate losses the coming year from the same cause. There is something stern in these necessities. All one has to do to test it is to come down to the same plane with these men. It is not a salary of \$1,000 that they ask, but simply for food and clothing. Are they not worthy of this? How the hearts of these lone missionaries are touched and stirred as they look out upon the awful destitution to be seen on every hand—a destitution both spiritual and financial."

A VETERAN'S TESTIMONY

An old warrior writing from Oregon declares that none on the coast has suffered more than those who have stood identified with Philomath College. "These men," he says, "were able to fill lucrative positions, in or out of the Church,

Our Heroes, or

but did not seek them. Though their salaries ranged only from \$350 to \$500 a year, they stood true to the educational, and other vital interests of the denomination on the Pacific coast. Are not such heroes worthy of the highest praise and appreciation the Church can give?

“Among the many faithful, devoted men with whom I have served, I must mention H. S. Epperly. He was an intimate friend of Mark

A Noble Hero Twain’s, when engaged in newspaper work in Nevada. In natural intellect and wit he was not far behind the famous humorist. His life was mostly spent in sin, not being converted until fifty-five years of age. When saved he did not confer with ‘flesh and blood,’ but at once placed his property on God’s altar, and used it to sustain the work until all was consumed. Soon after entering upon the ‘new life,’ he left his home in northern Idaho, and, with his wife, drove a team five hundred miles over rough mountain roads to Myrtle Point, Oregon, where he had a number of relatives and friends whom he wished to lead to his new-found Savior. His mission was a glorious success. Not only were the special objects of his concern saved, but nearly all the community as well, and brought into the Church. Our entire work in Coquille and Coos counties is largely due to this man’s self-sacrificing ministry.

“After a few years he went to Waldo, a rich mining district, where he had other friends in whom he was particularly interested. Here also

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he had great revivals and organized two churches. From this field he made his last trip to conference, traveling over five hundred miles in private conveyance.

**How He
Reached
Conference**

The poor man was too sick much of the time to care for his team, or to drive it, but his faithful wife was always at his side, and proved equal to every task. She not only looked after his horse and buggy, but preached for him when he was unable to fill his engagements.

“My last visit with the dear brother was in his little parsonage, a board shack, by the side of a miner’s ditch forty miles from any railroad. He was then nearing the end, but was happy in the thought that he would soon exchange his humble home for ‘a mansion in the skies.’ ” And so he died. He could sing,

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

LESSON VII.

CHAPTER XXV.

1. Give brief history of early work in Nebraska.
2. Outline the life of W. P. Caldwell, his methods of work, revivals, salary, service as presiding elder, etc.
3. Can you recall his son's testimony?
4. How did the conference honor him at last?
5. Tell the story of S. Austin.
6. Also of E. W. Johnson.
7. Did the Church move westward? Tell about it.
8. Did the missionaries suffer?
9. What have you to say of George Fembers, his work and death at the hands of Indians? Describe the last scene.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1. Who was the first missionary to California, and when did he go?
2. When was the first conference held, and what the outlook?
3. How far did Missionary Sloan have to move, and what trials beset him on the way?
4. What dangers confronted him, and what was the affliction that came to his home?
5. How did he come to his death? Give the circumstances in detail.
6. Tell of his triumphant death.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1. When and where was D. Shuck born, and when did he enter the Church and ministry?
2. Briefly outline his career from 1844 to 1858.
3. Tell of his work in Missouri and trace him on the district.
4. When and for what purpose did he go to the coast? Explain the nature of his work.
5. Describe his trip to Oregon in a buggy, the camp-meetings visited, the holding of Oregon Conference, and his return.
6. Where and how was he robbed on this trip?
7. What was his support?
8. When was he translated?
9. What special points or characteristics in the lives of these two heroes impress you as most valuable?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1. Divide the hardships endured by the colonists in their journey to Oregon.
2. What did J. Kenoyer do to help support his family?
3. What did he do for Western Oregon?
4. What was his relation later with Cascade Conference?
5. What does Mr. Gallaher say about him?
6. What of his pulpit ability? Tell about his visit to camp-meeting.
7. How did the preachers travel?
8. Were the pioneers happy in their work?
9. Tell some of C. C. Bell's early experiences, his support, travels, etc.
10. How did his pastors fare when he was presiding elder? What of his own work and support?
11. How did Bishop Castle view the field?
12. What is said about the teachers in Philomath College?
13. Give something of H. S. Epperly's life.
14. What of his last days?

CHAPTER XXIX.

Columbia River Conference Heroes.

A brother writes: "Seldom, if ever, in modern times, has it fallen to the lot of ministers to suffer more among civilized people than have the representatives of the United Brethren Church in far-away Columbia River, first known as Osage Conference."

While the Missionary Board was sadly limited in funds, and could give but little aid to its workers, it must be remembered that those among whom they labored were also pioneers, and consequently unable to support their pastor in anything like a creditable manner. Under such conditions the best and strongest preachers were compelled, at times, to turn aside to secular pursuits. Other denominations, who understood better than we the value of home missions, and who contributed largely to the same, were able to keep their missionaries in the field. By so doing, they steadily grew, and with their growth their claims upon United Brethren were greatly strengthened; for, if they erected churches in which to worship, and provided parsonages, and an adequate material support for their preachers, did they not have a right to expect the sympathy and assistance of those to whom they ministered? Is it not natural for

**Trying
Circumstances**

Our Heroes, or

Christians to go where their spiritual needs are supplied?

The first United Brethren missionary to Washington Territory was William Daugherty. He was sent from Oregon Conference in 1863. At that time

**The First in
Washington**

the settlements were few and widely separated. A person might have traveled a whole day, and in some directions for days, over mountains or along winding rivers, without seeing a house, or a single human being. After searching out the country for a year or more, Mr. Daugherty returned to Oregon, and reported the outlook, which led the conference to send another worker in the person of Washington Adams.

The first missionary, however, was not permitted to return. During one of his long rides through a desert place where no water could be had, he became so thirsty that when he did find water he drank too much, and in a few weeks

**Victory in
Death**

died from the effects. But his end was peace. That faith which had so characterized him in his life-work, was all victorious when the last solemn ordeal came, enabling him to shout, "Stars in my crown! stars in my crown!"

When Mr. Adams saw the greatness of the new country, and the absolute need of reinforcements, he appealed to the presiding elder of Oregon Conference, J. Kenoyer, to come to his assistance. The old hero not only heard, but heeded the Macedonian cry, and in a few weeks

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was on the ground ready for whatever might come in the line of duty. Later these workers were joined by O. Osborn, S. Coston, and J. J. Gallaher, the last named being a quarterly-conference preacher.

In 1865 Bishop Shuck organized the Cascade Conference, with three missions. Kenoyer was elected presiding elder. Walla
Cascade elected presiding elder. Walla
Conference Walla and Touchet missions were
Organized given to S. Coston, with J. J. Gallaher as assistant. Umatilla was left un-supplied, but was blessed through the winter with the labors of the elder who, having visited it, was snow-bound for many weeks.

In speaking of the early years of the conference, J. J. Gallaher says the fields of labor were exceedingly large, extending from fifty to one hundred miles, and that in making long trips in mid-winter he more than once froze his hands and face. His first year's salary was \$150; the next \$45, while the third year it was pushed up again to \$108. By way of supplementing this pittance he taught a class or two in vocal music. He was compelled to do something besides preaching. And so were all his brethren.

J. S. RHOADS

Many items connected with the early work of this conference, which, we are sure, will interest the reader, are furnished by J. S. Rhoads. Himself converted at a great camp-meeting on the coast, and licensed to preach in 1868 by

Our Heroes, or

Bishop Shuck, his observations and experiences reaching back nearly forty years, will prove most helpful and instructive to the student of pioneer days.

Mr. Rhoads married the third daughter of J. Kenoyer, and so is able to furnish important data respecting his father-in-law, which is noted under another heading. It is exceedingly fortunate for many a preacher that his wife grew up in a minister's home, having been thus prepared for the peculiar trials and responsibilities of a life so very impor-

**A Faithful
Wife**

tant to the Church. Speaking of his wife, Mr. Rhoads says: "She began life as the daughter of a minister, and will die the wife of one. For the Church she has done much, suffered much, and sacrificed all. She has gone with me through all these years on and up." What a beautiful and justly merited tribute to a helper so faithful and devoted.

One of the early and most devoted missionaries to Oregon and Washington was William Gallaher, a native of Illinois. For many years the echo of his stentorian voice was heard among the mountains of the coast, and the scattered churches, many of them weak and dispirited, were thrilled and encouraged by his presence and personality. Mr. Rhoads refers to him as

**A Royal
Helper**

"one of the safest counselors, soundest Bible preachers, and most successful revivalist connected with the early history of the Columbia River work. God endowed him with splendid

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gifts as a minister, and gave him a definite religious experience preparatory to his career as a gospel pioneer. After long years of service his testimony is: "I have preached in this field when the laborers were few. If my memory serves me well, there were two years when the presiding elder and myself were the only men in the work. We preached amid great difficulties, and endured great hardships."

Such were the experiences of many others. We regret very much that for want of space all the worthies of early times, both East and West, cannot be mentioned in this volume.

When one of the pastors returned home, after a long absence, he found the fare of the family reduced to potatoes. When he sat down to the frugal repast he was so overcome that he could not eat.

**Down to
Potatoes**

Turning to his companion in sacrifice he said: "Wife, I can't stand this any longer. I can do better for you and the babies by quitting the pulpit and working with my hands." The answer was just what might have been expected from an angel of God. "No, dear, no. I'd rather live on bread and water than have you give up your work."

One of the presiding elders was so sickened over the hardships of his pastors and their families that he resigned his office, and refused to serve longer. It was hard to keep men at work under such conditions. The wonder is that any stayed. Only those who were under the "woe is me if I preach not the gospel" remained long to

Our Heroes, or

fight against the tremendous odds which confronted them.

One of the preachers during a long journey "fell among thieves" and narrowly escaped with his life. The objective point was one hundred and seventy-five miles distant. The first day he traveled on mule-back fifty miles, and slept in the open with his saddle for a pillow, and his blanket for a bed. The next night he lodged in a haymow, owned by a highwayman of the worst sort. He and two Indians, a little while before, as was learned afterwards, had robbed a cattle-buyer of a large sum of money and ultimately were sent to prison for the crime.

**Among
Thieves**

Before daylight the next morning the preacher was out and on his way, little thinking, perhaps, of any danger that might befall him. Two miles distant, as he approached the banks of the Columbia River, his mule suddenly dashed out of the road, and made a circuit of a hundred yards, or more, before reëntering the highway. The rider was puzzled to understand the animal's behavior. When in the road again, however, he looked back and observed in the early twilight, which was reflected upon the bosom of the stream, three men in concealment under the bank, and within a few feet of where they thought the traveler must pass. Fortunately, they had been eluded by the instincts of the faithful animal. But all was not over. In a few minutes the preacher heard a "whoop" behind

Waylaid

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him, and, looking back, saw an Indian on a pony pursuing at full speed. He knew something would have to be done quickly, but what that "something" would be was a most serious problem. There was no doubt in his mind but what the mule in a long race would distance the pony, but in a short run he feared results. So he decided to appear as indifferent as possible, and let the red rascal come up to his side and then employ whatever strategy he could to prevent immediate hostilities. He addressed the Indian in his own tongue, but got no reply,

**A Bold
Front**

which indicated a sulky mood on the part of the red skin. Then, remembering an old saying among frontiersmen, "As long as you can get an Indian to eat, he will not harm you," he untied a loaf of bread, which was hanging to his saddle, and offered it to him, but the hospitality was spurned at first. All this time they were hurrying along—the mule in a trot, and the pony in a gallop. Finally, the loaf was accepted and eagerly devoured in a little while by the hungry savage. Then he began to talk, telling the preacher how strong and brave "Indian" was, exhibiting at the same time the muscles of his bare arm. The preacher retorted by telling him

**Eludes the
Enemy**

how strong and brave "white man" was. In the meantime he rode as close to his unwelcome comrade as he could get, that he might be able to grapple with him in case an attempt were made to use knife or gun. Observing that the pony was weary

Our Heroes, or

and panting for breath, the intrepid itinerant saw his opportunity and vigorously spurred his mule, which darted away at full speed. The Indian, disappointed and angry, sprang from his pony and thrashed it furiously with his raw-hide thongs, then renewed the pursuit; but all in vain. The mule was speeding away at a gait not to be overtaken, and so saved the life of the itinerant.

In 1879 J. H. Vandever wrote from Walla Walla: "Here we are in the midst of this mass of dying men, without churches, and almost without means. What can we do? My heart is

**Significant
Letters**

broken, and my very soul is overwhelmed when I think of the destitution of this country." A year later the presiding elder of the conference wrote the Missionary Secretary as follows: "This is a hard year on itinerants. Much damage has been done by high waters, and there seems to be no money for the preacher or the church."

These reports lift the curtain and give us a glimpse of what it meant to serve the conference in those trying days. At the same time they show how pluckily our men endured rather than vacate the ground which they had been able to occupy at so great a personal cost.

**What Service
Means**

A few were philosophers enough to understand that the best and surest way to save one's life is to give it for others. And this self giving of our own, as well as of other missionaries, not only on the coast but from sea to sea, will, in the end, constitute

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one of the most thrilling chapters in America's redemption.

We hear much said, and justly, too, of the heroic spirit which leads the missionary on foreign shores to press his way into forest and jungle, among uncivilized tribes, that he may preach the word and offer salvation to the benighted; but just as much devotion and heroism have been displayed among American frontiersmen in giving the gospel to their fellows, and in making their country the richest and most inviting beneath the sun. In so far as the matter of financial remuneration is involved, many of our home toilers make far greater sacrifices than do any who work abroad. To the records for the proof.

At this time the coast work is problematic—exceedingly so—and the reasons are apparent. *Lack of support* tells the whole story. “Twenty-five years of constant work on the coast,” writes a brother, “has proven to me that it is not every man that will stick to the ministry here. Many are willing to taste its experiences; others will consent to live on them for a few years, but the cases are rare where men have been willing to make them their constant diet for a quarter of a century. While I have been, I trust, fairly courageous for the United Brethren Church on the coast, yet I must confess that within the last few years my faith in the work has been severely tried. The occasion for this has been my fears that the Church in the East would not rise to

**A Test of
Courage**

Our Heroes, or

the needs of the field, and thus permit all these years of toil and sacrifice to be lost to our cause, if not to the kingdom of Christ. The future will tell as to whether my fears have been well founded or not."

That the Church in the East does not fully realize the needs of the West, and the vast opportunities constantly opening up before us, is sadly true. For every hundred dollars appropriated by the Board west of the Mississippi, a thousand should be spent; and even then the real demands of the work would not be met. The problem of securing to the Church permanency and expansion in this rapidly-growing section can be solved only through the agency of Home Missions.

This is the time for the great conferences of the Church to fly to the relief of the little, struggling missions throughout the West and South.

God's plan is for the strong to help the weak, for the rich to aid the poor, and for the old to care for the young. Shall we carry out the divine program? Everything depends upon it.

CHAPTER XXX.

Our First Workers in Oklahoma

As might have been expected, many of our people in Kansas, and other adjacent States, turned their faces toward Oklahoma when it was opened for settlement in 1889, to secure homes, and to contribute, as far as might be, to the development and permanency of what was soon to become a great commonwealth in the sisterhood of States. Its climate was known to be healthful, and its soil rich and productive. Even the name "Oklahoma" — "Beautiful Land" — had its charm, and lured many a denizen from farm and village to seek the goodly place. The preachers who followed became real pioneers, and subjected themselves to all the danger and privations and inconveniences incident to settlement in a new country.

**Oklahoma
Attractive**

J. M. LINSEY

Mr. Linsey moved from Kansas to Oklahoma in 1889, shortly after the territory was opened for occupancy, and located near Hennessey. At this time, however, he was not a minister, but soon after settling in his new quarters was licensed to preach, and so has the distinction of being the first United Brethren to enter the ministerial ranks in the new country. Two days

Our Heroes, or

after his arrival, though only a layman, he held a prayer-meeting at a neighbor's house, and such was the interest aroused that an appointment was made for the next Thursday evening in another private home. The man of the house was converted that night—possibly the first public profession ever made by any one in the community. It is praiseworthy in Mr. Linsey that he was deeply affected by the great spiritual destitution of the people, and decided to make preaching his life work. The prayer and social meetings were kept up all winter, resulting in many conversions, and forming a nucleus around which United Brethrenism was to be built up in Oklahoma. In early spring a rude church-edifice was constructed out of logs, with a dirt floor and rough board seats.

Mr. Linsey's first circuit, called Cooper Creek, furnished abundant opportunity for work, but gave very little of the material in return. Everybody was poor. During the year he traveled nearly four thousand miles in filling his appointments. For the first two years he received \$176. He writes: "How earnestly we prayed and besought the General Church to come to our relief in Oklahoma. Towns were springing up like magic everywhere, but we could not enter them for want of money and men. The heart grew sick as we saw other churches gathering in our members—garnering the fruits of our earnest toil. The few men we had were doing their best, some of them

**Help
Prayed For**

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going almost day and night, but the task was too great. Often Father West, the first presiding elder, and his dear old companion, would have to camp by the roadside over night on the way from one quarterly to another. They did not expect a thousand dollars, but were satisfied with \$200."

So the work was carried forward. Great revivals were promoted, and marvelous conversions witnessed; but somebody was willing to pay the price, and did. On his way to fill engagements on one occasion, in company with his wife, Mr.

**Dangers
Encountered**

Linsey found the Cimarron River too deep to ford, so he went some miles to another place, but found it no better there. Being anxious to get over, he plunged in and swam his team a good part of the way across. The current washed some things they were carrying out of the buggy, and almost upset the vehicle in the midst of the tide. It was a time when steady nerves were required. Upon reaching the shore, Mrs. Linsey fainted in the arms of her husband, as the result of the fearful strain she endured while passing through the exciting ordeal.

Other and similar experiences are recited by Mr. Linsey. The whole way of pioneer work was rough and toilsome. Only those run in a heroic mold are fit for the frontier. There must be sweat and blood and faith and devotion in the mortar if the foundations are to be strong and abiding.

Our Heroes, or

D. L. DOUB

Among the first to pitch his tent in Oklahoma, and to give himself unreservedly to missionary work, was D. L. Doub. At the close of the old Kansas Conference session, held at LeCompton in September, 1892, he started for McLoud—a distance of nearly five hundred miles. A spring-wagon was secured for the trip, and such articles stored therein as the preacher and family, three in number, would need for their overland journey. Carrying with them a small tent,

**Moving in
a Wagon**

they were prepared to camp out at night. The first Sabbath was spent just south of the Kansas line, in what was known as the Cherokee Indian Strip. The time was occupied in reading, prayer, and meditation. Nothing unusual occurred except that a hoop snake, three feet long, with its poisonous stinger, was found crawling among the pillows which had been thrown upon the grass. The next night they lodged within the Oto Reservation. Soon after dark it began to rain, and when Mr. Doub awoke his feet were lying in the water, which had stolen into the tent and saturated their bed.

In speaking of the trip Mr. Doub says: "The last day, especially, was long and wearisome. We had to cross the Kickapoo Indian Reservation—a distance of thirty miles.

**Among the
Indians**

The rainfall continued all day. Indians were to be seen all along the way, but not a single white man was found until late in the evening. We had great diffi-

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culty in keeping in the right track, as there were only dim Indian trails to follow. These crossed each other so frequently that we could hardly be sure of our course at any time. As we could not speak the Indian language, and they would not speak ours, if they knew it, we were left to do the best we could. The Kickapoos were a bad tribe, and had made the Government much trouble, so it was but natural for us to keep an eye on them, and to make the best time possible in order to get out of their domain. Late at night we found a log cabin of one room occupied by a widow, and were reluctantly taken in. Making our bed on the floor by the stove, we removed our wet clothing and lay down to rest and slumber. How thankful we were for a log cabin to shelter us from the storm!"

In a few days the preacher, having reached his objective point, had selected a "claim" which another was willing to relinquish for a small sum.

Destination Reached Pitching their tent for a couple of weeks they constructed a log house, and partly covered it with clapboards; but before it was done they started out to do missionary work. Going some forty miles to Edmond, they found a destitute settlement, and at once began a meeting, which resulted in an organization of twenty members. Other points in time were added, so that the preacher found it necessary to make the trip every two weeks in ministering to the converts won in his first campaign for souls. About fifteen miles of his route

Work Begun

Our Heroes, or

lay through the Kickapoo Reservation, and frequently he and his family camped out in these wilds over night, sleeping on the ground beneath their buggy. They were thus not only exposed to the pilfering Indians, but to dangerous animals which infested the country, such as wolves

Wild Animals

and panthers. Once in a while a stray mountain lion was seen. During his first year there a young lady was dragged from her horse by a vicious panther, as she was going home one night from a dance, and partly eaten before found by her friends.

For two or three years Mr. Doub remained on his land, preaching the word here and there to as many as would hear it. With no appropriation from any source, and receiving only \$80 for the first three years' work, it was well to own a bit of real estate on which to live, if nothing more. It became necessary for the good wife to teach school, and thus supplement, in an additional way, the little on which they had to subsist.

Mr. Doub did not go to the new Territory primarily to get land, but to preach. The land merely helped him to provide, in a way, for his family while he continued his missionary labors. It was under such circumstances as these, while

Death in the Home

so peculiarly surrounded, that the trial of his life came. The death angel, one sad day, knocked at the door of their humble home, and with icy fingers arrested the heart-throb of the wife and mother.

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Then it was that the lonely herald, far out on the frontier, cried up to God through the shadows, as never before, for a guiding hand and for sustaining grace.

With the loved one laid away to rest, and with a renewed consecration to the work of soul-winning, he gave himself anew to the mission on which the Great Father had sent him, and so continues therein to this day.

He was soon elected presiding elder and served a district eight years. While in this capacity his soul was often tried and his physical strength thoroughly tested. At this time railroad advantages were exceedingly limited, as they are yet in some portions of the State, hence, he was compelled to travel by private conveyance. Indeed, if public transportation facilities had been ever so abundant, he could not have profited by them, as he did not have money to pay his fare. The distances were great, the roads bad in winter, and many of the streams treacherous and dangerous. He carried with him an ax and gun. The former he needed often to clear away the brush when, on account of high water or muddy roads, he was compelled to turn aside from the main highway; the latter was useful in bringing down game when it came in his way. As he traveled in a wagon, the ax sometimes proved useful also when repairs had to be made.

More than once his life was imperiled in crossing the Cimarron and South Canadian rivers. In some cases the stretch between quarterlies was

Our Heroes, or

so great that he had to carry food for his ponies and a lunch for himself, and camp out on the plains alone through the night.

**Life
Imperilled**

This was genuine frontier work, though it occurred only a few years ago. As the brother looks back over those harrowing experiences, he is made to see, more and more, the good hand of God, which led him in the right way, and so graciously preserved his life.

The first year as superintendent he received from the conference and General Board, \$180. For the next two years it was \$200 each, and thereafter a trifle higher. But he lived, supported his family, and was happy in his appointed work.

J. H. DARR

Heroism lends charm to history; or, to be more exact, we may say it makes history. The student of the past has but little interest in the life that was destitute of this exalted element.

For want of a better interpretation, we define

**Heroism
Defined**

true heroism to be the soul's best impulse—that glow and warmth which the Infinite imparts to man, his noblest creature. It is seen in the lower walks of life, as well as in the higher; in the humble peasant as well as in the dashing chieftain who wins on the field of battle. No general ever displayed more heroism than did the early preachers in the United Brethren Church, and those, as well, who yet serve in frontier fields.

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They have gloried in whatever exalted Christ, and made his cross the symbol of death to sin. Love of ease and pleasure and fame has never lured many of them from the path of duty, or caused them to grow weary of their God-appointed task.

J. H. Darr moved from Iowa to Oklahoma in 1893. His bold, daring spirit suited him to a new country, and to the hardships it invariably entails. Though sixty years old he entered as heartily into the work as did the younger men, and for several years made a noble record in missionary labors. He was known frequently to drive his team all night to reach his appointments the next day, or to get to the bedside of his sick wife. Once in crossing the

Team Mired in River

North Canadian River his ponies mired in the quicksand, and seeing the danger they were in, he plunged into the water to his armpits and released them from the carriage, thus enabling them to get to shore. After landing his buggy he drove on to his appointment, some miles distant, where he preached in his wet clothes to an expectant audience.

He even made friends among the Indians, who learned to respect him, and in one instance, especially, showed a readiness to fight for his protection. The circumstance was

The Indians' Friend

as follows: One morning before daylight, while driving homeward, armed highwaymen attempted to hold him up, but his horses dashed away from them and

Our Heroes, or

made sure his escape. In a few moments he ran on to some of his red-skinned friends whose attention had been attracted by the preacher's calls for help, and, possibly, the firing of guns. When they found who he was, and what had happened, they were bent on avenging the wrong; but the messenger of peace, whose mission was to save men rather than kill them, dissuaded them from any such bloody intent.

Sometimes he went when, perhaps, he should have stayed at home. He suffered frequently and much from heart trouble. In going from one of his appointments to another, on one occasion, he was overcome by the dread disease, and when found by some traveler was lying partly out of his buggy in an unconscious condition. His trusted team was still jogging along in the right direction the same as if the owner's hand had been guiding them.

For all his work and travel, by day and by night, through sunshine and storm, in the midst of peril and affliction, the veteran received less than \$200 a year upon an average. Poor pay, hard work, glorious revivals—a singular combination, as some might view it, but one that filled the hero's heart with abounding joy.

Many other brethren who toiled in the founding of the Church in Oklahoma deserve notice in this connection, but chapters would be required to tell it all. A. C. West, W. M. Tillbury, P. B. Gould, W. M. Ayers, J. Barricklow, and R. H. Stokesberry were on the ground early, and did noble

**Other Faithful
Ones**

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service. The conference was organized in 1897, and is making splendid progress, though at tremendous cost on the part of the faithful men who are doing the work. The present appropriation by the Parent Board of \$2,000 a year ought to be multiplied several times over, if we are to occupy all the places where the Church is needed and called for in the new State.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Our Debt to the Pioneer.

From the standpoint of both religion and patriotism we owe a debt of gratitude to the noble pioneers who blazed the way across the continent from east to west for our glorious civilization, and who made possible the achievements which have so distinguished us as a nation.

The home missionary has always been at the front, and has proven himself a factor of great potency in molding the characters and shaping the destinies of new emigrant communities. They not only loved the church, but they also loved their country's flag. The little schoolhouses and church-edifices built by them, in the long ago, have enlarged and developed into great institutions of learning, and magnificent temples of worship. Of all these we are justly proud. Their very presence kindles within the bosom feelings of admiration, and leads us to exclaim, "See what God hath wrought." But we must not forget that these churches and schools of higher learning are largely the product of the humble missionary who was among the very first to construct his sod house on the prairie, or to plunge into the forest and build the log cabin.

**Loyal to
Church and
Flag**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

J. H. Snyder, in a ringing address before the Southwest Kansas Conference, on the occasion of its quarter-centennial celebration, in 1907, said: "Historians delight in

**A Brilliant
Tribute**

recording the deeds of valorous warriors, of eminent service in statesmanship. Every student is familiar with the name of Leonidas, the brave Spartan, who fell at Thermopylæ; of Hannibal, who dared the Hellespont; of Napoleon, who scaled the rugged Alps; of Washington and the patriots at Valley Forge; of Grant, the victor at Appomattox; of Sheridan, the storm center at Winchester; of Sherman, who led his legions down to the sea; of Lee and Jackson and their brave comrades—these were heroes of war. In statesmanship the world has had its Gladstone, its Pitt, its Patrick Henry, its Webster and Clay, its Jefferson and Lincoln; but how about the heroes of the Cross? We are pointed to the achievements of the gospel over ignorance and superstition; to transformed communities where heathen customs have given way to Christian civilization; but who were the pioneers in these social and ethical movements?

"We have read with delight the life and labors of John G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides; of John Hunt among the ferocious cannibals of Fiji; of Mackay on the Island of Formosa; of Livingstone

**Conquests
Abroad**

and of Moffatt in the wilds of Central Africa; of Judson in India—indeed, of hundreds whose names have been heralded to coming

Our Heroes, or

ages, whose deeds have been more chivalrous than those upon the field of carnal strife, or within the halls of national legislation; but how about those pioneers in our own dear land—pioneers whose deeds were so noble, whose sacrifices were so great, and whose crowns are now so lustrous? Men who wrought nobly in their day,

“Then sank into their native clay.”

“Is it enough that their names are recorded in the ‘Book of Life’? Shall the tramp, tramp, tramp of the sacramental host pass over the fields where they wept and plead and fell at last as martyrs to the divine call of the gospel, without a thought of the cost of their blessings, or of the distinguished lives which wrought out our exalted privileges?”

The home missionaries have done more than any others to promote the nation’s greatness, and to make its Protestantism influential and mighty; but hitherto they have received only stunted credit. We have been inclined to look beyond the seas for the hero. A few of our pioneers, like Doctor Whitman, have been accorded a place in our country’s annals, but the vast majority of them have been forgotten—yes, forgotten, though they were good, and brave, and victorious.

Our frontiersmen in Christian service to-day are not appreciated by the Church at large, because the nature of their work is not rightly understood. The great body of United Brethren

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have but little conception of what it means to itinerate in some of the western and southern conferences. They would stand appalled if they could enter the homes of some of our faithful workers and once observe their scant supply of furniture, raiment, and other comforts. They are in the work for Jesus' sake. To build up the Zion to which they have plighted fidelity for all time is more to them than to accumulate abundant riches.

“If in civic affairs the heroic are honored, and their names are heralded abroad as synonyms of manly courage, and models of worthy emulation,” do not the noble cavaliers at the front,

**All on the
Altar** where the battle never abates, and
 where “restful days come not this
 side the grave,” deserve great
praise for that strength of brain and heart and life which they have so unreservedly consecrated upon the altars of the church? That their names are written among the stars, no one can doubt; that they deserve to be there, no one will question.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Harvest

Our country owes its greatness, largely, to Home Missions—a fact not understood and appreciated by the masses. The first and most important thing in a community is to plant a Christian church, which invariably becomes a center of good morals and civic virtues. Man must worship or retrograde in his nature. The highest altitude of a noble manhood can be reached only by the soul rising Godward. It is impossible for men to be brought into right relations with each other until they recognize their true relationship to the Infinite. Hence, as Christian communities are multiplied, the State becomes Christian, and such commonwealths increased in number make a nation righteous and powerful.

In ecclesiastical affairs we have an exact parallel. The founding of churches must precede everything else. Even foreign mission work is impossible in the absence of the home church, which must furnish the workers and guarantee their support. Foreign missions are logically and necessarily the products of home missions. The same thing is true in our educational undertakings. The planting of churches must come first,

**Home Missions
and Our
Country**

**Home Missions
and the
Church**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

both as to time and importance, since we must look to these for students, and the money with which to build and endow. This philosophy likewise holds good in relation to our publishing interests. We must first have church organizations and Sabbath schools, before we can hope to circulate the *Religious Telescope* and other periodicals. It were vain to try to produce a book literature without a reading constituency. True it is that the college and publishing plant are tremendous factors in making a denomination strong and prosperous; and no church merits success, or even an existence, that does not provide such helps; but before every other agency comes the missionary who prepares the soil and scatters the fruitful seed.

We have shown in the preceding chapters what it cost the pioneers to lay the foundations of the Church, and to blaze the way for its forward march along side of other and similar forces which have been so potent in making the nation great. Now we change the

View Point Changed

viewpoint. It is well for a church occasionally to measure itself, and take an inventory of its assets. In this respect, however, the United Brethren Church has hitherto been exceedingly modest—too much so, indeed. She has always been slow to advertise her “towers” and “bulwarks” and “palaces.”

Our expenditures for home missions have been comparatively small. Up to 1853 no systematic plan was in vogue for the collection and disbursing of missionary funds, and prior to that the

Our Heroes, or

Church's growth had been exceedingly slow. The entire membership was only 47,000. The number of church-houses was very little, if any above five hundred, with only here and there a parsonage. The Publishing House could only muster assets to the amount of \$13,000. The *Religious Telescope* was a four-page paper, with a circulation of about five thousand copies. In fact, we scarcely had enough to make a record of. As yet there were no organized connectional departments. Some of the conferences raised a little missionary money, but used it mainly for local purposes.

In point of equipments, such as are essential to aggressive, thorough-going work, we were meagerly supplied. But what has come to pass since then? What the progress made? As the Missionary Society began to gather funds, and distributed them here and there, though in small sums, for the extension of the Church's borders, its life-throb was felt in fields that never could have been occupied in the absence of such an agency. During the first four years of its history new missions were opened in Oregon, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, and Canada. The Church Erection Society has also wrought nobly in the department of home missions by way of housing and making permanent the congregations organized in the new territories we now occupy.

East of the Mississippi the Church is particularly strong. In Pennsylvania, including the

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District of Columbia, and small portions of Maryland and New York, the membership is 60,000. The church-houses numbering 530, and the parsonages, numbering 201, are valued at \$2,765,117. In Ohio the communicants aggregate 64,500, while the churches, 682, and the parsonages, 159, are worth \$2,304,000. Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota contain a membership, all told, of 72,000, with 915 churches and 241 parsonages worth \$2,000,000. In the South, including the Virginias, the total enrollment of members is 34,000. These own 446 church-edifices, and 77 parsonages, valued at \$617,712. Between the Mississippi and the Rockies, the territory embraced in the West District, and a most promising home mission field, we have 39,000 adherents who control 570 church-buildings, and 225 manses, listed at \$1,335,106. Beyond the Rockies we operate in California, Oregon, and Washington, with a membership of 3,500. The fifty churches and thirty-six parsonages there are put down at \$214,030. The foregoing figures thrown together give us, in the United States, approximately 275,000 members, with church- and parsonage-buildings worth \$9,250,000.

Fifty years ago the educational facilities of the Church were sadly limited, both in the number and character of its institutions; now we have a full dozen of these, which are valued above \$1,000,000. Possibly we have too many. Less

**Educational
Institutions**

Our Heroes, or

money spent on buildings, and larger sums expended on equipments, might mean more for the Church.

A magnificent Publishing House, worth \$1,000,000, has grown out of the little plant rated at \$13,000 in 1853.

It is in place also to mention the grand Sunday-school army of the Church, 342,500 strong, and the Young People's organizations which have enrolled a membership of 83,700.

These statements, showing the steady, solid growth of the Church, abundantly demonstrate what has been gained through the unceasing toil, and unflinching fidelity of her pioneer sons and daughters. They also show clearly the value of

home missions. We have a splendid example in Kansas, where the Board has spent more money in the last half century than in any other State. The net amount appropriated foots up \$47,709.32.

This may appear to some as quite an outlay for a small church; but what we have in the "Sunflower State" proves that the expenditure was worth while. The church-membership is nearly 16,000, and the Sabbath-school enrollment 21,800. The 284 churches and parsonages are worth \$446,105. Besides these we have Campbell College which, as an asset, may be put down at \$75,000. Nor is this all. Fully \$20,000 has gone from the State into the missionary treasury, saying nothing about the many thousands that have been contributed for foreign mission work through the Woman's Missionary

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Association, and to other general interests. For the year ending May 1, 1908, the appropriations of the Home Board to the State aggregated \$1,300, while the returns foot up nearly \$3,000. In view of these facts and figures do Home Missions pay? Has the expenditure of \$47,709.32 in Kansas been a profitable investment to the Church? We should say so. But much more could and would have been done if the gifts had been multiplied.

Because of the inability of the Board to give the needed aid, many precious opportunities, in various portions of the country, have been let slip, and through such failures vast numbers of our people have been lost to the Church. We have not been able to keep pace with the onward flow of emigration into new sections of the West. In many instances the doors have been effectually closed against us, and the losses thus sustained can never be retrieved. But other openings, big with promise, are presented, and challenge the loyalty of the Church. If we enter these, well and good; if we do not, then God will thrust forward some other agency, put his blessing upon it, and compel us to stand aside.

In this connection mention should be made of the fact that the most remarkable growth ever known in the Church during any three years of her history, everything considered, has been experienced since 1905, when the General Conference organized the Home Missionary Society into a

**Opportunities
Lost**

**The Record of
Three Years**

Our Heroes, or

distinct department. During this period the most aggressive work has been done. Steps have been taken looking toward the planting of the Church in many of our great centers of population, and likewise in new sections of the country in need of religious workers, for the twofold purpose of securing permanency to the denomination, and of enlarging her efficiency in soul-winning.

In 1905 we had sixty-eight missionaries in the home land; now they number one hundred and twenty. And this force could be increased a dozenfold within a very short time if we had the funds with which to insure their support. In many of the mission fields the work has been greatly accentuated by old-time revivals, which came as the result of much faith and toil; and continued victories may be expected in proportion as men and money are consecrated to the work. Evidently a crisis period has come. The future of the Church depends largely upon what we do now. Intensified effort means an enlarged vision and greater achievements; a slackened hand means a retreat to the rear, and a loss of precious opportunities.

**A Crisis
Period**

We are glad that plans have already been perfected for the organization of a mission district which will embrace western Oklahoma, formerly known as "No Man's Land," the Texas panhandle, and eastern New Mexico. United Brethren by hundreds are moving into this part of the South-

**A New
Conference**

United Brethren Home Missionaries

west, and are forming a nucleus around which we hope to build up a prosperous conference.

As the country is new, it furnishes a genuine type of pioneer life. The "sod house" and "plank shack" of one room, many of them with dirt floors, may be found by thousands. The people who have gone to the frontier, with rare exceptions, are a noble folk, and are deserving of praise for having given themselves to the task of developing and making fruitful and glorious these hitherto unsettled portions of our vast domain. In their splendid efforts to build up the kingdom of heaven in their midst, through the United Brethren Church, they merit, and should have the sympathy and unlimited coöperation of the older and stronger conferences. Those who help such struggling communities and colonies at a time like this, not only exhibit their devotion to the Church, but as well their patriotism and love of "native land."

Great openings are presented in all the immense regions farther to the west and northwest; also in Arkansas, southeast Texas, and Louisiana. In the last-named State a vigorous little conference is already in operation, and is forging its way into destitute communities as rapidly as could be expected with the men and money at command. The spiritual needs there are especially great. In large portions of the State Protestantism is unknown. The French, who predominate, as a class, are as ignorant and

**Genuine
Pioneer Life**

Farther South

Our Heroes, or

helpless as a vicious, debauched, imported priesthood can keep them. Are they not our neighbors? And, if so, does not the very spirit of the gospel lay upon us the obligation of ministering to them?

But why make particular mention of this or that section? No matter whither we turn, the same vision greets us—"fields already white to harvest." An eminent authority on religious statistics estimates that out of 87,000,000 of people in the United States at this time, only about 21,000,000 are members of Protestant evangelical churches. What a field for evangelism the remaining millions presents! Shall we marshal our forces, with other churches, for the redemption of the home land? For, be it remembered that in so doing we contribute most to the universal spread of the truth. We shall become a world power in proportion as we become a home power.

America is the key to the whole situation. Her position is strategic as a world power. Every time she speaks the nations of earth give heed. When she moves they hear the tread of her advancing steps. Let her enthrone Jesus the Lord in all her social, commercial, political, and religious affairs, and the very ends of the earth will hasten to join in the final coronation.

The part of the United Brethren Church in bringing the glad day may be great and glorious, if she will but strengthen her agencies, and devote her money to so noble a cause. One dollar

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per member, yearly, for the Home Mission Board should be the minimum offering. The interests

A Call to at stake are many, mighty, and
United eternal. We can afford to give,
Brethren and give heroically. Every indication points to the fact that God is realigning his forces for a last, decisive conflict. United Brethren should get in line, for will not heaven expect such a church to be at the front when the final victory comes?

“Onward! upward! throneward!” is the order which comes ringing down from the skies. In the meantime, we will remember the heroes of the past, and count it a privilege and joy to wreath their brows with chaplets of praise.

“For truth with tireless zeal they sought;
In joyless paths they trod—
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.
The lowliest sphere was not disdained;
Where love could soothe or save,
They went, by fearless faith sustained,
Nor knew their deeds were brave.

“No sculptured stone in stately temple
Proclaims their rugged lot;
Like Him who was their great example,
This vain world knew them not.
But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory.”

LESSON VIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1. Tell something of the early history and difficulties of the work in Columbia River Conference.
2. Who were the first preachers? Tell of Wm. Daugherty.
3. When and by whom was the conference organized?
4. What is said of J. J. Gallaher?
5. What do you recall concerning J. S. Rhoads?
6. What tribute is paid Wm. Gallaher?
7. Tell of the privations some endured—what they had to eat, etc.
8. Give the preacher's experience with highwaymen, Indians, etc.
9. What was said by those who wrote of the work?
10. Did the work test the courage of the pioneers?
11. Do home missionaries suffer as much as do those who work in the foreign field?
12. What of the coast work and its needs?
13. What is the duty of the Church toward it?

CHAPTER XXX.

1. What of Oklahoma?
2. What United Brethren first preached there?
3. Tell of the first prayer-meeting Mr. Linsey held and what followed.
4. What was his first circuit and experiences thereon?
5. Who was the first presiding elder?
6. Give the preacher's experience in crossing the Cimarron River.
7. Tell of Mr. Doub's trip to Oklahoma.
8. Where did he settle and first begin to preach?
9. What made camping out dangerous?
10. Tell of the great sorrow that came to the missionary's life.
11. Give his experience and support while a presiding elder.
12. What other helpers joined them?

CHAPTER XXXI.

1. What do we as a Church and nation owe the pioneer?
2. What tribute does Doctor Snyder pay these noble heroes?
3. Do our home missionaries get the credit due them for their heroism and sacrifices?
4. Does God honor them?

CHAPTER XXXII.

(Study this chapter well.)

1. Show the importance of home missions to our country's growth and worth.
2. Show the relation of home missions to the other great departments of the Church, like education, publishing interests, foreign missions, etc.
3. What was the Church's strength before any home mission work was done?
4. Show the strength of the Church now in sections named.
5. What of the Colleges and Publishing House?
6. What has home missions done for Kansas?
7. What has Kansas done for the Church?
8. What of the opportunities in the West?
9. What has the Home Mission Board done since 1905?
10. Is the way open to organize new conferences, and should it be done?
11. What is said of pioneers and frontier life?
12. Are the openings in the South hopeful?
13. What is the call of the United Brethren Church, and what must she do?

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